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Clara M. Codd.



Clara Codd.

SO RICH A LIFE

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# SO RICH A LIFE

BY

CLARA M. CODD

INTERNATIONAL LECTURER  
FOR THE  
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY  
AND SOMETIME  
GENERAL SECRETARY  
TO THE  
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY  
IN  
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PRETORIA



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## CHAPTER I.

### WHEN WE WERE YOUNG

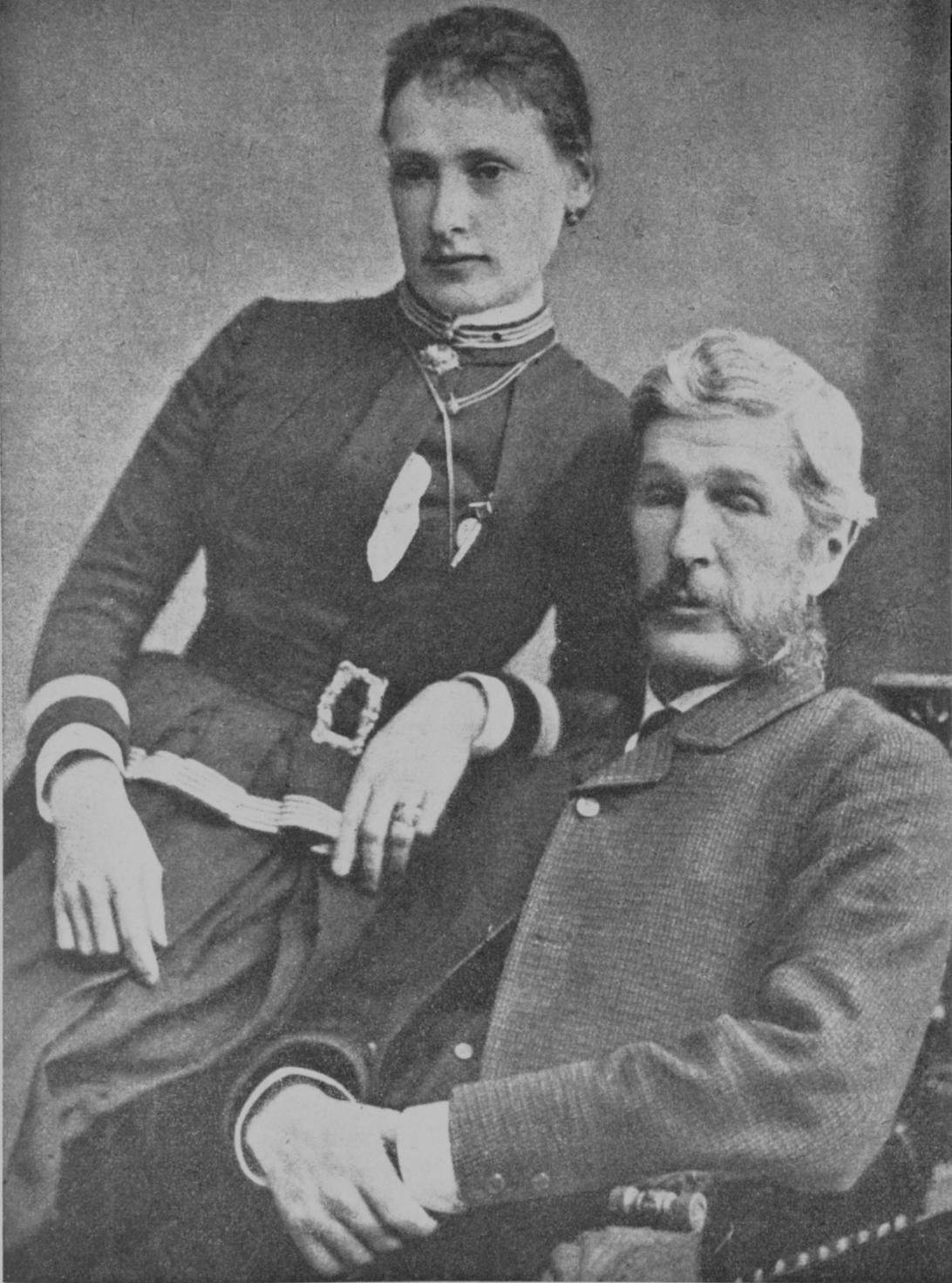
**I** WAS born the eldest of ten girls, my father being an Inspector of Schools for part of Devon and Cornwall, so I grew up in North Devon, the land of Drake and Frobisher, the country of 'girt Jan Ridd.' I passed the first twenty-three years of my life in a lovely old house and grounds, the dower house of the famous Chichester family. The dining room was panelled, the back-stairs were old oak, the kitchen had a concrete floor and large stoves, and there was ample stabling for many horses. The house was reputedly haunted, and many a story have I heard from servant girls and grooms, but all I personally contacted was the sound of mysterious footsteps at night. The garden was a continual delight. Someone had planted specimens of many uncommon trees. I remember a cedar of Lebanon, and a line of lovely copper beeches. The house was set so low, below a river bank, that occasionally flood-waters invaded our ground floor, and always it was damp. Of course we had no bathrooms or electric lights. Bath water had to be carried up to the rooms by maids and oil lamps shed their benign light everywhere.

In those days servants were cheap and plentiful, and most of them stayed with us for

years and were often sisters from the village. They were all imbued with native superstition, believing in witches and warlocks, and consulting such on many occasions. My father and mother hunted a great deal. My mother was half-Italian and I can remember her quite uncommon beauty; she was the reigning toast of the hunting circles of North Devon.

We little girls never went to school or college. We had a succession of governesses who never stayed very long, and whom, for the most part, I never loved. My father sometimes left us running wild in our beautiful garden with no one to teach us for long periods of time. He himself had roving blood in his veins, having run away from school when he was fifteen and gone to sea before the mast for some years. Consequently he still had many nautical expressions. He was the youngest of fifteen children and my mother was the youngest of seventeen. What families they had in those days!

We had no particular religious education. I can clearly remember knowing nothing much about God until I was about seven years old, when I heard my mother tell our young and handsome governess that she thought the children ought to be taught some religion. "Come along, children," said our young governess, taking down the Bible; and without comment she read us the story of the Crucifixion. I thought it a quite horrible fairy story, and was much nonplussed on being told that I was a wicked child "for it was all true"! When at last the orthodox truths of the Christian Church



The Author's Parents.



began to enter my consciousness, the sun of life was put out for me. I suppose I was a sensitive child, for I began to be unable to sleep at night for thinking about how many people would have to go to Hell. For some reason that I expect psychologists can explain, I was always quite sure that my father and mother would find their way thither, and what could I do to save them? Our grounds were in two parishes, so every Sunday morning we walked a mile and a half to one church, and in the evening about the same distance to the other. Those were the days when the squire ruled the roost, and the days of hour-long sermons during which I waited for the relieving "and lastly, dear Brethren". If the squire got too bored with the parson's sermon, he would open his gold watch with a very loud click! I remember there was a great gulf fixed between the inhabitants of the little town of Barnstaple and the surrounding "county"; they would not be seen speaking to each other. Home again, my father made us spend the whole of the Sunday afternoon learning by heart the collect, epistle and gospel of the day. Learning these long passages of scripture was really quite a feat for a small child, but now I am glad that it happened, for it has given me, in my lecturing years, a great command of the Christian Scriptures. I remember being confirmed by the saintly old Bishop Bickersteth of Exeter. The ceremony made a very profound impression upon me, and for days afterwards I felt in another world.

I grew up and 'came out.' Everyone 'came

out' at the yearly 'fair ball' in September, when a three-days' fair was held in Barnstaple. But I was never a success in the social world when young. My mother, so distractingly pretty and gay, completely overshadowed me, who was an abnormally shy girl, unable to say a word to most people. Besides, I was always thinking about other things, about God and sin and pain, and why things were as they were, and what it all meant. Not that I ever told anyone this, for no one would have understood.

One thing I always feel grateful to my mother for. She took us religiously to every concert and every theatrical performance. My music master was a famous West of England conductor and composer, Dr. Harry Edwards. Every year he produced some great oratorio, and for a time my mother and I sang in his choir. Later on I also played the violin in his orchestra. He was a wonderful conductor with such a sensitive ear that he would stop a rehearsal and tell some member of the orchestra that he had played a certain note out of tune. Taking part in his concerts year after year, I became acquainted with many well-known artists like Gervase Elwes and David Bispham. I remember on one occasion we were giving a performance of Sir Arthur Sullivan's 'Golden Legend', a work, to my mind, of singular beauty. The opening chorus of devils and angels is a very tricky piece of work, and the sopranos missed an important lead. I do not think anyone in the audience recognized this, but our conductor leaned forward and stuck out his tongue at us.

Never shall I forget the thrill of playing in a big orchestra. To this day I feel an answering response whenever I hear an orchestra begin its preliminary tuning up. And how I loved the theatre. I shall always remember the excitement of seeing Wilson Barrett in the 'Sign of the Cross', and the forever and incomparably delightful Ellen Terry.

## CHAPTER II.

### LIFE IN GENEVA

I HAVE already mentioned my childish sufferings on the score of hell, sin and pain. They tortured me so much that one day, when I was about fifteen, feeling greatly daring, I decided to throw God overboard, thinking that even the devil could be no worse than He was. The family took my declaration of independence and atheism calmly. I think religion did not mean very much to them either. But this decision sent me on the search. My father had a good library in which I spent my days browsing. I first discovered Sir Walter Scott when I was only ten; later I discovered Thomas Carlyle. I look on these two as the great educators of my youth. The one taught me the religion of being a gentleman, and the other fired my soul with revolutionary zeal and idealism.

I prowled around second-hand bookshops, and one day discovered a little book, full of spirit-photographs, called *The Living Dead*, which I bought for sixpence and took home. I can remember my joy as I read it. "I knew," I said to myself, "that we lived after death." A whole new world opened out before me, and just at that psychological moment I made the acquaintance of a daughter of the great piano-





**The Author's  
Mother as a girl.**

forte manufacturers, the Collards, and she invited me to stay with her in London where, being herself an ardent Spiritualist, she took me around to many a séance and spiritualist church. I must say that this did not fill my need. I longed for more than to hear a medium declare that someone on the other side wanted to "tell Mary I am happy."

Soon after this my father, who had been a semi-invalid for years and consequently would not allow us to bring many friends home, passed over, and my mother, now tremendously reduced in circumstances, decided to take us all over to Switzerland to live. We settled in the lovely town of Geneva, by the shores of Lake Léman. My little sisters attended the *Ecole Secondaire*, and I set to work to earn money to help out the family's sustenance. Never having been to school or college, I had no particular qualifications. But I spent all the days teaching English, playing accompaniments, teaching music, and for a short time, posing for artists as a model, never in the 'all-together' but as a costume model. My experience as an artists' model taught me many things. The rule was to stand for three hours upon a 'throne'. Every quarter of an hour we had one minute's rest, every hour, five minutes. I found myself becoming unaware of my own body, almost as if it belonged to someone else.

My first post teaching English was in answer to an advertisement for an English teacher for a *Pensionnat des jeunes gens*. I walked five miles and found a French Seminary for young Ger-

mans who were to learn commercial English. The Head Master evidently wanted me. When I explained that I knew no commercial terms, he said he would give me a book of Pitman's and I could teach them how to write letters out of that. He grabbed at me for my accent, he said. So for some months—until alas! the director failed and could not pay me—I taught young Germans about 'Yours to hand' et cetera. I remember particularly one young man who had a boy friend in Germany with whom he exchanged rings and undying vows. He explained to me that in Germany men friends give each other rings like a husband and wife.

I taught many little children, but the French fathers of most of them would suggest that I run away with them for week ends! I could always save myself by pretending not to understand. The artists were a far more decent crowd than the fathers. I take off my hat to them. Not only did they always treat me with a kind of impersonal respect, but they were humanly kind, too. One day, when a spell of posing for three hours had done me in, the artist bolstered me up with port wine.

Then I used to play accompaniments at grand parties. I remember going to the house of the Russian Princess Besabrasov, whose husband was a military man of sinister reputation. She always had four different kinds of plum-cake when I came, for she said that English girls always liked plum-cake. One day I saw an advertisement for an accompanist for a travelling concert party. I replied and was engaged

to travel with the party all over Switzerland and part of France. An agent arranged the tour. We arrived at some watering or sports place, were put up by the hotel managers, generally in attics, and allowed to give a concert to the guests, taking a collection afterwards. Sometimes we took a good collection. Then I was paid five francs a day. If we took next to nothing, I was not paid. But I never minded. I enjoyed myself with vagabond artists, who were endlessly kind and generous to me. I smile when I look back, for although they were absolutely promiscuous, anybody sleeping with anybody, they were very careful over my morals and took tremendous care of me.

The soprano was a Russian with a voice like a nightingale. On one occasion when we were performing at St. Moritz, I saw a tall and most distinguished man suddenly rush forward and clasp her hands. It was one of the Russian Archdukes. Never will I forget him. He was the embodiment of 'race'. Never since have I seen so distinguished and aristocratic a face. I felt there was a kind of camaraderie between all Russians, no matter what their social standing, when they met in foreign parts. The soprano's husband was our tenor, a very sweet and stately Spaniard. I had a great love for him and still have. He was the only one of our company who never indulged in promiscuous intercourse, and was flawlessly faithful to his wife, although she treated him abominably and had no morals whatever. I asked him one day how he stood it. He looked at me with a kind

of noble simplicity and said: "When one truly loves, one loves forever." Dear Senôr, I wonder what happened to him and whether he ever had the happiness that very surely he deserved.

Geneva, of course, has always been the refuge and the meeting place of all nations. When we arrived the air was still resounding with the assassination of the Empress of Austria. In a flat above us dwelt Prince Louis Napoleon, a dear, simple, poor old man, quite alone in the world except for his dog and his housekeeper. Not far away lived the exiled Karagjorgjevic family. When the news came through of the murder of King Alexander and Queen Draga, the new King Peter gave a grand party before he left for his kingdom.

How lovely Geneva was ! The water of the lake, as it flowed through the sluices at the bridge, looked in the sunlight like the blue of a dragon-fly's wing. In the distance the snow-capped mountains looked sometimes like unearthly ghosts, though I liked best the Juras on the other side because they turned violet and blue in the evening.

We soon made many friends, again, of all nations. There was a Dutch family who visited us often. Like many of the Dutch, their proportions were vast. The eldest daughter would come to see us on a bicycle which almost disappeared from view when she got on it. I remember hearing a little street *gamin* exclaim as she rode off one day: "Tiens ! that joint is too large for the dish."

The leader of the youth of the flotsam and

jetsam of English society there was a lively boy called Guy Hake. His mother was a fascinating person for she had known the Rossetti family intimately and Lord Tennyson as well as Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson. I would always get her on that theme if I could. Guy was a lively spark ! Under his leadership we besieged stage doors and concert halls in order to get celebrities to write in our albums, or to give us flowers. I thus acquired the signature of Sarasate, and kept for many years a yellow rose given me by Sarah Bernhardt. The divine Sarah ! Shall I ever forget her. The grace, the poise, the utter loveliness of her and her golden voice. On the stage her art was so completely like nature that she made every other actor look a "ham." I remember how we all besieged the stage door to get her signature in our books. She came slowly down the stairs on the arm of her impresario. She must have been nearly sixty years of age then, but she looked about thirty-five. She would not write in our books, but instead gave each of us a rose from her bouquet. But what will remain with me always was the lovely smile with which she gave me the yellow rose, which now I have consigned reluctantly to a fiery grave. I remember, too, Coquelin Aîné, and how I thrilled to the romanticism of *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

Then, on the way home, led by Guy, we would go completely wild. We would surround a fat *gendarme* in a ring, pretending not to let him through. He generally played up to our game, remarking that the English were all mad !

Here in Geneva I met for the first time Americans, and was fascinated with the way they freely referred to 'Gard.' One day I remarked upon their 'American accent,' only to be told that I had an English accent and that they all spoke as the Pilgrim Fathers spoke. One American, a plump, genial widow, was a great friend of mine. She had four lovely little boys, and one day I came across her youngest striding into a man's shop and choosing with great aplomb the material for a new suit for himself. When I remarked to his mother that he was surely too young to choose his own clothes, she replied: "Good gracious, Clara Codd, he will have to paddle his own canoe in life, and the sooner he begins the better." What a wise mother, I have thought in after life.

There was a three-day carnival once a year to celebrate the time when an early-rising old woman, attracted by the clatter of some geese, surprised a scaling attack by the forces of the Duke of Savoy, and upset her pot of boiling porridge upon the head of the first soldier and gave the alarm. The whole town then goes wild, quite wild. Everybody puts on fancy dress, generally that of *pierrot*, and a mask, and goes out into the streets where long lines of people join hands and sing and dance. One is supposed to leave one's doors open and to give refreshments to any who may walk in. Down the Coraterie the university students walk, kissing every girl they meet.

The English colony had a chaplain. He came to call on us very soon. He had a trick of paying

very short visits and then suddenly getting up and saying he must be off. So we nicknamed him 'old getting-off.' We had among our friends not only many French, but Dutch, Russian, Yugo-Slav, German, and Scandinavian men and women. I remember a handsome Yugo-Slav who often accompanied me. In those days we first lived at a little village called Chêne-Thônex, about four miles from Geneva. To get there we used to take a steam tram, and it would puff through the streets of Geneva on rails like a train, ringing a loud bell to warn us. It was not at all alarming, it went too slowly for that, but one day when I quite carefully, but slowly, stepped out of its way, the Yugo-Slav exclaimed: "Sang-froid Anglais."

I remember a German doctor who was a very dear man. His fine face was crossed by five or six big slashes, the result of duelling at Heidelberg. We knew a noble French family who seemed to like to talk about finance and economy best of all. We had in Chêne-Thônex a French landlord who had fought in the American civil war and therefore knew a little English. He played the violin very much out of tune and once, in order to stop his unwearying performance, I suggested that he should sing to us instead. "I cannot sing," he replied, "I have a sickness in my gorge." His plump little wife was a faithful housekeeper, and Monsieur always referred to her in English as 'my woman,' which after all is the literal translation of the French 'ma femme.'

Quite near us in Chêne-Thônex was a little

farm, let to a Breton family. How they worked ! They seemed to live for nothing else. On Sundays, after mass, the young son would sit, all dressed up in his Breton finery, on the edge of the well, saying nothing, doing nothing. His mother always dressed in the traditional French black or blue cotton. Then there was our jolly Swiss butcher, who also made wine from the crushed grapes. Often when I was buying the family joint, he would turn to bend down to some little girl, buying meat for dinner, and address her in all sorts of queer endearing terms like 'mon petit chou.' The butcher and his wife invited us to the first pressing of the grapes, which consisted in boys and girls, with their clothes well pulled up, jumping up and down on the grapes in huge vats. Coming back from shopping sometimes I would meet the saintly old curé of the parish, who always insisted on carrying my market basket.

Our little house was at the foot of Mt. Salève, and often we made excursions on foot up to its summit, where the view was wonderful and where one could lie on short turf covered with sweet-scented flowers. Especially I remember the tiny wild cyclamens and their lovely fragrance.

One day we heard of a deep valley in Savoy, which bordered the canton of Geneva where thousands of daffodils grew; so early one morning we set off for the twenty mile walk. At the last lap of the journey we asked the way of a diminutive French boy. He not only told us, but accompanied us part of the way, dis-

coursing very ironically of atheism and socialism. He was but nine years old, yet he talked cynically and learnedly about the stupidity of believing in any god. We came back late that night, very footsore and weary, bearing huge bundles of golden blossoms. I noticed at once the difference between the clean, well-ordered Swiss and the poverty-stricken, dirty Savoies. Not far from home we came across the junction of the blue Rhone and the grey Arve. The Arve is really melted glacier and for several yards the grey and blue waters do not mix, but flow side by side.

Then I once spent a month in the beautiful Jura mountains. I answered an advertisement which asked for an English teacher. When I got there I found it was put in by an inn-keeper's daughter who was to marry a university professor. Feeling herself inferior to her future husband in culture, she decided she would learn English. The inn was high up in the mountains in a lovely spot. Every night we had soup and bread and cheese at the plain wooden table in the inn, and then sat out in the rays of the setting sun at the inn door, and chatted to all the passers-by. We were surrounded by vineyards, and when gathering time came, labourers from all over, even France, came to gather the grapes. They were put up in the cow-shed, sleeping in the cows' byres. I was told that to sleep with the cows was an infallible cure for tuberculosis.

For the most part, ordinary doctors did not then live up in the Swiss mountains. When a villager was sick, a 'wise woman' was called in.

I knew one of these well. She was a little, refined peasant woman who lived by herself and rarely spoke to others. She would get up before dawn to pick some of her herbs, for they had to be picked with the dew on them. I should think now that such women are probably psychic, for this one had wonderful, dreamy eyes, and apparently diagnosed her patients by psychic means, taking their hands and passing into a trance state. I heard of a young woman who was reputedly a great seer, so one day I went to visit her. I was anxious then to know in what way I could succeed in life and earn a better living. I arrived at her cottage one morning and found the seeress cooking the dinner; however, her mother took over for her, and she sat down and went off into a trance. I asked her my question and she seemed familiar with such questions for she began to murmur: "No! Not a lady's maid, not a shopgirl, not a nurse, etc." Suddenly she paused a few minutes, then she said: "Oh! I see you, you are on a big platform and there before you are very many people."

I became quite excited. "What am I doing," I asked, "am I an actress?"

She laughed scornfully. "You an actress, certainly not."

"What am I doing then?" I asked.

She slowly shook her head. "I cannot tell," she replied, "but it sounds to me like the music of Richard Wagner." Long years afterwards I recognised what she had heard. One could well describe Theosophy psychically as "like the

music of Richard Wagner." One other prophecy she truly told me, too. "I see you," she went on, "on a long, long road, always alone, always alone." And it is true that I have never married. The séance over, her mother came in and brought her back to normal consciousness by fanning her vigorously.

The month over, I went back to Geneva, taking up again my usual round of lessons and little jobs. I never was paid more than one franc an hour, and I remember one German woman who had four dear little nieces living with her, beating me down to 75 centimes. I loved those little German children, though their aunt kept them in gingham clothes with their hair very tightly plaited in pig-tails. Sometimes I had fashionable young ladies who were supposed to learn English, but were too lazy to learn. They would rather employ the time telling me about their hats and their beaux. But for honesty's sake I would try to get them to say it in English. I once had a post at a *Pensionnat des Jeunes Demoiselles*. There were three nations represented here, English, German and French. I could not help noticing the free atmosphere of the English and the *Gestapo* habits of the German and French, who seemed always to be spying on each other. I remember a word I heard eternally there, the word 'convenable.' That summed up everything.

Often in the evening we would sit, when we had moved into a flat in Geneva, on the *Quai des Eaux-Vives*, and watch the ghostly *Dent du Midi* fade into night. And often there we would

see English and German visitors. One day I saw an English papa followed by quite a large little family. He was telling them information which was certainly not correct for he pointed to my sister, and said "Look, children, there is a typical French girl." There is a curious thing about learning a language. When I went to Switzerland, I had a schoolgirl acquaintance with the grammar of the French tongue, but it was nearly three months after arriving that suddenly one day I found myself understanding what was being said around me. I suppose one's ear must become accustomed. In the end I found myself even thinking in French.

What concerts I heard there, what wonderful plays. For 50 centimes one could get into the gallery for the best concerts in the world. Of course, we had to line up to get in and a French crowd has not the same orderly instinct to queue as an English crowd, so when the doors opened a free fight ensued. I had a very tall sister who towered above most of the crowd, and the French people would ask her what it felt like up there, and how did she enjoy the fresh air? I also had a very little sister who generally got the best seat ahead of us, by squirming round all the people's legs.

As a family, we were always very musical and one of my sisters played the violin well so we got friends who played other instruments to come and play quartets and quintets with us. This disturbed a French doctor who lived just over us; he would send down messages like

this: "Dr. C's compliments, but have the English ladies got the devil there."

I remember so well our little Italian maid, Aurélie. She was a tough little girl of sixteen, her father being an Italian labourer who had come over into Switzerland in search of work. She was very hard-working and very lively. She soon adopted the whole family, and would sit with us in the evening, knitting stockings, and telling us all sorts of tales of her homeland. Of course she was a Catholic and she told us that the priest did not approve of her working for an English family. We soon saw why. She was, when she came to us, a mass of superstitions. She solemnly told me one day that if she did not do what Monsieur le Curé told her to do he would turn her into a black pig, yes, indeed, he would ! Had he not done that to her grandmother? Another time I brought home a round loaf of Swiss bread and put it down on the table bottomside up. Aurélie shrieked and ran into a corner and hid her head. "Aurélie," I said, shaking her, "whatever is the matter with you?"

"Oh !" she replied, "M. le Curé said that when the bread is upside down the devil is in it." As well can be imagined, living with us she soon got free of many of her superstitions. In the end, she one day said to me, "Je m'enfiche de M. le Curé."

What was more shocking was that sometimes she would come home from confession shaking her shoulders angrily. "Sale bête," she would mutter. On enquiry I found that the priest had been suggesting improper things to

her. She had a lover, of course, a stalwart, handsome, young Italian workman. She professed to be deliciously afraid of his jealousy. She would say she could not go out because he was waiting to kill her for he thought she had looked at another man. But I could see that she was thrilled to the marrow to have such a jealous lover. I have seen the Italian workmen suddenly throw down their bricks and fly at each other with long knives, so perhaps Aurélie really had some grounds for her exaggerated, but delightful fear. To our surprise she learned quite a good deal of English merely from listening to us. The first intimation we got of this was when one day she shook her finger at my mother, saying: "Madame, you very naughty girl!" On another occasion a tall, thin Pole came to call on us. We were all out and Aurélie, trying to describe to us who he was, said: "He had no meat in his *pantalons*."

They were happy days in Geneva, in spite of very short and straitened means. For the first time in life I came into contact with all sorts and conditions of men, and learned to be free and a friend of all that lives, instead of the proper, little caste-ridden Victorian that I was in the beginning.

## CHAPTER III.

### FIRST CONTACT WITH THEOSOPHY

**I**N a flat overhead of us lived an Austrian lady and her daughter. Madame von Pachten was of the old school of Austrian ladies. When she married she had several hundreds of each undergarment made in white linen, duly embroidered. Even when we met, her daughter was still wearing some of her mother's original trousseau. The mother was an intellectually curious lady. She went to every concert and meeting and lecture, and often took me with her. She never joined any movement, but liked to hear them all. I went with her gladly. Thus, one day she asked me if I would like to hear the Theosophists. A little time before, I had seen Geneva plastered with big advertisements announcing that a Mrs. Besant would speak, but I never thought of going as I remembered hearing my mother and governess discussing Mrs. Besant when I was a little girl of nine. At that time I had asked who Mrs. Besant was and our governess replied: "Oh! she dresses in white and doesn't believe in God." Now, when Madame von Pachten asked me to go, I thought: these must be those queer people who dress in white and do not believe in God. It sounded quite exciting.

There were in those days four Theosophical

Lodges in Geneva, which then formed part of the French Section of the Theosophical Society. They all met in private homes, and the big Loge Dharma met in the home of the Russian Consul, Count Prozor. It was there that Madame von Pachten took me. They met weekly for a discussion session and at the first meeting of the month the public was allowed to attend and listen, but not to join in the discussion, not being members. I discovered afterwards that the French are such perfectionists that they will not have any lecturer who is not first-class. Consequently most of their meetings were in discussion form. An English meeting, trying this procedure, would probably become dumb, but not a French one! I have often seen the President trying to produce order by ringing a little bell.

The second time we went to Madame Prozor's home we found a large body of people in the big drawing room and a great air of excitement around. "What is happening?" I asked.

"Don't you know?" they all replied, "Colonel Olcott is coming."

Now that meant nothing to me. I did not even know who he was. Presently Madame Prozor, a very magnificent looking lady with white hair piled high on her stately head, came into the room and with her a short, broad, American gentleman with wonderful curly white hair and beard. I wondered if he were a little vain of his hair and beard, for he wore them a little long. Also with Madame Prozor

came a lovely little boy with an aureole of red-gold hair. I afterwards learned that this was the little clairvoyant, Maurice Prozor, who helped the famous seer, C. W. Leadbeater, with the pictures of the human aura in his *Man, Visible and Invisible*.

Most of the French ladies on the Colonel's appearance began to curtsy to him as one does to Royalty. He looked surprised and as if he did not quite know what to do. Then he made up his mind. He passed down the row of bowing ladies, patting each on the head and calling them 'mon enfant'. He commenced to speak in a chatty, informal way: his manner very simple and unassuming. First he told of his life with Madame Blavatsky, and of the apparent marvels and miracles which took place in her presence. He told one story which I have never seen in print: A Polish diplomat came to call on 'H.P.B.' (as he fondly termed Madame Blavatsky) and wore around his neck a scarf which the Colonel greatly admired. "Would you like one, too?" asked Madame Blavatsky; "there is one sitting on your shoulder." And from his shoulder he drew down the exact replica of the scarf the Pole was wearing!

Here some of my readers will jib! But patience, please. In after years I learned the rationale of this achievement. In the literature of the East it is called the power of *Kriyashakti*, which means the power of concentrated thought and will. H.P.B. herself has described its technique. The trained seer pictures with his imagination every detail of the object he desires

to create. This forms a simulacrum in the plastic matter of the subtle mental world around us, and into that mental mould the seer, by his trained will, calls the free atoms and molecules in solution in the air around us, and the object materializes and becomes visible.

Now what reaction did all this produce on me, atheist, agnostic, socialist that I was? I never doubted the truth of the Colonel's words for one instant. He was so transparently genuine, honest and sincere. But the crowning moment of the evening, for me, was when he went on to describe five of the Adepts, or Perfected Men, whom he had personally known, not in any psychic or trance condition, but with open eyes and touch in this physical world. He described an Egyptian Master, the Hungarian Prince, the Greek of Crete, and the Sage of Rajputana and his brother, the gentle Kashmiri; these latter two being the Indian Adepts who were the inspiration behind the formation of the Theosophical Society. Two of the stories the Colonel told that night can be found in his *Old Diary Leaves*, yet never will I forget the thrill of hearing him tell them first hand. One night, soon after the founding of the 'Society' by himself, Madame Blavatsky and a few other people, in a shabby little flat in New York, he had been sitting up late, attending to accumulated correspondence, Madame Blavatsky, having retired, when he thought he saw something white out of the corner of his eye. Turning his head he saw a magnificent Indian standing in the room whom he immediately

recognized as the Adept whose portrait he had seen. The Master sat down and began to talk to him, but all the time the Colonel kept wondering whether he were asleep or awake ! Evidently the Adept divined the thought in his mind, for after some time he rose, and taking off his turban with a smile, placed it on the writing table and disappeared. The Colonel went to bed, amazed at what had happened and the first thing he did in the morning, was to run into the sitting room to see if the turban were still there. It surely was, and may be seen to-day in the museum at the international headquarters of the Theosophical Society, at Adyar, Madras, India.

But the tale which touched me the most deeply, indeed the fragrance of it is with me to-day, was his account of the visit he paid with Madame Blavatsky and two other people to the sacred Shrine of the Sikhs, the Golden Temple in Amritsar. As is usual when a foreigner visits a temple in India, the priests come forward to garland them or to offer them a flower. A tall priest stepped forward and offered the Colonel a rose with a smile and a blessing in his eyes. To the Colonel's surprise and joy, he saw at once that it was the Adept who is a Kashmiri Brahmin, and who lives over the borderland not far from Shigatse in Thibet. "The touch of his fingers," writes the Colonel in his diary, "sent a thrill through my whole body, as may well be imagined."

My heart gave a tremendous leap of joy and awe. Life changed miraculously for me

from that moment onwards and forevermore. "I knew," I said to myself, "that there were those who knew what life means, where it is going, and what is its goal." Then and there I registered a vow, that never would I rest until I had found that Blessed One and learned of Him the true meaning of life. I went home that night 'walking on air'. I hardly noticed the people in the streets, for in my heart an immense joy sang. I had come home at last after long wandering. I had found the beginning of the way. One did not need to die to solve the mystery of the universe. It could be found here and now.

I suppose I must have looked ecstatic and impressed, for before the meeting broke up that night an elderly lady approached me and asked if I would like to join her beginners' class. Thus for a year after that memorable meeting I went every Thursday to Mlle. Taillefer's flat, where a moving population from every nation gathered to hear the principles of Theosophy expounded by an old English Quaker who had lived in Geneva most of his life. He afterwards married Mlle. Taillefer. Some time later, the Prozors left Geneva and were transferred to Weimar. Long years afterwards I found that the pretty daughter of sixteen who had sat on a table and swung her legs during the meeting was once a relative of mine in a former life; and that in the Colonel, without knowing it, I had beheld my son of ancient days.

Soon Mlle. Taillefer suggested that I should join the Lodge. I remember my first appearance

at a regular Lodge meeting. M. Gos, the famous painter, made me sit by him, but brought my heart to my mouth by suggesting during the discussions that I should now contribute to the subject ! I used to walk home between two bosom friends who later became the two chief officers of the newly-formed Swiss Section of the Theosophical Society, Mlle. Stéphanie and Mlle. Brandt. They were both very large and stout, but infinitely kind, and always called me ‘ *la Petite Anglaise.*’

Sometime after that my family returned to England and settled in Bath, Somerset. Here began for me a new phase of life, which had very momentous consequences.

## CHAPTER IV.

### EDUCATION AND SOCIALISM

**F**OR some months I took at first a post as governess to the little nine-year-old son of Sir Hercules Langrishe in Ireland. They lived in an old Abbey, Knocktopher Abbey, near Kilkenny, Sir Hercules was the local Master of Hounds, but when the hunting season was over he spent his time visiting friends. My little charge, Terence, was a lovely little boy. In spite of his liveliness—I used to groan at his habit of coming into my room at five in the morning to bounce on my bed and to ride-a-cock-horse on my knees—he was constitutionally unable to do or say an ungentlemanly thing. He was quite one of the most charming children I have ever met. He would ask me gravely each morning what dress I was going to put on, and then he would gather a tiny posy to match it. He had a tiny pony cart in which he would drive me all over the country. His mother seemed more or less a recluse, an ardent Catholic, and as there was no one in the Abbey unless Sir Hercules returned, Terence and I became good companions, having no one else. He taught me to play billiards and the good looking Irish footman would come to watch us play. On one occasion I brought off a marvellous

cannon. "A fluke! A fluke!" shrieked Terence.

"No sir," interjected the footman chivalrously, "Miss Codd did that on purpose. I saw it in her eye."

Before I had been there long, I discovered that Terence was clairvoyant. One day he said to me: "You know, Miss Codd, I can get in behind your eyes and tell what you are thinking about." And the extraordinary thing was that he could! I did not encourage him very much, for I felt his mother would strongly disapprove, but he told me off and on some wonderful things. He evidently saw the fairy world of Ireland, for he would tell me of the people he saw, some very tiny and others so very big. He described their costumes, which sounded mediaeval to me, and he said a very striking thing. He told me that he could not quite describe everything because there were colours that he had never seen before. Now I knew that the psychic plane *does* possess added colors, so this convinced me that he was actually seeing that plane.

The newspapers there always arrived about three in the afternoon, so what was my astonishment when one morning Terence bounced on to my bed and told me some news that I certainly had not seen in the papers, something like the fall of Port Arthur, for the Russian-Japanese war was then on. I asked him how he knew. "Oh!" he replied, "when I woke up this morning I saw the newspaper on the ceiling, so I

read it." Again I knew that this was what is technically called clairvoyance in space.

I, myself, one night was awakened by a most weird and terrible crying. I suppose I was hearing the call of a banshee. The house was reputed to be haunted and my room was far away from the other rooms. So to still my fears I took one of the eight dogs, a long-haired terrier, to bed with me each night and he slept on the foot of the bed. Of course that meant fleas, but I preferred fleas to ghosts. The maid deputed to look after me was the sweetest, purest little Irish maiden in a nation of unsophisticated, pure-hearted girls. Sir Hercules one evening made her dance an Irish jig for us all. I also remember the cow-herd, O'Shaughnessy. He was again of the unspoiled, other-worldly Irish. He was miraculous with cows. He knew them all and loved them and they knew and loved him. No one could approach his skill with sick beasts. He certainly did not belong to this world. Other ignorant Irish were very cruel to their animals. I have noticed that cruelty to animals is more prevalent in Catholic than in Protestant countries, perhaps because they are taught that animals have no souls. Often have I seen men returning from gatherings in their little donkey carts, roaring drunk, and beating their poor little donkeys with hammers. And to my horror I heard of a sensitive horse belonging to my employer who had too tender a mouth. The grooms were talking about how they would have

to sear his mouth with a red-hot iron! What horses have to suffer from men.

While I was in Ireland I evolved a capacity to write poetry. Perhaps it was the mystic atmosphere of Ireland which brought this about. I had not been there a month before one day I awoke with a full-fledged poem in my mind. It was called 'To my lover, the second day I loved him'. From this a long string of love poems grew, and I put them together under the title, 'A Lover's Rosary'. Years later Mr. Clifford Bax read these poems and he gave me a very striking definition of a true poet: "One who has an unusual nature and capacity to give it fine expression." Terence, finding that I loved poetry, as my birthday approached, got his mother to send to London for a copy of Rossetti's poems for me.

The time came for me to leave Ireland. Terence was to go to a preparatory school in England. I visited the villagers to say good-bye. One incredibly dirty old lady, who spent her days sitting on her door-sill smoking a clay pipe upside down, appeared to think it was extraordinarily dangerous to cross the sea and promised she would make many prayers to the Virgin for my safety. I crossed from Cork on a cattle-ship to Bristol. It was loaded with live pigs who kept up a squealing all night. Thus I came home again to Bath, and decided I had better find local work there.

Having become a member of the French

section of the Theosophical Society, I now had to make the acquaintance of the English members. I wondered if there was a Lodge in Bath, and found there was. On announcing my intention to visit them, my mother said: "I thought you had forgotten all that silly rubbish. However, if you insist on going, then I am going with you to see that no harm happens to you." I think my mother thought that a Theosophical meeting was a kind of spooky séance.

We found a little meeting of not more than twenty-five people listening gravely to Mr. Bernard Old, a younger brother of the famous Walter Gorn Old, who was a leading disciple of Madame Blavatsky, and the well-known 'Sepharial' of astrological fame. In after years Bernard told me how his mother commissioned him, then a youth of seventeen, to accompany his brother to Avenue Road as a watch and a guard! H.P.B. was very charming to him, told him he would be a good Theosophist and the only one of the three brothers to remain faithful to the work, and one day told him details of his immediate past life, even to the name he bore then. He had been a country squire in the reign of King Charles I, and had fought for his king. Under Cromwell, his estates were confiscated, but he got the bulk of them back again when Charles II ascended the throne.

To my astonishment, my mother, after the lecture, borrowed a Theosophical book and sat up the whole of the ensuing night reading it. It

was C. W. Leadbeater's *The Other Side of Death*. That was the beginning of my family's coming into the Society, too. The last sister to stand out against it married a Theosophist!

At that time I was teaching daily two little boys. The older boy was seven, but it is the younger, who was five, whom I shall never forget. Charlie, the younger, was virgin soil. How should I set about teaching him, I, who had never been, myself, to either school or college? I hit on what proved to be a magnificent idea. I would just let Charlie teach me how to teach him. The results were slow at first, but ultimately became truly amazing. Before a year was out, Charlie could read any book not too difficult. (I never taught him his letters. He recognized words at sight.) He could do mental arithmetic up to division of money sums, and play the piano quite intelligently. What is more, he loved his lessons. He would come bounding down from the nursery with alacrity when I came. His mother told me that he taught his teddy-bear when I had gone. His baby powers of concentration were phenomenal. He gave me a lesson there. Once I asked him a mental arithmetic problem, and he was so long in replying that I thought he had not heard and repeated my question. "Oh! Mith Codd, Mith Codd," he wailed in his baby lisp, "*don't* do that. Now you've made my head all woolly." I left him at the end of the year to help the Woman's Suffrage Movement under Miss Annie Kenney. I came

back a year later and Charlie's mother asked me over for the day. How I wish I had not gone. Charlie had had an ordinary governess for a year, and ah ! the change. Gone was the light and radiancy of mind and spirit. My little wonder was dulled, his joy and brightness extinguished. To this day I cannot think of it without pain. But Charlie had showed me what *could* be done with intelligent and idealistic teachers. What a change could come over the face of this earth in one generation were this possible. I am reminded of a remark of Alexander Dumas: "I wonder why there are so many charming and intelligent children and so few charming and intelligent grown-ups. Education must be responsible for it !"

During this time I looked forward eagerly to the Theosophical Lodge meetings on Monday nights. We soon became one of them and discussions and talks were so fascinating that we generally did not break up until late at night. The moving spirits in the Lodge were two maiden lady friends, Miss Fox and Miss Sweet. We nicknamed them the *Manu* and *Bodhisattva* of the Lodge, which being interpreted means the Ruler and Administrator, and the Teacher and Priest. I was looked upon as the very young thing of the Lodge, and the President patronized me in a very kindly way. She took me one day to a meeting in the North, at Harrogate, to meet Mrs. Besant. That was a memorable meeting for me. I saw a tiny, little lady dressed in a

white silk *sari*, with curly short, white hair, and child-like, earnest eyes. Her eyes were the most striking thing about her. People will tell you they were blue, but they were golden, the tawny yellow of a lion's eyes, deep, direct, full of candour. I remembered then Colonel Olcott's description of his own first meeting with Annie Besant in the drawing room of Madame Blavatsky in London. H.P.B. had told him whom she wanted him to meet, and when Mrs. Besant, fresh from a docker's meeting came into the room, full of fashionably attired people, in her short skirt, thick boots and red scarf, he was led up to her. "When I took her hand, and looked into her eyes," said the Colonel, "she looked at me with the eyes of a noble child." That was ever characteristic of Dr. Besant and also to a certain extent of her great co-worker, C. W. Leadbeater. There was always a lovely child-likeness, not childishness. Perhaps it is the hallmark of greatness. In such a one the 'scattered powers of the soul' are gathered in, orientated towards a long, impersonal aim. Hence a beautiful simplification ensues, a singleness of heart which is surely the truest purity.

My mother had a tiny spare room which she offered the Lodge for visiting lecturers. In that way I became acquainted with several interesting people, among them the late A. W. Orage, editor of *The New Age*, and the Rev. Conrad Noel, the Socialist parson. Mr. Orage, indeed, was partly responsible for my becoming a

lecturer myself. The Lodge meetings in Bath took place every Monday; at the neighbouring town of Bristol every Tuesday. Lecturers often stayed with us for the two nights. In this way I saw a good deal of Mr. Orage. He was then a handsome, lithe, young schoolmaster, very sure of himself and full of dare-devil spirits, with no reverence as far as I could discover for God, man or devil. He carried his lectures in a small note-book, each page of which held the précis of a lecture. I had been reading papers to the Lodge, and was due to read one after he had left. He was highly scornful when he heard that I was going to read it. "You will never learn to lecture like that!" he said. When I told him of my nervous fears of extempore speaking, he jollied me out of them, declaring that I must have the courage, et cetera. So, buoyed up by his encouragement, I marched down the Lodge next week determined to *say* my piece and not read it. For five minutes all went well. Suddenly it dawned on me that the Lodge officials, whom I knew well, were all looking at me. Stage fright seized me, and every idea I ever had flew from my mind. I was reduced to explaining to the audience what had happened, and spent the rest of a miserable evening trying to decipher the rough copy of what I had meant to say, which fortunately I had brought with me for safety's sake. I think the gods were having sport with me, for the title of my talk was "On Facing the Situation."

Alack! Alack! how easy it is when one is young to be humiliated. But now I laugh as I remember it, and dear Miss Fox wrote me a kind letter saying that they all appreciated 'pluck'. I did that more than once in other fields. The power to speak came to me suddenly when I was released from prison, perhaps because a burning, vital experience broke down my inhibitions. But of that later.

I had to persuade my mother to put up the Rev. Conrad Noel. By this time I had become an ardent Socialist and had joined the Social Democrats, led by Mr. Hyndman. I often heard him speak. He was a wealthy man of good birth and handsome appearance who put himself and his money at the service of the working classes. I did not like him, I do not know why. His emotions in front of an audience ran away with him. I have heard him say that they would call on soldiers to turn round and shoot their officers. I much preferred the quiet little Mr. Clynes of the Independent Labour Party. But the greatest orator of the Labour Party that I have ever heard was the late Prime Minister, Ramsay Macdonald, with his beautiful face and his passionate sincerity. Perhaps he was not a statesman of the first water, but he had courage, faith, integrity. I remember when I first heard him at a joint meeting of the then three parties in the Albert Hall in London to deal with the subject of unemployment. First came Arthur Balfour. How I detested him. He struck me as

a typical upper-class Englishman, knowing nothing of life, nothing of how the other man really lives, being witty and flippant at other people's expense. Sir John Simon, for the Liberal Party, was far better. A clear, forceful speaker, he was a lawyer all through. Last came Ramsay Macdonald, and my heart for the first time responded. He *knew* how the underdog lived; he had himself known poverty and helplessness and despair.

Yet, if I am honest, I am bound to state that my experiences with the Socialists were disillusioning. Ever since I was ten years old I had glowered over the wrongs of the poor and the weak. Now I belonged to a great political party and I faithfully attended the weekly gatherings of my working-class friends. The first shock came when we were discussing the ideal state of the future. I had been listening to the violinist, Jan Kubelik, and I asked what part artists would play in that future. "We shan't have them," my working-men friends told me "they aren't any use." No use! Beauty no use! I know that no Socialist would say that nowadays, but they did talk like that then.

One day I found the company looking bleakly at each other. The secretary had absconded with their funds! Other things occurred. One of our best speakers was a master workman who could have made an excellent living. Yet he preferred to let his wife keep the family by maternity nursing. Another was a handsome workman of the

intellectual type. —A wealthy woman joined our ranks, and soon the two were always together. One day they disappeared, and when I asked what had happened to them, was told with the frank brutality of the working man that they had gone to Southampton and he was now a 'kept man'.

All this sounds as if I were out to discredit my late associates. Looking back at it after many years I can see that honour, integrity, self-sacrifice are bred in the bone and can never be hastily assumed. Many a leader has them not and there lies the chiefest danger to the modern world, for it is lack of real intelligence and moral strength in the world's leaders to-day that constitute its greatest menace. The rule of the Best—if only we could achieve it! Not necessarily are they to be found among those of good birth or with much money, though the old criterion of good birth is far preferable to the vulgar standard of mere money. The true aristocrat of ancient days had a background of *noblesse oblige*. I have yet to find a similar background of graciousness provided by mere money. How cruel money can be! I have seen it so often.

My working-men friends at the Socialist centre were, of course, always coming up against my Theosophy. In after years, a thin little man told me with tears in his eyes, that he thought Theosophy was the spiritual side of Socialism, but for the moment my Socialist friends did not see it like that. Greatly daring, I suggested that they let me tell them what Theosophy was, so a

weekly class was organised of ten men. I would tell them of Theosophy, while the other men played draughts and smoked. Of course, they argued with me very much and I do not think I produced a very great effect upon them, except for one of their number. He was a delicate-looking jobbing watch-mender, a silent man whom most of the other men rather laughed at. One night he offered to walk home with me, and on the way he told me how he had been born naturally psychic. Finding that other people did not see what he saw, he consulted doctors who all told him that he was under the shadow of insanity. That night I had been describing the human *aura* and the characteristic meaning of the radiant flashing colours of it as seen by clairvoyant vision. The cloud on his consciousness lifted. He knew then what it was he saw.

That man was poor and more or less uneducated, but he was truly a 'nature's gentleman'. Years afterwards he became one of our best Theosophical lecturers, married a gentlewoman above him in social standing, and finally, before his death, had the inexpressible honour of becoming a pupil of one of the great Adepts.

If my class never did any other good it found him.

## CHAPTER V.

### SUFFRAGETTE ACTIVITIES

I HAD always been aware of the disabilities imposed by society on women, so when I began to hear of the exploits of the Pankhursts my heart thrilled in response. Presently I heard that Miss Christabel Pankhurst, accompanied by Miss Annie Kenney, was going to address meetings in the large towns of England to awaken the country to the recognition of women's demands. They came to Bath, and knowing my interest the local people asked me to help steward at the meeting. Miss Pankhurst was a clear and incisive speaker. Even to-day she still retains her wild-rose complexion and her keen and rapier-like gift of repartee. No heckler stood any chance with her. She could always turn the tables on him, sometimes to such an extent that I have seen men literally foaming at the mouth with impotent rage. We may wonder these days how such feeling could have been aroused over the issue, but there are no instincts so deeply rooted and hostile to attack as those of religion and sex.

Miss Pankhurst did not appeal to me in the way that her companion, Miss Annie Kenney, did. The little Lancashire mill girl, then small and slight, with a wealth of goldenish hair piled

on her head, was truly, as Shelley would have phrased it, 'a spirit of fire and dew'. Her most striking features were her eyes, large and blue, so blazing when she spoke with an inner mystic light that they dominated her whole being, like twin stars of the first magnitude. To Annie I gave my heart and I am happy to say that I am her friend to this day.

I heard that the Women's Social and Political Union (we always called it the W.S.P.U.) had divided the country into districts, and put an organiser in charge of each. Annie was appointed to the south-west district with its headquarters at Bristol only ten miles away. At the close of that meeting I waited for Annie and asked her if she could make use of me. I remember her laughing at my impulsiveness, but she asked me to give her my name and address. Then one morning I got a letter from her asking me to come over to Bristol for my summer holidays. She could not offer to pay me, that was the Union's business, but she could put me up, if I did not mind sharing a large double bed with her. I went at once upon an adventure which proved to be a turning point in my career.

I found one or two other girls there, out upon the same adventure as myself. Miss Kenney was organiser and leader, and an excellent one at that. I have never known her lose her temper or her nerve. She was marvellous at dealing with refractory or nerve-racked workers. She was not one of those administrators who try to do everything themselves and to keep a finger in every pie. When

she chose a helper and gave him work to do she trusted him absolutely and never interfered. Often did she say to me: "The business of the organiser is to make the others work, not to do it all himself."

I afterwards became her second-in-command and chief helper, but to begin with she sent me out on the job of chalking pavements. The press refused to accept our advertisements, so no other recourse was left open to us, but to write advertisements on the pavements. I became quite an adept at quickly chalking up a notice before a policeman or an indignant passer-by could stop me. The junction of the trams at the Tramways Centre afforded excellent cover for a few moments. I am bound to say that I was more often attacked by women than by men. I have more than once been pursued by a shrieking woman, much to the embarrassment of her accompanying male relatives.

Then once a week, we held an 'at home' in the Victoria Rooms, Clifton, at which questions would be invited and tea dispensed. Miss Kenney presided, and the gallery was generally full of men students from the Bristol University, who considered us fair game and came in large numbers for the sport of heckling us. We generally scored, for young men are not often very quick in the uptake. In spite of the disapproval of many of them, the audience would cheer when we got the better of an argument, and their sympathy was always aroused if we were too badly heckled. I have always noted

that about a British crowd. They have a tremendous sense of fair play and sympathy for anyone 'put upon,' and a witty rejoinder sets them into roars of good-natured approval. Some of our organisers were noted for their wit, notably Miss Mary Gawthorpe. At an election meeting, when all sorts of unpleasant objects were being hurled at intervals upon the platform, a stupid-looking young man who had been hugging a decaying cabbage suddenly threw it upon the stage. Miss Gawthorpe picked it up and said meditatively: "I thought that young man would lose his head presently."

By this time I was with Miss Kenney for good. When the holidays came to an end we did not want to part. So I resigned my post as little Charlie's governess, and Miss Kenney asked a wealthy woman sympathizer to give me 10/- a week for passing needs and I continued to share her big bed. Occasionally I woke to find Annie trying to throttle me! In her dreams she was still fighting battles. But sometimes, as we lay in bed, the mystical side of Annie's character got its chance. She would ask me to tell her about Theosophy, especially about the Adepts, the 'Masters of the Wisdom.' When we got out in the morning, she would say: "Come on, Clara, I've no time for the Masters now."

Besides the weekly 'at home' we held open-air meetings in different parts of Bristol and in the surrounding districts almost every night. The usual procedure was to procure a lorry and on this improvised platform commence a meeting. Perhaps we had to say, "We are here

under the auspices of the Women's Social and Political Union" several times before the crowd began to assemble. Miss Kenny's handling of an open-air crowd was masterly. She had a '*gamin*' quality which charmed them at once. "Now you men," she often began, treating them as a homely Lancashire lassie would.

I was nearly always deputed to sell "Votes for Women" at the lorry's tail, but she tried to make us all speak. I remember my first attempt on a lorry. I did not know that one must pitch one's voice low in the open air. So before I had been talking five minutes, some small boys on the outskirts of the crowd, sang: "Pip! Pip! Miss" in a high squeaky voice. I am afraid that was the end of my speech for the time being. Miss Kenney again took charge.

We always wore the colours of the Union, violet, green and white on a baldric across our chests with the legend: 'Votes for Women' inscribed along it. This was the insignia of our order and we would not be seen without it; though the very sight of it to some people seemed to have the same effect as a bad smell! I remember once walking down Black Boy Hill in Bristol when a bunch of choirboys streamed out of a church. As soon as they saw me they set up a chant: "Votes for Women! Votes for choirboys!" Little rascals! Another time we were driving away from a meeting at the Bristol docks when a ragged little fellow of four or five, with a glorious mop of golden curls pursued our carriage yelling furiously with his baby fist

clenched on high: "I don't believe in it! I don't believe in it."

Another form of propaganda was by means of a shop. We would take an empty shop in a central position and fill it with our literature. I was often the custodian of the shop, "because, Clara dear," said Annie, "you don't *look* like a suffragette." Interesting people came into our shop. The days were filled with discussion and persuasion. One day a pretty, fair-haired boy strolled into our shop; he had known Harry Pankhurst, Mrs. Pankhurst's young son. He was a *précieux* and Annie had no use for him, but he found a more sympathetic listener in me. I found he wandered over the country in the company of a renegade clergyman in a relationship best undescribed. Apparently this man was acquainted with the darker forms of magic. The boy described to me what they did in lonely country churches where the clergyman might have obtained a temporary 'guinea-pig' job. Also he told me of the headquarters of this kind of thing which exists, or used to exist, in Paris. I have since met other people who have known of it, too. There they would perform the dreadful Black Mass and the equally disgusting Mass of Isis. The boy told me he was scared and wanted to get away, but all my persuasions could never get him to summon up sufficient courage. One night he turned up at my mother's house in Bath and implored her to take him in and hide him, if only for one night. My mother, hardly knowing him, could not see the point and refused. I deeply regretted that when I heard,

for I have never seen or heard of him since, and I still have a book he lent me awaiting him.

Open-air meetings were now becoming far from safe. A group of hooligans grew up in Bristol, especially on the docks side, to whom suffragette-baiting became what Jew-baiting is in some countries to-day. So Miss Kenney hit on an expedient. She would send two of us to begin a fake meeting, thus attracting the rough crowd. Meanwhile, a little further away, she would begin the real meeting. When the youths discovered this they would at once rush over, but by this time there was a solid wall of reputable citizens and they could now do little damage. I was this sort of decoy on more than one occasion, but on the last I was in danger of my life. The ire of the gang had become aroused. Angry at the ruse that had been played on them they rushed back again to wreak vengeance upon us. They hemmed me up against some railings, to which I clung lest they trample me underfoot, and tried to tear my clothes off me. I appealed to a solitary policeman for help, but he merely gave me a frightened, sardonic smile and never stirred. Suddenly I felt a blunt instrument bruise my back. Someone had tried to stab me through the railings. I broke away and raced up the darkening streets. The yelling crowd pursued me, stopping to pick up mud and offal from the streets which they hurled at me. Soon I was a mass of mud and filth, running like a panting hare, for I did not dare to stop. Frantically I tried to detect a tram stop, but was unable to

see one in my haste. Thank God! an unknown man became my saviour. As a tram slowly rounded a corner, he leaned over and with great skill and strength hauled me on to the moving tram. I was safe! But I did not dare to go inside the tram. Everyone would have crept away from my unsavoury appearance. That put an end to decoy meetings. Miss Kenney would not risk them any more.

The day came when Christabel Pankhurst sent orders for a big demonstration to be organised on the Bristol Downs, a high and lovely expanse which on Sundays rivalled Hyde Park with its stances and speakers. By this time, Mrs. Despard had left us and our committee was replaced by a dictatorship. As a fighting unit this was immeasurably superior for a committee can never fight. On the downs we had many platforms in the shape of stationary lorries. Christabel sent us a speaker for each one and besides the speaker, each lorry held one or two local notables who were willing to be identified with us. Vast crowds collected and milled around. I particularly remember the Birmingham organiser who was one of the speakers; I forget her name now, but she was so pretty and fresh. Afterwards we trailed down to Bristol with all the accoutrements on the lorries and with the accompanying crowd yelling sympathy or curses as they felt disposed. The usual hoot was, "Go home and darn your stockings." I could never see the appositeness of that favourite remark.

We could always get a meeting if we went

to a certain square, because it was the favourite haunt of men out of work, and they were only too willing to listen to anything. I remember once going out with a young suffragette, Vera Wentworth, to get a meeting in the crowded streets of Bristol. With magnificent aplomb, Vera strode up and down the street ringing a large station bell she had procured from somewhere. Alas! nobody would listen to us that day, so I suggested the familiar square. Sure enough, we soon had a dense audience. They pressed nearer and nearer until I had a man's chin resting on each shoulder! All at once a man said: "This is all very interesting, but what *I* want to know is where we came from and what life means." Here was my chance. I embarked upon a Theosophical lecture. The stillness that came over that deeply attentive crowd of poor men was very impressive. Without a sound they listened to me describing the meaning of life and its goal. I have often thought since, we sin against the multitude in believing that all they want is amusement and appeals to their baser side. The spiritual hunger of man is more deeply-seated and more persistent than any other instinct in him; and how often, how cruelly often, he receives stones instead of bread!

The work I disliked most of all was canvassing Mr. Birrel's constituency when a general election was drawing near. One would knock at a door and ask if one could see the 'lady of the house.' On one occasion an unhealthy looking youth opened the door to me. "What!" he said, "our old woman? Just let me catch her!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### BREAKING UP CABINET MINISTERS' MEETINGS

**T**HE policy of the Union now developed into concentrating attacks upon members of the Cabinet, as being much more responsible than ordinary members of Parliament. It was our boast that we women destroyed only property and not human life, and that we never hurt anyone as much as we hurt ourselves. (Under British law offences against property were much more heavily punished than offences against persons.) The fighting arm of the W.S.P.U. was not large in numbers, though the Union had more than 70,000 members. Most of these, while sympathizing with and supporting us, could not risk personal danger or loss on account of husbands, mothers and children. So the daring deeds were done by a very few. There was a Youth Group in the W.S.P.U. who called themselves mysteriously the Y.H.B.'s. Later I discovered this stood for the 'Young Hot Bloods'!

Miss Pankhurst sent Miss Kenney notice of a big Liberal demonstration which was to be held in the Swansea Opera House one afternoon in honour of Mr. Lloyd George. That must be broken up at all costs. Could Miss Kenney find

volunteers, as Headquarters could not spare many? Annie could only find two, an artist, Miss Walters, and myself. Christabel could only spare us four. Six was hardly sufficient, but we must do our best. Annie sent me over to Swansea to get the six tickets. Agents were very wary by this time as to whom they sold tickets, but the agent let me have them without a word. But how my heart beat till they were safely in my hands.

The great day came, and the professional four arrived from London. Miss Kenney explained procedure to the two tyros. Miss Coe, an experienced member from London, was to lead off. She would say something to show that 'votes for women' was in our minds. After that we were to go in rotation, nine minutes apart, and were to watch the speaker and say something really apposite. I was to be number two, and "Clara, dear," said Annie, "you haven't a very big voice, so jump up quickly on your chair and put your arm out so that everyone will *see* you are protesting."

We were instructed to go down in couples, keeping well apart in case detectives should be on the lookout for us. The tyros, Miss Walters and I, went together. Our hearts were in our boots with fright, so we tried to give ourselves Dutch courage, not with whisky, but with very strong coffee.

Arrived at Swansea we separated in fear of detectives and I found myself placed early in a waiting queue. Hence I got a good seat about ten or a dozen rows from the platform on the

ground floor. The Opera House was hung with Welsh emblems and sayings, and two little plump Welshmen on either side of me kindly translated them for me. They also told me with great satisfaction in their tones that the Suffragettes had been kept out that afternoon! The band played the March of the Men of Harlech. On to the platform came the Mayor and other dignitaries, also the hero of the occasion, David Lloyd George. The chairman began to speak. Nothing happened then. Mr. Lloyd George rose and commenced to speak in his usual vigorous style. He may have been speaking about six or seven minutes when suddenly I heard Miss Coe from the back of the hall shout: "And what about votes for women?" Immediately pandemonium was let loose. Nearly everybody rose to their feet. The audience swayed hither and thither like a field of corn in a gale. Shouts and yells filled the air. Mr. Lloyd George was quite forgotten and he did not like it. I could see him clearly from where I sat. "I tell you what we shall have to do with these women," he muttered, "we shall have to put them in barrels and roll them down the hill." The fat little Welshman on my right said: "Silly girl! There are a lot of dock-yard toughs in here to-night. She'll be killed." Cheerful news for me who had to go next! It must have been a good ten minutes before order was restored and the interrupter turned out.

Mr. Lloyd George now essayed to continue his speech. I counted nine minutes as instructed and watched for an opening. "The Liberal

Party," Mr. Lloyd George was saying, "has not had fair play." Shutting my eyes (there are many things one has the courage to do only by shutting one's eyes and forgetting all else) I jumped up on my seat, stretched out my arm and said: "Women haven't had fair play yet." I sat down again not daring for a moment to look up. The two Welshmen on either side of me kept pounding my knees, shouting "*Will you be quiet!*" Yet I was the only quiet person in the whole assembly. I felt as if I had put a match to a powder magazine, for when I did look up I saw a vast sea of faces vociferating hate at me, and waving sticks and umbrellas from the galleries above, shouting "Turn her out." Near me stood a steward, his face as white as a sheet, in a pouncing attitude as of one waiting to seize a wild beast. In front of me sat a clergyman who turned around and ground his teeth at me while his wife tried to scratch my arms. There did not seem to be anyone in the whole assembly with a sense of humour except one young man whom I descried in the corner of a gallery convulsed with laughter. The two old men on either side of me began to shout, "She won't do it again." So I was left in. "Oh, how *could* you," whispered one old man to me, "to *such* a man!"

Word must have got around about the six tickets, for I heard people whispering, "There are only six of them. Wait till we get them all out." So at regular intervals, more uproars occurred until all were gone and only I was left. Then my conscience began to trouble me. Ought

I, under these circumstances, to do it again, or could I consider that I had done my bit? I came to the conclusion that honour demanded I should do it again. By this time Mr. Lloyd George, feeling more at ease, was waxing flowery and eloquent. "Friends," he was saying, "the Liberal Party will build the Temple of Liberty, every brick in its place, every brick representative of some common interest." I thought this was so untrue anyhow, that indignation aided my resolution. I rose to my feet. "Sir, I said, "you've left out the woman's brick." Now I received no mercy. Someone thumped me violently in the back so that the word 'brick' shot out of my mouth as from a catapult. I was hustled down the alleyway, shouted at by everyone, pinched, pulled, pummelled, kicked, and with my hat a ruin and my clothes pulled awry. Indeed, I do not know what might have happened to me if a nice, big young policeman had not stepped up and taken me in charge.

