

Current Thought

*That which exists is One
The wise name It variously*

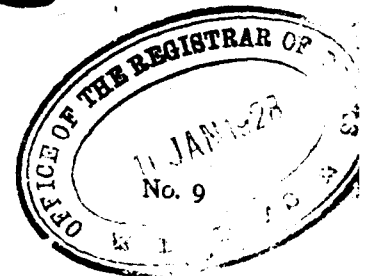
—RIG VEDA

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Satyagraha in South Africa

BY M. K. GANDHI



CHAPTER XXIII

EUROPEAN SUPPORT

As the number of Europeans of position, who actively sided with the Indians in their struggle, was fairly large, it will not perhaps be out of place to introduce them here to the reader all at once, so that when their names occur later on in this narrative, they will not be strange to him, and I shall not have to stop in the midst of the narrative in order to introduce them. The order in which the names have been arranged is not the order of the merit of service rendered, nor that of the public estimation in which the bearers of the names were held. I mention the friends in order of the time when I got acquainted with them and in connection with the various branches of the struggle where they helped the Indians.

The first name is that of Mr. Albert West, whose association with the community dated from before the struggle and whose association with me commenced earlier still. When I opened my office in Johannesburg my wife

was not with me. The reader will remember that in 1903 I received a cable from South Africa and suddenly left India, expecting to return home within a year. Mr. West used to frequent the vegetarian restaurant in Johannesburg where I regularly had my meals both morning and evening, and we thus became acquainted with each other. He was then conducting a printing press in partnership with another European. In 1904 a virulent plague broke out among the Indians in Johannesburg. I was fully engaged in nursing the patients, and my visits to the restaurant became irregular. Even when I went, I went there before the other guests in order to avoid the possible danger of their coming in contact with me. Mr. West became anxious when he did not find me there for two days together as he had read in the papers that I was attending to the plague patients. The third day, at 6 o'clock in the morning I was scarcely ready to go out when Mr. West knocked at my door. When I opened it, I saw Mr. West with his beaming face.

'I am so glad to see you,' he exclaimed. 'I had been worrying about you, not finding you

at the restaurant. Do tell me if I can do anything for you.

'Will you nurse the patients?' I asked jocularly.

'Why not? I am quite ready.'

Meanwhile I had thought out my plans, and said, 'No other answer could be expected of you, but there are already many helping with the nursing, and besides, I propose to put you to still harder work. Madanjit is here, on plague duty, and there is no one to look after the *Indian Opinion* press. If you go to Durban and take charge of the press, it will be really a great help. I cannot of course offer you any tempting terms. Ten pounds a month and half the profits if any—is all that I can afford.'

'That is rather a tough job. I must have my partner's permission, and then there are some dues to be collected. But never mind. Will you wait till evening for my final answer?'

'Yes, we meet in the park at 6 o'clock'.

So we met. Mr. West had obtained his partner's permission. He entrusted me with the recovery of his dues, and left for Durban by the evening train the next day. In a month I had his report that not only was the press not profitable at all but it was actually a losing concern. There were large arrears to be collected but the books were badly kept. Even the list of the names and addresses of subscribers was incomplete. There was mismanagement in other respects too. Mr. West did not write all this as a matter of complaint. As he did not care for profit, he assured me that he would not give up what he had undertaken, but gave me clearly to understand that the paper would not be paying its way for a long time to come.

Mr. Madanjit had come to Johannesburg to serve subscribers for the paper as well as to confer with me as regards the Management of

the press. Every month I had to meet a small or large deficit, and I was therefore desirous of having a more definite idea of my possible liabilities. Madanjit had no experience of printing press business and I had been thinking since the beginning, that it would be well to associate a trained hand with him. The plague broke out in the meantime, and as Madanjit was just the man for such a crisis, I put him upon nursing. And I closed with West's unexpected offer and told him that he was to go not temporarily while the epidemic lasted, but for good. Hence his report on the prospects of the paper just referred to.

The reader knows how at last both the paper and the press were removed to Phoenix, where West drew a monthly allowance of £ 3 instead of £ 10 as previously arranged. West was himself fully agreeable to all these changes. I never observed in him the least anxiety as to how he would be able to maintain himself. I recognised in him a deeply religious spirit, although he was not a student of religion. He was a man of perfectly independent temperament. He would say what he thought of all things, and would not hesitate to call a spade a spade. He was quite simple in habits. He was unmarried when we first met, and I know that he lived a life of spotless purity. Some years later he went to England to see his parents and returned a married man. By my advice he brought with him his wife, mother-in-law and unmarried sister, who all lived in extreme simplicity and in every way fraternised with the Indians in Phoenix. Miss Ada West (or Devi Behn as we used to call her) is now 35 years old, is still unmarried and leads a most pious life. She too rendered to the pioneers at Phoenix services of no mean order. At one time or another she looked after the little children, taught them English, cooked in

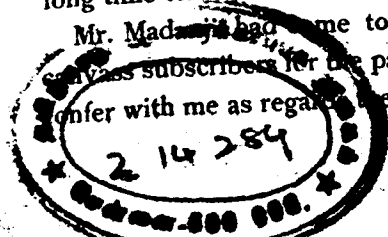
the common kitchen, swept the houses, kept accounts and did composing and other work in the press. Whatever task came to her, she never hesitated in doing it. She is not now in Phoenix, but that is because since my return to India the press has been unable to meet even her small personal expenditure. West's mother-in-law is now over eighty years old. She is a fine hand at sewing, and used to help the settlement with her skill as a tailor. Every one in Phoenix called her Granny and felt that she was really related so to him. I need scarcely say anything about Mrs. West. When many members of the Phoenix settlement were in jail, the Wests along with Maganlal Gandhi took over the whole management of the institution. West would see to the press and the paper, and in the absence of others and myself, dispatch to Gokhale the cables which were to be sent from Durban. When even West was arrested (though he was soon released), Gokhale got nervous and sent over Andrews and Pearson.

Then there was Mr. Ritch, I have already written about him. He had joined my office before the struggle and proceeded to England for the bar with a view to filling my place when I was not available. He was the moving spirit of the South African British Indian Committee in London.

The third was Mr. Polak, whose acquaintance also like that of West I casually made in the restaurant. He likewise left at once the sub-editorship of the *Transvaal Critic* to join the staff of *Indian Opinion*. Every one knows how he went to India and to England in connection with the struggle. When Ritch went to England, I called Polak from Phoenix to Johannesburg, where he became my articulated clerk and then a full-fledged attorney. Later

on he married. People in India are familiar with Mrs. Polak, who not only never came in her husband's way but was a perfect helpmate to him during the struggle. The Polaks did not see eye to eye with us in the Non-cooperation movement, but they are still serving India to the best of their ability.

The next was Mr. Hermann Kallenbach, whom too I came to know before the struggle. He is a German, and had it not been for the Great War, he would be in India to-day. He is a man of strong feelings, wide sympathies and child-like simplicity. He is an architect by profession, but there is no work, however lowly, which he would consider to be beneath his dignity. When I broke up my Johannesburg establishment, I lived with him, but he would be hurt if I offered to pay him my share of the household expenses, and would plead that I was responsible for considerable savings in his domestic economy. This was indeed true. But this is not the place to describe my personal relations with European friends. When we thought of accommodating the families of Satyagrahi prisoners in Johannesburg in one place, Kallenbach lent the use of his big farm without any rent. But more of that later. When Gokhale came to Johannesburg, the community put him up at Kallenbach's cottage which the illustrious guest liked very much. Kallenbach went with me as far as Zanzibar to see Gokhale off. He was arrested along with Polak and suffered imprisonment. Finally, when I left South Africa to see Gokhale in England, Kallenbach was with me. But when I returned to India, he was not permitted to go with me to India on account of the war. He was like all other Germans interned in England. When the war was over Kallenbach returned to Johannesburg and recommenced the practice of his profession.



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Let me now introduce the reader to a noble girl, I mean Miss Sonja Schlesin. I cannot resist the temptation of placing here on record Gokhale's estimate of her character. He had a wonderful power of judging men. I went with him from Delagoa Bay to Zanzibar, and the voyage gave us a fine opportunity of quiet talks. Gokhale had come in contact with the Indian and European leaders in South Africa. And while minutely analysing for me the characters of the principal persons of the drama, I perfectly remember that he gave the pride of place among them all, Europeans as well as Indians, to Miss. Schlesin. 'I have rarely come across such purity, single-minded devotion to work and great determination as I have seen in Miss Schlesin. I was simply astonished how she had sacrificed her all for the Indian cause without expecting any reward whatever. And when you add to all this her great ability and energy, these qualities combine to make her a priceless asset to your movement. I need hardly say it and yet I say that you must cherish her'. I had a Scotch girl, Miss Dick, working with me as stenotypist, who was the very picture of loyalty and purity. Many a bitter experience has been my portion in life, but I have also had the good fortune to claim a large number of Europeans and Indians of high character, as my associates. Miss Dick left me when she married, and then Mr. Kallenbach introduced Miss. Schlesin to me and said, 'This girl has been entrusted to me by her mother. She is clever and honest, but she is very mischievous and impetuous. Perhaps she is even insolent. You keep her if you can manage her. I do not place her with you for the mere pay.' I was ready to allow £ 20 a month to a good stenotypist, but I had no idea of Miss. Schlesin's ability. Mr. Kallenbach proposed that I should pay her

£ 6 a month to begin with, and I readily agreed. Miss. Schlesin soon made me familiar with her mischief propensities making mischievous part of herself. But in a month's time she had achieved the conquest of my heart. She was ready to work at all times whether by day or at night. There was nothing difficult or impossible for her. She was then only sixteen years of age, but she captivated my clients as well as the fellow Satyagrahis by her frankness and readiness to serve. This young girl soon constituted herself the watchman and warder of the morality not only of my office but of the whole movement. Whenever she was in doubt as to the ethical propriety of any proposed step, she would freely discuss it with me and not rest till she was convinced of it. When all the leaders except Sheth Kachhalia were in jail, Miss. Schlesin had control of large funds and was in charge of the accounts. She handled workers of various temperaments. Even Sheth Kachhalia would have recourse to her and seek her advice. Mr. Doke was then in charge of *Indian Opinion*. But even he, hoary-headed veteran as he was, would get the articles he wrote for *Indian Opinion* passed by her. And he once told me, 'If Miss Schlesin had not been there, I do not know how I could have satisfied even my own self with my work. I cannot sufficiently appreciate the value of her assistance, suggested and very often I have accepted the corrections or additions she suggested knowing them to be appropriate.' Pathans, Patels, ex-indentured men, Indians of all classes and ages surrounded her, sought her advice and followed it. Europeans in South Africa would generally never travel in the same railway compartment as Indians, and in the Transvaal they are even prohibited from doing so. Yet Miss Schlesin would delibe-

rately sit in the third class compartment for Indians like other Satyagrahis and even resist the guards who interfered with her. I feared and Miss Schlesin hoped that she might be arrested some day. But although the Transvaal Government were aware of her ability, her mastery over the 'strategy' of the movement, and the hold she had acquired over the Satyagrahis, they adhered to the policy and the chivalry of not arresting her. Miss. Schlesin never asked for or desired an increase in her monthly allowance of £ 6. I began giving her £ 10 when I came to know of some of her wants. This too she accepted with reluctance, and flatly declined to have anything more. 'I do not need more, and if I take anything in excess of my necessities, I will have betrayed the principle which has attracted me to you,' she would say, and silence me. The reader will perhaps ask, what was Miss. Schlesin's education? She had passed the Intermediate examination of the Cape University, and obtained first class diploma in shorthand etc. She graduated after the struggle was over, and is now head mistress in a Government Girls' School in the Transvaal.

Herbert Kitchin was an English electrician with a heart pure as crystal. He worked with us during the Boer War and was for some time editor of *Indian Opinion*. He was a life long *brahmachari*.

The persons I have thus far mentioned were such as came in close contact with me. They could not be classed among the leading Europeans of the Transvaal. However, this latter class too was very largely helpful, and the most influential of such helpers was Mr. Hosken, ex-President of the Association of Chambers of Commerce of South Africa and a member of the Legislative Assembly of the Transvaal, whose acquaintance the reader

has already made and who was Chairman of the Committee of European sympathisers with the Satyagraha movement. When the movement was in full swing, direct communications between Satyagrahis and the local Government were obviously out of the question, not because of the general struggle of the Satyagrahis but because Government would naturally not confer with the breakers of its laws. And this Committee acted as mediator between the Indians and the Government.

I have already introduced Mr. Albert Cartwright to the reader. Then there was Rev. Charles Phillips who joined and assisted us even as Mr. Doke did. Mr. Phillips had long been congregational minister in the Transvaal. His good wife too did us much service. A third clergyman who had given up orders to take up the editorship of the Bloem fourteen daily *The Friend* and who supported the Indian cause in his paper in the teeth of European opposition was Rev. Dundney Drew, one of the best speakers in South Africa. A similarly spontaneous helper was Mr. Vere Stent, editor of *The Pretoria News*. A mass meeting of Europeans was once held in the Town Hall of Pretoria under the presidency of the Mayor to condemn the Indian movement and to support the Black Act. Mr. Vere Stent alone stood up in opposition to the overwhelming majority of anti-Indians and refused to sit down in spite of the president's orders. The Whites threatened to lay hands on him, yet he stood unmoved and defiant like a lion, and the meeting dispersed at last without passing its resolution.

