

SOCRATES AT SCHOOL

By

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and

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With a foreword by His Excellency

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Jacket and cartoons

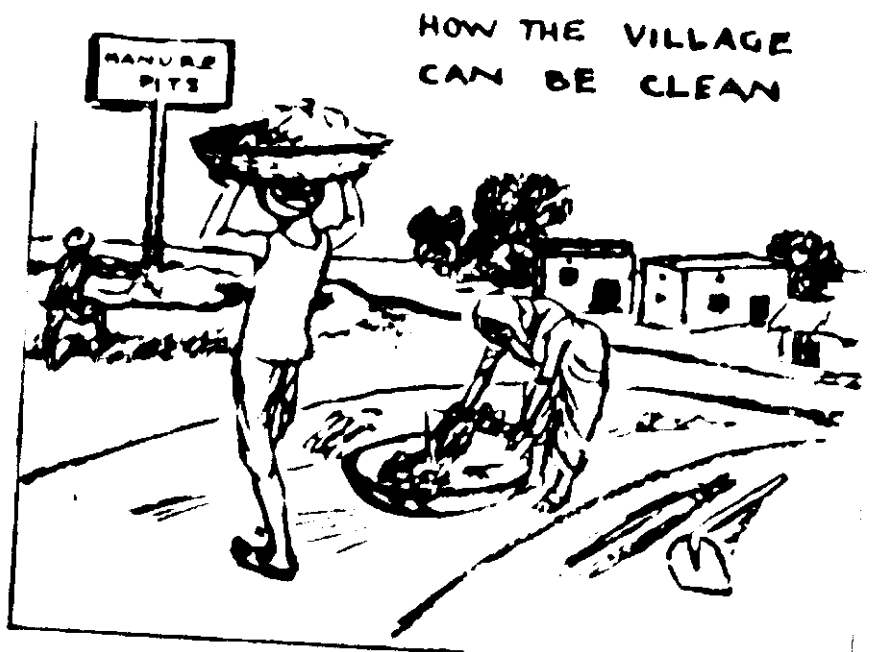
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CLEANING THE VILLAGE

ALSO BY F. L. BRAYNE

The Remaking of Village India
Socrates in an Indian Village
Socrates Persists in India

ALSO BY W. M. RYBURN

Suggestions for the Teaching of English in India
Suggestions for the Organization of Schools in India
The Theory and Practice of Christian Education
Tales from Indian History

ALSO IN COLLABORATION

Village Readers

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I CONGRATULATE the authors of this book. It is a step in the right direction towards satisfying a need which is generally felt. It is a common complaint against our educational system that it is divorced from realities, and, in particular, that it unfits the rural boy and girl for life in the villages. Our old friend Socrates uses the School Reader to interest rural children in what is happening around them, and to introduce them to simple, but none the less effective, cures of many village ills. He believes that the young generation are the best pupils, and he has put his teachings into an attractive form. The book will help to spread abroad the new spirit which is moving in the Punjab, and, especially, to bring home the lessons of sturdy independence and self-help. It will play its part in making village life brighter and happier.

H. W. EMERSON

Governor, Punjab

Lahore

October 21st, 1935

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INTRODUCTION

WHEREVER you go in the villages of the world today you will find change and movement. East or west it is the same. There is a spirit of restlessness abroad.

Even the age-old Punjab village is waking up; but, on looking round, it finds itself a hundred years out-of-date, and that it is so uncomfortable and so unhealthy that no one whose eyes have once been opened wants to stay in it for a day longer than he need. The bright lads all drift away from these unwelcome surroundings, only to overcrowd the towns and to increase urban unemployment. The town gains little by this unwanted influx, and meanwhile the village is losing the benefit of the brains and education of the best of its young men.

This is the situation that greets the Punjab village as it begins to wake up from the sleep of ages, and it is quite clear that something must be done about it.

The Punjab town is often equally bad in many ways. True, it has some good things that the village has not, and perhaps never can have, but the health and comfort and happiness that spring from good home-keeping and trained home-keepers, from clean habits, self-control, consideration for others, the knowledge and practice of hygiene, and a well-developed sense of citizenship, these alas, are too often lacking in town and village alike. Exceptions there are, and it is a joy to visit the bright clean villages that are nowadays to be found in happily increasing numbers up and down the Punjab countryside. But so far these happy places are still exceptions rather than the rule. They are oases of brightness in a desert of neglect, apathy and drabness.

Yes; brighter towns and brighter villages are what we want. But how are we to get them? Our old friend Socrates moves restlessly from one man to another. 'Don't bother me,'

says one. 'Man and boy, I have lived in this town (or village) for forty years, and I don't see much wrong with it.'