"You come along with me, Miss," he said, "I won't let anyone hurt you." He escorted me outside where I was greeted with roars from a vast crowd which had by then assembled in the city square, drawn by what was happening in the Opera House. "Here's another suffragette," they yelled, "tell us all about it." Mounting a stone step I addressed an open-air audience of vast dimensions, while we sold every available copy of "Votes for Women" like hotcakes. When the time came for us to catch our train back to Bristol the crowd accompanied us to the station like a triumphal procession.

The porters rushed out of the station crying "What's all this?" "Suffragettes," shouted the crowd back. Then at every station until we changed trains at Cardiff they jumped out of the train and surrounded our carriage crying "Speech! Speech!"

Thus did we break up the great Liberal Party rally at Swansea, or rather we just asked a question and the meeting broke itself up. In vain did the chairman shout "Hush!" and try to produce order. No one listened to him. I suppose it was really a case of mass hysteria. By that time all England was nervous of a handful of women, for it was never more.

## CHAPTER VII.

### ARREST

**B**UT bigger things were ahead. Christabel thought that going to prison should not be left to the London women only. She wanted volunteers from the country districts who, on their return, would be able to 'rouse the country.' Imminent now was the much publicized 'raid' on the House of Commons. The authorities had been strenuously searching for Mrs. and Miss Pankhurst. They never found them. I can tell why now. Many of my readers will remember the irregular roofs of London. On a roof, lower than all the surrounding ones, the Pankhursts camped out in a little tent.

Christabel asked Annie to obtain local volunteers, who would come up to London to take part in the raid. Annie tried hard, but could not get one. Mothers and fathers and husbands put insuperable obstacles in the way. As the time drew near Annie's face fell with disappointment. "Never mind, Annie," I said, "you can send me." She flung her arms around my neck with joy. So on the eve of the great day I went up to London. I did not tell my mother. She would have minded too much. I went to a hotel and reported the next morning for orders at the Headquarters in Clements' Inn. I found an air of suppressed

excitement like a camp preparing for battle. Mrs. Pankhurst and Christabel were in hiding, so Mrs. Pethick Lawrence was in command. She was not as cool as the other two. A huge map of London was spread out. One by one Mrs. Pethick Lawrence called us forward and told us what we had to do. Suddenly she called me from my corner, and also a girl from Manchester, Mabel Capper.

"Now you two," she said, "I have a little job for you." She pointed out the door of the House of Commons under Big Ben, just opposite the Westminster Tube station. "Now," she said, "how you will do this I leave to your own initiative and judgment. The police will not let you stand still a moment to-day. But you must find some means of entering the House of Commons by the Clock Tower door and make a demonstration upon the floor of the house." We were dismissed.

It was 10 o'clock in the morning, and our venture was timed for 8.15 that night. Already huge crowds were milling all over London, out to see the fun, for in addition to the advertised Suffragette raid, the unemployed were also demonstrating. The police would not allow us to stand still or to congregate in groups. The stream of people drifted like a tide, directed by the police, of whom there were an extra three thousand drafted into London that night. We found the House of Commons entirely surrounded by police, standing shoulder to shoulder, while most of the House was out on the terrace, presumably to see the fun. Opposite Big Ben

the police were lined up in two double rows each side of the way from the Tube station and again across that pathway were placed three single rows. As soon as anyone but a member of Parliament arrived at the Tube station he was put to the right or the left, outside the double cordon of police. Mabel and I held a council of war. Clearly we would not be allowed to linger there, so we finally marched down the station as if we were going somewhere, and perceiving in a dark corner what looked like a pile of huge mail-bags, we secreted ourselves behind them. There we crouched in semi-darkness until the fateful hour drew nigh. Many people came and went; I remember seeing Mr. Clynes arrive.

As the hour of our assault drew near, we held another council of war. "It is clear," said Mabel Capper, "that we shall never be able to get near the Clock Tower door. But we must do something; we cannot show the white feather. When 8 o'clock comes I will walk up as if I had just arrived by train, and let the police put me outside the barrier. Five minutes afterwards, you come up and walk straight at the transverse barriers. Of course they won't let you through, but meanwhile I, who am used to open-air speaking, will get up on some railing and exhort the crowd to break through and rescue you."

I never saw Mabel Capper again until I met her late that night in Cannon Row Police Station. She went and left me to the worst five minutes of my life. I was so frightened that I was almost sick. But as always, when one *must* do a thing, one seems to rise above oneself, and a curious

poise took possession of me. Was it that, I wonder, which made a queer thing happen? I shut my eyes and walked straight at the three rows of police. To my astonishment they opened their ranks and let me through! Who they thought I was I cannot imagine. My heart began to beat violently. I would be able to do it! I would be able to do it! And so I would have if it had been only the police, but as I was trying to find my way in the bowels of the House, I ran into three housemaids coming out to see what was happening and they chivied me out again.

Then a young policeman came up. "What's all this?" he asked. I felt terribly foolish, and could only reply that I wished to see Mr. Asquith. "Aw! come off it," he said. I vaguely remembered that somewhere there was an ancient law which ruled that no one could be driven away from a certain distance around the people's house. So mustering as much dignity as I could I told him that he had no right to drive me away and that I would refuse to move. Whistling to another policeman, the two men seized my arms, one on each side, giving them a peculiar twist which almost forced me to walk on my toes. In this undignified position I was marched to Cannon Row police station where I found numbers of my compatriots already arrested. On the way, of course, I was the butt of very rude remarks, but crossing one street a young man watching raised his hat with as solemn an expression as if I had been a funeral!

They put us all in a billiard room and there

we had to stay until the House rose, when Mr. Pethick Lawrence came to bail us out. We were to come up the next morning at 9 a.m., before Mr. Curtis Bennett, the magistrate at Bow Street. When I arrived I had to struggle through a dense crowd. Inside the police court we were called up in alphabetical order. As I was among the Cs, my turn came early. Christabel flitted about cheering us. She and her mother had been arrested the previous evening.

By this time I was so tired I hardly knew what was happening. I found myself in the dock, with cameras clicking all over the court, and the young policeman who had arrested me looking extremely sheepish as witness. Mr. Curtis Bennett was venerable and white-haired. He told me that he would bind me over in two recognisances of £60 each to come up for judgment if called upon. "What does that mean?" I asked.

"Well, you see," he explained kindly and slowly, "it means that you must find two friends who will consent to pay a fine of £60 each if you do this kind of thing again within a year."

"Oh! I answered, "I am sure I could not find anyone to do that."

His manner changed at once. "Oh! very well then," he snapped, "one month."

I was condemned and immediately removed by the Bow Street jailer to await transportation to Holloway Gaol. Christabel had then sent down orders that all were to ask for a remand. So seven of use went a week ahead of the others.

The Bow Street jailer appeared to be very

much distressed. "I can't bear to see all you ladies like this," he complained. He was very good to us. He let our friends load us up with bananas and chocolates, and send telegrams for us. I sent one to my mother: "Do not expect to hear from me for a month. Just off to prison." I heard afterwards that on receipt of the news one of my sisters burst into tears and the other laughed. The Archdeacon called to commiserate with my mother on her daughter's disgrace, but he did not know my fiery-spirited mother. Although she hated Suffragettes, she drove him from the house.

The day wore on, and at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the 'Black Maria' drew up at Bow Street for us. The coach consists of a double row of tiny cells with a policeman seated on a chair between. I think the coach had no springs, for when seated with the little door against my knees, my teeth nearly shook out of my head. Our jolly fat guardian was a kindly soul. In with the seven of us were a few demonstrators from the procession of the unemployed of the night before, to be dropped on the way at Pentonville Prison. As soon as we started our policeman said: "There's a pore chap 'ere what 'asn't 'ad no breakfast. Would any of you ladies like to 'and 'im out somethink?" Through the little gratings in our doors poured bananas and biscuits and chocolate. Certainly the man got a large breakfast, but whether it was a healthy one may be doubted.

I was in the cell next the door. My spirits were still high. Round my neck hung a scarf

with colours of the Union and the words 'Votes for Women' printed on the ends. Seeing my opportunity I squeezed my fingers through the grating and let the scarf float out at the back of the Black Maria; I was rewarded by a few cheers from the outside. At first our policeman pretended not to see what I was doing. Then he pulled it in. "Come, he said, "none of this 'ere," and he tied the scarf around his own neck in a large bow. I never saw it again. I wonder if he kept it.

At Pentonville, we let out the male prisoners, and the kindly policeman patted the breakfastless man on the back. "What you want," he said, "is a good sleep. They'll look after you all right in there, me lad." By this time evening was falling, and as the light faded, so did our spirits sink. We drove under the portcullis of Holloway Gaol and a sinister gloom oozed from the very walls to greet us. We were first put in a dark, damp underground cell and handed tin mugs of particularly greasy soup. One by one, we were called out, taken into a large room with a big fire burning and wardresses attending, and standing on a sheet, we were made to take off everything we wore. Even combs were not allowed us, only hair-pins. Clothed in a short, coarse, unbleached chemise, stamped with broad arrows, we were then weighed and a description of our eyes, hair and teeth, et cetera, written down. Then we were told to go and take a bath and our belongings were rolled into a bundle and put into a docket hole where they remained for the month, so it can be imagined

what they looked like when we put them on again!

The bath was apparently only a hole in the ground, fed from the bare ends of pipes. A kind of scrubbing brush was there to wash with, and a short gate, showing feet and head, with no lock, shut us in. A prisoner was detailed to put the prison clothes on our gates. She was a big, fat, jolly woman, evidently aching for a chat. Everywhere in the prison notices were affixed "Prisoners must preserve silence." To speak was a crime. The clothes were so queer I hardly knew how to get into them. They were unbleached cotton and unironed. Petticoats and skirts had broad pleats on a straight band made to wrap around any size waist. Being in the Second Division, the dress was green. We wore an apron made of a blue checked duster. Another duster was worn around the neck and yet another was tucked into our belts as a handkerchief. It had to last a week. On our heads we wore white calico caps with tape strings. Stockings were coarse like a man's golf stockings, with red stripes going round and round.

It was the corset which puzzled me. Surely nothing like it has been seen outside the Ark! I ventured to ask the big, burly prisoner how you got into it. For a moment the attendant wardress had gone for something. The prisoner saw her chance of a 'crack'. "Well, dearie," she said in the terminology of the East End, "'ow long are you in for?"

"A month," I replied, "how long is your time?"

“Seven months,” she sighed, “an’ I’ve only done two on ’em.”

“What did they put you in for?” I queried.

She ran out for a moment to see whether the wardress was returning, then came close to me. “Nabbing a ticker, dearie,” she said in a hoarse whisper, “I wouldn’t ’ave done it only I was boozed at the time.” The wardress then appeared and I was shown a huge flasket of shoes from which I was told to choose a pair which fitted me. They semed to be a species of clogs. Just then a wild, hysterical fit of laughter greeted my ears. Another Suffragette on the same errand was there and the sight of me dressed like a Dutch doll was too much for her risibilities.

We were then taken up to the clean and comparatively airy remand cells in a newer part of the building. I have, however, seen cells in the older parts of the building where women lived in semi-obscurity. The tiny cell had one window covered with ground glass through which nothing could be seen. It could not open and air came through a ventilating shaft. Furniture consisted of a bed of three planks propped against the wall, a wooden stool, a corner shelf on which stood a straw mattress rolled up and sheets and blankets, unbleached, with red stripes and broad arrows all over them. On the top rested a Bible, a hymn book and a little book on hygiene in the home.

Here was my home for a month. I was so tired that I was only too glad to fall into bed, hard as it was. Lights were turned off from the outside at 8 o’clock.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### PRISON

**T**HE day began in prison by the lights being turned on from outside at 5 a.m. Soon a pail of cold water was put into one's cell with a scrubbing brush and some brick-dust and rags. With these the cell floor, the plank bed, and the stool were to be scrubbed and the little tins shone with the brick dust. Then breakfast came along, which consisted of a mug full of tea poured from a huge tin with milk and sugar already mixed in it, and one little loaf of a very coarse brown bread, baked in the prison. Breakfast and tea were always the same each day, tea consisting of another brown loaf and a mug of strong greasy cocoa. The dietary for lunch was hung printed on the wall, and rang changes for three days. Thus one day it would be a tin of soup, with a potato in its jacket and a plain boiled carrot; the next day it would be two slices of cold New Zealand meat, with again the potato and perhaps an onion; the third day it would be haricot beans and bacon.

For the benefit of the Suffragettes the prison doctor invented a vegetarian fare for those who desired it. When I heard of it I applied. This allowed a small pat of butter in the morning, and for lunch it rang the changes as follows: first

day, the potato, a carrot, a hard-boiled egg and a mug of hot milk ; second day, the potato, the egg, an onion and the milk ; third day, the beans without the bacon, the potato and the milk. This was really quite good food. The only drawback was that the potato was quite often so black and full of ' eyes ' as to be practically uneatable, and the egg was often bad. Still the milk was always rich and good.

Our bedding was rolled around and stuck in the corner shelf while the board-bed was set up against the wall. I found the wardresses were very particular about how this was done. A prisoner was brought in to show n.e. The cell had a slate and this was used to roll the sheets and blankets around so that their red lines showed outwardly like a stick of peppermint. I always did it beautifully because there was so little else to do.

The first day in prison is always spent in solitary confinement, which means that one sits in one's cell all day with nothing to do and nothing to read except the Bible ; to meditate, I suppose, upon one's sins. That first day was only broken by the arrival of the chaplain, with many attendant wardresses. He was a kind, little Irishman with a receding chin. He began telling me how shocked he was to see a woman of my up-bringing in such a position. Then he noted down that I could read, write, et cetera, and finally asked me what religion I professed.

" Well," I answered, " the family is Church of England."

" And what are you?"

“A Theosophist,” I replied.

“Good heavens!” he cried, “whatever is that? Is it one of the new fancy religions?”

I afterwards instructed him about ‘astral bodies’ etc., and he used to become so interested that it aroused the curiosity of the wardresses, who would put their heads in to see why he was staying so long. But, alas! I am afraid he discussed my remarks with the assistant chaplain, a much more virile person, who always preached to us on Wednesdays, for this gentleman would suddenly bring out statements in his sermons such as “some people would tell you Buddha was as good as Christ.”

Our little chaplain had one bee in his bonnet. He was convinced that all crime was the result of drink. Hence he preached every Sunday about the ‘great dragon of drink.’

Chapel took place every day at 9 a.m., and to be deprived of it, where alone we heard the other women’s voices, was considered a great punishment. We stood at our cell doors with our numbers pinned on. From my entrance I had become no longer a person but ‘No. 9’, and so was always hailed by the wardresses. The order was given to march and we filed down to chapel. Here we were overlooked by wardresses seated on high seats. We tried the trick of speaking to each other through a hymn tune. For instance, while the prison was singing ‘Abide with me’ we would chant to the tune, “How are you feeling? Never say die, keep your spirits up,” etc. But the wardress in charge, a slow, stupid, but good-natured girl, discovered

this. She always treated us like a lot of naughty children. "Now, now," she would say, "you mustn't do that. Just you stop it."

I always knew the new prisoners in chapel because they often wept, and sometimes I would hear them during their first night hammering the door and calling. I do not wonder, for one feels like a rat in a trap. One girl whose cell was beneath mine kept hammering and crying to such an extent that at last a wardress opened the door. "Now whatever's the matter?" she enquired, "what do you want?"

"I want my mother," sobbed the girl.

"Fancy calling me for that!" answered the wardress, slamming the door.

Poor child! caught in the gin of a brutal, uncomprehending social system. I used to wonder in prison what good it could ever do anyone. All responsibility is taken off one's shoulders, all human relationships, all human ties broken. One becomes a number, living a life nicely calculated to destroy all self-respect, all initiative, all hope. I would imagine that after a long term of imprisonment a man's intelligence would become so numbed that he would be more defenceless than a baby when he finally left. I had my principles to uphold me. What of those who had none, who were like stupid, brutalized, bewildered babies? I looked at their faces in chapel. None looked wicked, only stupid. There came a day when a red screen was set up in the gallery of the chapel. A murderess was attending chapel.

After the first day of solitary confinement

work was given to us in our cells. It consisted at first of making the bags which the postmen carry. It was hard work and tough on our fingers. The work wardress perambulated the prison with a prisoner in attendance. She was a good woman, kind and sweet and humane, and let me talk to the frail little prisoner who carried the work. This one had been condemned to five months' imprisonment for pawning two shirts, for the making of which she was paid sweated wages, to get food for her children. Now her chief fear was for those little ones whom she was not allowed to see after her condemnation.

“What will happen to them?” I asked.

“Oh!” she replied, “I expect the neighbours will look after them.”

And that I have always seen, the charity of the poor to the poor. It far surpasses the easy charity of the rich.

But all wardresses were not like this one. Some of them were fiends incarnate, shouting, vulgar viragoes, not fit to have charge of human beings. My particular wardress was a thin, young Cockney who conceived a real affection for me, as I for her. I thought prison had not affected me, but towards the end of the month, I found my nerves giving way. Without a minute's warning I could not prevent a flood of tears. This upset my kind wardress. She looked about for something to cheer me. At last she found it. “Well, I must say, Nine,” she said, in her Cockney voice, “as 'ow you do fold your

bed something beautiful. I've been telling them all down the ward about it."

What am I reduced to, thought I, that that should cheer me up? But it was the kind thought which cheered. After I left prison I sent her a little silver-backed prayer-book, but the chaplain returned it saying that the wardresses were not allowed to receive gifts from prisoners.

The matron was a wicked woman. I don't know when I have met a worse. She was everything that Dickens describes so often. Unlimited power had made her into a fiend. If a prisoner crossed her in any way, she would turn white and scream like a fiend from hell. She had her favourites and used them as spies. What a hell-hound she was!

Everyday we were sent into the prison yard for an hour's exercise. Between the gloomy buildings two large paved circles were let into the yard. Those with long legs were placed on the outer circle, the little women upon the inner. We were kept seven feet apart so that no conversation was possible. A wardress at each end of the circles saw to this. "March!" one would say, and off we went around and around.

"Reverse!" another would say at the end of half an hour, and we would walk around the other way.

I remember when first the other remanded Suffragettes appeared in the exercise yard. The prison clothes are much of a size and absolutely shapeless. Tall Miss Wentworth-Shields had a skirt nearly up to her knees. Tiny 'General' Drummond, the wee Scotch lady who was the

London organizer, even with tucks taken had to hold up her skirts. Of course she was put on the inner ring, and appeared to have what looked like the spur of a cock sticking out from behind each leg. I determined when near her on the other circle to see what it was. The prison stockings were far too large for her, so the heel stuck out half-way up her leg!

For mental food we had the prison library, brought round in a flasket twice a week. The literature was of the mildest order. I took out a bound volume of *The Strand*, and discovered several pages missing. This aroused my curiosity. By dint of much deciphering through inky erasures in the index, I found what had been eliminated: stories of prisoners' escapes and exciting episodes like that.

The governor of Holloway Gaol was a thin, nervous little military man. Occasionally he came around, attended by the matron and a bevy of wardresses. Theoretically a prisoner had the right to see him and complain if she wanted, but woe betide the prisoner who ever took advantage of that right. Her word would never weigh against the word of an official, and the matron would take it out of the unfortunate prisoner afterwards.

Every now and then we had a kind of state visit from a Magistrate and a Member of Parliament. When this occurred wardresses were extra particular about the cleanliness and order of our cells. I remember the Matron telling me to be sure and curtsey nicely when they came, but I inwardly swore that no power in heaven

or earth should make me curtsy to anyone. Along came the tall, thin Magistrate and the fat, bovine-looking Member of Parliament, shoved their heads in my door, asked me if I had anything to complain of, and departed without waiting for an answer. One day the young doctor came and stared at me. He also asked me if I had anything to complain of, and again did not wait for an answer.





Myself when young.

## CHAPTER IX.

### I LEAVE PRISON AND THE W. S. P. U.

**B**EFORE I leave prison, I must describe a great riot which took place one night. For a time we were allowed to sit for an hour in the prison corridor, and do our work together without speaking. One afternoon someone surreptitiously passed me a piece of lavatory paper on which was scribbled, "When the wardress gives the orders for the return to cells, refuse to move and demand the Governor."

The hour came to an end, and the slow, good-natured wardress who was in charge told us to go up to our cells. No one moved. "Oh, come now," she said, in her motherly voice, "fold up your work nicely and go upstairs." Again no one moved, and the poor wardress began to look quite nonplussed. Suddenly behind me a young Suffragette burst into violent sobs. That decided me. I rose to my feet.

"I do not know what this is all about," I said, "or for what reason we are demanding to see the Governor. For my part I am going to my cell, and if any of you feel like me, you had better do the same." Six or seven rushed after me and we reached our cells.

Then began a fearful pandemonium downstairs. The Matron was fetched. She shrieked,

raved and stormed. No result. The Governor sent word that he refused to come, as we could always see him at nine o'clock in the morning each day. At last Male Warders were imported from somewhere, who carried the resisting Suffragettes to their cells. To this day I do not know why Miss Wentworth-Shields originated the idea, but Mrs. Pethick Lawrence explained to me afterwards that all these things were done "to embarrass the Government," though it did seem to me that the only people embarrassed were wardresses doing only their duty.

Next morning only one cell door was opened for chapel — mine. "Come along, Nine!" said my wardress in honeyed tones. I attended chapel alone. During the morning a magistrate arrived and all the delinquents were had up before him. They all received sentence of three days' solitary confinement on bread and water. Miss Wentworth-Shields, being the leader, was sentenced to five days. The ones who had followed me were merely deprived of chapel for three days.

But this is where I learned to know the depths of the matron's perfidy. She came to my cell later, on her face the sliest, vilest smile. "You've got something to tell me, haven't you?" she said. It was some time before I could convince her that I had nothing to tell her, and would not play the part of a spy.

Although the days dragged fearfully the first week of prison, as time went on I grew accustomed to the solitude and quiet, and the time went more quickly. I used to wonder if possibly

there were a war and we knew nothing of it. The day came when my term was up. Seven of us were to be released that morning, leaving the prison gates at 8 a.m. The chaplain came to see me, as was his duty. "Oh, my dear girl," he said, "do give up that dreadful 'Theosophy.'"

Outside the gates a crowd was waiting, with a band and a big brake labelled 'Mr. Asquith's Prisoners'. At the gates my mother and sister appeared, having come up from Bath to greet me. We all got into the special brake and moved off accompanied by police and headed by a band. What we all looked like I cannot venture to describe. Prison had turned my skin a kind of buff color and the clothes we wore had been tied in a tight bundle for a month!

We arrived at a hotel where Mrs. Pethick Lawrence and officials were waiting to welcome us. A breakfast was spread, and at each ex-prisoner's plate a wee brown roll was placed to remind her of the prison bread. An army of reporters sat on one side. Mrs. Pethick Lawrence made a fine speech and we all had to try to reply. But it all seemed a dream to me, and I must here set down the record of a very curious condition of consciousness which I found to be mine on leaving the silence of prison for the noisy, outer world again. It lasted several days before it finally faded away. Nothing seemed real. I felt I was all the time looking at a cinematograph show, at painted people upon a painted picture. I did not wish to talk. I had got used to silence. I could not eat. I had become used to so little in prison.

Chrisabel and her mother were left behind for a much longer term than ours. During exercise time Christabel continually broke the regulations by running after her mother to kiss and hug her. Hearing this from us, Mrs. Pethick Lawrence was incensed. She rose to her feet with impassioned fervour. She exhorted us to go and tear down the walls of Holloway with our bare fingers. She would appeal to the Home Secretary, only she knew he would not receive her. Who else would try? I jumped up. I would. "This child shall go!" cried Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, with the dramatic intensity which always characterised her.

She gave me a sovereign for expenses, and told me to take a cab to the House of Commons, to try and see the then Home Secretary, Viscount Gladstone, son of the famous William Ewart Gladstone, and ask him to give orders that the Pankhursts should be allowed to meet and speak.

Off I went to the House of Commons. A fat policeman met me. Yes, the Home Secretary was there, only he could not see anyone. He was far too busy. I sent up my card. The policeman came back with a refusal. I sent it back again, writing on it: "I have just come out of prison this morning. I *must* see you." Presently, after some time, I saw a tall, elegant young man sauntering down the stairs with an expression on his face as if he were going to get rid of an importunate female, but when he saw me his countenance miraculously changed.

"Oh, my dear girl," he said, sitting down

beside me, "have you only come out of prison this morning? How dreadful! Have you had any breakfast? I am sure you ought to have something to eat."

I assured him that I had breakfasted, and went on to tell him what I wanted to see Lord Gladstone about.

"I don't disapprove of votes for women," he told me. (He was Sir Robert Harcourt.) "I am sure all my factory girls would vote for me."

We got on very well. "I'll tell you what we will do," he said, "Lord Gladstone *is* very busy this morning. He has to receive a deputation of Licensed Victuallers about the Licensing Bill. You go away and have a good lunch, and come back at 2.30 and I will take you up to see him myself."

At 2.30 I was back again and Sir Robert conducted me up long and winding stairways till I found myself in a smallish room, confronting Viscount Gladstone, Sir Robert Harcourt and the Permanent Under-Secretary, Mr. Troupe. With the exception of Sir Robert, they looked tired, weary, dull men. I sat on a sofa and addressed the three. What I said, I do not now remember, but the outcome was good, for Lord Gladstone sent immediate orders to Holloway that Mrs. and Miss Pankhurst were to be allowed an hour's exercise together, and during that time they were to be allowed to talk.

The next day I went back to Bath, where Annie Kenney had arranged a meeting in the

Guildhall for me on coming out of prison. That meeting was entirely broken up by an organized band of hooligans, who obtained entrance, I feel sure, with the connivance of the authorities. Neither Annie nor I could make ourselves heard. In vain did Annie implore them to be Englishmen and sports. A very ugly spirit was clearly gathering. The chairman whispered that he could get us out the back way. Annie went, telling me to follow her. But my pride (perhaps my vanity, who knows?) and fighting spirit were aroused. I felt I would rather die than give away before such scum. "No!" I said, "I am going out the front way and be damned to them!"

Annie was wiser than I was. Never shall I forget the mob that surged round me. They were mostly boys and youths, but they had lost every vestige of human expression. They seemed to be dominated by a kind of evil 'group-soul'. Every eye was glassy and vacant, every mouth round with the same booing sound. I can understand from that experience the problem of mob violence, and how it is that respectable citizens find themselves participating in a lynching. Demos can be a great and ugly god.

Soon I was back in Bristol, taking up things again. Christabel must have approved of me, for suddenly an offer came from the supreme command for me to go to London to be trained under 'General' Drummond as an official organizer. During my training I was to be paid £2 a week. How pleased and proud Annie

was! I was to leave for London in the new year.

But as the time grew nearer, more and more insistently a warning voice spoke within me. "No! No! No!" it said, and my heart grew heavy with doubt and presage. At last it became so clear that I had to follow it. The day before I should have gone I telegraphed Christabel Pankhurst that I was very sorry, but I was not coming after all. I was returning to work for Theosophy. Annie wept when I told her. Even my disapproving mother could not understand why I was giving up what was a magnificent opportunity for what seemed a whim. But still something spoke within me: "Not that way. That is not your way."

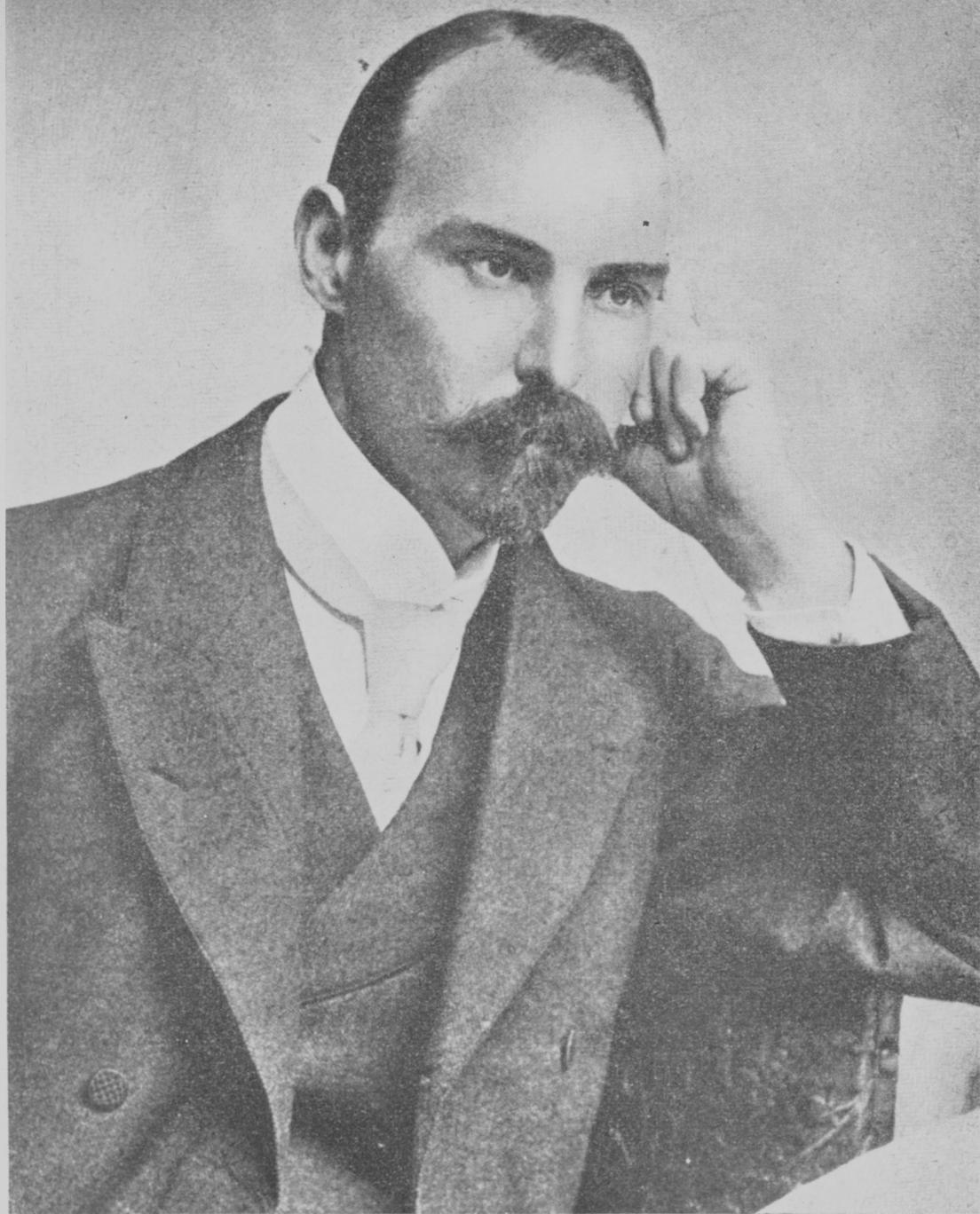
So I went back to teaching and to the Lodge in Bath. How tiny and dull did the meetings seem after the tremendous élan of the great fight. But my heart was at peace. I knew the way would open up. I knew my life's work was coming. And six months afterwards it did.

## CHAPTER X.

### I BECOME A THEOSOPHICAL LECTURER

**T**HE Theosophical Society in England was then a much smaller affair, both in numbers and prestige, than it is now. For a long time it had been led and dominated by that eminent Greek and Coptic scholar, Mr. G. R. S. Mead. He was a fascinating lecturer with his leonine head and cultured manner. The English Society's headquarters in those days were in Albemarle Street among dignified clubs. It was very like a man's club itself then. There was a comfortable smoking room, full of deep leather armchairs, where Mr. Mead, Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Kingsland, Mr. Wells (an ex-Catholic priest) and many others gathered.

I remember my first Theosophical Convention. It was a very stormy one. Colonel Olcott had just died, nominating Mrs. Annie Besant to be his successor. The Colonel had been made President-Founder for life, and he alone had the right to nominate a successor. All other Presidents thereafterwards are elected every seven years by the votes of the whole Society and are nominated by the members of the General Council consisting of every National General Secretary and a few other notable officials. I heard many times afterwards of the extraordinary happenings which



*G. R. Mead.*

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had taken place at the International Headquarters of the Society at Adyar, India, just previously. Having the right to nominate his successor the dying President was much exercised in his mind as to whom he should thus choose. A powerful party in England, headed by Mr. Mead, wished him to nominate Mr. Bertram Keightley, an old student and co-worker of Madame Blavatsky. The Colonel himself thought Annie Besant a better choice on account of her fine presence and powers of speech and her tremendous devotion to the work.

The tale I heard afterwards from two eyewitnesses of the occasion, Mrs. Marie Russak Hotchener, a great personal friend of Colonel Olcott, who was present at Adyar where the dying Colonel lay, and his nurse, Miss Renda, was substantially as follows (I think I have remembered correctly). The Colonel suffered from a bad heart which necessitated his sitting up supported by pillows night and day. Mrs. Besant was also at Adyar, but that afternoon had gone in to Madras, seven miles away, to take a meeting. The door of the Colonel's room opened and three magnificent looking men walked in. Miss Renda recognised them at once from pictures she had seen. She said that the Rajput, always called the Master Morya, went to one side of the bed. (I must here interject that few people know the real names of the Adepts which are words of power, so we know them by pseudonyms. 'Morya' is the name of the princely dynasty this Adept

once belonged to.) Although the Colonel was not supposed to move, at the sight of his beloved *Guru*, he jumped out of bed to salute him in the Indian form of salutation to a superior. The Master put him back into bed while another, the Kashmiri Brahmin, called by his Thibetan pupils, 'Koot Hoomi,' went around to the other side and fluffed up the pillows. The third, the Egyptian Master, Serapis, stood guard at the door.

Of course, both Mrs. Russak (as she was then) and Miss Renda had to leave the room, but through the door they heard a good deal and Mrs. Russak wrote down everything which is now preserved in the archives of the Society in Adyar. Answering many of the Colonel's doubts and questions, the Adepts told him that in their opinion his own intuition was right and that Mrs. Besant was the best person to lead the Society after his death. How right were their words, as later events proved.

The Colonel was so overjoyed at this blessed meeting that before he died he wrote a letter to be sent to every Theosophical Lodge in the world telling them of this and of his joyful nomination of Mrs. Besant as his successor. Reception of that letter was very mixed. By this time many years had passed since the days when the Adepts were continually appearing at Adyar and elsewhere to help with their advice and approval. Many members said and thought that either Mrs. Besant had engineered this herself, although she was away in Madras

at the time, or that it savoured too much of an ordinary spiritualistic communication.

When the copy of the Colonel's letter reached our little Lodge in Bath our president read it to us. "I suggest," she said, "that we do nothing about this. It sounds to me like just another spiritualistic message."

This was too much for me; in spite of my usual shyness I sprang to my feet. "What," I cried, "do you mean by that? Have we not always wished that our Masters would come again to us physically as they used to do in the old days, and now when it happens that is all you have to say."

I was backed by the secretary, Miss Fox, and soon after that I found myself at the ensuing London Convention, where a fearful storm broke. The Vice-President, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, told us very pontifically that he proposed to take no notice, as to him it seemed mediumistic. Mr. Kingsland got up and called on the Masters to come forward and let themselves be examined 'like any other phenomena'. Mrs. Besant, whose hands were tied since she was in the chair, asked to be relieved of that post and then gave us a most impassioned address upon the reality of our Masters, many of whom she knew personally. She was afterwards elected International President by an enormous majority of the members' votes.

Convention the following year was again a scene of terrible turmoil. Mr. Mead had nominated his own secretary as the English General Secretary. (All national sections elect

a General Secretary or President yearly.) An opposing party who did not wish the great Blavatsky Lodge under Mr. Mead to dominate the English section any longer, nominated a rather little known Quaker lady, Mrs. Sharpe, daughter of the well-known silk manufacturers, Courtaulds. Mrs. Sharpe quickly toured the English Lodges, explaining all that was involved in the proposed change and was elected by a majority of six votes. Mr. Mead with nearly the whole of the powerful Blavatsky Lodge, so big that it could almost outvote the rest of the section, went out of the Theosophical Society and formed an independent body called The Quest.

Under Mrs. Sharpe the Headquarters were removed from Albemarle Street to a sunny flat in New Bond Street at the top of a series of flats and offices. The new Executive Committee were now meeting there monthly and at one of their meetings they considered the proposition of a rather wealthy Birmingham member who had promised £50 as the salary of an organizing lecturer for one year, if the Committee would appoint one. Up to that point, the Society in England had never employed the services of a full-time, paid lecturer, all work having been done by voluntary assistants. Miss Fox of Bath was a member of the Executive Committee at that time and she it was who suggested me as having had experience with the Suffrage Movement, and feeling sure that a Suffragette must know how to speak and organize.

I first heard the news that the Committee had appointed me when I was in London for a convention. Mr. Allen of Glasgow came out of the Committee Room and took me by the arm. "I am happy to be the first to tell you," he said. "that the Executive Committee has appointed you the first national lecturer." (At first I was named the organizing lecturer.)

Deep joy, but also a certain amount of fear filled my heart. How glad I was to be able to work officially for what to me was a sacred cause, but could I really do it? After all I was not then a very good speaker and had only a little experience. But I knew I must try. I acted upon a principle which has ruled me all my life. My heart had been dedicated to the service of humanity through the Theosophical Society from the moment that I heard Colonel Olcott describe the great Adepts. I lived but to do Their will in the service of men. If this now presented itself, it must be Their will, and so, in the long run, I could do it. I hid my qualms and said I would try to fill the post. Ah! how glad I am that I did. For it has given me my life's work and many, many, precious experiences.

I set out on my first tour with only one lecture properly prepared and with my shy disposition and youthful inexperience. But as I went on my ability and power grew. In those early days fifty was considered a large audience. Later I was able to draw over a thousand, but that was not yet. I found that I learned as I taught. Never in all my life have I lectured

without a further flash of insight being added to my store. I had never been to school or college, never taken a lesson in elocution, yet by dint of 'trying it on the dog' in the shape of small audiences, I was evolving a successful technique. Later I was told that I made most successful use of the 'pause,' perhaps what an actor would call 'timing,' and that I was adept at appropriate quotation. The pause came naturally to me for I found that without it an audience did not have time to 'take in' what was said. Instinct told me when, and how long, to use it. Quotations were, I expect, the result of dendrons growing to my brain cells. If one pursues one branch of thought for a long time, it invariably becomes co-ordinated and inter-relationships are set up with kindred subjects. I remember when this happened to me in a very complete fashion. For years there remained certain *lacunae* in my scheme of thinking. Suddenly one day they filled up. Everything became one vast co-ordinated whole. It was as if a great panorama descended all around me and from this vast background I took what was needed, generally in response to the subconscious need of the audience. I did not use notes. True, I would put a connected frame-work of from three to five or more headings upon a postcard, but I never looked at it during a lecture, for I found that to remove one's gaze from the audience for one second broke a sympathetic link, a *rapport*, which had then to be re-established. I did not know this all at once, but I know it now.

At the end of six months I was fairly fluent and assured, acquiring unconsciously what is called the platform manner. Beginners get stage fright from the fact that so many eyes are focussed upon them. I can truthfully say that now, unless very nerve-tired, I am totally oblivious of the fact that a number of people are looking at me, and probably remarking my appearance. The same is true of seeing one's name in the papers, in newspaper interviews, on hoardings and so forth. At first I was thrilled; now it cannot produce a stir of interest in me, and I have never, as some speakers do, kept a record of all my engagements and press reports.

At the end of that six months the General Secretary, Mrs. Sharpe, called me home. She explained that although the salary of £50 for the year was not exhausted, no more funds were available to pay travelling expenses. I had loyally tried to keep those as low as possible, accepting the hospitality of members in whatever circumstances. I stayed with miners in Lancashire and acquired an enormous respect for the men and women who live in such discomfort. To put me up, the husband and wife would probably give me their own bed, themselves sleeping on the kitchen table instead. There would be no bathroom, one had to try to get clean in a tiny basin. If it was winter time, my hostess would melt the ice in my water jug with boiling water. Tea was always made and just put on the hob. At intervals my hostess 'warmed up' my cup from

the mixture on the hob which might now be black as ink!

But what dears they all were! A pathetic love of learning moved many of them. I knew a miner who had spent seven years of his life working in the mines at night. He slept during the day yet managed to acquire a big library and to learn to play more than one musical instrument. That same man once told me how sometimes in the dead of night in the mines, alone as a watchman, he could hear tiny feet pattering and knocking, and the whisperings—of the trolls, he thought.

On one occasion snow lay heavy on the ground. I had only one pair of shoes with me and the snow had peeled the soles from the uppers. I was due at a meeting among the miners. How could I go? The woman next door offered to lend me her clogs, and in them I went, finding them dry and warm, if inelastic to the tread. The delight of the audience when I appeared in clogs was immense.

“Why didn’t you wear a shawl, too?” they shouted, “then you would have been one of us.”

Yes, the British working-man is the salt of the earth, despite his prejudices and narrowness. His sense of fair play, chivalry, his genuine kindness of heart cannot be excelled anywhere in the world. Now, after so many years, having lived with so many different nations, I can still say that kindness is the great characteristic of the British; they are the most humane people on earth.

## CHAPTER XI.

### LIBRARIAN AT HEADQUARTERS

**T**HERE being no funds to send me lecturing any more, the Executive Committee made me the Librarian at our Headquarters, at a salary of 30/- a week. That sounds incredible nowadays, but money went very much further then. Anyway on that I lived with a sister who partially supported us by typing. We had two clean unfurnished rooms in Hampstead, and beginning with two beds, we started house-keeping. My £6 a month did not always pan out, but mysteriously an extra job always turned up if that happened, such as being asked to look up something in the British Museum, or a payment of a back debt suddenly arrived. My duties did not end with the library; I was responsible also for arranging the lecture room for lecturers, notifying the weekly speakers and chairmen, and buying for the teas which were served every afternoon. I used to buy cake by the pound on my way down in the morning, learning by experience how much was likely to be needed.

We had a most amusing old charwoman, Irish Mrs. Duffy. In the afternoon she put on a cap and apron to serve tea. Alas! She had a habit of taking a drop too much. I remember a dreadful afternoon when Mrs.

Duffy sang loudly in the wee kitchen, and with her cap terribly awry, carried in the trays at a very dangerous angle. Between Mrs. Duffy and the smart lift man, whose breast carried many military medals, a relentless and never-ceasing war was waged. Sometimes he would refuse to take her up, and I fear he bullied her terribly. She would tell the fearful story to me with many "Ho"s and head tossings. She had her inhibitions. Once she locked herself shrieking and trembling in the kitchen because an inoffensive foreign member, arriving early, had tried in broken English to ask her something.

For eighteen months I remained Librarian, and my knowledge of books was enormously amplified, for we had, and still have, the best and fullest library of occult and mystical literature in the country. The former Librarian, sweet, gentle Miss Melville, never dared to insist on a proper registration of books taken out, so I found there were some 400 books missing when I took over. I put a notice in *The Vahan*, as the journal of the English Theosophical section was then called, and got back seven! I also found scattered among the books some that had belonged to Madame Blavatsky, marked with annotations, witty or serious, in her handwriting. These I put together in a locked case.

While Librarian I became a convinced Baconian. I noticed that we had a number of books on this subject and moved by curiosity, I read some of them. It was Harold Begbie's



**The Library at the English Headquarters to-day.  
50, Gloucester Place, London.**



*Tragedy of Sir Francis Bacon* that finally conquered me. I have been a Baconian ever since.

Every day, two hours before the Library opened, I had to come down to dust all the books. Those who know London know what London dust in open bookcases can be. Many people, especially some young girls, would congratulate me on the happiness of being able to work for Theosophy all day. If only they had such a blessed opportunity! Now, the task of dusting books was a heavy one, so I asked six young girls who talked to me like this to come one day a week each for two hours in the morning to help me dust the books. Will it be believed that at the end of a month only one of the six remained, and she *would* insist on putting the books back upside down! I think efficiency is a rare commodity, and far more people talk than act in this world.

Interesting people came into the Library sometimes; I remember particularly Mr. Shaw Desmond, the writer, who rushed in one day and said he wanted to join the Theosophical Society because he could remember his past life. He told a wonderful tale of a life as a gladiator in Rome, but I think he has published this in book form now. Another interesting person who used to frequent our Library was Clifford Bax, the poet. The last time I saw him he had a beard, but in those youthful days he was a clean-shaven man with lovely golden hair and a drooping attitude like that of a wilting lily. I liked Mr. Bax very much, in spite of his 'preciousness', for he had a keen

sense of humour. Mr. Cyril Scott, the composer, was also a visitor occasionally. I afterwards stayed for quite a long period at that house in the South described by him in his *Initiate* books, and I knew 'Chris' whose name was Nellie Chaplin, very well indeed. I have been present at some of their meetings, and have a very good idea as to the various persons represented in the *Initiate* books.

Another famous person who often came in was Mr. Daniel Dunlop, the organizer of a world-wide Federation of Electrical Engineers. He was Irish to the core, and had once been part of the famous Theosophical Group in Dublin which had numbered among its adherents W. B. Yeats and George Russell (Æ). An ardent devotee of William Q. Judge and the youngest of his forty-seven disciples, Mr. Dunlop had followed Judge when the latter broke away from the main Society and founded in America what was known as the Point Loma Theosophical Society now resident at Covina, California. He could not get along with Judge's successor, Mrs. Katherine Tingley, so he returned to our Society, though later he left us again to join the Anthroposophical Society under the leadership of Rudolf Steiner. That is quite a common practice in the Theosophical Society; so many attracted by the thought, drift in and out. A small proportion can never leave it again; for them it is life and eternity.

The Sunday lectures were always at 7 p.m. Every week I reminded both lecturers and

chairmen of the date and time. Yet on one occasion Dr. Haden Guest, now Lord Guest, the lecturer, did not turn up until eight o'clock, and the chairman not at all. The audience had assembled and was waiting. What was to be done? I gave a lecture myself, until Dr. Guest hurriedly and crossly entered, he had forgotten the time.

Once we had Raymond Duncan, the brother of Isadora, to lecture for us. The retiring Librarian, gentle and proper Miss Melville, was then in charge. Shall I ever forget that occasion? Raymond Duncan, his wife and child, always wore, even in the London streets, hand-spun garments, in the style of Ancient Greece. Unforgettable was Miss Melville's polite consternation when she opened the door to a handsome man in a short Greek tunic, arms and legs bare and with long hair flowing over his shoulders! He talked to us about the diatonic scale of nature and how folk music naturally followed it. He described to us how the native weavers of Greece brought about the patterns in their material by following the rhythm of the songs they sang. His lecture was very interesting, but its effect was marred by the ill-repressed giggles of some young people in the audience who could not conceal their amusement at the lecturer's garb.

The Library, during the lunch hour, became the resting-place of derelict actors and other people down on their luck. One heavy German lady would come in, monopolise the whole fire, and unfold enormous sandwiches from brown

paper wrapping. Two actor friends, one very tall and one very little, came in nearly every day pretending they did not want any lunch. I will not mention their names for the little one is now a famous stage-manager, and the tall one became a Bishop. But in those days they often had not enough to eat. One day they burst in together, laughing. On my enquiring the cause of their merriment, one said; "Well, we didn't know whether we ought to come in so much, so I said, 'Let's go in and ask Miss Codd about her soul!'"

The tall one introduced me to a friend, the famous Mrs. Montague, who unwittingly killed her child by excessive punishment. She was well-bred and clever, but the hard and sinister note about her made me sure that she was a sadistic neurotic.

I met a lovely friend in the Library, a beautiful woman who sang like an angel. She had learned by the famous *bel canto* method, and her voice was a deep contralto. She was married to a Jew, and always told me that she was glad as Jews are the best husbands in the world.

A Jew who was an ardent Socialist used to frequent our Headquarters. I could not help disliking him at first. He seemed so dirty and untidy, with greasy hair in ringlets, and always grumbling about the people's wrongs. One day I said to myself that this feeling of mine was not right. I must try to see the good points of my *bête noire*. So when next he came in I made myself greet him warmly. The effect was

miraculous. He thawed at once, and used to show me his good feeling by leaving half a stick of chocolate on my desk when I went out to lunch. When I left for India soon afterwards he came to see me off, and on this occasion gave me a *whole* stick.

Dr. Haden Guest, by then our new General Secretary, had noticed that 'Bozzy' as we all called him, and I, were always arguing. So one day he announced that he had arranged a debate between Bozzy and myself; I was to take the side of 'individualism' (although privately I did not approve of it) and Bozzy the side of 'socialism' while Dr. Guest would invite his brother, a Liberal lawyer, to come and 'adjudicate' between us. The great day arrived. Feeling generous I offered Bozzy the chance to speak first. He accepted with alacrity and walking over to where I sat, shook hands with me, like a prize fighter entering the ring. When the fastidious lawyer rose to 'adjudicate' he said that it was impossible to do so, since the two speakers never touched each other. One flew along in the sky and the other crawled along on the ground, hence no meeting-point was possible. But Bozzy afterwards became a great and valued member of our Society.

Of course we had some funny ones come into our Library. I remember two clairvoyants of sorts who would sit for hours, 'getting things'. One would say to the other: "What do you get?" This man claimed that he was a reincarnation of Marshal Ney, so it can be

imagined how he got teased when the first world war broke out. He thought that men should not cut their hair, consequently he wore his in a little knob behind.

It was a great day with us in the Library when Mrs. Besant visited us. I remember her asking me why I was looking after books instead of lecturing. I could not tell her that we had no money. "I would think," she said, "that the other life suited you best."

One day she went to pay a visit to the Theosophical Publishing House, some way further down the road. We all trooped after her. An old lady who was with me kept jumping herself and me ahead of the lines in front. When I asked her what she was doing that for, she whispered: "Walk in the *aura*, Clara."

Mrs. Besant would come over to us every year or two. Her son Mr. Digby Besant would go to Marseilles to take her off the ship as she was a bad sailor. I remember when the Executive Committee decided to take the big venture of hiring the Queen's Hall for her. As she always came in the summer time, London would be more or less denuded of many important people, yet the seats were sold out in no time. I acted as steward, holding the orchestra seats entrance, when she gave those wonderful lectures about the Changing World. It drew such crowds that mounted police were in the streets. My door was stormed by people. One woman burst into tears when I would not let her in without a ticket. "I have come

fifty miles for this," she wailed. I wished I could let her in, but I had no right.

Mrs. Besant had no chairman. She did not care for chairmen. She came alone to the platform, always dressed in white. She wore beautiful flowing white silk garments, but I know that she never acquired them herself. I think she did not mind what she wore. They were usually made for her by wealthy friends, who would commission her daughter to get an old dress as a pattern, for Mrs. Besant had no time to be fitted at dressmakers. She would mount the conductor's rostrum in the Queen's Hall, pull off her white gloves and begin. Although so small (she was only five feet high), she gave the impression of majesty and strength. Such was the dignity and power of that little lady that as she entered the auditorium the vast audience of over three thousand people instinctively rose to their feet.

What was the secret of her power? Her eloquence was undeniable — she and Gladstone have been named as the two foremost orators of the Victorian age. She had the old oratory of that era, full of magnificent gestures and flowing periods. Her diction was so good that her lectures could be taken down *verbatim*, and, printed afterwards, would read like a Macaulay's essay. Indeed most of her books were never written, but are lectures taken down like that. Mr. Digby Besant would take the whole front row in the Queen's Hall, and then invite friends to come with him. Once he invited me, and as I sat there with him, looking up at his

great mother, as she entered upon one of her long paragraphs, he turned to me and whispered: "You know, I am always a little afraid, when mother embarks upon one of those long sentences whether she will get safely to the end." He once wrote a charming little article for a magazine, called *What I think of Mother* ; in it he said that if he wanted to have a word with her, he had to go and have breakfast with her.

But it was not Annie Besant's magnificent oratory that kept an audience spell-bound. It was her flawless sincerity, her immense whole-hearted belief in her mission. After all, there is no power on earth that can equal complete sincerity in touching the hearts of men. The ancient Indian sage, Patanjali, says that when a *yogi* has become entirely true (and how many men are really true all through?), his words and his deeds become full of power.

I was there, too, when many years later, Annie Besant gave her last lectures in London. She had already begun by then to fail a little. Her voice was softer, and sometimes she would forget just what she was saying. The last lecture of the series had to be taken by Mr. Max Wardall, Mrs. Besant having fallen ill. As she talked to us then, such a strong feeling came over me that never again would we hear that golden voice defending the weak and the oppressed in Queen's Hall. I said so to her daughter.





*Photo: Medrington.*

**Joseph Bibby.**

“Clara,” she answered, “I have the same feeling, and so I am keeping my ticket as a memento.”

Many other people evidently thought as we did, for Mr. Hannen Swaffer, the famous journalist, who is now a great spiritualist, wrote in the papers that as he listened in the Queen’s Hall to Annie Besant, he felt that he was listening to the ‘swan song of a prophetess’. And he also wrote that she was the greatest and noblest woman of her century.

Well, they were great days, and I am so glad that I was there. Another change in life was approaching me. A wealthy business man in Liverpool, who all these years since has been my dear and valued friend, Mr. Joseph Bibby, manufacturer of oilcake for cattle, had heard me lecture during my late six months’ tour in the North. He lived in a beautiful house and grounds near Birkenhead; and all his eight children, six boys and two girls, lived with him. I never met a happier family. They never quarrelled and when the sons married, they built another house near their father’s. Two of his sons were killed in the first world war and another was badly wounded. Mr. Bibby was a Lancashire man to his dying day, in spite of his great wealth. His great delight was the editing of his famous *Bibby’s Annual*. Many will remember its outstanding articles and its gloriously reproduced pictures. The articles were his way of helping the Theosophical Society, though he also gave large sums of money, too. Sometimes I would go with him

to picture galleries of all kinds to find pictures to reproduce in his magazine. Because he would accept no advertisements, he lost, so he told me, a regular £1,000 a year on his journal. But he willingly lost it because of the good it did. It had a circulation all over the world of about one million. As far away as New Zealand did I discover *Bibby's Annual*.

Mrs. Bibby was a frail, sweet little lady of Quaker extraction. She confided in me one day that Mr. Bibby had insisted on her destroying all his old love-letters to her, for she started life with him in a working-man's cottage. But there was one she just could not burn! She read it to me, saying, "Dear Joseph was always such a scholar." I smiled at the stilted, Victorian language, but darling Mrs. Bibby pressed it to her heart. We heard her husband's quick steps coming upstairs. She hid the letter quickly, for she said: "He does not know that I have kept this one."

Often have I stayed at the Bibby's home. The first time I went there, the youngest boy and girl met me at the train. I noticed they were convulsed with giggles. At home Mrs. Bibby said to me: "You won't mind, but the children were so funny. I asked them if they found you easily, and they said, 'Oh! yes Mama, there was such a strong smell of fish about.'"

"Why aren't you lecturing?" Mr. Bibby would say to me. I could not tell him that there was no more money to send me around lecturing, though he must have known that.

A new General Secretary was elected, Mr. James Ingall Wedgwood, a young and attractive member of the famous Wedgwood family. I knew him quite well because he had stayed with my mother in Bath when she used to put up lecturers. In those early days he was young and handsome and full of spirits. I remember his chasing my young sisters around the house, flinging pillows after them. When he got tired of that he would come into the drawing-room to my mother and me and locking the door against the teasing crowd outside, say: "Now let us have a little esoteric talk." He was psychic and would get so interested whenever he caught sight of a thought-form. He had a remarkably rich and winning voice. I could have listened to his lectures for his voice alone, though they were always original and interesting. He chose very occult sensational titles. Not always did his words live up to them so I asked him one day why he chose such titles.

"Because," he replied, "you get the people in by them, and once you have got them in, then you can talk to them."

Mr. Wedgwood told me that he wanted me back in the lecturing field. Did I know anyone who would help them out with funds? I went to my friend, Mr. Bibby, and he, with Lancashire perspicuity, said: "I think you ought to learn something before you teach others, don't you?"

Now a wealthy Englishman, afterwards Sir Charles Harvey, had built for Mrs. Besant on the sacred ground of our Headquarters at

Adyar, near Madras, India, a block of students' quarters, and Mrs. Besant had announced that she would throw these open to approved students for a two-year course. The upshot was that Mr. Bibby proposed to send me there for two years. Oh! how thrilled I was, for never had I dreamed that I would ever be able to go to Adyar. Mr. Wedgwood wanted me to stay and lecture in England, but I went to see Mrs. Besant, who was then in London, and she counselled me to go out to India at once. So I set sail almost immediately, and thus another door opened on the tremendous pilgrimage of life.

## CHAPTER XII.

### ADYAR

**T**HIS was my first long voyage and my cabin mate was a happy young girl. I have travelled extensively since, but never once in all these years have I had an unpleasant companion. The gods have been very good to me there. I was a vegetarian, had been so for some years. Not for any 'occult' reason, but because our home in Bath had been near a slaughter yard, and that finished me. I saw a drover kick along a tired sheep whose legs bent under it with fatigue. I do not blame the drover; he had to get it there somehow. I saw a young bullock rush out into the street, with his face bashed in by an inexperienced pole axe. The Juggernaut of to-day is our soul-less, mechanistic social system, that places value on things and possessions before the happiness of persons. The struggle now is between two opposing ideas of government: that the people exist for the State, or that the State exists for the happiness and well-being of its individuals. In ancient India, the King was held personally responsible for any crime, misery or want in his kingdom.

Being a vegetarian presented difficulties in those days not experienced now when fresh salads and fruit are carried and most ship's menus often include a vegetarian dish. That

first voyage I existed on potatoes, turnips and carrots, whose flavour I varied with Worcester sauce, mustard, etc. But my unusual diet gave rise to a very unpleasant happening on that journey. To save my patron's pocket I had travelled second class. Opposite to me at the table sat a Dundee woman, married to a German jute manufacturer in Calcutta, with her three flaxen-haired children ranging in ages from twelve to eighteen. From the first she seemed to resent my not eating meat, and used to make unpleasant remarks about it.

Matters came to a climax in the Red Sea where the whisky-drinking members of the passenger list fell ill with fever, and the heat was intense. One day a baby swallow fell on the deck at my feet. Its poor little wings could carry it no further. I picked it up and put it to rest on my berth. The wretched little German girl saw it, and crept into my cabin. Soon she was walking about the deck with the bird in a chocolate box, saying that she was going to put it in a cage when they reached Calcutta. I gently took the bird away from her explaining that it was my find. Presently her mother came out on deck and walked up and down before me as I sat with some friends, calling me names I had never heard before!

"Oh! Miss Codd," said the sweet lady I was with, "do stop that dreadful woman."

I rose to go to my cabin to escape such vituperation, and was met in the gangway by the eldest daughter, who asked me in angry tones where that bird was, and when I refused

to let her have it, struck me over the nose with a book she had in her hand. From behind me the mother sprang and seized my hair, pulling my head back, while she put her knee in the small of my back, shouting that she was going to scratch my eyes out. I squeezed them up tight in case of injury, while the daughter continued to pummel my face with her fists. Surrounding ladies called for help while a young missionary with whom I had talked often, stood by, white and shivering, without attempting to move. I was saved by an Indian lascar who dragged me away into his pantry and tremblingly mounted guard in front of me.

"I not let them get at you, Missie," he said.

By this time other people had come up and the Captain was sent for. The ship's doctor, always three sheets in the wind, put ice on my already swollen and discoloured face. The Captain at first tried bluster and threatened to put us both off at Colombo.

"Captain," I said, "please look at me and tell me whether you think I am that sort of person."

"No," he muttered, while the Dundee woman murmured something about my "airs." The final result was the complete boycotting of the family and two of their men friends by the whole of the ship for the rest of the voyage, and I was warned by the First Mate never to travel second class again because of the rough specimens they often had.

When at last I reached my cabin, the cause of the dispute, the tiny swallow, was dead. So

next day a little Scotch boy, whose dialect was so broad I could scarcely understand him, and I held a funeral service for the little bird by slipping it through a port hole in a little box. Another brutal thing I saw the mother do was to fling a little black kitten out into the ocean after it had scratched in self-defence when her youngest child was mauling it. I wanted the Captain to rescue it, but he laughed. I can assure my readers that the kitten swam after the ship for some moments. But when I arrived at Adyar, I still had a yellow-green mark over my nose!

Port Said was my first contact with the East. The ship was at once infested with merchants and fortune tellers. A silly young Egyptian was telling me such nonsense that I told him to go away.

"Wait, Missie, wait," he said. "I fetch my master."

Presently a little man with a serene and charming face appeared. He told me to dig a pin in the Koran, and then, opening it, he proceeded to read my future. I have seen hundreds of fortune tellers, and most of what they said never came true, but the words of this one did as I afterwards remembered.

We patrolled the town of Port Said, where I bought a topee. Outside the shops the vendors shouted their wares. One sweet shop proprietor was shouting: "Turkish delight. Turkish delight! Very good for the stomach in the morning." I went up to him.

"You know you are telling lies," I said,

“you know it is very bad for the stomach any time.”

He gave me a sweet smile. “Yes, Missie,” he said, “but all in the way of business.”

We arrived at Colombo where I spent a day and a night at the famed Mount Lavinia Hotel, attended by charming little chambermaids, dressed in white lacy jackets and wearing flowers in their hair. The men wore white sarongs and had their hair piled up on their heads with a big round comb. The Singhalese are a small race with very neat little features and are all Buddhists. I sat having tea, in the famous hotel at Colombo, watching the palm trees which had been almost blown over by the sea winds. I rode in a rickshaw for the first time, although I hated having a sweating fellow-being pulling me in front. The next day we went on to Madras.

We arrived rather late in the evening, and I felt quite bewildered. I was not used to the shouting, pushing coolies, trying to catch one's attention. But a kind young man got me a carriage, had my box put on it in front, and gave directions for the drive to Adyar. Night was now falling, and my driver started off with many whoops and yells. As is so often the case in the East, the poor thin horse had never been properly broken and my driver seemed to think he could get him along with many yells and arm-wavings. The carriage was extraordinarily ragged and broken down. I was appalled by the skeleton-like appearance of the horses and dogs, as well as the starved condition of

the population. I learned afterwards that the poor never have more than one meal a day, and that is inadequate, and the animals only what they can find. Perhaps Mr. Beverley Nichols is right and one of India's great problems is over-population. However, I noticed one wonderful thing at once, the 'atmosphere' of India. A sensitive person cannot help feeling that he is standing upon holy ground, upon the Sacred Land of all ages and nations.

At last I approached the Adyar River, and over the long bridge caught sight in the moonlight of the red and white Headquarters building of the Theosophical Society. We turned in at the gate and drove up to the students' quarters, Leadbeater Chambers, as it was named. There I found Miss Dixon, an Australian nurse, who was in charge of the chambers. She showed me into a room furnished with a good wardrobe, chest of drawers and a string bed, with a thin straw mat on it, and then left me. Sinking down in the dark on the string bed, I said to myself: "I am here! I am really here." I tried to sense the keynote of the place. An immense and steady peace pervaded it. Even strangers visiting us would always remark on that, and I felt I was in a mystic "powerhouse" from which currents reached unseen to every quarter of the globe.

I awakened next day to the light and colour of an Indian day. It was mid-October and all activities were in full swing. Adyar at its fullest accommodated about a hundred Europeans and fifty Indians. These latter dwelt in

their own fashion in an Indian village in the centre of the compound called "Vasanta Puram," which means "Besant Village." They had an Indian restaurant, the *Bhojansala*, which I have often visited, as I greatly prefer Indian food to ours. Indian meals must have six flavours, bland, sweet, sour, bitter, salt and hot or pungent. Even their fried potatoes have little black savoury seeds in them.