There were other Europeans whose names I could mention and who never missed an opportunity of doing us a good turn, although they did not formally join any association. But I propose to close this chapter with a few

words about three ladies. One of these was Miss. Hobhouse, the daughter of Lord Hobhouse, who at the time of the Boer War reached the Transvaal against the wishes of Lord Milner, and who single-handed moved among the Boer women, encouraged them and bade them to stand firm when Lord Kitchener had set up his famous or rather infamous 'concentration camps' in the Transvaal and the Free State. She believed the English policy in respect of the Boer War to be totally unrighteous, and therefore like the late Mr. Stead she wished and prayed to God for England's defeat in the war. Having thus served the Boers, she was shocked to learn that the same Boers who had only recently resisted injustice with all their might, were now led into doing injustice to the Indians through ignorant prejudice. The Boers looked up to her with great respect and affection. She was very intimate with General Botha, and did her best to commend to the Boers the policy of repealing the Black Act.

The second was Miss Olive Schreiner, to whom I have already referred in a previous chapter. The name Schreiner is one to conjure with in South Africa, so much so that when Miss Schreiner married, her husband adopted her name so that I was told her relation with the Schreiners might not be forgotten among the whites of South Africa. This was not due to any false pride, as Miss Schreiner was as simple in habits and humble in spirit as she was learned. I had the privilege of being familiar with her. She knew no difference between her Negro servants and herself. Authoress of 'Dreams' and many other works as she was, she never hesitated to cook, wash the pots or handle the broom. She held, that far from affecting it adversely, such useful physical labour stimulated her literary

ability and made for a sense of proportion and discrimination in thought and language. This gifted lady lent to the Indian cause the whole weight of her influence over the Whites of South Africa.

The third was Miss Molteno, an aged member of that ancient family of South Africa, who also did her best for the Indians.

The reader may ask what fruit all this sympathy of the Europeans bore. Well, this chapter has not been written to describe the practical consequences of their sympathy. The work detailed above of some of these friends bears witness to a portion of the result. The very nature of Satyagraha is such that the fruit of the movement is contained in the movement itself. Satyagraha is based on self-help, self-sacrifice and faith in God. One of my objects in enumerating the names of European helpers is to mark the Satyagrahis' gratefulness to them. This history would be justly considered incomplete without such mention. I have not tried to make the list exhaustive, but have tendered the Indians' thanks to all in selecting a few for especial mention. Secondly, as a Satyagrahi I hold to the faith, that all activity pursued with a pure heart is bound to bear fruit, whether or not such fruit is visible to us. And last but not the least, I have tried to show that all truthful movements spontaneously attract to themselves all manner of pure and disinterested help. It is not clear already, I should like to make it clear that no other effort whatever was made during the struggle to enlist European sympathy beyond the effort, if effort it can be called, involved in adherence to Truth and Truth alone. The European friends were attracted by the inherent power of the movement itself.

The Colour Problem in the West

BY DR. KUNHI KANNAN, M.A., P.H., D.

The coloured races are so habitually lectured to by Western Missionaries and others of their serious deficiencies in regard to their sense of the brotherhood of man that they are inclined to believe, till experience is gained to the contrary, in the universal prevalence of this virtue in the West, and there is much in Missionary effort, apart from their admonitions, to nurse and sustain the impression. The actual facts when they come to the notice of the Eastern traveller come with the shock of a sudden revelation, and represent the saddest of his many disillusionments. The first experience came to me when I was denied a berth by a London Steamer Agent unless I found another Indian to share a cabin. On the journey across the Atlantic I had the luxury of a dining table all to myself on the boat. At Boston or New York I did not observe any serious distinction as regards myself or others. Negroes and Whites there travel together in trams, trains and buses, but from Washington southwards along the entire region of the Southern States, the colour prejudice is such that the traveller, of a brown or dark complexion from the East, who neglects to take adequate precaution may fall a victim to it. In Washington itself, hotels, theatres, restaurants and barbers' shops may close their doors against him though he may gain admission with difficulty. All the trains going south and west from the capital have special cars set apart for the Negroes in which alone he may travel. In the trams there is reservation again, and even in the Railway Station the

Negroes have separate waiting rooms. The Eastern traveller who does not indicate his nationality by a conspicuous turban or a Turkish fez may at any time be denied admission to the section reserved for the Whites, or if he is there already, directed to take his place among the Negroes. Hotels, restaurants and barbers' shops kept by Whites and patronized by the average people will not serve on any account, but prejudice is less in those which serve the richer and more educated and cultured who usually can understand the difference between the Negro and the coloured man from the East. A great deal of unpleasantness can be avoided by precautions and patience, and the actual incidents arising out of prejudice are but few. But the sense that at any moment he may have to face one, possibly in situations the most inconvenient, is difficult to endure when journeys to be undertaken are long, and one has to deal with strangers from day to day.

The extension of the prejudice against the coloured traveller from other countries is an indication of its intensity against the Negro, but one has to go into the question more fully to realise that what the traveller has to endure is but an insignificant fraction of what is the Negro's portion in the States. However educated and intelligent he may be, he is not welcome in profession. He may occasionally be a clerk, but usually he is a porter, cook, servant or labourer. He has to live in the worst quarter of the town, or has a special portion of it set apart for him. He may not stay as tenant or owner in any other part

without a general desertion of the locality by the Whites, and, as a consequence, a tremendous fall in the value of rents and houses. It is inevitable that vice should be rampant among the Negroes and that their standard of living should remain low.

It is said that a very large percentage of them suffer from venereal diseases, and that almost all of them are dirty as the pig. One would therefore expect that they would not be employed as cooks or personal attendants. In many houses, however, they are taken as cooks or other domestics. They are employed as barbers, and in the pullman-cars they are taken as attendants in preference to the Whites. And children may be in charge of Negro nurses. These anomalies are so great that one is puzzled to decide which to reject, the estimate by Whites of cleanliness of the Negroes, or the implied estimate of their own cleanliness. Caste in India is at least more logical.

The lower standard enables him to accept lower wages than what the Whites would receive, which brings on riots in which the Negroes are the worst of the sufferers. As a tenant farmer, the difficulties against his making headway are numerous, not only from his own limited training and intelligence, but far more from the vicious system known as "peonage" which, compelling him to purchase his requirements at exorbitant prices from stores kept by the landlord, rendered the heavier by false accounts and enormous interest, keep him encumbered with too heavy a load of debt to enable him to escape from bondage. The tenements provided by the landlord are of the scantiest and poorest description, with insufficient protection from the inclemencies of the weather. But a few rise from this condition to independent farming: the greater

proportion serve as tenants weighted with debt and oppression. The run-aways are rounded up and brought back to the service of the landlord. Assaults are frequent, and murders are by no means uncommon in which the culprit usually escapes without even a trial.

Not all Negroes are black. Six millions of the eleven millions in the States are of white extraction, and a great proportion of these cannot be easily distinguished in features or complexion from the Whites, except in regard to the hair which is almost invariably woolly or kinky. Even this feature is said to be absent in a few. No similarity of features however close, of fairness of complexion however great, will secure equality of treatment. The faintest trace of Negro blood suffices for rigid exclusion, and white or black, all Negroes are treated alike. The treatment accorded to the white Negro is in striking contrast to the treatment of the Eurasian in India, who is indulged and favoured so much as almost to put a premium on the immoral relations between Europeans and Indians in India. That in spite of it there are only about 2,00,000 Eurasians in India against the six million half-breeds in the States is eloquent of the higher standard of Indian morality.

The prejudice against the Negro does not extend to the American Indian who is also coloured. But American Indians are but few in number, and several of them are very rich and have not the taint of slavery. Union with them does not entail social obloquy or persecution. Indian ancestry may even be asserted with pride by a girl who has it. A white woman who dares to marry a Negro will be treated almost as a leper. It will be recalled, in this connection that the wife of the world famous boxer Jack Johnson was driven to suicide by the persecution of the Whites.

By far the worst blot on Americans is lynching. During the year I was in the States there were no less than 89 lynchings, of which 8 were of women. I followed the details of these outrages in the newspapers, and I have read subsequently authenticated accounts of others written by White authors, in which, so far as I could judge, there was no exaggeration whatever. In most of these the cause was an alleged outrage, or rather an alleged attempt at outrage, of a White woman, and it seemed to me that a White woman has only to raise a finger against a Negro for the Whites of the place to set upon him. In one instance that occurred during my stay, the girl had only to say that a Negro had insulted her, while both were in an electric lift, for the Whites to chase the Negro, and for a fierce outbreak of a racial riot in which the whole Negro quarter of the town was burnt down and many lives, both of Whites and Negroes, were lost. Usually, however, the consequences are not so serious. The Negro who has been accused is taken out of the prison, often under the eyes of the judge, and hanged to the nearest tree. A more ferocious procedure is to burn him alive. This human, or rather inhuman, bonfire used to be advertised in the papers to draw people to to witness the performance, and from some among the vast assemblage of men and women and even children some took home mementos of the occasion. The details of the following outrage are from a book written by a White man. A rich Negro, who had shot dead a White who had committed rape on his daughter, had to undergo the ordeal in which none less than a senator carried the light to start the fire. The Negro was tied to a stake, and till the flames grew and gathered round to envelop the victim, was subjected to various tortures

of which one consisted in poking a red hot iron at him. The unfortunate man once grasped the rod to thrust it aside when the skin of his palm came off frizzling on the rod. It is said that he endured the torture without the twist of a single muscle till he finally succumbed to the flames. There are still other refinements of cruelty. A Negro was tied to a Ford car, and it was driven at full speed to a bridge where, though the Negro was found dead from the violence of dragging the body was nevertheless hung up and riddled through with bullets by every one of the gang. Roasting on the road side over a slow fire is said to be another variety.

I have given these gruesome details to indicate the event to which an American crowd will go in its hatred of the Negro. In the passion and heat of the moment, bent upon the life of an individual, any crowd is likely to resort to violent methods of murder. What is significant is that, when from inevitable infection from this mania, the Whites are also lynched, the methods resorted to are not of such revolting barbarity. What is still more significant is that, where the Negro is the victim, there is by no means the moral certainty of the crime he is alleged to have committed, which alone will lead to the lynching of a White.

The actual perpetration of these outrages is usually by the lower orders of society, for the most part the riff raff from Southern Europe, almost all excitable and more or less criminally inclined, who have a grievance against the Negroes as a class for their acceptance of lower wages. But there is no question that without the moral support of a majority of Whites in the locality, or criminal indifference on their part, the outrages could not take place. The senator mentioned above would not have dared to justify his action

in the press, nor would newspapers advertise lynching and publish photographs, if the prevailing sentiment of the community as a whole was definitely against such brutal exhibitions of savage ferocity.

Europeans are apt to be a little too self complacent in regard to this matter. I was told that pictures of Negro lynchings occasionally pass from one hand to another with a shrug and a smile in the drawing rooms of London Society. I am by no means sure of the moral superiority thus implied. There is plenty of evidence that Europeans under similar circumstances would behave no better. The use of bombs from aeroplanes has been adopted by the British as well as the South Africans to terrorise tribes into submission, or to break up their economic system and thereby make them more dependent on the White settlers. Nor do the accounts that reach one of brutal assaults and outrages on natives or of punishments more brutal still ending in permanent maiming or even in death, perpetrated by responsible individuals in plantations and estates, in colonies of the British and other nations of Europe, indicate by any means a higher standard of humanity. It was not very long ago that the world was startled by the revelations of the Put Mayo atrocities perpetrated by the Belgians. American lynchers have at least the excuse of feelings embittered by past association and past history fanned to flame by suspected outrage against a White woman or by unfair competition. The indiscriminate slaughter of men, women and children, or the brutal punishment of estate coolies or servants is planned in the office room, and carried out with the cold deliberation of the discharge of an official responsibility. Not that Americans are free from similar acts of cold cruelty. The recent atrocities of American navy men in Haiti are as black as any which were perpetrated

by the British in Mesopotamia, or the Boer in South Africa.

The truth is the attitude towards coloured people is more or less the same among all the peoples of the West. Prejudice is least among the French. Among the others, similar conditions are likely to call forth the same reaction. The attitude of the West has been determined as much by past history as by their present position. The records of early European enterprises in the world, of exploration and conquest, are black with indescribable crimes, in which the thought did not seem to have once entered their minds, that the helpless inhabitants, with whom they came into contact, were human beings like themselves. The shooting down by a band of Dutch adventurers of defenceless men, women, and children, found in a cave for absolutely no provocation whatever, who rubbed the wounds to see what the bullets had done, is one sample of the many thousand incidents which reveal the shocking inability of White settlers to realise the human identity of the savage. We shall not go further but turn back to the present position of the Westerners engaged in exploiting different parts of the world amidst indigenous populations who far outnumber them. It is obvious that in these circumstances unless they cultivated a spirit of rigid exclusiveness based on superiority, real or fancied, but so far real, that the native is usually helpless against them, they would soon lose their identity with the mother country, which has to be maintained if more settlers are to follow in their wake, and if the connection with the mother country, so vital to the maintenance of racial standards, is to continue. No young colony can afford to cut itself off from the mother country which is its sheet anchor in the troublous waters of vast alien populations.

The severity of the methods employed to prevent intermixture which is destructive of identity, is proportioned to the difficulty of the problem, and limited only by the character of the settlers. Those who migrate abroad are usually drawn from the lower orders of society, the very classes with less restraint on their passions, whose outlooks are narrow, and whose character is so debased that the United States have been compelled to exercise a careful selection. It is not to be expected that the dealings of such men will be characterised by any human feeling under the stress of the necessities described. When, therefore, we read of Chinese head-hunting in California in the middle of the last century, or of parties going to hunt and shoot down Australian savages, we have to remember that the classes who made these a sport were little above animals in mentality and by no means representatives of the better elements in Europe. In the Australian Colonies at any rate, people have in them a great deal of the blood of the worst criminals of England.