'What was good enough for my father and my grandfather,' says another, 'is good enough for me.'

'Leave us alone,' says a third. 'We are set in our ways, and we cannot change them to please you. It goes against the grain for us to change, and we prefer to go on as we are, thank you.'

'How do you know that you are right?' asks yet another.

'It has been tried elsewhere and has succeeded,' says Socrates.

'Has it indeed? But why should it succeed here? How can you guarantee that your new-fangled notions will suit our peculiar climate and conditions?'

'Try them and see,' says Socrates.

'No, I won't. I'm too old to experiment with new ideas and customs and habits.'

Ah! who will try out the new ways? It was while Socrates, for the hundredth time, was brooding over this problem that a party of bright and happy schoolboys came hurrying along. Finding Socrates sitting with his chin on his hand, deep in thought, they stopped short in their laughter and chatter, and for a moment there was silence. It did not last long, however, and their spokesman soon found his voice. 'You look very worried about something, Socrates,' he said. 'What is the matter?'

'I *am* worried,' said Socrates. 'I have a lot on my mind. Your towns are all wrong, your villages are all wrong, and your homes are all wrong.'

'Is it as bad as all that, Socrates?'

'Well, perhaps not quite so bad as I have made out,' answered Socrates. 'Even I can see gleams of hope and

signs of improvement here and there all over the country. But there is still such a lot to put right, and I cannot get your elders to stir.'

'May we try?' asked the boy.

'Why, that is a grand idea,' said Socrates, brightening. 'You aren't afraid of custom. You aren't in a groove. You aren't set in your ways. Yes, rather! Of course you may try.'

That is why this book has been written. It is primarily of course a village book, but a very great deal applies equally to the towns. As will be explained in due course in the text, town and country are both parts of one whole, partners in one enterprise. If the country prospers, the town prospers; if the country perishes, the town perishes, and therefore in its own interests, if for no other reason, it behoves the town to study the country and to see how and where the town can help the country to improve its methods of farming, living and business, so that both partners may be prosperous together.

1. SIMPLE SCIENCE

I

Socrates came into the classroom in the middle of the Science lesson. The lesson was rather dull and the boys were only too anxious for some diversion. Socrates seemed very cheerful and full of mischief, and the teacher did not know how to get rid of him.

‘Science!’ said Socrates. ‘What an interesting subject! You are learning how to live, how man by his brains and his skill has gained the mastery over nature. Do let me listen and learn.’

‘I am telling the boys about Boyle’s law,’ said the teacher, a little taken aback by Socrates’ enthusiastic outburst.

‘You have done a lot today,’ said Socrates. ‘I suppose you have finished with the crops in the field and the germs in the house.’

‘We have not taken up those subjects yet,’ answered the teacher.

‘Oh, dear!’ said Socrates. ‘The only Science in which I take much interest deals with the things that make people healthy and crops heavy.’

‘Let us have some of that now,’ said the teacher. ‘Perhaps it will interest the boys more than my Physics.’

‘All right,’ said Socrates. ‘Now boys, you think that the most dangerous things in the world are tigers and snakes, don’t you? But in reality the most dangerous things in the world are so small that some of them cannot even be seen by the human eye, and the most wonderful thing in the world is the way in which the great men of Science have learnt to get the better of these terrible enemies of mankind.’

‘What sort of things do you mean?’ asked a boy.

‘Well, things like rats and fleas which bring plague, lice which bring typhus, flies which bring a lot more diseases, mosquitoes which bring malaria; and malaria, you know, weakens mind and body so that every other evil easily follows in its train. For every person killed by tigers and snakes a thousand are killed by these little creatures.’

‘How tiny are the things which are at the bottom of all our misfortunes!’ said the teacher.

‘Yes, aren’t they?’ said Socrates. ‘But there is worse to follow. Many of our diseases, small-pox, tuberculosis, and so on, are produced by invisible creatures called germs. These germs and the rats and insects which help them to attack you, live and flourish in dirt and darkness. The mosquitoes which bring malaria breed in the pools of water round the village. As the dirt is of your

own causing, and the darkness is due to the absence of windows and ventilators in your houses, and the water lies in holes that you have dug, and lies in or leaks out of water channels which you have not looked after properly, you may say quite truly that you are yourselves almost entirely responsible for all your diseases.'

'How can that be true, Socrates?'

'You can test it by going and camping in the desert and moving your camp every day. You won't know what disease is until you allow dirt to collect round your home or until you build a house and forget to put in windows, or dig holes for water to fill, or make water-channels and then forget to keep them in proper repair. It is a simple fact that all the little creatures, visible and invisible, that bring your diseases are all your guests. What foolish hosts you are to entertain your worst enemies!'

'Is this Science, Socrates?' asked the boys.