The Europeans dwelt in different parts of the compound, which was so large that it took quite a long time to perambulate all of it. There was the main Headquarters near the entrance. It was a T-shaped building, greatly enlarged since the days of Madame Blavatsky, and comprising a large lecture hall, the walls decorated in bas-relief with the symbols of the various great religions and a marble statue of H. P. Blavatsky and her co-founder, Colonel Olcott. The ground floor also comprised the magnificent library, the Sanscrit part being one of the best in the world. A learned German scholar, Dr. Schrader, was then its custodian, and he was assisted by a Dutch journalist, Johann van Manen, who could speak several languages, among them Thibetan. Mr. van Manen had once been the editor of a Dutch newspaper, and so had learned to turn the night into the day. You could always find him sleeping in the daytime, his bungalow room piled high with newspapers.

Mr. van Manen gave me my first insight into *The Secret Doctrine*. He held a class in it every morning at 9 o'clock, and took enor-

mous pains to bring illuminative and amply-fying details from other sources. So thorough was he that we spent several months over the poem alone.

Upstairs was the 'drawing-room,' seldom used, and Mrs. Besant's two little rooms, and across the way, over the library, the Shrine Room, the E.S. Room, and Mr. Leadbeater's large room lined with books.

Let me describe the 'Shrine Room'. It was a tiny little room sandwiched between Mr. Leadbeater's large, airy room, and the room dedicated to meetings of the Esoteric Section. Between this room and the Shrine Room were beautifully carved sliding doors, which at meetings were opened. No one was allowed to enter the Shrine Room without authority, and no servant ever entered it. We removed our shoes at the entrance. It was washed and cleaned by devoted members. The floor was marble and at the junction of the sliding doors the Sacred Word, AUM, in Sanscrit characters, was let into the floor in marble mosaic. On the wall opposite, enshrined in a kind of reredos, hung the two large paintings done by Herr Schmiechen, under Madame Blavatsky's guidance, of the two Indian Adepts chiefly responsible for the formation of the Theosophical Society. Around them were placed other paintings of different Adepts and one of the Master Jesus phenomenally produced by Madame Blavatsky.

Perhaps I should say here that, with one exception of which I know, no portrait of a

'Master' has been taken from life. If the artist is sufficiently intuitive and impressionable, his visualization can be guided and corrected by a seer present as he works. That some of the portraits thus produced may not be particularly satisfactory from the artistic standpoint does not matter. The picture provides a physical focal-point for the centering of thought on the part of the devotee, and for the answering response on the part of the great Original, whose attention is thus subconsciously attracted. After a time this brings about the complete 'magnetization' of such a portrait. Perhaps some people have noted a similar phenomenon in a lesser degree with the photograph of one dearly beloved, looked at often. The picture becomes 'alive'.

In the Shrine Room hung, too, the little Chinese-style drawing which the Master Dwal Kul, a Thibetan, drew of the valley in Thibet near Shigatse, where the two Indian Adepts live. Living in Adyar one could obtain permission for a half-hour's solitude in the Shrine Room each day. Meditating thus upon the two portraits of the Adepts I became conscious of the centripetal and centrifugal flow of influence from the two. The power of the Master M. seemed to envelop one from without; that of his brother Adept to well up from within one's very soul.

Leaving the Headquarters building and walking along the Adyar River to the sea one passes through a coconut grove in the midst of which a tank is sunk, covered with red and

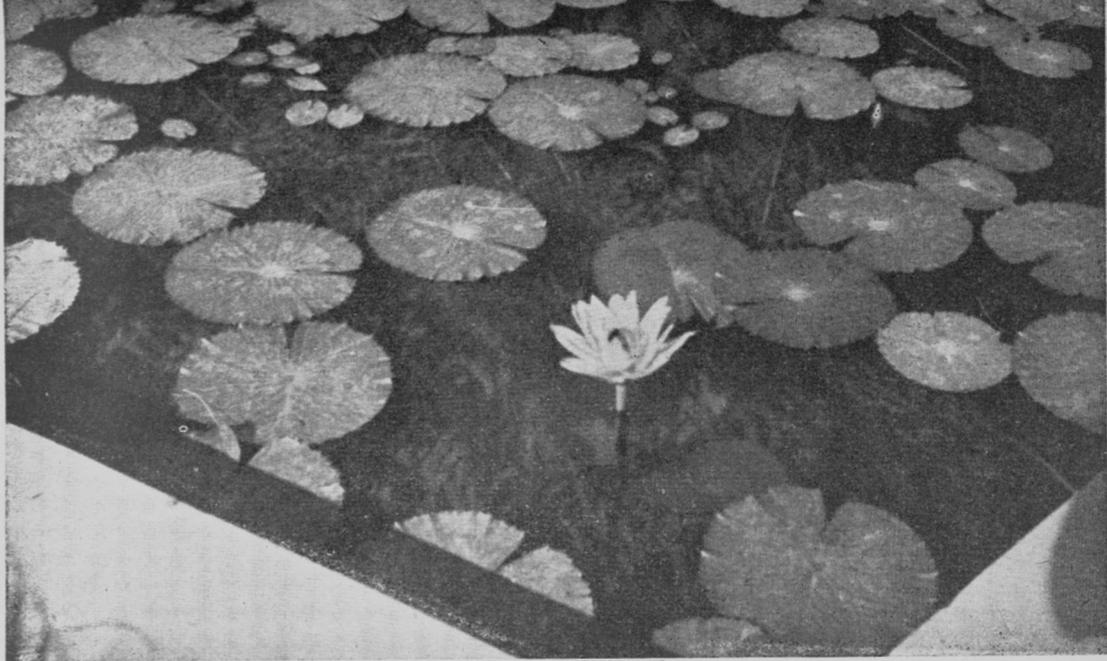
white water lilies. By day the grove was full of gorgeous butterflies and birds. Lizards and chameleons abounded, and hundreds of charming little squirrels danced along. Underfoot sometimes writhed a snake. I remember being struck by the undulating rapidity of their movement. No wonder their form is the age-old symbol of the rhythmic flow of the universe.

One particularly gorgeous lizard was called a 'bloodsucker,' because the throat of his bright yellow body turned red with anger or fear. I once saw a blood-sucker surrounded by a slowly advancing ring of crows intent upon his destruction. He was rushing at the crows first in one direction and then another. I drove away the crows and then he rushed at me!

The squirrels were small and grey with three brown stripes on their backs. Charming, cheeky little beasts they were and so noisy! Some of our members told Mrs. Besant that they could not meditate because of the squeaking of the squirrels.

"Excellent practice in concentration for you, my dears," replied our great Leader, whose own will power and resolution were phenomenal.

There is a charming story the mothers tell their children in India of how the squirrels got their brown stripes. In the days of the divine King Rama, when his beautiful wife, Sita, had been carried away by the demon king and locked up in his castle in Ceylon, King Rama sought the aid of the king of the animals, Hanuman, the monkey-god, to rescue the Queen. Hanuman called all the animals from



**Lily Pool and  
Coconut Grove,  
Adyar.**

*Photo: Pizzighelli.*



the jungle to help in the great work. The little squirrel came, too. They reached the shores of India and decided during the night to build a bridge to Ceylon. King Rama said that he would give a prize to the animal who did the most work. All night they laboured. The little squirrel wanted to help, too, but what could she do? She could not fell trees as did the elephant. She bethought her of how she could help a little. She dipped herself in the sea to make her fur wet, then rolled in the sand, and running to where they were working, shook off the sand which had clung to her fur on to the building bridge. This she did without cessation all night long. When the morning dawned, the bridge was built and King Rama called all the animals before him, and asked who had worked the hardest.

“The elephant,” shouted all the animals.

The King shook his head. He called the squirrel before him. “No,” he said, “I saw the little squirrel dipping in the sea, rolling in the sand, and shaking it all off again on the bridge. She has worked the hardest, and I shall give her the prize.”

And stooping down the divine King placed his hand in blessing on the little squirrel's back. Thus, ever since that day, every squirrel has borne the three finger marks of King Rama's hand upon its back. This is a typical Indian folk-tale. The point of the moral is that it is not size and show that count most. How like a people who place saintliness above wealth and spirituality above power.

In India the wells are worked by a man stepping backward and forward on a cross pole set up over the well. Another man below catches the bucket as it descends and guides it into the well. As they do this they both sing a chant with an answering response. All primitive peoples sing as they work. I have heard a wonderful harmony from Zulu workmen and also from Italian stevedores. India has a folk-tale about this. Once a holy *sannyasi* died of thirst because he could not find a well. The king of the country was so horrified that he ordained that whenever water was drawn the drawers must sing, so that anyone passing by would know that water was near.

At night the palm grove looked wonderful. Overhead shone the white splendour of the Indian moon. The breeze made the palm leaves crackle. Underneath all was dark and still. We took lanterns to avoid treading on snakes.

On the other side of the palm grove was situated Blavatsky Gardens, which was set apart for house visitors who came only for a short while. It had once belonged to a Moslem gentleman, and was reputedly haunted by the ghost of one of his wives. One night when I was sleeping there, an invisible fairy-like form pressed itself down on the side of the bed in which I slept. I sat up at once, and there in the moonlight looking down at me through the open window from a telegraph pole sat two darling baby grey owls, side by side.

Further on, one came to Leadbeater Chambers, a block of some thirty little apartments, each containing a sitting-room and a bedroom, separated by an arch, and a little Indian bathroom. This last consisted of an edged floor, sloping down to a hole. At the higher end stood a huge earthenware pot of water, with a little dipper attached. Bathing is accomplished by dipping the water out of the large pot and pouring it over one's self. Leadbeater Chambers was a large, white stucco building. I once went to dine with some people who lived opposite it on the other side of the river, and they told me they called it the 'wedding cake'.

Soon one comes to the sea where the wide Adyar River flows into the ocean. Just before it reaches the sea, the river flows around a large island in the centre of the river and every day a herd of cattle would swim over to the green grass of the island. I noticed that they were always led by a magnificent white bull, with, like all Indian cattle, a big hump on his shoulders. One day I saw a little calf trying to swim over with his mother. He became frightened and bleated painfully. Did his mother take any notice of him? Not a bit. He had to swim or sink. I was relieved to find that he finally made it. The cattle would stay there all day, and when evening came, the old bull would lead them home again. Often, too, to be seen on the river were the nearly naked forms of the fishermen. With only a little loin-cloth on they would stand on their tiny

boats and throw nets to catch the fish. As most native people, they often sang. Here is the free translation of a fisherman's song:

“ Oh! my Beautiful, come into my heart,  
What is the song without the singer?  
And what is the singer without Thee?  
Oh! my Beautiful, come into my heart,  
And set its music free.”

At the mouth of the Adyar River a heavy sandbank has been built up of silt and when the tide is very low one can walk right across it from Madras. Rounding the corner till we face the Bay of Bengal, we come upon another house, 'Olcott Gardens'. The Swiss treasurer, Mr. Schwarz, used to live upstairs there, while downstairs dwelt Dr. Schrader with his wife and their fairy-like little daughter, Sita. Further off still lay 'Damodar Gardens,' where on account of its distance from the other buildings people with children were housed.

Adyar was almost a self-supporting community. There were a large number of cows, superintended by a young Australian farmer; a steam laundry directed by an American lady; an electric power plant run by an English engineer; and a compound shop, kept by an Indian member.

There was also a big publishing house, a hive of activity, and a printing press, run by a dear, old Indian member, Mr. Sitaram Sastri, who had known Madame Blavatsky. Type was set up under his direction by little boys of twelve, who did not know a word of the language they were printing.

The climate was very bearable and beautiful for six months of the year from October until March. After that date the heat became increasingly terrible. When the wind dropped it was so bad that often one went to bed at night with the sheets hot to the touch. We all wore the least possible clothes. Many adopted the Indian garments, the *sari* for women and the *dhoti* for men. Perspiration was so profuse that many of the men wore towels around their necks to soak up the moisture. For the two years that I lived there I never wore shoes, except to go into Madras. I went bare-foot in the winter and wore sandals in the summer when the hot sand would otherwise have burnt my feet. The consequence was that I lost every vestige of a corn, but instead added a thickened sole to my foot, which peeled off when I returned to wearing shoes.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### LIFE AT ADYAR

WHAT was a day in Adyar like? Each day was just like another, and we were so happy we never wanted to leave the compound. We all rose at 5 a.m. and meditated in our own rooms from 5.30 to 6 o'clock. In that part of India the sun rises and sets at almost the same time all the year round, and the twilight is very short and swift. Some ardent devotees would walk down to the Headquarters building, for at 5.30 every morning Mrs. Besant would go into the Shrine Room alone to meditate. So some of our people went into the E.S. room next door to be near her as she meditated. I tried, too, but gave it up, for many Indian members congregated there and as Hinduism enjoins ceremonial bathing, but never mentions soap, the heavy atmosphere of wet bodies successfully prevented the necessary serenity of thought.

At 6.30 our 'boys' brought *chota hazri*, the little breakfast, to our rooms. It consisted of a pot of tea, two slices of white toast with the queer white buffalo butter, jam and a banana. After that we all set out on our different avocations. The publishing house absorbed many, and the beginners were generally put to

addressing the envelopes of the monthly *Theosophist*, which went to all parts of the world, or to reading proofs for the magazines and books published there. For a week or two I worked there much enjoying the merry companionship of the other workers, but Mrs. Besant put a stop to that.

“You have to be a lecturer,” she said, “so you must study. I do not want you to work elsewhere.”

So I began a long course of study which has stood me in good stead ever since. I divided Theosophical subjects under several headings, and devoted two months to each, exploring books in every direction. At the end of two months I wrote a *précis* of a lecture upon that subject. I found that it was not wise to make these too elaborate, so I simplified them and wrote the notes upon plain postcards. To this day I carry with me a bundle of these postcards containing notes of lectures. I afterwards discovered that Mr. Leadbeater did the same.

At 11.30 a.m. a big meal was served for all in the large dining-room at Leadbeater Chambers, with curry and rice, *chapattis*, salads and sweets. Colonel Olcott's old native butler was responsible. There were generally one or two vegetables common in India, the egg-plant and little furry, green things called ‘ladies fingers’. Fruit was not so plentiful as in Europe. Strawberries were grown for the Europeans, but the hot climate robbed them of their essential flavour. Indian fruit mostly

consists of the famous mango (it should be eaten in a bath!), the custard-apple, small oranges and tiny bananas, and a coarse kind of enormous fruit called a jack-fruit.

After lunch, most people retired, during the heat of midday, to their rooms for a *siesta*, but some intrepid spirits went on working. At 3 o'clock the boys again brought us tea and toast. Then at 6.30 p.m. dinner was served in Leadbeater Chambers, and at 8 o'clock we all gathered on the famous 'roof' for the nightly meetings. These were very informal. Hardly ever was there any set programme. A large blue and white carpet rug would be laid over the space between the two main buildings upstairs, and on this the Indian members sat cross-legged. Meanwhile the European members accommodated with chairs and forms sat around it. I am bound to say that often the position of Easterners and Westerners got reversed. Under a veranda roof two large basket armchairs were placed with an electric lamp on a small table. Here our venerable leaders sat, and with their white hair, looked like the father and mother of the family. Only Mrs. Besant was the 'father'. Her very presence produced order, and obtained control. When 'C.W.L.' alone was there, the meeting could get a little out of hand, showing the difference between the First Ray *aura* (of Mrs. Besant) which is electric and positive, and the more magnetic Second Ray atmosphere (of Mr. Leadbeater).

The procedure at each meeting was always

the same. The Manager of the Publishing House, the thin, tall Parsee, Mr. B. P. Wadia, would collect our questions, written on slips of paper, during dinner. Then seated on the ground at Mr. Leadbeater's feet, he would hand them up one by one. Sometimes the questions provoked intensely interesting answers; sometimes not so much so. In any case they were all taken down in shorthand and were afterwards sorted, forming the groundwork of many a book.

The evening gatherings were the event we looked forward to all through the day. I was a little surprised at first that the food was so good and abundant, and that there seemed a complete absence of any organized discipline or study. I had imagined a monastic strictness of life. But Mrs. Besant explained that to us. We do not attain to wisdom by ill-treating the body and no discipline is so valuable as that which we impose on ourselves. She told us that in the glorious and intense atmosphere of Adyar, an 'atmosphere' plainly to be discerned even by the most psychically obtuse, we were veritably, as it were, in the Master's *ashrama*. His magnetism pervaded the whole place. Therefore, if we were wise, we would try to open out our higher, intuitional selves to it, that we might 'grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air.' (*Light on the Path*.) This higher growth was often stultified by a too keen development of the reasoning and critical faculties. We should leave the finding and

tabulating of facts to the time when we would be again in the world.

“While you are here,” she said, “suspend thought a little, and try to feel instead.”

This is all in line with the ancient Indian tradition which considers the physical *presence* of the teacher of far more value than anything he can teach by word of mouth. And this subtle truth is beginning to be recognized by the foremost thinkers of the world. ‘Culture is far more the subtle outcome of a steady background than from anything taught in books,’ to quote Dr. Alexis Carrel in his world famous book: *Man the Unknown*.

Mrs. Besant also warned us that living in that highly stimulating atmosphere, we must expect potent reactions. They generally took one of two forms. Either we grew irritable, or we became depressed. Dr. Mary Rocke, a missionary doctor, who suddenly arrived to visit us, was a victim of the depression wave. She had to leave, but came back later. She had not been a member of the Society a year, when the Master K.H. put her on probation. A charming Scots lady, normally gentle and sweet, suddenly grew so dictatorial and managing that we all had to laugh! It was so unlike her usual self. We used to call such manifestations ‘Adyaritis’.

Interesting visitors sometimes came to Adyar, and were usually accommodated in Blavatsky Gardens. I remember Count Hermann Keyserling. He stayed with us for a week, and every day someone fêted him. He

came to the Roof meetings and talked to all of us in turn. As clearly as yesterday I can see his tall form, with the pointed beard, and his kindly, but supercilious blue eyes. I think he was always a little superior and looked upon us all with a slight disdain. He afterwards wrote about the Society and its leaders in his *Travel Diary of a Philosopher*.

A celebrated actress, who was unhappily married to a leading actor-manager, came to stay a week with us. She was so pretty, and rather gushingly sweet as an actress often is.

"Oh! you dear people," she cried one day, "you are all alike, you all have the same expression in your eyes."

Of course we were curious to know what that was.

"Well," she said, "it is just as if you each had, some time in your lives, seen something *really* beautiful."

I knew what she meant. Such thought as is ours awakens the intelligence and the spirit, and so the eyes begin to live, for they are always the 'windows of the soul'. If we consider the eyes of people sitting opposite in a train or tram, what dull eyes we shall see, what unhappy, bewildered ones. The most hopeless, unhappy eyes I ever saw like that belonged to a Christ's Hospital boy of fourteen. What had they done to him that he should look like that?

Occasionally a visitor, generally a relative of some member I knew, would call on me. I can recall the mother of an ardent young

member coming to tea with me in Leadbeater Chambers. She was evidently immensely intrigued at seeing the inside of our domain. She peered about everywhere with a bright and eager gaze and asked me many questions. The row of ten little apartments opened out on to a common veranda on each storey of the building. Next door to me dwelt a young Scotsman, Mr. Thomas Crombie, who was a very wealthy young man and liked to sport very beautiful, blue satin dressing-gowns. My visitor was quite excited to hear this.

"Oh!" she said, "I suppose you have quite a lot of love-making going on here."

I assured her that love-making was unknown. I wonder if she believed me. All Madras considered that we were an 'abode of love'. We were supposed to live entirely promiscuously, whereas the simple truth was as I had stated it. I remember how one day we were sitting in a circle on the sands, the tide being low; across the sand-bar came a group of young people intent upon picnicking on our shore. Their faces as they passed us can better be imagined than described. But nearly all visitors, even the most obtuse, would remark the marvellous atmosphere of peace that dwelt there.

Sometimes we had little parties, celebrating birthdays and similar events. We always knew what kind of cakes there would be, for our native butler could make only one sort! little kidney beans with pink or green icing. And when we assembled every one did his particular

'parlour-trick'. These, too, we knew by heart, of course. but that did not matter. Mr. Kirby, a bank manager who was married to a beautiful Italian countess, could play like Paderewski. He also had one other accomplishment. He could sing comic songs, and Mr. Leadbeater would roar with laughter as Mr. Kirby rolled them out one by one. Thomas Crombie could recite Rudyard Kipling's "Baa! Baa! Black Sheep". Miss Mary K. Neff, an American school teacher, who was a great friend of mine, always favoured us with a doggerel about 'The googlies will catch you if you don't watch out.' Captain Ransom was a conjuror, peeling eggs off himself in all directions, and even smacking his head and then producing one from his mouth. But he, too, had a second string to his bow. He could sing a lachrymose comic song about a baby on the shore. I remember there was a refrain about 'if you see the mother, tell her gently, yes, gently, that we left her baby on the shore.' My contribution was to play people's accompaniments. Young Herbert van Hook, an American boy, who was one of Mr. Leadbeater's specially selected boys, under the tuition of Mr. Schwarz, quickly learned to play the violin quite well. I was his faithful accompanist. Like all boys he was ambitious. Every Wednesday afternoon Mr. Schwarz held a kind of musical party in his cool house by the sea. Hubert wanted to perform Beethoven's famous Kreutzer Sonata. It was really a little beyond us both, but we faithfully practised it. When the great occasion came, Hubert in his excitement got faster and

faster; I flew after him, jumping over many unfamiliar notes. When at last the conclusion came, someone remarked that they wondered who would get in first, Hubert or I!

To one or two of Mr. Schwarz's afternoons Mrs. Besant came and offered to recite for us. Once she gave us an excerpt from *The Idylls of the King*, and once a long passage from Myers' *St. Paul*, of which she was very fond.

Adyar at that time was divided into two camps. We had two beauties resident there, Mrs. Kirby, the Italian, and Mrs. van Hook, an American. Half the community considered the dark beauty of Mrs. Kirby carried off the palm, the other half sang the praises of Mrs. van Hook. I belonged to this latter group. Mrs. van Hook reminded me of an ancient Greek.

There were three 'girls,' if we might call them so, all of us being around thirty years of age; Miss Mary K. Neff, Miss Alida de Leeuw, and myself. Miss Neff and Miss de Leeuw were Americans and I was English. Miss Neff was tall and straight with golden hair and merry blue eyes. She would take her sewing things round to the rooms of the solitary men on Saturdays and mend their socks and sew on buttons for them. She was always smiling, always unfailingly cheerful, so we nicknamed her 'Sunny Jim.' Miss de Leeuw was small and dark, tremendously devoted to the Parsee, Mr. Wadia (she afterwards left the Society to follow him), and I was brown-haired and in-between in colouring.

Mr. Wadia used to hold extra meetings in

his room in Leadbeater Chambers after the Roof meetings. He invited Mary Neff and me, but we got tired of listening to him when we wanted to think over what we had heard our leaders say, so we dropped it. Miss de Leeuw and Mr. Wadia prophesied our swift descent upon the downward path! Another great devotee of Mr. Wadia was Princess Gagarin, an American who had married a Russian prince. It was afterwards learned that he was a bogus prince, but we all called her 'Princess' all the same. She was a dear, and could recite negro sermons and songs of her native America splendidly. One of her negro stories remains in my memory to this day: A certain negro preacher was expatiating upon the text, 'Add to your faith, knowledge.' Like all negro speakers he drew his illustrations from the audience.

"Now, brudders and sisters," he proclaimed, "just look at Brudder Amos and Sister Sarah and all dem fine lubly chillen. Sister Sarah *knows* all dem fine lubly chillen be hers, but Brudder Amos has faith that they be."

Dear Mary Neff, she is my friend to this day. She had charge for some time of the Archives of Adyar, and developed a wonderful historic sense. Her books about H. P. Blavatsky are world famous. But I, too, had a nickname at Adyar, 'The feather-pillow.'

There was also the Dutchman who had charge of the gardens, Mr. Huidekoper. He planted a lovely grove of casuarina trees by the sea. And there was beloved Sitaram, so gentle and saintly. At that time there were still living

at Adyar three old Indian gentlemen who had personally known Madame Blavatsky. H. P. B.'s old pony was still there, very old and fat and grey. In the Library one could see many objects of interest. The Sanscrit department of the Library did not look like a library to our eyes. It consisted of racks filled with palmleaf books with bamboo covers. On each leaf was painted in Sanscrit characters one *shloka* or verse. Mr. van Manen had procured many of these, going as far as Thibet after some priceless manuscript. Many of them were being copied and as one entered the Library the sound of a monotonous chanting was heard, for the Devanagri must be chanted not spoken. One pundit would chant and the others would paint it down.

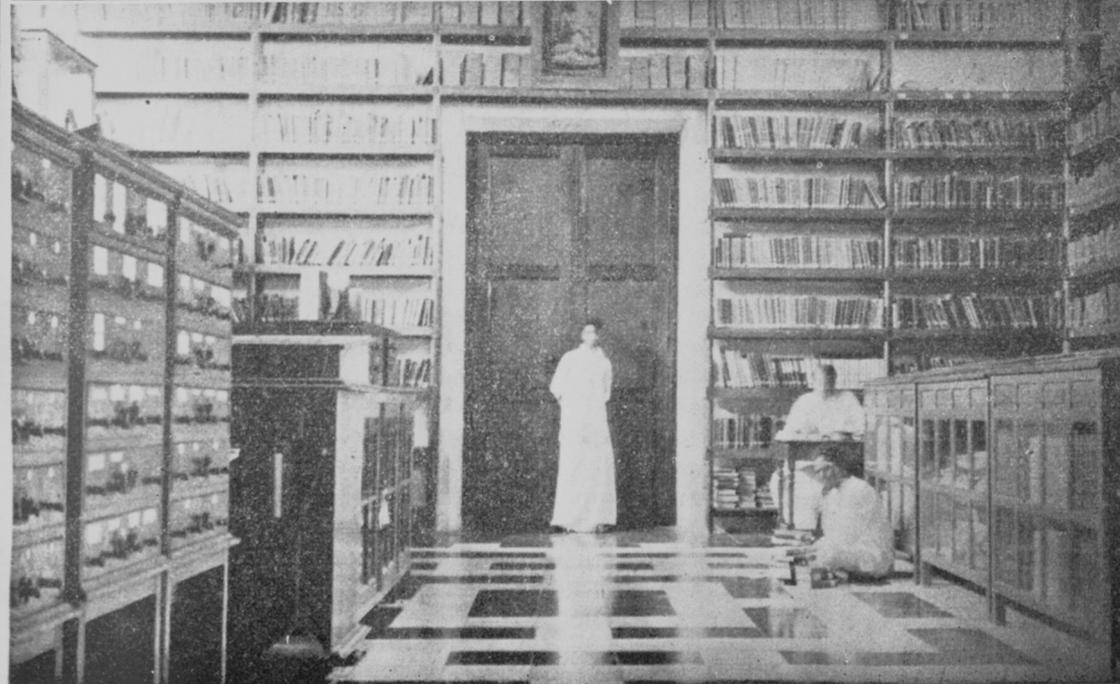
Between the Western and the Eastern Libraries, stood a kind of glass-sided cupboard in which were stored some of the objects Madame Blavatsky had produced phenomenally, and many of the letters from the Adepts were spread there. I noticed that the Master M. wrote in a spiked script in red pencil, difficult to decipher, while the handwriting of the Mahatma K. H. was clear and flowing, written in blue pencil with long strokes over the t's and over vowels. The Master Serapis seemed quite often to write in green or gold ink. I would read what I could through the glass.

**Palm Leaf Books,  
Adyar Library.**



*Photos: Pizzighelli.*

**Another Section  
of the Library.**





## CHAPTER XIV.

### ANNIE BESANT

LET me describe the great personalities who were in Adyar at that time. The President-Founder of the Society, Colonel Olcott, had died, and Mrs. Besant reigned in his stead. Her election to the Presidency had not been unattended with trouble. Having come so late into the group around H.P.B., and having so quickly raced ahead of them all in interior development, it was not surprising that a certain deep-seated jealousy and antagonism remained among some of the old workers.

Of Annie Besant what is there to say that has not been better said by others? Such a spirit as hers is rarely seen in this world, as rarely as 'the midnight blossom of the Udambara tree.' (*The Voice of the Silence*) Count Keyserling has described her, not altogether unfairly, in his *Travel Diary of a Philosopher*: 'As to Annie Besant, there is one thing of which I am certain; this woman controls her being from a centre which, to my knowledge, only very few men have ever attained to. She is gifted, but not by any means to the degree one might suppose from the impression created by her life's work. Her importance is due to the depth of her being, from which she rules her talents. Mrs. Besant controls herself, her powers, her thoughts, her feel-

ings, her volitions, so perfectly that she seems to be capable of greater achievements than men of greater gifts. She owes this to Yoga.'

Many a writer has noted clearly defined exterior characteristics, but truly to understand Annie Besant, I expect one should be built on similar heroic lines. She had the spirit of an ancient martyr. She would have counted it ecstasy to die in torture for the cause her Master stood for, but her extraordinary will was tempered with a lovely womanliness. Warrior as she was, Annie Besant was always very womanly, with a tender heart for all the sorrow-stricken and dispossessed of the earth, and with the loveliest smile for a little child. Perhaps the side of her graven most deeply on my heart is her wonderful magnanimity towards those who injured her. She bore them no vestige of ill will.

She came to India early in her Theosophic life, and at once knew that she had come home. I heard her say that she never really felt at home until she set foot in India. Hinduism was her favourite faith. Buddhism appealed more to Mr. Leadbeater and Colonel Olcott. She learned Sanscrit with her pundit friends, and produced one of the best translations of the immortal *Bhagavad Gita*, or Lord's Song, in existence. She also told us that in her last life she had been born a niece of her present Master and had spent the whole of that life in prayer and meditation, and in journeying to different holy centres in India. "A preparation for this life," she said. She was only three years out of incarnation before she came back in her present body, hence

her inner vehicles were strongly tinged with the Indian outlook and thought.

She was partly Irish, and perhaps a little impulsive, sometimes so quick in action as to be almost rash. But one thing was her strength, and her guiding star, her whole-hearted, complete, flawless devotion to her Master and His work. And because of that He could and did guide her, a link that will endure beyond the grave and for all the centuries that lie ahead. She could endure no gossip. There was a certain noble simplicity about all she said and did. And then she was clearly well-bred, with the most charming manners and a very pretty wit. I think on the whole she liked men better than women.

For a short time at Adyar I mended her clothes. She had so few, and they were so worn. At the height of her fame she made quite a good income from her books, and besides people were always giving her sums of money, as well as valuable presents. The money she gave away at once to a worthy cause. She would say to the donors of presents: "Thank you so much, my dear. You don't mind if I give it away, do you?" When she died she had hardly anything. All was given away.

If you worked with Mrs. Besant you must expect swift action. No hemming and hawing where she was ! I remember an organiser wishing to rearrange some tours for her. Mrs. Besant looked at her steadily. "But it is arranged," she said, as if that was over and done with. I think it was this intense concen-

tration which enabled her to get through such an enormous amount of work. If you went to see her you would find her sitting cross-legged upon a lion skin over a little *charpoy* or low stage, writing away with her own hand before a little desk. She did not employ secretaries much; so many of her letters are written in her own charming hand. She would stop for a little while to have a cup of tea. She was fond of tea and coffee. Not so Mr. Leadbeater; out of politeness he would sip weak tea with her in the afternoon, but he clearly did not like it.

At 5 p.m. punctually, she would come down the stairs from her room to take a little walk. She hardly ever wore leather shoes, but velvet Indian slippers and she would place her pretty little feet exactly where she meant them to go. The walk generally took the form of a promenade around the compound to see that all was going well. We would all be waiting for her and follow her in a crocodile. Now and then she would look back and say: "Oh! Mrs. So-and-so." The person thus addressed would come forward and for some minutes walk with the Chief, as many people called her, although the Indians called her Amma, Mother, talking over something. We all hoped for such a call!

In India she lived exactly like an Indian, had a caste servant, a fierce looking man with the beard and whiskers of a Rajput. He cooked her Indian food, mostly *dahl* and rice, which she ate alone in her little Indian dining room. For breakfast she always had almonds and coffee.



**Annie Besant.**

*A portrait by Frank S. Ogilvie painted in 1905 and now in the English Headquarters.*

*Photo: Elliott & Fry.*



Her little bedroom and bathroom on the upper floor of the Headquarters building were small and simply furnished. On the walls hung large photographs of her co-workers, Mr. Leadbeater, Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, Jeddu Krishnamurti, George Arundale and his Indian wife, Rukmini Arundale. And also in a large frame, the words THE KING, in memory of Sanat Kumara, the eternal Head of the Adept Hierarchy here on earth. At the foot of her bed, was fixed a reproduction in oils of the picture of the Master M. which hung in the Shrine Room, so that her eyes rested on his face waking and sleeping.

What she has done in this world is almost incredible and beyond enumeration. She fought from girlhood the battle for freedom of thought, religiously and politically. I remember the Labour leader, Herbert Burroughs, who came into Theosophy with her, telling me how in older days she and he would tramp the wet London streets at night, going out to organize the dockers who were not allowed to meet otherwise. Coming home one day, in the pouring rain, he said: "Annie, why do we do it?"

"Because, Herbert," she replied, "we cannot do otherwise."

In just the same whole-hearted fashion she flung herself into the seemingly hopeless work of Indian regeneration. She saw at once that hope lay with the young. At that moment the only education was provided mostly by the missionaries. They were teaching English history and literature to Indian boys, utterly ignoring their own magnificent scriptures and

past. She started the Central Hindu College for boys. It afterwards became the first Hindu University in India. She, herself, wrote a text-book of their religion and ethics for the boys. How many a famous Indian patriot to-day owes his knowledge and inspiration to the Central Hindu College, Jawaharlal Nehru among them, I believe. She did for Hinduism what Colonel Olcott did in Ceylon for dying Buddhism. They were nation makers. If India to-day is a nation governing herself, much of that is due to Annie Besant's work. She was for a time the President of the Indian National Congress. I have myself seen the reverence and homage of an Indian crowd for her. They would press round only to kiss the hem of her *sari*. She saved India from ruin, she saved her age-old scriptures, the deepest and most highly spiritual in the world. Once, some years before she appeared on the scene a great Adept had written: "Oh! for the noble and unselfish man to help us effectively in India in that divine task. All our knowledge, past and present, would not be sufficient to repay him." Someone did come, but it was a woman, not a man.

I remember many little things about her; her sweetness to little children, her cheerful willingness to help in all we did. At parties she would take a plate of cakes and go around offering them to us herself. Her simplicity was almost naïve. Once in a train going across Europe she held out her arm to me and said: "That's quite a good arm for an old lady, isn't it?" And I remember when she came to Bath in my early

Theosophical days; the President, then Miss Fox, put her up, and I was invited to lunch. We had, of course, a wonderful lunch, and on the table stood a lovely-looking sugared cake. No one was offered any of it, and on the way down afterwards, Mrs. Besant said to me: "I would have liked some of that cake, but I did not like to ask for it."

When she spoke to the Sorbonne at the First World Congress we held in Paris, we all gave up our seats to accommodate the thronging French crowds, for Mrs. Besant spoke in French. The next day, as Arthur Burgess, the wonderful cripple boy, who was the head of the Order of Service, and I were waiting for a meeting to begin, Mrs. Besant walked in. She looked so simply at Arthur and me and said: "Was it a nice lecture last night?"

I remember, too, a time when I got 'Adyaritis'. It took the form of grievous self-depreciation. I began to wonder whether my friend, Mr. Bibby, had not placed his money on the wrong horse! Finally I became so blue that Mrs. Sharpe, who was there, too, dragged me in, very shy and unwilling, to see Mrs. Besant. There she was, seated cross-legged before her little desk, writing. She called me forward and bade me sit on her *charpoy*, and put her arm around me. "What is it?" she asked. I hardly knew myself, so she went on to describe me to myself.

"You see, my dear," she said, "you are beginning to lose hold of your old way of

looking at things and are not yet firmly established in the new. We all pass through periods like this again and again as we advance. I know it sounds brutal, dear, but *it does not matter what you feel.*"

I have never forgotten that, nor two other things she said to me.

"When you can be just as happy, when the one you love best is not here," she said once, "then you have learnt how to truly love."

And then again she said to me: "When I look back over a very long life full of many sorrows. I would now willingly forgo all my joys, but not one of my sorrows for I learned the most through them."

What a soul of giant stature to say that! Sometimes we would say to her when she exhorted us to greater heights: "But, Mrs. Besant, it isn't natural."

"I know, my dears," she would reply, "but I thought you were all trying to be a little supernatural."

I have mentioned her extraordinary magnanimity. The Indian member who had helped her build up the Central Hindu College, for a time, once, turned against her and tried to undo their work. She still kept his picture on her desk, and an impulsive member, remarking it, said: "Oh, Mrs. Besant, you don't keep that man's photo on your desk, do you?"

"My dear," Annie Besant replied, "don't you realise that if you can still continue to love in spite of everything, you win the right from Karma to help that soul in a future life?"





**Annie Besant in Sweden.**

Another time a poor coolie stole some of her beautiful white and gold *sari*. He was caught before he got out of the compound, and Mrs. Besant was asked to give him in charge. "No," she replied, "I will do no such thing. I am going to *give* him those *saris*," and she did.

Being Irish she was intensely loyal to her friends and co-workers. Indeed it was very difficult to make her see when one of her workers was clearly cheating her.

She loved the Indian youth, and started a magazine for them. Quite numerous are the papers and magazines she started, from a weekly paper called *New Indian* to magazines for the young. And besides that an enormous output of books. I think she herself is best summed up in her own words at the closing of an address to Indian youth: "Never forget that Life can only be nobly inspired and rightly lived if you take it bravely and gallantly as a splendid adventure, in which you are setting out into an unknown country, to face many a danger, to meet many a joy, to find many a comrade, to win and lose many a battle."

And seemingly to lose never deterred Annie Besant. Her faith in life and humanity was unshakeable. A lovely line of the late Humbert Wolfe comes to mind: 'Greatness is to hear the bugles, and not to doubt'.

## CHAPTER XV.

### CHARLES LEADBEATER

**M**R. LEADBEATER belonged to a different category. To the end he was always the clergyman, with a matter-of-fact, scientific mind. Extraordinarily painstaking and accurate, he was far and away the most thorough and reliable investigator of the invisible that I have ever met. Perhaps one of his most outstanding characteristics was his clear absence of any wish to impress anyone. I never met a man who so clearly, honestly and simply did not mind what other people thought. Your opinion was of no concern to him. He seemed to follow an inner leading besides which all other opinion was valueless. Yet he told us that when he was young he was very sensitive and self-conscious. Madame Blavatsky cured him of that by very heroic and unpleasant measures. He was a very humble person, always willing to discuss politely any ideas or experiences under the sun. I think he felt that he had a specified work to do, and therefore did not spread himself on people and causes with whom he had no particular concern.

His chief interest lay with the children and young people he gathered round him wherever he went. He once told us that was the special work the Master gave him to do. Apparently

his young pupils lived an irregular kind of life, always going for walks with him (he was a great walker), always sitting around him, being told stories, et cetera. He had a horror of the usual school, and would never allow his children to attend any. But the effect upon the young people he chose was quite wonderful. In six months he would transform even an ignorant little street boy into a charming well-mannered gentleman. One could see the change almost daily, making the face of an ordinary boy into that of an angel. He once explained to us that it was the co-operation of the boy's own divine ego which did this, for if one could get the inner divinity to lend a hand, he could do more for anyone of us than any force outside, even that of a Master of the Wisdom. So Mr. Leadbeater concentrated on bringing the full attention of the ego into play. He told us that egos evolve, too, as well as the personality down here, and there is a great difference between the development of egos. He could put it this way: the ego of a not very developed person was like a bluff farmer, while the ego of a highly developed man was like a very cultured, refined gentleman. I remember his also telling us that one has to be born a 'gentleman', one cannot make oneself into one, since the difference lay in the texture of the psychic body. Still he made his children gentlemen.

He would apparently choose his pupils from some interior direction, like the 'daimon' of Socrates. Indeed he has been called a modern

Socrates. Like the old master he gathered the young around him and again, as with Socrates, when such pupils left him and went back into the world, a certain inner light and poise was often slowly extinguished. Ambitious mothers would bring their children before him times without number and without result. Yet sometimes he would see a child in the street and move heaven and earth to get him. Whatever the criterion he employed, the results were amazing.

And he loved them, too. Mr. Leadbeater had an immense capacity for love, but it was rare and the more concentrated for its rarity. Under such a wealth of interior sunshine those who were privileged to be his friends and pupils flowered. Personally I felt it once. It was when I was living in The Manor in Sydney where he dwelt then. He wished to lift me to a certain state, so he kept me with him all day and showered such a wealth of tender love and interest as I shall never forget. Apparently he could do that at will.

Physically he was a big man, with enormous vitality. I never saw him walk upstairs. He always bounded up three steps at a time. He loved long walks and picnics. Twenty miles a day was not too much for him. In his youth he must have had sandy hair, for there were remains of it among his white hair still. He never wore a hat and he was the only person I have met in life who had a genuine Greek nose, with scarcely any indentation between forehead and nose. Walking along with his

rapid, long strides, and his head held high, his profile was very striking. His blue eyes were rather small, but extraordinary. They never ceased to scintillate, which gave them a peculiarly piercing quality. He also had a very strong body. Indeed his physical strength was uncommon. He often set his boys to pack or sort his many books. (He said that when they were thus harmlessly occupied he could work upon their auras better.) One boy told me that having packed a heavy box of books, none of them could move it, but C.W.L. (as we all called him) put down one hand and lifted it. One day, he told us, he offered to carry Madame Blavatsky upstairs. It can be guessed what a phenomenal weight she must have been, but he did!

His little boy pupils wore a kind of uniform of green flannel shorts in the winter with white silk shirts and in the summer shantung shorts instead of the flannel ones. He would not allow them to wear either hats or shoes; however muddy the roads, still no shoes! consequently when they went back to the ordinary world some of them had trouble wearing shoes.

I remember the walks he took in Adyar, setting off with his then secretary, Mr. Ernest Wood, at a great rate. I used to think that he looked like a great dog with Mr. Wood like a little terrier at his heels. It was during one of those walks that he discovered the boy, Jeddu Krishnamurti. Krishnaji's father, a retired Indian judge, whose wife had died leaving him with four little boys, had asked

Mrs. Besant if he could come to Adyar. His little boys would play about in the lotus tank in the Palm Grove. One day Mr. Leadbeater, passing, remarked to Mr. Wood: "That little boy (Krishnaji) has a wonderful causal body" (i.e.: ego).

Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Wood were just then engaged upon re-writing the past lives of an artist friend of Mr. Leadbeater, Mr. Varley, which he had once investigated clairvoyantly in London. A little time later Mr. Leadbeater said: "I think I will investigate a new series of lives, an Indian this time instead of a European. I will take that little boy with the wonderful causal body."

As investigation proceeded, it became apparent who Krishnamurti was, but I will make that the subject of another chapter. Mr. Leadbeater once said that he hardly ever looked at a person's physical body; he was always looking at the inner self of the person. Consequently, he sometimes forgot to greet the physical body properly, and those who did not understand would say: "What a rude man, he never said 'good morning' to me." On the other hand no one could excel Mr. Leadbeater in courteous manners, when his interest was fully here. He was an early Victorian throughout, with the patriotic outlook, Tory ideas and dry wit of that era. With twinkling eyes and a perfectly calm face he would say the driest things. When this happened for the first time in an E.S. meeting at Adyar on a Sunday morning, I laughed, and on going

home I again remembered with astonishment that I had laughed in an E.S. meeting! He was always so human and matter-of-fact. One day he talked to us about little failings and how they stood between the Master and ourselves. But he included himself with us.

“Now mine,” he said, “is irritability. But I shall get over it. Thank God! we shall all get over everything in time.”

I do not wonder that he was irritable. Owing to his phenomenal psychical development, his nerves were uncommonly highly strung. I have seen him simply shudder when a thoughtless little boy ran out of the room and slammed the door. He could not bear noise.

Mr. Leadbeater once explained that when anyone reached the level of the *Arhat* his consciousness normally worked upon a much higher plane. He mentioned Mrs. Besant, for whom he had the greatest reverence and respect. Sometimes, abstracted elsewhere, Mrs. Besant would greet a person vaguely.

“I notice that many of you do not understand,” Mr. Leadbeater said; “normally Mrs. Besant’s consciousness is working on the Buddhic level, and she only keeps enough of her consciousness down here to answer politely if spoken to.”

I think it was the same with him. When he *had* to be down here, no one could be more charming. On other occasions he could look quite ‘fey’ and far away.

He sometimes spoke of Dr. Besant when she was not there. They often spoke of each other like that. He would tell us what a colossal intellect she had, what tremendous inner powers. She would tell us what a really humble person he was, and how he was his Master's first and most trusted disciple. She said that she would not take his advice about any worldly matter, as he had been away so long in the Heaven-world (over 2,000 years since his last physical incarnation) that he really did not understand this world too well. She would rather take the advice of Mr. Jinarajadasa, the first pupil, as well as ancient brother, of Mr. Leadbeater. Mr. Leadbeater told us one day that on the other side, the Master K.H. was very sweet and loving to one of His pupils, and often put his arm around him.

"I wish he would do that to me," observed Mr. Leadbeater, "but he never does. Oh! well, we all get what is best for us."

There was one place where Mr. Leadbeater simply shone. No one else in all the world could make the Adepts so real and living to us as he could. I loved his talking about them so much that I always tried to get him on that subject. His very voice would alter as he spoke of them; it would take on a warmer, hushed and reverent tone. He had had the rare privilege of seeing them face to face on the physical plane. He often told us stories about them. He saw the Master K.H., his own Master, soon after he arrived in Adyar to help

Madame Blavatsky. He was living in a little octagonal bungalow near the river. One evening the Master walked in and suggested a line of meditation which in a few months developed Mr. Leadbeater's psychic powers to an amazing extent. The pains the Master took with him is a lesson to us all in these days of so much sporadic, untrained clairvoyance. He would come again and again and ask Mr. Leadbeater to tell him exactly what he saw, or *thought* he saw.

"No!" the Master would say so often, "look again, look deeper, discount the personal equation."

The Master Dwāl Kul also helped in this training.

In after years, meeting so many hundreds of psychics of all sorts, I have often thought of C.W.L.'s training. I can now see why the majority of untrained psychics are so unreliable. The psychic plane is a protean world where the slightest, even subconscious, impulse takes shape and form. Very often these are described by a psychic as independent entities when they are really 'thought-forms' in the various corridors of a person's aura, and may well be his own 'wish-fulfilments'. Again the budding psychic at first sees that world through the coloured window of his own psychic condition, hence the extreme need for learning to discount the personal equation.

Mrs. Besant once told us that we must be extraordinarily careful to be very truthful and

never exaggerate in any way, for otherwise when our psychic perceptions begin to open all we see will be distorted and deflected.

I once asked Mr. Leadbeater why he did not teach the meditation which the Master showed him to some of his pupils.

"Because," he replied, "I promised the Master that I never would!"

Then a little later he saw the Master M. At that time Madame Blavatsky was very ill, and Mrs. Cooper-Oakley was nursing her. One afternoon he and Mr. Cooper-Oakley and Colonel Olcott were sitting in a room near H.P.B.'s, while Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, worn out with nursing, lay asleep on a sofa and so missed what followed. They heard rapid footsteps on the veranda outside. The door opened and in walked a magnificent Rajput. He saluted them and went into Madame Blavatsky's room where they heard his voice talking to H.P.B. After some time he came out again, saluted them with a smile and disappeared. Then they heard Madame Blavatsky's voice: "Isabel! Isabel! Bring me my clothes and something to eat."

"Oh! no, dear H.P.B.," said Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, "lie down again. You know you are very ill."

"Nonsense," cried H.P.B., "Master has been here, and he gave me the choice of leaving this world now or of living two more years and doing some extra work for him. Of course I chose to live another two years, and now I must get up."

The Master, as he phrased it in a letter to Mr. Sinnett, had 'fixed her', and the extra work she did for him was to write *The Secret Doctrine*.

Mr. Leadbeater also told us of the time when he was walking down the Corso in Rome and felt a tap on his shoulder. Turning he saw the Master, the Prince Rakoczy, who invited him to come with him into some gardens where they sat and talked of The Theosophical Society and its future for some two hours.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### ROOF MEETINGS AT ADYAR

**M**R. LEADBEATER employed secretaries. One or two would work away with typewriters in his large room. The two I chiefly remember were Miss Mary Neff and Don Fabrizio Ruspoli. This last was an Italian naval officer who belonged to the princely house of Ruspoli. His mother was an American so he spoke English perfectly. I remember him so well, for he was one of my dearest friends at Adyar. He had blue eyes and a fierce-looking sailor's beard of fiery red. Like most sailors he was meticulously tidy and neat. No *dhotis* for him, even in the hottest weather. When the rest of us wilted with the heat, he still stood upright with his shantung suit beautifully pressed. He was a gentle person with the rather slow speech of many sailors, and an equally slow wit. He was for quite a time helping Mr. Leadbeater with the preparation of a long series of lives, *The Lives of Alcyone*, which was the 'star' name of Jeddu Krishnamurti. I would help Don Ruspoli draw up enormous tables of the past relationships of more than 250 people who seemed to have been more or less in some sort of relationship to each other all through about thirty-three past lives, going back to about 20,000 B.C., in the days of ancient



Dr. Annie Besant.



Atlantis. To distinguish a person from life to life, when of course the name of the personality altered, Mr. Leadbeater, who had been a great student of astronomy at one time, gave most of them the names of stars. There was generally some private clue to his method of bestowing these names. For instance, he found me and called me 'Pisces' because my surname is Codd. The connection is obvious. Then an extremely stout Indian received the name of 'Colossus'.

Don Ruspoli and I drew out these charts, putting a male incarnation in red ink and a female incarnation in black. Sometimes when work was over we would go for walks and thus I learned to know and to love dearly his saintly and gentle character. He said a lovely thing to me once.

"You know," he remarked, "I never get annoyed or hurt at what anyone says to me. When such occasions occur I say to myself: 'Fabrizio, you do not exist. How therefore can you possibly get hurt or angry?'"

'The Lives' stimulated much interest. One of Don Fabrizio's favourite jokes was to tell people: "Hush! don't say a word, but I have three wives on the compound." Wives of past lives, of course, he meant.

Once at a meeting in Bradford, England, a big, burly farmer asked me if I had ever met anyone I had been married to in past lives.

"Yes," I replied, "many of them, but I don't feel like getting married to any of them this time!"

There were some people at Adyar whom, for the moment, C.W.L. had not found in that particular past. So these members made up a series of lives for themselves, and gave themselves names such as Cyclops. They also composed a poem which they set to music, the chorus of which went like this:

‘In the Lives! In the Lives!

We’ve had all sorts of husbands and  
wives.

In spite of all irk

We were devils for work.

In the Lives! In the Lives!’

Someone sang this at one of Mr. Schwarz’s musical afternoons, and Mr. Leadbeater had a good laugh.

It may interest some people to know how this investigation of past lives may be done. Let me try to put it simply. Different orders or degrees of matter exist one within the other, permeating and pervading all space. With each degree of matter time and space valuations are different. Every deed, every word, every thought, every impulse and desire, sent out from that dynamic centre of consciousness which is the individual, express themselves as vibratory rhythms at different levels of matter. These set up synchronous rhythms in the subtler planes. Finally they reach the primeval form of matter called by Hindu philosophers the *Akasha*. There they register themselves permanently and are called the Akashic Records, held to be under the care of the *Lipika*, the recorders, deities of unfathomable height and

power. We have the same idea in Christianity in the so-called Book of Life, and the Recording Angel who keeps it. In that living, self-written record, the highly trained seer can trace the pathway of the immortal ego through many lives or incarnations in physical bodies. But such clairvoyance is extremely rare. It should not be confused with the pictures so often seen in the astral light, which may, or may not, refer to the person near whom they appear.

Don Ruspoli learned shorthand and typing in order to help Mr. Leadbeater. Not only did he take down everything that was said at meetings, and other times, but he also transcribed thousands of letters, for C. W. L.'s correspondence was enormous. Thousands of people, members and others as well, would write to him about all sorts of things; most of them, perhaps, wanting psychic matters explained to them. He would go thoroughly into every letter and do what he could to help. Occasionally he would tell us at the evening roof meetings of a striking example which thus came his way, like the lady who wrote telling him of a wonderful dream or vision she had had when she saw God and all the Court of Heaven. He discovered these to be her own thought-forms, and they had no backs, as she quite omitted to visualise backs!

Then another person who was *persona grata* with C. W. L. was Mr. Johann van Manen. In fact, he and Mr. Leadbeater wrote a book together. It made no difference to C. W. L. that Mr. van Manen was a bit of a sceptic. I

remember how he astonished me a week after I had arrived; I was asking him something and mentioned that Mrs. Besant said so-and-so.

“Oh!” he said, “do you believe her? Why do you think she knows?” He certainly was a character.

One day Don Ruspoli said to me: “Would you like to see a sleeping beauty?”

We walked over to Mr. van Manen's room and there at 11 o'clock in the morning he lay sound asleep with his floor covered completely, except for an alley way to his bed, with ancient newspapers. He was a Dutchman who wore an old-fashioned round beard and whiskers, also enormous, flapping sandals, with his sloping shoulders covered with an ordinary round-tailed shirt which he had had a native *dursi*, or tailor, to snip up the front and put buttons on. On one occasion he received from Java a wonderfully brilliant piece of Batik work. It was covered with red and green dragons. The *dursi* made him a pair of trousers out of it. I can see him to this day, striding along to Leadbeater Chambers in his flapping sandals and dragon trousers, and following him, mewling, a little white kitten who always carried her tail straight up like a flagpole, and whom he had christened 'Miss van Manen'.

'Miss van Manen' was the offspring of Mr. Leadbeater's cat, Brigand, a white tom cat who was a famous fighter and snake killer. Indeed his exploits were so fierce that his fat cheeks had no vestige of hair left on them and were severely battle-scarred. No one liked Brigand

except Mr. Leadbeater, who loved him. This hideous cat would lie for hours in Mr. Leadbeater's arms, purring. One day 'Miss van Manen,' who I fear did not get enough to eat, came daintily picking her way across our legs as we sat in an E. S. meeting, mewing for her patron. We wondered when Mrs. Besant would notice. Soon she did.

"Kindly remove the cat," she said.

The dragon trousers created quite a scandal in Adyar. Many of the ladies considered he should not wear them, so they went to Mrs. Besant about it and our President ruled that they were not exactly acceptable!

Mr. van Manen was an intellectual of the first water. Consequently, like so many clever people, he was highly disdainful of stupid or sentimental people. I am afraid he considered me one of these. But one day, working with Don Ruspoli, I discovered that about three lives ago I was a young man in ancient Greece and fought in the famous battle of Salamis, and on that occasion my wife was Mr. van Manen. I chortled over this, and meeting him, I said:

"Oh! Mr. van Manen, I have discovered you were a relation of mine in the past."

"Yes, yes," he replied, "some sort of second cousin, I presume."

"No," I said, "you were my wife!" But I could see he did not like the idea at all!

Mr. van Manen had a temper. He was devoted to roast potatoes, and everyday the native butler cooked a large plateful for him.

An English couple who were then resident at Adyar considered that our food was not hygienic, so they persuaded Mrs. Besant to let them manage the kitchen. The first thing they did was to cut off Mr. van Manen's roast potatoes. I was there when he discovered this. A tremendous roar filled the dining room: "Where are my potatoes?" A plateful had to be hastily cooked. We were all glad when finally the reformers gave up and we had the native butler back again.

As previously described, Mr. Wadia would collect our questions at dinner and then hand them to Mrs. Besant or Mr. Leadbeater at the roof meeting in the evening. Generally Mrs. Besant took them, and Mr. Leadbeater appeared to doze. Once someone asked a question about *prana*, the life-force, and Mrs. Besant said: "Charles should answer this." Her face assumed that expression of delightful, childish puckishness that I have seen there more than once.

"Charles! Charles! Wake up. You answer this question."

Charles awoke, apparently none too well pleased and went on to tell us some of his observations on the activities of *prana* which he had carried out during a game of tennis.

"You do not suppose," he said, "that I spend my time playing tennis. I set my body to do that and meanwhile I employ my time more usefully."

He had an extraordinary dual consciousness. Apparently he *could* do two things at once.

For example, he would be giving a lecture, and meanwhile, be talking to someone on the astral plane.

Then came the law case when Krishnamurti's father, urged on by very orthodox Hindu members to whom daily contact with white outcasts was anathema, demanded the custody of his son back again. The father could not have been very sincere, for according to Indian law, Krishnaji would become of age at eighteen, and he was within a few months of that time then. When finally the House of Lords in England, to whom Mrs. Besant appealed, gave her the custody of Krishnaji, the father suggested to Mrs. Besant that she should now adopt his other two sons also (she had already adopted Krishnamurti's next-of-age brother) and send them to college!

While this case was on Mrs. Besant did not come to the roof meetings. She conducted her own case and was generally surrounded by weighty law books. We were all allowed to go into Madras and hear her final speech for the defence. As usual she spoke with all her fiery zeal and magnificent gestures. She appealed to the wizened-looking little English Judge as to the representative of the divine justice upon earth. He was such a miserable looking little creature, I had to smile, and wondered if he felt uncomfortable himself.

One great thing came out of that trial. Krishnamurti's father had employed the services of a noted Indian *vakil*, or lawyer, now Sir Ramaswami Iyer. This man, as soon as the

case was finished, came over to Mrs. Besant and offered her his services for life. He is now a great official in a progressive Indian State, still faithful to the step he took then.

So we had Mr. Leadbeater more often on the roof than Mrs. Besant. As mentioned before, C. W. L. could be exceedingly funny. I remember sublime times and funny ones as well as occasional exhibitions of his clairvoyant powers. Of these he was very chary. If anyone wanted a good snub, they had only to run up to C. W. L. and say: "Oh! Mr. Leadbeater, please tell me what my aura is like." He would never make any exhibition of his psychic powers on demand, but if one did not ask, he would occasionally, if he thought it would help, tell one something spontaneously.

I have seen him use his psychic powers on more than one occasion. We had at Adyar then a Mr. Brown, who was intensely interested in science. One evening he asked C. W. L. if he knew what was the last gas in the earth's atmosphere before it ceased.

"I never thought of that," replied C. W. L., "let me look and see."

And gazing up at the brilliant Indian moon, without closing his eyes or going off into a trance, he began to describe the different compositions apparently passing him. I do not remember now what *was* the last gas. I have an idea it was hydrogen.

"There are two ways of doing that," he explained to us, "you can lay your body down on a sofa and go out in the astral body to see;

or, which is a better way, you make it come into you."

To those to whom this sounds unbelievable I would recommend the perusal of Book III of the famous *Yoga Aphorisms* of Patanjali. Among the *siddhis*, or divine powers there described as sometimes acquired by the trained *Yogi* is just such a one. It is almost comparable to the powers of magnification and the reverse enjoyed by Alice in *Alice in Wonderland*. One day science will discover that the human consciousness has a power — when the appropriate physical instrument is developed — of microscopic and telescopic vision, far exceeding the strongest microscope or telescope ever made by man. This power is symbolised by the golden Uraeus on the forehead of the ancient Pharaohs, and by the jewel in the forehead of the statues of the Buddha.

And what does the final privation of matter, the atom, vortex, electron, call it what we will, look like when seen by such vision? As an incredibly beautiful, whirling vortex of force coming from a subtler plane, flashing, singing, moving around its own axis, and on its own orbit, like a miniature globe; exhibiting a regular rhythmic expansion and contraction, like a beating heart or breathing lungs. The universe is alive in every particular and in constant motion. There is no such thing as 'dead matter'. Sir Oliver Lodge, in closing an address to the British Association, phrased it beautifully: "The Universe is the ever-growing garment of a transcendent God".

Another time someone asked C. W. L. how we could make ourselves invisible.

“That was one of the Rosicrucian secrets,” said Mr. Leadbeater. “There are two ways of doing it. You can either deflect the rays of the sun so that they go around you instead of through you; or you can merely step out at the fourth dimension.”

Madame Blavatsky would sometimes startle conceited young men coming to argue with her by suddenly disappearing from her chair, and then when the poor young man did not know whether he were on his head or his heels, she would be back again, laughing at him.

Speaking of Rosicrucianism, C. W. L. told us that the true Rosicrucians still exist in the world, but are a very secret body, not known openly.

Sometimes we had very funny sessions. We had in Adyar at that time a handsome Irish lady with large, soulful, brown eyes. She was one of those women who attach themselves inordinately to some other woman, and her choice at this time was a good-looking, white-haired lady from Liverpool. The poor thing had no peace; at every possible moment the Irish woman was sitting on her doorstep waiting for her.

A question was put up. As I remember it, it was worded something like this: ‘When I am meditating in the Shrine Room with my beloved friend, I find myself swaying over towards her’. It certainly might be described as a ‘fool’ question, and when it was read out,

little Krishnaji, then a thin, starved-looking little boy, who never smiled, suddenly laughed. Perhaps it was his delight at Krishnaji's laughter that stirred C. W. L. on; he went from one thing to another and I laughed so much that afterwards my sides ached. His fun took up the whole evening, and when it drew to a close, C. W. L. said: "Now I am sure our questioner (we all guessed who it was!) is feeling ever so happy at having provided us all with such an excellent evening's amusement."

Another time we asked him to tell us what we all did when we were out of our bodies at night. That was the kind of question he did not like. So he frowned when he read it.

"It depends on where your interests lie," he said. "If you employ your time usefully during the day, you will do something useful at night. If you stick your nose into a book all day you will be sticking your nose into a book on the astral plane."

This did not satisfy us. Miss Severs, the late President of the Bath Lodge, who was there, said: "I am not satisfied with C. W. L.'s answer. Let us write him a round robin and ask him to really tell us."

So that night, at dinner, we all signed a round robin which ran like this:

'We are not satisfied with what you said last night. Please tell us exactly what we do on the astral plane at night.'

This time C. W. L. laughed.

"Well," he said, "it is something like this. Some of you are more attached to your great

President, and some to me. When we get out of our bodies at night we generally find you waiting around. Your President has quite a comet's tail following her and when she has important work to do she has to create a *Maya* (illusion) and shut you all off.

"But my little lot. Now I have a round of people I visit at night and try to help like a doctor with his cases, and I take you along with me. Presently I come across an old lady who has recently passed over. She is full of the old ideas of heaven and hell and is looking nervously at surroundings she doesn't fully understand. So I say to one of you: 'Oh, Mr. Brown, will you please stay a while with this lady and hold her hand and explain things to her'.

"Presently, I drop Miss Smith and then Mrs. Robinson, and by the time the morning is breaking you are all coming round again."

Now, as stated, there happened to be a Mr. Brown in residence then, and he had to endure a great deal of chaffing on the way back to Leadbeater Chambers.

"No!" he said, "no! Not even to please C. W. L. will I hold any old lady's hand on the astral plane."

I belonged to C. W. L.'s group on the other side. The second night after I had first seen him, I awoke suddenly with a vivid recollection of an astral plane experience. A small group of us stood with him on the top of a high cliff, and Mr. Leadbeater was trying to persuade me to jump over. I drew back. "Go on!" he said,

giving me a gentle push. I sailed over like a bird, or a feather on the breeze, and landed gently at the bottom. Clearly he was putting me through the tests of earth, air, fire and water. The psychical counterpart or 'soul' withdraws from the tenement of the body in sleep, and if sufficiently evolved, leads a conscious, independent existence upon the other side, which is so near. The conditions of psychical matter, permeating and interpenetrating the physical universe are very different from those of physical matter, but many people carry through into that world the conceptions and thought habits which rule here. For instance, one can pass through a psychic wall, of course not through a physical one. But if you *think* you cannot pass through, you will find yourself unable to do so. Hence to be free and effective on the other side at night the earth-plane habits of thought must be broken.