Nor has there been in the past history of the Western peoples anything which would make for a more humane treatment. The failure of every attempt to bring Europe under one central power has been unfortunate from one important standpoint, the development of a common European culture and polity. Had the Roman Empire, or those that followed it, endured long, Europe would not have been, as she is today, a concatenation of discordant atoms, a menace to herself and to the world. The formation of independent and hostile nations instead, has released European Nations from the necessity, that there would have been otherwise of adjusting local peculiarities to the requirements of a common culture which emphasised similarities rather than differences. Local and racial boundaries were

too strongly defined, and the defences were too much aided and abetted by physical barriers, to make for the endurance of a common Empire. Europe proceeded on the alternative plan of a number of independent nations which helped the progress of individual peoples to a greater degree than would have been possible under a common Empire. The homogeneity of limited areas was not impossible, but it has been attained with no small difficulty. The fierce persecutions of nationalities not their own, as the Jews, of Roman Catholics by Protestants, and of Protestants by Roman Catholics, which fill the pages of European history, have been occasioned, as it seems to me, by their passion for homogeneity. As will be shown in a later chapter the West has not yet succeeded in developing a polity suited to a heterogeneous population. Taking for granted for the moment that the mechanism of Western Government is suited only for homogeneous peoples, it does not become difficult to understand why every divergence from accepted creeds and standards has been suppressed with an iron hand. It is that ancient instinct preserved and developed through 20 centuries of European History, at the cost of so much suffering, that explains the refusal on the part of Europeans to admit into their polity alien races on equal terms. Where the numbers of these latter were small and helpless, they determined on extermination, where they are formidable in numbers they are held under subjection, and no resource is left untried which will break their spirit their economic and moral resistance, and finally bring on their disintegration and decay to secure more effectively their political subservience.

If this is the policy which determines the attitude of the West towards coloured races, the question may be asked how the

persecutions of the Negro still continue notwithstanding the fact that the White population has an assured predominance. The Whites number a hundred millions and Negroes eleven millions, and it might seem that in that preponderance there is sufficient security to make lynchings less excusable. So it would be. But the Negroes are not uniformly scattered over the whole country. They are to be found mainly in the Southern States where the relative proportions of Whites to Negroes are by no means as indicated. In several States the Negroes equal or out-number the Whites in the totals. A far more important consideration in the history of the Negro in the United States is that the Negro was brought as a slave, and, until the War of liberation, was treated as a slave, and treated far worse than slaves were treated in the East or even in Rome and Greece for no slave could ever rise to freedom and rank.

The harrowing details of the slave traffic which deposited Negroes first in the United States will not bear reproduction, and without glancing over them one cannot understand the immensity of the fires that are fanned to flame by racial riots at the present time. The captain and crew of the ships employed were savages of the worst description by the side of whom those who were called by that name were angels. They stopped at no scruple, at no artifice however vile, at no atrocity however ferocious, to get hold of the men who were then chained together and thrown into the hold with the barest necessities of life. The sick were thrown overboard long before they died to save expense, and to save the trouble of removal of their chains their legs were cut off first that the chains riveted on them might be the more easily slipped off and removed. The survivors were sold to the highest bidders, and

purchases were made with little reference to family ties. Husband was separated from wife, and parents from children. In the plantations heavy work was extracted under the whip, and they were huddled together in hovels which were hotbeds of disease. On the whole, however, it was to the interest of the owner that his slaves were alive and healthy, and the relations of master and slave were usually marked by humanity though they were so fixed and unalterable, as to be occasionally disfigured by many a violence and atrocity.

Slavery was confined to the Southern States, and this fact fortunately militated against its long continuance. The farmers of the South, helped by slave labour, could produce cheaper than their brethren in the North who had only their strong arms to rely upon, and in the competition for markets at home and abroad the advantage lay with slave-owning farmers. The abolition of slavery has been so often paraded as a glorious achievement resulting from the highest and purest of human motives that those who have not studied the history of the question are likely to find it hard to believe that beneath all this display of exalting sentiment there lay a powerful motive of self-interest. The land-owning classes in England and of the United States were the sufferers from slavery in the plantations in the Southern States and the West Indies which placed them in an unequal position for they could not successfully compete with the plantation owners who could produce cheaper. Slavery was abolished primarily to set right this inequality and, therefore, far less from humanity than from economic necessity. It is inevitable that the system which had been developed on slave labour should find itself disorganised and unable easily to make the new adjustments required on a basis of free labour. The Whites in the

South realised that they were in a minority amidst a population suddenly released from bondage and declared permanently equal with them. It was feared that the sudden flood of liberty should overwhelm many a Negro. Excesses were apt to be committed from the inevitable rebound. In a few at least of the States the Negroes were in the majority and could have dominated the Councils if they knew how to use their new-found liberty. The Whites, threatened with the possibilities of remembered wrongs and the use of an unfamiliar weapon, organised themselves to terrorise the Negroes and bring them back to submissiveness. They stopped at no brutality, at no act of frightfulness, to keep them in much the same condition as they were before the War of secession. The Negroes were free in law, but in bondage in fact. In many an instance their condition worsened. The sense of dependence, cultivated through many decades, cannot be done away with by statutory declaration. For the reciprocal relations of protection and service no substitute had been provided. The Negro was illiterate and ignorant, and could not easily get rid of the habit of dependence. How was he to make good under the new dispensation in which the good will, such as it was, of the master, was replaced by suspicion and hatred, when his actions were liable to serious misconception and fierce punishment? These unhappy associations of slavery and the circumstances of its abolition have to be remembered when passing judgment on the Americans.

While therefore American treatment of the Negro is in keeping with the repugnance of the West towards coloured races as a whole, the continuance of the outrages must receive the severest condemnation. It is difficult to believe that a people, whose charter of liberty is eloquent of the com-

mon rights of humanity, should have tolerated slavery and fiendish excesses more appropriate to a savage condition of life. It is a futile plea that the outrages are perpetrated by the lower orders. The control of the lower orders ought not to be beyond the resources of a Civilised Government.

The better classes of Americans are awakening to the necessity of removing this national disgrace. It is to be hoped that before many years lapse the world will have seen the last of these awful spectacles. The number of lynchings each year is fast declining. The task, however, is difficult. Public opinion is too preoccupied and propagandists will not easily be found for a cause so unpopular with large classes of the population who may cause them no small hardship and annoyance. Nor is it easy for the Government to provide against the contingency which may arise any moment and anywhere in the vast area of the United States. The outrages too often take place in localities which have far too insufficient a police force to give protection to an accused Negro from the violence of the multitude, and take place too suddenly for a sufficient force to be gathered up in good time. While there are certainly serious difficulties in the way, they are certainly not insuperable if the Government will but tax their ingenuity and use their resources.

The truth is, however, that Government of the people and by the people must partake of the character of the people, and sink or rise with them. Sensitive to the influence of public sentiment, they cannot fail to be sensitive in this particular. The contrast that is here presented, to more despotic Governments, is striking and instructive. Habitually less responsive to public opinion, and usually independent of its active support in matters of public interests, despotic Governments can take

action in defiance of it. Any protection extended to the Negro in advance of public sentiment would be resisted by large sections of the population, from the possibility of its encouraging the Negro unduly and may fan to flame anew the embers of racial hatred, and the Government that extended protection may not survive the next election. This is one of the serious drawbacks of a democracy.

Till a solution is found the lynchings will continue to embitter the feeling of the Negro and brutalise the Whites. The Negro is now turning to face the Americans for the first time. The share he has had in the war and his experiences of the better treatment his brother from Africa were given by the French have changed his outlook, and he is no longer prepared to suffer without retaliation. In the race riots after the War the Negro has tried to sell his life dear. With the increasing co-operation and organisation to which the pressure of the Whites is driving them, they may increase their defensive armature. That may make for mutual retaliations for many years until the relations alter for the better.

It would be far better to devise a permanent solution of the racial problem. The woes of the Negro arise mainly from his intermixing with the Whites who, as I have tried to point out, have perfected a Government machinery only for homogenous communities, and who, therefore, cannot admit the Negro to a footing of political equality. It would make for harmony and peace if the Negro population could be divided between two or three small States of their own where they are left to manage their own affairs under due safe-guards for the security of the neighbouring white population and for the security of the country as a whole. Every help should be rendered to these till the

States are set well on their feet. Every manufacture, except those of arms and ammunitions, should be encouraged, and the States made self-supporting after contributing their share to the national exchequer. No Negro should be permitted to settle in any of the White States, but they may be allowed to travel on a footing of perfect equality. Solutions along these or similar lines would, it seems to me, be permanent and prevent these scenes that have drawn upon America the condemnation of the world at large.

It would take me too far beyond my capacity already, I fear, very much put to heavy strain, to suggesting solutions of racial problems in other quarters of the world. In Australia and New Zealand it is not very complex, the existing aboriginal populations being in a small minority and likely to disappear before long. There the menace is from the overcrowded populations of China and Japan which cannot be removed unless the Whites fill up rapidly the vast continent or share it with others who are in great need. In South Africa, the proportions of Whites to aboriginals are the reverse of those in Australia, and unless the spheres are defined by mutual agreement the persecutions and oppressions will continue. No adjustment is possible without sacrifice of individualism on the part of the colonists, who, by every circumstance of past history, of colonisation and, of habit, are individualistic. No individualist community can settle down along with others, and can preserve its identity except as a master. No other relation is possible without a sacrifice of individualism. It is therefore difficult to imagine that any improvement in the relations will come except by the gradual perception of their degradation on the part of the coloured races and by their organisation and discipline. No resources of legis-

lation, of legalised pillage and of modern weapons, will however, be left untried by the Whites to prevent the blacks from attaining to that level.

The only serious force working against the West is at present its diminishing fecundity and the astonishingly prolific character of Eastern populations. The rise in the standard of living and comfort in the West will place them at a serious disadvantage in spite of all the resources of modern civilisation at their command, and may restore once again the balance in favour of East as a whole. Nor is the danger the less in the general awakening of the East which may result in an imitation of the West sufficiently close to compete successfully in the very lines in which the West has specialised, and in that competition the lower standard of living

and the resulting lower wages will tell heavily against the West. These are very real possibilities of a struggle in which the West may be put back to a place more in consonance with its resources of men and materials. That is, however, too far to look into the future. In the meanwhile, it is to be hoped that some startling discovery of the West will render the condition of life so easy that it would release humanity of the West from the insensate pursuit of worldly possessions which, amidst many things of undoubted good, has brought so much that is evil and debasing not only to the West but to the world at large. If it should ever happen, then perhaps the West will learn to have more kindly and brotherly feelings to the coloured races who it thinks now have been created for its benefit.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

BY M. K. GANDHI.

CHAPTER XIII 'INDIAN OPINION'

Before I proceed with the other intimate European contacts, I must note two or three items of importance. One of the contacts, however, should be mentioned at once. The appointment of Miss Dick was not enough for my purpose. I needed, more assistance. I have in the earlier chapters referred to Mr. Ritch. I knew him well. He was manager in a mercantile firm. He approved my suggestion of leaving the firm and getting articulated under me, and he considerably lightened my burden.

About this time Sjt. Mandanjit approached me with a proposal to start *Indian*

Opinion and sought my advice. He had been already conducting a press, and I approved of his proposal. So the journal was launched in 1904, and Sjt. Mansukhlal Nazar became the first editor. But I had to bear the brunt of the whole work, as indeed for most of the time I had to be practically in charge of the journal. Not that Sjt. Mansukhlal could not carry it on. He had been doing quite an amount of journalism whilst in India, but he would never venture to write on intricate South African problems so long as I was there. He had the greatest confidence in my discernment, and so threw on me the responsibility of attending to the editorial columns. The journal has been until this day a weekly. In the

beginning it used to be issued in Gujarati, Hindi, Tamil and English. I saw, however, that the Tamil and Hindi sections were a make-believe. They did not serve the purpose for which they were intended, and I even felt that there was a certain amount of deception involved in continuing them. So I felt at ease only when I discontinued them.

I had no notion that I should have to invest any money in this journal, but I discovered in no time that it could not go on without my financial help. The Indians and the Europeans both knew that though I was not nominally the editor of *Indian Opinion*, I was virtually responsible for its conduct. No harm would have happened if the journal had never been started, but to stop it after starting it would have been both a loss and a disgrace. So I kept on pouring my money, until ultimately I was practically sinking all my savings into it. I remember a time when I had to remit £ 75 each month.

But after all these years I feel that the journal has served the community well. It was never intended to be a commercial concern. So long as it was under my control, the changes in the journal were indicative of changes in my life. *Indian Opinion*, like *Young India* and *Navajivan* today, was a mirror of part of my life. Week after week I poured out my soul in its columns, and expounded the principles and practice of Satyagraha as I understood it. During ten years, that is until 1914, excepting the intervals of my enforced rest in prison, there was hardly a single issue of *Indian Opinion* without an article from me. I cannot recall a word in these articles set down without thought or deliberation, or a word of conscious exaggeration, or anything merely to please. Indeed the journal had become for me a training in self-restraint, and for friends a medium

through which to keep in touch with my thoughts. The critic found very little therein to object to. In fact I know that the tone of *Indian Opinion* compelled the critic to put a curb on his own pen. Satyagraha would probably have been impossible without *Indian Opinion*. The readers looked forward to it for a trustworthy account of the Satyagraha campaign as also of the real condition of Indians in South Africa. For me it became a means for the study of human nature in all its casts and shades, as I always aimed at establishing an intimate and clean bond between the editor and the readers. I was inundated with letters containing the outpourings of my correspondents' hearts. They were friendly, critical or bitter, according to the temper of the writer. It was a fine education for me to study and digest and to answer all this correspondence. It was as though the community thought audibly through this correspondence with me. It made me understand thoroughly the responsibility of a journalist, and the hold I secured through it over the community made the future campaign workable, dignified and irresistible.

In the very first month of *Indian Opinion*, I had realised that the sole aim of journalism should be service. The newspaper press is a great power, but as unchained torrents of water submerge whole countryside and devastate crops, even so an uncontrolled pen serves but to destroy. If the control is from without, it proves more poisonous than want of control. It can be profitable only when exercised from within. If this line of reasoning is correct, how few of the journals in the world would stand the test? But who would stop those that are useless? And who is to be the judge? The useful and the useless must, like good and evil, go on together, and man must make his choice of them.