'Yes, indeed, it is a very important part of Science. It took a hundred years for clever men who worked hard and sacrificed their health and their lives to find all this out, and they have not finished yet. But they have discovered a great deal, and it is all available for use. When you grow up you will be able to do your share in discovering more wonders, but meanwhile make full use of what has already been discovered to save

yourselves and your towns and villages from pain and suffering. Even the story of how all these discoveries were made would thrill you more than all the novels and tales ever written.'

TO THE TEACHER

After each dialogue a few grammatical exercises are given. From each dialogue, choose some sentences to be learnt by heart and then used as a framework for substitutions. Paragraph-writing and short compositions should also be practised and each dialogue will furnish suitable subjects. For further suggestions see 'Suggestions for Study' at the end of the book.

1. Give practice with the following usages :

to be taken aback	to get rid of
to take up	to take an interest in
to get the better of	in its train
to be at the bottom of	to be due to
to do one's share.	
 2. Get the adjectives of the same derivation as :
mischief, malaria, tuberculosis, sacrifice.
 3. Give practice in sentences with :
responsible *for*, available *for*.
 4. Give practice with idioms connected with 'mischief' such as :

to make mischief	to get into mischief
to be full of mischief.	
 5. Give practice with idioms and usages connected with 'use', as :

for use	to make use of
to be of use	to be no use.
 6. 'The story of these discoveries *would* thrill you——.'
- Have this sentence completed, making it a full conditional sentence.

II

The next time Socrates disturbed the Science lesson the teacher was ready for him.

‘Tell us something about crops today, Socrates,’ he said. ‘They also seem to suffer from diseases but they certainly do not live in dirt and darkness.’

‘No, they don’t. In their case bad farming is the main cause of their troubles. The diseases which attack the crops thrive best in badly cultivated fields. Crops sown in badly ploughed and unweeded fields are at the mercy of drought and frost. If you plough deep and often and keep the soil clear of weeds, the land will hold the water longer and the crops will be strong and healthy, with the result that they will be better able to resist drought and frost, not to mention insects and disease.’

‘You talk of crops, Socrates,’ said the teacher, ‘as if they were living people.’

‘Of course I do,’ said Socrates. ‘They *are* living creatures, just like your own children; and so are sheep and cattle. The rules are the same for all. Look after them well, give them plenty of the right kind of food, and they will be able to resist disease and will always be strong and healthy.’

‘How can you “feed” plants, Socrates?’ asked the teacher.

‘In the same way as you feed children. Light, air, and water are foods, and crops, animals, and children need them all. If the soil is not properly ploughed it will not hold the water, and if the crops are not kept weeded they will not thrive—for want of light and air. Another food for crops is properly pitted manure. By plenty of ploughing, harrowing, manuring, weeding, and watering you prepare the soil for the crops to get their food out of it. If the crops cannot get this food they will not grow, and when blight or insects attack them they will be unable to resist.

‘For ourselves, we human beings need certain kinds of food such as fruit, vegetables, and milk, which contain things which will build up our bodies. Cattle are the same. Every living creature needs proper food and enough of it. If it gets it, nature is satisfied and disease will have little power to harm. If it does not, it will become weak and liable to disease. As a matter of fact, many diseases, whether of crops, animals, or human beings, are just the silent protest of nature against either insufficient food or the wrong kind of food.’

‘Then this kind of Science is very important, Socrates, if we wish to be healthy and to have good crops and good cattle.’

‘It is all-important; and thanks to the efforts of many generations of clever men we can now

easily learn how to live wisely. But you must use your eyes and your minds, or you will never be able to take advantage of all these wonderful discoveries of Science.'

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

to take advantage of	not to mention
thanks to	plenty of
as a matter of fact	for want of
to be at the mercy of	to build up.
2. Get the nouns of the same derivation as :
disturb, cultivate, resist, satisfy, live.
3. Notice the following words which are both noun and verb and give practice with them in each function :
harrow, water, manure, plough, weed.
4. Give practice with 'just like' and 'as if'.
5. If you plough————strong and healthy.
If the soil————the water.
If the crops are not————and air.
Give practice with this form of conditional sentence.

III

'Let us go and do some open-air Science today,' said Socrates as he once more interfered in the Science lesson.

'Rather!' shouted everyone. 'Anything for some fun in the open air!'

'Well, let's start with mosquitoes. Now some mosquitoes are worse than lions and tigers because they spread malaria. Others are quite harmless.'

‘But they all look the same to us, sir,’ said a boy.

‘Do sheep and goats look the same to you?’ asked Socrates.

‘No, of course not, Socrates. They are quite different from each other.’