Occasionally I saw frightening 'elementals' at Adyar. On one occasion I saw two enormous creatures about twenty feet high coming across from a neighbouring village where they practised animal sacrifices. They looked like two huge white maggots coming along on the tips of their tails, with shaded hollows for eyes, and dripping round red mouths. At first they scared me. Then I chanted the Sacred Word, AUM. At once they crumpled up and disappeared. I have also found that the Christian sign of the Cross is equally efficacious.

But, as already remarked, it was when he approached the subject of the Adepts and the

path to them that C. W. L. was most truly himself. The very atmosphere of those pure and eternal worlds came near. We would go down to the seashore and sit there in the moonlight, the little waves lapping at our feet through the silver mist, and behind us the waving casuarina trees. Scarce a word would be spoken. Sometimes a hand would seek that of a dearly-loved friend. Inexpressible joy, thankfulness, hope, held our hearts. The world's sorrows and pains would not be in the long run unassailable, for those of our own race who had won through to perfect wisdom and power were at the helm, guiding—so far as the laws of their world would permit—the destinies of men and nations to happier, clearer days. They could not do more, for the one inviolable thing the Adept World scrupulously respects is the free will and choice of the smallest thing which lives. Without that man could not grow, even though his ignorant choices spell disaster untold for many a day. And they could seek our little help! Was there, in the words of the Rig Veda “any other way at all to go?” Any other work that could so call out the energy and devotion of a man?

## CHAPTER XVII.

### CONVENTIONS

**T**HE great event of the year at Adyar is the Convention at Christmas time. Hundreds of tiny huts are built all over the compound for the accommodation of Indian members. These are the regular Indian houses, in olden days built anywhere, for in ancient India the land was communal. Even to this day no Indian owner will mind if a travelling family arrives and makes a fire and cooks a meal on his grounds. The house consists of four bamboo poles placed at each corner, with walls and roof of plaited palm leaves. The plaiting is generally done by the women as the men put in the poles.

The Europeans are accommodated in the various houses, everybody taking two or three visitors into his room. The Convention days are generally four, but quite often we have a post-convention going on for ten days or so afterwards. Convention, proper, opens with the 'Prayers of the Religions' in the great Hall in the main building. If possible, each prayer is read by a member of the faith. Then the roll call of delegates is called and greetings read from all over the world, followed by the President's opening speech. All sorts of different meetings take place; religious cere-

monies, Masonic ceremonies in the Masonic Temple at Adyar, artistic displays at the open air theatre, and every evening of the four days there is a special address by some distinguished brother under the banyan tree. This is truly a sight to see. The Adyar grounds contain the third largest banyan tree in the world, and under its natural arches and pillars a very large number of people can sit. A little platform is built, and from that the great speeches, which are always afterwards printed, are given. The atmosphere of enthusiasm and upliftment is indescribable. Of course the majority of the delegates are Indian, but quite a number of Western members seem to be able to get there.

When Dr. Besant was living she always gave all four of the 'Convention lectures'. After her death we had Dr. Arundale, Mr. Jinarajadasa, Mrs. Arundale, and others.

On account of the huge distances to be traversed, the Convention is held alternately at Adyar and at Benares in the North of India. The first year of my stay in Adyar, it was held in Benares. I recall the dusty, hot discomfort of the long train journey north. We had to change trains at Calcutta, and there I saw a rehearsal of a fete arranged to greet the Viceroy. Great elephants paraded with their faces and trunks painted wonderfully, in gold and brilliant colours. The next day we continued our journey to Benares, but I got off the train at six in the morning to visit the holy shrine of Buddhism, the spot where the Buddha attained enlightenment, Buddha Gya. On the way, in

one of the incredibly ramshackle Indian carriages, we visited the Temple of the Foot. The legend goes that once the great god Shiva, put His Foot on the earth, and ever since that day his footprint has been there. I believe the 'footprint' is a marble one, but that I did not see. Being a *m'lechda* or foreign outcast, I could not enter the inner sanctuary. But I entered the outer court, being greeted and garlanded with flowers by the priests. In the courtyard a pretty little sacred bull, snow white, with a garland of pink roses around his neck, was moving among the visitors. He was evidently a spoiled little animal, for when I had nothing for him, he nosed me out of his way!

The carriages then took us on to Buddha Gya. We arrived at a large temple, in the central part of which sat a huge golden figure of the Buddha in meditation. Before him burned rows of candles as before the figure of a saint in a Catholic Church. There were other parallels. In little side chapels the Buddha was again depicted at different stages of his career. These smaller figures would be dressed in tinsel and velvet, and sometimes hung with jewels left by the devotees, as was the great seated figure in the central temple. There are no Buddhists left in India now, and it speaks well for the tolerance of Hinduism that this Mecca of Buddhists from all over the world is kept up by Hindu priests.

Outside, beggars congregated looking for alms. I noticed a pious Burmese lady giving away rice and food. I threw them a few annas.

but I almost wished I had not, for many of the beggars were blind and they scrambled and fought for the pennies like wild beasts.

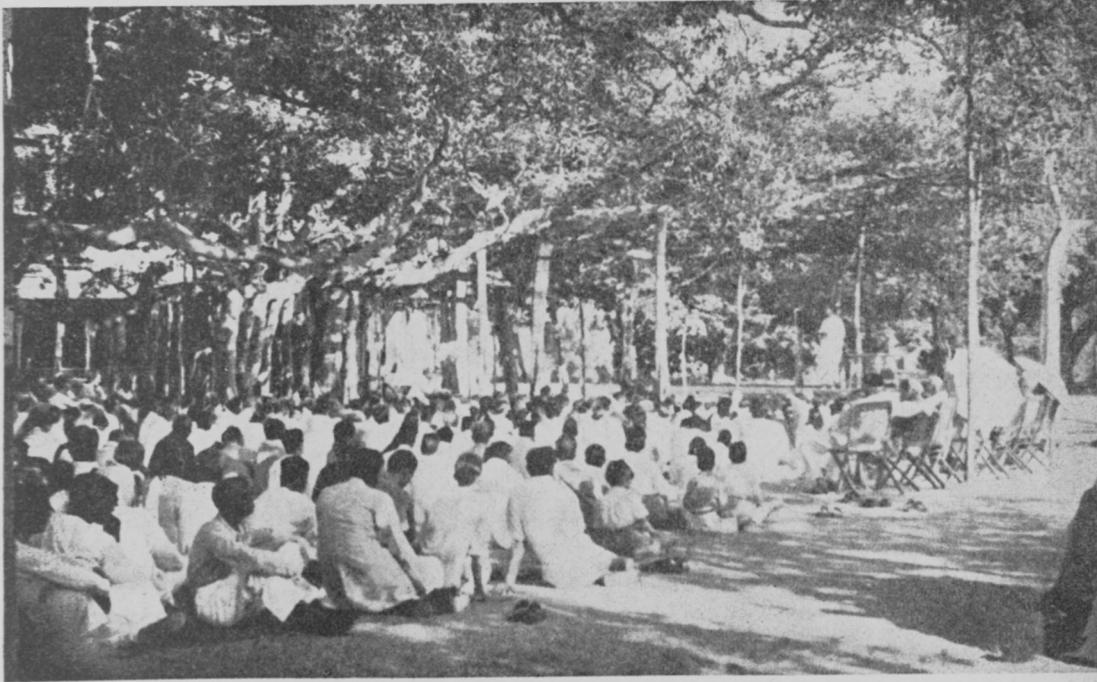
The original Bo-tree under which the Lord Buddha had sat in His great meditation had died, but there flourished an offshoot from it. I wanted to pick some of its leaves to take away as mementoes. They are like rounded ivy leaves in shape. But the branches were too high for me to reach so a huge Thibetan monk — there were five of them there still clothed in their Thibetan felt-like garments — came forward, serene, his face wrinkled like a shrivelled apple, and covered with smiles, picked them for me.

That night we left for Benares, the holy city of Hinduism, where every pious Hindu would wish to die that his ashes might be scattered over the sacred Ganges. The water is melted glacier coming down from the Himalaya Mountains. It is reputed to possess magical properties in spite of the fact that the remains of incompletely burned corpses float around, and thousands of pilgrims bathe in it. Yet the city analyst told me that upon analysis the water proved to be remarkably pure.

We chartered a boat to go up the river at the moment of sunrise when the faithful bathed and meditated. On either bank there were what looked like vast ascending rows of wooden forms. On these the pilgrims sat after their ceremonial bath in the traditional attitude of the East, most of them with their faces raised ardently to the rising sun. The 'atmosphere'



Adyar.



Convention Gathering.



was indescribable. Over the whole river hung a sense of holy awe and wonder. I could not but think of the words of Jehovah to Moses: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

That must be so, I am sure. Under whatever mentally pictured guise the 'One without a second' be imaged and named, a place where the single-hearted devotion of thousands has been poured out becomes highly magnetized. I think the gods respond because the *rapport* has been established. The great modern saint of Hinduism, Ramakrishna, has said: "Bow down, and worship where others kneel; for where so many have been paying the tribute of adoration, the kind Lord must manifest Himself, as He is all mercy."

It was so, too, at Buddha Gya; I know it must be so at Mecca, Rome, Lourdes, Lisieux.

Further up the river we came to the burning *ghats* where the bodies of the dead are burned on large piles of wood and the remains thrown into the Ganges. The eldest son performs the last rites of Hinduism for his parents; failing a son, the eldest daughter.

Winding up the narrow, hilly streets to the temple with its sacred monkeys at the crest, we found the road lined closely on either side with fearsome looking beggars, all clamorous for alms. The beggars of the East are worse to look at in a way than those of the West. They wear so few clothes that their dreadful sores and malformations are open to the eye.

I did not see the Himalaya Mountains and the Taj Mahal, though my round trip ticket would have taken me there. I surrendered that opportunity in order to be present at the last of the four Convention meetings when Mr. C. Jinarajada, newly come from America, was the speaker. I shall never forget that meeting. He spoke to us on the Vision of the Spirit, and it was the first time that I had listened to this cultured and poetic speaker. Proceedings were wound up the last night by having the boys of the Central Hindu College give us a display with coloured lights.

I remember Dr. George S. Arundale, who was then the principal of the Central Hindu College, walking about the grounds of Convention with Indian boys hanging on each arm. He was very fond of his scholars and they were very fond of him. Some of our members may be a little shocked if I record that he generally had a big pipe in his mouth, too! It was very soon after that that Dr. Arundale became a disciple of one of the great Adepts, and when that happened he gave up in one day his pipe and his custom of eating large beefsteaks.

Benares was intensely cold at night although very hot in midday. I have known the ground covered with frost in the morning and noticed that the peasants in the fields would cover their heads and shoulders with large woollen shawls. They did not seem to mind their legs being cold! At the stations and in the grounds, the peasants would offer their handiwork for incredibly small sums. Some were extra-

ordinarily artistic, but alas! such beautiful native arts are beginning to disappear before the inroads of civilisation. Instead of the old graceful clay and brass vessels, we now see hideous kerosene tins.

Major Francis Yeats-Brown, the famous author of *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, and books on *yoga*, came to visit us in Benares. I dimly remember a rather chubby young subaltern in those days. At Benares, too, I met for the first time, Miss Francesca Arundale, the aunt who adopted and reared Dr. Arundale. She was a little round robin of a lady, very precise in her ways, with large spectacles and her grey hair done up on the top of her head. She always wore coats and skirts, while many of the members followed Mrs. Besant's example and donned the Indian *sari*. I was sitting one day with a group of the members thus attired for the most part, when Miss Arundale came along.

"Miss Arundale," impulsively ejaculated one, "why don't you wear *saris* like our President?"

Miss Arundale replied in her precise little voice: "Well, my dear, when I have succeeded in emulating our great President in her virtues I think it will be time for me to copy her dress."

Also at Benares, I saw for the first time the famous Indian chemist, Sir Jagandranath Bose. He was one of the most charming people I ever met. I also remember the General Secretary of the Indian Section, Mr. Gurtu. He was a Brahmin from Kashmir, so his skin was almost

white and he had blazing blue eyes. Upen-  
dranath Basu, who had once been a guru of  
Mrs. Besant, was there, too.

Convention at Adyar was more wonderful,  
and also more fully attended. The last time  
I was at Convention there, some twelve years  
ago, was when I was passing through from  
Australia to England. Then, at the post-  
convention I heard the greatest speaker of my  
life, Professor Radhakrishnan. He gave an  
unforgettable talk at Adyar on 'The Spirit of  
Hinduism'. I was never more thrilled in all  
my life. Fortunately I heard him again years  
afterwards in South Africa. To my thinking  
he is the most beautiful speaker I have ever  
heard. And to me it is always a wonder how  
our Indian brothers manage to speak our  
language better than most of us do ourselves!

I was present, also, at that famous Conven-  
tion in 1925 when the rumour got around that  
the Lord Maitreya would then occupy the body  
of Krishnaji. That rumour drew such vast  
crowds from Madras that it virtually spoiled  
the Convention for our members. But this is  
only what I heard, for I myself was in the  
Madras hospital with rheumatic fever at the  
time. So perhaps it is hardly correct to say I  
was there, except in spirit.

Convention at Adyar is a marvellous occa-  
sion. Such power descends that surely it must  
somehow affect all the rest of the world. To  
have attended one is an experience never to be  
forgotten.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### YOGIS AND FAKIRS

**P**ROBABLY some of my readers will wonder whether I ever came across the famous wonder-working powers of India's *yogis* and sages. To a certain extent I did. Conjurers, of course, abounded. I have seen the basket trick and the mango trick, but not the rope trick. The conjurer who showed us the basket trick shut his little wife tightly in a basket, we meanwhile sitting in a very close circle around him. With frightful yells he ran a sword through the basket in every direction. Lifting the cover, no one was there, while several yards away, round the corner of Leadbeater Chambers, outside our close circle, came the little wife, walking and smiling.

The mango trick is very common. An almost naked mendicant sat before me with a filthy rag in his hand about the size of a large pocket handkerchief. He made a little heap of sand, buried a mango stone in it, and covering it with the rag began to chant. Presently he whisked it off, and there was a green shoot. The second time he whisked it off a tiny tree stood there, and the third time a ripe mango hung on it which he picked off and gave me to eat. Conjuring? He had only a loin cloth on to hide things in; hypnotism? Who knows?

Fortune tellers also abounded, but I fear they were mostly unreliable. They nearly always began by saying: "God love you very much, Missy," which at least was pleasant to hear. I remember one frightfully evil looking scoundrel with the wickedest eyes telling me that I had an enemy who was jealous of me, and if I would give him ten rupees he would kill her for me! I feel sure he could have done it, too.

The wonder-working *yogis* are of a totally different nature from the native conjurers. There are two main classes of them, the *Hatha* and the *Raja Yogis*. The first produce extraordinary physical effects by the cultivation of sheer will power. These may even superinduce a subtler state of consciousness, but I have heard, that induced by such means this will not persist into a new incarnation. To this order belong the *fakirs* and *yogis* who exhibit their powers for alms at sacred festivals. It is quite common to see a man who has held up his arm for so long it has become withered and immovable. I have seen a *fakir* whose nails had grown through his clenched palm. In Benares I saw a *fakir* sitting with a large brass plate on his head on which was burning a lively coal fire, while all around him burned other fires on plates. The heat was so intense I could not go near him. *Fakirs* are also to be seen lying or sitting on beds of sharp spikes, walking up ladders of sharp swords, and one curious, but disgusting phenomenon, reversing peristaltic action.

I had been in Adyar but a month when one day a splendid looking old Sikh came into the compound attended by his six tall sons. They were all fortune tellers and went about the compound seeking clients. The father got me. First of all he told me, quite correctly, whatever I thought of; then he told me to wish, and to fold up both my hands.

"If it is an odd number, Missy," he said, "you will get your wish."

Under direction I opened my hands and in the palm of my left hand there was a big, black number five, as if done with black chalk. I was new to these things then and that frightened me. I thought he must be hypnotising me, so I ran away. On the road to Leadbeater Chambers, I asked everyone I met whether there was a big, black five in my hand.

"Yes," they all said, "but why?"

Arrived home, I washed it off in the bathroom. It appeared to be a little sticky.

Sometime after that another *yogi* visited us. I would judge that this one was a *Raja Yogi*. These attain their powers by a mental concentration and inspiration far in advance of anything we know in the West. This *yogi* was a little man, evidently well-educated and speaking English perfectly. He was travelling, getting money for his temple. He told us he was an adept of the system of *yoga* by posture, *asana*, and tying himself into incredible knots explained that each such posture cured a disease. He was himself a slender little man, shining with health and vigour. Then he asked

us for nails and needles, and proceeded to swallow them all. Next he asked for some broken glass, Captain Ransom found a broken window pane, which the *yoga* ate up like a piece of cake. Then he asked for mercury and someone smashed a thermometer and he swallowed enough mercury to kill anyone.

He smiled at us. "I will tell you how I do it," he obligingly said, "I do not really eat the glass and swallow the needles and nails, for that would kill me if I did. But by my will power, when they touch my lips, I disintegrate them, resolve them into atoms and molecules. You think I have swallowed them, but I have merely made them disappear."

To me, that explanation is more feasible than to believe that he swallowed them—and lived. He then asked who would be willing to engage with him in a staring match at the sun. Captain Ransom volunteered. He soon retired in a few moments, but the little *yogi* continued to gaze at the sun without blinking his eyelids once for fifteen minutes by our watches. He lastly asked to be bound by something very strong. A huge chain was found, dropped from some lorry, I expect. This was wound around the *yogi's* slender body several times and finally fastened with a piece of rope. He gave us a smile, took a deep breath, and lo! the chain lay shattered into endless tiny shreds. One could not tell where a link had been.

India is the land of wonder-workers. But the true *yogi* is difficult to find. He does not encourage people to approach him, unless with

his divine insight he knows that they are utterly sincere and that he has a message for them. In the eyes of the East, a *Guru* or teacher is sacred, and to perform the most menial offices for them is considered a blessed privilege. I sometimes saw travelling *sannyasis*. A *sannyasi* is a man who has risen above all caste rules and who owns nothing except a loin cloth, a razor and a begging bowl. He must not stay more than three days in one place, must beg his meals and in return speak of spiritual truths and the tales of the gods to those who feed him. In the West he would starve, but not in the East where the pious housewife considers it her highest privilege to feed or to help a man dedicated to the search for God.

Herein lies the fundamental difference between the East and the West. A reputed holy man will draw thousands in his wake, eager to serve him or to do him homage. That which draws a crowd in the West is a movie star, a football hero, a politician. Here lies the enormous power over Indian hearts of Mahatma Gandhi. I saw it so many times in India. Even to me, because I spoke of the eternal truths Theosophy speaks of, obeisance was paid. I remember an Indian judge bringing his baby daughter in his arms and making her salute me with folded palms.

“Why do you that?” I asked him.

“Have you not given all your life to God,” he replied, “will not my child be blessed for thus saluting you?”

Yet another Indian judge took me to see a *puja*, a festival in honour of some god. It irresistibly reminded me of a pardon in Brittany. The image of the god clothed in satin and jewels and surrounded with flowers and incense, was paraded in a kind of perambulating shrine, while the priests threw flowers and fruit to the populace. I noticed four priests standing under a large red ceremonial umbrella, chanting *mantrams* and sacred songs without cessation.

"Don't they get very tired?" I asked my host.

"How could they get tired," he replied, "they are chanting the praises of God."

Another time my friend, Mr. Ramaiyer, took me to an island in the river, inhabited only by the lowest castes, consisting of sweepers, barbers and *dhobis* or washermen. One of their number could read English and had procured from somewhere a textbook on Theosophy. Bit by bit he explained it to his friends. The outcome was that they all wanted to form a Lodge of the Theosophical Society, but Mr. Ramaiyer told them that he would form them into a Lodge if they would first build a Lodge Room. This they had industriously done, and now he suggested that he and I should pay them a visit to open it ceremonially.

Up the great river we went in a boat made of a hollowed-out tree trunk. We were greeted by the whole population of the island with torches and a native band. It was nightfall and we were escorted through the rice fields

where the blazing torches were reflected in the fields under water. We spent the night in the *dak* bungalow, a sort of government rest house to be found everywhere in India. The next morning hundreds had gathered around the Lodge Room. Lecture after lecture was given, mine in English, translated sentence by sentence by an interpreter. We went at it all day long, as Mr. Ramaiyer wished to give them all we could, and retired hot and weary to the *dak* bungalow again at night. The morning broke, and I walked out to find people waiting for me outside and salaaming deeply. I was slightly embarrassed.

“Don’t take any notice,” counselled Mr. Ramaiyer, “they all think you are a *yogini* (female *yogi*) and have come to pay you honour.”

The unspoiled Indian heart, how simple it is, how devout! I remember yet another Indian judge who carried with him everywhere that common object of devotion for a *Vaishnavait*, or worshipper of Vishnu, the Second Aspect of the Hindu Trimurti, a tiny carved ivory baby upon a perfectly carved leaf as small as a thimble. The baby is the child Krishna, the bambino of Hinduism. As he showed it to me the tears poured down his face.

“You must excuse me,” he said, “but I love Him so much that I cannot speak of Him without tears.”

“Emotional,” some people will say. But India has a feminine psychology as England has a masculine; that is all. An Indian who

had heard me lecture, came to see me. To my extreme embarrassment he fell on his knees and kissed my feet, his whole voice trembling with eagerness and reverence. I was young then and had only been in the East a short while, and so I fear I got away as quickly as I could. I would not do that now.

I found when I stayed with Indian friends, that two ideals rule deep in Indian hearts. These may not be at once apparent in an Indian thoroughly Westernized, but it is there at the bottom. One is the eternal dream that one day a man will be able to lay aside all worldly obligations and set out alone and penniless to find God. There lies the deepest side of Hinduism, as Rudyard Kipling shows in some of his tales. Consequently a man who has done this, and surrendered every tie—though, according to the *Shastras*, it must be with his wife's permission—is honoured by all India. The worship of the holy man is a very deep instinct in Indian hearts. Of course, it is sometimes exploited by lazy imposters, but very many ascetics are true of heart.

The other ideal of India is the worship of the mother, not the wife. Perhaps that is why every Indian woman desires a son. To him she will become a goddess. There is nothing like it in the West. I remember that dear and valued friend of mine, Mr. Ramaiyer, the clever Indian *vakil*, or lawyer, already mentioned, taking me to his home that I might see his mother, a charming, sweet old lady who could not speak a word of my language so that we

had to converse with signs. As Mr. Ramaiyer and I went away he said to me, with tears in his eyes: "I am a man of forty, yet never have I left my home to go to the courts in the morning without bowing down to my blessed mother's feet."

Hinduism calls the feminine aspect of Deity its *shakti*, or power. The three gods of the Hindu *Trimurti* have each their wife or shakti. It is clearly seen that the one is the expression of the other. For Brahma, the Creator, the Divine Mind or Thought, has as his consort the goddess Sarasvati, the Hindu Minerva, the goddess of eloquence and speech; Vishnu, the Sustainer, the Divine Love, has the lovely Lakshmi, the Hindu Venus, the goddess of beauty and joy; and the great god Shiva, the Destroyer, or rather the Regenerator, has Parvati, the daughter of the Himalayas, the goddess of purity, the Hindu 'Our Lady'.

A missionary once said to me in angry tones: "I cannot get these people to have a sense of sin!"

Why should they have a sense of sin? They have something better, an abiding sense of the mystery and the divinity of all life.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### INDIAN LIFE

**N**OW let me write of India, the land of mystery and glamour. The moment one sets foot in India, one is conscious of an overwhelming Presence. Hoary with dignity and wisdom, the land seems to say to one: "I have a message deep in my bosom. There I hold the secret of the universe." And this in spite of the chattering peasantry, the starving pariah dogs and chickens, the struggle for tips, the universal beggars. How poor India is, how poor! I hardly ever saw a *panchama*, literally fifth caste or out-caste, the original Dravidian inhabitants before the Aryan invaders came, who looked as if he ever had enough to eat. One meal a day is the rule and not much at that. The children have knees and elbows sticking out of their emaciated limbs. They crowded round us, but never with any malice, only curiosity and greed. Their eyes were mild, the eyes of a native nearly always are. An Indian once said to me: "The English have such hard eyes," and so, in a way, we have. Greed of gain, the hunt for material efficiency and wealth, make a man's eyes hard. Only things of the spirit, beauty, love, can make them soft again.

In India, only, can the simple life we used to hear so much about, be really lived. In

ancient days land was communal; a man built a house where he would. It was soon done, bamboo poles set up, the floor beaten, plaited palm leaves for walls. Life is still simple, beds are a thin mat on the floor, no bed clothes are used. Where I stayed in Indian homes, no rooms seemed to be allocated for any special purposes, no glass was in the windows, no locks upon the doors; there was not much furniture that I could see. The hostess always did the cooking herself, over a fire between two stones outside. Her dress consisted of seven yards of straight material, most artistically arranged, without pins, buttons or hooks—I was initiated into the way this is done—and was washed every day. Her hair was always parted in the middle and either worn in a heavy plait behind with flowers stuck in, or else wound into a knot without hairpins.

Her husband's dress was five yards of straight muslin, the last fold passed between the legs and tucked in behind at the belt, constituting a *dhoti*. Over his shoulders he wore a thin muslin shawl, unless he was going to town in contact with Europeans when he put on a thin black alpaca coat. The gentlemen of the household always asked me if I minded their sitting in nothing but a *dhoti* and their Brahmanical sacred thread, which, of course, I did not.

Sewing was hardly necessary, dusting either, except for a sweep round with a brush made of rushes. There were no beds to make. When evening came the members of the family each

took a thin mat from under the stairs, put it down anywhere they wished, pulled their *saris* over their heads, and fell asleep before one could say: "Jack Robinson". I was always astonished at the Indian capacity to fall asleep so quickly. When I was travelling the Eurasian guards would ask me if I minded Indian ladies coming in with me. Why ever should I in their own country? So on one occasion a bevy of gay *saris* invaded my compartment. The little wives were of all ages, and were accompanied by the old grandmother, a very stout lady of unwieldy proportions. As soon as the train started, the whole company with the exception of the fat grandmother threw themselves on the dirty floor and went to sleep. Anyone looking through the window would have thought no one was there except the grandmother and me.

I, too, tried to sleep on a thin mat, but alas! my Western bones were not supple enough, so a kind Indian gave me a little travelling bed which thereafter I took everywhere with me. There is no washing up to do after meals, that bugbear of modern households, for a plate is made of vine leaves pinned together with twigs, or else a big banana leaf, which is thrown away afterwards, while the food is always taken with the fingers. I found that this is really an excellent custom for food tastes much better when free of contact with metal forks and spoons, but it was too difficult for me so they generally found some sort of cheap spoon for me to use. If a hostess wishes to do one a





**Rukmini — exponent of Indian  
classical dancing.**

great honour, she will put the first mouthful into the guest's mouth with her own fingers.

In most houses where I stayed the joint family system still reigned. Perhaps as many as forty people of all ages would be under one roof, the undisputed autocrat of them all being the oldest grandmother. No woman in India, except the emancipated and Europeanised ones, ever earns her own living or remains unmarried. If a widow, she is kept by her nearest male relative. The widow cuts off her hair, wears no jewels, and devotes herself to the service of the others. Indian women are married while still children, and are brought up, until the marriage can be consummated, in the homes of their husbands. The vast network of caste intricacies are responsible for many an unhappy marriage. A husband must be found within the caste and sometimes this is responsible for the marrying of a little girl to an elderly man. Yet I have known many a truly happy Indian marriage, for growing up together weaves a deep bond between the little husband and wife. Some of the horrors described by Miss Mayo in her book, *Mother India*, sometimes do occur, but they are the exceptions and not the rule.

Indian womanhood is the most charming, graceful, lovable creation in the world. In happier days Indian women will take the place awaiting them. They will have a great gift to give us all, for here, of all places in the world, lives womanhood at its highest, loveliest, most distinctive self. The repose, the grace, the tenderness and wisdom of the highest types of

Indian womanhood; is there anything in the world to equal it? She *is* Woman, the feminine aspect of Deity, incarnate. And most of them are not unhappy. Emancipation in our sense of the term does not always mean happiness. The loveliest, most contented-looking woman I ever saw was the young wife of an ancient Mohammedan. She was, of course, in *pardah* and could not be seen out of doors unless veiled in a big white sheet. The Eurasian guard asked me if I would let her come into my carriage. In she came, and two little children with her, her husband meanwhile getting into an adjoining carriage. As soon as the train started she took off her white sheet, and the loveliest being I have ever seen appeared. She looked so young, and yet so content. Her beauty was so amazing I have no words for it beyond the ordinary Eastern terms such as 'Moon of my desire'. I found she could talk English, so we got into conversation. Her husband, a very venerable old man with a long white beard, and voluminous Mohammedan garments, came round at every stop to bring her fruits and flowers. The two children, like all Eastern children, were solemn-eyed mites, dressed in red satin trousers and green satin coats and round black caps. I thought they were both boys, but the mother explained that one was a boy and the other a girl. Until a girl is ten years old she is dressed like her brothers to deceive the *afrits*, or evil spirits, who would hurt a little girl. When she is ten, her hair is allowed to grow and she puts on a *sari* and goes

into *pardah*. The mother also explained that when a Mohammedan woman is first married she spends three months in the same room without ever going out! Yet all this had given her no perturbation and she looked serene and happy.

Another time in a train I saw a much loved Hindu wife. Her husband put her in with me, and she showed me her lovely jewels and the exquisitely embroidered Kashmir shawl which he had given her. Here was another happy wife.

There is a vast tolerance in Hinduism. Six immemorial systems of philosophy exist in it side by side. Sometimes a priest would call on me and wish to discuss with me whether I believed in *Dwaitism* or *Adwaitism*. I think that means whether I believed in the fundamental unity of spirit and matter or in its eternal duality. All I remember now is that such discussions made my head feel as if it had been electrically brushed, such is the subtlety of Indian argument. Such subjects were also a favourite theme for after-dinner conversation in India. I once took part in an Indian dinner party. Quite a number of people had come to my host's house to see and hear me. The evening was falling and all were invited to dinner. A discussion arose. Should they invite me, an outcaste, to dine with them? Half the company agreed to invite me, though by doing so they broke their caste rules. The other half went off into another room. Meanwhile the Brahmins who were with me sat down on mats

around the walls of the room, a few feet apart. I believe there is some idea about not eating the other man's aura. Before each of us on the floor a large, fresh banana leaf was laid. On that our hosts placed a large heap of rice, different helpings of curries, fried potatoes, vegetables, et cetera. A host never eats until all his guests are provided for, and his women folk do not eat until all the men have eaten. Using only the right hand, the left folded behind them, my fellow guests mixed the curries into the rice with their fingers, rolling it up into little balls which they threw into their mouths. An Indian never touches his mouth when he eats nor when he drinks. When drinking he makes his throat straight and pours water or milk down without the brass goblet touching his lips. I was not clever at making the balls so someone found a spoon for me. I found it was quite good manners to call out for what one wanted.

After dinner when we were seated outside the house, the ladies of the household came along with beautiful brass vessels to pour water over our soiled fingers. Then we sat and talked as night fell. The subjects of conversation were very different from those of a Western dinner party. We did not discuss our neighbours, books or theatres. We talked of universals, the things of the spirit, and sometimes politics. I was always with the men, for so many of the women did not understand my language, though they would show me their babies and jewels with many smiles and giggles. I was

anxious to hear the famous musical instrument of India, the *vina*. At last someone was found who could play it for me. A little maiden of fourteen came with a long kind of guitar, the body of which was a wonderfully decorated gourd. Off the keyboard were two lower strings which every now and then she twitched with her little finger. The music was very fairylike and sweet. I loved it. What a pity, I thought, that the exquisite instruments of India, the *vina*, and the northern lute are giving way to cheap violins, played upright on the knees.

Mr. Wadia had asked me to do a tour in India before I left Adyar, and this was how I became acquainted with Indian life and customs. Sometimes the members would put a bed for me in a Lodge library. Recollecting India I was not too astonished to find what looked like heavy grey velvet curtains, but which turned out to be—cobwebs! A bathroom is easily made with plaited palms and jars of water. Once I was put up in a tent in the Palghat Hills. It was here that the President of the local Lodge, Mr. Sesacharya, suggested that we take a special journey to a large school. It seems that quite often a rich man will, when he retires, build a school and generally make himself its headmaster. Just such a school was near another Lodge and Mr. Sesacharya asked me whether I would be willing to start early next morning, get over there by train, talk to the boys in the afternoon and to the Lodge in the evening, spend the night at the headmaster's

house and return the following day. Certainly I was willing, so the next morning at 6 a.m. we entrained for this particular place. We got there about 11 o'clock, and while all the Lodge members and the masters of the school assembled downstairs, they gave me a room upstairs and a native butler to cook a meal for me. That afternoon I talked to the boys. Perhaps nowhere in the world is there a more beautiful audience than one of Indian boys. Their faces will shine with interest and enthusiasm. What wonders could be done with Indian youth properly directed.

In the evening a Lodge meeting was held, and after it we went down again to the headmaster's house for the night. My bed was a hard plank of wood on legs, covered with a sheet. My host said he would send his wife to sleep at my door. When I protested he airily waved his hands, and as I tried to sleep on the plank I heard a heavy body flop down beside my door.

Another amusing thing happened to me once in, I think, Travancore, or Trichinopoly or Ballarat. The members in that town suggested to the local Temperance Society that they should ask me to speak to them. Thinking that I would be talking only to Indians I agreed. But the Colonel of a British regiment quartered there got to hear of it. He, no doubt, thought it would do his men some good, for when I arrived I found to my horror, a large phalanx of British Tommies on the platform with me, all looking extremely hot in khaki, but very

respectful. As all I knew about the evils of drink was its *psychic* effect, I am afraid Tommy Atkins can hardly have been edified!

In that same audience I found some very interesting people. I noticed some there who did not look like the generality of Indians. They all wore white, white *dhotis* and white turbans. They afterwards came up to speak to me, and told me they were a colony of original Christians, who had never been converted by missionaries, but dated back to the time when St. Thomas, whose bones lie in the cathedral in Madras, came on a missionary journey to India. Apparently their Christian beliefs and practices are more like those of the Copts. I wondered if they were lineal descendants of the ancient Essene Order, which two thousand years ago had mission stations all over Asia Minor, for they still dressed in white as the Essenes did, and also possessed other similarities.

Another time I was in Mysore, which had a very enlightened Maharajah. He had town-planned the whole of Mysore so that it looked like a veritable picture of Moorish architecture, and had done many other things to help his people. He had lightened the lot of widows by establishing schools for them. He had a private zoo where the animals appeared to be free by the formation of great ditches surrounding their areas. I chiefly remember the darling little baby tiger wearing a jewelled collar to which was fastened a leash, chaining him to the trunk of a tree. He was just like a playful

kitten, and I am afraid that I spent most of my time with him.

Wandering about the bazaars of Mysore I saw a sight I shall never forget. Down the crowded streets strolled three Persian gypsies, a man and two girls, all wearing the ornate Persian dress, the skirts of the two girls being so full that they swayed round with every one of their free, proud steps. The gait of the youngest girl was magnificent; her head was held high, and in the corner of her mouth a red rose was twirled, while her almond-like dark eyes darted restlessly from side to side, with the most provocative look I have ever seen. She was all fire and life; what a lovely human animal she was!

Mysore lies at the foot of a huge table-mountain on the crest of which stands a little temple. Once a year the Maharajah must ceremonially take the journey up the thousand steps which lead to it. When I saw it, the sun was setting, turning the mountain a deep purple. Its dying rays caught and lit up the golden minarets of the Maharajah's palace, and the scarlet, flaming trees now in bloom in the gardens. I heard trills of silvery laughter. A group of ladies was trooping out for an evening walk; decorum forbade their going in daylight. The green and gold and violet of their gorgeously coloured saris mingled with the beauty of nature in an unforgettable blaze of colour. One of them led by the hand a lovely little boy stark naked save for a silver chain around his waist and silver anklets which con-

trasted marvellously with his honey-coloured skin.

What a pity that certain missionaries teach their converts that it is a sin to go with an uncovered body. I have seen Indian Christians parading miserably in hideous skirts and blouses and sailor hats, and I once saw a wretched infant dressed in the woollies of a Western baby. This in the climate of India. Heaven forbid! The Catholic missionaries are wiser. They let their converts retain their native dress. The old church is very wise. It does not tell their native converts to 'destroy their idols'. It gently explains that they are not rightly named. Thus Saraswati becomes Our Lady and Krishna some saint. Is there not a Catholic Church somewhere in South America where Our Lady wears a black face?

I spent a little time in the Malabar country on the west coast of India. Very curious customs obtain there. A kind of matriarch rules. The wife holds the property which descends not to her children, but to her sister's children. The husband is a lodger in the house. The upper part of the body is generally uncovered both with the women as well as the men. Indeed, I was told that it would be considered the height of discourtesy to enter the presence of the ruling Rajah, called there the Zamorin, with the upper part of the body clothed. The women do their hair in a kind of peak on one side. They tried to do my hair like theirs, but my locks were not thick enough. They also wear gold plaques in their ears, the

lobes gradually stretching to an enormous circle to accommodate larger and large plaques. Queer witchcraft still abounds there; for instance: the priests gash their foreheads with swords, immediately healing the wounds afterwards without a vestige of a scar.

The Brahmins who live there are of a very strict variety. My friend, Mr. Ramaiyer, belonged to this order. I was invited to dinner with the Zamorin. I found he could not talk English, neither could he eat with me as he was a very strict Hindu. But I sat on the floor all by myself with a banana leaf before me, and ate a most delectable dinner, served by the Zamorin's eldest son, who had been to Oxford and spoke perfect English with an Oxford accent. The Zamorin watched my progress, and sent a message by his son to say that it was proper manners to eat up everything placed before me, but as I was English he would excuse me. I was glad to hear that, as in spite of the tastiness of Indian food, a generous host can make one eat vast quantities of food.

Mr. Ramaiyer told me that there was quite an excitement going on in the town of Calicut, where I was staying. It appeared that the Zamorin had established a large school for boys, and had asked for an English headmaster. They sent out to him, as they would be sure to do, a callow young fellow, not long down from Oxford. He walked about Calicut in the traditional cap and gown. But this was the horror! He had instituted the

likewise traditional English custom of thrashing the boys! This in a country which never beats children. Imagine the excitement. Many of the fathers were withdrawing their boys from the school in spite of the fact that it belonged to the Zamorin. What finally happened, I never heard, but I felt a little sorry for the ignorant and inexperienced headmaster who was clearly quite lonely in the native state.

Lecturing in India has its quaint sides. I found that an Indian audience will listen to you all night if necessary, but one must not be surprised if that audience is a moving quantity, people getting up and coming in all the time. I once had an Indian chairman who talked forty-five minutes before I could begin. But what is that in a country which knows no time, and in many places does not even possess clocks. At the same meeting the resident District Collector had been asked to sit on the platform with me. I still smile when I think of him! He was a very stout man, properly dressed in a most unsuitable fashion for the Indian climate. As usual, both he and I were draped in heavy ceremonial wreaths. As I lectured I did not dare to look at him as he sat there breathing heavily, with a big wreath of strongly-scented white flowers round his neck.

Not all District Collectors were like him. I once stayed a week up in the hill country in a little place which had only two white men, the Collector and the doctor. These two men had laid out both a golf course and a tennis court,

and every evening they played each other at one or the other. Then they had also organized a club where they played bridge. They had to play a perpetual dummy for the only other person who could play with them was an Indian judge. So when I appeared they coaxed me into their game, although I did not really know how to play. Still with their help and memories of whist playing with my father, I managed a fairly creditable game.

The doctor was really a wonder. He had completely wiped out mosquitoes and malaria in his district. The Collector, a tall, thin man with a very kind face, told me that his wife refused to live there and had gone back to England.

"The trouble with the women," he said, "is that they will not adapt themselves to changed conditions. They want to have an Oxford Street over here."

I have often thought of him since and it is to men like him and the doctor, slaving away steadily in an alien country and under most uncomfortable conditions, that Britain owes her empire and her name.

Sometimes I was asked to speak especially to the women. My usual audiences would be composed wholly of men, for in those parts no respectable woman would be seen in a mixed audience. So generally a ladies' meeting was arranged in the afternoon, perhaps we would say four o'clock, but of course it was nearer six before things really got under way. As most of the ladies could not speak English

there had to be an interpreter, which was generally some elderly relative. Sometimes the men, hearing that I was going to address the ladies, would come to see me previously. "We want you," they told me, "to impress upon our ladies the necessity of being obedient to their husbands."

"Oh, ho!" I thought, "do you all realize that you are talking to an ancient suffragette?"

But when the time came and I asked the women what they would like me to tell them about, they almost invariably stated two subjects: they wanted me to tell them whether it was true what the priests had told them about hell (priest-craft was as rampant here as anywhere else!) or otherwise to tell them about Mrs. Pankhurst. So her fame had spread even to the most remote corners of India. We used to go sentence by sentence, and the interpreter was sometimes so long in translating my words that I suspected he was putting in quite a good deal on his own.

Occasionally in those days I met what we would now call a Communist. I never thought that bitter, revolutionary talk suited the normal Indian who has a deeply ingrained habit of reverence for authority of all kinds. They also have an uncanny instinct for detecting what we might call a 'real sahib'. Such a one could rule with ease, but woe betide the little man of bourgeois outlook and upbringing.

Indian hosts are very generous. I ceased to admire anything in their homes, for then they would say: "Do you like it? It is yours."

I like their salutation with closed palms. How much better than shaking sticky hands.

This was India, the land of tremendous contrasts, of amazing beauty, of mystic sanctity, yet also the land of dreadful squalor, poverty and disease. I do not like to remember the skeleton dogs, the little bullocks with their tails twisted off, the nervous, improperly broken horses I had to see. I could bear better the lepers who pursued me. I remember one boy of twelve holding out to me two hands from which every finger had dropped off. At least a man can speak, can ask for sympathy from his fellows, but the 'little brothers' of men—what is their fate in the East where they do not kill, but leave to suffer?

I dream sometimes of an India resurrected, purified, free. She could once again lead the world, for there lies her peculiar genius. 'Ex Oriente Lux' is still true. The genius of the West is material; the genius of the East spiritual. There should be a fair exchange for the benefit of all the world.

There is another nation which has a similar spiritual genius, Ireland. Many times in Ireland have I been struck by the cultural and spiritual parallels between the two nations. When Europe and England were plunged in darkness, Ireland was 'the Isle of Saints'. It may well be the destiny of both countries to become that again.





J. Krishnamurti

## CHAPTER XX.

### KRISHNAMURTI

I MENTIONED Krishnamurti. All the world knows him now. When he first came to Adyar he was a thin, little boy with enormous dark eyes and very thick black hair. Watching his slim and graceful young figure playing tennis at Adyar, I used to try to 'sense' his major quality. It always came to me the same way, purity, flawless purity. 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God'. And he has 'seen God'. Of that, without knowing how, I am sure. And what is purity? Something far deeper than what commonly passes under that name. I believe it is spiritual single-ness, wholeheartedness, the purity of a soul which is unified by one high aim, no longer a 'divided self' and therefore impure. And because Krishnaji, from his first ill-taught, ill-treated years, had that deep, almost unconscious aim, he found his goal as all men will whose life is similarly motivated by an unceasing purpose.

There was never a less egotistic person than Krishnaji; how spoiled he might have been with all the adulation poured at his feet, and yet I have never seen him anything but modest and kind. Shy and retiring, on occasions his

sincerity can yet be like a shining Ithuriel spear.

Do I think that he is the Christ? I neither know nor care. That he is himself is enough for me. I have been present at the great camp in Ommen, Holland, when over 3,000 people sat silent, spellbound with the echo of a diviner world, because of a Voice and words which fell from his young lips. Would I ruin that beauty by asking like some hard-pressed journalist, who are you? To every man will come a day when God will be known of his own spirit. To the 'God-conscious' as they pass us by, let us say 'hail and farewell', for it is enough that they have blessed the earth for a moment with their presence.

That Krishnaji is charity incarnate I know who have seen him walk into the gutter that he might be beside the outcast who fled from polluting a Brahmin with his shadow. I saw him in Adyar, in Ommen, in London, in America and in Australia. And it was at two meetings of his that the most wonderful events of all my life took place.

The first was during that Convention of The Theosophical Society at Benares when I arrived in India. Dr. George Arundale was at the time the principal of the Central Hindu College. He had formed a little secret society among his best loved boys which he called 'The Order of the Rising Sun'. Mrs. Besant told him that she did not think it wise to form secret societies among boys. Why not make it a public order and call it 'The Order of the Star in the East'.

It was to bind those together who looked for the coming of a World Teacher. Dr. Mary Rocke asked me if I would like to be its first member. But I wanted to think about it a little more, so in the end I became the 43rd. Then at the succeeding Convention at Benares, Dr. Arundale was selected for a lecture on the newly-formed Order. After it was given, a large number of Indian members said they wished to join. So an extra meeting was quickly arranged upon a Wednesday afternoon during Convention, when Krishnamurti was personally to present certificates of membership to the newly-joined members. No one thought that this would prove anything out of the common, and so quite a number of delegates went sightseeing that afternoon in Benares. Even Mrs. Besant did not think she would go, but Mr. Leadbeater said that because Krishnaji was shy they should go to support him. I went because I never liked missing any Convention meeting.

We all gathered in the Convention Hall. The newly-joined Indian members sat in rows on the floor, while Mr. Irving Cooper, an American member, and Professor Telang from the Central Hindu College, kept order and directed those coming up to receive certificates. I sat on a form at the very back of the hall with Miss Alida de Leeuw as we were already members of the Order.

Before proceedings commenced, as we were all gaily chatting with each other, an interior voice made itself audible to me. "Cease talking

and attend," it said. I stopped at once, and apparently a similar idea struck all the others, for a very solemn stillness fell upon the whole assembly. I noticed Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater sitting with Mr. Jinarajadasa and Krishnamurti's younger brother on a form behind the table on which the certificates lay. They were all looking very serious. I felt an invisible host surround the whole hall, I heard afterwards that the first thing which happened was the arrival of a choir of the *Gandharvas* or heavenly singers, mostly green in colour, surrounding the hall. In that silence the atmosphere deepened and deepened. I can describe it in no other words than to say it was like 'love tangible'.

Then one by one, the first rows of seated Hindus began to go up to receive their certificates. The first five or six men bowed and returned to their seats. Then the seventh man, perhaps he was more sensitive than the others, suddenly fell on his face in the immemorial salutation of the East to a *Guru*. After that, everyone, even Europeans, did the same. Mr. Jinarajadasa suddenly left his seat and joining the approaching throng, salaamed, too. Moving in complete silence the whole hall followed suit. Still in silence we left the hall.

At the door I met Mr. Jinarajadasa. "I suppose you realise," he said to me, "that *karma* brought you here this afternoon."

It was days afterwards before the effect of that wonderful meeting wore off. And during the proceedings it seemed to me that I was

lifted up into a vast interior consciousness in which I saw two things very clearly. First, it seemed to me, in some way impossible to describe, that the walls of the building had gone down and that in some mystical fashion the whole world was present with us. Mrs. Besant told us afterwards that there was not a living thing in the world at that moment which was not touched. Then, I seemed to see that world through the eyes of the World's Teacher, our Lord the Christ. And I saw that though He could quite well observe differences in growth, between large and small, great and petty, to Him that made no difference. Though all manner of differences existed, He had no 'sense of difference'. To Him all were equally important, equally beloved. From that day to this I have never forgotten that. Therein lies, I feel, the secret of genuine spirituality, of true charity.

The next day Mrs. Besant said to many of us: "Those of you who were there yesterday, can no longer have any doubt whose vehicle the Lord will use."

I once learned Sanskrit and my *pundit*, teacher, told me that 'murti' means body or form, so Krishnamurti means 'body of Krishna'.

Years passed. Krishnaji went to Europe. At first he was merely a merry boy who enjoyed fun and even the music of comic opera. I remember when Mr. Jinarajadasa was appointed tutor to him and his brother. They were living in London at that time with the

Brights, relatives of the great John Bright. Miss Esther Bright told me that Mr. Jinarajadasa, who is an ardent devotee of classical music, tried to train his charges in their musical taste, and so hid from them some records of 'The Circus Girl' which they had obtained. But one day when their teacher was out they searched his room, found with glee the forbidden records and when he came home, greeted him with 'The Circus Girl' in full blast.

Miss Bright told me another story about Krishnaji. The Brights had a little house at Esher in the country then, and one day a lady, very much convinced that she knew better than Mrs. Besant what should be done, arrived to tell her this. The others, including Krishnaji, were playing croquet on the lawn. Presently the lady came out again, wearing nothing like so jaunty an air as she had on arriving. The players began to comment a little unkindly about her. Krishnaji intervened.

"Oh! poor thing," he said, "don't let us talk about her."

One day I was taking luncheon at the Brights' home in Drayton Gardens at the time when Dr. Arundale had succeeded Mr. Jinarajadasa as the boy's tutor. Dr. Arundale was an adept at dealing with the Dark Brothers and their pupils. At the lunch table he regaled us with some descriptions of those he had met out of the body the night before. Of course, I was immensely interested.

"What do they look like?" I asked Dr. Arundale.

He replied: "Sometimes they take the form of particularly unpleasant creatures, like a gigantic spider, for example. And ugh! the smell of them!"

"What do they smell like?" I persisted.

"Like the most awful old clothes you can possibly imagine," Dr. Arundale replied.

"Oh, George," put in Krishnaji, "don't let us talk about such things."

I went to the famous Ommen Camps for at least six years in succession. Such a tremendous number of people wished to go that four extra ships for the Hook of Holland had to be put on to accommodate us. The journey up through Holland was easy for everywhere we found the Dutch could speak English. I have noticed the wonderful facility of the Dutch in this respect. A famous Dutch Theosophist, Miss Dygraaf, could lecture in four different languages. I asked her how she did it.

"Well, dear," she answered, "we Dutch learn four languages in school. You see, no one will learn Dutch so we have to learn the other tongues."

The Camps were set out on the estate of Baron von Pallandt. He, himself, dwelt at the Castle Eerde, an old mansion surrounded by a moat, and containing priceless tapestries. Krishnaji would stay there also, and at least three thousand people would be accommodated in tents set out in a wide space near dark pine woods not far from the German frontier. The organization for such a large number of people was perfect. The tents were placed in rows

like the streets and avenues of an American city. Inside there would be tiny canvas beds with straw mattresses. Large sheds were built for showers and lavatories. We had to get up early to have a nice hot shower, and generally had to stand in a queue for it. Meals were served in large tents with rails between them so that trolleys could be run easily, to hold the huge pails from which the helpers ladled food on to our plates. There were, also a post office, a registration tent and a huge tent for the day's meetings.

The evening meetings took place round the Camp Fire, which the Boy Scouts lighted every evening. Seats of gradually rising height were built round the fire place and here as the evening fell, gathered the three thousand people for the great event of each day, Krishnaji's evening talk. We would collect there for a long time before he came, and the different nationalities, some of whom being poor, had walked the whole way thither, would sing their national songs. I remember one night when a girl harpist and a violinist played to us in the open air.

These were the surroundings when the second great occasion of my life arrived. Krishnaji had just dissolved the Order of the Star in the East. Personally, I thought that one of the most magnificent gestures I had ever seen. Alone against the world, that slight boy stood and gave back lands and money to 40,000 people who would have given him all they had.

He had been speaking to us in what I felt

was a querulous way, saying that here we had been expecting him for eighteen years and what had we done? "Krishnaji," I said to myself, "I *wish* you wouldn't talk that way."

All at once he stopped in the middle of a sentence. Then, after a slight pause, another voice spoke, not Krishnaji's, but a deeper tender, beautiful voice. We all knew at once what had happened, and a profound stillness fell on all. I listened with bated breath and determined I would remember the few sentences spoken. As I remember them they were as follows:

"I come, not to destroy, but to fulfil. If you would tread the path that I have trodden then you must learn to love as I love, to understand as I understand. I come to those who love and to those who suffer."

The Voice ceased. After a moment Krishnaji turned and left the meeting. But the rest of us did not stir. In deep silence we sat on without uttering one word; perhaps for the space of fifteen minutes we sat thus. Then, one by one, still in complete silence, we stole back to our tents, saying no more that night.

I have never forgotten that night, nor ever shall. Sometimes His words come back to me. Why did He say, "I come to those who love and to those who suffer." I can see why now. Because if we love or if we suffer, we are alive. If we do neither, we are temporarily dead. But then I recall older words that said: "Even the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live."

Krishnaji had such charming simple ways.

He said to us one day that he would stand for an hour under the tree by the post office, and would we all come and speak to him. Emboldened by this invitation, I took along a photograph of him which I had bought for a member who could not be present. I found a quite orderly queue, waiting to have a word with him. Just in front of me stood a little old lady of Slav birth, I would think. Krishnaji had been talking about the 'Kingdom of Happiness'. I noticed that he described the same state of consciousness by different terms each year. One year it would be 'The Pool of Wisdom', another 'The Kingdom of Happiness'. Another time he would name it 'The Beloved', and the best one of all, to my mind, was 'The Deathless Joy'. The little old lady folded her hands in her eagerness.

"Oh! Krishnaji," she whispered, "how can I find the Kingdom of Happiness?"

Krishnamurti took her hands in his, bent his head and said softly—I only caught his words because I was close behind—"Just you love everyone." How simple, how sweet, how just right for the simple little soul that enquired of him.

The Indian scriptures say that in the presence of a 'God-conscious' man, involuntary healing sometimes takes place. I can give two instances of this which came under my own observation. Touring in England I stayed with a member who was really a trial with 'nerves'. Staying with her again, sometime later, I found her serene and steady.

“What has happened to you?” I asked.  
“Where are your nerves?”

“I went to the Ommen Camp this summer,” she replied, “and when I came home I found my nerves were cured.”

The other case occurred at a camp I attended. A certain French member brought along his son who was suffering from insanity, hoping the camp might help him. Whilst there the boy recovered, and at the last meeting, the father, insensate with joy, suddenly stood up, crying: “*Krishnaji a fait un miracle !*” He was persuaded to leave the meeting, and the Dutch doctors said he would be all right next day, as he was merely *exalté*.

I saw Krishnaji at camps in America, too. I remember on one occasion there I was walking down the hill with my hostess when we met Krishnaji walking up with the four-year-old daughter of Mr. Montgomery Flagg, the artist, hanging on his arm, with her long silken fair hair swinging behind her.

“I see, Judith,” said my hostess, “that now you have a new beau.”

“What’s a beau?” enquired Judith of Krishnaji.

“O come along,” said he, “what a good thing you don’t know.”

It was also at a camp at Ojai, California, that Krishnaji did the same thing as he had done at Ommen. He invited us to come and talk to him in a little house in the camp grounds. Down I went, and found a group of people waiting their turns while Krishnaji saw them in an inner room. From that room

I presently heard the most delightful peal of laughter. Krishnaji was laughing, but what laughter! It was pure joy. Do you know the difference between laughter which is joy and that which has no happiness in it? The door opened and out came the most bedizened and painted little cinema actress that ever I had seen. I wondered what she had been saying to make him laugh like that.

Another time I arrived in Seattle just when a great concert producer had arranged a meeting for Krishnaji in a local theatre. The meeting was to take place that afternoon and was advertised: 'J. Krishnamurti: Poet, Philosopher and Friend'. Every seat was sold, but I was given a chair in a friend's box on the stage. Krishnaji came on to the stage alone. There was no chairman. He looked a little frightened, I thought. He did not speak for so very long, and then asked for questions. After a few moments they began to roll up. They were all written on strips of paper and most of them were quite good questions. But one was amusing. Evidently, like many Americans, some girl present thought that any Easterner was surely a fortune-teller, for she asked: "Shall I marry the man I love?" Krishnaji read it out and the audience broke into ripples of laughter.

"Hush! Hush!" he ejaculated, "don't laugh. Because you all want to ask me questions like that," and he smiled at them.

Then reading the question once more, he replied: "I think you will, if you want to hard enough."

After the meeting the young men present lined up to shake him by the hand. Poor Krishnaji! I heard he had to stay in bed afterwards; such is the penalty of celebrity.

The last time I talked to Krishnaji I was sailing from America to Australia, and saw him the morning before leaving. Some of our members had been perturbed because they had heard that he had told us not to think about the Masters of the Wisdom.

"Krishnaji," I said, "tell me, do you not believe in Their existence?"

"Oh! Miss Codd," he answered, "does it *matter*?"

He would not give me a direct reply, because he would not be made another authority to be quoted, but I saw his eyes, and they told me that he knew of the existence of the Adepts quite well.

Then he looked gravely at me. "You know, Miss Codd," he said, "I haven't any motives."

He left me to think that over for a minute then went on: "Think, you will see that all your motives, even the highest, are connected with self. Now, if you would reach the truth that I have found you must not have any self."

I have seen him off and on at other times. Now, he has grown older and grey. What was his mission? How do I know? We lost over ten thousand members from the Theosophical Society over him. Never once did he make me wish to leave the work and the thought which has meant most to me in life.

But he has enormously purified and enlarged my concepts of it.

How many times have I been tackled about Mrs. Besant's prophecies concerning him and his work, which, if taken too literally, may be said to have failed to come true. Now, I once heard Mrs. Besant talk about how she received instructions from her Master. She said that usually He did not speak to her by word of mouth, or even in astral vision, but by impulses sent directly to her causal body. It then became her duty to bring that impulse down and put it in mental terms, which would, of course, be coloured by her own outlook. Even then, to express it in words she had to bring it still further down.

This is what I think happened. The original impulse was a true one. Krishnaji *is* a spiritual teacher of unexampled purity and power. He *has* a message for the modern world. Indeed, I sometimes think his age-old message is clothed by him in such modern terminology as to be almost psychoanalytic.

Bringing that impulse through, both Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater *may* have materialized it too much, finding in their own brains the old Christian thought-forms of their orthodox youth. What does it matter? It is not the Teacher, but the Truth that he brings that counts. And even that truth may not be truth to everyone of us. I know now that the Way, the Truth and the Life lie within our own deepest hearts, and no teacher can do more than set us searching for them.





**The Author as a young lecturer.**

## CHAPTER XXI.

### WAR EXPERIENCES

**T**HE day came when I must set sail again for home. I did not know whether I would really be able after all to spend my time teaching Theosophy, for I knew that at that time our English Section was not very rich. So I evolved schemes in my head of, perhaps, being able to go out charring by day so that I could lecture by night. But one morning Mrs. Besant saw me and called me to her.

“Child,” she said swiftly, “I have arranged with a wealthy American friend of mine that you shall receive £100 a year—I think that is enough for one person—and I am sending you back to England to lecture.”

I think she had heard favourable accounts from Indian members of my lectures. Thus my future was assured after all! Later this patron passed me over to the British Executive, and I now receive whatever the different sections of The Theosophical Society can afford to give me.

I remember so well my last night at Adyar. The ship was to sail early in the morning from Madras and I and my luggage must reach the port in good time. A military official, staying with us for the time, offered to lend me his sayce and bullock wagon. The great white

oxen and their venerable driver encamped on our grounds for the night, ready to take me to the shore at dawn. But I didn't use them after all. The head of the Theosophical Publishing House, Mr. B. P. Wadia, came in with the news that a railway strike had broken out and the consignments of 'The Theosophist' for Europe would be held up. If, however, they could be got off by the morning, they could yet catch the mail by another route. So he commandeered my bullock wagon and I never went to bed at all that night, but sat throughout the night with others, including Miss Mary Neff, working with all the speed we could muster, addressing labels for the magazine and packing sacks full of it. The morning broke; we had done it!

Someone got me an early breakfast and called a native cab. Thus I left for a time the shores of Mother India and turned my face homewards to the work that the years would bring me.

For two years I had dwelt almost exclusively in an earthly Paradise. Now I was entering the great world again, and I soon noticed some extraordinary changes in myself. For one thing, a tremendous, unshakeable peace held me, so wonderful that I wondered if feeling thus I could now endure torture. To a certain measure that has never left me again. Another phenomenon I encountered. Originally I was a very shy and self-conscious girl. Now, every person I met looked so very familiar, as if I had known them all my life. That, too, has re-

mained with me. There are no 'strangers' now in life. When I reached London a most unpleasant experience awaited me. For a good three months after I entered London I felt as if I were plunged deep down in some dark cellar. This feeling gradually wore off, but I can remember it vividly still.

During my short little lecturing tour in India before I left, I had found my lecturing power enormously increased by residence at Adyar. I mentioned this to Mrs. Besant, who replied: "Well, you don't expect to live in this glowing atmosphere without growing inside, do you?"

For the first few weeks I went back to my old duties as Librarian at the Theosophical Headquarters in London. Then I was sent on the road, and within two years, I had visited every Lodge in the United Kingdom.

Then in 1914 World War 1 broke out. I was in London during those fateful days, and like everyone else, trembled with anxiety lest the Liberal Government should not at once go to the aid of gallant little Belgium. What an awesome moment it was when midnight came and our ultimatum expired with no answer from Germany. War! I remember Mr. Lloyd George's exhortation: 'Business as usual!' The first few days brought a run on the banks. I went to Oxford Circus to shop. Not a soul was to be seen in the great shops, and I saw the shopwalkers wringing their hands.

Our Theosophical General Secretary just then was Dr. Haden Guest. He went at once

to France and came back with a woeful tale of hideous inefficiency and utter unpreparedness. He said that he found in one place, a very large number of wounded men with only one doctor and one nurse to look after them. He called for volunteers, trained or untrained. Quick as lightning, he roped them all in, put each company in charge of a trained nurse and sent them at once to France. I believe he finally organized at least three field-hospitals. I volunteered at once, but he would not let me go.

"Look," he said, "I can get as many nurses as I want, but I can't get another lecturer. You must carry on."

So I carried on all through the war. The others told me terrible tales of what they experienced. One sensitive little man was turned into a hospital orderly and was stationed on a hospital boat on the Seine. His duties were to empty the bedpans of the typhus patients. One day a sharp wind arose, and as he was leaving the boat the wind blew the contents of the bedpan all over him.

I found myself travelling all over England, generally in trains full of troops, for ordinary travelling was discouraged. Sometimes I would be the only woman in a long train full of troops. I remember one occasion when I found myself packed in with Tommies at the end of a very long train, so long that the heat from the engine did not reach us in the bitter cold. Long delays and the fact that our carriage was too far from the platform for tea to reach

us, did not improve our spirits. The men began to grumble, but the young corporal in charge reminded them that this was not in the best tradition of the British Army.

"Never mind," said one of them, "wait till we get to Cardiff. Toffy (or some such silly nickname) will look after us. He'll see to it."

Toffy, I found, was the young captain in charge. Clearly the men regarded him in the light of a mother-nurse-teacher all rolled into one. Presently he came along and I looked at him with interest. He had a short clipped moustache, and the air of a public school man, but he was very much of a man. The train jolted on again and still tea had not reached us. I had some sandwiches and chocolates with me. I suggested we should all share these, though it meant not much more than a mouthful all round.

There was another occasion on which I shared a carriage with two old ladies and three Tommies back from the front. The train drew up at Grantham, and tea-trays came along. I looked at the two old dames.

"Let's treat a Tommy each," said I.

So we each gave a tray to a Tommy as well as ourselves. One of the men, a Yorkshire lad, who had been through thirty-three engagements without a scratch, had with him three German bullets he was taking home, or rather he had two entire German bullets and half a one. On leaving the train he thanked us for the tea, and presented the two entire bullets to the two old

ladies, handed me the half, as being the youngest of the trio, no doubt.

But not always did I meet soldiers as cheerful as these. I shall never forget the face of one boy, he could not have been more than eighteen, who sat opposite me in a train. His eyes looked as if they had gazed into the nethermost pit of hell and could never again forget.