CHAPTER XIV

COOLIE LOCATIONS OR THE GHETTOES?

Some of the classes that are rendering us the greatest social service, and whom we Hindus have chosen to regard as 'untouchables,' are relegated to remote quarters of a town or a village, called 'dhedhwado' in Gujarati and the name has acquired a bad odour. Even so in Christian Europe the Jews were once its 'untouchables,' and the quarters that were assigned to them had the odious name 'ghettoes.' In a similar way we have become the untouchables of South Africa to-day. It remains to be seen how far the sacrifice of Andrews and the magic wand of Shastri succeed in rehabilitating us.

The ancient Jews regarded themselves as the chosen people of God, to the exclusion of others, with the result that their descendants were visited with a strange and even unjust retribution. Almost in a similar way the Hindus have considered themselves *Aryas* or civilised and a section of their own kith and kin as *Anaryas* or untouchables, with the result that a strange, if unjust, nemesis is being visited not only upon the Hindus in South Africa, but the Mussalmans and Parsis as well, inasmuch as these belong to the same country and have the same colour as they.

The reader will have now realised somewhat the meaning of the word 'locations' to which I am going to devote this chapter. In South Africa, we have acquired the odious name of 'coolies.' The word 'coolie' in India means only a porter or carrier, but in South Africa it has a contemptuous connotation and means what a pariah or an untouchable means to us and the quarters assigned to the 'coolies' are known as

coolie locations.' Johannesburg had one, such location, but unlike as in other places where there were locations and where the Indians had tenancy rights, those in the Johannesburg location had acquired their plots on a lease of 99 years. The Indians were densely packed in the location, of which the area never increased with the increase in population. Beyond arranging to clean the latrines in the location in a haphazard way, the Municipality did nothing to provide any other sanitary facilities, much less good roads or lights. It was hardly likely that it would safeguard its sanitation when it was indifferent to the sanitary welfare of the people. The Indians living there were too ignorant of the rules of municipal sanitation and hygiene to do without the help or supervision of the Municipality. If those who went there had been all Robinson Crusoes theirs would have been a different story. But we do not know of a single emigrant colony of Robinson Crusoes in the world. Usually people migrate abroad in search of wealth and trade, and the bulk of the Indians who went to South Africa were ignorant, pauper agriculturists who needed all the care and protection that could be given them. The traders and educated Indians who followed them were very few.

The criminal negligence of the Municipality and the ignorance of the Indian settlers thus conspired to render the location thoroughly insanitary. The Municipality, far from doing anything to improve the condition of the location, used the insanitation caused by their own neglect as a lever for destroying the location, and for that purpose obtained from the local legislature authority to dispossess the settlers. This was the condition of things when I settled in Johannesburg.

The settlers having proprietary rights in their land were naturally entitled to compensation. A special tribunal was appointed to try the land acquisition cases. In case the tenant was not prepared to accept the offer of the Municipality he had a right to appeal to the tribunal, and if the latter's award exceeded the Municipality's offer, the Municipality had to bear the costs.

Most of the tenants had engaged me as their legal adviser. I had no desire to make money out of these cases, and so I said to the tenants, that I should be satisfied with whatever costs the tribunal awarded, in case they won, and a fee of £10 on every lease, irrespective of the result of the case. I also told them that I proposed to set apart half of the money paid by them for the building of a hospital or similar institution for the poor. This naturally pleased them all.

Out of about 70 cases only one was lost. So the fees amounted to a fairly big figure. But *Indian Opinion* was there with its persistent claim and devoured, so far as I can recollect, a sum of £11,600. I think I had worked hard for these cases. The clients always surrounded me. Most of these were originally indentured labourers from Bihar and its neighbourhood and from South India. For the redress of their peculiar grievances they had formed an association of their own, separate from that of the free Indian merchants and traders. Some of them were open-hearted, liberal men of high character. Their leaders were Sjt. Jairamsing the president and Sjt. Badari who was as good as the president. Both of them are no more. Both were exceedingly helpful to me. Sjt. Badari came in very close contact with me and took a prominent part in Satyagraha. Through

these and other friends, I came in intimate contact with numerous Indian settlers of North and South India, and became more their brother than a mere legal adviser and shared in all their private and public sorrows and hardships.

It may be of some interest to know how the Indians used to call me. Sheth Abdulla refused to address me as Gandhi. None fortunately ever insulted me by calling or regarding me as 'saheb.' Abdulla Sheth hit upon a fine appellation—'bhai', i.e., brother. Others copied him and continued to address me as 'bhai' until the moment I left South Africa, but there was a sweeter flavour about the name when it was used by the ex-indentured Indians.

CHAPTER XV

THE BLACK PLAGUE—I

The Indians were not removed from the location as soon as the Municipality secured its ownership. It was necessary to find the residents a suitable place before dispossessing them, but as the Municipality could not easily do it, the Indians were suffered to stay in the same 'dirty' location with this difference that their condition became worse than before. Having ceased to be proprietors they became tenants of the Municipality with the result that their surroundings became more insanitary than ever. When they were proprietors, they had to maintain some sort of cleanliness, if only for fear of the law. The Municipality had no such fear! The number of tenants increased, and with them the squalor and the disorder.

While the Indians were fretting over this state of things, there was a sudden outbreak of the black plague, also called the pneumonic plague, more terrible and fatal than the bubonic.

Fortunately it was not the location but one of the gold mines in the vicinity of Johannesburg that was responsible for the outbreak. The workers in this mine were for the most part Negroes for whose cleanliness their White employers were solely responsible. There were a few Indians also working in connection with the mine, twenty-three of whom suddenly caught the infection, and they came one evening to their quarters in the location with an acute attack of the plague. Sjt. Madanjit, who was then going about canvassing subscribers for *Indian Opinion* and realising subscriptions, happened to be in the location at this moment. He was a remarkably fearless man. His heart wept to see these victims of the scourge, and he sent a pencil-note to me to the following effect: 'There has been a sudden outbreak of the black plague. You must come immediately and take prompt measures, otherwise we should be prepared for dire consequences. Please come immediately.'

Sjt. Madanjit bravely broke open the lock of a vacant house, and put all the patients there. I cycled to the location, and wrote to the Town Clerk to inform him of the circumstances under which we had taken possession of the house.

Dr. William Godfrey who was practising in Johannesburg ran to the rescue as soon as he got the news, and became both nurse and doctor to the patients. But twenty-three patients were more than three of us could cope with.

It is my faith based on experience that if one's heart is pure calamity brings in its train men and measures to fight it. I had at that time four Indians in my office,—Sjts. Kalyandas, Manekal and two whose names I cannot recollect. Kalyandas had been entrusted to me by his father. I have

rarely come across in South Africa men more obliging and willing to render implicit obedience than Kalyandas. He was fortunately unmarried then, and I therefore did not hesitate to impose on him duties involving risks, however great. Manekal I had got hold of in Johannesburg. He too, so far as I can remember, was unmarried. So I decided to sacrifice all the four,—call them clerks, co-workers or sons. There was no need at all to consult Kalyandas. The others expressed their readiness as soon as they were asked, 'Where you are, we will also be,' was the short and sweet reply they gave.

Mr. Ritch had a large family. He was ready to take the plunge, but I prevented him. I had not the heart to expose him to the risk. So he attended to the work outside the danger zone.

It was a terrible night,—that night of vigil and nursing. I had nursed a number of patients before, but never one attacked by the black plague. Dr. Godfrey's pluck proved infectious. There was not much nursing required. To give them their doses of medicine, to attend to their wants, to keep them and their beds clean and tidy, and to cheer them up,—was all that we had to do.

The indefatigable zeal and fearlessness with which the youths worked delighted me beyond measure. One could understand the bravery of Dr. Godfrey and of an experienced man like Sjt. Madanjit. But oh for the spirit of these callow youths!

So far as I can recollect, we pulled all of them through that night.

But the whole incident, apart from its pathos, is of such absorbing interest, and for me, of such religious value, that I must give it the next two chapters at least.

CHAPTER XVI

THE BLACK PLAGUE—II

The Town Clerk expressed his gratefulness to me for having taken charge of the vacant house and the patients, and frankly confessed that the Town Council had no immediate means to cope with such an emergency but that they would render all the help in their power. Once awakened to a sense of its duty, the Municipality made no delay in taking prompt measures.

The next day they placed a vacant godown at my disposal, and suggested that the patients be removed there but the Municipality did not undertake to clean the premises. The building was unkept and unclean. We cleaned it up ourselves, raised a few beds and other necessities through the offices of charitable Indians, and improvised a temporary hospital. The Municipality lent the services of a nurse, who came with brandy and other hospital equipments. Dr. Godfrey still remained in charge.

The nurse was a kindly lady and would fain have attended to the patients, but we rarely allowed her to touch the patients, lest she should catch the contagion.

We had instructions to give the patients frequent doses of brandy. The nurse would even ask us to take it for precaution, just as she did herself. But none of us would touch it. I had no faith even in its beneficial effect for the patients. With the permission of Dr. Godfrey, I put three patients who were prepared to do without brandy under the earth treatment, applying wet earth bandages to their heads and chests. Two of these were saved. Twenty died whilst still in the godown.

Meanwhile the Municipality was busy taking other measures. There was a

lazaretto for contagious diseases about seven miles from Johannesburg. The three surviving patients were removed to tents near the lazaretto, and arrangements were made to send fresh cases also there. We were thus relieved from our work.

In the course of a few days we learnt that the good nurse had had an attack and immediately succumbed. It is impossible to say how the two patients were saved and we remained immune, but the experience enhanced my faith in earth treatment as also my diffidence in the efficacy of brandy even as a medicine. I know that neither this faith nor the diffidence are based upon any solid grounds, but I cannot efface the impression which I then formed, and which I still retain, and have therefore thought it necessary to take note of it here.

On the outbreak of the plague, I had addressed a strong letter to the press holding the Municipality responsible for the negligence after the location came into its possession and for the outbreak of the plague itself. This letter secured me Mr. Henry Polak, and was partly responsible for the friendship of the late Rev. Joseph Doko.

I have said in the earlier chapter, that I used to have my meals at a vegetarian restaurant. Here I met Mr. Albert West. We used to meet here every evening and go out walking after dinner. Mr. West was a partner in a small printing press. He read my letter in the press about the outbreak of the plague, and not finding me in the restaurant felt uneasy.

My co-workers and I had reduced our diet since the outbreak, as I had long made it a rule to go on a light diet during epidemics. I had therefore given up my evening dinner these days. Lunch also I would finish before the other guests

arrived. I knew the proprietor of the restaurant very well, and I had informed him that as I was engaged in nursing the plague patients I wanted to avoid the contact of friends as much as possible.

Not finding me in the restaurant, for a day or two, Mr. West knocked at my door one early morning just as I was getting ready to go out for a walk. As I opened the door Mr. West said: 'I did not find you in the restaurant and was really afraid lest something might have happened to you. So I decided to come and see you in the morning in order to make sure of finding you at home. Well, here I am at your disposal. I am ready to help in nursing the patients. You know that I have no one depending upon me.'

I expressed my gratefulness, and answered without taking even a second to think: 'I will not have you as a nurse. If there are no more cases, we should be free in a day or two. There is one thing however.'

'Yes, what is it?'

'Could you take charge of the *Indian Opinion* Press at Durban? Mr. Madanjit is likely to be engaged here, and some one is needed there. If you could go, I should feel quite relieved on that score.'

'You know that I have a press. Most probably I will go, but may I give my final reply in the evening? We shall talk it over during our evening walk.'

I was delighted. We had the talk. He agreed to go. Salary was no consideration to him, as money was not his motive. But a salary of £ 10 per month and a part of the profit if any was fixed up. The very next day Mr. West left for Durban by the evening mail, entrusting me with the recovery of his dues. From that day until the time I left the shores of South Africa,

he remained a partner of my joys and sorrows.

Mr. West belonged to a peasant family in Louth (Linconshire), had had an ordinary school education, but had learnt a good deal in the school of experience and by dint of self-help. I have always known him to be a pure, sober, God-fearing, humane Englishman.

We shall know more about him and his family in the chapters to follow.

CHAPTER XVII

LOCATION IN FLAMES

Though my co-workers and I were relieved of the charge of patients, there were many things arising out of the black plague still to be disposed of.

I have dealt with the negligence of the Municipality about the location. But it was wide awake so far as the health of its White citizens was concerned. It had spent large amounts for the preservation of the health of its white citizens, and now it poured money like water for scotching the plague. In spite of the many sins of omission and commission against the Indians that I laid at the door of the Municipality, I could not help commending its solicitude for the White citizens and I rendered it as much help as I could in its laudable efforts. I have an impression that if I had withheld my co-operation, the task would have been more difficult for the Municipality, and it would not have hesitated to use armed force and do its worst.

But all that was averted. The Municipal authorities were pleased over the Indians' behaviour and much of the future work regarding plague measures was simplified. I used all the influence I could command with the Indians to make them

submit to the requirements of the Municipality. It was far from easy for the Indians to go all that length, but I do not remember any one having resisted my advice.

The location was put under a strong guard, passage in and out being made impossible without permission. My co-workers and I had free permits of entry and exit. The object was to make all the location population to vacate it and live under canvas for three weeks in an open plain about thirteen miles from Johannesburg and then to set fire to the location. The settling down under canvas with provisions and other necessities was bound to take some time, and a guard became necessary during the interval.