‘Well, sheep are more like goats than the deadly mosquitoes are like the harmless ones. Good and bad mosquitoes differ far more from each other than the various boys sitting in this class differ from one another.’

‘Impossible!’ said several boys.

‘But it is true all the same,’ said Socrates. ‘You never use your eyes when looking at them. You just say, “Oh, there’s a mosquito,” and you don’t bother any more about it. Next time you come across some, just look at them carefully and see how different they are from one another.’

Just then Socrates caught sight of some sitting on the wire gauze which had wisely been put on the window. ‘Now look carefully and tell me if they are all alike,’ he said to the boys.

The boys rushed to look and of course disturbed the very creatures they wanted to see, and some of the mosquitoes flew away. Several stayed however, and the boys gazed at one and then at another, and then back again.

‘Ah! this one has a beard.’

‘This one has black and white stripes.’

‘ This one is bigger than the others.’

‘ Oh ! look at this funny one ; it is standing on its head, and it is smaller than most of the others.’

‘ There is your enemy,’ said Socrates. ‘ The villain is trying to be funny by standing on its head. Its head and body are in a straight line and it is so ashamed of itself that it keeps its head down. It stands with head and body in a line and the line runs out at an angle from the place where it is resting. That is the anopheles, the killer of millions. Now come and look at its young ones in the water.’

Out they all trooped, delighted with the easy way of learning what Socrates called ‘ Science’. The teacher joined in gladly as he saw a new way of making a dull lesson bright, and he determined to leave no stone unturned to find a practical way of teaching Science in future, instead of worrying about abstract things which were of little use or interest to the boys.

‘ There they all are,’ said Socrates, ‘ wriggling up and down. Tell me which is which, boys.’ And Socrates stooped down and gazed into a pit dug by the contractor when he built the school.

‘ How can we tell, sir ?’ asked the boys.

‘ Well, tell me any differences you can discover in them,’ answered Socrates.

‘ This little round one goes bobbing up and down in the water.’

‘ This one lies lazily at the bottom.’

‘ Here’s a reddish-looking grub.’

‘ Here are some lying still just under the surface of the water.’

‘ Those are the ones. Those are the mosquitoes’ children, larvæ as we call them,’ said Socrates. ‘ Are they all alike, or can you notice any differences in them ?’

‘ This seems bigger than the others.’

‘ I can’t see any difference.’

‘ Oh look ! this one is lying flat, but there is another one just beside it which is tipped up, and one end is nearer the surface than the other.’

‘ Your enemy again,’ said Socrates. ‘ The one lying flat is the anopheles. It has killed and damaged a hundred times more people than all the wars and famines and wild beasts since the world began.’

‘ Now remember them well. Your enemy stands on his head when he is full grown, but his children lie flat in the water. You must kill them all, young and old, as mercilessly as you would kill snakes, tigers, and mad dogs.’

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

to join in	to leave no stone unturned
all the same	to come across.

2. Give practice with usages connected with 'sight' as :

to catch sight of	out of sight
to lose sight of	to come in sight
to keep in sight	at sight.
3. Give practice with the following with the correct preposition :

to interfere *in*, to interfere *with*, different *from*, ashamed *of*, delighted *with*.
4. Give practice with the following, distinguishing their use and meaning :

gazing, looking, watching, seeing.
5. *Just* under the surface.
Just beside it.
 Explain and give practice with this use of 'just'.

IV

'You showed us how to identify anopheles mosquitoes the last time you came, Socrates. Today will you tell us how we can kill them?'

'Well,' said Socrates, 'if you fill up or drain away the pools of water, then the larvæ obviously cannot live there.'

'That's quite simple, Socrates. But what are we to do if we can't fill up or drain a pool?'

'Your teacher will get some stuff called "Paris green", or you can get oil from your own house and spread it on the water. That will kill the larvæ outright. If you keep the water free from weeds, there are plenty of other creatures in the water that will hunt and catch and eat up the larvæ. But where there are weeds and mud and puddles, the enemies of the larvæ cannot find them to eat them. Thus they escape and grow up into

mosquitoes. So much for the larvæ. Now for your flying enemies. Every day you must hunt out and catch all the mosquitoes in your houses and stables. Put soap or oil on your hands and then you can easily catch them. Make a game of it—the mosquito game.’

‘But where does the malaria come from, Socrates? Does every one of this kind of mosquito carry it?’

‘Oh, no! They get the germs of the disease from someone who is sick with malaria. They keep it for ten days or a fortnight inside them, and then, whenever they bite anyone after that, they give that person malaria.’

‘Then we have ten days in which to kill the mosquitoes after they have bitten a malarious person and have got their poison?’

‘Yes, you have. So if every day you kill every mosquito you find in your houses and stables, you will probably kill most of those which are carrying malaria before they can give it to anyone.’

