SEVERAL newspapers report simultaneously of events bordering on extremes. In one paper, under the heading "In what crazy people believe" one reads:

"At the World Fair in Chicago there took place the most savage ceremony of marriage, which has ever been held.

In that part of the Exhibition, which is called "The World a Million Years Ago" amidst the reconstructed models of dinosaur, brontosauri, triceratopses and other prehistoric monsters,—two nudists were married.

"During the ceremony the bride wore only a smile, and the bridegroom a serious expression on his face.

"The bridesmaids, the best-men, guests, etc., had actually not a single thread upon them, not even a fig-leaf.

"Only the priest looked somewhat different in this ensemble, for he wore a goatskin!

"The young bride belonged to the nudists' colony in Indiana and her young husband to the colony in Mirror Lake, in Wisconsin State.

"After the marriage ceremony, the young couple put on clothes and went to the husband's colony, in order to establish their home there. They had thought of all necessary things for their home, except of clothing, which they did not require."

Another newspaper under the heading "Black Masses in London" quotes particulars from the Daily Mail about the disclosure of a black lodge, which organized "black masses" in the capital.

"During these masses black candles are lit, black bread is served and black wine, etc., ...The participants of the mass confess to one another their 'committed good deeds' and express deep repentance for having done them. Then an orgy begins."

Parallel with such sacrilegious, repulsive communications one reads another article under the title "Do You Dance Karioka," which states:

"Now a new dance is on the order of the day—'Karioka,' a new craze. There is actually not much new in this dance, the characteristic part of it being that it is being danced by leaning one against another, forehead to forehead."

Despite their diversity, all these three newspaper articles denote one and the same madness of the world. We of course quoted them quite casually, unpremeditatedly, only because they appeared simultaneously; but these mournful records could easily grow into a multitude of facts, about which the press either does not write or they appear, in view of their usualness, in small type.

Unfortunately all such similar communications appear not only in astounding variety, but even in an extraordinarily accelerating progression. One cannot think that all these shameful grimaces of humanity have already become customary. To presume such accelerating abhorrence and savagery would already be pessimism. But the discovery of an epidemic is not pessimism, but the beginning of the process of recovery. When we know the enemy, then this leads already to the
gates of victory. The same applies to fearless disclosures of sacrilegious and immoral machinations. Every disclosure will already be to a certain degree a prevention of a further continuation of these dark rituals.

Just imagine the invention of a butting dance. Up till now people looked pityingly at butting rams and used to say: “Truly, rams will be rams!” But now in dances people will imitate these lower creatures and perhaps some enterprising manager will think of supplying the dancers with horns in order that they may the tighter hold on to each other. Why then did proud civilized people mock at foreign rituals which they did not understand? Indeed this newly invented dance is a sufficient degradation of the pride of the civilized people. Or can one imagine anything more sacrilegious than the marriage of nudists by a priest clad in a goatskin? In all these details is hidden some dark blasphemous meaning. Could there really be found such a monstrous priest, who wished to put on that goatskin? We of course repeat but the communication from newspapers, but is it possible to assume that they are erroneous? If so, there should have appeared some corresponding refuting statement. But in view of the present times, can we presume, at all, that the communication is a lie? When reading about the goatskin of the priest, one may easily connect with it the other newspaper article about the “black masses.” Many probably think that “black masses” are the result of bad novels and other unwholesome inventions, but unfortunately there appears everywhere news about such sacrileges, and with convincing concreteness. And if one adds to this also other terrible manifestations of human degradations, then to our deep regret also this shame of our age appears to be real.

Villainy and all the nets of darkness begin from very little, almost indiscernible in the hustle of everyday life. But even these smallest black seeds in their dark potentiality grow up to the greatest sacrileges. And people forget altogether that sacrilege is neither small nor big. Every sacrilege is the manifestation of greatest ignorance, lowest savagery and represents in itself a great shameful crime. Not without reason was ignorance in ancient teachings considered as the greatest crime. For an ignoramus not only harms himself, but he seduces and harms the whole of humanity, he infests the whole of the atmosphere. Therefore sacrilegious ignorance is not a personal crime, it is service to darkness, it is an active evil, which destroys the constructive achievements and pulls man down into the abyss of chaos.

Let us not think that dark chaos is something abstract, let us not forget that human gatherings should not only increase the good, and ought not to be a source of degradation.

Flattering compromisers will perhaps say: “Is it right to underline so persistently some dance or the goatskin of a priest?” Let these compromisers realize what may result from one goatskin and that already a whole “black mass” is growing! Let us also not forget that human responsibility should not admit blasphemous sacrileges which lead to incurable earthly diseases.

Precisely in our times, much that seems hazy abstractness, has become obvious reality. The consciousness of the heart persistently warns that the limits of errings have been reached. Ignorance flourishes, gorgeously surrounding itself with absurd conventionalities and the human spirit wails and warns—“Let us not transgress the limits!”

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