The people were in an awful fright, but my constant presence was a consolation to them. Many of the poor people used to hoard their scanty savings underground. This had to be unearthed. They had no bank, they knew none. I became their bank. Streams of money poured into my office. I could not possibly charge any fees for my labours in such a crisis. I coped with the work somehow. I knew my bank manager very well. I told him that I would have to deposit with him these moneys. The banks were by no means anxious to accept large amounts of copper and silver. There was also the fear of bank clerks refusing to touch money coming from a plague-affected area. But the manager accommodated me in every way. It was decided to disinfect all the money before sending it to the bank. Nearly sixty thousand pounds were thus deposited, so far as I can remember. I advised such of them as had enough money to place it as fixed deposit, and they accepted the advice. The result was some people

became thus accustomed to invest their money in banks.

The location residents were removed by special train to Klipspruit Farm near Johannesburg where they were supplied with provisions by the Municipality at its expense. This city under canvas looked like a military camp. The people who were unaccustomed to this camp life were distressed and astonished over the arrangements, but they had not to put up with any particular inconvenience. I used to cycle to them once every day. Three weeks' stay in the open air evidently improved their health. Within twenty-four hours of their stay they forgot all their misery and began to live merrily. Whenever I went there I found them enjoying themselves with song and mirth.

So far as I recollect the location was put to the flames on the very next day of its evacuation. The Municipality showed not the slightest inclination to save anything from the conflagration. About this very time, and for the same reason, the Municipality had burnt down all its timber in the market, and incurred a loss of about ten thousand pounds. The reason for this drastic step was the discovery of some dead rats in the market.

The Municipality had to go in for heavy expenditure, but it successfully arrested the further progress of the plague, and the city breathed freely once more.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE MAGIC SPELL OF A BOOK

The black plague enhanced my influence with the poor Indians, and increased my business and my responsibility. Some of the new contacts with Europeans became so close that they added considerably to my moral obligations.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. Polak in the vegetarian restaurant, just like that of Mr. West. One evening a young man dining at a table away from me sent me his card expressing a desire to see me. I invited him to come to my table, which he did.

"I am sub-editor of the *Critic*," he said. "When I read your letter to the press about the plague, I felt strongly moved to see you. I am glad to have this opportunity."

Mr. Polak's candour drew me to him. The same evening we got to know each other and we seemed to hold very closely similar views on the essential things of life. He liked simple life. He had a wonderful faculty of translating into practice anything that appealed to his intellect. Some of the changes that he had made in his life were as prompt as they were radical.

Indian Opinion was getting more and more expensive every day. The very first report from Mr. West was alarming. He wrote: "I do not expect from the concern the profit that you think there would be. I am afraid there may be even a loss. The books are not in order. There are heavy arrears to be recovered, but one can make no head or tail of them. Considerable overhauling will have to be done. But all this need not alarm you. I shall try to put things right as best as I can. I remain on, whether there is profit or not."

Mr. West might have left when he discovered that there was no profit, and I could not have blamed him. In fact, he had a right to arraign me for having described the concerns as profitable without proper proof. But he never even once uttered a word of complaint. I have, however, an impression that this discovery must have led Mr. West to regard me as

credulous. I had simply accepted Mr. Madanjit's estimate, without caring to examine it, and told Mr. West to expect a profit. I feel that a public worker should not take things on trust and should not make statements of which he has not made himself sure. Above all, a votary of truth must exercise the greatest caution. To allow a man to believe a thing which you have not fully verified is to compromise truth. I am pained to have to confess that in spite of this knowledge, I have not quite conquered my credulous habit for which my ambition to do more work than I can manage is responsible. This ambition has often been a source of worry more to my co-workers than to myself.

On receipt of Mr. West's letter I left for Natal. I had taken Mr. Polak into my fullest confidence. He came to see me off at the station, and left with me a book to read during the journey, which he said I was sure to like. It was Ruskin's *Unto this Last*.

It was impossible to lay the book aside, once I had begun it. It gripped me. It was a twenty-four hour's journey from Johannesburg to Natal. The train reached Durban in the evening. I could not get sleep that night. I determined to change my life in the light of the book.

I had not read a single book of Ruskin's before this. During the days of my education I had read practically nothing outside textbooks, and after I launched into active life I had very little time left me for reading. I cannot therefore claim much book knowledge. I believe I have not lost much because of this enforced restraint. On the contrary, the limited reading may be said to have enabled me fairly to digest what I did read. Of these books, the one that brought about an instantaneous and practi-

cal transformation in my life was *Unto this Last*. I translated it later into Gujarati entitling it *Sarvodaya* (the welfare of all.)

I believe that I discovered some of my deepest convictions reflected in this great book of Ruskin and that is why the book so captured me and made me transform my life. A poet is one who can call forth the good latent in the human breast. Poets do not influence all alike, for everyone is not evolved in an equal measure.

This is how I understood the teachings of *Unto this Last*.

1. The good of the individual is contained in the good of all.

2. A lawyer's labour has the same value as the barber's, inasmuch as all have the same right of earning their livelihood from their labour.

3. A life of labour, i. e. of the tiller of the soil and handicraftsman, is the life worth living.

The first of these I knew. The second I had dimly realised. The third had never occurred to me. *Unto this Last* made it as clear as daylight for me that the second and the third were contained in the first. I awoke with the dawn, ready to reduce these principles into practice.

The Way to Happiness

BY FRANCESCO GAETA

Reader! tell me the truth! In this month of September when the symphony of the summer breeze and the festival of fruitage have reached their apogee, you should surely wish to reconcile yourself with life. If you are an early riser and if you own a garden, you probably don your pyjamas and, in the silence-filled dawn which is greeted only by the crowings of the cocks stretching forth their voice, you move about in your garden planting bulbous stems and verbenas and sowing violet seeds. It's a harmonious simplicity which the complications and dissonances of life re-consecrate by contrast.

A little later, the enchantment is gone. The inexorable hurly-burly of daily routine, the alchemy of political tiddle-twaddle and the incubus of economics reappear. There begins again the spectacle of violence ascribable not indeed to any

particular party or regime but to the pestilential atmosphere around us in which everything assumes a terroristic form and in which he who does not hate runs the risk of being out-casted. And you, O Reader! are steeped afresh in polemics, tasting the metaphysics of pulverulence, the platonic dialogues of the bastinado and all the conflicts of actual life.

Now, only one of these two experiences can be true. Either you hasten to get back into reality, ascribing your matutinal enchantment to the influence of ozone; Or you feel that this enchantment alone is the reality, that the interlude of enjoyment arising from communion with Nature was perhaps yours in an anterior life, that it is ever pervasive in some region of the globe, and that between this *ananda* and yourself something unnatural has intervened. Well the second feeling is the true one. The joy

which lights on you of a September morning is the exclusive patrimony of your and my Aryan race, twisted and profaned in the West by superfluous contacts. After three or four thousand years, it remains still the rule, and not the exception, in that Eastern land stretching between the Himalayas and the Indian Ocean, where even christianity has shown itself purged of its dross.

Here I hear you interject, "It's always of India that you talk! What are we to make of a land so absurd, "with the Oriental comedy of its external splendour and the multifold tragedy of its life within, its women surpassingly fair and surpassingly small...love which is no love, music which is no music, dances which are only official functions.....contradictions and incongruities galore, lack of proportion and lack of symmetry all round?"

Bravo! Be you informed, then! The above estimate is only that of an itinerant globetrotter who has "done" India in a tourist if not cinematographic sense and collected together in a volume his films in prose, which are full of errors regarding Brahminism and the relative terminology. Against this phantasmagoric India stands the non-fictitious, the immortal. And this can be studied in a sufficiently varied bibliographic novelty which has become justly famous in all parts of the world:

The *book contains the theoretical essence of the Four Vedas, selected chiefly from the Upanishads, the Brahma-Sutra and the Bhagavad-Gita. A wonderful book this, — different from those which we choose with the taste of people issuing from caserns, propitious in the worldly sense but delusive in the spiritual. Those who know

* *Rambles in Vedanta* by B. R. Rajam Aiyar published by S. Ganesan, Madras.

English will read off the nine hundred pages of this book at one sitting.

Rajam Aiyar was born in 1872 in Balagundai in the Madura district, and he died in his twenty-fifth year. His impressive face looks on at us with large beautiful eyes from the frontispiece. A student at Madras in the Christian College and then in the Law college, he steeped himself in the study of English poets before he learnt the poetic works of his own land; with what originality, his interpretation of Hamlet would suffice to prove. This great Shakespearean hero, according to him, is not a morbid figure swayed by events but is essentially a thinker, dissatisfied with the prison of the senses, began scrutinising the significance of creation. In 1895, one of Rajam Aiyar's articles attracted the notice of his future friends who discovered in him a "rough diamond" and found in him a "guru" or master. He became almost the sole editor of "*Prabuddha Bharata*" and published in it all the articles constituting the present volume. On his death, this periodical published a farewell notice which is full of instruction for us: "The journal was not started for the purpose of monetary gain but for the propagation of truth. Though, through the kindness of our subscribers, the journal was a complete success as a business affair, yet in the interest of truth it is our most painful duty to bring it to a close."

The "*Rambles*," therefore, has a journalistic origin. This fact, together with the author's youth and his Western education, explains the exuberance of a few pages which might have expressed more if they had said less, and accounts also for a certain inclination of the author's to symbolism. But the whole is a marvellous revelation. The Upanishadic teachings

are placed in juxta-position with ultra-modernity, examined on the basis of the Kantian method of criticism and triumphantly tested in the light of the boastful sciences of today which will never succeed in uncovering Nature "that indeed is invested, like Draupadi, with an inexhaustible number of draperies, one beneath the other and more beautiful too." The contact with the Divine has been realised in this book by the Hindu genius through a wealth of imagery which, though Oriental, is only so in so far as the Aryan Orient is the zone of the concentration of poetry.

Why are we so unhappy in the West?

Because the adulteration which our Aryanism has suffered in the West, has alienated us far from God. Him, the Atman in us, the only Real in us, we have converted into the Extraneous, the tyrant, the old man, the Unknowable, the Unattainable. Amongst us, the idea "I am God" raises only ridicule. In India, on the contrary, this identity "aham brahma asmi" is the sublime connotation of Wisdom. And this is the entire Vedanta.

Rajam Aiyar willingly described this as "philosophy." Nevertheless, let us observe, philosophy is system, is the polemical aspect which knowledge (or Spirit or God) assumes when it wishes to defend itself against the Anti-Spirit. The Vedanta might lend its name to Sankara's system but, in itself, it is the alpha and the omega of all systems. Rajam Aiyar has rightly taken care to condemn all the systematised preconceptions about the Vedanta as for instance, that it is pessimistic or that it is pantheistic. "While, according to pantheism, God is the sum of all phenomena, He is the essence of all phenomena, according to the Vedanta."

The Vedanta is the centre of all

"religions" which are, as Rajam Aiyar says, its adaptations to various stages of human evolution or, as I would say, its "historifications." It is easy to see therefore that the Vedanta is beneficent through its excellence. It converts only through the influence of its prestige: "Sympathy is the secret of its victory." "It seeks to correct not through force but through the silent magic of its powerful ideals." "Its mission is to take man at the stage at which he is found and to lead him along." It proceeds by stages even when it preaches kindness towards all animals, vehemently condemns meat-eating and combats this "progress of dietetic barbarism."

Let us carefully note that there is a substantial difference between the beneficence and kindness of the Vedanta on the one hand, and on the other the Western principle of religious tolerance which patronises irreligion and even gives a place to atheism amongst religions. Rajam Aiyar is not an unconditional tolerantist. He is an enthusiast for Jesus and in this respect a worthy follower of the glorious tradition initiated by Rammohan Roy who restored the Vedanta and adored the gospels. Rajam Aiyar recognises the primitive or rudimentary character of the cults founded on fear and revenge. He discerns how much of idolatry exists in the iconoclastic abstractions of Protestantism. He enunciates that the Vedanta is essentially catholic and not merely universalistic.

How very close to us is this India, though far it lies in the East. And how very foreign to us is this life of pseudo-civility in which we are struggling, obstinately seeking to unbend our minds on the same empiric plane of acute tension! The philosophy of life current amongst us is

only a series of negations, infinite like a recurring decimal. Its nature is summed up by that old ditty in which is described "the death of the angel of death himself, who killed the butcher, who killed the ox which drank the water which put out the fire which burnt the stick which beat the dog which bit the cat which devoured the kid."

"And then?" is the question posed by personality of Zangwill. And then he hastens to self-negation!

You, O my reader! will prefer to be guided by an Aryan of the exalted type of Rajam Aiyar. And he will assure you as he does in the "Rambles" that the so-called struggle for existence does not exist. The

true "suicide" consists not indeed in the meaningless destruction of the body but in the killing of the false senses of our existence remaining dissonant and separate from the MATCHLESS ONE of whom the Vedas proclaim the glory. Let us follow the Happiness that is unconfined and sempiternal, reuniting ourselves with the BEING of the Universe, who is also the YEA in that sacred syllable which together with the triple repetition of the word "peace" surpasses all our Evvivas, humbling and shaming them:

"Om! Shanti! Shanti! Shanti!"

Translated from the original Italian by

L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR M. A. B. L.

Reviews and Notices of Books

ART

RUPAM

I have before me two issues of *Rupam*,—the combined 27th and 28th number and the 29th number. The first of these begins with a magnificent frontispiece representing a royal couple taken from Arjuna's Ratha, Mahabalipuram. It is a superb piece of poem wrought in stone by one of the unknown masters of ancient India. Fortunately every number of *Rupam* brings to us one or two such rare gems of Oriental Art with an article upon them from the editor's pen.

When opening the pages of an art-journal like *Rupam* one naturally expects to be lifted up from ordinary consciousness and ushered into a heaven of loveliness, beauty and divinity of form and Bhava not easily attainable in our humdrum existence. Art, specially Indian art, is the door leading to many such planes of subtler and higher con-

sciousness. But most of the writers of *Rupam* are mere archeologists and students of the history of Indian Art. Their articles naturally bristle with dry arguments on manuscripts and archeological finds. History of Indian Art has, of course, its own value and is indispensable for the growth of appreciation of Art in India. It brings to the scholar and the student in us a mental and intellectual interest and gratification all its own.