The boys thought this was an excellent idea. Turning to their teacher they asked him if they could have a hunt for mosquitoes every Science period. The teacher laughed and said, ‘Well, not every period, but perhaps we might clear the school buildings of mosquitoes every day during the malaria season, and so put an end to the pest in our own school.’

‘Splendid,’ said Socrates. ‘Science should be popular with you all now ! And remember to sleep inside mosquito-nets, particularly when you have fever, and for several weeks after you have recovered from it. If you do this, neither will the mosquitoes have anywhere to go to get their poison, nor will they have anyone to give it to afterwards.

‘Do all this, and keep quinine in every home, and then you are armed and ready against the biggest enemy of yourself, your country, and of the whole world. That is Science, as interesting as it is useful, and without it we can be neither healthy nor wealthy. So when you do your Science lesson, don’t think of it as a dull hour, but bear in mind that you are going through a door which leads to a new world of knowledge and health and happiness.’

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

to grow up	so much for
to get from	to clear of
to put an end to	to bear in mind.
2. Give practice with the constructions :

neither	_____	nor	as	_____	as.
---------	-------	-----	----	-------	-----
3. Get the nouns of the same derivation as :
popular, splendid, probably.
4. Explain the difference between ‘to escape’ and ‘to rescue’, and give practice in sentences.
5. Give practice with the following with the correct prepositions :
to recover *from*, free *from*, popular *with*.

2. COMBINE AND PROSPER

Socrates was coming down a hill with several companions, and the party had just rounded a corner when they found the road in front of them almost blocked with a big boulder that had rolled down from the hillside above, and had lodged on the road.

‘How long has this rock been here?’ asked Socrates.

‘Several weeks, to my knowledge,’ said the lambardar. ‘It was here when I came this way last month, and I don’t know how long it had been here before that.’

‘Didn’t you tell the District Board or whoever is responsible for the upkeep of the road?’

‘No, I didn’t. Why should I?’

‘“Why shouldn’t I?” is the proper question to ask oneself, not “Why should I?” if you ever want to have a comfortable country to live in without paying much heavier taxes than you do now. It is your money that keeps these roads in order, and you who use them, so it’s only common sense to do all you can to make the taxes you pay go as far as they possibly can. But the immediate problem before us is how to get this great boulder off the road.’

‘Leave it, Socrates. Why should we bother with it?’

‘Of course we must bother with it. We are not in a violent hurry. We are citizens of this district, and therefore we are bound to help in every way we can. Besides I am a Scout, and therefore have to do at least one good turn every day. Here’s a splendid chance to get today’s good deed done before I go any further.’

‘If you must, then,’ said the lambardar with a shrug of his shoulders. Then they set to work to push and shove this way and that way at the great rock which blocked the road. An old shikari who was with them made a tremendous noise, but all his strength seemed to go into his grunts and puffs.

Nothing, however, would make the rock move. ‘Leave it,’ said the lambardar. ‘We have done our best, and it’s no fault of ours that we cannot clear the road.’

‘Muscle certainly won’t move it, and there is nothing hereabouts which we could use as a lever. Let’s see what brains will do ;’ and Socrates took a piece of hard rock and started chipping at the softer parts of the great boulder. The shikari soon proved himself to be the best workman of them all, and after bits here and bits there had been broken off, Socrates called for one more heave. All together they pushed, and over the edge crashed the mighty boulder. They watched it go bounding down the

steep hillside until, with one last leap, it struck a jutting rock and broke into a thousand pieces.

‘That’s one good thing done, at any rate,’ said Socrates, as they resumed their journey down the hill. When they arrived at the village, Socrates bade his companions farewell. He joined a party of villagers, and was soon engrossed in a discussion of the difficulties of village life nowadays. From where they sat, just outside the village, they overlooked a ravine, and at the bottom of this ravine was a well from which women were laboriously drawing water with ropes and buckets and carrying it back on their heads, several pots to each, up the steep hill to their homes.

‘Yes, everything is very difficult in these hard times,’ said several.

‘Your difficulties,’ said Socrates, as he watched the work at the well, ‘are as the games of children compared with the terrible trials of your women-folk.’

‘Why so, Socrates?’ questioned someone. ‘We men do all the hard work.’

‘Oh! do you?’ asked Socrates. ‘How many of your women could spare time to come and sit here as you are sitting, or to go to watch *pirkaudi* or to run a criminal or a civil case in the District Courts? You work hard indeed! I wish with all my heart that you men would indeed work hard. You would be better off and would not

quarrel so much. Now look at that well. Just because you men are too thoughtless or too selfish to put a little hand-pump on it, all the women, young and old, have to slave away with buckets and ropes to get their water. A little inattention or a slip of a foot—and in they fall, and have to be rescued with possibly a strained back or some other injury. No indeed! Don't imagine it is you men who are the sufferers in village life. Those women would love a bath, but as long as we sit here they cannot have one at the well, and will have to carry back extra water up the hill to the village, and make a mess of their back-yards at home splashing the water about, just because you men are too thoughtless or too idle to put up washing-places for the women at your wells.'

