

of life.' " That, as we say in Sanskrit, is "a large order." How did these Indian sages fill it? They were men of the world. They turned their backs on sainthood. They sought to tell how a man of that time, living with his fellows, could get the most joy out of his life. He must be secure, free from worry. He must have money, not too much, but enough:

Beggars have, no doubt, their virtues,  
Yet they do not flash;  
As the world has need of sunlight,  
Virtues ask for cash.

Free and independent, the wise conductor would seek joy "from three occupations—from resolute yet circumspect use of the active powers; from intercourse with like-minded friends; and "above all, from worthy exercise of the "intelligence." On invaluable choice friendships, the pleasure of action within proper limits and after careful judgment, the cultivation of the intelligence, there is a store of good things in this old book. The distinction between mere learning and the cultivation of the intelligence couldn't be better made:

Scholarship is less than sense;  
Therefore seek intelligence.

How modern are these antique saws! "Character is more than birth" anticipates BURNS. This must be from KIRLING:

The things that claw and the things that  
gore  
Are unreliable things;  
And so is a man with a sword in his  
hand,  
And rivers and women and kings.

As usual, the women get hard measure. They are naggers. They are noisy. They were "fast" even in Kashmir. "Whoever saw a woman go 'slow'?" asks some cynic. On account of their "going-on" facilities the streams and the other flashing fluids are brought in together once more:

Rivers find their ending  
In the salty sea;  
Household peace, as soon as  
Women disagree.

The flappers are "tasteless, hard and selfish." Curiously enough, boys think otherwise. Sometimes the attitude toward women reminds one of the writers of so many fabliaux; and l'esprit gaulois was very strong in Kashmir. Since nobody believes these libels against woman, we may quote just one more:

For what she feels she does not say,  
She speaks and looks a different way;  
Far from her looks her actions veer;  
O woman, woman! You are queer.

Not so queer as the reader feels when he finds his old friend Mr. Turveydrop in Kashmir.

#### THE WISDOM OF KASHMIR.

Mr. ARTHUR W. RYDER has published, through the University of Chicago Press, a translation of that famous Sanskrit collection of stories "The Panchatantra," or "Five Books." He has had the rare wisdom not to choke up his work with that learned apparatus of comparative studies and illustrations that deadens the enjoyment of so many editions of fables and folklore. We need only say that "The Five Books" is thought to have been composed in its original form in Kashmir about 200 B. C. It contains much that must have been immemorially old even then. The reader will find in it stories that are in "Uncle Remus." Such books may be called the world's "best sellers." They are spread everywhere. They are transformed. They beget new cycles. In them we may behold something of our ancestors. Behind these animal actors we become conscious of the foretime when man and beast and god were scarcely differentiated, when the camel or the ox was a member of the tribe, eaten only for sacrificial purposes. The Todas and their buffaloes still recall that ancient community relationship.

Probably most modern readers will stick to the anecdote and neglect the moral; a convenient rule enough generally, but to follow it in this case is to forget the purpose of these old Buddhist and Brahman transmitters and adapters of tradition. The stories are supposed to be told for the correction of three lazy, fool sons of a king. The collection, Mr. RYDER tells us, is a "textbook of niti"—which "means roughly 'the wise conduct