But history of Art alone is not conducive to awakening of Art consciousness and creative faculty in the nation. For that seers must come whose intuitive sight can see and language of inspiration can chant the glory of hidden beauty and Ananda behind true creation and thus touch the sleeping psychic soul of the races to blossom forth in its joy of becoming. So an Art journal in order to be complete must have two sets of writers, the scholars and archeologists as well as the dreamers and

the poets. The latter alone can take you by the hand and help you to enter the Brahma's Kalpa-Loka of Ananda, a beauty from which painters paint, sculptors carve and poets sing.

Mr. Ganguly, the editor of *Rupam* combines in himself to some extent, the imagination of a poet as well as the rational and analytical mind of an Art critic and research scholar. When he writes on these master pieces, he now and then in the midst of his archeological discourse can lift the mystic veil and give a glimpse into the hidden beauty of the Art treasure in question. The date or the archeological details of this royal couple from Mahabalipuram does not give the reader any clue to its true Art value, but when we read from the editor's pen these or similar lines we really get an idea of the exquisite poem that the master sculptor has tried to put in stone. The Editor writes, "The lines develop into contours, the contours merge and die away in delicacy of line * * * The result is a frame of sinuous grace of stateliness and of restraint," where "human personalities mingle imperceptively with the personalities of gods." Mr. Ganguly's intuition is true. That was indeed an age when heaven and earth were, in a way, bridged and Gods and men held intimate communion. It was an age when man transcended his mental and physical sphere and not only rose to but very often lived a wider and more luminous region of power and glory.

Interesting articles of this number are "An early Indian Copper Lota in the British Museum," by the Editor; "Some Fresco paintings in the Lahore Fort by Rupa Krishna"; A toilet scene by the Editor, and "Old Bengal Paintings by Ajit Ghose". Personally I have hardly seen

many good specimens of Bengal Patas. Plate IV, figures 1, 2, 3 are fine in their own way, specially figure 1—"The Sleeper." Their unique feature is indeed their complete freedom from the influence of Moghul Art. Mr. Ghose says in the course of his article that introduction of cheap lithographs killed the old Patas of Bengal. But evidently this phase of Bengal Art was foredoomed to die being the last ripple of an already spent up force in the nation, the other causes only hastening the inevitable end. Living art of a living nation cannot die like that before it has given all it is born to give. No cheap lithograph can replace such a dynamic art. When it can, it only shows that the psychic soul of the race has gone to sleep and what has been killed is only a decadent phase of an already dead art.

In the 29th number of *Rupam* "The mathematical basis of Indian Ichonography" by E. B. Havel is a thought-provoking article. The best picture in the number is "The toilet of Radha"—reproduction of an old Kangra painting. It is charming in its soft delicate sentiment. Kangra Art is a sentimental art never rising higher than a certain vital charm and beauty. It depicts human drama of the heart where Sri Krishna has lost all his divinity and become quite human for his Gopies.

BARINDRA KUMAR GHOSE.

LITERATURE

Laughing Truths

"LAUGHING TRUTHS" by Carl Spitteler.
Translated by J. F. Muirhead, (G. P. Putnam's Sons, London and New York, 7s 6d).

This volume presents for the first time to the English reading public a selection of the prose of Carl Spitteler, the German-Swiss writer. The selection, if not exhaustive, is representative, and gives a fair idea of the versatility of interest of the author and of his frequently acid wit. Carl Spitteler was born in 1845. These essays were collected in 1905, and so display the author's mind up to its maturity. He died in 1924, having lived a life in his native land completely devoted, without pecuniary necessity, to letters.

In his early life Spitteler dabbled in music, painting and theology. But he was predominantly a poet, "The greatest German poet since Goethe," (as Romain Rolland says in a short note taken from a speech), and it was his epic, "Olympian Spring" (drafted in 1900, completed in 1910) that won him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1919, when he was seventy-four.

Notwithstanding the reverence in which Spitteler was held by many of the best critics of Europe, his work never became popular. He himself, when for the first and only time he spoke in public on political matters in December 1914, after the opening of the European War, said that he "became better known to his countrymen by his forty minutes as a politician than by forty years of writing." The French Academy saluted him in 1915 on his seventieth birthday, but the event was too near Spitteler's expression of friendliness to certain of France's allies to give it a purely literary value. It was also too far from his first birthday to impress Spitteler. He himself wrote of such celebrations thus: "Yes, indeed, it is a fine idea to have a national festival of admiration for a single living individual if only it came in good time and sprang spontaneously from a naive over-

flow of enthusiasm. On the other hand an admiration which is born of the calendar which waits pedantically for a date and as late a date as possible at that, in order not to be too early..... which follows the beat of the conductor's baton....., an admiration, in short, which is organised like a corner in copper, a gracious, condescending admiration, where the great age of the man celebrated is allowed to count as an extenuating circumstance that is a truly rancid national fete..... I shall probably have a long time to wait before the advent of the jubilee which I should really enjoy and in which I should gladly play a part. I mean the jubilee in honour of a great work immediately after its first appearance."

The foregoing quotation is typical of Spitteler's style, a composite of humour and seriousness evidently regarded by him as characteristic, since he called his volume "Laughing Truths". The last sentence in the quotation gives an example of the difficulty of some times discriminating as to whether the laughter overlays the truth, or the truth the laughter. The implication of human dullness in front of the creations of art is, of course, universally admitted. At the same time, the assumption of greatness is rather glib. What may appear great to Spitteler may not appear great to others just as intelligent as himself. When closely examined, the sentence takes on a certain irresponsibility. It is not a statement, even a laughing statement of a truth but a pleasant piece of literary jugglery with it.

In other cases the jugglery is not quite so pleasant. The laugh has been forgotten and in one particular case, of interest to those who know the facts of Indian life and of general culture, the truth seems to have shared the same fate. Writing in favour

of an "elementary beauty" in art apart from technique, symbolism, philosophy, &c., Spitteler asserts that posterity will value works "by single beauties in their subordinate parts", but will accept as a necessary evil the other ingredients; "it will consign them to the same limbo which already harbours Hindoo cosmogony and symbolism, speculative philosophy, scholastic theology, and numerous other artistic subtleties spun by the human mind when divorced from the basis of fact. An art without isolated beauties, which charm in and for themselves, is a work of barbaric peoples or eras. My definite but not very exact name for it is Vishnuism." It is unnecessary to make a detailed exposure of the falsehoods in this statement. Hindoo cosmogony and symbology can join speculative philosophy in a smile at finding themselves still standing after being so smartly wiped out. Less obvious but no less false is the reference to beauties in art "which charm in and for themselves". A moment's straight thinking will show any normally intelligent individual that nothing can exist on this side of the Absolute in and for itself. If there was not already in the mind of the individual a preceding capacity and material for responding to what is regarded as beauty, there would be no knowledge of beauty. A short course in the speculative philosophy which he flouted would have saved Spitteler from the utterance of a considerable amount of clever foolishness. It is interesting to note that the last word in western art—criticism ("The Modern Movement in Art" by R.H. Wilenski) argues vigorously for the precisely opposite dogma to Spitteler's, namely, that an art based on "isolated beauties" is not art at all: it is romantic muddling with the paraphernalia of art.

The best things in "Laughing Truths" are the entirely solemn analyses of the experience of the creative artist. These carry conviction. Next to them stand the happy interpretations of nature. The book will give much pleasure to those who enjoy the play of the mind and whimsical expression. But there is something in it (rather not in it) which prevents it from being "a great work". There is no necessity therefore, to expand a friendly welcome into the jubilee that Spitteler would enjoy.

JAMES H. COUSINS

LOAVES AND FISHES

LOAVES AND FISHES—A COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS By W. S. Maugham—William Heineman Ltd. London—3/6.

This is a four-act prose comedy dealing with modern English society and in it are vividly portrayed the weaknesses of a few important types of contemporary society. The story, the scene of which is throughout laid in the drawing room of Canon Spratt's vicarage at South Kensington, is easily told. Canon Spratt, a widower with a son and a daughter tries to inveigle a rich widow Mrs. Fitzgerald into marrying him, by pretending to be head over ears in love with her. She sees through the emptiness of his pretences and exposes him by a ruse. This is one of the plots of the story. Winnie, the Canon's daughter takes a fancy to a socialist enthusiast of East End, by name Railing who has strong political views and is the author of a book too! The aristocratic vanity of the Canon cannot permit him to acquiesce in such an alliance for his daughter, and he adopts a clever trick to ridicule the Railing-family's lowness of station and want of "high" breeding. Poor Winnie, unsteady in temperament and too

much a chip of the old block to reconcile herself to an East End husband, unashamedly gives up her betrothed Railing and accepts another who is her father's choice. And finally the pompous Canon who comes to know how he was outwitted by the rich widow consoles himself by successfully proposing to Gwendoline Grant whom he had intended for his son Lionel!!

The Canon, a self-complacent man, full of vanity and self-importance, unscrupulous and dishonest in his behaviour towards others, "a downy old bird" as his mercilessly frank brother calls him, Winnie with her fickle mind and doubtful love, Railing the young Labourite enthusiast and his family with their removable cuffs (!), dropped "aitches" and extra-blunt manners, Mrs. Fitzgerald the rich widow who corners the Canon into a predicament, are all well depicted in the play. The story develops quickly and interestingly enough. The style is bright and not unoften bantering. We would however wish that the satirical passages had been less plain and more subtle. The situations where the satire becomes too plain and characters become almost caricatures, lack a certain amount of naturalness. We have, however, in fairness to the author, to remember that the play is a comedy primarily intended to be acted and not to be read as a "closet" play.

L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR.

POLITICS

Russia in 1926

RUSSIA IN 1926:—By R. F. and M. S. McWilliams, J. M. Dent and Sons Ltd. London and Toronto. 3s. 6d.

Russia has not yet lost the romance of its revolution. The enquiring outsider is still eager to have as much information as he can get of the new life in that remarkable country. The book before us gives the story of an adventurous journey undertaken by the authors, husband and wife, from Leningrad to Kiev. The authors claim to have received with an open mind all that they saw and heard. The impartiality of their observations is also assured by the fact that they had no idea of writing a book when they entered on the journey.

The introductory and the concluding chapters are from the husband's pen, while the mainbody of the book, the impressions and pen pictures of the various places visited are written by Mrs. McWilliams.

The introduction gives the main historical and geographical features of Russia and her people with a view to point out how the fate of the colossal experiment in such a vast country cannot but have its reaction on the progress of the world at large. Mr. McWilliams does not seek to hide from the reader the fact that the prevailing system in Russia is not a free democracy, but frankly admits it is a dictatorship of the Proletariat. "The Soviet system which reads well on paper," he says "is so devised that one per cent of the adult population which constitutes the Communist Party is able to dominate the Supreme Council of the Union, though counting barely ten per cent of the members of the local Soviets". He does not also deny the expropriation of individual property, native and foreign, nor the propaganda carried on in foreign countries by Soviet agents. These no doubt, form grounds of complaint for Anglo-Saxon critics of the Soviet system.

But the main difficulty which Anglo-Saxons feel in understanding the Soviet

system, is according to the author, due to a fundamental difference of outlook. "The Bolsheviks challenge the whole conception of personal advancement and profit making, which has been the mainspring of the material progress of the race and seek to eliminate these motives from their economic life." The book is a valuable guide to show how far the revolutionaries have succeeded in this aim.

Mr. McWilliams gives in the last chapter some of his own conclusions regarding the achievements of the Soviet system and the dangers that threaten it in future. He has no doubt left in his mind about the absolute disappearance of the old regime. It is dead and gone for ever. The return of the old autocracy he thinks is inconceivable. "Hundreds of thousands of working people have tasted liberty for the first time in their history, and however many the crimes of the present Government the people know that it is fighting for their interest and not for the interest of the privileged few. The Cheka might be terrible, but no more so than the secret Police of the Czar. They will fight to their death before they will again submit to the old rule."

Another fact that which has well impressed the author's mind is the tremendous progress made by the Bolsheviks in matters of social reform and betterment, such as education, physical training, maternity and child welfare, health and hygiene. For the first time in their history, the masses of the poorer people, we are told, find themselves the first care of the Government and enjoy advantages scarcely hoped for 10 years ago.

But the dangers that threaten the future of communism, in the opinion of the author, are economic. The problem before Russia to-day is, he says,—"can the communist system stand the strain long enough to

rebuild the nation, or will it break down under the pressure of economic necessities?" Communism is primarily an economic creed, its proclaimed ideal being: "From every man according to his ability; to every man according to his need." How far is that ideal practicable in this generation in Russia or in any other country? Lenin saw its impracticability in his own time and had the courage to introduce the New Economic policy, reversing the original. Fresh difficulties have appeared after Lenin's death, the main being lack of capital and the conflict between country and town, peasants and the city workers.

The author thinks that the Soviet leaders will be forced to choose between the loss of power and surrender of everything which distinguishes communism from socialism and the outcome will be a highly socialised state.

The more valuable part of the book is the chapters written by Mrs. McWilliams, narrating the story of the journey. The heading of the different chapters gives an idea of their content. They are: Entering Russia, Leningrad, Our first day in Moscow, The Lenin Mausoleum, contrasts, concerning women, the Thirst for education, Kiev, the end of the adventure. The reader should turn to the graphic pages of the book itself to know what our travellers saw and heard, in railway trains, hotels, streets, market places, schools, high offices, how exactly the life of the Russian masses have been changed, elevated and revolutionised. The pictures depicted are realistic. The book is of absorbing interest to those who are watching the progress of the great experiment in Russia.

M. R. RAMASWAMI.

The End of the White Man's World Dominance.