'That's only a little thing, Socrates.'

'All life is made up of little things,' said Socrates. 'If only you would look after some of these little things you would find that it would make a vast difference to the health and comfort and happiness of village life.'

'But how are we to set about doing these things, Socrates?'

'In the way in which you ought to set about meeting every difficulty in village life,' said Socrates.

'How is that?'

'By CO-OPERATION,' said Socrates.

join the party above the ravine. 'Just you tell them, shikariji, all about the big boulder on the road.'

So the shikari did, and omitted no detail of his own prowess.

'That is co-operation,' said Socrates, bringing the tale to an end. 'As long as the rock held together, it was our master. As soon as the rock began to break up we became its master. While each one worked in his own way we could do nothing. When we worked together and used our brains to help us, we were able to clear the road. As long as you remain disunited, working alone or quarrelling with one another and stopping one another from making progress, you are like the rock after we began to break it up, or like the threads of that rope, which even a child can break.'

'Combine and you are irresistible, like the rock before it began to crumble, like us when we all worked together, like that rope when it is twisted together. Co-operation is the only remedy for all your troubles. If only you people will join together, you can do anything you like. By co-operation you can clean your village, learn better farming, remove bad customs, educate your girls, and get on with all the rest of the uplift programme.'

'How will co-operation help in all these ways?' asked someone.

‘ You can have co-operative schools, co-operative better-living societies, co-operative banks, co-operative. . . ’

‘ That won’t help me,’ said a very sad and worried-looking man.

‘ What is your particular difficulty ? ’ asked Socrates.

‘ My wife has just died, leaving me a month-old baby to look after.’

‘ Could you get no help from the hospital ? ’

‘ Hospital ! hospital ! ’ shouted the man. ‘ There’s no hospital for women within thirty miles of this village.’

‘ But what’s that building over there, then ? I thought that was a hospital.’

‘ That’s a hospital for cattle. There are several of them about, but none for women,’ and the man laughed sarcastically.

‘ If it is a hospital for women that you need, then I think co-operation would help you a very great deal,’ said Socrates.

‘ How so ? ’ asked several incredulously.

‘ Well, why not have a co-operative women’s hospital ? ’

‘ How can we do that ? The District Board provides our hospitals.’

‘ Well, you know that the District Board has spent all its money on village schools, and that it

cannot open any more hospitals unless you will pay more taxes. Will you do that, or would you prefer to close your schools ?’

‘ We would rather do neither,’ said several.

‘ Very well, then, the District Board cannot give you a women’s hospital.’

‘ No, it doesn’t look as if it could.’

‘ Well, which would you rather do, pay one or two rupees, or see your women suffer and die for want of attention at critical times, until finally the District Board in despair puts a tax on you and drags the rupees out of you while you grumble and say you’re overtaxed ?’

‘ If you put it that way, I am certain that we would rather pay a rupee or two and have a doctor ready to help our women and children all the year round. But we never thought of doing anything about it ourselves.’

‘ Well, do think about it. Start a co-operative women’s hospital with shareholders and directors and everything else just like the co-operative credit society you already have in the village. You will then cheerfully pay your rupees and find yourselves shareholders, able to point proudly to your own women’s hospital. Is not that better than sitting here whining like a beggar because no one will produce a lady doctor for you ?’

‘ That does sound a more honourable course for

a self-respecting race of land-owning farmers like us.'

'Co-operation is nothing new. You have twenty thousand co-operative societies already in the Punjab, but for twenty-four million people and all the many needs of your village that is only a beginning—although a very big and a very good beginning. So get on with it, and remember that the only sure remedy for all the evils and troubles of village life is co-operation.'

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

to keep in order	common sense
to make money go far	to be in a violent hurry
to do one's best	to prove oneself
at any rate	to spare time
to run a case	with all one's heart
to set about	to look after
one by one	to meet a difficulty
all the year round	in despair

to get on with.
2. Practise the prepositional uses with the following :
available *for*, to spend *on*, engrossed *in*, compared *with*, a remedy *for*.
3. Give practice with :

to be well off	to be badly off
to be better off	to be worse off.
4. Compare 'to prefer' and its construction with the construction 'we would rather', and give practice with both.
5. Compare the constructions of 'to arrive (at)' and 'to reach'.
6. Give practice with 'at least' and with its opposite 'at most'.