An interesting experience came to me. I had just returned from a tour in the north of England when a telegram arrived at Headquarters. The Australian troops were then quartered in large numbers on Salisbury Plain and the Australian Y.M.C.A. had arranged a week's tour of their camps for a Frenchman speaking on France. He had fallen ill, and Dr. Bean, one of the Australian members over with the forces, suggested that I should be invited in his place to describe India. Would I go? I went that afternoon. A Y.M.C.A. official met me and I spent a week at their headquarters. Every afternoon and evening I was conducted to a meeting somewhere in camp. One time it would be a 'sing-song' at which someone played community songs in the middle of which I would be asked to give a little talk. I tried to make it amusing and found that very easy, as soldiers are the easiest people in the world to amuse. The mildest joke will set them off into roars.

They were all very friendly to me. When my bit was over they would come in turn to have a few minutes' chat with me. The pro-

cedure was always the same. Each man would drop into a chair beside me, and begin acquaintance by pulling out the photos of his mother or sweetheart or wife. I did not just then realize that the slang term for an Australian soldier was 'digger' and I heard it so often that I bewilderingly came to the conclusion that nearly all Australian soldiers must have been 'gold-diggers'.

On another occasion I was addressing about a thousand gunners in a huge tent. I generally talked about home life in India, but I thought I would take the opportunity of giving them an idea or two of our philosophy. So I mentioned that our Indian brothers believe that we come back again to live other lives on this earth. At the close of my talk, a tall, hatchet-faced Australian stepped up to me.

"I know your Mr. Leadbeater in Sydney," he said. Evidently he had twigged what I was, anyhow.

One afternoon Dr. Bean took me to talk to the Lock Hospital of which he was an officer. I almost wished I had not gone. So many of the men there wore such extraordinary expressions, shame-faced, resentful, hopeless. I saw boys of seventeen and eighteen there.

About this time extraordinary tales began to come from the front. All will remember the famous story of the angels at Mons. Mr. Arthur Machen claimed that one of his stories gave rise to the legend of the angels guarding the retreat from Mons. But I heard a fully detailed account from a Major Cannon, who if he

had lived, intended to write an account of what he saw. He described them to me as gigantic golden figures, standing between earth and sky. Another young officer told me that during that terrible retreat when sleep was impossible and the men were tried beyond the limit, he found himself marching as in a dream with shadowy, shining figures walking by his side.

Then there was the story of the Comrade in white. That tale came from all the battle fronts on both sides, and a painting of it was exhibited in the Royal Academy. It interested me enormously, so very discreetly, mingling so often with the troops, I made quiet enquiries. I found two men who could corroborate the tale, one a young Yorkshire lad, and the other an experienced Irish sergeant. In substance their tales were the same. Let me give it as I remember it given by Sergeant Casey.

He was lying, he said, desperately wounded, in a shellhole in No-man's land. Night had fallen and he entertained no hopes of rescue. The moon came up, and suddenly he heard very quiet footsteps approaching. "Who could it possibly be?" his fever-ridden brain asked. Then he saw a shining white figure standing beside him. The figure bent down and lifted him up, and with that touch the pain in his wounds seemed to ease. Silently, without a word, the unknown carried him until they arrived at a road where the hedge was still standing. Here the shining apparition laid him down beside the hedge and disappeared. When morning broke

a Red Cross party came by and took him into a dressing station.

Who was the shining one? Was it the Christ? The soldier thought so. But knowing something of the forces of the invisible world which surround us, I might read it thus: Some great one, a Master of the Wisdom, or his pupil, roaming psychically over the battlefield at night could so easily materialize a temporary body, in order to lift and aid a wounded man. As is the case with all temporary materializations the body would appear slightly luminous. And it may well be that such a one would elect to wear the traditional appearance of the Saviour, as less likely to startle the man to whom he came than his own appearance would have done. Yet again, how do I know? It may have been the Lord Christ, Himself, for I know He is not far away in some heaven beyond the sky, but is here in the surrounding invisible planes which He has not left, nor will He leave, until we, His younger brothers, come with Him.

Other helpers, of a much lower degree of power, were busy in the war, too. I think many people do not realize how potent intense thought and selfless love are to save and help. Another young officer told me a beautiful story. With three other men he was having dinner in a shell-wrecked cottage at the front one night when he suddenly heard his mother's voice, although she was in England at the time. In his ear, she seemed to say: "Come out! Come out quickly!" Startled, he did not stir for a moment, and again the voice spoke even more

urgently. At that he got up and walked outside. Scarcely had he left when a shell fell on the cottage, demolishing it and killing the other three men.

How did his mother know? I can only suggest the following explanation: The mother was asleep at the time. Thus temporarily set free from her physical body she gravitated to where her heart lay, to her son in France. Just before an event precipitates here, it looms like a picture in the astral light. The mother in her psychic form saw this and in her intense desire to save her son made her voice audible to him, probably quite without knowing how she did it.

Yet one more story must I tell. A woman of my acquaintance lost her only son in the war. She became so crazed with grief that the doctors feared for her reason. She told me the following tale herself. She had just got into bed one night when she saw a circle of light forming at the foot of the bed. Presently her son's head and shoulders appeared and he began to speak.

"Now, mother," he said, "listen to me. I have got someone to help me do this and I shall never be able to do it again. I want you to realise that I am well and happily occupied and not far from you. Pull yourself together, mother dear, and cease to grieve."

He then disappeared, but the effect on my friend was instantaneous and remarkable. She quickly recovered her health. She was not of the calibre of another mother I knew who lost

all her four sons and went out to bless their graves with her lonely tears and prayers. Nor yet of still another whose only son died so gloriously that he was awarded a posthumous V.C. She was due to attend a Lodge meeting the day the news arrived from the War Office. She came as if nothing had happened, and when we offered her our sympathy, said: "My dears, you need not sympathize with me. Ever since I heard the news my heart has been full of light." To her, indeed, death did not spell defeat and loss. Nor did it to the mother of the young General Congreve. Dying, he left directions to his mother that she should attend his funeral dressed in white and that a wedding peal should be rung on the bells of the village church where he was to be laid to rest. Like the Chinese saying, he felt he was about to become a 'guest of heaven'.

I knew an Irish soldier in Cork who was cured by the Little Flower, St. Thérèse of Lisieux. He was tossing restlessly one night, extremely ill in a Cork hospital. The night nurse nodded at her little table. Suddenly he saw a little nun floating down the ward between the beds. She stopped when she reached his bed and looking at him over the foot, said: "Pat, you will be well in the morning." And he was well, greatly to the astonishment of doctors and nurses.

This same soldier showed me photographs he had taken on the entry of British troops into Servia as it was then called. They came to a Servian village, just one street long. There

was not a soul left alive. All up the street on both sides lay rows of dead women and children, most of them stark naked, and by the position of many of the women one could see what fate had been theirs before death struck. That is what war means for women in conquered territories.

Another curious experience came my way. In an English cathedral city I came across an incumbent who had been quite a famous padre in the war. He had organized in his industrial parish a working-man's parliament. He asked me to speak at it and afterwards took me home to the vicarage to tea. There we got on to the subject of Christopher, his little son.

"He says such queer things," the father told me. "He said to me the other day, 'You know me father, you know me quite well; Don't you remember Pierre Armand in France? And, dash it all! I *did* know a chap called that. But how did he know?'"

I told him an occult account I had heard, how in order to help the more rapid development of the world approaching an age when both war and poverty will cease to be, a certain Adept had determined to bring back to almost immediate incarnation the most promising boys from all fronts. Evidently here was one, though I have met more than one since. Having the same psychic form they are quite likely to remember circumstances connected with their last incarnation, especially the manner of their deaths.

Christopher's father was immensely impressed. Sometime afterwards when I was in America I received a letter from him. He had written a little book about Christopher and his remarks, soon to be published.

I was in the industrial city of Bradford when November 11th, 1918, dawned. Never shall I forget the first of all Armistice days. Every shop voluntarily shut. We all streamed into the streets with happy, smiling faces, shaking even perfect strangers by the hand. The universal friendly instinct in humanity was alive. Politicians, diplomats, big business betray it so often. I remember how world idealism and hope rose to its highest with the enunciation of President Wilson's famous 'Fourteen Points'. On those honest pledges Germany surrendered. The betrayal of the world came afterwards. Don Fabrizio Ruspoli, who at that moment was serving as naval attaché to the Italian representatives at the Peace Conference, told me how sick at heart he felt as he watched the framing of the peace. Wilson was impotent in the clutches of the 'Tiger' Clemenceau, and most of the peace-makers present betrayed a woeful ignorance of the customs and even the geographical whereabouts of the countries they were so ruthlessly cutting up.

The aftermath is still with us, for this last war was not World War II, but the continuation of World War I; it was all one war with an uneasy interlude between. Why is there no one big enough and generous enough among all the rulers and statesmen of the world to

lead a world which aches with weariness and misery towards nobler and truer goals? Fear and greed dog all our footsteps. But fear and greed never yet made a world. Only trust and generous co-operation can do it. Perhaps humanity has yet more bitter lessons to learn. Can the women of the world save us since the men seem so unable? I hold ever in my heart a picture I saw recently. When the Germans were turned out of Czechoslovakia about two hundred women and children decided to trek along the railway lines to reach, if they could, the British zone in Berlin. They had to pass through a bitter, alien population, on whom they were dependent for food. Of the two hundred, only ten reached their destination. I saw the photo of the last ten dragging wearily into Berlin. One young mother, with deep shadows beneath her eyes, hugged a lovely little curly haired boy who had somehow survived the horrors of the march. But alas! he had survived only to die when they reached their goal. I knew these were our enemies. I knew of the unimaginable horrors of the Belsen and Dachau camps. I had heard from those who had seen it for themselves. Yet here, epitomized, were all the mothers of the world! And I swore internally that never again must such things happen, that never would I cease to fight the battle against ignorance, selfishness and greed.

I know a time is coming when both poverty and war will cease for evermore. That time is not too far distant. But there is still a weary

way to go. And never shall I cease to believe  
in the ultimate triumph of the divine in man.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### LECTURING IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND WALES.

**D**URING these years of work in England, as I became known in the great industrial towns, audiences increased. They reached their peak soon after World War 1, perhaps because so many people were looking for a more satisfying philosophy of life, some deeper explanation of these extraordinary times. At Cardiff, Southampton, Bradford, Manchester, Glasgow and Belfast we often attracted regular audiences of over 1,000. In Bradford, where I spoke in a picture house Sunday after Sunday, the clergy of the neighbourhood became perturbed, and they gave a series of sermons upon the subject: 'Modern Menaces to Christianity.' These were always enumerated as three. First, Spiritualism, then Christian Science, and lastly Theosophy. I felt it was quite an honour to be included as a menace with two bodies of enormously larger following than ours!

London was not so easy. London is always difficult to work. I grew to love the North best of all England, and that affection remains to this day. There is something about the Yorkshire and Lancashire people that stirs my enthusiasm. They are direct and out-spoken to a degree. There are no 'frills' on them.

But what integrity is theirs, what honesty and strength of purpose, what truly warm hearts. No wonder they call Yorkshire and Lancashire the 'backbone of England', and say that 'What Manchester says today, England says tomorrow'. How proud I was when they called me 'La-a-ss' and spoke of me as 'our Clara'.

But what is true of the North is true to a certain degree of the whole British working class. In honesty and generosity and a sense of another man's rights, in kindness to the weak, he is beyond the peasantry of any other country in the world. I saw that in the war. There was not a British regiment that did not have an animal 'mascot'. One of the training orders to the Guards is 'Make much of your horses'. Those who have seen dead horses on a battlefield, gashed to pieces by bayonets to make them still drag guns, will understand that a nation which is kind to animals cannot be too unkind to a defeated enemy, with their women and children. I heard of a British Tommy in the retreat to Dunkirk. The German tanks had borne down on the fleeing refugees, mowing some of them underfoot. A dead mother lay by the road side. The Tommy picked up the still living baby and tucked it up his jersey. He brought it to England where today it is adopted.

Bradford Theosophical Lodge in those days was under the leadership of Mr. Harrison, an old pupil of H. P. Blavatsky. I shall never forget one wonderful meeting that occurred at Bradford. We had arrived at the last of a long

series of lectures held in the Thornton Road Picture House which seats 850 people. The subject was 'The Coming Social Order'. As I ceased speaking the whole audience rose to their feet wildly clapping and cheering. They would not stop and I looked towards Mr. Harrison to restore order. The tears were pouring down his face.

"I can't speak," he muttered, "you do it."

Then as we came down the passage way, a stalwart young miner burst out from the crowd with shining eyes and grasped my hand in a mighty wring.

We also used to have enormous meetings like that in the Gaiety Theatre in Manchester, of which the famous Miss Horniman was the lessee. Over 1,200 people would come Sunday after Sunday and we would take as much as £20 a night in the collections. I think both at Bradford and Manchester this was largely owing to the splendid organizing which was done, for in both places I had the services of experienced Labour men. The same thing happened at Glasgow, Cardiff and Belfast.

At Manchester one day, I had a most amusing experience. One of my great friends there was the Editor of 'The Manchester City News', Mr. Cuming Walters. He had been a particular friend of Miss Marie Corelli, and showed me rare photographs of her and many letters. He was the president of the Manchester Shakespeare Society, and I was asked to speak to this group. I chose as subject, 'An Occult View of Shakespeare,' intending to

collect the many utterances in his plays which clearly show his knowledge of occultism. However, I never had time to do this quite completely, so as the evening approached I decided I would deal with Shakespeare himself. So I proceeded to set forth the view held by occultists which approximates to the Baconian theory. What a hornets' nest I stirred. The room resolved itself into two armed camps. It appeared that quite a number of the Shakespeare Society were secret Baconians, including my chairman, Mr. Walters. Now they came out into the open and war was declared. I cannot describe the fierce battle which ensued, unless to say that it must have been like a row between Catholics and Orangemen in Ulster.

At Manchester, too, the minister of Cross Street Chapel invited me to address his congregation on a Sunday evening, on the subject of 'What is Theosophy?' He made me get into the pulpit. I have spoken in other churches and I find it a wonderfully easy atmosphere to speak in. I expect the atmosphere of a church is more akin to Theosophical thought than that of a theatre or movie house.

Nottingham was another town which drew a good response, the papers there including me in a series of 'Sunday Preachers'. Birmingham too, and Bristol were always good.

At Leeds I often got quite amusing questions. At most places the lecture was followed by a short period devoted to questions. In early years these might have been of a provocative or belligerent nature, but now

such questions rarely reach me. At Leeds a lady with a sad face asked me if we ever married the same person again in another life. Hoping to please her I explained that that quite frequently happened. Someone near the platform gave such a huge sigh that the audience went off into gales of laughter. Again in Leeds a man once asked me if animals had souls. On his knees had quietly reposed throughout the lecture a little terrier. Upon my answering that animals did live for a time after death, the little terrier cocked his ears and uttered two short barks as if he were saying: "Hear ! Hear !"

It was also at Leeds that a venerable looking old clergyman attended. He looked at me so earnestly that I inwardly congratulated myself on impressing him. What was my astonishment when at the close of the lecture, he rose and said: "Well, I never heard such rot in all my life!" But that was not the end of the story. He came to all the other lectures, and when the last one came to an end, he rose and remarked that he had been much enlightened, which I thought was very honest of him.

I have had some very distinguished chairmen, but once I had one who told the audience not to believe a word I had said ! On another occasion a nervous little military man took the chair for me. Curling his legs round his chair with fright, he announced that he would now ask Miss Codd to deliver her lecture, she was always so entertaining ! In-

structive, I hope he meant ! A naval officer who chaired for me shouted as if he were giving orders for gun-fire. But the worst chairman I ever had happened at a lecture in the Steinway Hall in London. I cannot imagine where he came from. He announced at the close of my lecture that he always judged the worth of a lecture from the amount of the collection.

"Now," he said, "what is Miss Codd worth to each of you ? Half a crown all round, I would say."

Needless to say we had the smallest collection on record.

At Cardiff a little man used to wait for me after every lecture. He brought with him a huge Bible whose leaves he would flip over with incredible speed to read me certain texts. At the last meeting, there he was again. Would he still be asking me what I had to say to such and such a text ? No. Shaking an admonitory finger at me, he said: "Young woman, just you stop talking all them things, or you'll be struck dead."

Once in Torquay an eager little lady asked me if we would ever be able to do without food. Yogis in India and Thérèse Neumann, the Bavarian stigmatist, as well as St. Catherine of Siena have gone years without food or drink.

One very interesting man used to come to my classes in Liverpool. He was a big burly docker, but I discovered upon getting to know him that he was a life-time vegetarian because he had never liked meat, and was also a

natural clairvoyant. He was unmarried, and kept a home for his sister who was insane, so that she should be as happy in her own home as she could be. The worst of it was he used to bring along with him another docker who apparently worked always with manure, for he would come in big boots covered with it and in five minutes the room almost became unbearable for anyone else. My friend the clairvoyant docker joined up as a stretcher-bearer when the war broke out. He subsisted all through the war on chocolate and cheese instead of meat. He learned French very quickly and the last I heard of him was when he told me that he had procured a place in a French Bank. I smile when I think of him for he used to write poetry and send it to me to read. Once he wrote a poem to me which was entitled: 'The Lady of Light.'

Socialists occasionally used to ask me to tell them what Theosophy was. I spoke to such a group in Bristol. As I proceeded I noticed a man at the back of the hall getting redder and redder. Presently he could not stand any more. He arose in wrath.

"What's all this 'ere talk about Gawd," said he, "because there ain't no such person."

At another socialist group I noticed a man getting very perturbed. Suddenly he arose.

"Brothers," he said, "don't it strike you that this 'ere Theosophy is another dodge of them damned capitalists to blind the eyes of us poor men."

But not all the men thought that. One once came to me, as I have already mentioned, with tears in his eyes.

“Do you know what I think Theosophy is, Miss?” he asked; “I think it is the spiritual side of socialism.”

And so it is.

Another time I was talking to a group of miners up North. I had been lecturing on the subject of the life after death. A big fellow at the back of the hall got up for a question. He wished to know if the lecturer had ever seen a ‘spurrit’? I had once seen the ghost of a dead man and wondered if I had better own up to it, so I decided to say that I had, once.

“Huh!” he said, “the only spurrits what *you’ve* ever seen have been inside a glass!”

A Theosophical lecturer must get used to being considered an oracle on all questions. It might surprise some if they knew of what extraordinary confidences I have been the recipient, and what problems I am sometimes called upon to solve. I remember meeting at Portsmouth a charming young naval officer’s wife with a lovely little boy of ten. Her husband had been away for a year or two on war duty, and meanwhile she had made great friends with another naval man. He had fallen in love with her and although she still loved her own husband best, she consented to a liaison with this other man, “because,” she said to me, “I thought that having let him go

so far it was only playing the game to go the whole hog."

What troubled her now was that her own husband was back and she was very happy with him. But her conscience was troubling her. Should she tell him what had happened? Her instinct for honesty impelled her. She sought my advice. I told her that I thought it would be quite criminal of her to destroy the happiness of a husband she really loved and a little boy who was the delight of them both, merely to satisfy her own desire to be honest.

"If you want to punish yourself," I said, "take that as a punishment that you can never get it off your chest, but must carry it with you so as not to hurt two innocent people you love."

Another frightful confidence was given me in Australia. A queer woman wanted to tell me something. It appears that fifteen years previously she had roomed with a girl, who, like herself, was a restaurant waitress; one day this woman had a baby which she immediately strangled and then burnt to bits on the fire in their room. What was troubling my confidante was that she had never told anyone of this crime, and still wondered whether she should have. As she told me the gruesome details I expect I showed what I felt in my face.

"Are you very disgusted with me?" she asked.

"No," I replied, "I am not disgusted, but you are making me a little sick."

Three other experiences I must tell. I was lecturing in London on the subject of reincarnation, when an elderly lady stepped up to me at its close.

"Oh! my dear," she said, "I have never heard anyone speak of reincarnation before, but I believe you. Let me tell you why. Some-time ago, when I was passing through a very sad and troubled time, I was just getting into bed one night when suddenly my bedroom in London faded away and I found myself in an ancient Roman house. I looked down at myself and found I had on the robes of a Roman lady. Holding on to me was a little girl whom I recognized, for she is again my daughter in this present life. All round us were huddled the slaves of the household, and our hearts were full of fear, for the air was dark and full of fumes and falling ashes."

She discovered afterwards where this must have taken place. It was during the destruction of Herculaneum by the sudden eruption of Vesuvius. From Pompeii several escaped, but not from Herculaneum, which was situated nearer the burning mountain.

"We could not escape," she went on, "we were waiting for death. Into the darkened room came a man friend. He brought with him two little vials of powerful poison that my child and I might die a more merciful death."

Those who have seen the plaster casts in the museum at Pompeii know what kind of death they thus sought to avoid.

"I gave my little girl the contents of one

vial," she continued, "and was quietly preparing to take the other one myself when one of the slaves in an agony of terror appealed to me to let her have it. So I gave it to her, and I supposed I must have died in the ordinary fashion, but by this time I was coming back to my ordinary consciousness and my London room was re-appearing. As I came back I heard an invisible being speak. 'You have been greatly privileged,' it said, 'thus to recall the circumstances of your last incarnation. You will be able to take a great step forward in this.'"

She joined the Theosophical Society and her daughter is with us to this day.

Another time I was lecturing on reincarnation in Bristol. In the course of the lecture I mentioned that sometimes memories of the past come back in dream form, a dream that continually recurs in exactly the same form. I noticed a young tram conductor in the audience looking very interested. Afterwards he came up to me.

"You've explained a dream I have had all my life," he said. "In this dream I am with a number of other men in a large house with pillars, and we all have on togas with red borders. I suppose that must be a life of mine in ancient Greece."

I remembered enough history to place it. "No," I said, "I do not think it was Greece. It was Rome, for the Roman senators alone had the right to wear the red-bordered toga. It was the insignia of the Patrician order."

Here before me was clearly a reincarnated Roman noble. Had he come down in evolution? I am often asked. I do not think life regards our social distinctions in quite the same way as we do, but this is probably the answer. Nowhere in all the world was it possible to have the proverbial good time as was possible in ancient Rome. I suspect that this young Roman noble had such and did not take the duties of his estate seriously. Hence, he is born this time in circumstances where he has to work hard, but that will not do his character any harm.

The third story occurred in the Channel Islands, in the Island of Jersey, where we have a good Lodge. Again I was talking about reincarnation. Sitting in the audience was a South African lady now resident in Jersey. She asked me to come home with her and spend the night. Soon I found why. She wished to ask me about her little boy who was born in Jersey. When talking to his teddy-bear in baby fashion he talked Zulu.

"Now," she said, "I am a South African and I know Zulu, but how does he know it?"

I explained that sometimes if a child dies before it is seven years old, when the Divine Ego comes fully into play, it will often reincarnate again in a few years, quite often coming back to the same parents as a younger child.

"Did you never have another child?" I asked her.

“Oh! yes,” she replied, “when I was first married in South Africa, I had a little boy, but he died.”

“Do you not see,” I said, “that he has come back to you, and has even brought back the memory of the language he talked with the Zulu servants?”

I have told this true story to professors, who will sometimes talk learnedly to me about ‘ancestral memory’, but to me the answer is clear.

A funny thing happened the first time I went to Scotland. I had always heard that political orators like Scotland best of all. I found a marked difference in the psychology of the audiences there, and again in Ireland. A Scottish audience is not so easily swayed as an English or Irish one. They look at the speaker with a calculating air as much as to say: “We’ll have a think about this.” The Irish curiously enough, have a materialistic streak in their nature. Do not think an Irish audience is mystical and romantic. Not a bit.

We were in St. Andrew’s Hall, Glasgow. Someone asked me a question, but I could not understand it, so I asked him to repeat the question, saying that I had not caught his German accent. What a roar went up! It was very broad Scotch. Glasgow was best for lectures, but Edinburgh was lovely to look at. I went to Aberdeen, the city which is said to be as hard as its granite houses. There a Congregational minister took the chair for me. He told me that his ministry always recognised

two forms of speakers, the propagandist and the evangelist. He considered that I belonged to the latter class. Aberdonians are the butt of many a joke. I suppose everyone has heard the tale of the stranded Scotsmen in a far-away country who decided to have a Scotch dinner. The Edinburgh man brought some Edinburgh rock, the Glasgow man some shortbread, and the man from Dundee brought a fine jar of marmalade, while the man from Aberdeen brought his brother.

I spent a lovely summer with some friends on the Island of Arran. It rained every day, but that did not matter. As we sailed down the Kyles of Bute, we passed the Islands called the Cumries. My host told me of the minister of the Wee Cumry who prayed on Sunday in kirk for the people of the island and also for the people of the British Isles, "which Thou knowest, Lord, are adjacent to this island."

One day, trying to climb a mountain I saw a lovely sight. Outlined against the horizon stood a herd of deer, gazing down at me as I climbed.

I loved Forfar and the Grampian Mountains, Stirling and its dreary old castle, and the double church which has an altar at each end, facing east and west. It was at Forfar that a little shopkeeper said to me: "Do you know, Miss, that you smile with your eyes?" I am glad I smile with my eyes.

One night I stayed in a very old Scottish mansion. It was hundreds of years old and had reputed ghosts. I was put in a room that

was lined with red silk, and had an enormous bed which one reached by a small ladder. As long as the great wood fire lasted I felt fairly safe, but when it died down, sleep fled from my eyes. However, I saw no ghosts!

Go to Scotland in the summer. The winter is too cold for me. I was in Glasgow in the winter and I felt as if my whole brain were frozen. No wonder the Scots rule the earth. They are such a hardy and sterling people. Wherever I have gone in the world I have so often found a Scotsman in control. Heads of banks, chief engineers on boats, ruling residential magistrates, Scotland forever! Here is a pleasing tale. England is a little country ruled by the Scots, hated by the Irish, and utterly ignored by the Welsh. I remember a lovely thing in Wales. In a country school there, the mistress told me of one of her little pupils, an angelic-looking child with 'fey' eyes, who was often late at school because the fairies asked her to play with them. One Welsh father solemnly assured me that his baby had been stolen by the fairies, and I heard of a species of 'werewolf' in Wales, where a woman used to take the form of a huge black cat at night.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### IRELAND

**I** WAS thrilled when I was sent to Ireland, for this was the land of fairies and legends. I crossed from Holyhead to Belfast, where we drew tremendous meetings in the Ulster Hall. And I might mention in passing that never anywhere in the world did I have such excellent newspaper reports as I had in Ireland. An Irish reporter told me that their reporters were better trained than the English ones. Be that as it may, the facts are as I have stated.

The first night I was in Belfast I asked my hostess' maid whether she ever saw the fairies. Imagine asking an English maid that! But Bridget took it quite naturally.

"Yes, Miss," she said, "when I look out of the kitchen window at night I always see the fairy lights dancing over the hills."

Then she told me a story of how the fairies had bewitched her father and kept him walking round and round a field all night, but the Philistines may easily suggest another reason for that!

It was in Donegal that I met a most interesting family, a mother who was a practising doctor and her seven children. Mother and children all saw the fairies. They had, so they told me, a pet leprechaun in the

house. A great game was to try to catch him, but they had never succeeded yet. When I asked what he looked like, they told me that he had a funny little wrinkled face, jumped like a rabbit, and was speckled black and white. That struck me, for our great seer, C.W. Leadbeater, had already told me that the fairies of Northern Ireland are mostly black and white. The mother, also, heard clairvoyantly a strange voice which dictated verse to her. No name was ever given her for these verses. Only numbers. I read some of them. They had a hauntingly strange, ethereal quality.

Soon, I went south to Dublin. Here was the real Ireland. Ulster is more like transplanted Scotland. Dublin is a feminine city, like Paris and Bath. I arrived when a great republican demonstration was in progress. The republican army marched by. It seemed to include many little boys. In Merrion Square, crowds were milling round platforms with famous speakers. I listened to Count Plunket stating in a rolling Irish brogue that the British giant had feet of clay and would soon be beaten to his knees. I heard Countess Markievich shrieking wildly. I went to hear De Valera, who struck me as a man who knew how to appeal to the crowd, though now he strikes me as a true statesman. There was the sister of the young Cork mayor who had died of hunger strike in gaol. Most dignified and pathetic of all was the little white-haired mother of the young Irish poet Pearse, shot for treason at the outbreak of the rebellion in the war. She

almost broke my heart, so quiet she was, so sweet, so hopeless.

The crowds cheered wildly, and getting tired of the racket, a kindly Irish soldier piloted me to a cinema close by. There I found the pictures of Lord Allenby's advance in Palestine being shown and being just as loudly cheered! How truly Irish, I thought. Do they really hate us, or only when they remember to do so?

I was put up once in Dublin by the veteran Mrs. Despard, Lord French's sister. She was hiding refugees from the Black and Tans at the time. I spent some nights at her sparsely furnished house, and lived with a marvellous picture. It was a large painting by Æ (George Russell) called 'The Dreamer'. A man lay asleep in a canoe and bending over him on either side stood two tall shining figures, the devas he loved to paint. Because I was with Mrs. Despard, the 'rebels' all came to hear me, among them the poetess, Eva Gore Booth.

I wanted to meet George Russell, so one day someone took me to his room in Plunket House where he did such splendid work for the dairy farmers of Ireland. I found a stout, extremely hirsute gentleman (*The Irish Times* called him the 'hairy fairy') seated at a roll-top desk. There seemed no other furniture in the room beyond the desk, some chairs and a typewriter, but the brown walls of the large room were covered with great golden figures of Irish gods and fairies.

“I get tired of them after a while,” said Æ, nodding his head at them, “and then I paint them out and put in new ones.”

For two hours we talked, or rather it would be more correct to say that he talked and I listened. And wonderful talk to listen to, it was, too. He told me how he first began to see the fairy world when just a youth. Seated one Sunday on a lonely hill near Dublin he heard a peculiar call which was answered from another hill. Presently two shining figures appeared. Since then he had seen many others and had tried to paint them, but was not at all convinced that his efforts were successful. For in that other vision the fairy denizens of the inner world appear translucent, with a light illuminating the forehead and spine. He had tried to indicate this by depicting them as having a star on the forehead and a kind of radiation like a Red Indian's feathered head-dress, but he was not sure that people really understood what it meant. He showed me a large canvas he had painted of the Women of the Sidhe (pronounced 'shee'), the gigantic devas of the West Coast of Ireland.

Then he went on to recount a series of visions he had recently had, and asked me what I thought their meaning might be. I see he has described them in his book: *The Candle of Vision*. The first vision showed a lonely circle of mountains. In the valley between, a short, dark young man stood; suddenly a blaze of light and glory descended from the heavens upon him as a veritable afflatus. This he took

to be the coming Avatar or Teacher, and I agreed with him. A second vision took its place. This was of marching feet and rolling drums. The sky seemed red, blood-red, and full of rolling smoke. He thought this meant the Irish rebellion, but I suggested the world war. The third depicted a baby in a cradle with a blue-cloaked woman bending over it. This he thought meant the mother of the Avatar, but I wondered if it symbolized the birth of a New Age. The last showed Ireland lit with fire, shining in glory from end to end. That is easily read. May it come true.

Goodbye, Æ, you have now gone home to your beloved gods. I am glad I met you.

The then General Secretary of the Irish Theosophical Society was Mr. Pielou, brother-in-law of the Irish poet, James Cousins. He was quite an antiquarian and suggested that he should take me to see the mysterious underground temples at New Grange. So one day we took the train to Drogheda, and there chartered an Irish jaunting car which took us the 20-mile drive to New Grange. One must get used to the sideway seats of an Irish jaunting car or it is quite easy to slide off at corners. I remember riding down Cork with my luggage strewn in the road. We stayed a while to view an ancient church with a baptistry built by St. Bernard of Clairvaux. The frail old lady who let us into the church had the true Irish violet eyes. I do not remember having seen them quite like that before.

We drove through magical country, teeming, I am sure with fairy life. In fact, the whole of Ireland, like India, holds a mystical secret. We passed the Hill of Tara where the ancient Irish kings were crowned. We saw the Hill of Slane where St. Patrick lit the first Paschal fire in defiance of the king. Then we came to New Grange and to the ancient tumuli. It was very lonely country, as indeed a large part of Ireland is. In a deserted field we saw two vast mounds overgrown now with trees and surrounded by monoliths. A tiny doorway gave entrance when unlocked. We passed down a leaning passage, lined with slabs upon which a kind of cuneiform writing was engraved. This writing still remains undeciphered. We could not stand upright, and we carried candles as it was completely dark. At last we found ourselves in a large, silent hall whose domed roof we could see, on lighting lanterns, went very far up. At one end of the hall, and at two sides there was a kind of alcove, holding a sarcophagus. In the centre was another, making four in number. They could not have held a body laid out straight, only in the position held by the foetus before birth. I feel that long, long ages ago they fulfilled the same purpose as the sarcophagi in the Pyramids of Egypt. They held the unconscious body of the initiate while his soul passed into Hades and learned the secrets of life and of death. I have heard that the peculiar round towers, whose entrances require

a ladder to reach them, were used in a similar fashion.

After we had emerged from the silence and stillness of the underground, Mr. Pielou and I sat and lunched among the trees which had now grown over the mound of the temple. And he told me many a tale of ancient mythology and history, the story of Finn M'Coul and his Fianna, an ancient militia the great general organized; the stories of Grania and of Deidre, than which there is no sadder and sweeter in any tongue. And of the great Irish Avatar, or incarnation of Deity, the Hero-god who was yet man, Cuhulain; how when he was dying, slain in battle as was his brother-type, King Arthur, by the treachery of his knights, he willed as king and hero to die upon his feet. So with his ebbing strength he lashed himself to a sapling, and as his body dropped to death, the 'hero-light' shone round his head, as Eastern tradition says it shone round the dying Buddha, for Cuhulain was god and man.

An interesting sight in Dublin is the old Church with vast vaults where nothing will decay. A piece of beef put there will remain fresh for weeks. The verger showed me round, pointing out that the velvet and brass on ancient coffins were still bright. He also showed a more gruesome object, the body of a young nun some hundreds of years old, taken from her coffin with her form still intact though now wearing the appearance of grey leather. Her feet alone were missing. I wonder why?

The verger took us into vault after vault, most of them belonging to old Irish families. He drew our attention to what looked like vast grey velvet curtains. They were enormous cobwebs!

In Dublin I also met an interesting university professor. He related to me the story of his miraculous renewal of health. For a long time he had been terribly ill. His nerve was completely gone. Nothing agreed with him and he was so weak that he generally stayed in bed. One day he heard an invisible voice speaking to him. This was the last straw. "I am now going mad," he thought.

"No, you are not going mad," countered the voice, "but if you will do as I will tell you, you will become perfectly well."

The voice then told him to give up dieting or any régime, to eat anything he fancied, to do what he wanted to do, and to get up then and take a bathe in the sea. He got up, bought a pound of chocolate and ate every bit. Then he went for a bathe, and began to feel astonishingly better. Within a fortnight he had regained normal health, the voice directing him all the time. As soon as he was well he heard it no more, though occasionally, even now, at some crisis or another, it will give a word of advice.

In Ireland it so often rains and I remember one wet, dark evening when I was coming out of a lecture hall. Outside I found a poor, shivering little woman waiting for me.

"Oh! Miss," she said, "I wanted to tell

you. The priest would never let me belong to you, but I wanted to thank you, because you have taken away the fear of death from me."

That was one thing I could not bear in Ireland. The vast, richly-appointed churches in the midst of terrible squalor and poverty. I generally go to a Catholic Church wherever I am, because I love its beauty and serenity. And so I would go to the different churches in Dublin, and to my horror, the verger would not let me pass unless I put sixpence in the plate. For sixpence I could sit in the central aisle. But I sat there almost alone, for the rest of the miserably poor congregation, only able to afford threepence, were herded into the side aisles like cattle at market.

I remember, too, in the pro-cathedral in Belfast, hearing a monk, fat and well-fed in appearance, give a sermon on Hell. He went into the most astonishing details. First he described the burning heat of Hell. He asked us to picture the hottest furnace we could imagine and told us Hell would be a thousand times hotter. If someone were to come to us there and say that at the end of a million years we would be let out for one minute, how we would look forward to that minute, but it would *never* come. Then he went on to describe the smell of Hell. He asked us to picture what it would be like to spend a night amidst rotting corpses. The smell of Hell would be like that only a thousand times worse.

I hoped there were not too many sensitive children in church, and if there were I prayed

that the angelic forces would prevent such horrors being too deeply imprinted upon their consciousness. That is my one quarrel with the Catholic Church. They keep the mind of man prisoner through fear. I remember being invited to meet a young American priest when I was in South Africa. He was quite charming to me, and when I told him how I could not tolerate the teaching about Hell, he replied:

“God never puts anyone into Hell.”

“Oh!” I said, “then who puts them there?”

“They put themselves there,” replied the priest, and my hostess, a devoted Catholic, chimed in with “And serve them right! Serve them right.”

I was next off to Cork, memorable for two happenings, one being a ghost! Meetings went well in Cork. At the back of the room sat a boy and girl, lovely, ardent-looking young things, evidently brother and sister. I went to speak to them.

“Do you know what I have been thinking all the time you were talking?” said the boy. “I was thinking what a splendid rebel that woman would make.” He did not know that I have been such once.

I spent a night at Fermoy, in a country inn, where I heard a ghost. I had hardly got into bed when I heard shuffling footsteps coming down the passage. The handle of my locked door turned and a heavy body lurched against it. A drunk, I thought, but it went on practically all night. In the morning I told the chambermaid.

“Oh, no, Miss,” she said, “that wasn’t a drunk. It’s the ghost. He always does it to that room.”

What a mercy I did not know that the night before!

I was due to return to Dublin, but near the route lay one of the sacred mountains of Ireland, Slieve-na-mon, near Clonmel. I found that by starting very early I could break my journey there and still reach Dublin that night. At Clonmel I hired a jaunting car to take me to the mountain some three miles away. The driver said he knew a woman who had a motor car she hired out. He would take me there to see if she could take me. I arrived at a little cottage. Yes, her son could take me, but meanwhile I must have some breakfast. She would not hear of my going without. So she made me some hot tea and toast and a boiled egg as I sat by the kitchen fire. When I offered to pay her for it she stoutly refused. The ramshackle motor took me to the foot of the mountain. I offered to pay for lunch at a nearby farmhouse for my driver who would wait for my return, but he indignantly refused.

I did not quite reach the top of the mountain, which is the highest of a lonely purple semi-circle of peaks, as there was not time, so I saluted the gods who are said to dwell on its summit and turned back. Local tradition says that he who spends a night alone upon the mountain will awake in the morning either a poet or mad. Our great seer, Mr. Leadbeater, told us that mighty Devas congregate

there, guarding an invisible sacred fire, a fire that will live again in some far-off future, when man's mortal eyes shall be cleared, and the gods walk once again with men.

I had taken what I thought a short-cut up the mountain which proved, as so often, anything but a short way, so coming down the hill in a hurry, among the bracken and heather, I lost both the heels of my shoes. Only uncomfortable nails remained. I could not go to Dublin like that, so on the way to the station I stopped at a cobbler's who drew the nails out for me. He, like everyone else, refused to be paid!

I went up to Dublin in heel-less shoes, but what does that matter in Ireland? Into my carriage got two kindly youths, their possessions bursting from extremely decrepit suitcases. So we were all very shabby together which in Ireland does not matter at all!

Ireland at that time was full of the fame of the 'Little Flower', the most beloved saint of Christendom now. She had not then been canonized. A mother superior lent me her 'Life', and to this day I bless her for it, for no one in all the world has taught me so truly in what consists the spiritual life as has St. Thérèse of Lisieux. The Irish newspapers had often the whole back page filled with nothing else but thanks to the Little Flower for benefits received.

I wanted to see the wild and romantic West, and had made arrangements to lecture in Galway, but I was called home and took the

passage across the Irish sea. The ship that had crossed the night before had been torpedoed and all were lost. On board with me were four young men who had been very anxious to take the previous night's ship, but their car kept breaking down and so they very fortunately missed it. Evidently it was not yet their time to pass over.

Ireland, how I love you! The unspoiled Irish peasant is nature's gentleman. I would like to see you happy and prosperous, but do not leave our Commonwealth of Nations, we need you, for you are truly the Tir-na-og, the Land of the Ever-young, and who knows but that one day the fair god-like races, the Tuatha-da Daanan, may return.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### EUROPE

**F**RANCE is a land of fair distances, of long avenues of poplar trees, of immense flower-strewn, undulating plains, dotted here and there with fascinating mediaeval chateaux. I always think of the Bourbon and the Valois when I am there, and wish that France had a king again, for like the Welsh, who being Celts have the wrong religion, so France has the wrong kind of government. The genius of the French lies in their culture as they are one of the most cultured people in the world, and in their clear mentality, their mordant wit. They should be the land of great nobles, great gentlemen and true kings. Perhaps no nobility on earth has such signs of race as that which remains of the French nobility, unless it may be the Austrian and Hungarian aristocracy. One looks at them with the same pleasure as one views a graceful racehorse. The English aristocracy has not the same purity of descent, being continually recruited from the ranks of big business. I remember when I first saw France, passing through on the way to Geneva. The train drew up in the early morning at Dijon, and I looked out over the morning mists and the poplar trees at a lovely country.

It was in the train going to Geneva that a sweet little event took place. A French workman in a blue cotton blouse got in, bringing with him a pretty little girl. No sooner did she catch sight of me than she danced across the carriage, climbed up on my knees and began patting my cheeks, saying: "Maman! Maman!" The people in the carriage began to laugh, while the workman said apologetically that I much resembled her mother. Perhaps the mother had died.

The French give me the impression of a sad people, a people whose day has passed. The physique of the French has never recovered the devastating Napoleonic wars, which killed all the tall men. Their aristocracy has now largely disappeared, and they are a nation of peasants, passionately attached to the sacred soil of beautiful France. How shall I forget the Forest of the Ardennes, and the mountain passes into Switzerland? I once went on a motor journey through Belgium and France to Switzerland. The Dutch and Belgian roads are often made of red bricks bordered with poplar trees. We spent a night at Bruges, and I was never tired of looking at its famous Belfry, so plain and dark and yet so completely satisfying. On the way we came to Domrémy with its statue of Joan of Arc in the middle of the little town. We visited Joan's home and the church where she worshipped. There I met a lady who showed me a very remarkable photograph she had taken.

Curiously enough after all these years I saw it reproduced the other day in an American journal. It shows the interior of the Church taken just after a British flag had been donated by her. Faint but perfectly distinct appear two monks in ancient vestments identified by an authority as being those of St. Joan's period. And the lovely Forest of the Ardennes! Is there anything in the world as beautiful as a real forest? I hope war has not destroyed it.

French society has one little drawback. High and low they discuss 'économie'. The French peasant is not the intellectual and cultural equal of the British 'working-man'. That is true of all countries. The British labouring class leads the world in its genuine hunger for knowledge.

Paris is the dream city of the world. I cannot wonder that the French did not wish it destroyed in the war. It really is more or less town-planned, for from the Arc de Triomphe the streets run outwards like the rays of a star. There is a fascination about the French capital that cannot be equalled anywhere else. I love the houses, I love the midinettes and baker's men to be seen early in the morning. I wandered round the Louvre, from which I only remember three unforgettable things; first the Venus de Milo, I had often seen plaster reproductions of this famous Greek sculpture. But they are travesties of the reality! And who but the French would think of giving her a circular room all to herself. There she stands in incomparable beauty, the

loveliest thing in the world. Then I remember three pictures painted by an artist who was going blind. As day by day the light of earth faded for him he painted the world as he saw it then. I found them infinitely touching. And lastly there were the magnificent sculptures of Auguste Rodin, than whom surely there is no greater master. My favourite is 'Le Baiser'. The simple dignity and tender love expressed by that naked man and woman remains forever with me.

The French Society has a very beautiful Headquarters in the Square Rapp, Paris, built largely through the generosity of a French family, the Blechs. M. Charles Blech was on a ship going to India with me once, and I shall never forget his gentle, charming presence. The Headquarters is built rather in a Moorish style of architecture, and on the outside wall there is a huge symbol of the Society in stone mosaic. I first made its acquaintance during the first world Congress of the Society, a Congress which is now held every seven years. Delegates from all over the world met in the beautiful lecture theatre. The summer weather was exceedingly hot, so one day Krishnamurti, with charming grace, took off his coat and announced he was going to sit in his shirt-sleeves. Of course this is always done in America, but Europe was not used to the idea. At once the English and Scandinavians followed suit, but rarely did a Latin thus strip himself.

I remember we had a series of discussions at which the chairman Mr. Wadia, would allow

each speaker three minutes. The official languages were English and French, and M. Emile Marcault who had an English mother, was chosen as official interpreter. He only made one little mistake at which we all laughed. A French member said that the great way for each of us to help the work was by making ourselves channels of the higher powers. She used the French word 'Canaux', and M. Marcault, translating literally, spoke of making canals of ourselves.

Dear M. Marcault, I used to call him St. Emile. He was thin and ascetic-looking with large and beautiful eyes. He had been professor of psychology at Pisa University, but Mussolini had sent him back to France, preferring to have Italian-born professors. He is a very learned gentleman, and once I sat listening to him in Leeds. Next to me was a very simple girl and her mother. She evidently did not understand a word of the lecture, for presently she turned to her mother and said: "I can't understand how a man with such beautiful eyes can talk such nonsense."

I told St. Emile afterwards!

An American lady present joined in the discussions, carrying a large Bible which she continually struck calling it 'The Book'. Did she stick by her three minutes allotment? Not a bit! Again and again the chairman pulled her jacket. She merely shook herself free.

"I don't care about your three minutes," she said, "I am going to finish all I want to say." And finish it she did!

How lovely the great E.S. meeting was at that Congress. M. Chévrier, the head, considered the harp the most divine of all instruments and the music of Debussy the most suitable for esoteric meetings. So a famous harpist who belonged to us, Madame Maugham, played Debussy before our proceedings, on her harp in a little gallery.

Another lovely thing was an afternoon given by the French Round Table, an organization for the young. The Chief Knight for France had composed a long poem called 'Poème de la Vie.' This she recited to a soft undercurrent of music, Wagner's Parsifal, played by a little string orchestra with muted strings. On the stage were arranged three little platforms with a ladder between each. The top one almost reached the ceiling and had a little door. During the recitation, a lovely child came slowly down from the top platform to the second. Immediately several little children dressed in blue, seemed to awake and, dancing round the heroine, draped her in a blue chiffon cloak. This represented her entrance into the mental plane. Next, she descended to the third platform, where sleeping children again woke and danced round her, dressed this time in rose colour, and placing over her a rose coloured cloak. This represented the emotional plane. At last she reached the stage itself, symbolizing the earth plane. Here were placed two or three groups representing mankind at different levels of evolution. Draped by the earth spirits in brown, the Soul now visited each of these.

At last the time came for her to return. She began the ascent to the third platform, drawing with her by the hand one or two others. As she appeared on this little platform the attendant spirits took off her brown cloak. Again she mounted to the next when the rose cloak fell away and finally, the blue one also. On the top tiny platform she stood clothed in white and knocked at the door. It opened and a youth stood there with a crown on his head. She knelt before him and he crowned her also. Then facing the audience she stretched out both arms in blessing, and the poem and music came to an end. I must say that this lovely mortality play was to me the high light of the whole Congress. I was deeply touched.

And the Swiss, what can we say of them and their wonderful little country, but that they are the hosts of the world, and very clean, honest and kindly hosts at that. Perhaps this has stultified the intellectual growth of the Swiss, for they did not impress me as a clever race in spite of the presence of the genius, Carl Jung, in their midst. But one thing did impress me very much in Switzerland. The best of doctors will see one for the tiny fee of from five to ten francs. When I compared that with the fees of Harley Street, I fell to wondering.

It was again in Geneva, in Switzerland that I attended, years later, another Theosophical World Congress. This time we met in the Hall of the League of Nations, generously lent to us for the occasion. We each sat at a large table. Underneath it a disc could be turned and ear

phones were attached. There were eight points to which one could turn the disc, and at each one heard through the ear phones a current translation of the speech being delivered, in any one of eight languages. This was done by an interpreter sitting in a little booth under the stage, and speaking the translation into a telephone simultaneously with the speaker. I thought this was quite wonderful. I suppose that was how the speakers at the League of Nations understood each other.

At Geneva I saw again some of my American friends. The American General Secretary, Mr. Sidney A. Cook, had brought over such a lovely blue and silver car that it attracted Swiss crowds wherever it was parked.

Italy, like Germany, I have seen only in passing. I once had a four days' stay in Venice, waiting for an Italian ship to India. There were seventy-four of us all going out to the great Jubilee Convention of the Theosophical Society, and so the shipping company had docked £20 from each of our fares. We set off from London in driving snow. Snow was still falling when we entered the St. Gothard Pass. But at the other side we were greeted with sunshine and fair weather. We arrived at Venice late at night. A full moon was shining overhead, and four of us, three General Secretaries, of England, Ireland and Wales, and myself, chartered a gondola to take us to our hotel. How still and lovely it was swinging around the canals and under the pointed bridges.

Next morning, the President of the Venice Lodge came to call on us and to take us to see all the sights. We saw the wonderful palace of the Doges, still in perfect preservation. Going through the torture chamber with the instruments of torture kept in four corner cupboards, we passed over the 'Bridge of Sighs' into the vast prison upon the other side of the canal. There were two passages on the bridge, divided by stone screens. Over one passed those condemned for life; over the other the lesser criminals. Our guide took us down to the inky dark cells, now lit by electricity, below the surface of the water, where prisoners were chained to stone walls until they died in perpetual darkness. There was a warder's room with bed and table, also in darkness, but I suppose he had a light. In the tiny cells under the roof of the prison, Giordano Bruno spent eight weary years, before the Church tortured and burnt him upon the Field of Flowers. It is said that he told his judges that to know how to die in one century was to live for all centuries to come. And it is said, too, that just before his death, the Master, whom he knew and loved, and whom he knew and loved in this life, too, came to him in the approaching hour of his death. "Courage, my son," he said, "yet a little while and you will be with me."

How can anyone describe Venice, one of the world's loveliest cities. There is another city of dreams, Budapest, but does it still exist? The marvellous churches, halls and private palaces of Venice are as richly chased and decorated on

their exterior walls as their interiors are. Most of the private palaces seem to have steps leading into the water and gaily decorated poles to which the gondolas are tied. The tide being the inland sea of the Mediterranean, has very little rise and fall. Sometimes the water would come up higher than usual and flood all the lower rooms of the shops. When this happened low planks on trestles were put everywhere in the shops and on the pavements for us to walk on, dry shod.

Of course we all went to feed the pigeons in St. Mark's Square, where the famous Campanile stands. These birds have been fed by the town for centuries. Twice a day an official trails corn all over the square. There are little carts selling pokes of corn with which to feed the pigeons. Do not try to give them anything else, for they will despise cake and crumbs. Seeing that you have corn the birds will come fluttering down in hundreds, and balance themselves upon your outstretched arm in layers one upon the other. I thought that surely now I would be able to stroke their silky backs. Not a bit of it! Try as I would they were always too quick for me.

When we were seated at meals near the window of the hotel, smiling handsome little Italian beggars would hold up outstretched hands for alms. The Italians are naturally a happy-natured, smiling people. Fascism took away some of their smiles.

The plethora of pictures, largely by the great Venetian painter, Paul Veronese, was almost too much. As the English General Secretary said, he had seen enough paintings in four days to last

him the rest of his life. We went to Cook's office to get our tickets exchanged, and as I sat waiting my turn I heard two young men, fellow passengers, talking.

"Gosh!" said one to the other, "have you heard? We have seventy-four Theosophists on board. Won't it be *awful*?"

As a matter of fact it was the reverse of 'awful,' for the Welsh General Secretary, Mr. Peter Freeman, whom we made the 'Captain' of our party, turned out to be a very capable organizer. Not only did he take the whole seventy-four of us in charge, but he took the ship, and lectures, games and concerts became the order of the day. We had with us two very stout Russian ladies. Faithfully, every morning these ladies did wonderful exercises. One morning Mr. Freeman was up on the bridge and presently the Italian Captain, who could not speak much English, became very interested in watching what these ladies were doing from his vantage point on high.

"Vot are they doing?" he enquired of Mr. Freeman. "Are they vorshipping the sun?"

The ship, which was the old German 'Pilsner' restored and renamed 'The Pilsna,' was beautifully decorated. There was much less formality than on an English ship. The stewardesses wore tiny lace aprons with no caps like a lady's maid, not the starched uniforms of an English ship. I liked it. I asked some of the stewards and stewardesses how they liked Mussolini. They were dead against him to a man, telling me many gruesome tales about him. The head steward

had two little kittens he adored. He would set them up side by side on the buffet and feed them till their little sides bulged. One day another steward threw one down the passage and frightened the little creature so much that it clawed the walls with fear. I took it to my cabin and succeeded in soothing it. Just then a friend came in and I told her the story.

Suddenly the poor little kitten awoke from its quiet sleep and went mad with fear again. I suppose I made vivid thought-forms and the kitten sensed them as all animals are more or less psychic. In South Africa I knew a huge German who owns a travelling circus. He is a lion-tamer, but he never used whips or force with his lions and tigers. He says to control animals you must use thought power, and he enters his lion cages with nothing more than a tiny twig for protection.

When I returned from the great Convention I was on the Pilsna again. This time most of my companions had long gone home. I had been detained in India by rheumatic fever. On board on this trip there were a large number of Catholic priests and nuns, and we also had the Papal Legate, Cardinal Lepicier, with us. A lady passenger, who was an ardent Catholic, asked the Cardinal to talk to me. So one day he consented to have a conversation with me. He was a very courtly, cultured old gentleman. We discussed Theosophy, but I found that the only brand of Theosophy he knew anything about was Rudolf Steiner's Anthroposophy. He was very diplomatic with me.

“You see, dear lady,” said he, tracing an imaginary line upon his palm, “so far we go together, and then further on our paths diverge.”

I afterwards heard that he was made Archbishop of Paris.

He held a Catholic service every Sunday morning on the voyage. There being a goodly number of English present he preached to us in very good English. He was a gentle and saintly man, always beginning his sermons with the words: “My dearest ones.” The last Sunday before we got into Genoa, he told us that the Holy Father, the Pope, had empowered him to give his special blessing where and when he thought it advisable.

“For the Catholics,” the Cardinal announced, “it is requisite to repeat so many Aves and Paternosters, but of course this does not apply to the Protestants. So I shall give the Holy Father’s blessing to you all. At least, my dearest ones, it will do you no harm.”

So we all knelt and received the Pope’s blessing. I could feel the power that came with it, as it would always come from a sanctified and sincere man.

Before reaching Genoa, we stopped for a day in Naples. ‘See Naples and die,’ they used to say. The lovely, circular bay shone blue in the sun. We were to be a whole day there and everybody went off sight-seeing. There were three things we could do: go up Mt. Vesuvius and peer into its crater, take the trip to the lovely Blue Grotto near Capri, or go to the ruins of

Pompeii. I chose this last and with four other people hired a motor to take us over.

Shall I ever forget that ride? There seemed to be no rule of the road in Italy. Our driver drove furiously, but when I suggested that he go a little slower I soon found that would not do, for there were such enormous holes in the road that by going quickly we could jump over them. If we went slowly we stuck! However, we arrived in time at Pompeii. It is an intensely interesting place. All is practically intact with the exception of the roofs of the buried houses. The narrow streets had deep ruts from chariot wheels, and every now and then, stepping stones across them for passengers in wet weather. There were still the great vats for the wine, and the cooking vessels, and even round cakes and buns now completely ossified.

The walls of some of the houses had beautiful frescoes. I noticed in one house many angels on the walls, pre-Christian angels, all with a blue nimbus instead of a golden one as usually seen. Presently we came to a house whose door was padlocked. The young Italian guide said woodenly:

“Gentlemen only allowed in here. The ladies will kindly wait outside.”

When the men came out again quite a number of them looked very sheepish.

Soon we came again to another locked house, and our guide said the same again. I thought this was too bad.

“Why,” said I, “shouldn’t the men stay outside this time and the ladies go in?”

But no one took any notice of me.

At the entrance gate to Pompeii there is a museum, where can be seen the plaster casts of people who were overtaken by the flood of lava and thus crystallized. They were rather terrible to view. There was a young girl who had flung her robe over head, an old man who had tried to muffle his face, and most piteous of all, a poor dog biting himself in his agony. These must have been tragic days and the gloom and the horror still remain in the atmosphere.

Genoa was my grandfather's birthplace. He was born at the little village of Chiavari just outside Genoa. But I never had time to go there.

After arriving in Budapest, I lectured there, where my brother-in-law was the interpreter. It was quite astonishing to see how many people with such eager faces crowded in to hear a lecture in a foreign language.

I found Hungary a fascinating country with wide rolling plains, which in those days belonged to great landlords. I remember seeing one day, a nobleman's equipage out driving. The horses, coachmen and footmen were all attired in scarlet, fringed uniforms. Budapest itself is a lovely city. I have not seen it since war devastated it. There was a beautiful bridge over the Danube, ornamented by bronze lions. The story goes that the artist forgot to give the lions any tongues, and when this was pointed out to him, he committed suicide. My brother-in-law was quite a famous artist and architect, and had a beautiful flat opposite the Houses of Parliament.

The Parliament houses have green copper roofs and spires and when the sun shines they look very attractive. Through the city the wide Danube rolls. Buda is on one side and Pest on the other. A little way higher up the river there is a large island where the people go for picnics. My sister, Madame de Takach, has been through four wars and revolutions. She was for a year in Russia, and the proprietor on the estate next to where she was living was murdered by his peasants. Things got so bad (and this was long before the real revolution) that the people she was with decided to leave Russia. For nights before they went the ladies all slept in the library, with the men parading outside armed. The train by which they left was continually stoned. This sister of mine lived through the Bela Kun revolution in Hungary. She had such horrifying tales to tell of it that I did not let her talk of it too much. Every night from the island in the river they heard shrieks coming. For weeks they hid a priest in their bathroom. Orders were received that they must leave their houses open so that anyone that wished could come in and take a bath. Fortunately for her, my sister said, no one seemed to wish to avail themselves of the offer.

A friend of my sister, Countess Arz, was told that she could use only a certain number of rooms in her house and must place the rest at the disposal of the government. The countess was very funny about it afterwards. For weeks after she regained her home, when Admiral Horthy came in, she used to watch bedbugs

falling from the ceiling. But what nearly drove my sister mad was that her children were commanded to go to the government schools where they received such crude sex teaching that they came home in tears. She told me that when at last Admiral Horthy came sailing down the Danube, regardless of what might afterwards happen to her, she hung out of her apartment window and waved a big sheet. They had missed seeing some of their friends. Now they found out why, for their tortured bodies were found in the cellars of the House of Parliament opposite.

I am a revolutionary by nature, but why, oh! why, can we not have a revolution without bloodshed and violence and cruelty?

Beautiful Hungary! The land of romance and legend. The famous hero of Hungary is St. Stephen, who came with seven knights to found the kingdom. The ancient kings of Hungary were always crowned with his iron crown. Once it had to be hidden and a court lady took it away hidden in her dress. This bent the cross on the crown to one side, but it has been allowed to remain like that ever since.

The gypsy music is marvellous. A gypsy band cannot read a note of music. All is done by ear, yet they never produce a wrong note or a false harmony. In the centre of a gypsy band will always be a kind of xylophone which is played by padded sticks. The leader is the first violin, and because there is no notation a piece is never played exactly the same twice. In the cafés the leader of a gypsy band will often come over to special patrons and 'play in their ears'

which means that he will play leaning over them, or he will ask what air they would like the band to play. Quite often they will play a stirring czardas, the national dance of Hungary, one of the most invigorating dances in the world when a whole assemblage joins in.

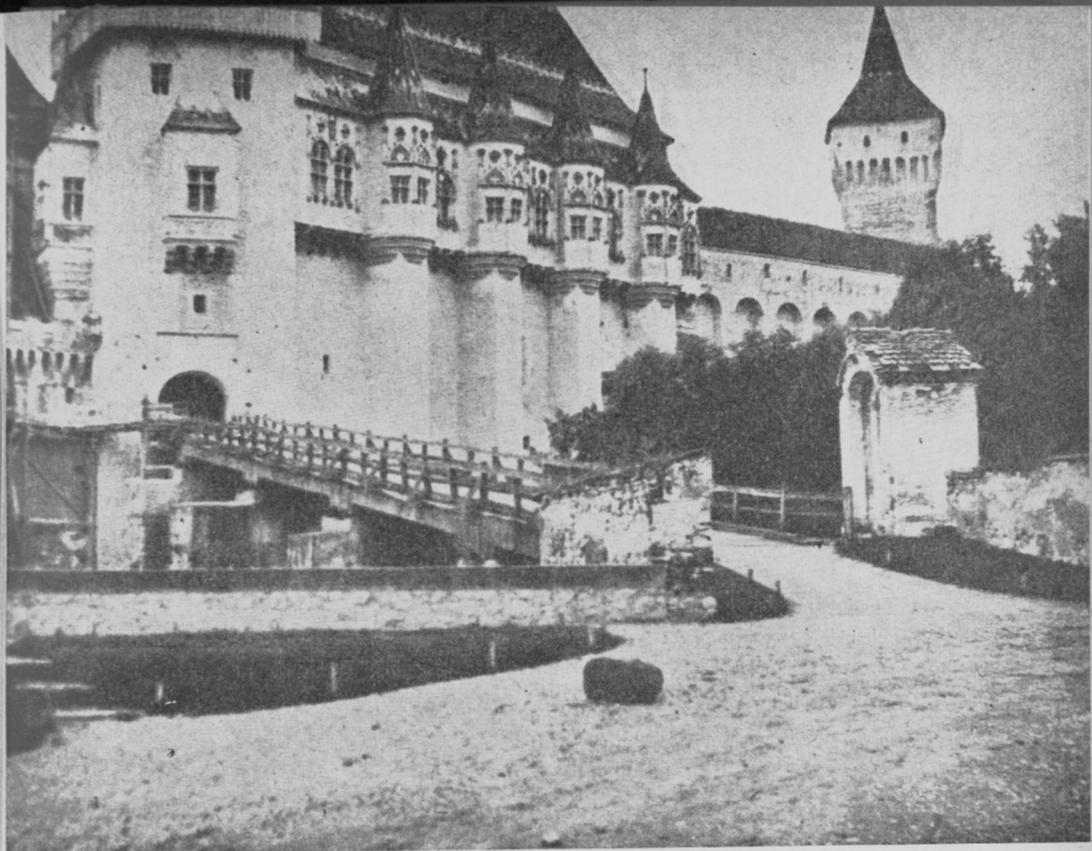
I once heard a famous old gypsy, Radek, play as leader to a large number of gypsies someone had assembled on Easter Day. He far excelled in virtuosity any world-famous violinist I ever heard. He played a descending crescendo of notes, many of them demi-tones, not normally employed in ordinary music, which sounded like the singing of the wind in the trees.

The peasants do beautiful embroidery, which they sell for next to nothing. They also dye their little shawls with entrancing colours from vegetable dyes. Most of them are Catholics, and on Sundays the women and girls going up the steps of the Cathedral for mass are a sight to behold. They will all wear orange coloured stockings with perhaps a green skirt and violet apron and pink blouse covered with a most brilliantly coloured shawl.

We once attended a minor convention with Mrs. Besant in the beautiful old city of Vienna. John Cordes, a German who was the moving spirit of all the work there, had, outside the city in the hills, a 'kinderheim.' We all stayed there. It was afterwards used by the Nazis as a Nazi Youth establishment. Indeed, the Nazis seemed to like our places, for they used the Headquarters buildings both in Paris and Amsterdam for their own nefarious purposes. Our books

they conned over, sent some to Germany and burned the rest. Some of our most valuable books were saved in Paris by a brave member. For some reason unknown but to themselves, the Nazis left one little door unlocked when they took over the building in Square Rapp. Every night when the officers left, a courageous member crept in and salvaged as many books as he could carry. But now most of our European Headquarters have to re-create their libraries.