THE REVOLT OF ASIA By Upton Close. C. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Not a 'rising tide of colour' theme" explains the author of "The Revolt of Asia", "but a simple record of more than twenty thousand miles travel against a background of intimate association with men and movements in Pacific (not pacific) Asia". This book by Upton Close (a pseudonym for Josef Washington Hall), which the *New York TIMES* characterized as so timely as almost to be inspired, is in truth one of the most enlightened and enlightening books that has appeared during the decade of the post-war period.

"The Asian peoples now wait, a bit defiantly, to see whether they are to be driven into militarism," this American author says with significant emphasis. Should we (the West) force matters to that extremity—even though upholding rights regarded legal, we will have filled up the cup of the world's misery."

His conclusions are practically summed up in the arresting sub-title "The End of the White Man's World Dominance", and in that word "world" he includes more than Asia, as is shown by a rejoinder to an Englishman residing in Delhi, "God always provides a way for the Empire. When we have to leave here—we still have Africa left." Upton Close's comment was more serious perhaps than the observation,—"But Africa will eventually follow Asia into revolt if.....the white man's renewed effort in South Africa to reduce African and Asiatic to slavery, is not checked."

The best chapters of the book concern themselves with China, which, the author tells us (ignoring for the moment the Indian revolution which reached a high point in 1922 with the arrest of Gandhi), has taken

the lead in the revolt of the entire Orient. He is nearer the truth when he calls China "the spearhead," the actual thrust, of the revolutionary movement of the continent; and again when he asserts that this self-contained country can carry on domestic strife and still attend to anti-foreign grudges!

The "stays" of the newborn confidence with which China faces the modern world—"heart and soul as they are, of a resistance that we shall have to face in every country of Asia"—are matters for our close accounting. What are they? First, the passing of the gun-boat policy. Second, the nation-wide anti-foreign animus of the Chinese, combined with the growing consciousness of their own power. Third, "the drastic and thoroughly modernized application of China's oldest and most unfailing weapon—the boycott", the inherent power of which has obviously made a profound impression on this keen student of things oriental. The boycott and strike combined makes an "economic weapon" which he declares to be "*the most difficult strategy of all for the Powers to combat*," which is reminiscent of Mahatma Gandhi. He continues, "It will be their first answer to foreign encroachment and hostility." The fourth factor, making for a new world in China, he finds to be the military power, a necessary adjunct to, not the *main weapon* with which she expects to overthrow white domination; but made so generally speaking, in Western dispatches.

An important factor in this overthrow is the disillusionment of Asiatics (brought about by the world war) regarding white superiority. Apropos of this assumption of "superiority", the writer asks, "How shall we analyze this prejudice of the white mind." Added to the primitive dread of the stranger, he replies, there seem to be four definite elements—the pride of culture, of religion, of political efficiency, and, last

w, pride of scientific and mechanical achievement. "The idea of the racial superiority of the white man, started," he says ironically, "with the discovery that they had weapons of destruction which the Oriental could not withstand." "*Force majeure* in other words, aggravated by a tactlessness that bordered on boorishness, characterized Europe's approach to Asia.

Three types of mind were originally involved in what Upton Close calls the European push on Asia. These were the pirate, the trader and the religious propagandist, who—after a time became the unknowing agent of his government's advance—then came the imperialist mind working through the other three. Today this advance has become a stand; and it is conceivable that the stand may even become a retreat. "A half world, gradually brought into subservience by the other half, has at last awakened to its shame and taken its destiny into its own hands. Before long (the writer admonishes) all eyes will turn toward the orient—to the gathering storm that will mark a turning point in world history."

How his own country will meet the storm is his chief concern. "The initiative rests on America." (Too often Upton Close uses this term when obviously he means the United States.) All of which means that the United States and China confront one another as leaders and spokesmen of their respective countries: whether they are to lead us on to another world war remains to be seen,—remains, if we are to believe the author of "The Revolt of Asia", in the hands of this country: Considering the possibility of such a contingency he points out that a triple alliance of China and Japan with Russia—should such a thing come to pass—would be particularly hostile to the United States, for this country in his opinion is the most race-prejudiced nation

on earth. "We must prevent alignment from becoming alliance," he counsels, "must make unnecessary any resort to hostile pact for the saving of oriental racial pride. Like all who have lived in the East this man recognizes the fundamental oriental quality of Russia, though he also recognizes the force that has driven her into the arms of the East. "We must make of China and Japan, friends, and demonstrate the practical expression which (our) enlightened imperialism is prepared to make towards all Asia. Here is our lead!

But such a lead means recognition of racial equality, some will protest,—some who have forgotten (if they have ever read) their famous Declaration. "Yes," warns the writer, "and Asia will require that recognition to be one of deeds as well as words!" he points out that we have come to the end of the period of exploitation in Asia; more than that he goes on, we are seeing the conscious demand of Asiatics for the control of their own destiny, which nullifies the white man's responsibility for their welfare. This was a second thought, anyway, and *basically hypocritical*, although much sincerity has gone into its outworking." He asserts that the Western Powers, with the sole exception of America, need, must accede to the changing status of Asia for they are not powerful enough to do otherwise; and America, he adds, will refuse, on peril of a rising tide of militarism that will bode little good for herself or for the West in general. He quotes Eugene Chen who claims that attempts to check the haste of the Asian movement by military demonstrations will work opposite results. "Though the boycott would be the first weapon directed against the Westerner on Asiatic shores, our military expeditions, (Upton Close assures us) would be stoutly met." He concludes:

"We have come to the end of the white man's dominance.

We have come to the beginning of the White and the Colored Man's joint world, when each shall have control in his own house and a proportionate say in the general convocation of humanity.

We have come to the time when any prolonged attempt of any race or nation or class or sex to dominate another can only bring destruction to both.

It is let live, and live.

It is tolerance, or death."

BLANCHE WATSON.

What Thinkers Think

Thought for the Month.

WINGS.

A mystic worm, one summer day,
A worm that dream'd mid creeping things,
Was known to stop upon its way
And say, "I wish that I had wings."
Then all the worms that nearby lay
Laughed long and loud—poor silly things!—
And cried, "Put all such dreams away;
You're but a worm—you'll ne'er have wings."

And one grave worm more wise than all,
(Doctor of Worm Philosophy),
Shook his wise head and said, "I call
This talk of wings rank heresy."

But still the dreamer dreamed his dream:
Whene'er he looked at flying things
He crept more fast, and said, "It seems
I'll fly like that when I have wings."

One day he felt so chill and numb,
His body pierced with deadly stings
But dreaming still, e'er death was come,
Said, "Surely this will bring me wings."

To-day I saw on wings of fire
This occult dreamer of the dust,
And as it circled glad in air
There came to me this living trust:

That every dream and fond desire,
These longings strange for better things,
Are not in vain: sometime, somewhere,
These dreams of ours will end in wings.

Nationalism.

Has Nationalism, which is the chief spring of action in the West, added to the happiness of humanity at large. Or has it

brought with it a train of bad things like racial prejudice and antipathy which far outweigh the good it has brought forth? These and allied questions have been discussed at great length by John Dewey, in the November issue of *The World Tomorrow* Mr. Dewey observes:

Like most things in this world which are effective, even for evil, Nationalism is a tangled mixture of good and bad. And it is not possible to diagnose its undesirable results, much less to consider ways of counteracting them, unless the desirable traits are fully acknowledged. For they furnish the ammunition and the armour which are utilized as means of offence and defence by sinister interests to make Nationalism a power for evil.

Its beneficent qualities are connected with its historical origin. Nationalism was at least a movement away from obnoxious conditions—parochialism on one hand and dynastic despotism on the other. To be interested in a nation is at least better than to restrict one's horizon to the bounds of a parish and province. Historically, Nationalism is also connected with the decay of personal absolutism and dynastic rule. Loyalty to a nation is surely an advance over loyalty to a hereditary family endued in common belief with divine sanctions and covered with sacrosanct robes. Much of superstitious awe and foolish sentiment has indeed passed over into Nationalism, but nevertheless the people of a country as a whole are surely a better object of devotion than a ruling family. Except where national spirit has grown up, public spirit is practically non-existent. In addition to these historical changes, Nationalism is associated with the revolt of oppressed peoples against external imperial domination. If one wants

of the most potent motive forces in creation. Nationalism, one has only to consider the Greece fifty years ago, the Ireland of yesterday and the China and India of today.

It is not to the present purpose to consider these gains; but it is to the point that without them Nationalism could not be perverted to base ends. The passionate loyalties which have been produced by struggle for liberation from foreign yokes, by the sense of unity with others over a stretch of territory wider than the parish and village, by some degree of participation in the government of one's own country, furnish the material which, upon occasion, make the spirit of a nation aggressive, suspicious, envious, fearful, acutely antagonistic. If a nation did not mean something positively valuable to the mass of its citizens, Nationalism could not be exploited as it is in the interest of economic imperialism and of war, latent and overt. Carlton Hayes has convincingly pointed out that Nationalism has become the religion of multitudes, perhaps the most influential religion of the present epoch. This emotion of supreme loyalty to which other loyalties are unhesitatingly sacrificed in a crisis could hardly have grown to its high pitch of ardour unless men thought they had found in it the blessings for which they have always resorted to religious faith: protection of what is deemed of high value, defense against whatever menaces this value, in short an ever present refuge in time of trouble.

But institutionalized religion is something more than a personal emotion. To say it is institutionalized is to say that it involves a tough body of customs, ingrained habits of action, organized and authorized standards and methods of procedure. The habits which form institutions are so basal that for the most part they lie far below conscious recognition. But they are always ready to shape conduct, and when they are disturbed a violent emotional irruption ensues. Practices, after they are adopted, have to be accounted for and explained to be reasonable and desirable; they have to be justified. Hence, along with the emotions and habits, there develops a creed, a system of ideas, a theology in order to "rationalize" the activities in which men are engaged. Faith in these ideas, or at least in the catch-words which express them, becomes obligatory, necessary for social salvation; disbelief or indifference is heresy. Thus Nationalism starting as an unquestioned emotional loyalty, so supreme as to be religious in quality, has invaded the whole of life. It denotes organized ways of behaviour and a whole system of justificatory beliefs and notions appealed to in order to defend

every act labelled "national" from criticism or inquiry. By constant reiteration, by shaming heretics and intimidating dissidents, by glowing admiration if not adoration of the faithful, by all agencies of education and propaganda (now, alas, so hard to distinguish) the phrases in which these defenses and appeals are couched become substitutes for thought. They are axiomatic; only a traitor or an evilly disposed man doubts them. In the end, these rationalizations signify a complete abdication of reason. Bias, prejudice, blind and routine habit reign supreme. But they reign under the guise of idealistic standards and a noble sentiments.

Any one who reads the laudations of patriotism which issue from one source and the disparagements which proceed from another group must have been struck by the way in which the same word can cover meanings as far apart as the poles. The word is used to signify public spirit as opposed to narrow selfish interests. When so employed patriotism is a synonym for intense loyalty to the good of the community of which one is a member; for willingness to sacrifice, even to the uttermost, in its behalf. So taken, it surely deserves all the eulogies and reverence bestowed upon it. But because of nationalistic religions and its rationalization, the test and mark of public spirit becomes intolerant disregard of all other nations. Patriotism degenerates into a hateful conviction of intrinsic superiority. Another nation by the mere fact that it is other is suspect; it is a potential if not an actual foe. I doubt whether there is one person in a hundred who does not associate a large measure of exclusiveness with patriotism; and all exclusiveness is latent contempt for everything beyond its range. The rabies that exultantly sent Sacco and Vanzetti to death is proof of how deeply such patriotism may canker. It extends not only to foreign nations as such, but to foreigners in our own country who manifest anything but the most uncritical "loyalty" to our institutions. Thousands upon thousands of the most respectable element in the community believed they were exhibiting patriotism to the nation or to Massachusetts when they urged the death of men who were guilty of the double crime of being aliens and contemners of our forms of government.

Were it not for facts in evidence it would be hard to conceive that any sane man could parade the motto: "My country right or wrong." But, alas, one cannot doubt that the slogans conveyed the feeling which generally attaches to patriotism. That public spirit, an active interest in whatever promotes the good of one's country, is debased and prostituted

to such a use, is chargeable to Nationalism; and this fact stands first in its indictment.

It is a trait of unreasoning emotion to take things in a mass and thereby to create unities which have no existence outside of passion. Men who pride themselves upon being "practical" and "concrete" would be incensed beyond measure if they were told that the Nation to which they yield such unquestioning loyalty is an abstraction, a fiction. I do not mean by this statement that there is no such thing as a Nation. In the sense of an enduring historic community of traditions and outlook in which the members of a given territory share, it is a reality. But the Nation by which millions swear and for which they demand the sacrifice of all other loyalties is a myth; it has no being outside of emotion and fantasy. The notion of National Honour and the role which it plays is a sign of what is meant. Individual persons may be insulted and may feel their honour to be at stake. But the erection of a national territorial State into a Person who has a touchy and testy Honour to be defended and avenged at the cost of death and destruction is as sheer a case of animism as is found in the records of any savage tribe. Yet he would be a thoughtless optimist who is sure that the United States will not sometimes wage a war to protect its National Honour.

As things now stand and as they are likely long to remain there is really such a thing as national interest. It is to the interest of a nation that its citizens be protected from pestilence, from unnecessary infection; that they enjoy a reasonable degree of economic comfort and independence; that they be protected from crime, from external invasion, etc. But Nationalism has created a purely fictitious notion of national interests. If a large gold field were located just over the border of Alaska, thousands of American breasts would swell with pride, as thousands would be depressed if it happened to lie in British territory. They would feel as if somehow they were personal gainers, as if the Nation to which they belong had somehow integrally promoted its interests. The illustration is somewhat trivial. But the spirit which it indicates is responsible for the acquiescence, if not the active approval, with which the new Coolidge version of international law with respect to property rights of American citizens in foreign countries has been received. For the gist of his revolutionary edition of international law (if he says what he means and knows what he means) is that any property right or property interest of any private citizen or any corporation in a foreign country (doubtless with the tacit understanding that it is not one of the Great Powers) is a National Interest to be protected when necessary by national force.