7. Give practice with different uses of 'bother':
Don't bother to send it.
What a bother it is!
Why do you bother me about it?
You are making a lot of bother about nothing.
8. Compare the constructions of 'to bid farewell' and 'to say good-bye' and give practice with the latter.
9. Explain the difference between 'to be bound *for*' and 'to be bound *to*'.
10. *Heavy taxes.* Get the class to make a list of nouns such as 'rain', 'crop', 'work', with which 'heavy' is used, and note the different meanings that this word has.
11. Note different uses of 'to get' with different prepositions: to get *off*, to get *on*, to get *out*, to get *over*, to get *through*, etc.

3. CONSOLIDATION

‘Where shall I find your father?’ asked Socrates of the lambardar’s son as he arrived rather unexpectedly at the village meeting-place.

‘He’s ploughing in Shahwali field,’ said the boy.

‘No, he isn’t,’ said Socrates. ‘I have just come that way and there was no sign of him anywhere. I did see about half a *kachcha bigha*¹ of freshly ploughed land there. Someone had evidently begun ploughing and had then remembered something important and had gone away.’

‘No, that’s the whole field,’ said the boy.

‘Is that all the land he owns?’ asked Socrates.

‘Oh no! He’s got fifty fields; I mean fifty *bighas*.’

‘Then where is he?’ asked Socrates. ‘He’s nowhere near his fields, as I know for myself.’

‘I’m sure he is,’ said the boy, ‘as I saw him take his plough with him, when he left home this morning.’

‘But I tell you I’ve just passed his fields.’

‘No you haven’t,’ said the boy. ‘He’s got fields everywhere.’

‘Don’t be silly,’ said Socrates. ‘No one keeps fields everywhere.’

¹ A *kachcha bigha* is one-fifth of an acre.

‘We do, at any rate,’ said the boy. ‘Father has fifty *bighas* and they are in fifty fields, and the fields are scattered all over the area of the village.’

‘Well I never!’ said Socrates. ‘More lunacy! When shall I get to the end of the follies of you zamindars?’

The boy looked very downcast and almost ready to cry, but Socrates patted him on the back and said, ‘Never mind, my boy, it is not your fault, nor mine either. It’s just another of the old customs we have to try to change.’

‘Oh! Do try and get it put right,’ said the boy. ‘I took father’s food to him yesterday, and I went from field to field trying to find him, and after wandering hither and thither for an hour I met another boy. We started playing, and a dog ran away with father’s food. I didn’t dare go on without the food, so I ran home crying, and when father came back he was so angry that I had to hide till he’d had his supper and felt better.’

‘Poor boy,’ said Socrates. ‘I dare say you don’t know where all his fields are.’

‘No I don’t, and when the *bajra* is high I often can’t find him at all. One day last spring father sent me to scare birds from his field down near the wood. Two hours later I was shouting away merrily, and cracking my sling, when up came father all hot and angry, and before I could ask why or wherefore, he had boxed my ears and

knocked me off my perch. When I had stopped crying I asked him what I had done wrong.

‘He said, “Didn’t I send you to scare birds from my field?”’

‘I said, “Yes, and there isn’t a bird in the field.”’

‘“Isn’t there!” he shouted. “I have just been there and found a hundred parrots biting the heads off the corn.”’

‘“But this is your field, father,” I said.

‘“No it isn’t, silly,” he answered, and he nearly boxed my ears again. “This is Nathu’s field that you have been keeping clear of birds. He is the fellow who ran me in for letting my cattle graze on his gram last year. May the birds eat his crops for evermore!”’

‘Fancy scaring birds from the crops of your father’s worst enemy!’ said Socrates. ‘No wonder he was annoyed, poor man! And I have no doubt the cattle trespass case was all because the fields are so mixed up together.’

‘Why, some of father’s fields are so small, and so far away, that he cannot plough them at all, and if he does plough them, the birds or the deer or other people’s cattle eat all the crops.’

‘Of course they do. Let me see, your father has three sons, hasn’t he?’

‘Yes, and we all scare birds or tend cattle in one field or another.’

‘Is none of you at school?’

‘No. How can we go, with all these fields to look after?’

‘Of course you can’t. If all your father’s fields were together one of you could tend the cattle and the rest could go to school.’

‘I suppose we could.’

‘And if there were some sort of fence round the field you could all of you go to school. Your cattle would not stray out then and other people’s cattle could not eat your crops.’

‘How splendid that would be! I hate loafing about looking after cattle.’

‘And very little good it does you either,’ said Socrates.

‘One of father’s fields is just by the road, and half the crops are always eaten by other people’s cattle as they are driven past on their way to or from the common pasture land.’