A day's journey away from Budapest lay the old castle of the great Hungarian patriot, Hunyadi Janos. We all decided to see it, and a special train was arranged to take us. Mrs. Besant had a carriage to herself in the middle of the train. We arrived at Vadja Hunyad late in the evening, about ten o'clock I think. The news of our special journey had spread far and wide, and we found the mayor and all the town waiting for us with a band and huge sheaves of flowers. They all wanted to greet Mrs. Besant, but she had already retired, so in her place Bishop Wedgwood had to stand on the platform holding a large sheaf of white flowers, while the mayor made quite a speech in Hungarian. After that we all had to go up to the Town Hall where a supper awaited us. We slept in the train which stayed in the station throughout the night and the next day. In the morning we all went up to the famous castle which is quite near the station in this little industrial town. The peasants had come from miles around to see us. They lined the roads in their very beautiful costumes. They all wear white, coarse linen in



The Castle of Hunyadi Janos.



the summer and white wool in the winter, which they spin and weave themselves. The men wore material around their legs like the ancient Vikings, and the women wore a kind of long stole which hung down before and behind. But all these white garments were gorgeously decorated with the finest needlework. I heard that the women, who cannot read or write, did this work in the long winter evenings. What a pity that the gloriously artistic garments of the European peasantry are giving way to our ugly modern garb.

The great castle of the ancient warrior and statesman is very large and completely intact. It stands on such a commanding eminence that from the watch tower at one end an enormous stretch of country can be seen. Only one room now has any furniture in it, the room where the Prince Rakoczy was said to have been born. The whole place is in charge of a caretaker. A bridge spanned the deep river flowing by the castle, and lined up on each side of the bridge the peasants stood to welcome us, men on one side and women on the other. At the point where the bridge ends in front of the portcullis, the head man and woman peasants stood. They came forward and made a little speech of welcome, all in Hungarian of course, which is a very peculiar language having some affinity to the Basque and Finnish tongues.

There was an inner courtyard, where Mrs. Besant said she would speak. So many people crowded around us all day, and our kind hosts had provided drinks and refreshments galore.

So Mrs. Besant stood in one corner of the courtyard and told all present in English about the incarnations of their celebrated Hunyadi, how he was now a Master of the Wisdom, still wearing a Hungarian body having been born almost the last scion of the princely house of Rakoczy, and how he had been Sir Francis Bacon in one incarnation. Her speech was afterwards translated by a Hungarian member present. I wonder how much the talk was understood by the peasants in the audience. All through the day deputations kept arriving from various Lodges far and near. Some of the people had walked all through the night to get there.

When night began to fall we had to start back again to Vienna. Just before we left, Bishop Wedgwood, who is a great ceremonialist, took a number of us back into the castle, to the great hall where Hunyadi used to hold councils of his followers, and which is called the Hall of Knights. There by the light of an electric torch we did Masonic rituals.

Back in Vienna, a Dutch member took me to the famous restaurant where one could have the most delicious mushroom omelette. Indeed we could! I have noticed in my travels that my own countrymen are the worst cooks in the world. Only in Europe did I begin to find out what food could be.

I did not see much of Germany, only passing through it in trains. Coming back from Budapest via Berlin soon after the first world war, my people had loaded me with so much to eat on the train, and also presented me with

some Easter gingerbread rabbits, et cetera. A gentle, sweet-faced German woman came in to clean our carriage. She could speak English, and told me that her husband had died in the war and so the government had given her this post as a carriage cleaner. She would get home about one a.m., and her children would be waiting for her. She looked so poor and I thought of the children, all hoping she would bring them back some surprise, so I gave her my big box of food and all the gingerbread rabbits. An old German lady, who was the only other occupant in my carriage, witnessed this.

“I perceive, Madame,” she said, “that you have a kind heart.”

I saw Nuremberg from the train. What an enchanting city! It looked like a town from one of Hans Andersen's fairy stories. Perhaps now it exists no more. But then it looked so charming that I wished I could come back one day to visit it. The whole of the South German countryside looked like a fairy tale. Rich pastures, entrancing pine woods and mountains, dotted all over with little towns and villages with red roofs and pointed gables. It certainly looked like a storybook country. I have always wanted to visit the Black Forest. I knew an old German in England who was brought up in the Black Forest. He was colour blind but also psychic. He told me that in his youth he worked in a men's sock factory near the Black Forest, and they used him to match the socks as they found he was better than one with normal eyesight. I asked him how he did it, and he said he knew

by the feel of the texture of the socks what the colour shades were. Being psychic, he would describe to me the trolls which lived in the forest. One day motoring back from London to Birmingham with a friend, he noticed a tall, swaying grey figure which seemed to run beside the car. He said nothing about it, until it disappeared and his friend asked him if he had seen the grey wraith.

Holland I have often seen. It is a charming little flat country, where everyone bicycles. It is quite amusing to see hundreds of bicycles coming on the flat roads, most of them surmounted by a Dutch peasant woman with many and very voluminous skirts and wide white caps with gold earrings. But I would not like to live there always. For at night a queer heavy white mist often rises from the ground and envelops the lower storeys of the houses.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### AUSTRALIA

ONE day I received a most exciting cable. There had been great trouble in Australia. The Lodge at Sydney was the largest in the world, numbering at that time about 900 members. Its president, Mr. Martin, had by slow degrees become disappointed with many things in the Society. The old accusations against Mr. Leadbeater were revived. By this time he was Bishop Leadbeater. An arch-ceremonialist among us, Mr. J. I. Wedgwood, had joined that branch of the Catholic Church which about a century ago broke away from the Roman Church under the leadership of the Archbishop of Utrecht when first the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope was formulated. I believe they number about one million all over the world, and their head in England was an Archbishop Matthews. This prelate advanced Mr. Wedgwood to the priesthood and finally raised him to the Episcopate. Then he discovered how deeply involved in Theosophy Mr. Wedgwood was. So an ultimatum was issued that he must leave the Society or else the Old Catholic Church of Holland.

Mr. Wedgwood took the second alternative, and going out to Sydney, Australia, where Mr. Leadbeater was now resident, succeeded in interesting him very greatly in the Old Catholic

Church. Together they investigated all known Catholic Rituals and both being psychic watched the effects of such rituals upon the inner planes. They found that the continual insistence upon the doctrines of eternal Hell in the Roman Church had a depressing and devitalizing effect upon their work. Finally they evolved a ritual which was free of such thought forms, largely compounded of the Roman Mass and also with parts taken from the liturgy of the Catholic Apostolic and the old liturgy of Edward VI. This they rendered into exceedingly beautiful English. Bishop Wedgwood became the first Presiding Bishop of the new Church, and later Bishop Leadbeater followed him. It caught on tremendously at first. The work of the Society had been predominantly intellectual and philosophic. Here was worship on a grand and beautiful scale. Mrs. Besant gave it her blessing.

Now the Society is very much given to 'fashions.' It became the fashion for everyone to join the new Church, which could legitimately say that it had a right of succession from the Old Catholic Church of Holland. Corporate worship is not what everyone needs, and so in the long run Mrs. Besant intervened to put a more balanced aspect upon the matter. To-day, the Liberal Catholic Church, as it is called, still exists, carrying on a very beautiful work in its own way, but now entirely apart and free from any guidance on the part of the Theosophical Society.

The trouble in Sydney increased. At last 600 of the original 900 members of the Sydney Lodge, under the leadership of Mr. Martin, left the Society and formed themselves into the Independent Theosophical Society. They took with them the fine King's Hall which the Society there had built.

Mr. Jinarajadasa cabled me to come out to help the denuded Blavatsky Lodge there with lectures. I left at once, finding a passage immediately on the maiden voyage of the *Euripides*. Clearly I was 'meant' to go. Mrs. Besant once told us, and I have noticed it myself, that when *karma* is 'ripe' all doors open. If they remain obstinately shut the time is not yet. Within a week I was gone. My mother ran along beside the boat train, waving me goodbye. A chill foreboding struck my heart. I knew then that I would never see my mother running again. That was a true intuition, for when I returned two years later, she was already an arthritic cripple.

That was a magical voyage. The boat was full of wealthy station owners, as the farmers of Australia are called. It had but two classes, first, and emigrant. As usual, someone came around soliciting help in organizing games. I can always get out of games on ships by offering to play the hymns on Sundays. So that first Sunday at sea I played the hymns while the Captain read us the English Church service. The emigrants were invited over. So many of them wept. They knew they would never see their native land again. And on

ships they always will choose such melancholy hymns as 'A few more years shall roll' and 'For those in peril on the sea.'

We had some fine singers on board and so a concert was soon organised and it was decided to invite the third class. They returned the compliment a little later by inviting us to a dance in their part of the ship. I will always smile when I think of that dance, for a hefty engineer came up to me and said "Shall us have a twist?" And to be sure he did twist me until I was giddy.

We went via the Cape in South Africa, and I shall always remember the white breakers and the yellow sands and the green grass of Camps Bay as we came in, and the majestic Table Mountain overtopping all. When a heavy fog envelops the mountain it is called the tablecloth. It is quite a dangerous mountain to scale, but General Smuts did it every year. A state of glamorous expectancy enveloped me all the way out. When we arrived at the first port of call after Cape Town, Perth in West Australia, everyone was presented with a tiny bouquet of a little dark flower which has a wonderful scent. It takes about a week to get round to Melbourne and Sydney from Perth. We arrived at Melbourne where I was met by my host, Mr. John Mackay. He took me off the boat at Melbourne and we went on to Sydney by train. We passed through lovely wattle forests with endless masses of golden flowers. The wattle, as the Australians call it, is really the mimosa tree.

I arrived at Sydney when great things were taking place. The Mackays, my hosts, were the most generous and hospitable people imaginable. I found their home, on the shores of the great harbour, absolutely crammed with guests. I was put to sleep on a tiny balcony while in the dining room inside another girl slept on a sofa. All sorts of people came in to meals, invited or uninvited. And meals were available at any hour of the day.

The following day I was taken to the big Masonic Temple, the meeting place of one of the best Masonic Lodges I have ever seen. There I saw for the first time the charming little lady who for nine years was Bishop Leadbeater's secretary in Australia, Miss Kathleen Maddox. And also my dear old friend, Miss Mary Neff. Sunday came next, and I was to give the first of a series of lectures for the newly-formed Blavatsky Lodge, the remnant of the Sydney Lodge which had remained with us. As they had lost their Hall, the only one available was a queer hall which had sawdust and beer bottles around. However, we started in. I smile when I think of that hall. Generally, Mr. Mackay would take me. We would cross the harbour in a ferry boat, then take a street car to Elizabeth Street, where the hall was situated. One Sunday, Mr. Mackay could not take me, so I must needs find my own way. Off I started, and succeeded in boarding what I hoped was the right car. To make sure, I asked a tall, thin, rangy-looking Australian

next me whether I was on the right car for Elizabeth Street.

“Are you going to hear the Theosophists?” he queried in reply, evidently knowing that we held forth there. “Well, I’ll go to the Theosophists too, and you must promise to hold my hand.”

We got there and I found him a good seat and prepared to retire behind the platform to get ready for the lecture.

“Hey!” said my companion. “Stop, you promised to hold my hand.”

I explained that I was the lecturer. Dear me! you should have seen that man’s face. I wonder what he made of the lecture.

Very soon after that we all migrated to the other end of the harbour, near its entrance, called the Heads. A Mr. Bakewell had built a huge, rambling house with the idea of getting all his married sons and daughters to live in it with him. This arrangement only lasted three months, and they all departed, leaving poor Mr. Bakewell to live in it alone until he died. They say his ghost walks upstairs still. For a long time this huge house remained empty. It was thought that perhaps a Convent would buy it. Mr. van Gelder had long thought of starting a Theosophical Community. So he, and some other families who had children studying with Bishop Leadbeater, bought the house jointly and invited Bishop Leadbeater to come and live in it with them. Thus began ‘The Manor,’ now a famed Theosophical centre. The hall and stairways

were lined with marble, and one room was completely lined with hammered copper. This room was given to Bishop Leadbeater, and he told us that he could not have had a better place for occult work and the conservation of magnetism. Then the Mackays sold their home and bought another just about five minutes walk away from The Manor, and we all moved over to Mosman.

For the next two years I lived in The Manor or with the Mackays, close by. Soon Bishop Leadbeater began weekly meetings on the model of those in Adyar. I think he adored Australia and was very happy in The Manor. He had not the same love for India as characterized Mrs. Besant. I remember so many of those question meetings there. There was a young relative of the Churchills living in The Manor just then and he was always enquiring about the angels or deva kingdom. He once asked C.W.L. if he knew anything about the National Angels, St. George of England, for example. We were told that St. George was in reality a very great person and that the British Commonwealth as a whole was under the guidance of a very exalted person, for it was meant to be the first model of utterly free and associated nations that the world had yet seen.

Bishop Leadbeater had gathered around him a band of splendid young people. He now included girls. For many years he would not take girls as pupils, saying that he could always tell what reaction a boy would have to certain

methods, but no one could predict what a girl would do.

Among his girls was the now celebrated clairvoyante, Dora Kunz. Before she married Mr. Fritz Kunz she was a little Dutch girl, Dora van Gelder, born in Java. She was in Sydney with her father and mother, three brothers and her grandmother and aunt. Dora in these days hardly looks any older than she did all those years ago. I remember her so vividly then, a rather wild little girl of eighteen, with very decided views of her own. She had classes for meditation with the young people there, and also what she called her old people's class. Once a week, she would sit cross-legged in a big chair, while we older people sat round. Then she would tell us what to think of and how, and describe to us afterwards what had happened.

Dora taught me some very valuable things. One was that meditation does not only consist in thinking, but that it must evoke vivid feeling, too. She used to laugh when she told us of people who when told to meditate on peace or love, for example, would inwardly keep on saying, 'love, love,' instead of really feeling it. She told us that owing to the mental picture we all have of our bodies, we influence the subtle matter of our psychic selves, which so readily follow thought, so that we draw most of it beneath the periphery of the skin, causing a certain psychic congestion, and contracting the auric radiations. We must get rid of the thought of ourselves as a physical body and





**The Manor,  
Sydney,  
Australia.**



we must learn to expand and extend the auric radiations. This last she brought about by making each of us concentrate our thoughts on something or some person we truly and really loved. Then, when our hearts began to glow and expand, we were instructed to use the will and to extend the aura as far as we could. Most people in these days of fear and suppression have some sort of 'shell'. That is to say a certain hardening of the edge of the aura takes place through the return of thought and feeling upon ourselves. This condition entirely prohibits the aura from becoming a true channel for higher forces, so such shells have to be broken and the best way to do this is by seeking to feel and to express unselfish love and appreciation and joy.

I remember Captain Williams, whose mother was a Churchill, being amusingly competitive with me over this stretching of our auras. These had now expanded far outside The Manor, and Captain Williams said to me: "No! Miss Codd, you shall not get to the landing stage before me!"

The young people round C.W.L. then were a lovely looking group. I once saw them perform a kind of dramatic ritual in the Sydney Town Hall and they looked so lovely I was affected almost to tears.

Life was very happy in The Manor. We were just like one big family. I shall always remember with affection the Scotsman, Ian Davidson, relative of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, who is now its Head. C.W.L. as

usual worked without cessation. I noticed that he put his work in this order of importance (or so it seemed to me). He put first his children and young people. Nothing must ever interfere with that, a sacred charge given to him by the Master Himself. As I have already described, he never sent them to school. A young schoolmaster arrived at The Manor and offered to teach these young people. But alas! he had the usual ideas of discipline. That proved the end of his efforts.

Next came C.W.L.'s work for the Liberal Catholic Church. Thunder and lightning would not prevent his attending the services in the old church they had bought in Sydney. It was very beautiful in the church, though it was in a slum district of the city. It had been used as an auction room before we bought it. It still had a fine pipe organ and the altar was graced by two figures of stooping angels which Bishop Leadbeater loved. In the evening at the service of Benediction, the altar would be lit with numberless candles and decorated with roses and one of the Bishop's boys, Hugh Noall, who had a very beautiful voice would sing the Litany. Under the influence of Bishop Leadbeater, the L.C.C. grew and flourished. I expect even today it is probably the largest L.C.C. congregation in the world.

Many amusing incidents occurred in the Sydney Church. Being near a poor district one day a fine young Australian who was very drunk, came into the Church during the Sunday service. Suddenly he got up and going to the

altar rails hung himself across them. What was to be done? At a nod from C. W. L., a member of the blue-robed choir who sat in the front row, an Italian by birth, rose and gently persuaded the drunken young man to leave the rails. He came away, but sat for the rest of the service in the choir stalls with his arm wreathed round Toni's impassive neck.

Another time we had what might be described as a brawl in the Church. It was just at the time after the Lodge split when five daily newspapers were attacking Bishop Leadbeater and talking about sending him from the country. One Sunday two burly men came into the Church. We wondered who they might be. They looked so unlike our general congregation. Suddenly in the middle of Captain Williams' sermon, they stood up and began to shout. Everyone was dithered, the verger shaking with fright, except Bishop Leadbeater. Perfectly calm and unmoved, he sat on his Bishop's throne with an exceedingly interested look on his face, as if he were observing a new specimen of humanity for the first time. When finally the intruders were persuaded to leave, he merely beckoned to poor Captain Williams to continue his sermon.

At the height of this attack upon the Bishop I have seen men rush up to him as he got off the ferry boat at the Sydney end of the harbour and shake their fists at him. He took no notice, only looking a little startled. Some members wanted him to sue the daily papers for libel, but

he would not agree to take any notice, an attitude which he exemplified wonderfully.

These were a very happy two years for me, the ones I spent in The Manor. I was destined years afterwards to spend another four there, and to me it is like remembering a dearly loved home. I had, of course, a great opportunity thus to observe Bishop Leadbeater. As I have already mentioned, his sensitivity was extreme. For that reason he always took meals in his own room. His boys wanted him to join the communal dining table, so he tried, but soon he went back to his old place, as the noise was too much for him.

The Manor was run practically without official servants. Young girls, anxious to live there, would do the housework in return for very reduced boarding fees. We all made our own beds, and provided our own bedding and towels. The Manor now belongs no longer to the original families. It is vested in the international Head of the work. After a spell of lecturing in Sydney I moved on to other parts of Australia, but Sydney is to my mind the most beautiful of the Australian cities.

I was told that originally the streets were planned to be much broader, but a certain governor gave orders for them to be narrowed to half of the original concept. The consequence is that for a big city the Sydney streets are far too narrow for real comfort. Melbourne, on the contrary, is built on the American plan of broad streets and avenues. Melbourne is a very striking town, the climate

is much colder than Sydney in the winter. My own personal, private opinion is that Melbourne should have been chosen as the capital city of Australia, but there has always been a tremendous rivalry between Sydney and Melbourne, as there is between the North and the South Islands of New Zealand. So as neither town would agree to give way to the other they made the capital Canberra, and built special buildings for all concerned.

Sydney is situated at the extreme end of the marvellous harbour, the most perfect natural harbour probably in the world. The Manor was situated quite near its entrance, and often have I seen from nine to ten great ships a day sailing proudly through the narrow entrance called the North and the South Heads. There is something so majestic about a great ship coming into harbour. She looks like some gigantic swan proudly breasting the waves. Even when she had passed the entrance it took about half an hour to tug her to the port at the other end. As people lived all round the great harbour, there were many little townships on its shores, and these were served by a fleet of ferry boats which plied between them and the main city of Sydney. At night it was a wonderful sight to see the whole harbour lit up by the houses on its shores, and the lighted ferry boats, looking like darting fireflies, speeding in all directions over its waters. Leaving the Sydney port and coming out into the harbour to reach Mosman, one was conscious of a sudden rest and sense of peace. I was

told that the whole harbour was watched over by a mighty deva, who made it his business to 'comb out' the jangled, tired auras of all passengers. We paid our fares at the other end, and Dora van Gelder told us that some nature spirits had become interested in the people coming over, but they could not understand what money meant. They were exceedingly puzzled over why everyone had to give in a round thing as they came by.

Every Sunday without fail, Bishop Leadbeater with his boys would take the ferry to Sydney and Church. I have known the Bishop attend and take the service when he was so frail that a glass of sal volatile had to be placed on the altar for him. I mentioned that the Church was his second love. Perhaps, as he had once been a clergyman of the Church of England, this was to be understood. Next came the Co-Masonic Order. For a long time he would not join that Order, saying that he was not naturally a ritualist. But when Bishop Wedgwood came to Sydney, Bishop Leadbeater joined, and then told us that the very first ritual awoke memories in him of similar ceremonies in ancient Greece and Egypt through which he had passed. He afterwards used his clairvoyant powers to investigate the psychic effect of Masonic ritual, which he has described in a book called *The Hidden Life in Freemasonry*. Often have I heard him give 'Pieces of Architecture' in the fine Masonic Hall in Sydney, describing what happens on

the inner planes when Masonic ceremonies are rightly and heedfully performed.

Lastly came Theosophical work, esoteric and otherwise. I was in his esoteric group and I can remember some very pregnant things that he said. We were once talking about *avitchi*, the sanscrit term for a terrible state of consciousness which is the negation of all life.

"We pass through such stages," he told us, "at different levels. We must experience them so as to know how to help the man who is imprisoned by them."

When I first arrived in Sydney, the Convention which resulted in the split of the Sydney Lodge had just occurred. Such extraordinary ill-feeling manifested itself that the proceedings were a horror. People arose excitedly and pointing the finger at Bishop Leadbeater called him all manner of dreadful names. No doubt it is the occult force with which Theosophists consciously or unconsciously deal, but a Theosophical quarrel can surpass in virulence any other kind of dispute in the world that I have ever seen. Bishop Leadbeater remained, as usual, completely unmoved. On the way home afterwards, his hostess, who was a generous, but excitable lady, could not contain herself.

"Oh! Sir," she exclaimed, "how could you sit there and let them call you such names?"

"What?" he replied, "what names? To tell you the truth I never heard anything they said. I was much too interested in watching what was happening to their solar plexuses. Such a remarkable display on the part of our Dark

Brothers I do not remember having seen before!"

At Melbourne, the Theosophists, owing to the foresight of one of their members, Mr. Samuel Studd, had acquired years before, a magnificent site right in the middle of Collins Street, the principal street of the city. Not until years afterwards, when they had slowly collected the necessary funds, did the Lodge build what is now one of the most wonderful Lodge buildings in the world, with a large hall and offices and showrooms and offices above, whose rental brings the Lodge a yearly income. During the years of waiting they were more than once offered an enormous sum for the site.

The whole psychology of Melbourne differs from that of Sydney. Let us say that Melbourne is a masculine town and Sydney a feminine one. Melbourne is very much Americanized. Indeed, one may say that the whole of Australia is Americanized. Most of the big shops are American owned. This is quite natural, for Australia is nearer to the United States than it is to the home country of England. The Australian population is most thickly congregated round the big towns on the shores. The centre of Australia is a vast desert. There are five great towns in Australia, just as there are four main towns in South Africa. Of Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, and Brisbane, Melbourne is the largest and most important looking. Adelaide reminds me, as Christchurch in New Zealand does, of a cathedral city in England. All round Adelaide are



Melbourne Lodge, Australia.



wonderful vineyards, for the manufacture of wines is becoming a staple industry of Australia. Perth and Brisbane, being on a much higher latitude, are very hot in the summer. All five cities have now their own Theosophical halls. Being so far from each other—it takes two days in the train between Sydney and Melbourne, and a week by boat from Perth to Sydney—the members do not often see one another, and so the Lodges are very large and self-contained, producing most of the time their own speakers. Melbourne Lodge has a large number of business men in its ranks.

Perth Lodge has a beautiful hall called Arundale Hall. Bishop Fisher of the Liberal Catholic Church had a very special weekly meeting in his own home. There we always started with meditation, and I remember on one occasion a young couple attending had brought their little son of five as they could not leave him alone at home. Suddenly in the midst of the silence this young man sang out: "Oh! Mummy, do look at Miss Codd. She's *finking!*" Of course, this meant the end of our meditation for that evening.

The Perth Lodge used to hold an annual dinner where everyone would attend dressed as his last incarnation. I heard that Bishop Fisher appeared as Henry VIII!

At Adelaide I stayed with what I called the 'lovely ladies'. They were two sisters, widows, both white-haired, with sweet, unlined faces. One always dressed in blue-green, and the other in old rose. They took me one morning to see

a member who had a little daughter who was duly instructed to say good morning nicely to Miss Codd. She went out to play with the little girl next door, and presently her mother came in laughing.

“Do you know what I have just heard them say under the kitchen window?” she said. “My little daughter said to her playmate: ‘You know there is a man-God. I expect this must be the lady-God.’”

That was not the first time that my plain and ugly name has been mistaken for such sublimity. I remember once at an English Convention a lady rushed across to me and said: “Tell me your name.” When I mentioned it, she fell back in awe. “What a wonderful and beautiful name!” said she. It took some moments before I realized that she had thought I said “Miss God.” So Captain Billy in The Manor called me “Mrs. God.”

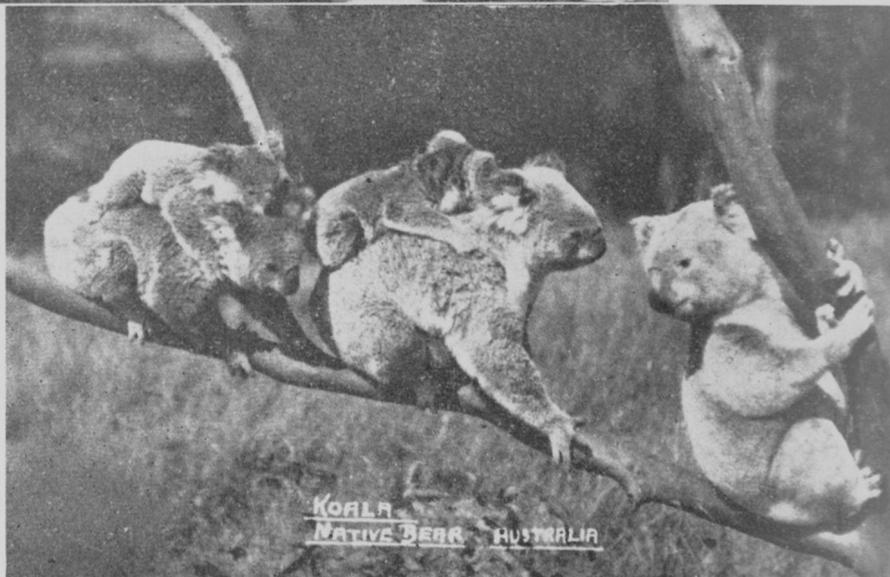
Everywhere in Australia the ubiquitous gum-tree is to be seen. It is really a eucalyptus, and exudes that odour all the time. It has a grey-green leaf. The optical properties of the atmosphere in Australia must be different from those in other parts of the world for the wonderful Blue Mountains, not far from Sydney really are the most extraordinary shade of Prussian blue. Elsewhere the scenery of Australia is very similar. The most uncommon part of the country is its wild life. Kangaroos of all shapes and sizes abound. The giant kangaroo is a very big fellow with an enormous spring which can outdistance an horse. But





Kookaburras  
Australia

Govt  
PRINT



KOALA  
NATIVE BEAR AUSTRALIA

Australian  
Wild Life.



Australia

Kangaroo (and young in pouch)

there are little 'wallabies' as they are called, not much bigger than a rabbit. Speaking of rabbits, they are now the curse of the farmer in Australia, as also in New Zealand. Someone, perhaps a century ago, imported rabbits from England for rabbit coursing. Getting free they multiplied to such an extent that they are now a blight. On the big stations, as farms are called there, the farmers try poison and the sinking of deep wire fences to preserve their crops. Of course, I heard lots of stories about the rabbits. This is one. As everywhere else in the world you will find in command the enterprising Scot. An Englishman newly-arrived enquired whether rabbits were the greatest curse. "Oh! Aye," replied his interlocuter, "but we've lots of Scotsmen hereabouts, too."

The curious fact about Australian wild life is that practically all kinds, even the little tree dormouse, are marsupial, that is to say, they carry pouches for their young. The charming little Koala bear is also marsupial. This little animal must be seen to be believed. He surely is the prototype of all the teddy bears beloved of children. He has the softest imaginable fur (so has the kangaroo whose fur is like velvet), with a black beaky nose and eyes like two black boot buttons out of which he will blink amiably at you. They are nocturnal animals, so generally sleep in the day time in the crook of a tree. They have long claws for climbing trees, so if you take a Koala bear in your arms he will think you are a tree and put his claws

round your waist. They are such gentle, quiet little things, but they say that when shot they cry like a baby. Australian farmers sometimes keep them as pets. This is not successful for long, as the teddy bear of Australia cannot exist in health except upon the leaves of four species of gum tree, which gives him a eucalyptus smell. As a pet he has to live on bread and milk, a diet which does not altogether agree with him.

Another pretty little animal is the opossum, again hunted for its downy fur. I remember during my first days at The Manor hearing one night frightful screams like that of a woman being murdered. Horrified, I jumped out of bed and looked out of doors. Nothing was to be seen. In the morning I was much laughed at. The cries were coming from opossums who come round at night and even invade roofs looking for bits and pickings from open pantry windows, et cetera. Both the opossum and the Koala bear carry their young on their backs. When the young are first born they are very tiny and are nourished as they grow in their mother's pouch. When they get big enough they come out and hang on to their mother's back. It is the prettiest sight in the world to see an opossum or a bear with two or three young ones of all sizes riding pick-a-back on mother. I came home one evening to The Manor to find a number of people out on the veranda. They were seated round an opossum who, seated on her hind legs, was taking wedding cake from the company with

her delicate little hands and eating it with evident enjoyment.

We once had another pet in The Manor, a big kind of owl called a mopoke. This curious bird is quite large and has a very wide mouth something like a frog's mouth. Our mopoke grew very friendly. We would give him strips of food and garbage, and he hopped about the rooms and passages without fear. Alas! one day someone crushed him behind a door. He seemed at death's door and the vet. attended to him. He recovered enough to fly away, and several weeks afterwards we found his poor little dead body on the shore near by.

The national flower of Australia is the golden wattle, and at Christmas time which in Australia is midsummer, a beautiful red flowering shrub blooms called a 'Christmas tree'. In spite of the heat Australia gamely continues the old tradition of turkey and plum pudding!

Another beautiful Australian bird is the kookooburra, as the original native population called it, but the British sailors nicknamed it 'the laughing jackass'. He is a large jay, with a beautiful grey-blue back. I do not wonder the sailors called him a jackass for he struck me as a stupid bird. I once saw a cheeky little English sparrow (another importation) chasing away a kookooburra three times his size with great aplomb and cocky vociferation. The natives, who no longer exist there except in very primitive tribes in the North, called him kookooburra because of his extraordinary cry, which begins with 'koo-koo-koo' and ends with

what sounds like a peal of laughter. Everywhere in Australia you see the wattle and the kookooburra used in decoration on articles of all sorts.

The natives, what remains of them, are, as I have just stated, confined to the Northern districts, and so are seldom seen in Sydney. They are a very primitive and backward kind of native, yet they have certain rather wonderful traditions. I once heard an Australian Mason give a most interesting address on the natives of older days, how when he was a little boy and lived with his uncle on a big station, his chief playmate was the son of a native chief. The time came when the chief's little son was to be initiated into the mysteries of the tribe. His little white playmate was inconsolable. Couldn't he join, too? Finally, the chief consented to include the white boy in some parts of the ceremonies. But he would have to go stark naked. The uncle compromised with the chief that the white boy be allowed to wear a pair of boots! The lecturer recounted to us some of his experiences which seemed to consist of long trials of endurance, like going for days without food and taking tremendous treks. But of the rituals which he was permitted to share in he afterwards recognized true Masonic signs, which is but one more proof of the exceeding antiquity of Masonic symbols.

But another thing he told us horrified me, yet who can expect otherwise of the old Australian convict system as outlined in that famous book *For the Term of his Natural Life*.

His uncle would hire released convicts to work on his farm. The speaker said he would never forget the back of one such convict, corrugated like an iron shed with over-lapping bits of flesh under which, quite often, maggots would breed. The story of the convict ships of a hundred years ago is a very terrible one. Housed in cages like rats, hundreds of men and women were transported to Botany Bay in Australia, at a time when it was very sparsely settled. There they were housed in horrible prisons under the unassailable tyranny of sadistic governors. It was quite common for a man to be lashed to death. Many of the prisoners were guilty of very minor offences such as stealing a loaf of bread. Many were political prisoners who were often men of education and thought. There is an island in the Sydney harbour where convict cells are still standing. There used also at one time to be a permanent gibbet there, too. No convict imprisoned on this island had any hope of trying to escape by swimming to the shore, for the Sydney harbour is infested with sharks.

I visited Tasmania while I was there. The last native Tasman, a woman, died about eighty years ago. It is a pretty island, green and flower-filled, with a temperate climate something like that of England. It is the land of orchards, for apple exporting is one of its major industries. But at Hobart, its capital, there still exists a gloomy prison which was once ruled over by a particularly brutal governor. The story is told of two little boy

convicts, no longer able to endure his excessive brutality, who clasping each other by their arms, jumped together from a high cliff and were drowned at sea.

Australia seemed to have an enormous number of public holidays. On these occasions no one worked. Everyone went picnicking. Australia is famed for picnics and hikes. A party of young people will go hiking for a week, wearing nothing but bathing costumes. Australia, perhaps because of its actinic rays, is producing a wonderful race, tall, big, for the most part fair-haired, and strong. They live so much in the open air. Every house has numerous sleeping porches, and also an outside oven where all refuse is burned thus obviating the necessity of garbage collection. I remember walking along in the camps on Salisbury Plain with two Australian soldiers. Two men of an English Yorkshire regiment passed us. The contrast between the huge, rangy Australians and the little, shrivelled, knock-kneed Englishman was too great. I commented upon the difference, wondering why it was. The Australians knew!

"Poor fellows," they said to me, "they've got too much on top of 'em."

Australia certainly has nothing on top of her, Australians are so free and uninhibited that they made a fierce name for themselves in both world wars. Cape Town refused on one occasion to let Australian troops land on account of the uproar and destruction they could bring about. They are a people of very fine

physique and tremendous possibilities, but they are as yet like undisciplined schoolboys. To me they often looked like a reincarnation of the ancient Greek gods, perhaps a little damaged. One day, I think, Sydney will become a second Athens. They are not fond of foreigners, even the Englishman whom they call a 'Pommy', and they resent any other people coming in to take their jobs. They are very keen on what is called a 'White Australia' policy, but personally I feel they should take rapid steps to develop the country much further and invite the best emigrants from all countries. The recent immigration policy of the Australian government augurs well for the future. The same is true of South Africa.

The country is divided into several states, each with its own House of Representatives and Senate as in America. The Federal Government meets at Canberra, and at that time Australia had a Labour Government, as Queensland has had for some time. Queensland had a very interesting experiment in socialism. All the land nominally belongs to the government, but the original possessors are still allowed to carry on, providing that they satisfy the authorities that they are making the land productive, on something like a 99-year lease. I hope I have remembered rightly about this. Australia always was a socialistically-inclined country. So is New Zealand, but there is in New Zealand a slightly stronger sentiment, at least outwardly, of loyalty to the British Crown. A foreigner is not allowed to enter New Zea-

land unless he can swear fealty to the British Crown. This slight difference is shown in a small fact. Post boxes and cars in New Zealand are labelled G.R. as in England. In Australia they are painted P.M.G., for Post Master General.

I went as far north as Cairns. But the far north in Australia is already tropical, and suffers from various tropical pests, like hookworm and elephantiasis which science now has discovered arises from a mosquito bite. Also so often there, books will be eaten by bookworms. Vegetables and fruit seemed difficult to get, having to come up from Brisbane.

I spent a day or two with a Queensland dairy farmer in a place not far from Townsville. I take my hat off to him whenever I think of him, for no one ever worked harder. His homestead had been built by his father, and consisted of crude handhewn logs. My bathroom was a log cabin with a round flat bath filled with hot water from kerosene tins from the kitchen fire. I greatly enjoyed myself there. We ate in the kitchen where an oil stove was active. My host had to rise at 2 a.m. to milk all the cows and then take the milk and cream to market. Consequently he tried to snatch a short term of sleep in the afternoons. Never did he seem to have time to read a book, though he was a man of culture and education, and he always looked desperately tired. I felt that we all owe immeasurably much to such dogged pioneers of our race.

Mosquitos there are unbelievably dreadful. I went for a walk in a neighbouring wood and came back almost bitten to death. But I saw a Koala bear asleep in the crook of a tree. They told me that in some parts of the year mosquitos are so numerous that they bite the chickens to death, and wild animals, too, and the farmers have to keep smudge fires burning in an effort to keep them away. My host's sister had recovered from hydatids, a disease caused by larvae encysting in the flesh of a man's body. This dreadful disease is the curse of Australia, which also suffers from a great deal of catarrh probably brought on by excessive meat-eating. A member of our Society in Melbourne, a slight, sweet little lady, went to the hospital for what the doctors had diagnosed as cancer of the liver. An operation revealed that there was no cancer, it was a bad case of hydatids. Tropical and colonial countries suffer such pests that surely the old countries can thank God for their immunity.

My host's wife and I paraded the little town and splendid meetings were the result, for the doctor and the lawyer and the mayor all came, being no doubt quite pleased to come and hear anything in such a far away little place. I received a message from two young men, brothers, who were butchers there. They wished to make my acquaintance since they had the same ugly but uncommon name, Codd. So I went round to tea with Albert Codd and his brother, and found that in their spare time they bred budgerigars. They had simply hundreds

in large aviaries, of such lovely hues, blue, green, yellow, grey. While there I went for a picnic by a river side. Sitting on the river bank I suddenly heard a great chattering and whistling going on overhead. Looking up, I saw on a branch over me, about fifty bright red little parakeets sidling along. They were wild. That is the only time I have seen red budge-rigars. I wonder why there are no tame ones of that colour.

It was while I was in Queensland picnicking one day in a valley that I suddenly heard the whole country-side ringing with the sound of musical church bells. I was quite astonished, but my hostess hastened to tell me that the bells were the notes of a bird called the 'bell bird'. It sounded as if the whole air were ringing with silver bells.

Australia is full of great white cockatoos, all with a bright yellow crest. I knew a family in Adelaide who had one who was many years old. We would go for walks carrying the cockatoo on our wrists. He seemed to enjoy such excursions very much. In Perth I heard of a very wonderful cockatoo, who was the pet of a family of children there. He would go to bed with the family, and allow himself to be dressed in appropriate pyjamas. One day the family missed him. It was only later that they discovered what had happened. The baker had called and had left for a moment the back of his bread cart open. The cockatoo flew into the car, tore all the backs off the loaves and helped himself as he fancied. The baker shut

him in the cart and it was only at the next stop the cockatoo's depredations were discovered.

I heard of such a dear little animal, the Australian dormouse. These charming tiny creatures have huge goggle eyes, for they are nocturnal beings, and tiny furry bodies. People keep them as pets. And sometimes when trees are felled the men will discover the nest of a dormouse. I knew an interesting man in Melbourne, a famous naturalist. He recommended me to find a dormouse for a pet or else a little lizard. In the end, I had neither, thinking how impossible it would be to carry them round the world. But in Queensland I waited long to see the famous frilled lizard. At last one appeared on the wall, and seeing me, stuck up the wonderful frill round his neck. Queensland is infested with white ants and so most of the houses are built on low pillars crowned with tin hats to keep off the destructive creatures, while the space thus left beneath makes fine storage for all sorts of things.

We had wonderful meetings in Australia, especially in Melbourne. The Melbourne Lodge had a very companionable habit. The business men members would come in at the lunch hour and a lady member would provide them with hot soup and sandwiches. I remember one man telling me a very amusing story. They had just had a deputation of business men from England. Full of patriotic fervour my friend asked one of the Englishmen what he thought of Australia and its institutions.

“Fine, fine!” said the Englishman, “Pity you haven’t got a better government.”

“What do you mean?” exclaimed my friend, “we have the best government in the world.”

“Oh! Aye?” answered the Englishman. “I think it is five hundred clever people ruling five million mugs.”

I was much intrigued with Australian slang. They call a ‘nosey-parker’ there a ‘sticky beak’ and if they like anything very much they say it is ‘bonza’. The Australian accent is much like the cockney tones of London.

New Zealand is only four days away by sea, so soon an invitation came to me to visit the two islands so far away in the south. It is a very seasick journey, for most of the boats are small and the Tasman Sea is very choppy. On one occasion I was so desperately ill that I ate only one meal the whole four days. But I found on landing that it produced a wonderful effect on my body, which felt cleaner and lighter and more vigorous than it had for years. I wonder if one form of nature cure would not consist in being made terribly sick!

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### NEW ZEALAND

**A**USTRALIANS would always tell me that the Sydney harbour was the most wonderful and beautiful natural harbour in the world, though I have heard that that of Rio de Janeiro is even more lovely. But I can testify to the amazing beauty of Auckland harbour in the North Island of New Zealand. New Zealand is very volcanic and the scenery is unlike any other in the world. Coming into Auckland, which is built upon a number of extinct volcanoes, the sight is entrancing, for the blue water is studded with numerous little islands and near Auckland a dark mountain rears up. It seemed to me that the mountains were very steep and the valleys very narrow, and as these were full of the tree-fern which looks like an umbrella, looking down upon a valley is like gazing at a pit full of umbrellas. The climate is much colder than in Australia. Indeed, the South Island is almost arctic. I remember how in journeying south I stayed up all night in order to see Mount Cook, the only volcano in the world which is also a snow-covered mountain, I believe.

There seemed also to be four large towns, much as there are in South Africa. Indeed, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the

United States bear a considerable resemblance to each other in appearance and in customs. These four towns were Auckland, the capital of the North Island, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin in the far South. Dunedin is the old name for Edinburgh, so to this day it is largely populated by the hardy Scotch. The islands are so volcanic that in Wellington, for instance, several shocks a day are quite common. I often saw pictures swinging, and ornaments sliding a little. As in Australia, there are unique animals and birds. And there are such dense jungles that only a trained Maori can find his way through them. I never saw one of the queer little birds with no wings called Kiwis. Rabbits having, as in Australia, become a pest, they tried the experiment of importing weasels and ferrets to keep them down, but alas! they almost exterminated the little kiwis. There is a beautiful silky black bird, called the parson bird, because he has two hanging white tufts like a parson's bands.

In order to make room for big farms, the early settlers burned down large tracts of the jungle. They did something the same in the United States, but it seemed like the most dreadful waste to me. So now New Zealand is largely an agricultural country exporting meat and butter in tremendous quantities.

One thing that interested me greatly was the absence of any real colour bar in the country. The original Maoris, who were quite a high type of savage, are now on complete equality with the whites, and when I was there, the

Minister of Education was a full-blooded Maori, holding a British title. When the white settlers first came, the Maoris were cannibals, but what might be described as ceremonial cannibals, that is to say, they ate the bodies of defeated warriors in order to inherit their courage and strength. Now, of course, that no longer exists. The Maoris are a fine and handsome race, with a certain admixture of Aryan blood, so I have heard. They often have beautiful voices, and are a people of many legends and songs.

I visited Rotarua, a most amazing spot, for it closely resembles the hell pictures of Gustave Doré. The place is full of boiling, bubbling fountains and rivers. Nothing grows near them, and the ground is grey or white mud. In the boiling rivers the Maoris put sacks of potatoes and they get cooked. Sometimes as one walks along, the ground sounds hollow and if one is not careful a little jet of boiling steam can scald one's legs. There are huge pits filled with boiling mud and water. The story goes that the ancient Maori chiefs used to throw their enemies into them. Every now and then a great geyser will go off. The greatest of them all could be coaxed to perform by a bar of soap being dropped in, but when the Prince of Wales paid a visit, it was coaxed so often that now its show is not up to what it was at first. There is a lovely lake divided by a green and wooded island. One side of the lake the water is a bright blue, the other side it is a dark green, and one can bathe in nice hot water. There is a legend that a Maori princess fell in

love with one of her father's subjects, so she was imprisoned on the island. Every night her lover came to the shore to sing to her, and one night she plunged into the lake and found her lover and disappeared with him.

One most exciting occurrence at Rotarua was a Maori war dance performed for our benefit by some rather fat and ancient warriors. With the traditional grass skirts over their rolled-up trousers, the warriors lined up for the dance. They stood in a row while one stood at the head of the line. Then a colloquy, growing increasingly in frenzy, took place between the leader and the line. Finally it reached such a point that the warriors all stuck out their tongues and rolled up their eyes until only the whites were to be seen, and with a mighty yell, all rose in the air together and came down on the ground in such a manner as to make it shake. We encored them again and again. Suddenly I heard yells proceeding from beside me on the left. I turned and saw Bishop Thompson, who was not only the Bishop of the Liberal Catholic Church, but also the General Secretary of the Theosophical Society there, yelling like a savage! Bishop Thompson was very psychic, a Scotsman by birth, and I think the rhythm of the war dance carried him away.

Another lovely experience in New Zealand was the journey up the Wanganui River, the big broad silent river flowing between incredibly dense woods and trees. I loved the native names for so many of the little townships there, like Omaru and Timaru. Near Rotarua,





**National Headquarters,  
Theosophical Society, New Zealand.**

they preserve in its native state a *pah* or Maori village. We were shown round it by a beautiful guide. She was a member of the ancient noble caste of the Aorangis and therefore had her chin tattooed. A Maori warrior will have a most amazingly intricate pattern tattooed all over his face, but an Aorangi woman has merely her chin thus decorated. There is a queer little palm tree in New Zealand which is sacred to the Maori gods. And everywhere one sees on sale the little green jade seated god which brings good luck, called a *Tiki*.

I once saw what appeared to be a large hall, and entering it through curiosity, I surprised a Maori workman carving a big totem pole. He looked so extraordinarily angry that I suddenly remembered that such work was 'taboo' to foreigners and beat a hasty retreat. In the Maori church in Auckland, instead of the words 'Holy! Holy! Holy!' across the altar frontal, the Maori equivalent 'Tapu! Tapu! Tapu!' is written. Taboo, which has now become a word common to the whole world, originally meant 'holy, sacred'.

The headquarters of the Theosophical Society in New Zealand are in Auckland. It includes one of the most beautiful little halls I have ever seen. It is a white hall with large windows on both sides. Over these windows on the one side are Mrs. Besant's words in gold lettering: 'No soul that aspires can ever fail to reach,' while on the other side are her words: 'No heart that loves can ever be abandoned'.

At the end of the room there is a beautiful platform. It is covered with blue carpet, and at its back a huge Egyptian pylon of varnished wood rears to the ceiling. Across the upper beam are inscribed in gold the words: 'There is no religion higher than truth,' while between the two pillars of the pylon hangs a blue velvet curtain. At either side, at the head of side stairways to the platform, stand two white marble flowerstands in which are planted pink creeping geraniums. A violinist who used to play before my lectures there told me that he loved to play in that hall because of its beauty and heavenly atmosphere. Downstairs there is another smaller hall for the members' use only, panelled with wood, and over the platform end are inscribed, again in gold, the words, 'Rise to the sense of your own Divinity'. The New Zealand members are indeed to be congratulated on the possession of such a beautiful building.

When I was there Bishop Thompson, as already stated, was also the General Secretary of the Theosophical Society. Indeed, he was the head of every branch of the work there. He had a little house, all built of wood on the top of an extinct volcano. Behind this little house was a row of pine trees with a wooden platform rigged up in them. Winding round the hill to his house was a flower-edged path. Bishop Thompson, who was a very shy Scotsman and bachelor, told me that when he saw the lady members coming up the path to visit him he ran up the trees at the back and took shelter on the platform there. He was a cousin

of Sir James Barrie, their mothers being sisters, and Bishop Thompson told me that 'Margaret Ogilvy' was really his mother and not Sir James'. When a boy both he and his mother could see the Scots water fairies called 'kelpies'. He used also to play with the little daughter of the Ogilvies', a noble family near by, and he described to me the gloomy Glamis Castle, where our English Queen was born, and the weird sounds that he could hear there at night. I found him an extraordinarily interesting person. I would get him to describe to me the house and garden of the Master K.H., near Shigatse in Thibet, for he had often been there out of the body at night. He told me that there was a green lawn outside the verandah of the Master's little bungalow, edged with geraniums and maidenhair ferns.

Bishop Thompson also told me an interesting story of C. W. Leadbeater. At one time, when he was paying a visit to Auckland, the Lodge had reserved for him a room in the best hotel in the place. Bishop Thompson conducted him and a boy who was with him to this hotel. C. W. L. entered the room, looked around it, and immediately said: "Come on, Thompson, let us get out of here." And leaving the hotel, he found for himself another room in a simpler, poorer place.

"Why, C. W. L.," protested Mr. Thompson, "whatever did you do that for? We got you the very best room in the best hotel in the town."

"Thompson," he answered, "if you had

seen what I saw you would understand. 'The walls of that room were covered with darkish red slug-like creatures.'

I knew what he meant. Elemental forms of that colour mean the presence of sustained sensuality in the atmosphere, and when we remember what hotel bedrooms are often used for, that can be understood. I, myself, once saw a similar appearance. I was put up by a Lodge in what was supposed to be a very smart boarding house, and given one of the best rooms. At once when I entered the room I could not bear its 'feel'. However, I said nothing, and that night I suddenly awoke and saw on my bed a few inches from my face a huge salmon-pink spider-like creature. With horror I jumped up and scattered it off the bed. Then I turned on the electric light and searched for it to kill it. Suddenly it dawned on me that what I had seen was not physical, but an astral elemental. Such unpleasant creatures surround invisibly all places of lust or cruelty or infamy. I have seen a similar appearance at night in a lonely street in Sydney.

I stayed at first with a very old Theosophical family in Auckland, Mr. and Mrs. Hemus. Their eldest daughter was a trained attorney, and the old father collected walking sticks. Down at Wellington I stayed with Colonel Smythe and his wife and charming little boy. I had heard a good deal about Peter and his sayings. He had been brought up very uninhibited and with much knowledge of Theosophy. So when I arrived a charming





**Emma Hunt,  
General Secretary,  
New Zealand.**

little boy sat and looked at me. After considering me for some time he said:

“Miss Codd, are you a girl or are you a lady?”

Knowing Peter by reputation, I said: “I don’t know, Peter. Which do you think I am?”

He answered: “I think you are a girl and that you are just the same age as me.”

What a charming compliment! I had never had a sweeter one.

At Christchurch I met the famous Hunt family. I used to go for walks with Miss Emma Hunt, who is now the famous and able General Secretary of New Zealand’s Theosophical Society.

I also remember meeting Miss Helen Zahara, who is now the Secretary at our International Headquarters at Adyar, and her father, who kept a big hat shop in Auckland in those days. So many friends I remember there. How I would like to see them all again. When I was in Sydney I used to broadcast over our station 2G.B. every day; from all over the southern hemisphere letters would come in. Once I was discoursing upon the life after death, and I received a letter from a doctor in New Zealand who had been listening. He wrote that in his youth he was often called out to lonely stations near Auckland. One day he got a call from an old couple who lived alone on their farm. When he reached the house the old man was already dead. But the doctor noticed that he had his arms stretched out.

He enquired of the old wife how that had happened.

“Oh! Sir,” the old lady replied, “we once had a daughter called Mary, but she died when she was seventeen. And soon after I rung you upon the phone, my husband declared that he saw Mary and he stretched out his arms to her and whispered: ‘Wait for me, Mary, I am coming’. Then he died.”

I can well understand that story, for often as death approaches the veil between the two worlds grows thin and the dying person sees those who have preceded him. It happened with my own father, though in those days I did not understand it.

“Clara,” he would say, “who are these ladies? You have not introduced me to them.” And I remember a nurse telling me how a dying Irish soldier kept saying to her:

“Look, nurse, look at all these lovely ladies.”

The people on the other side would look lovely to him for they are in the land of the ‘ever-young,’ where everything is self-luminous.

Like Australia, one of the national sports of New Zealand is racing. I remember standing in pouring rain to watch a race in Auckland. It was the first and the last race I ever saw. My hat was ruined, but I shall never forget the beauty of the long-limbed shining horses flashing by. Betting in both countries is controlled, I believe, by the government and a totalisator is used. At this race in Auckland, a poor Indian was very anxious to register a bet on the No.

7, but the agent thought he said 17, and being only a poor Indian no one took any notice of his excited protests. However, fate was on his side for No. 17 won the race and he went home with £100 in his pocket. I heard that in his joy he gave a great feast to his compatriots and spent the rest on a ticket home to India.

I noticed, too, in New Zealand a number of Chinese gardeners who would go round selling their produce in big baskets hung on a yoke over their shoulders. Most of them seemed to have such quiet, sweet faces. I liked them. What is there about China that seems to evolve such quietude and peace? I once saw a famous Chinese conjuror in London. He, too, had that face of inimitable peace and silence.

I was only six months in beautiful New Zealand, but I have never forgotten it. It seemed to me a happy little country. No one was very rich, and no one was very poor, either. Most people seemed to possess a Ford car and to be given to going in the car for picnics on Sundays.

## AMERICA

### CHAPTER XXVII.

**A**FTER two years in Australia and New Zealand, I was recalled to England. The voyage back was not so magical as the journey out. It took me six weeks on the old White Star liner, *The Runic*, to reach home. We put in again for a day at Cape Town. The members came to meet me and that night we had a meeting there. I remember being taken for a long drive round the then newly made cliff drive and round by Cecil Rhodes' house, Groote Schuur. At that time the cliff drive had not as yet any border, and my heart was continually in my mouth when we swung round the unprotected corners. Still I must have hid my fear pretty well as my host told me that it was such a relief to take someone on this drive who was not nervous! As we also went a long way up into the country I was additionally worried that I might miss my boat, having been warned by the captain that a Portuguese family had all missed the boat on his last voyage. And I very nearly did! For taking a taxi after the evening meeting to the shore, the car broke down and my Malay driver spent what seemed to me hours mending it. However, just in time I got there, and we went on to Durban for a two days' stop.

In Durban we had a most strenuous time. The members arranged four meetings for me, and I was taken to breakfast at one member's home, to lunch at another's and to dinner at a third's. We had four meetings and made four members. Then we set sail once more. The captain was extremely thrilled as we entered the Mediterranean, for he received a cable to inform him that he had been appointed commander of a new giant ship, *The Majestic*. He was a very friendly soul. He always came around when all the ladies were having soup in the morning and entertained us with nautical stories. He also invited many of us to his cabin to show us his hobby, making hooked wool rugs. He took them home to his wife and I could not help picturing how many his home must have possessed.

Some of his stories still remain in my mind. Here is one. As usual, on long voyages from Australia, the sailors bring home parrots. So they decided that as they drew near home they would hold a competition as to whose parrot had learned to say the most original remark, and the captain should be the judge. One man religiously kept his parrot out of ear-shot, and when the show day arrived, everyone assembled except this one. Then, just at the last minute he entered with his parrot on his wrist. And the parrot at once screamed: "What a devil of a lot of parrots there are here."

I was now in England for a year or two, and found, as I have stated, that my mother had become an arthritic cripple. She only lived

for three more years after my return and then I was destined once more to spread my wings abroad. Our new General Secretary wished to do away with all regular lecturers. When I asked her what the Lodges would do without lecturers coming around she said that she wished to raise the tone of our meetings and therefore would hold only drawing-room meetings at which very cultured speakers such as Bishop Wedgwood would be asked to speak.

“What have you done all these years, Clara Codd,” she said to me, “but attract a number of cheap little people into the Society?”

Personally I was horrified at such sentiments, but it was not my place to say anything. So I watched her cutting down every lecturer except myself. She did not like to get rid of me as I had been a well-known lecturer in my native land for so long. So I thought I would help her out.

One day I said to her: “If you wish to get rid of me, why do you not ask the American Section to take me on. They have been asking for me for years, and the British Executive would never let me go.”

She jumped at the idea, and before very long I found myself on the Canadian steamer, *The Montcalm*, en route to Chicago, via Quebec and Montreal, in the company of the famous clairvoyant, Mr. Geoffrey Hodson, and his wife and the Welsh General Secretary, Mr. Peter Freeman. The Second World Congress was due and this time it was taking place in Chicago. Mr. Hodson had been specially invited for a

long tour of the United States, and the American Section was willing to include me as well. Mr. Hodson had a very great first-hand knowledge of the *devas* or angelic kingdom. Indeed, he may be said to be our specialist on this subject. He would tell me what the *devas* said to him, so one day I asked him how he spoke to them.

“By thought,” he answered, “you think to the *deva* and he thinks back to you.”

The same truth was told me by a very clairvoyante sister of my own, who thus also described her contact with these radiant beings.

This sister of mine one morning woke to find a great angel standing in her room with apparently huge white wings. Instinctively she said to him: “I thought angels did not have wings.” (Such is the occult teaching.)

“The higher *devas*,” the angel replied, “are the channels of vast out-rushing forces (which are visible psychically, C.M.C.) which lend them the appearance of wings.”

Although not much of a Theosophist my sister on two occasions saw Our Lady. One afternoon I went to Benediction downtown in London, and my sister was to fetch me there. She told me on the way back that as she sat waiting for the service to finish she saw what she always called ‘The Lady’ come in. There was an old man, an arthritic cripple, seated in a wheel chair whom someone had wheeled into the service. The Lady floated in and put her arms around the cripple in the wheel chair. I asked my sister to describe her appearance.

She said she looked like a young Jewish girl of about eighteen, with a warm flush coming through slightly brown cheeks, with blue eyes and long, wavy brown hair, flowing down over her blue draperies.

On another occasion my sister saw and spoke with The Lady. We lived in Finchley, in a group of garden-city houses placed round a kind of green and called 'The Village'. Everybody knew everybody there and most of the people were artists and writers. We had the first wife of H. G. Wells living in the Village. She would warn us not to marry a genius as they were too unaccountable to live with happily. In August the Village fathers would always organize sports for all the children and hire a big field near by. My sister had been to watch the sports and was turning away to walk home when she found The Lady walking beside her, and all the way home The Lady spoke to her of children and what we could do to help them most.

One night during the crossing to Canada the ship's passengers got up to look at the Aurora Borealis. No one woke me and wasn't I disappointed! However, I saw a wonderful iceberg and I shall never forget that for it looked like a fairy palace floating in the dark green sea. We came in for a day to Quebec, the quaintest, most fascinating old French city. While there I saw the Canadian 'Lourdes'. It is built on a hill at the foot of which a similar holy spring runs as at Lourdes in France. We mounted the hill where every now and then

a white carved station of the cross was passed. At the foot we saw the cave and the dripping grotto. On the walls surrounding it were hung numerous crutches left behind by those who had been healed. The great church on the top of the hill had a glorious rose window in the centre of which was a very beautiful representation of Our Lady.

Next day we went on to Montreal. The streets here bear names in two languages, as is done in Ireland. Montreal seemed to me a very beautiful city. It was the first time I had seen the prevalent Western Hemisphere's way of building houses standing in their own gardens with no wall or hedge to mark them off. The effect is wonderful. In this way a town looks something like a park. I saw the University where the famous humorist, Stephen Leacock, was a learned professor. We left the Hodsons behind in Montreal to lecture for a few days, and Mr. Freeman and I took the midnight train to Chicago. Here for the first time I sat up on a high peg stool with my elbows on a big counter and ate the most enormous sandwich I had ever seen in my life; I believe they are called 'three-deckers'. I noticed here for the first time, too, the American habit of giving one a glass of iced water with everything one eats. Even if it is only an ice-cream, the glass of water comes too. It was also the first time that I had seen coloured waiters and stewards. The negro steward on the train could, of course, at once detect my English accent.

“Ugh!” he said to me, “you’re English, aren’t you? Well, presently you’ll be losing your King and you’ll lose all your colonies, too.”

We broke our journey to Chicago to view the Niagara Falls. I had to get used to American money, and for some time I looked upon a dollar as we look upon a sixpence, and showered them everywhere galore. When my funds began to shrink rather alarmingly, I thought again. The Niagara Falls are marvellous. I have also seen the still more wonderful Victoria Falls in Rhodesia, but the beauty of the Niagara Falls is that they can be seen all at once and the tremendous weight of water that comes over is almost awesome. At night they are flood-lit with various colours. I could not help smiling at the endless fuss if one wished to cross over to the American side of the Falls. The Canadian officials were all dressed in navy blue, and the Americans in khaki. But to get over one had to stand endlessly in a kind of pen. Of course, it was during the days of prohibition, and everyone told me jokingly that the river between Detroit and the Canadian border was caused to flood by the amount of bottles that were got rid of crossing it!

At last we reached Chicago, just in time for the World Congress. This took place, as so many American Conventions do, in the enormous Stevens Hotel, which has three thousand rooms, each with its own bathroom attached. Everything in the bathroom matched in colour,

the bath, the walls and even the lavatory paper! Beside the bed were a number of press buttons. One would call the waiter, one the chamber maid, another gave iced water, another curling-irons, et cetera. The luxury of the United States is unbelievable, especially its hotels. And most families have at least one motor car, sometimes two or three.

I was somewhere up on the fifth floor and retiring to bed, put my shoes outside my door to be cleaned, as is the English custom. Presently a tap came on my door, and the little coloured chamber maid entered.

"Honey," she said, "don't put your shoes outside the door, or they will be gone in the morning."

Then she instructed me to take them to a shoe-shine parlour in the morning.

When day dawned I went down to the hotel lobby to find that shoe-shine parlour. I was stopped by the reception clerk.

"Madame," said he, "don't carry your bag tucked under your arm, or it will be stolen."

I began to wonder what kind of a country I had entered. And when I finally reached the shoe-shine parlour, I was immensely intrigued by having to sit up in the air while a negro porter shone my shoes until I could almost see my face in them!

The meetings of the World Congress were held in the Ball Room of the Stevens Hotel. It was combined with the Convention of the American Section. As the United States is so far away, the only European delegate was the

veteran Russian, Madame Kamensky. Dear Madame Kamensky, she had escaped from the Bolshevik revolution through Finland after incredible hardships, and now lives in Geneva, Switzerland. She told me that she always called me the 'fairy lecturer'. There was something so impressive, so solitary, about the lonely Russian lady with such memories in her eyes.

Mr. Hodson was the star speaker after Dr. Besant, and the Congress and Convention closed as was the custom with the American Section in those days, with a huge banquet, at which everyone had to tell a story.

I remember Mr. Hodson's tale; he asked us if we knew the origin of the Grand Canyon? Once upon a time a Scotsman dropped a dime down a rabbit hole there!

Sometimes the American Convention is held in the Stevens Hotel, with nearly everyone being taken back to Wheaton (the home of the American Headquarters) for the succeeding Summer School, and sometimes the Convention is held at Wheaton. I much prefer the latter, for at that little town about an hour's journey from Chicago the Society has the most beautiful and noble building, probably the most striking in the world. It is now named 'Olcott' after our first great American leader, Colonel Olcott, the co-worker with H. P. Blavatsky in the beginning.

A famous General Secretary, who had led the American Section for many years was responsible for its foundation, and Mr. L. W.

Rogers' name will ever be remembered with it. He was the American General Secretary when I first arrived in America. He had been a newspaper man in older days and surrendered all his prospects to work for Theosophy. He is still one of the best of the American lecturers and numerous Lodges owe their foundation to him.

'Olcott' is, as I have said, a noble-looking pile. As the years have passed, its grey stone walls have mellowed, trees have grown up, and its beauty and grace are very compelling. It has not only numerous spacious office rooms, but a large library and many beautiful rooms where a large army of workers live all the year around. Outside are wide lawns and shady groves. When summer schools and conventions are held at Olcott, a big tent is put up in the grounds for meetings, and inside the building, rooms which normally hold only one person are now made into a dormitory. As I write this, I am now in America for the second time after about fourteen years' absence and I notice the extraordinary advance both in appearance and in 'atmosphere' that has been made in Olcott. It is now a centre of very great power and influence, and houses one of the most efficient and devoted bands of workers I have ever met.