The culmination of Nationalism is the doctrine of national sovereignty. Sovereignty was originally strictly personal or at least dynastic. A monarch held supreme power; the country was his proper domain or property. The doctrine is historically explicable as part of the transition out of feudalism and the weakening of the power of feudal nobles in the growth of a centralized kingdom. The doctrine was also bound up with the struggle of State against Church and assertion of the political independence of the secular ruler from the authority of ecclesiastics. As historians have clearly shown, the doctrine of the divine right of kings originally meant that secular monarchs had at least the same kind of divine commission as had Pope or Archbishop. But with the rise of modern territorial states the idea

and attributes of Sovereignty passed over from the ruler to the politically organized aggregate called the Nation.

In so doing, it retained all the evils that inhered in the notion of absolute and irresponsible personal power (or power responsible only to God and not to any earthly power or tribunal) and took on new potencies for harm.

For disguise it as one may, the doctrine of national sovereignty is simply the denial on the part of a political state of either legal or moral responsibility. It is a direct proclamation of the unlimited and unquestionable right of a political state to do what it wants to do in respect to other nations and to do it as and when it pleases. It is a doctrine of international anarchy; and as a rule those who are most energetic in condemning anarchy as a domestic and internal principle are foremost in asserting anarchic irresponsibility in relations between nations. Internationalism is a word to which they attach accursed significance, an idea to which by all the great means at their disposal they attach a sinister and baleful significance, ignoring the fact that it but portends that subjection of relations between nations to responsible law which is taken for granted in relations between citizens. The doctrine is not of course carried to its logical extreme in ordinary times; it is mitigated by all sorts of concessions and compromises. But resort to war as the final arbiter of serious disputes between nations, and the glorification of war through identification with patriotism is proof that irresponsible sovereignty is still the basic nation. Hence I spoke in terms of the popular fallacy when I referred to the "right" of a state to do as it pleases when it pleases. For right is here only a polite way of saying power. It was usual during the World War to accuse Germany of acting upon the notion that Might makes Right. But every state that cultivates and acts upon the notion of National Sovereignty is guilty of the same crime. And the case is not improved by the fact that the judges of what National Sovereignty requires are not actually the citizens who compose a nation but a group of diplomats and politicians.

Patriotism, National Honor, National Interests and National Sovereignty are the four foundation stones upon which the structure of the National State is erected. It is no wonder that the windows of such a building are closed to the light of heaven; that its inmates are fear, jealousy, suspicion, and that War issues regularly from its portals.

Democracy and Humanity

The first Democratical form of Government was conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are born equal. But our present democracies have travelled so far from this original ideal of democracy that they no more show their kinship to it. The reason for this degeneration of democracy is the neglect of humanity which is the ethical basis of all forms of Government. President Masaryk, in his recent book *The making of a*

state, holds the same view. Here are the significant passages.

"The ethical basis of all politics is humanity, and humanity is an international programme. It is a new word for the old love of our fellow-men. The word 'love' has today come so largely to mean the relation of the sexes that modern men are chary of using it in a religious sense. Hence, under the influence of Humanism, and its ideal of humanity, words like humanity, sympathy and, eventually, altruism, gained currency in philosophical writings. But there is a difference between Humanism and humanity; for humanity is, in reality, nothing but love of our fellows, though new social and political conditions have caused it to be formulated afresh."

"Between morality on a big scale and on a small there is no distinction. It is a false notion that political men need take no thought of ethical principles when the interest of the State is involved. A man who lies and deceives in public life will be a liar and a deceiver in private life. Only a decent man will be decent in all things. Have we judged rightly in making no distinction between private and public morals. No State, no society, can be managed without general recognition of the ethical bases of the State and of politics; and no State can long stand if it infringes the broad rules of human morality. The authority of the State and of its laws is derived from general recognition of ethical principles and from general agreement among citizens upon the postulates of philosophy and life. Once again, Democracy is not alone a form of State and of administration. It is a philosophy of life and an outlook upon the world."

Humanity and Happiness

The function of any Government is to so conduct the affairs of the State as to give the maximum happiness to its people. And we referred, in a previous paragraph, to humanity as the ethical basis of all forms of Government. Then, the question that naturally suggests to any one is! Whether humanity serves that purpose. Here are the views of two eminent philosopher critics, Mr. Clutton Brock who was for a number of years the editor of the Times Literary Supplement and Dean Inge who is famous as an author of delightful essays.

Mr. Clutton Bick observes:

"Humanity is, or will be, men in a right relation with each other, as beauty is things in a right relation with each other; but the relation that makes humanity is one altogether right; and how are we to find the test or proof of this rightness? That is the question men have always answered wrongly; they have not dared to say that happiness is the test, the symptom, of this rightness."

"Often they have blindly pursued happiness for themselves alone, and have done so—as it seemed to

them—against their own consciences, not knowing that they could not pursue happiness for themselves alone, any more than they could play lawn tennis by themselves alone; the lonely pursuit of it proves that they do not know what it is."

"And finding that they could not pursue it alone and get it, they have despaired of it altogether, and have told themselves that it is not to be pursued. Denying it to themselves they have denied it to others also; they have never seen that they can get it for themselves only by giving it to others."

"Life is hard for us all and full of snares and temptations. One man fails in one way, another in another; but we all fail, and we have no right to say that another man's, or another nation's, failure is worse than our own. We have no right to put any man or nation outside the pale; we are not gods with the right or power of damnation, but men, with the common promise of humanity to which none of us yet has attained, or can attain without the help of all."

"If we would attain to happiness and to a Christian technique, we must govern our behaviour to each other by the axiom that no man is to be judged by his past; that we can help each other to freedom, to life in the present, to the creative power latent in ourselves, by forgiving always, not with ceremony, as if we were doing something un-naturally good, but as a matter of course and with a smile, as a mother forgives her child; as the father forgave the son in the parable; as people forgive each other in the operas of Mozart. They are comic operas, because all the people in them are absurd, like mankind; but they are comedy that surpasses tragedy in its beauty because their laughter ends in forgiveness, being the laughter of men, not at, but with, each other."

"And is not that laughter a thousand times more serious and profound than our fits of righteous indignation, when we forget our own sins for thinking of the sins of others? Those fits are frivolous, because any theory, of the universe reduces them to absurdity. If there is no meaning in the universe why are we angry? But if it has meaning, then we are all children of our Father which is in Heaven; and which of us is not absurdly inadequate to that lineage?"

"But always it is said we must not encourage the evil-doer; we must make an example of him. We have been making an example of him for ages, but with little success; and even if it were good for him, it is not good for us. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' Mr. Dooley, I think, added the comment that, if you don't spare the rod, you spoil the parent."

"We might now try to be a little less self-sacrificing in this matter of punishment, might think of ourselves and our own characters more than of the characters of the criminals whom we labour so vainly to reform. We have built up a society on fear and punishment, and then we wonder that we are as far from happiness as ever; or we have told ourselves that happiness can never be ours, that we ought not even to aim at it. But is not that blasphemy, the only true blasphemy, as being a denial of the goodness of God? Is it not possible that, if we really and consistently aimed at happiness, we might discover what it is and so at last achieve it?"

Here is the opinion of Dean Inge as expressed in his concluding paper on *The*

training of the reason in his recent book *'The Church in the World'*.

"We have especially to remember that there is a real danger of the modern Englishman being cut off from the living past. Scientific studies include the earlier phases of the earth, but not the past of the human race and the British people. Christianity has been a valuable education in this way, especially when it includes an intelligent knowledge of the Bible. But the secular education of the masses is now so much severed from the stream of tradition and sentiment which unites us with the older civilisation, that the very language of the Churches is becoming unintelligible to them, and the influence of organised religion touches only a dwindling minority."

"And yet the past lives in us all; lives inevitably in its dangers, which the accumulated experience of civilisation, valued so slightly by us on its spiritual side, can alone help us to surmount. A nation, like an individual, must 'wish his days to be bound each to each by natural piety.' It, too, must strive to keep its memory green, to remember the days of old and the years that are past. The Jews have always had in their sacred books a magnificent embodiment of the spirit of their race; and who can say how much of their incomparable tenacity and ineradicable hopefulness has been due to the education thus imparted to every Jewish child?"

"We need a Bible of the English race, which shall be hardly less sacred to each succeeding generation of young Britons than the Old Testament is to the Jews. England ought to be, and may be, the spiritual home of one-quarter of the human race, for ages after our task as a World Power shall have been brought to a successful issue, and after we in this little island have accepted the position of mother to nations greater than ourselves."

"I am not suggesting that the history and literatures of other countries should be neglected, or that foreign languages should form no part of education. But the main object is to turn out good Englishmen whomay continue worthily and even develop further a glorious national tradition. To do this we must appeal constantly to the imagination, which Wordsworth has boldly called 'reason in her most exalted mood.' We may thus bring a little poetry and romance into the monotonous lives of our hand workers. It may well be that their discontent has more to do with the starving of their spiritual nature than we suppose. For the intellectual life, like divine philosophy, is not dull and crabbed, as fools suppose, but musical as is Apollo's lute."

"Can we end with a definition of the happiness and well-being, which is the goal of education, as of all else that we try to do? Probably we cannot do better than accept the famous definition of Aristotle, which, however, we must be careful to translate rightly. 'Happiness, or well being, is an activity of the soul directed toward excellence, in an unhampered life. Happiness consists in doing rather than being; the activity must be that of the soul—the whole man acting as a person; it must be directed towards excellence—not exclusively moral virtue, but the best work that we can do of whatever kind; and it must be unhampered. We must be given the opportunity of doing the best that is in us to do. To awaken the soul; to hold up before it the images of whatsoever, things are true, lovely, noble, pure, and of good report; and to remove the obstacles which stunt and cripple the mind:'

History and humanity

The verdict of history, the highest tribunal who silently watches the doings of nations and governments, is again on the side of humanity. This was besides, the burden of the inaugural lecture on history so recently delivered by professor G. M. Trevelyan at the Cambridge university. We extract the following significant paragraphs from his stimulating address.

"I believe that the truth about the past," if taught or read with broad human sympathy, can give a noble education to the mind of the student, not only in politics, but in all kinds of civic and social relationship, and even in the domain of personal, religious, and ethical ideals. History does not make men Guelphs or Ghibellines. But if rightly studied it makes them better Guelphs or better Ghibellines."

"If wrongly studied it may end in filling the streets with blood, and the countryside with trenches and bursting shells. The war of 1870 was ascribed by some to the historical writings of Thiers, and the greater catastrophe of our own era to those of Treitschke. There was probably an element of truth in these charges. But, if rightly taught, the annals of mankind cultivate a more intelligent patriotism that respects the claims of others."

The ultimate source of happiness

There are times at which individuals as well as Governments for all their broadest humanity suffer from serious depression.

Then they have to surrender their soul to the will of the Almighty. By so doing, they will come forth, provided with an armour that is proof against all kinds of depression. The November number of *The Science of Thought Review* has the following inspiring paragraphs on the subject.

Depression, from whatever immediate or exciting cause arising, is largely due to weakness of will. It is due to the fact that the true ego or governor is not in full command. We all know that in the use of self-suggestion and similar practices, and also in prayer, the will must be held in abeyance, but in spite of this, the fact remains that there can be no stable, healthy condition, either of mind, body or conduct, without a strong will that is ever pressing forward to greater strength, growth and development. We, ourselves, must be in complete control of our thoughts, emotions, habits, and everything that makes up our personality and which composes a steadfast, stable character. The true Ego must rule completely and be entire master of the situation. The only surrender the will can afford to make is to God. But this surrender of the soul and the will to God does not weaken the latter in the slightest degree. It is still the martinet that it should be to everything under its control; indeed, it becomes stronger than ever, because it is reinforced by the power of the Omnipotent Will of the Lord or Jehovah. A simple illustration may help at this point.

The first mate on board ship has to be a strict disciplinarian, otherwise his life would be full of trouble and the successful conduct of his work quite impossible. The efficiency of the whole ship rests upon his shoulders. He must be sure of getting his orders carried out without any hesitancy whatever. His will must be law, or the safety of the ship and all lives would be in jeopardy. But, although the mate exacts implicit obedience to all underneath him in rank, he yields his will to that of the Captain. What the Captain says, he, the mate, carries out. This

yielding of the mate's will to the will of the Captain does not weaken the former in the slightest degree. The lower ranks have still to obey the mate's orders. Indeed they are the more willing to obey them because they know that behind the mate stand the Captain and all the weight of law and order. It is precisely the same with us. We have "down below" a complex crew which, if governed aright by a steadfast "will," work together harmoniously for our good. But if our command weakens, if our "will" ceases to operate and be master, then the most distressing results will ensue. Like the mate on the ship we give in to the Captain (the Captain of our salvation) and we carry out his orders but all below us must obey our commands, they must bend to our will.

No matter, then, what the immediate cause of our depression may be, it is always due to a slackening of will-power. If we are depressed through difficulties and troubles, then it is because we are discouraged. And the reason we are discouraged is that our will-power has slackened. If a steam locomotive engine has a full head of steam it can pull its load up a steep gradient without faltering; but if the fire has been neglected, then it will fail, because of insufficient steam. It is the same with us, we falter and become discouraged because the "will," which corresponds to the steam in the boiler of the locomotive engine, has become low.

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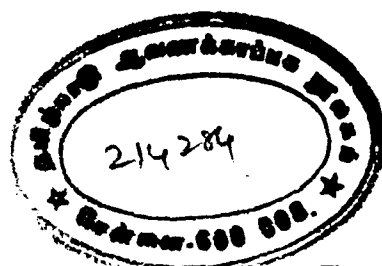
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