At my first visit to the States, I can remember three summer schools and conventions at Olcott and Chicago. Mr. Hodson was also in the States and he gave us many entrancing lectures at Olcott. So did Dr. George

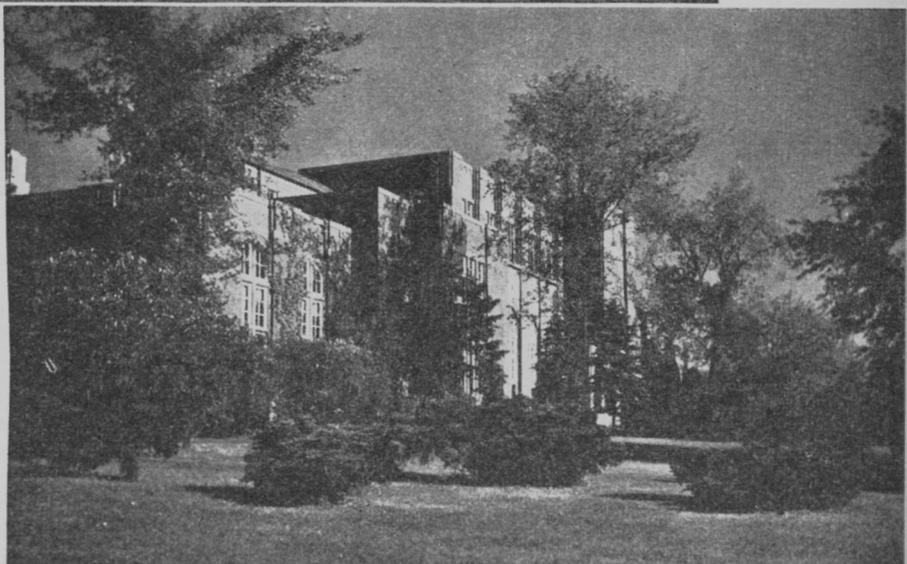
Arundale and his very beautiful Indian wife, Rukmini Devi. On occasions, Chicago can be very hot, and I remember sweltering as if in a Turkish bath in the Stevens Hotel.

A summer school at Olcott is a memorable affair. A large number of members come from all over the States, and the atmosphere evoked and the enduring bonds of friendship forged are something that is never forgotten. For a week or ten days we are housed in Olcott. We meet for meditation in the morning before breakfast. Generally this is taken by the most beloved person in the whole section, little Miss Marie Poutz, head of the esoteric work. Then follows a morning session of a serious and studious character. After lunch some people lie down and relax; others, if younger, go on excursions or sit outside and talk. Evenings are devoted to lectures of an inspiring nature. At the end of the time such inspiration and such friendliness have been evoked that the participants are never quite the same again, and can generally be detected in the various Lodges by their enthusiasm and life.

My first experience, after the World Congress, was a summer school. At its close I set out on the road, being taken by Mr. Eklund to the Lodge at Omaha, in the great farming belt. We passed vast fields of corn. Mr. Eklund was a Swede who had a German wife. They were both immensely good to me. I remember Mr. Eklund's car of those days. It was so ancient and so high up that he told me it would not go more than four miles



**"Olcott,"  
Wheaton,  
Illinois.**



**Head-  
quarters  
of the  
American  
Section**



without breaking down! He also told me that America had the most wonderful picture houses in the world, and that the pictures were alternated with vaudeville shows of the highest quality. He proudly took me to one, but alas! on this occasion the vaudeville exceeded the Folies Bergère of Paris to Mr. Eklund's horror and to my great amusement having seen the real Folies Bergère long ago.

At Omaha I stayed a few days with a senator who had done much with President Hoover for the starving children of Europe. He, too, had a German wife. The darling of his heart was his farm, to which he took me one Sunday afternoon. There he had among other animals, some big moose deer. He would have liked to have lived there always, but he could not persuade his old wife to do without the amenities of town life. They would sit beside a glowing log fire, patting each other's hands, quite forgetting my existence. But it did my own heart good to watch the devotion of two old people nearing the last great gateway together. I also remember going for a drive in what must surely have been the most primitive motor car in existence. There were two little boys in Omaha, two brothers who were always getting into an argument as to which was the greater American, George Washington or Abraham Lincoln. The younger brother favoured Lincoln. The older one day bought a car for \$10. He was as proud as punch over it. There were the remains of a body and the engine still ran.

So he fixed up a seat of rough boards with rope and took his mama and me for a ride.

In the next chapter I will describe America the beautiful as I saw it then. Here I will remember amusing incidents that took place as I travelled around. I remember one town where the Lodge could not agree as to who should put me up so they compromised by sending me to four different hostesses during my stay there. My last host was a detective, but I do not think detectives are ideal people to be with. This one had a continually suspicious and enquiring air! My chairman was an osteopath. Such a kind, nice man, who was very informal; when the lecture came on he lounged up with his hands in his pockets and said: "Wal! folks, now this lecture, what about it?" Everyone grinned amiably and when the close came my chairman said again: "Wal, folks, now you've heard the lecture. What d'ye think about it?"

At one place I saw the most wonderful Masonic temple I ever came across. It was built seemingly with black marble, and had great figures of the Egyptian gods. This reminds me as I write it that I once saw in Scotland the equally wonderful temple, of one of the oldest Lodges of the Scottish Rite in existence, Lodge No. 3. The walls were covered with great paintings depicting, among other things, the initiation of one of the Scottish kings.

Perhaps I enjoyed myself most down the west coast of America. I was particularly

impressed with Los Angeles, the 'City of the Angels'. I felt that in the future it would become, if it were not already so, one of the major cities of the States. In Los Angeles I met the famous palmist, Cheiro, Count Hamon, as he was known in private life. I went to tea with him. Before I arrived, I asked my companion how much he charged for telling one's fortune and heard that it would be \$100. Not for me, I thought. When I entered I saw perhaps the handsomest man I ever saw in my life. He was then over fifty and his wavy hair was grey, but his good looks and his charm were quite overwhelming. As I could not ask him about myself, I thought it would be quite permissible to ask him about the Theosophical Society. Immediately I mentioned it he said: "Oh, yes, Annie Besant, dear thing!" and fetched me out a charcoal impression of her hand and began to tell me about it. He was not very hopeful about the future of the Society, but then that makes no difference to me. Before leaving he gave me an autographed portrait of himself, and his book *World Predictions*.

The friend who took me to see Cheiro was a professional astrologer. She made me a most astonishing proposal.

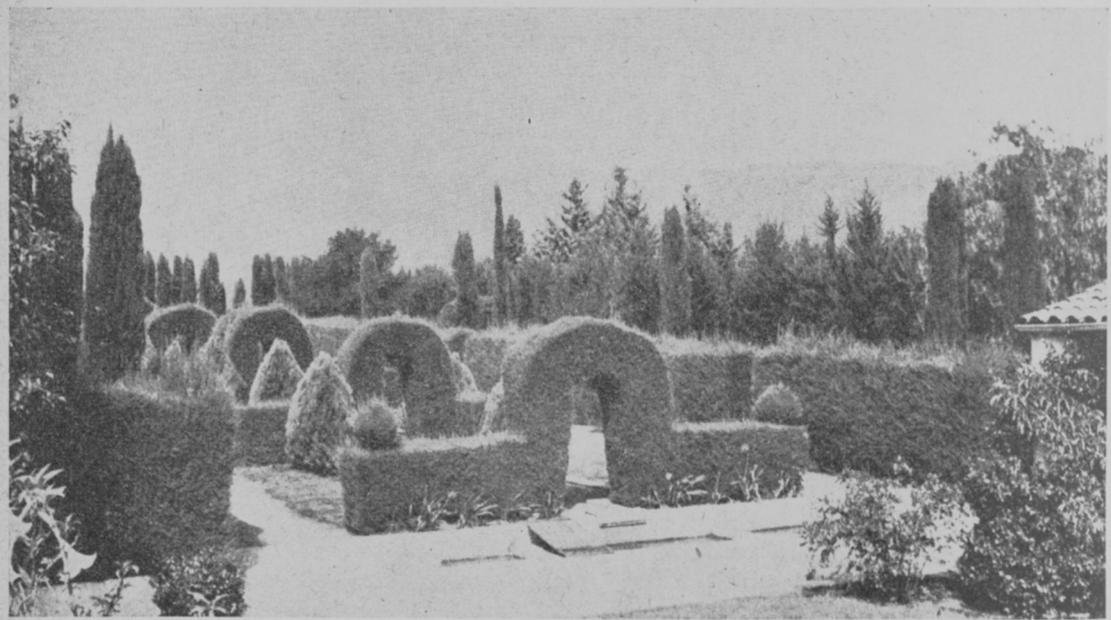
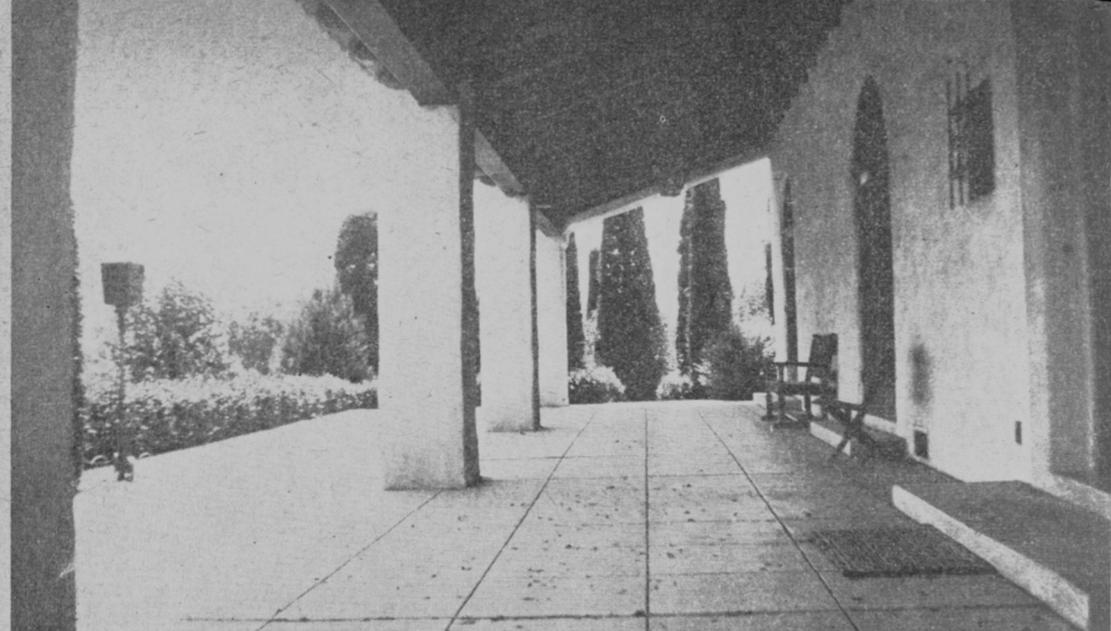
"Now, Clara Codd," she said to me, "I am sure you do not make much by lecturing for the Theosophical Society. Why not leave them and come with me. You are a speaker and I am an astrologer. Together we could tour the States and in three years we shall have made

enough to live upon for the rest of our lives.”

I have no doubt we could have done so, for one of our members did just that very thing. She toured as a ‘Practical Psychologist’ and her bank balance became enormous. America is the happy hunting ground of all such people and of an astonishing number of new movements and religions. There is a street in Los Angeles where fortune tellers of all kind abound, a kind of ‘Harley Street’ of the so-called occultists. Another street seemed to harbour all the new religions. On one side a large house was labelled ‘The Church of the Divine Spirit’, pastor, the Rev. . . ., a woman’s name. Almost opposite was another ‘church’ officered by another woman minister. A friend took me to a service here. The lady pastor, who was also a clairvoyante, and attired as a Church of England clergyman would have been, gave us a service and a long sermon with Bible readings. Before we were allowed to enter we had to deposit half a dollar and one question written on paper in a basket held by a girl verger. After the service closed, the lady pastor took the questions and answered them. I think she was a genuine clairvoyante, though I had to smile when she was asked to tell where a lost object was, and recommended the enquirer to think again and she would remember herself.

The lady pastor of the other church once made a foursome with me and two men ministers, at a meeting in a Congregational Church. The minister was very broad-minded,





Krotona, California.

so invited the four of us to a service on Thanksgiving Day. I was to speak on Theosophy, the lady pastor on her Church of the Divine Spirit, the two men were a Jewish Rabbi and the Head of the Brotherhood movement in the States. We had fifteen minutes each to speak. The lady pastor, who was robed in long trailing grey garments, and I were sandwiched between the men speakers. Afterwards a man friend came to fetch me away. He explained to me that Thanksgiving Day was to commemorate the safe landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, "though," he added, "I think it is the Pilgrim Mothers we should give thanks about for they had to put up with the Pilgrim Fathers."

While in Los Angeles I visited the lovely Valley of the Ojai where Mr. Warrington, a Virginian gentleman who was an ardent Theosophist and one time Vice-President of the Society, had built a lovely place. It is a kind of community, all living in little houses round the Krotona Hill in the centre of the Valley, and there is a central building where a very beautiful lecture hall and library exist. The gardens outside are laid out in the fashion of the surroundings of the Taj Mahal in India. I stayed with dear Mr. Warrington there, and I remember so well how I would sit on his doorstep and watch the sun set over the mountains turning them to a wonderful purple. Mrs. Rogers, the wife of Mr. L. W. Rogers, told me that once when she was thus watching the sun go down, suddenly the highest mountain became outlined in a gigantic human figure

which spun threads of light over the whole valley. I am sure she saw the Spirit of the Mount. Always at sunset a peace seems to descend upon earth. In India they say it is because at the moment of sunset the *Four Devarajas* meet and bless the earth.

In the Ojai Valley, Mr. Krishnamurti has his home. I visited Arya Vihara, as his little house is called, and had lunch with them all there. I saw the little drooping pepper tree in the garden under which Krishnaji so often sat for meditation. He is always so simple and so friendly. At many places in the world I have come across Krishnamurti, and he is always the same, natural, unsophisticated person.

Of course, I visited Hollywood, the movie city. I even went to the famous Brown Derby to catch sight of film stars, but all I saw was George Bancroft, who certainly did not look romantic. I was astonished at the opulence and wonder of the movie theatres of America, though now we have the same in Australia and South Africa.

Prohibition was in force when I was first in America and the evil results were plainly to be seen. Men cannot be made good by Act of Parliament, especially when those who pass such laws have no intention of keeping them themselves. So many people I knew patronized a private bootlegger, even the very senators who had passed the prohibition laws. To the youth of America, it came to be considered

smart to drink, and the drink that they consumed was often of a dangerous variety. When I was in Los Angeles, a young girl of good family was found dead in the bedroom of a drunken sailor. The doctors said she had died of alcohol poisoning. The gaols were crammed with young people who were not real criminals. I was taken over a large gaol in Milwaukee. I shall never forget the shuddering horror with which the head gaoler inspired me. I found that in America the gaolers did not wear uniform as in England, and this greasy, fat man with the most wicked, deceitful eyes I have ever seen, took us round the prison. He threw open the doors of a large room where any number of men, mostly young negroes and whites were sitting on beds with apparently nothing to do. I knew the gaols were overcrowded, but oh! the stench of foul air which came from that room.

In St. Louis, the governor of the great gaol there invited me to speak to his prisoners. I did not enjoy that experience, for if a poor, tired negro drooped in inattention, the guard poked him up at once. Afterwards the governor showed me the dark cells where refractory prisoners are placed for hours. He turned on the light to show me a boy seated in a corner with the most amazing look of bewilderment and resentment upon his face. I still wonder when we shall discover that human beings are not salvaged by such methods. This governor told me that he did not generally allow women speakers to address his men.

“You see,” he said to me, “they never see a woman, and it excites them too much.”

It was at St. Louis that my host took me to see a newspaper editor, to persuade him to write me up. The editor wanted to know what remarkable things I had done in life. Going to prison for the suffrage cause was too long ago. “What has the woman *done?*” he almost bawled at us. In the long run we got no write-up. It was also at St. Louis that my host took me to see a baseball match. (I find I must not insult Americans by saying that it looks to me remarkably like our old game of ‘rounders’.) A New York team was playing the famous St. Louis Cardinals. Everybody got to their feet excitedly cheering whenever the Cardinals scored a point. Once when the New York team scored I cheered, thinking they deserved a cheer, too. Everyone pulled me down at once. “How dare you cheer New York in St. Louis,” they said to me.

It was also in St. Louis that my hostess took me to hear a Moslem speaker who had been to Mecca and therefore wore the traditional green turban. He told us to stand on our heads, for to make the blood run down there would be very good for our brains. He also made us recite the sacred word of the East, Aum, thirty times on end. I wondered what would be the psychic effect of such chanting on unprepared bodies. I heard there another swami, a fat man in yellow robes, to whom I took a great dislike. I rather fancy that the East has discovered the interest in Yoga of

the West now, and hastens to exploit that interest. I once stayed with a family who belonged to an occult sect which shall be nameless, and they breathed and chanted all sorts of things before breakfast every day. I also once stayed with some Seventh Day Adventists, who kept Sunday on Saturday, and who every morning and evening when we (as a cousin of mine once phrased it) smelt our chairs, prayed for me that I might be brought to enlightenment and the truth.

An interesting occurrence happened in Los Angeles. A woman came to see me who through unguided meditations and practices had awakened her lower astral perceptions and found herself continually haunted. The creatures who haunted her would not allow her to sleep; sometimes she could keep them off for a little while by placing pails of water all round her bed. Could I help her? I knew that confidence and faith are enormously necessary, so I told her I would give her a magnetized article if she came to me half an hour before the next lecture. I meant to find some metal object which would carry magnetism, but I found I had a chip of wood which someone had cut off Krishnamurti's chair at the Ommen Camp Fire. I took that down and on the way in the cab something said to me, "Recite the words of exorcism from the Liberal Catholic Baptismal service over her."

She was there and I told her not to mind whatever I did to her. Normally I do not

remember the exact wording of the Baptismal service, but it came to me now as clearly as though written, and making the great signs of the cross before her and behind her I said the words: "May His holy Angels go before thee and follow after thee and keep thee in all thy ways." And I gave her the chip of wood. To my joy, she wrote me some time afterwards to say that from that moment the hauntings had ceased.

It was in Los Angeles that I spoke to a large ladies' club. That is another astonishing aspect of American life, the number of women's clubs. Some of them do wonderful civic work and some of them seemed to be devoted to endless bridge. One day a totally strange voice rang me up. It seemed that a noted woman author was due to speak to a women's club, and she had suddenly fallen ill with influenza. Someone had told her of me and she wished to know if I would take her place. I told her that I was a Theosophical lecturer, and she at once said that I must not talk about Theosophy. Finally it was arranged that I should speak on "Home Life in India."

I arrived at the Club and soon found myself sitting upon the platform while the chair-woman went through various business procedures. I could hear the women sitting in front discussing me. One can always hear an American voice anywhere. "Isn't she cute?" they said, "and hasn't she got a cute little English accent?" When all was over, one of

the ladies rushed up to me and said: "Oh! my dear Miss Card (that is how it sounded) personality plus!"

I said that prohibition was then in force. I heard woeful accounts of how prohibition had delivered America over into the hands of the gangster world. I could well believe it from a little item of my own personal experience. In Liverpool, England, one of our members was a master baker. His only son had emigrated to America, and nothing would please his wife but that he should sell his flourishing little business and go to America, too. At first all went well. He started another bakery and did well. But when I saw him in Cleveland, the big jolly baker was a thin ghost of a man, looking deadly tired.

"What is the matter with you?" I asked. "I thought you had made a successful business."

"I did at first," he said, "but I could not afford to pay the tribute the gangsters levied."

"What," I cried, "do you mean to say you paid it?"

"What else could I do?" he said. "If I did not they would kill me or blow up my shop."

"Did you not tell the police?" I innocently asked.

You should have seen his expression. "Police?" he answered. "Police? They are all in league with the gangsters."

And so the poor man had lost his little shop and was condemned to scratch a living working in an iron foundry.

It was at Cleveland, lovely town of beautiful woods, that I met the famous Dr. Hay, the dietician. I went to morning tea with him. He had not written all his books then but he told me as I went away:

“Now remember, the greatest poison you can eat is the familiar poached egg on toast.”

In Chicago I met Dr. Weller van Hook. At that time he was not wholly in sympathy with the Society, and had a Lodge all his own. Mrs. Kochersperger took me to a meeting there. A beautiful young girl, who, I was told, was the doctor's adopted daughter, played the violin. Then the doctor spoke to us telling us things of which he said H. P. Blavatsky had informed him from the other side. I always leave my mind open upon the validity of such communications. But I loved the doctor himself, and used to see him quite often. He had once been a very famous surgeon, but gave up his practice and fame to work for the Theosophical Society. He had such a gentle, compassionate face. The last time I saw him he said to me:

“You had better not come to see me any more, my dear. You will put yourself wrong with your superiors in the work.”

But when once we are friends, how can any circumstances alter that relationship?

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

**T**HE United States is one of the most supremely beautiful countries in the world. The scenery there is on a grand and massive scale. When I first arrived I was haunted by reporters who seemed as time went on to have a successive scale of stock questions. At first they would ask me what I thought of 'sky-scrapers'? I must say that I was immensely impressed by them. Some of the earlier tall buildings were of a plain and ugly variety, but some of the later architects have evolved piles of amazing beauty and impressiveness. I remember seeing one in the town of Columbus, which almost brought the tears to my eyes, so grand did it seem. I was told (I wonder if it is true) that some of the tallest sky-scrapers, those of thirty to forty stories high, sway about seven feet in the wind.

Next, the reporters took to asking me which I thought was the most beautiful state, and to this day I still remain faithful to the wild and lovely states of Oregon and Washington, the lands of great mountains, deep woods and still lakes. Never shall I forget my most beloved mountain, the lonely gigantic Mount Rainier which towers above Tacoma. At eventime, it reaches out above the mists of the town like

a lonely god, turning rose colour in the rays of the setting sun. The Indians used to call it the 'God Mountain.' I do not wonder at that.

Minnesota and Wisconsin are also lands of endless lovely lakes. 'Minne' means water, and I think Minnesota means sweet waters. I remember sitting on the edge of the lake upon which the town of Madison is situated in the quiet of a morning. All at once I observed someone watching me. Out of a hole nearby had come a little ground squirrel. For at least fifteen minutes he sat upon his haunches with his tiny front paws held in front of him, perfectly immovable, regarding me.

Then reporters took to asking me, as the Presidential election was then approaching, who I thought should be the next President of the United States. I wonder why, if you have the slightest degree of notoriety, you should be considered capable of expressing an opinion on everything on earth? The reporter who asked me this was a dark gloomy looking man in the town of Birmingham, Alabama, who had begun proceedings by telling me that the English have no sense of humour. Of course, every nation, since its brand of humour is different, thinks that all other nations have no sense of it. But this solemn reporter tickled me. I thought I would have some fun with him, and it had just happened that I had been to see a movie with Will Rogers as the hero, called 'So this is London.' So with a perfectly straight face I said: "Why not Will Rogers?"

My interlocutor looked slightly startled, and I went on to say that I had just witnessed Will Rogers' latest picture and that in it he says that Americans think that there is nothing in England except noblemen and butlers, and one is always taking a drink and the other is always taking it to him.

"So you see," I said, "I might tell you that in England we think there is nothing in America but gangsters and divorcées and cheeky children."

He gave me a wintry smile and went away. Next morning the Birmingham paper carried a headline: 'She's English, but she has a sense of humour.' That is the only newspaper interview that I have ever kept in my life!

I longed to see the Grand Canyon, about which I heard so much, so our American General Secretary, Mr. Rogers, kindly arranged the southern route for me when I had to go to California. On the way someone came through the train asking us if we would like to stop off and see the petrified forest. It would cost some \$10 to see the forest and then be driven by a motor coach to catch the train again. Ten dollars seemed a lot of money for a little jaunt, still I wanted to see a petrified forest. I consulted the negro steward.

"Oh! Missy," he said, "don't you miss it; you will see the bodies of old Indian chiefs petrified as they were."

This sounded most exciting, so I decided to go. Wasn't I disappointed, for certainly there

were no dead Red Indian chiefs, but only a number of fallen tree trunks turned to stone with a green-garbed ranger to discourse to us learnedly about ossification. Still I was not sorry at spending my ten dollars for when we took the motor coach and drove hard to catch the train again, we crossed the Arizona desert in the face of a blinding setting sun, which turned everything to glory and painted the sandy desert all the colours of the rainbow.

Again I got off the train to make a detour to the Grand Canyon where I spent a day. The canyon must be seen to be believed. It is like the world held upside down, the big river looks like a far-away silver thread at the bottom of a gorge three miles in depth. I am not as fond of California as most people are. There are other parts of America I like better. I love the trees of America. All round Cleveland and Ann Arbor are the most beautiful woods and shall I never forget the breathtaking glory of the great Mariposa Grove where the giant redwoods are. These again must be seen to be appreciated. Incredible forest giants, they have survived many forest fires and are thousands of years old. Through the burned-out hole in one, two motor cars can pass as the road winds through the tree. When I saw them I was with my friends, Milo Perkins and his wife. Their two sons who alas! have left them in the recent war, were two delightful little boys then. The streams in the Mariposa Grove are filled with gold flecks, so the little boys spent the morning straining the water through their handkerchiefs

and telling their mother excitedly that they were going to make her very rich.

It was in the Mariposa Grove that I came across Mr. Hodson, lying on his back at the foot of a giant called the General Sherman, 'psyching' it.

"Clara," he called to me, "these trees are most interesting. I do believe they are skipping the animal evolution completely and coming straight into the human kingdom. There is a most marvellous stream of logic light coming down on them."

We went on to spend a day and night in the Yosemite Valley, the valley where in ancient days Red Indians would disappear from their foes. What a wonderful place! It is studded with sparkling waterfalls. One is higher than the Niagara Falls, and one supremely beautiful one is called the 'Bridal Veil.' The valley is surrounded by immense cliffs. Over the sheer drop of one the boy scouts build every night a great fire, pushing the flaming wood over in a cascade of flame.

But what pleased me the most there were all the animals. The little deer with their moss-covered antlers were quite tame. I heard that they liked 'Sun-maid' raisins, so armed with three boxfuls I went to feed them. They liked them all right, their soft little lips soon licked up all I had. Then they did not understand that I had no more, for they took to pawing me with their tiny hooves. Then there were the bears, of all sorts and sizes. We were warned not to feed bears as their long sharp

claws can inflict bad wounds. But I have to smile when I think of one bear. A family had come into the valley to picnic, and were searching for a nice spot to picnic in. They had forgotten to close the car window, and there was a big bear inserting his arm through the window. He pulled out a bag of cookies, as they call buns in America, and was soon enjoying them all.

That night the camp hostess got us all round a camp fire and a forest ranger, looking like a kind of Robin Hood, gave us a most interesting talk about the ways and habits of bears. The hostess asked everyone to contribute to the evening's enjoyment, and all I could do was to tell amusing suffragette stories. When I finished the big ranger crossed over to me.

"I'd like to shake hands with you," he told me. He sat down beside me and showed me marvellous photographs he had taken himself of other giant trees in the forest. One was of five great trees that had grown together and looked like a set of organ pipes.

In the afternoon we gathered about four o'clock at the head of a great pit where the boy scouts and college students who were serving there throw all the garbage of the camps. Presently down from the mountains came the small bears, and soon were busy picking at the refuse. Suddenly they all beat a hasty retreat. The bigger bears were coming, and one slow-coach who did not get away quick enough got a cuff on the ear. The

bigger bears enjoyed themselves until they, too, beat a retreat. The grandfather bears were coming down from the mountains. I could see that there is a great respect for elders in the bear kingdom. The ranger hung a leg of mutton up on a bough, so that we could watch a great grizzly stand up to eat it.

Another beautiful spot I remember is Salt Lake City. We came into it slowly across the great salt lake on what seemed to be a kind of low wooden bridge, and were given wee bags of salt for souvenirs. The lake is so salt that nothing will grow around its edges and if anyone fell in he would never sink. Salt Lake City is one of the finest towns in the world, ringed round by gorgeous mountains and the air is like champagne. I spent some hours there and was driven round by a taxi man who was of course a Mormon. He showed me the great Mormon temple and the little tabernacle beside it. He had never been in the tabernacle, for only the Mormon leaders were allowed there. I saw the row, going down hill, of the little houses where Brigham Young's wives lived, each in her own little home. It was on coming away from Salt Lake City and stopping to change trains at a not-far-away town that I saw Quakers of the old style in their old-fashioned poke bonnets and shawls. Two women, thus attired, and a man were also waiting for trains. I asked the station master who they were.

"Quakers," he replied, "and very good people they are, too."

At that station I nearly bought two charming baby chipmunks a boy had for sale. But pets are not possible for a travelling lecturer. Perhaps of all animals there is no more fascinating creature than the American chipmunk, a tiny squirrel with stripes down its back that reminds me of the Indian squirrels. I used to love to watch them flying about with bright, little darting eyes in the woods and forests of the States.

I came across Mormon missionaries quite often. They seemed to always be quite young men. I once arrived at Boston and found an unusual session awaiting me. In Boston a congregational minister used to take his congregation, mostly the ladies I must admit, on what he called 'thought-journeys'. He would take them round to every kind of denomination and philosophy. On this occasion our fine rooms there had been taken for a series of speakers from various denominations, all arranged by this clergyman. As they were using our rooms I was to lead off with an account of Theosophy. I was followed by a young Mormon, and then by the representative of a School of Silence, a species of New Thought, and I remember we wound up in the evening with a spiritualistic séance. Between each session our friend, the minister, would tell us all to stand up and take six big breaths. Then we were ready for still more.

The Mormon interested me very much. He was quite a good speaker. He told us how God had personally appeared to Joseph Smith, and

when question time came, someone asked him why the Mormons had abandoned polygamy. He replied that God had told them to stop it and so of course they did.

Dear me, what curious sects one can meet in the States. I came across a body of people who believed we could discover the secret of physical immortality and so never die. When they spoke to me of their ideas I told them I thought they were gruesome. Did they want to keep this not so very beautiful or healthy body forever? I preferred to get a new and better one.

In St. Petersburg I came across a woman who told me that her ailing brother wanted her to promise to have his body cremated when he passed over, but certainly she never would.

"Why do you not please the poor man," I said, "by promising him his heart's desire?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "how could I possibly do that, for what will happen when the Last Day comes if I have cremated him. He won't be able to rise again!"

I have found that quite a number of Catholics have the same strange idea.

Once, when motoring with Mr. Loenholdt, to St. Paul in Minnesota, we passed a little town where an Indian war dance was advertised for the evening. My friend was willing to wait to see it, and to drive through the night instead. So we witnessed the dance which seemed to consist of an Indian file with three little steps first to the right and then to the left. What interested me most was a Navajo Indian who

imitated the various calls of animals. I noticed that when he gave us the lone cry of a wolf he never moved his lips. It seemed to be all done by an expansion and contraction of his diaphragm.

I remember so well that long drive through the night. I kept falling asleep, of course, but Mr. Loenholdt, who was driving kept up. Every now and then I woke to find the road sparkling with fireflies and we were often passed by huge lumbering lorries who travel at night because the roads are freer. We arrived at St. Paul at five a.m. and had to wake up my host, Dr. Boxell.

I always wanted to find a genuine Red Indian, complete with feathers and all, and at last I heard of one who was called 'Thunderwater' because of his stentorian voice. He consented to come and see me and to please me, wore his feather headdress. His tale of the plight of his people was very moving. He brought along with him a chief from far away Canada. I was immensely touched by this poor savage's faith in our English ruling dynasty. He was sure the Prince of Wales would do something for them if only he could be told. Could I not get his ear? Thunderwater was of a more virile build. I asked him if he were a Roman Catholic, having heard that nowadays most Red Indians are.

"No!" he roared at me.

What then was he? "No one wanted to know," he replied. But in the end I persuaded him to tell me of his ancient religion, and fasci-

nating I found it. He told me that the 'happy hunting grounds' were not in another world, but in a future life upon earth. He told me the Indian names for the four quarters of the earth and drew for me their symbols. He explained the colours that belonged to each quarter and I recognized the same account as will be found in Buddhism and the religion of ancient Egypt. That hardly surprised me as I knew that the Red Indian race were the last petering-out remnants of what was the mightiest and most learned race of ancient Atlantis, the famous Toltecs. He drew me the picture form of the West, and said its colour was rose, and that there was where all who died passed to, using the term 'gone to the West, to the setting sun.' I thought of how the soldiers in the war talked of 'going West,' and of similar terms in ancient Egypt when a man went West to Osiris.

I saw something of this again when near the Grand Canyon I watched a band of Hopi Indians dance a sacred dance called the Eagle dance. Imitating the flight of an eagle and wearing a feather coat, the young chief and his fellows did a really entrancing dance.

I went to Florida, and saw the great swamps, and the festoons of moss hanging from all the trees. At Baton Rouge I stayed with a rather wonderful man and his wife. He was the head of a big school for the deaf and dumb, and his way with those afflicted children, who all adored him, was truly marvellous. They had a little boy of eight who just before Christmas had fallen into the river and been drowned.

They were going to give him for Christmas a little canary they had christened 'Santa.' Santa was without exception the most wonderful canary I have ever seen. He was never shut in a cage. Its door was permanently tied open, and every evening when he had got tired of flying around, he put himself to bed in his cage. In the day time he flew where he would, and always knew the exact time of meals, for then he would unfailingly fly down to the kitchen and come up with the trays, helping himself to whatever he fancied. His owner would play games with him pretending to have a mock fight on the table, and Santa would join in joyfully, chattering and flapping his wings gamely.

I saw the museum in Philadelphia where George Washington's relics are kept. At the entrance in a glass case is preserved a scalp torn off by an Indian. There are also George Washington's old uniforms. I ran out again as quickly as possible. Perhaps it was the scalp, but the smell of that museum was too much for me!

Of all American cities I admire Washington most, a noble city of splendid national monuments. More than once have I visited the Lincoln Memorial, the simplest and most impressive monument I have ever seen. It is built in the form of a white Greek temple, each pillar representing one of the States. Outside, cypress trees grow, and inside, to be seen through the pillars, sits a gigantic statue of the great Liberator, gazing out over the land he

served so well. At night the whole building is flood-lit, and passing, one can see the seated Lincoln shining through the pillars. Behind him, inscribed in gold lettering, are extracts from his speeches, especially the famous Gettysburg address. Now a similar memorial, round, not square, to Jefferson is built. Here the figure is standing and round him, too, are inscribed extracts from his great speeches. Jefferson's memorial has not yet acquired the extraordinary atmosphere of the Lincoln shrine, which has so strong and almost visible a feeling that one instinctively feels one is on holy ground. Probably it has now become the most highly magnetized and potent centre of what the soul of America means in the whole country. In both memorials, reading the words of nobler men of more gigantic moral stature than any we possess to-day, one is moved to tears. 'There were giants on the earth in those days.' How I wish we had a Lincoln, a Jefferson, a Hamilton, a Franklin in the world to-day. Washington is remembered by a tall column. A psychic friend told me that he could always see a blue mist of devotional feeling sweeping up the column.

In the West I loved San Francisco, the City of the Golden Gate. I see why it has acquired that name. When the sun sets it pours amazing golden light right through the opening to the harbour. In that harbour the famous prison of Alcatraz is situated on an island. Another fascinating thing in San Francisco is to visit Chinatown, where shops exhibit such

lovely things that one wishes one were a millionaire, and where Chinese plays are performed. Seattle is also a lovely city, with the steepest roads I have ever seen. I once had an amusing experience coming through from Canada to Seattle. I had never noticed that my visa had expired a few days before, so when the bus crossed the frontier, I was bundled out with all my luggage, the other people in the bus wearing an expression of 'please, teacher, it isn't me.' I had to sit for hours in the police station, surrounded by gruesome pictures of wanted murderers, waiting for a return bus. I tried all sorts of things to persuade the officer to let me go on. I said I had to lecture that night. He said it was all the fault of my British government. It was they who wanted to make money by having passports! So I had to go back, but I came down again the next day with the necessary visa.

At Sacramento, the old gold city, I saw the ancient fort, now a museum for covered wagons, guns, clothes and letters, of the old pioneer days.

Another lovely spot in America is the Rocky Mountains. I visited Denver, the city where the air is so magnetic that one has to be careful in turning doorknobs or touching pipes, for it is easy to get an electric shock. But the mountains were so beautiful, and so they were at Butte, too.

I had only a week in New York so did not see much of it. I am much more familiar with Chicago in the middle states. I remember one

experience in New York. I was stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sellon, and Mr. Sellon was anxious to take me one Sunday afternoon to an 'at home' that Mrs. Alice Bailey always held at her home there on Sundays. Mrs. Sellon was horrified at the idea, but I could see that Mr. Sellon wished to go and I was more than willing, having heard so much of the famous Mrs. Bailey, an oculist of note. So off I went in the company of Mr. Sellon and Mr. Claude Bragdon the artist and writer. We found quite a number of people congregated in Mrs. Bailey's home. She was very charming to me and introduced me to her four young daughters. She seemed to have the dreamy eyes of a medium of some kind.

I also visited 'The House of the Masters,' as the large building put up to house the paintings of Nicholas Roerich is called. On the ground floor, there was a temple with a large seated golden figure of the Buddha. Three or four storeys above housed the wonderful paintings, most of them scenes in Thibet and done in the glowing colours of pastels. In one gallery his son had placed a marble bust, done by himself, of his father. This same son visited us at Adyar on his way to Russia to join the Russian airforce in World War II.

America is the great 'melting pot' as Israel Zangwill called it. Only to look at the names over shops will reveal, twenty, thirty different nationalities. And from that tremendous admixture is arising a distinctive national type. Carl Jung describes how a German family who

emigrated to America had children born after their arrival in America who were of quite a different type from the ones born in Europe. He also described how he watched the men going into a Ford motor plant, and commented to Mr. Ford on the number of Red Indians employed. Mr. Ford claimed that they had no such people, and Carl Jung remembered an ancient saying that one should never conquer a country for then one would inherit an alien psychic background. Evidently the psychic background of the States is Red Indian, and this influences the white physique. Mr. Geoffrey Hodson also told me that the fairy life of the States wears a Red Indian appearance.

I remember Count Hermann Keyserling observing the influence of the negro population upon America. He held that the art of the future America would largely come from the negro part of the community. Anyone who has heard Marian Anderson and Paul Robeson sing, and who has read Richard Wright and the famous negro poets will understand this. Never have I heard a voice which for richness and beauty exceeds that of Paul Robeson, and again to hear Marian Anderson sing negro spirituals is a deeply moving experience. Religion was all that was left to an oppressed and alien race, and so the negro spirituals are infinitely touching. Anyone who would understand what a negro boy is up against should surely read Richard Wright's truly dreadful book 'Black Boy'. Personally, I loved the black race. They are so kindly and so merry. A business man

once told me a story. He said negroes hardly ever commit suicide. So he asked his negro janitor why.

"Well, Massa," the janitor replied, "it's like this. White man gets a lot of trouble, and he thinks and he thinks, and then he takes a gun and shoots hisself. Black man gets a lot of troubles and he thinks and he thinks, and den he goes to sleep."

I remember when I was in New Orleans that my hostess brought along one of her maids who could not read or write.

"Dinah," she said, "wants to ask you a very particular question."

Dinah looked at me with such an eager face.

"Oh, Missy," she said, "do tell me. Is God a white man or is he a black man?"

I cannot now remember what I said in answer. What would you have said?

Louisiana and Florida are lands of swamps, and trees with festoons of moss hanging from them. I was told the moss was used to stuff mattresses. Down south I also saw the noted Park given to the Nation by Mr. Bok. There I saw grapefruit hanging in clusters from trees and weighing the branches down, so heavy were they. Near the park's central lake is a lovely copper-decorated tower with a carillon which is played every day. And round the lake walk flamingos with their pink wings. They told me that twenty nightingales were imported from England, but in a strange land they never bred, and now only two remain.

One of the most moving plays I ever saw was the Pulitzer prize play 'Green Pastures,' to which Mr. Sidney Cook, Vice-President of The Theosophical Society, took me one day. A fine old man acted the part of 'de Lawd,' and the play opened with a fish-fry going on in heaven. There was the Angel Gabriel who seemed to be a rather fussy secretary to God. The little angels had downy wings and the fat mammy angels wore dusters over their heads and wings when they dusted God's office and roll-top desk. Down on the earth all was gone wrong. What could God do but drown all in the flood? So he descended to talk with Noah. There was the ark. It certainly would not have held many animals. Noah was anxious to take two kegs of whisky on board and God would allow only one. It was all very amusing and at the same time infinitely touching and each scene was interlarded with negro spirituals. There was one splendid scene where the toiling Israelites walked on a moving platform singing: 'Let my people go!' while Moses stood with his arms upheld by two men, behind.

The last scene was the best of all. It was again the fish-fry in heaven. God had tried everything and still the earth was wicked. Suddenly an ecstatic glow came over the old actor's face. Down on the earth the crucifixion was taking place. At last God had found the way to salvage wicked mankind!

I remember gorgeous scenery on the Island of Orcas where a summer school was being held by the Northwest Federation of the

Theosophical Society in America. One day we took horses to carry bedding and walked up a great mountain. At the top we saw the sun set over an island-studded sea, and the next morning we saw it rise over snow-capped peaks on the mainland. We were instructed to hollow out a depression for our hips and rolled in a rug, we slept, though I am afraid the hard ground entirely prevented me from much sleep. The cowboys of Arizona say that one can be cured of almost anything by sleeping straight on the earth for three weeks with one's head to the north. There is truth in this. Mother Earth is full of healing factors and over the surface of the earth flow invisible psychic currents between the North and the South Poles. I once knew a man who was cured of arthritis by merely burying himself all day in the hot sand of Egypt.

From Orcas Island we could see Canada and all the lovely scenery around Vancouver. I visited Canada once or twice. The climate of British Columbia and its gorgeous scenery are wonderful. But I would not like to live in Eastern Canada. It is too cold. I was in Toronto in the winter time. Shall I ever forget it? Of course all the hotels were warmed like Turkish baths. But when I went out! For a few minutes one felt nothing, then every exposed end of one, like ears and nose and finger tips, even in gloves, began to hurt terribly. Yes, I thought, no Canada for me. I consider Canadians are heroes to live in such a dreadful climate. At Toronto I saw the

beautiful mystical pictures by Colonel Thompson who had fought in the first World War. Toronto Lodge has a fine hall of its own. I found that the psychology of Canada was different from that of the States. It is difficult to express it correctly, but Canada seems tuned to a lower key than the States. I noticed the same lowering of psychic temperature when I reached Australia again after three years in the States. It does everyone good to pay a visit to the States. Life there is at such a tempo that no one can resist a kind of smartening up. I always felt there as if my brain were receiving a species of electric brushing. And I must take off my hat to the best-dressed and most smartly-groomed women in the world. A plain or 'homely' (to use the American term) woman is a rarity there. Neat, trim, well-turned out girls, many of them looking 'like a million dollars' greet your eye at every turn of the road. There are other sides to American life that are not so charming. It is a woman's country. The men are almost apologetic for being there and in most homes everything centres around the young girl. England on the other hand is a man's country. All the best shops provide for him, and his wife is quite happy to let him take the lead. But I found in America more than I have in any other country, the terrible vice of possessive motherhood. So many American children are over-mothered and catered to. Consequently the frustrated ego takes revenge in queer and un-social ways. I once stopped in a home where

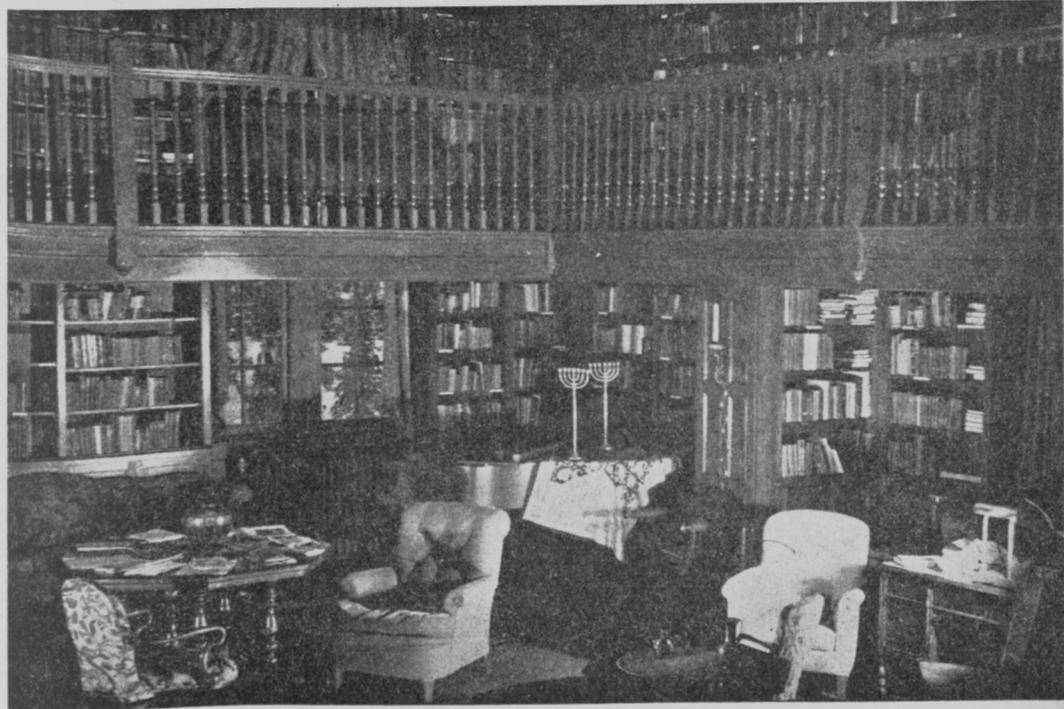
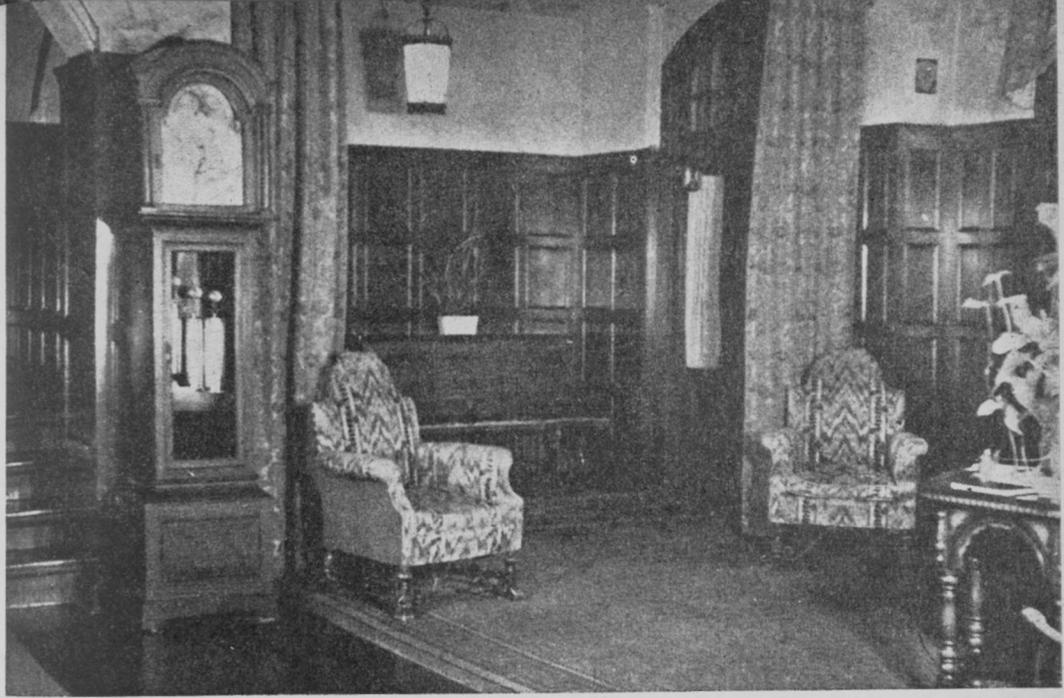
the poor little wife told me of what she had to endure with a husband of fifty who was still completely under the domination of his old mother. The wife had no say in anything whatever. What they wore, what they ate, where they went, all was decided by the husband's mother alone. Philip Wylie calls such women 'Mom.' I am afraid that there are many 'moms' in America, to the detriment of that nation's psychic health.

But I must not comment only on that aspect. I found such kindness and such generosity in America as exceeds anything I have ever seen in the world. America to me is the land of very dear friends, of a hospitality and generosity as surpasses belief. I would willingly make a home there, for it is the easiest country to live in in the world.

From America and from the other new countries like Australia, New Zealand and South Africa is emerging a new and better race of men, unhampered by too old and long traditions, no longer straitened by rigid caste systems, but a free and self-governing race of men now being hammered by fate into shape. Some traditions are beautiful in themselves, like the Royal family of England, the most beloved and steadiest of kingships in the world. Many Americans love our King and Queen, too, though sometimes I came across those who asked me how a democratic peoples such as we are, could still tolerate such an anachronism as a king. I always had a good answer for them. Our King is no tyrant, I would tell them, he

has not as much personal power as your President. He is a permanent president whom we do not have to elect every four years with a frightful amount of graft and chicanery as you have to do. At this moment of writing, America is thrilled with the love story of our Princess Elizabeth. You can always trust America to thrill to true love.

Goodbye, America, I love you. I believe in you, even though in the near future you must go through vast and drastic changes, no doubt. If you could but hold the spirit of Jefferson and Franklin you would win your way through to the moral leadership of the world. I wonder if you will.



Entrance Hall and Library at Olcott.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

### AUSTRALIA AGAIN

**M**Y three years in the States having expired, I set sail for Australia again, from Los Angeles to Sydney, taking the last voyage of the old *Ventura* before she was to be broken up. This time I went second-class and found only one bathroom on that side of the ship. The majority of the passengers seemed to be Portuguese and they did not seem to use the bathroom, so I found myself practically the sole possessor. There was also on board a Fijian minister, who, to my mind, was the greatest gentleman on board. An interesting second-class passenger was a professional dancer. Her father had been Scotch and her mother was a Hawaiian. She always wore black satin Chinese trousers and one day she showed me how they were made. Perfectly straight, a child could have cut them out, with the straight piece across the middle gathered between the legs. She had danced all over the world, in all the great European cities, and was now on her way to the southern hemisphere.

We put in at the Hawaiian Islands, and the Theosophical Lodge in Honolulu came to meet me. They finally persuaded me to leave the ship and to spend three weeks with them, taking the

next boat on to Australia. They were a wonderful three weeks. I called Hawaii the Island of Rainbows, because every day I saw a succession of beautiful rainbows. It was very green and lovely. I saw a great green cliff from which the ancient kings threw their enemies. Honolulu seemed to have citizens of many different races, Chinese, Japanese, Indians, as well as whites and the original Hawaiians. I thought the latter a very handsome race. They are wonderful divers and fishermen. They will dive under a shark and stab him in the stomach. I met the most delightful little twelve-year old boy there. His parents were Europeans, but the boy spent all his spare time with a fine young Hawaiian playmate, who had taught him to fish and dive like a native. Under his tutelage the boy had taken a dislike to clothes and got rid of as much as he could when he came home from school. I can never forget that boy, his fearless frankness, his lovely, shining naturalness, his essential purity. I often wonder what happened to him in all these after years.

My host, Colonel Partlow, took me to an army boxing match. I never want to see another. It was not two free men having a battle of fisticuffs. It was two dehumanized, panting young creatures being egged on by older men who should have known better. With round, panting mouths and agonized eyes these two youths were encouraged to attack each other when I could see that they were both about to drop from sheer fatigue.

In Honolulu there stands an Indian lingam which is always decorated with flowers and votive offerings. It has the reputation of having healing powers and is semi-worshipped by the Chinese, Japanese and Hawaiians, equally with the Indian population. A friend took me to a Chinese fortune-teller. She was an incredibly old Chinese woman dressed in black trousers, who could not speak English so had to employ a grandchild as interpreter. I was told to shake a round box of bamboo spills, and the way in which they were shaken out gave indications of my future. The lady who took me was slightly psychic, and told me that once when she pulled up a rather rank Canna in her garden she saw a tiny creature spitting red at her in anger. The fairy guardian of the Canna, I expect.

Soon I set sail again and on the way south we put in for a day at the Fijian Islands. I liked the Fijians; I liked their wild, proud eyes. Quite a number of native girls, dressed in the particularly hideous 'mother hubbard' came down to the wharf to see us go. There were some white people holding a number of paper ribbons for friends on board; I thought I would give the Fijian girls some fun, so bought some balls of paper ribbon and signalled to them to come and hold the ends. They soon twigged what I meant and they certainly enjoyed thus seeing me off.

Our next port of call was Auckland in New Zealand, and there I saw again Bishop Thompson and his faithful friends of the Auckland

Lodge. Reaching Sydney, I was once again in the beloved Manor. Bishop Leadbeater was still there, though older and frailer than of yore. Lectures and meetings were soon in full swing for me. Bishop Leadbeater was still holding his usual Monday nights, when we all gathered in the Refectory and he sat in a big armchair in his red Bishop's robes, with his little boy pupils draped round him and his little girls all sitting on the floor demurely sewing. We older people sat round outside them and were clearly not nearly so important.

A Swedish doctor was in the Manor just then and one Monday he asked C.W.L. about a hunter friend of his who had had a dog he was very devoted to before he died. The doctor wished to know whether the dog was 'individualized' that is, whether through the influence and companionship of the hunter, his dog had developed enough to be put in touch on the other side with a divine ego waiting to commence a physical evolution. For once C.W.L. said he would look and see, though he did not generally exhibit his clairvoyant powers in public. He did not pass into a trance state, he merely looked up and waited some time. Then he exclaimed that he had found the hunter, and investigating, found that he was not a sufficiently evolved man to bring about such a mighty change in his dog, but the devotion of the dog was so complete that he would not be able to rejoin his 'group-soul', the origin of collective animal instinct, until his master had returned to the next earth life.

Sometimes, generally at the instigation of one of his children, C.W.L. would tell us marvellous tales of his adventures when a boy in South America. His parents seemed to have let him do whatever he wished for he told us of one occasion when he tried to go across some peninsula alone through the jungle, as a boy of twelve. He made friends with the natives and one of them in Peru showed him where the lost treasures of the Incas were hidden. When the depredations of the Spanish conquerors became too frequent the Peruvians hid their treasures. All these centuries the secret has been kept. C.W.L. told us that he was taken under water in some big river where the mouth of a great cave was situated. Inside the cave stood great golden figures of the ancient Incas, and piles of money and jewels. He also saw at night one of the ancient ceremonies still performed annually by the lineal descendant of the Incas who in daily life was a housepainter. On this one night he dons the feather cloak and the ancient insignia of the Peruvian rulers and C.W.L., watching from the top of a hill, recognized, in after life, that many of the symbols and signs were Masonic. Everyone knows the story of the cruel death of his little brother when his father, who was building a railroad, had taken the two boys with him on a far journey. They were attacked by a band of half-caste rebels. The father and servant escaped, but the two boys were made prisoners. For refusing to stamp on the cross the little brother was cut down by the leader, and the

older boy was hung up between two saplings and had his feet roasted by fire. His father and the servant rescued him that night, as all the guards lay round in drunken sleep, and the story of their escape through the jungle is as wonderful as any Jules Verne tale. To the end Bishop Leadbeater carried the scars of that torture on his feet and the marks of the bullet wounds in his leg.

He always acquired a large library, and one section was full of ghost stories. I asked him to lend me some and he told me to come in whenever I liked and help myself. I have heard him tell the tale of the were-wolf he saw in Scotland when a boy several times. It is so remarkable that I will tell it again shortly here. As a youth at St. John's College, Cambridge, he went on a reading vacation with three other boys to the Shetlands or the Orkneys, I forget which. They put up at a little hotel, and used often to wander along the high cliffs. As is common in that part of Scotland, one day a heavy mist suddenly descended, and Mr. Leadbeater found himself separated from his friends. Advancing cautiously he came to a cave which was full of bones and remains of fresh meat. He supposed some crofter used it as a slaughter house. All at once a queer-looking girl appeared. He asked her if she knew where he could put up for the night, return to the hotel being too hazardous. She motioned him to follow her and led the way down to a tiny two-roomed cottage on the shore. At first the old mother would not hear

of his staying, but when, his curiosity aroused, he produced a gold coin, she could not resist that. She began to prepare supper, and C.W.L. and the daughter sat down at the table. He thought it must be the lengthening light for it seemed to him that he saw the girl's face suddenly shoot out like an animal's snout. Supper over, the old woman shook down dried bracken fern in the corner of the room for him to sleep on, and taking up the candle prepared to retire into the other room, the girl meanwhile having left the house. On C.W.L.'s enquiring where her daughter would sleep the old woman said that she would be all right.

In the middle of the night he was awakened by a great grey wolf, scrabbling at his chest. The cottage door was wide open, and the full moon was shining in. His first thought was astonishment that wolves still existed in Scotland. Then he drew a bowie knife he carried and struck at the wolf in the chest. With a savage howl the animal bounded out, and C.W.L. at once barricaded the door with everything available. In the morning he thought the mother looked at him very curiously, but they all sat down to breakfast. Reaching over for something, the shawl which the girl was wearing fell apart, and C.W.L. saw a bloody mark on her dress. The sun was now shining brightly and paying the old woman he set off on the cliff walk to regain his hotel. As he neared the cave he heard bounding footsteps behind him. There was the wolf. He lost consciousness and fell and the next thing he

remembered was finding his three friends bending over him. They took him back to the hotel and he was ill with brain fever for some weeks. On recovery they all went round to the cottage on the shore, but the occupants had fled to some other part of the islands.

Another story I heard him tell was of a queer happening when he was a little boy of ten. His father knew very well the Victorian occultist, Bulwer Lytton, who would often come to dinner. One evening when Bulwer Lytton was expected C.W.L. ran down to the dining-room hoping to be able to take a sugar-plum and escape with it before the elders came in. Unfortunately he was not quite quick enough, and so had to hide under the table. Unable to escape, he had to stay there all during the dinner. But he said he was properly punished, for dinner being finished, his father and guest sat down to wine and cigars by the fire. The subject of their conversation he did not remember, but suddenly Bulwer Lytton rose and placed some letters on the sideboard, and going back to his seat by the fire, beckoned the letters, which falling off the sideboard apparently by their own volition, then wriggled their way to Lytton's feet! Petrified with fright, the small boy had to wait until the others left the room before he could seek asylum in his nursery.

I went lecturing round Australia again, and at Melbourne was invited by the head of the great gaol there, who had married a Theosophist, to address his prisoners. I did so

several times and the lecture was always preceded by a selection on the prison band. They soon got to know me and greeted me with smiles and on one occasion by the band playing 'For he's a jolly good fellow'.

"That is a great compliment to you," said the warden.

He told me that one thing he had to watch very carefully was the incredibly ingenious ways the prisoners would make and conceal wireless apparatus. They longed for contact with the outer world, and would make apparatus with reels of cotton and all sorts of bits of wire, etc. He showed me a groove carefully made in a wooden stool where such a tiny wireless had been hidden. The band leader was particularly clever at this and when he smiled all over as I was talking about the 'wireless of thought', the warden whispered that this had particularly tickled him. I was shown all around the prison. I think the warden was an excellent one, kind, but firm, and had risen from being a simple prison guard to his present eminence. He showed me a gang of young murderers working in a locked shop at tailoring. They looked such nice, simple boys.

"Are those murderers?" I enquired, "they look such nice boys to me."

"Murderers are not the worst people I have here," he replied. "Often a man murders when he is drunk, or mad with a fit of jealousy. I have much worse characters than these boys here, I can assure you."

One little man, a Czechoslovakian, I

remember. He was a clever craftsman and for a tiny fee he allowed himself to be persuaded to work at faking bank-notes for a gang of international thieves. The big criminals were never caught, but their poor little tool suffered and finally became psychopathic in prison. He drew and painted for me a wonderfully beautiful illuminated address. 'Give us some comfort, reach our hearts', he says in it. And it closes with a quotation from Dante. 'O soul of mine, so piteously lamenting, Thou are not dead, but only stunned awhile'. Another prisoner made me a beautiful little inlaid box.

It was at Melbourne that I also saw the famous actress, Miss Sybil Thorndyke and her husband in Shakespearean and ancient Greek plays. As I sat watching her magnificent production of 'Macbeth' I had the queer sensation of hearing something very familiar every few lines. Then I began to realize how deeply the words of Shakespeare are now embedded in the English tongue. Not only is he the greatest poet of the world, but he has shaped for us the greatest language in the world, too. The first time I heard Miss Thorndyke's rich and vibrant voice, was some years before in London, when she recited some of Rabindranath Tagore's poems at a great meeting to do him honour. She told me that her favourite role was that of Saint Joan of Arc in Bernard Shaw's play of that name. But I liked her best of all in the ancient Greek drama, 'Medea'. And that, too, sounded astonishingly modern. I am always immensely intrigued with the ancient

Greek method of having a chorus commenting on events as they pass.

By this time we had the most flourishing radio station in Australia. The Government owned the first-class stations, but private owners were allowed to hold what were called B-class stations. We had the most famous of all, Station 2GB. These letters stood for Giordano Bruno, a past incarnation of Dr. Besant. The Catholics followed our lead, calling their station 2SM, i.e., St. Mary. Under the leadership of one of our members who proved a genius in this respect, our station rose so high in public esteem that we could charge £1 a minute for advertisers.

The whole of the Sunday lecture in the Adyar Theatre was broadcast every week. I had one or two amusing experiences from that. One day a stout couple came into the theatre to the Sunday lecture and waited for me at its close.

“You are not a bit like we thought you would be,” they told me. “We have been listening to you over the wireless for some time and we came to-night to see what you looked like. We expected to find a **big, stout lady.**”

Perhaps it was my voice. Before I ever broadcast the radio engineer tested my voice. He told me that it had the richest number of over-tones he had ever met, which would make a splendid wireless voice, but would tend to veil the sound in direct speaking.

I noticed every Sunday in the Adyar Theatre a number of solitary old men who would come

and nearly always sit in the same place to listen to me. At the end of the front row always sat a tall, thin man with quite a distinguished face. One day I spoke to him. I found he was a mining engineer in receipt of a tiny pension of 17/- a week. He eked this out by posing for artists, having, though old, a fine upright, athletic body. One Sunday I missed him and weeks went by without him. Then I ran across him in the street.

“Where were you?” I asked him, “I have not seen you for some Sundays now.”

He showed me why. His only pair of trousers had a huge rent down them held together with safety-pins. He did not like to appear like that. I went to Bishop Tweedie in the Manor, also a tall, thin man, and he gave me an old suit of his. Arrayed in this, my old man turned up again. He had told me that if he could get over to England his brother and sister-in-law would give him a home. He knew a great many ship's captains and always hoped that one day one would let him work his passage home as a stoker. One afternoon he came into our Headquarters. A captain had agreed to take him on as a stoker and he was off that day at 4 p.m. How glad I was and I heartily congratulated him. I went out into the passage with him, but he still hung around. Then what was keeping him came out.

“Do you think,” he asked me, “that you could give me a kiss?”

Looking round hastily to see that we were alone, I landed him a kiss somewhere by his

ear. This is not the end of this story. A few years later I was in England again and they sent me to lecture in Brixton, London. Who was sitting in the front row again, but my old man, who had now grown a fine beard, and was looking fit and well!

I also used to broadcast every afternoon from 2GB, a short little address on some Theosophical subject. Also sometimes in the evening, when I would often have the brother of Ronald Colman as my announcer. He looked just like the film hero, only a larger, heavier edition. I asked him once what it felt like to be Ronald Colman's brother. He smiled and told me that he and his family listened in to our Sunday lectures all the time; but just before my evening broadcast, a session of Amos and Andy would be put on, hardly a fitting introduction to a Theosophical talk! I could hear what they said as I sat and waited for my turn. And on one occasion Amos twitted Andy about back-seat drivers and asked him if he had ever heard of the bald man who listened to a hair-raising story!

The afternoon broadcasts, generally about four o'clock, when ladies were having afternoon tea, were of a lighter variety. One day I called my talk, 'Do you believe in fairies?' We would get any amount of letters written in, and after this one, a lady wrote to tell me how one day she went down to a little stream at the end of her garden to pick some maidenhair fern. She saw a little green man with a long beard who seemed to be very annoyed with her for picking

the ferns, so she desisted. Some weeks later she was sitting in her drawing room darning stockings when she saw the same little gnome outside on the lawn beckoning to her. He conducted her down to the stream and indicated to her that now she might pick some ferns. I wondered if there were a 'close' season for ferns as for animals.

I must relate a truly wonderful tale that came to us in this way. We had been broadcasting about the life after death, and a woman wrote in to tell us that she had had a husband she adored and he had passed over. For weeks she was inconsolable, and would go to bed early to try and forget her misery. One night the door opened and her dead husband walked in. He sat beside her bed and talked to her for half an hour. Then for three weeks he came every night like this. One day he said to her:

"This is the last time I can come, as I must now go on to a higher plane out of touch with earth. But I want to tell you that a very dear old friend of mine is coming out here from Scotland. You will meet him and he will fall in love with you. I wish you to marry him as he will make you such a good husband."

When she wrote to us she had already been married to the second man for some time.

I also came across in Australia some curious specimens of what I can only call grey or black magic. On one occasion I was lecturing in a little town and noticed a well-dressed man and woman whispering together at the back of the hall. After the lecture was over, they

approached me and suggested that I come with them home, and they would undertake to deliver me safely at The Manor afterwards. Although I was tired enough to want to go home, I agreed, thinking it might serve the Cause. I was driven a long way into the country, until we came to an old house, about a hundred years old, I would think, on the shore somewhere. I found a large group of well-dressed and intelligent people all round a silver tea tray. They greeted me warmly. I noticed that they paid the most extravagant homage to a thin, dark Highlander who was present. Later I found that he was their leader and guru.

Afterwards every week these people fetched me over and as I grew to know them all, and like them all, I must say, they gradually let me in to their more secret doings. I remember the first time that a sweet, young woman whom I still remember with affection, took me into their 'temple'. It was a large room completely dark except for a small blue light in the centre of the ceiling. Under this light stood a round altar upon which lay a bronze sword and several symbols. She instructed me to sit there quietly. The air was filled with a nauseous kind of incense, which I was told was Kabbalistic. After some time, suddenly the Highlander appeared. He was stark naked except for a bit of blue muslin round his middle, and had his hair confined by a gold band. He addressed me in the stentorian tones of a 'god'. I was told that on these occasions his

body was occupied by an Adept, but I noticed that I could upset him a little then if I called him by his personal name. After this interview was over I was again left alone. Suddenly an overwhelming sense of sickness took me. I went to the French window and stepping outside, stood in the garden till I had recovered.

Another time I attended a temple meeting when clothed in black monks' gowns and hoods and black felt slippers we all filed in to sit round the altar and hear the leader speak as one possessed. He nearly always drank neat brandy before these occasions and when I asked him why he said the brandy opened up certain centres in the brain. In the long run he suggested that I come over to them and promised that he would teach me by six months complete seclusion, speaking to no one and staying in one room, to develop the cosmic consciousness. This initiation, he said, would require at the end the services of a pure little child, but he would assure me that no real harm would come to the child. He would thus train me and finally make me his deputy leader. Needless to say I never entertained the idea for one moment, and now began to drop letting them take me there. Their chief said to me one day that he could make me fall in love with him, and sure enough I began to find myself dreaming of him. I at once broke this off by my will. He also told me to write a letter to the Adepts behind him, to seal it, and to put it in a large Bible in the hall. Curious to see what would happen, I did so, and some time afterwards a dirty looking man called

in at our Headquarters, where by then I was working as the General Secretary, and delivered back my letter apparently untouched, and when I opened it, on its back was written a long message in blue chalk pencil signed 'affectionately, Us.' I broke off relations at once.

Again up in Queensland I found something similar. At a lecture in Brisbane, I noticed a woman with dreadfully haunted eyes. She came up to me afterwards and asked for an interview. I found that she belonged to one of these occult sects and not liking what passed wished to leave, but was warned by the others that she could never do that or she would be destroyed by all sorts of evil forces. Her eyes frightened me, but I knew something must be done at once. In these cases the bluffers must be out-bluffed. So assuming a very positive air, I told her that I was in touch with a far greater force than they were, which indeed was true, and that I would take care of her. Under my directions she wrote a final letter to them utterly withdrawing from their work. Some weeks later I returned to Brisbane. There she was again, but what a different person! The hunted look had completely left her eyes, she was sane and happy. I think there are quite a number of these pseudo-occult lodges in the world, practising grey or downright black magic. I have met in Chicago the right hand man of the famous magician, Aleister Crowley. I know a woman who was initiated into the Mass of Isis and the Black Mass in Paris. Two forces always distinguish these people: flattery and fear. They will use one or the other

in turn. They generally try to influence me by telling me that I am the only real power in the Theosophical movement. This is the way they appeal to a man's instinctive egotism. And when they have got you, they use fear to keep you.

I know a man who escaped from one such place in America, and for nights afterwards was assailed by evil elementals which he found he could only keep at bay by a steel poker. I have not yet discovered why steel seems to affect elemental forces; perhaps that is why a sword is so often used in magical ceremonies.

About this time all Sydney was thrilled with the completion of their wonderful bridge across the harbour, the largest single-span bridge in the world. Day by day the two arches got nearer, and when they were joined, for days all manner of heavy vehicles were left on the bridge to test it. The whole bridge measures nearly a mile, and not only has railway lines, but tram lines and motor roads too. At first it was found that the tollkeeper got electric shocks from the money handed him, so little wires were placed in the ground to absorb the electricity generated as cars crossed the bridge. I remember one day seeing a stray horse crossing the bridge in the midst of the traffic. He pathetically loped along as if his poor body were still between shafts. But we had a great excitement over the bridge. At that time New South Wales had a Socialistic Prime Minister who was universally disliked. The great ceremony of opening the bridge drew near, and the unpopular Prime Minister had the right to open it. On the great day, however, just

when the Prime Minister was about to cut the ribbons across the bridge a V.C. man of World War I galloped up on horseback and cut the ribbons under the other man's nose. Of course he was arrested and for some days placed in an asylum for observation. But all the picture houses showed photographs of the event which evoked such hearty cheers that in the end, the Cabinet had to release the V.C.

Another sight often seen in Australia was the tramps who are there called 'sun-downers,' perhaps because they so often turn up at stations (i.e. farms) as the sun is going down to ask for a meal and a bed which is never denied them. I remember one such man striding along through Brisbane. He was clothed in incredible rags; I do not know how they kept together. His hair and beard were long, matted and unkempt. And he carried in his hand the inevitable billy-can, in which to make tea.

I was to remain four years this time in Australia. For two of them I went round lecturing, but for the last two I became the General Secretary of the Theosophical Society in Australia. This came about because of great trouble which arose with 2GB. The man who had made it such a success (and it had begun on the savings of poor members all put together), now began to cut short our Theosophical broadcasts. The whole of the upper stories in our Theosophical building in Sydney was occupied by the radio station, and quite often he would come down into my office and argue with me. The former General Secretary had been one of

Bishop Leadbeater's boys, and though very young had been appointed the General Secretary. He was entirely under the influence of the head of 2GB. Having little experience, he also got the Society into endless debt. At last the national magazine could no longer be issued and the Australian Society groaned under a heavy load of debt. The business men of Melbourne Lodge interfered. They voted the General Secretary's salary of £400 a year. So resident in Sydney, asked me whether I would be willing to be nominated for the post. I had never done such work before, but I agreed. I was not used to keeping books. Business was foreign to me. But I soon noticed that our income from dues only sufficed to pay the General Secretary's salary of £400 a year. So with the permission of the Executive Committee, I cut it down at once by half. Then I gained their permission to dismiss the Assistant General Secretary and other little posts which existed. A business woman in Melbourne advised me to do all the work myself, for if I knew it from top to bottom I would be better able to direct employees. So for six months I worked all alone in the office poring over books and at last beginning to grasp the method of keeping them, and by these measures I succeeded in paying all debts in six months' time, the Executive having given me a year to do it in. Then helpers came.

A returned soldier came in every day to help me for nothing. He and I worked the duplicating machine and I asked for money to revive the

national magazine. He was great on getting rid of what he called 'junk,' so at night we would get in another old soldier and get him to cart away heaps of excess storage. We had a stock of far more paper, etc., than we could use in ten years, and Mr. Litchfield got the shop to take most of it back. In this way the Headquarters rooms began to look clean and bright and uncluttered. In spite of his lack of much education, I am not surprised that my soldier friend was asked by the Executive Committee to take my place when I left two years later.

I was very happy as General Secretary of Australia. I could not lecture so much, but it brought me in touch with the organisational side of our work and into touch with the International President who was then Dr. Arundale, and such experience has stood me in very good stead. Dr. Besant had passed over. The Vice-President, Mr. A. E. Warrington, told me that at the last International Convention at Adyar, he got the idea that it would be nice for Mrs. Besant, whose memory had almost completely gone, to sit on the famous roof, and for the members to file by and give her flowers. Suddenly to his great surprise, Dr. Besant rose to her feet and gave one of the most lovely little gems of a speech that she had ever given. He had never expected such a thing and so had no stenographer present which he much regretted. The real Dr. Besant had returned for a moment.

Bishop Leadbeater had gone back to Adyar, and after Mrs. Besant's death, remained there a short while. But the trouble about 2GB called

him back to Australia. He felt he could help in this matter and in spite of very poor health, indeed he was not at all fit to travel, he came back to Sydney. He never reached Sydney, for when they began to put in at Perth, the doctor said he would never live to reach Sydney, so the young girl pupil who was with him, Heather Kellett, sent for an ambulance and took him to a nursing home in Perth. There he lingered for three weeks, his mind as active and as bright as ever. His young pupil, Harold Morton, who was still at that time General Secretary, flew up to Perth to be with him. Nothing ever became Bishop Leadbeater better than his death. On the last day of his life (he must have known he was going) he waved his hand to his two young pupils as they left him in the morning, and said:

“Well, goodbye, Harold. If you do not see me again in this life, carry on.”

That afternoon about four o'clock he died, and Harold brought his body round by sea to cremate it in Sydney. His ashes repose at the Manor to this day, as well as partially in Adyar.

Dr. George Sydney Arundale was now the International President and Mr. C. Jinarajadasa the head of the inner work. After two years as General Secretary in Australia, the English Society invited me back to lecture there. I thought a long time before I finally decided to accept the invitation. I was happy being General Secretary and would willingly have remained that, if they had wished me to, to the end of life. But I could see that good lecturers were few and far between and very badly

needed. Surely that was my real work and not the routine office work of a General Secretary. Just then Miss Mary Neff came to Australia again, and Dr. Bean nominated her for the General Secretaryship. That decided me. I knew that she was immensely popular and I could not imagine a better General Secretary, so I resigned and decided to go back to England. I felt quite sure she would be elected, but the business men of our Society in Australia offered the post to my old soldier assistant, and he was elected for many years afterwards.

Meanwhile I set sail for Europe, via India, for I went there to represent Australia at the Adyar Convention. I spent three weeks there on the way and with me came a very stalwart young worker from Australia, Mr. John Clarke. Again, as many years ago, I could feel the amazing atmosphere of the sacred land of our work and its headquarters. Again, when I left it, that same unfathomable peace descended and held me. An American lady shared her room with me for that convention. She also shared her "boy." This last took a fancy to me and told me all about his family. I asked him how many he had, and he said two, a boy and a girl, whom he afterwards brought along to see me, and pointing at his stomach, said "One in here."

Of this convention I remember two unforgettable things. One was our President's wife, Rukmini Devi, performing the sacred dances of old India. You cannot imagine the supreme beauty of those thrilling dances and their dancer. I could have gazed forever. She

had a dress copied from an old Rajput picture and at the side of the platform sat a row of Indian musicians. It was an experience of tremendous beauty.

The second great event was hearing at the end of many meetings, Professor Radhakrishnan lecture on 'The Spirit of Hinduism.' What eloquence, what exquisite English, what wonderful wisdom! His slender Brahmin body becomes electrified with fire and vigour, and as I listened to him I did not wonder that Light comes from the East and that the ancient land of Arya-varta still holds the secret of the universe.

Soon I was again at sea, and before long, passing up the Red Sea towards the Mediterranean. I shall always remember the passage through the Suez canal, seeing the mists of the morning over the desert with shadowy forms of camels, stepping along, with immense dignity.

We landed at Southampton, and I nearly wept in the train up to London. For years I had been seeing the brown dry sands of Australia, and here was again the tender green grass and delicate flowers of the loveliest island in the world. Another thing that at once struck one, was the kindness and courtesy of the British workers. Nowhere else in the world can this be exceeded. The British 'Bobby' is everyone's friend. I once saw a policeman in London hold up traffic to let an escaped goose get across the road.

So I came home for two years lecturing again, but in Adyar I had arranged with the

South African General Secretary to fulfil a long ago-made promise and come to South Africa when the two years' engagement was ended. I was to come to South Africa for two years, but World War II made it eight and a half.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### SOUTH AFRICA

I LEFT England again in January, 1938. Hitler and Mussolini dominated the international scene. Not long before I went, King Edward the VIII's abdication took place. That was a tremendous week, the one during which he was to make up his mind about the abdication. No one thought or spoke about anything else. I was sure from the first that he would abdicate, yet I hoped he would not. For always I had loved our Prince who had showed such interest in the common man. Americans have often talked with me on this subject. Most of them cannot understand the attitude of the British public over it. I try to explain that whilst quite a number of my American friends have been divorced twice or three times, such a thing is looked upon with a certain amount of horror in my native land. Especially would this have been true with regard to the Royal family, which stands in British eyes as the typical British family, their very own, to be always above reproach. This attitude is well summed up by a remark I heard in London, during the crisis. I was walking down Fleet Street during the lunch hour and passed a group of men eating their usual lunch. Of course, they were discussing the universal subject. One

of their number, a big, bulky brewer's drayman, was laying down the law to the other men with slaps of his fist into his palm.

"Naw," I heard him say, as I passed, "Our King can't 'ave nobody's left-overs."

This crude statement typified the outlook of the British working class upon the subject. I listened, after a lecture in Dover, to the Duke of Windsor's farewell broadcast. The statement that impressed me most was the infinitely dignified, noble appeal of Queen Mary to the nation also to love and support his brother ascending the throne in such difficult circumstances. Not one word of her own grief, not one word of self-pity. Truly the words of a real Queen. The nation knew this too, and at the Coronation of George VI, the loudest and most ringing cheers from the crowd were for her. I witnessed the Coronation procession. The crowd cried: "Good old Baldwin," when the Prime Minister's carriage appeared. Another carriage which evoked generous applause was that in which the newly-married heir to the Dutch throne and her young husband were seated. Of course, the crowd loved young lovers! The whole ceremony was heard by the waiting thousands through loudspeakers placed all over the route. I think it was also heard all over the world. I shall ever remember the sonorous tones of the Archbishop of Canterbury, speaking the age-old challenge, when he proclaimed George 'the undoubted king of this realm', and the trumpets blew in answer.

I saw the film afterwards. While the ceremony proceeded, Queen Mary wept, but the Board of Censors cut that out of the film shown to the world. What was in her heart? Poor woman, who had always so faithfully done her duty as she saw it in the Royal surroundings to which she was born.

I sailed from Tilbury for Cape Town. Two of my sisters waited till the ship set sail in the pouring rain. One of my sisters I was never to see again, for she died before I returned.

At Cape Town I was very nearly sent back to Europe, Cook's office not having told me that I had to take with me a certain sum of money, and I had only £10. So at Cape Town the immigration authorities would not let me land, and I was told I would have to return to England. Fortunately the General Secretary of the South African section of The Theosophical Society, Dr. Humphrey, appeared and by signing the necessary papers he was allowed to take me off. I spent the day with him and his wife, and in the evening took train to Pretoria in the Transvaal, where I was to begin my lecture work. A great worker in Pretoria was Mr. van Ginkel, but Dr. Humphrey neglected to inform him of the time of my arrival until too late, so I found myself in Pretoria with no idea of where I was to go next. An old Afrikaner porter suggested that I ring up someone, but I knew only Mr. van Ginkel's name. However, I found it in the telephone book and presently he came down to the station and I was on my way to my kind hostesses at 'The Huts' as





**Pretoria Lodge, South Africa.**

their group of 'rondavels' was called. It is quite the fashion in South Africa to build 'rondavels', little round rooms in imitation of a Native hut.

For more than a year I lectured all over South Africa. The country had similar problems to Australia, and indeed, was not unlike it in appearance. There were four great towns, in each of which large Lodges were established. The largest Lodge of all is in Johannesburg, the largest city in the Union. About forty miles away one of the two capital cities of the Union, Pretoria (the other being Cape Town), also has a very large Lodge, and one of the most beautiful little Lodge buildings in the world. It stands in its own gardens and has a cosy library and the most exquisite little hall, in a simple way, that I have ever seen. The platform stands partially in an arched recess, painted blue, over which an electric star shines. A night's journey by train away is Durban, which has a wonderful band of young people in the Lodge. This is partly due to the work of Mr. Geoffrey Hodson some years ago when he visited South Africa. Two nights and a day in the train away lies Cape Town, which now has also acquired its own buildings.

I found a new type of audience in South Africa. On the whole, with no offence meant to other nations, it was of a slightly higher intellectual variety. This is due to the fact that there is practically no white 'working class' in South Africa, all menial work being done by the very cheap labour of the big native population.

These are, many of them, of very fine physique. Like all primitive peoples they sing as they work, bringing about a rhythmic movement altogether by chanting. I watched a gang of Zulu workmen one day, singing and swinging heavy implements together. The white overseer remarked to me with great pride:

“There! that’s the finest and the cheapest labour in the world!”

Certainly the cheapest, for the Zulu warriors who have been transformed into house-boys and office-boys are paid about £6 a month. It may have been due to this plentiful labour that my audiences in South Africa seemed, in the main, to consist of professional and business men.

After several months’ lecturing, the General Secretary, Dr. Humphrey, for family reasons wished to retire. The Society there offered the post to me and for five more years I was destined to be the General Secretary of the South African section. I found a very great pleasure in editing the national Theosophical magazine ‘The Link’. A member sent it to her friend abroad and he returned it unread saying that he did not wish to look at such subversive literature. It seems that at that time there was a Nazi-sympathising journal of the same name published in England!

In Natal there are some wonderful mountain ranges called the Drakensberg. A young member of the Johannesburg Lodge who was exceedingly interested in all forms of occultism was anxious to go and ascend the highest mountain in the range, Mont-aux-Sources, and

there to bury seven magnetised jewels, invoking the co-operation of the great Spirit of the mountains. So one day, seven of us, including Bishop John Cordes, started off on this expedition. John Cordes was a faithful Theosophist of many years' standing and also a Bishop in the Liberal Catholic Church. He had always been strongly anti-Nazi, although a German, born in Hamburg. For some time he had been the head of all the Theosophical work in Vienna, and when the Nazis entered Vienna he was made a prisoner. He told me that the day Hitler entered Vienna, hundreds of Jews committed suicide and there not being sufficient space in mortuaries for them, their bodies were piled on the ice in the river. For a time John Cordes was imprisoned, then he was allowed to be prisoner in his own flat. The Nazi officials took away all his books and burnt them, and dressed themselves up mockingly in his church vestments. We tried all we knew to get him out to South Africa, as we had no Bishop for the Church there. At last we succeeded. One of his very close girl friends was a lovely little creature who could charm the heart of a Nazi official. So one day he was given leave to depart taking only ten shillings with him, and having to swear before a bust of Hitler that he would never say a word against the Gestapo. Mr. and Mrs. Stakesby-Lewis motored to Lourenço Marques, in Portuguese East Africa, to meet him and bring him to Johannesburg. At first he was like a frightened rabbit; he would not join in meetings or speak freely, telling us

that it would get back to Germany and injure his relatives. But very soon South Africa declared war against Germany, and then he came right out of his shell.

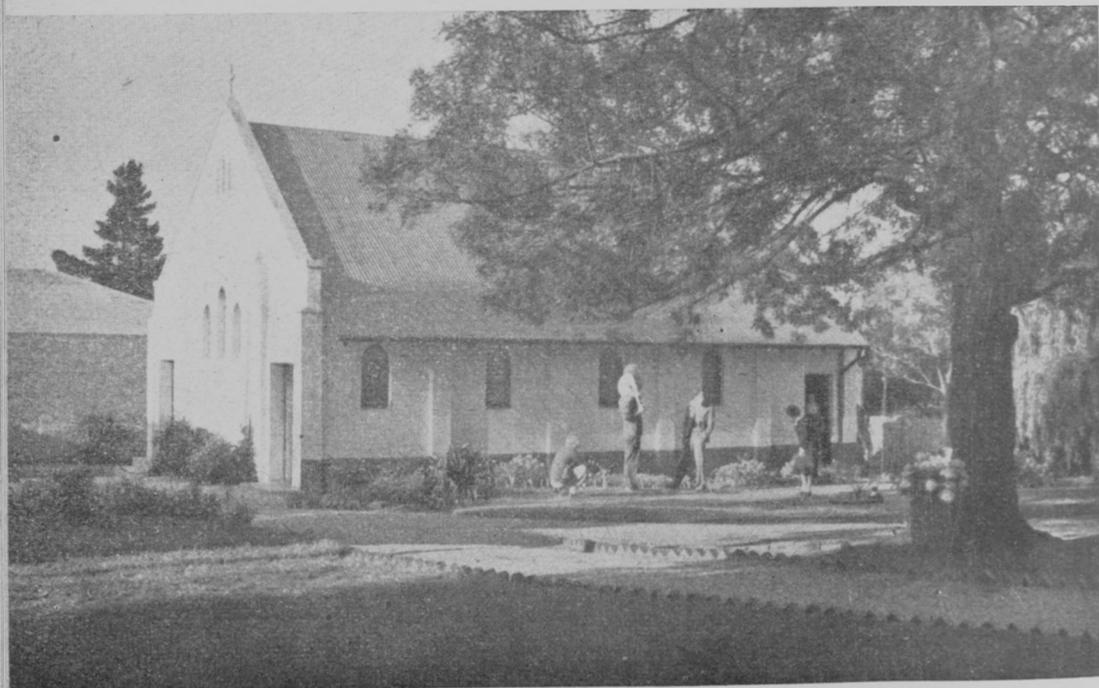
Never shall I forget the dramatic moment when world-famous General Smuts took over the Government and declared war. At that time we were, the seven of us before mentioned, staying at Mont-aux-Sources at the National Park hostel there. We knew from the papers what was happening down in Cape Town. The Prime Minister, General Hertzog, wished South Africa to remain neutral in the war. Only by a very narrow margin was his government forced to resign and the old veteran, Jan Christiaan Smuts, took over. I remember so vividly the night we all gathered in the bar of the hostel to listen to the tiny wireless that the barkeeper possessed. When finally the word came that General Smuts would probably be Prime Minister again and war was declared, one lady almost fainted. "Thank God for Smuts," she murmured and we all echoed her words in our hearts.

Later I made great friends with one of the Afrikaner (as a South African is called in Afrikaans) members of Parliament. He was, when he entered, the youngest Member of the Parliament. He was a very great friend and disciple of the veteran, Tielman Roos, who took South Africa off the gold standard. Tielman Roos was psychic, and when he was young, my friend rather laughed at this. But he told me that Tielman was so often right about what would





**"Travels with a Donkey,"  
Climbing Mont-aux-Sources, Natal.**



**The Liberal Catholic Church, Johannesburg.**

happen that he began to believe him. He was at the time of South Africa's declaration of war on the side of General Hertzog, but the night before the great decision was taken which resulted in the fall of Hertzog and the return of General Smuts, he had a very wonderful dream. In this dream he saw again old Tielman Roos. He entered a room where Tielman was seated at a desk talking to a tall man. This man left as my friend entered, and Tielman said to him:

"Do you know who that is? That is Rudolf Hess." Then he went on to discuss the political situation.

"To-morrow," he told my friend, "you must vote with Smuts. He is right."

This so impressed him that on the morrow he did vote with Smuts and by only a narrow margin South Africa entered the war and Jan Christiaan again became Prime Minister.

The next day we set off to climb the great mountain. We rode a troop of Bantu ponies, hardy little beasts, who put my heart in my mouth because they *would* step on the grassy edge of the track over enormous precipices. The narrow track was twelve miles in length. All day we slowly mounted, we two women, Mrs. Lewis and myself, riding astride in our skirts. Mr. Lewis cantered on ahead, but I never dared to do such things. Vast precipices yawned beside me, and when the others asked me to admire the scenery I told them I was only looking at my horse's ears. Worse was to come. We at last reached a sheer stone cliff up which crawled a slight chain ladder. Our

famous Zulu guide, Charlie, told us we must all dismount and climb up this ladder. I was horrified.

"No," I said. "I simply cannot do it."

"Come on, Miss Codd," the others said, "we cannot leave you at the bottom of the cliff all night."

So with my heart in my mouth and my eyes closed I clung to the chain ladder which hardly allowed one foothold, and like a fly going up a wall, I climbed to the summit. On the summit we found a stone cabin. It had three rooms, a kitchen and two bedrooms on each side. Established in one bedroom we found a doctor and his friends; we took the other. This room had a large built-in communal bed which was supposed to hold six. Each one was provided with a cotton pillow and a rug to roll oneself up in. John Cordes declared that he wanted the outside place, and there being only two women, I was put next the wall with Mrs. Lewis next me, then Mr. Lewis and then all the others. It was a tight fit and I never slept one wink thinking how dreadful it would be to go down that awful ladder in the morning.

Apparently John Cordes shared my feelings for he talked to the doctor, who knew the mountains well, and was told of a deep gorge which would obviate the cliff passage.

Meanwhile Charlie had cooked us a splendid repast of scrambled eggs and tomatoes. And we sat down to discuss how we would invoke the angel in the morning. The next morning a tiny spot of hot water was brought into the

room for Mrs. Lewis and me to wash in, while the gentlemen went out and washed in the ice-bound streams. At dawn we gathered at the highest peak. The view was unbelievably magnificent. One peak after another came into the morning light. Ronnie Pizzighelli had chosen the spot where the magnetised jewels were to be buried and had bored a long hole where he would put the jewels enclosed in a gold pencil case. So in the glorious rays of the rising sun we all did our pre-arranged parts and invoked the presence of the Angel of the Mountain and the Guardian Angel of South Africa asking them to accept the magnetised jewels in their work and to form brotherly concourse with ourselves. At its close, Ronnie sealed with concrete the hole where the jewels were buried. The purpose of our journey over, we turned to the descent. Charlie led up to the gorge and I must say it was very heavy going. Still one was spared the awful scare of hanging over several thousand feet of sheer precipice.

Charlie, like all natives, became very gay and told us in picturesque language of his adventures and his people. He was immensely pleased when we photographed him with all of us. An amusing incident occurred on the way down. Charlie had given me the tallest horse. Evidently the pony knew well how to pick his way up and down the mountain. But it was so many years since I had ridden that I had forgotten that on coming down hill one sits back and sticks out one's heels. Consequently when my horse stepped over a deep boulder, I slid

completely over his head and only saved myself from rolling down the mountain by putting my arms round his neck! He had got to know me by this time and he looked at me with such a surprised expression as much as to say: "Now, whatever did you do that for?" I had not the nerve to mount him again for some time.

As I was starting out the old German lady who looked after the hostel seemed surprised that I was going. "If you are," she said, "I must lend you my big hat." I saw afterwards why she thought I would never go, and her hat saved my face, for all the others came back looking like boiled lobsters!

Across the forbidding and statuesque Drakensberg Mountains, the old pioneers, the Voortrekkers, made their incredible way. The track is still preserved. How they got their ox-wagons up the steep unbroken sides of these mountains is still to me a mystery. Soon after I arrived in South Africa they were celebrating the hundredth anniversary of these pioneers. They built a great Memorial Monument on a hill outside Pretoria, and the foundation stone was laid by four ladies who were the lineal descendants of these old heroes. For quite a long time the Afrikaner part of the population went about in costume, the men with beards and the women in sunbonnets and long skirts.

Pretoria is the headquarters of the South African Government and is a very lovely town. The streets are planted with Jacaranda trees, and in the months of October and November

when the blue-purple blossoms cover the trees and fall in profusion on the streets, it is truly a gorgeous sight. Pretoria is situated in a low valley, but in the hottest weather the evenings are cool. On the hills around it are situated the new Government buildings. There is the residence of the Governor-General and a special house for the Prime Minister, called 'Libertas', as well as homes for all the other Cabinet Ministers and special officials. I saw over 'Libertas', where the Greek Royal family stayed when they fled from Hitler's forces. It has beautiful rooms, all exquisitely furnished. I noticed that the bedrooms each had their own colour scheme, so I considered which room I would have if ever I should become a guest of the South African Government and decided in favour of the rose-coloured one. I was shown General Smuts's room. As can be imagined the soldier and statesman had a tiny room very plainly furnished. No frills for him!

My Afrikaner friend, Mrs. Moll, took me to a working party, during the war, at 'Libertas', and there I was introduced to Mrs. Smuts, 'Ouma' as she is affectionately called. She met the General, the 'Oubaas' when they were both young things at College, and never was there a more faithful and loyal helpmate to a man than she has been. We were all lined up to be introduced to Mrs. Smuts. Stout Mrs. Stuttaford took me along. 'Ouma' came in when we were already sitting working, and I saw a slight, little lady with very curly short hair, and large spectacles. Most of the company

had on their best bibs and tuckers, but not this great lady of the land. She wore an old black skirt with a black cardigan which hung from the pockets in a very stretched manner and flat shoes. On her old black cardigan she wore a lovely jewel given her by the Red Cross of South Africa. But this little lady dominated the entire scene by virtue of a lovely and sweet character. When the time was up and we all rose to leave, again we filed by to say goodbye to the Prime Minister's wife. She had not exchanged a word with me, but as she took my hand she said:

“Goodbye, my dear. I do hope I see you again.”

I fell in love with the gracious little lady with the honest, earnest eyes.

I have seen the General more than once. I remember so well the first time I ever saw him. It was during the first World War and I was walking down Whitehall in London. Suddenly from some building close by General Smuts in uniform walked right out in front of me. I knew him at once from his pictures, and I noticed then what I have seen so often since, the mystical, far-away gaze of his serene blue eyes. I do not think all his own people realise what a man was theirs. After ages will acclaim Jan Christiaan Smuts as one of the greatest world statesmen and philosophers who ever lived. Not only was he a statesman and philosopher, but he was also a very clever soldier. In the Anglo-Boer War he kept the English forces on their toes more than any other Boer



**Field-Marshal the Rt.-Hon. J. C. Smuts, O.M.**

*Photo: Pictorial Press, London.*



General. But when once peace had been declared and when the British Government gave the Afrikaner nation back their self-government, their ancient and cleverest foe became their most loyal friend. Never has he wavered in that loyalty once given. A German agent in South Africa told me that when Hitler had won the war and turned to deal with South Africa, it was with Smuts that they would parley.

There is one factor I have noticed in nearly every German that I have met all over the world. They feel superior to all other nations. In their minds there is only one nationality which counts, the German. I have many good German friends, I have stayed in their homes, their kindness to me will never be forgotten, but there is always this hidden and almost subconscious trait. How else could the Germany of Beethoven and Goethe produce the camps where millions of inoffensive people were done to death?

Going about South Africa during the war years I was able to observe the exceedingly efficient and ruthless German fifth column which was organised all over the world. There was not a single German living in South Africa that was not approached to form part of the column. I will give some examples. An old German who had come out to Natal when a boy of seventeen, and had never in all the years heard from his relations in Germany, suddenly one day received a letter from a nephew in Germany, saying that they had not forgotten him, but felt sure he did not get the

right news in South African newspapers, and so they would now send him weekly a German paper. He asked me what I thought of this extraordinary missive. I said that I thought the Nazi Party was trying to get hold of him and he told me that he thought the same himself.

On another occasion a group of Rudolf Steiner's Anthroposophists invited me to come and speak to them in East London in the Cape Province. I found they were mostly of German birth, and when we were all having tea, one sweet little old lady was complaining that she had to leave East London where she had lived for many years and go up to Windhoek in South-West Africa, formerly a German colony.

"Why, my dear," I asked her, "do you have to go, if you do not wish to?"

"Well, you see, dear," she answered, "we have had orders."

The other women looked as if they could have killed her, and I thought to myself: Who gives orders in a free country not ruled by Germany?

One of the leading Nazis in South Africa was quite a friend of mine. One day he called me over to him.

"Now look here, Clara Codd," he said. "I am going to explain things to you. Adolf Hitler is the greatest soul who has ever visited this planet. He is three times greater than your Christ."

"What?" I answered. "Are you not a Christian?"

"No!" he shouted at me. "Christianity is only for slaves and underlings."

"Then what are you?" I enquired.

He drew himself up proudly. "I worship the gods Odin and Thor," he proclaimed.

But I had him there. "I call that real silly," I told him, "it is just about as sensible as if I were to tell you that I now worship Zeus and Minerva."

He was obliged to give me a wintry smile! But Heaven help us all if men like him ever get control.

He once took me to visit a quite famous German veterinary surgeon, and I was not surprised to see a large picture of Hitler on practically every wall. I noticed this same hero-worship in a German Baron's home in Johannesburg. There was a large photograph of Hitler on every single wall. The Baroness showed me wonderful pictures of Hitler's entry into Vienna, and there were quite a number of Hitler chucking pretty little girls under the chin. She turned on a phonograph record of one of his speeches for me, but I do not understand German.

One of my dearest friends in South Africa is a German doctor's wife. She would come to hear me lecture. In the long run she came no more as her old husband considered that she was not a real Nazi if she did that. I have stayed in her home. She and her husband were the children of missionaries and had hardly ever seen much of Germany. Yet they were ardent Nazis. Really they were the old type of

German, kind and thorough, and on the walls of my bedroom were two large photographs of the Kaiser and the Kaiserin. Asking me whether I would mind, they would turn on Zeesen. But they were dears. I loved them all the same. The old doctor had his best customers among the black population. He said they always paid him, which the whites did not always do. When I first arrived in their home, the old man got out a book by Julius Streicher which gave frightful pictures of Jewish traits. Getting out a compass and yard measure the old doctor measured me up. Finally he announced that I was Aryan, all right, except for my nose. To this day I cannot think what was wrong with my nose, which is of the Italian variety inherited from my mother.

He once was a great reader of the Bible, but now he had a new Bible, he told me. This was a book by the renegade Englishman, Houston Chamberlain. Every night without fail the doctor read a chapter from his 'Bible'. I could see that Nazism was a veritable new religion, but what a horrible one for the rest of the world!

I often stayed with my Afrikaner friends, the Molls. They had a big farm right in the country, stocked with hundreds of great horned Afrikander cattle. They bought a prize bull, and laughed heartily at me because I would not go near him. But the wicked look in that bull's eyes and the way he would paw the ground at you was too much for me. And I was right, because soon after I left, one of their men was

badly gored. Mrs. Moll's attention was taken up with her hundreds of chickens and a flock of geese. She plucked the geese regularly and gave me a pillow of the snowy feathers. She told me that geese were monogamous. They never had but one wife chosen for life. In the flock there was an old goose who had lost his wife. He wandered alone disconsolately, but whenever goslings arrived he would get as excited as any of the others.

I loved farm life in Africa. I loved the freedom and the unconventionality of life on a farm. And Africa has the finest climate in the world, even finer than Australia. It is never too hot and it is never too cold, although it is very dry. In Johannesburg, which is very high, the air is like champagne, but so dry that in the winter time one's finger tips crack apart unless kept well greased. Of course, it is the gold city, and all around Johannesburg stand the yellow dumps which indicate gold mines. Thousands of natives from all over Africa come to work in the gold mines. A mine doctor took me over his hospital of which he was very proud. But I felt terribly sorry for the poor natives there, most of them coughing away their lives with miners' silicosis. The fine gold dust gets into their lungs and finally kills them. Even a mine manager who is a great friend of mine suffers from it. His lungs are partially silted up. The disease is progressive and has no cure. I wonder if gold is worth all the misery and disease which it causes to men.

In the great cities the native population swarm, not to their own good. They become de-tribalized and their own native canons of behaviour are lost. Under their chiefs, who are some of them educated and enlightened men, they are far happier and better off. In the cities they live in terrible slums and are often almost driven into lives of crime. I feel that the black man has not yet had a fair deal. Perhaps the finest South African native is the Zulu. Under their great, but terribly cruel Chief, Chaka, a kind of black Hitler, the Zulu race developed a magnificent physique and were fighting men of the first calibre. The Zulu impi, as Chaka's regiments were called, were the terror of all the surrounding tribes. What has become of the Zulu warrior? He can no longer fight nor hunt. His natural meat no longer exists, for white men have devastated the populous animal hordes that once roamed over the land. He has become for the most part a labourer and kitchen-boy, provided, as that overseer said to me, the finest and the cheapest labour in the world. Personally, I liked the Zulu immensely. By nature he is a gentleman and quite intelligent. And among them there is a great love of mothers and homes and children. It is not often that a native will ill-treat a child. One of the most inspiring things in the world to watch is a great Zulu war dance, although I expect that nowadays, as in New Zealand, the expert dancers are getting fewer all the time.

What a country of problems, more numerous and fiercer than in any other country in

the world. The whites only number about two and a half million in the whole country, against nine million blacks. These have their reserves, such as Zululand and the Transkei. Bechuanaland and Basutoland are British protectorates, almost entirely occupied by natives and are not yet part of the Union of South Africa. The whites are divided into two sections, those of English descent and those of Dutch descent, although there is, and has been, quite a great deal of intermarriage. I have many Afrikaans friends and on the whole I found that I liked them better than my own people. I liked their simplicity and generous hospitality. They were not so sophisticated as the English people, often. And because of that they often carried a kind of dignity. I liked the old Boer Generals I met. I liked their women folk, perhaps it is because all the world over I like the simple, the natural, the sincere. I liked them so much that I want them to stay with us for ever in that wonderful federation of free nations that used to be called the British Empire, but should, as General Smuts himself said, always be called the Commonwealth. I have just had accounts from South African friends of the Royal Family's recent visit there. One and all unite in telling me that the Queen stole the whole show. She was so lovely and charming that no one had eyes for anyone else.

Johannesburg is nicknamed Jewburg on account of its large Jewish population. One of my friends there is a very rich Jew. One day I asked him why he and his fellow Jews did

not get together and try to find out why there was such a universal feeling against the Jewish race. I am not myself anti-Semitic, but I cannot help noticing that such feeling is world wide.

“Oh!” he answered, “it is only because they are jealous of us.”

But that is not the whole source of the feeling. I feel myself it is because the Jew is essentially an Easterner. He has similar traits to the Parsee and all the East. I would love to give them the whole of Palestine; I think that if they became a nation they would acquire a new consciousness and a new outlook on life. It would be wonderful for them to regain their ancestral abode. But for two thousand years they have left it and now someone else has it. It is as sensible to claim it now, perhaps, as it would have been for Mussolini to claim the British Isles on the grounds that they were once a Roman colony. Still it could have been done. If years ago before the world wars stirred up national jealousies and fears, the rich Jews of the world had offered to buy up the whole land I think the Arab world would have sold it then. Now it may be too late.

Natal has its problems. Natal is greener and more verdant than many other parts. Durban in the summer is intensely hot. Yet it is a seaside resort of great popularity. It is the land of the great sugar fields, and also the land of dear little monkeys who will come and eat out of one's hands. The Zulu does not like to work too long. Six months at a time he will

work and then wants to return to his kraal. This is not to be wondered at, but of course did not suit the sugar-growers. So they imported Indians from India who came on a contract system. These Indians never returned to their native land, and soon they were to become another problem to an already harassed land. They now number about a quarter of a million for Indian families are very large. There is a club of the East and the West in Durban and there I met and talked with an Indian professor. I mentioned that apparently the Indian people never practise any form of birth control. The professor was horrified at the very idea.

"Oh! Madam," he said, "we Indians consider that every child is the gift of God. How could we refuse the gift of Deity?"

There we are. The Indians are increasing at a tremendous rate, because being of a simpler, more natural breed, they have large families, and the more sophisticated nations limit theirs.

The curious thing about the Indian is that no matter how many centuries pass and no matter how his circumstances change, he never relinquishes his age-old customs and ways. In Africa the Hindu and the Moslem still live as they do in India, though in Africa they do not fight. Passing through the Indian part of Durban one's nose is always greeted with the immemorial smell of an Indian village, a compound of burning *ghee* (butter), camphor and incense. We have Indian members in our Lodge

in Pretoria and also in Durban. And we also have one or two educated Bantu as the black man is called in Africa. Durban is such a clean city. The City Council takes great pride in keeping the city clean and tidy. It has palms and tropical vegetation not to be seen further inland.

Up to the north lies Portuguese East Africa with its capital city of Lourenço Marques. I have heard that it is a very beautiful city.

Cape Town is the oldest city in the country, and is lovely and gracious with its oak groves and beautiful coast drives. Cecil Rhodes left his home there, 'Groote Schuur' (Great Barn) to be the Prime Minister's home forever. At the foot of Table Mountain stands the memorial to Cecil Rhodes. Looking out over the country from between cypresses, firs and noble pillars, is the bust of the great visionary, whose body lies up in Rhodesia at that wonderful spot that he named himself, the 'world's view'. Many of the old houses in the Cape are built in the charming old Dutch style, with big gables and an interior courtyard. There is a large old Dutch homestead kept intact for sight-seers near Cape Town. One wanders through the lovely old rooms with its furniture still there, but underneath the house are windowless cellars into which at night the black slaves were herded and locked in. Those days have gone, but the memory still lingers. Cape Town has, too, a large Malay population who came a very long time ago, and they are all good Moslems. Ancient magic still lingers with them, and the

white people in Cape Town will tell you that it is not wise to give serious offence to a Malayan, for they can kill by mysterious means.

Behind beautiful Cape Town towers Table Mountain. It looks so easy to walk up, but it is in reality quite a dangerous mountain to ascend without a guide. General Smuts did it every year and once a year an Easter service is held on its summit. There is now a cage on a chain going up. I have descended in that, but must confess, it is a weird experience to swing along on a chain down a precipitous mountain.

Theosophy in South Africa is very alive. In proportion to the population we probably have the highest membership in the world unless perhaps New Zealand exceeds us.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### RHODESIA AND THE PAUL KRUGER GAME RESERVE

**I** WENT more than once to Rhodesia. Cecil Rhodes is the Rhodesians' hero. The site of his grave is high with enormous expanse of vision and very lonely. Driving out one often sees leopards and many different kinds of deer. There on that high and solitary spot, with vistas that are astonishing in depth and extent, lies the great visionary and statesman with just a slab to mark his grave. Now other people lie there, too. It has become a kind of national monument.

Cecil Rhodes was the son of an English clergyman and like all men of vision and tremendous plans, he was destined to have his heart broken by men of lesser degree. One of his great plans was the road to be built from the Cape to Cairo in Egypt. Another was to gain the port of Lourenço Marques as the outlet to the sea for the Rhodesians. But Lord Salisbury, the then English Prime Minister, did not dream over the future of the Rhodesians as Rhodes did, and Lourenço Marques remained Portuguese as it has been since the 16th century. They showed me up there photographs and letters of Rhodes and also photographs of the great hunter who was his friend.



**Kruger National Park.**

*Photo: State Information Office, Pretoria.*



There are two main cities in Southern Rhodesia, Bulawayo, and Salisbury further north. Salisbury is a pretty, well-laid-out little town, but I would imagine that Bulawayo was commercially more important. We had centres of Theosophical work in both cities, and I found a good response.

In Salisbury there is a large Indian community, and many of them came to hear me. I found Rhodesia full of spiritualism. It reminded me of Lancashire in England. While I was in Salisbury I was especially invited to a private circle where the medium produced the phenomenon of the 'direct voice'. I had never seen this so I accepted the invitation gladly. The medium was a gentle little school teacher who did not go into a trance condition but merely sat there. About ten or twelve people sat in a circle in the dark and for what seemed to me a very long time sang songs and hymns. It did not seem to matter very much what songs we sang, as long as they were pleasing and harmonious. On the floor in the middle of the circle stood a tin trumpet, visible because its rim was painted with luminous paint. After some time this trumpet suddenly dragged itself along the ground, and then flew high into the air, making the sign of the Cross. I was told this was the sign of the guide, 'John'. Although my friends did not actually say so, they hinted that he was really our Lord's disciple. John spoke to us through the trumpet poised in the air. It was quite a good and edifying address about life in general. Then the trumpet

dropped again to the ground and presently came towards me and began to climb up my knees. Then a hoarse whisper came through. They told me it was my mother, but without saying so, I took leave to doubt it, as the voice did not use the name my mother always had called me by, and spoke in a manner wholly foreign to my mother's character. I could not tell my friends this and so disappoint them. After the trumpet had made the rounds, so to say, it dropped to the ground, and someone said that this meant the séance was closed.

"Can't we turn on the light now?" I asked.

I was told that we must sing another hymn, and while we were doing that I suddenly felt huge warm fingers press mine. They were 'spirit hands' but they seemed to be very large.

On another occasion, some time later, I was again invited to this group and on this later occasion they had a little spirit guide who was said to be a child killed in an air raid on London. I feel that there is so much more to learn about the phenomena of communication with the other side, and I think such investigation should be in the hands of truly scientific men.

It was while I was in Bulawayo that I saw something which interested me enormously. There I met a 'healing medium' and he told me of a book which was to be seen in the Bulawayo Public Library. It was the official account, illustrated with photographs, of the Board of Doctors' findings of the miraculous cures at Lourdes. This Board includes not only doctors belonging to the Catholic faith, but sceptics and

Protestants, too. I pored over this book and was thrilled by it. One case, for instance, was absolutely miraculous. It described a French peasant woman who had come to Lourdes in the last stage of lupus. There was a photograph of her poor face, eaten away and corroded out of all semblance of human physiognomy. The nose was completely gone, even the nostril holes grown together. Part of the lips and eyelids had suffered. She was immersed in the spring waters, and at first on coming out of the baths did not realize that she had a nose and a face back again. But there was the second photograph to prove it. Her features had returned.

I remember a case of healing at Lourdes that I also accidentally came across. I was crossing from Boulogne to Southampton and on board was a company of twenty pilgrims from Glasgow who had been on a pilgrimage to Lourdes. Hearing this I asked if any of them had been cured. Yes, one girl had and she was led forward to me. She had been born with a twisted and deformed foot. On putting it into the water the foot had at once straightened out and become normal.

There are two wonderful sights to be seen in Rhodesia; the glorious Victoria Falls and the ancient ruins at Zimbabwe. I broke the journey from Salisbury to see the Victoria Falls. They are unbelievable in their height and magnificence, and about twice the height of the Niagara Falls, the spray ascending keeping a permanent cloud overhead. They are in a very lonely spot

on the Zambesi River, and a large hotel is built there to accommodate sightseers. In one way they are not so impressive as the Niagara Falls, for they cannot so easily be seen all at once, unless one goes up in a little plane above them. The tremendous spray forms what is called the 'rain forest'. To see this, one has to don a big waterproof and a sou'-wester, provided by the hotel. Its beauty is fairylike. One walks through falling spray which has made an incredibly green and fine forest, full of maiden-hair fern and moss and flowers. Every now and then there are gaps out into which we were instructed to step by the guide and then another magnificent and close view of the Falls opened. The rising spray makes rainbows all the time. I found myself standing in the middle of a completely circular rainbow, which the guide informed me was to be considered lucky! At night a strong moon makes lovely moon rainbows. On the way back to the hotel, troops of big monkeys followed us, evidently looking for cookies and buns. It is only advisable to visit the Victoria Falls at certain times of the year as malaria haunts its environs, as indeed, it haunts the whole of Rhodesia.

Rhodesia is like New Zealand in this respect, that somehow its people and its ways seem a little old-fashioned. Their manners and standards remind one of olden days in England.

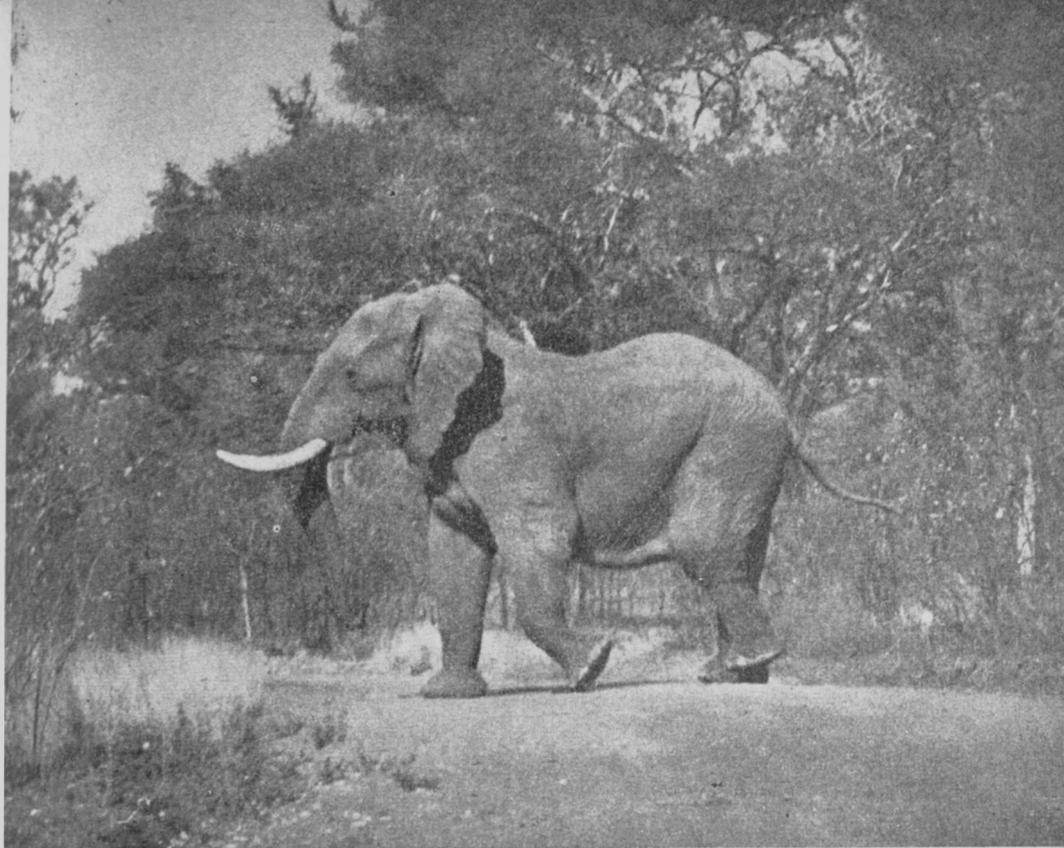
Another time I visited the famous Zimbabwe Ruins. I do not think I would like to stay a night alone there, for they carry a distinctly creepy atmosphere. Indeed a rather psychic

friend of mine told me that she saw queer faces peering at her when she was in bed in the little hotel there, and when on the highest point of the 'fort' had an almost overwhelming desire to fling herself over.

These ruins comprise a 'temple' and a 'fort'. The 'fort' has many stairways and rooms and is built on a high eminence. There is evidence of gold-smelting having taken place there, and the warden of the museum, a Scotsman who has lived there many years, told me that a line of similar forts went down to the coast. The 'temple' is very peculiar and interesting. Its outer high wall is decorated with curious zig-zag carving. Inside very narrow passages between these high walls lead round and into the central space, where twin pointed towers of solid masonry stand. No mortar was used, yet the stones stand together perfectly. No one really knows the origin of the ruins and there have been many different explanations given by learned men and women. My guess was that they were early Phoenician. What strengthened my supposition was the fact that in a book the warden showed me there were pictures of early Phoenician money and these coins bore twin towers exactly like those to be seen at Zimbabwe. The Phoenicians were great voyagers and it is quite conceivable that they came thus far in search of gold.

I bid farewell to friendly, hospitable Rhodesia, and returned to the Union, and there I experienced an unforgettable event, one of the most remarkable I have ever had. My friends,

the Molls, took me for two nights and a day to the great game reserve in the North-Eastern Transvaal, the Paul Kruger National Park. Never was I more fascinated and charmed. The Reserve is a large tract of virgin country of about two hundred miles long, where no animal is allowed to be shot or hunted. Consequently the animal group-soul knows this and has no fear of man. The Reserve is covered with good motor roads and is dotted with camps behind stockades where tourists can put up for the night. We entered, after travelling all day from Pretoria, at the centre camp and soon we had rondavels placed at our disposal and Mrs. Moll set to work to cook us a meal over the large communal fires. As one day was all that Mr. Moll could spare to show us the Reserve, we started at six o'clock the next morning. No one is allowed to walk in the Reserve, all must go by car, and we were warned not to feed the animals or try to pet them, nor to leave our car. We had hardly left the camp when a big troop of a beautiful and graceful South African antelope, called the impala, similar to the springbok, crossed our path. They were not at all afraid of us and looked at us with mildly curious eyes. Among them were charming baby impala. Next I saw two baby leopards watching us from behind a fallen tree trunk. We were in the elephant country and elephants are particularly destructive beasts. They knock down and tear up trees just to eat their succulent tops. There are notices up in all camps that if elephants are met the car must not stop. It must either go



**Kruger National Park.**

*Photo: State Information Office, Pretoria.*



on or turn back as elephants are very curious creatures and if a car stops they will crowd around and perhaps overturn the car, as indeed happened to a professor and his pupils not long before in the Congo. I was glad when we left the elephant country for the African elephant is such a huge, fierce-looking beast with enormous flapping ears. The different animals seemed to keep largely to their own share of the Reserve.

Leaving the elephant country we came into the land of the giraffe. It is astonishing how fast these clumsy, queer creatures can run. They have such mild and friendly eyes, and it is very sweet to watch a baby giraffe straddling its front legs to drink. There were numerous kinds of antelope, the grey, shaggy 'water buck', many varieties of a red-brown colour, and the magnificent 'kudu', whom I christened the King of the Jungle for the proud tilt of its head with great horns lying along its back. As the evening came on us we entered the lion country, which is also the land of that curious animal called the 'wildebeest'. These great creatures look like a horse with an old man's head and long face. They have the body of an antelope and the tail of a horse. They are nearly always accompanied by the zebras. I believe they keep watch against their common enemy, the lion, for each other.

Every tourist we met wanted to know if we had seen lions. They seemed to be the prize exhibit. Cubs will even jump upon a car's running board, but it is very unwise to try to

approach them, for the mother lioness will grow suspicious then. Numerous people take snapshots of lions in this way. I learned a good deal about lions from an Englishman who had known and loved them for years. He told me that lions never kill except when they want food, and they are very scientific about it. The lioness will teach the young cub how to kill. A lion born in a zoo does not know this. The pack singles out a certain deer or zebra; lions love zebra meat, it is their favourite food. Then they will gradually get it away from the herd, who are not too perturbed as they know it is not their turn yet. The doomed beast is gradually surrounded by the lions, and then one will suddenly jump upon its back, pull back its head and break its neck. A 'kill' can always be located by the tremendous growling that goes on in the thicket. At Pretorius Kop, where we spent the second night, the lions' roars can be heard at night. It is a very awesome sound.

But the lions did not intrigue me so much. I much preferred the lovely different kinds of buck. Then there were hippopotami in the rivers, troops of the ugly, but intelligent baboons, sitting round in a circle like a council of old men. A pig called a wart-hog runs with its tail up in the air. Eagles and vultures I saw, and a queer bird called the hornbill when we stopped for morning coffee at a rest house. It looked like a ball of grey cottonwool with a big, scarlet beak. I saw the very ugly hyena and the pretty little jackals who look like little foxes. Every conceivable African animal, with the exception

of the rhinoceros and the buffalo, was there. The buffalo is a very vindictive beast, a wounded buffalo will lie in wait in a thicket for the enemy following it up.

Early in the morning after the second night we left the Game Reserve. As I stated the animals know they are safe there and seldom wander beyond its precincts. Sometimes a hungry lion will come out and commit depredations on neighbouring farms, so for some miles after we left we saw farms furnished with corrals surrounded by high spiked walls to put cattle in at night. About five miles away I suddenly became conscious of a feeling of loss and heartache. I was missing the extraordinary *élan* and vitality that comes from association with wild life. I wonder if man knows what he has lost by destroying all the wild life of the world. The planet is now like a house with no children in it. Half of its charm and joy are gone.

My stay in the Union was drawing to a close although I did not know it then. After eight and a half years, seven of them war years, I was destined to move again. South Africa did not suffer as many countries did during the war. We always had enough to eat, but often went short of butter, tea, cakes, cheese, etc. and never once did we see white bread or cream. One day I received a cable from the American Section's national president, asking me whether I could come at once for two years' work in the United States and in time for the coming Convention. I cabled I would if I could get a

ship. I went down at once to Cook's and they laughed at me and told me to come back in two years' time. However, if one is *meant* to go anywhere it will happen. We had in America a powerful member in the business world. He intervened, and I found myself setting sail from Cape Town on a freighter which carried eight passengers. The cabins were roomy and comfortable and we had one Irish steward to look after us all. When I got on board I was overwhelmed by the tremendous abundance of food! White bread and butter and cream! And so much to eat. I must say that it took me several months to get accustomed to the plenty and richness of American food. I so often felt a little sick at first from an amount and richness to which my inside had not been accustomed for years. The Irish steward was all that could be desired except that he could not make tea! I soon found why. He would just turn on the warm tap when he made me tea. I said I was a vegetarian so he replied at once: "Oh! eggs," and presented me at each meal with several hard boiled eggs. Now eggs are another thing I cannot put up with too often, so I had to tell him to leave me to the vegetables.

We eight passengers got very chummy on the three weeks' crossing from Cape Town to Boston. My room-mate, a charming, young, married woman, had a bottle of gin! Thus every evening the other passengers invaded our cabin for it seems that gin is a necessary ingredient for cocktails. The boatswain was a

huge young man, six feet and six inches in height. He knew that the Captain did not favour animals, but he had smuggled on board a tiny yellow kitten which he carried in his vest. My! that kitten. The crew fed it so much that its little sides were a sight to behold. The ship's carpenter was a stocky little Englishman who had been a prize fighter. Consequently he had arms like iron. He told me that he had given up prize fighting, ever since he had accidentally killed a man. That shocked him too much; he retired from the ring. One of the sailors on board was an adept at the accordion and would give us concerts on it in the evenings.

We stopped first at Trinidad and again I saw the Union Jack and heard English voices. Some of our passengers went off to see the Lake of Pitch, the only natural pitch lake in the world. Soon we came into Boston, where we all said goodbye with many hugs.

The greenness of Boston struck me at once, and its beautiful trees and woods. Also the unbelievable abundance of goods in the shops. In Africa we had often closed shops for half the day, there being nothing very much to sell. I went to do a little shopping and the girl serving me, hearing my English accent, said: "Oh! Miss, are you afraid of Russia?" I assured her that no one in England was.

Soon I was going to Chicago and was met there by the national president and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Perkins. Once again I was in beautiful 'Olcott,' as the national headquarters are called. And soon the convention

in the Stevens Hotel in Chicago and the following summer school were in full swing. Now for nearly two years I have renewed acquaintance with the American Lodges again, and have recovered every single one of the dear friends I knew many years ago. Some of them no longer belong to the Theosophical Society, but that makes no difference to me. What a man believes, and what a man does, that is entirely his own concern. Friendship endures forever, it is a bond of the soul.

Soon I shall set sail again for England and South Africa once more. How happy I am that I have come again to the United States. I love it and its people so much. In all this book I have not passed any opinions on the politics or methods of any country. It may so well be that those opinions of mine, though I hold them, are not of any real value. I can see quite clearly the fine qualities and also the defects of every nation and every form of government. But beyond all that, I believe in humanity; I believe in the essential goodness and kindness of the human heart. How can I criticise countries where universally I have received nothing but exceeding kindness and generous treatment. I am now a citizen of the world. Nothing matters to me but the happiness and opportunity of every single human being whatever his race or his creed. And in the long run that viewpoint will win out. Not in two years' time, or five years, or perhaps even fifty years, but it is coming. Long ages ago the sage, Pythagoras, said: "Take courage, the race of

men is divine." And on that I pin my faith. I have no fear of life, or of death, that kind and gracious other side of life. I remember a wonderful saying of the oldest and most spiritual religious literature in the world, the ancient Upanishads of India: 'The Universe exists for the sake of the Self.' It is the training ground, the school of experience for countless sons of men who forever and inalienably are also the Sons of the Most High. And only by the exercise of his ignorant free will and by the inevitable results, happy or sorrowful, does man come to his great destiny, and develop from ignorance to wisdom, to self-motivating and self-directing power. He will learn by sorrow, by disaster, by loss, that 'no man liveth or dieth to himself alone,' but is inexorably born into one brotherhood, one community of life and living. And he will learn that God's Commandments are the inherent laws of nature, physical or psychological, with 'no variableness or shadow of turning' which 'are the same, yesterday, to-day and to-morrow.' And one day he will see that the Will of God is that omnipotent trend in nature towards what Emerson called 'the final beatitude and fulfilment of every living thing.' Since all life is one there is no such thing as isolation. Every thought, every word, every deed, is a force sent out into the universe, either hindering or helping the upward progress of the whole. But woe unto the man who sent it forth, if it hurts and destroys, for it will return to him bringing to him, also, despair, disease and death. This law

of spiritual dynamics is known to all the Great Teachers and it acts impassively, yet for our growth, not only on individuals, but on nations, too. The nation which has done wickedness and selfish destruction will surely die.

One fact has always deeply impressed me, the enormous patience of Life. Surely then I, too, in my little way can have a patience that knows no end, as I try to understand the processes of the human mind and spirit. Only one thing more I would like to say in closing. A new age, a new world is being hammered out on the anvil of time, an age in which both war and poverty will cease to be. Do not let us desire in these tremendous times personal comfort and easy living. Let us be willing to forgo much, that the future for which so many of our best youth died, may be secure. I do not believe in 'isms'; I believe there is something good in all of them, and human kindness and common sense could take what is good from all. Only the writing on the wall is clear now. For the sake of a rising world-consciousness, already united physically by wireless waves and commerce, we must become world citizens, and some form of co-operative living, both within the bounds of a nation and internationally, *must* come.

There is only one power in all the universe that ever did or ever will save men, love and sacrifice. The greed for comfort and power may overlay it, but those 'imponderables' are eternal and cannot be lost, though they may remain hidden for lack of speech. For man

does not live by bread alone, nor does his true, natural and happy-making life consist in the abundance of the things which he possesses. Long ago George Fox, the Quaker mystic, saw the truth of life. In a moment of tremendous spiritual enlightenment he wrote:

“I saw the infinite love of God — I saw also that there was an ocean of darkness and death, but an infinite ocean of Light and Love which flowed over the ocean of darkness, and in that also I saw the infinite love of God.”