‘We must talk to the elders about this,’ said Socrates. ‘Until each man’s fields are thrown together in one plot he cannot farm properly; he cannot fence in his land, and he cannot send his children to school. When his fields are together he can fence them, he can plough long furrows and can sow big fields. He can sink a well to water them and can grow good crops. He can keep his cattle away from other people’s cattle, when diseases are about, and he can send his children to school.’

His family will always know where to find him and he can, in time, make his home on his well, and live there in peace and health.'

Just then the lambardar came up and said, 'What about cattle thieves?'

'They won't be able to do anything at all when you fence your fields,' said Socrates. 'They'll have to drive their booty along the roads instead of across the fields, and it will be very easy to stop them.'

'I believe that you are right,' said the lambardar, 'but how is it to be done?'

'Why, in the same way in which it is being done now and has already been done in hundreds of Punjab villages.'

'I have never heard of it,' said the lambardar.

'That comes of not keeping abreast with the times, lambardarji. When you agree to consolidate your holdings,' went on Socrates, 'you will make joint application to the Co-Operative Department, and they will send a man to explain everything to you and to work out in discussion with all of you a new allotment of land, in strict accordance with the amount and kinds of land you all held before. When you have all agreed upon and accepted the redistribution, he will have it entered in the patwari's papers, and you will start again with your shares in big lumps as your forefathers did when they founded the village. The

Bank people do this work very well. They go on listening to everyone's suggestions and planning and modifying and changing and persuading, until at last everyone agrees to the new field map, and then there is a big entry made in the village papers and the work is finished. You all get exactly the same amount of the same kind of land as you had before, only it is all in one, or perhaps two, places, instead of in thirty or forty places as it is now.'

'But our village is full of parties, and someone or other is sure to disagree and spoil it all.'

'Then you must get a law passed,' said Socrates, 'that when three-quarters of the people want it, it shall be done.'

'But what about the last quarter who don't want it?'

'When they built that railway over there, did they wait till everyone agreed to sell his land?'

'No, indeed they didn't.'

'Well, isn't this joining together of your fields as useful as a railway?'

'Certainly it is.'

'Then why should you have to wait for a few obstinate objectors to agree, before you put your land right?'

'No, it hardly seems necessary,' said the lambar-dar, 'when you put it that way.'

‘ Well, get on with it,’ said Socrates, ‘ and next time don’t box your. . . ’ But an imploring look from the lambardar’s son prevented him from finishing his sentence.

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

never mind	to get put right
I dare say	hither and thither
no wonder	at all
to run a person in	some sort of
in time	to keep away from
	to pass a law
	to put a thing that way <i>or</i> to put a thing like that.
2. Practise the prepositional uses with the following :
sign *of*, full *of*.
3. Give practice with such phrases as :
last week, last month, last year, last summer.
4. Distinguish between the meanings and use of :

obstinate	distribute
determined	share
	divide.

Give practice in sentences.

5. Give practice with the constructions of ‘ to agree ’ and of ‘ to disagree ’.
6. Redistribution, *unexpectedly*.
Explain the force of the prefixes in these two words and get the class to make lists of other words where the same prefixes have the same force.

4. SAFETY FIRST

‘What a lot of bicycles you have here outside the school! It must make your daily journeys to and from school much more pleasant than they used to be when you all had to walk long distances from your homes,’ said Socrates.

‘Things are far easier now for the children who live a long way off from the school,’ said the headmaster, ‘but I am in continual anxiety lest they should come to grief on the road and get hurt or run over.’

‘Then why don’t you teach them the rules of the road? Once a child knows them thoroughly, there is very little chance of any accident as long as he is careful to practise them, and does not, in a fit of absent-mindedness, forget all about them and do something wrong or foolish.’

‘We do not teach that sort of thing here, but I certainly think we ought to. The parents will be only too pleased to hear that their children are learning how to avoid danger on the public roads.’

‘Then let us start at once. Now children, the *first* big rule of the road is “Safety First”. This means generally that the safety of yourself and your fellow-users of the road comes before every consideration of speed, comfort, convenience or

anything else. If the doing of anything whatever—such, for instance, as going fast or stopping or turning—involves the risk of danger to any human being or to any domestic animal, you will not do it until there is no longer any risk. This rule applies to you and to everyone else who uses the public road, whether they are on foot, on a bicycle or in a cart, carriage or motor-car.’

‘Supposing I have to turn a corner on my way to school, and there is a small child just round the corner, may I not turn the corner till the child is out of the way?’ asked a clever boy.

‘If the child were your little sister what would you do?’

‘I should jump off or go on past the corner without turning of course.’

‘Then you must do the same, no matter to whom the little child belongs. The rule is absolute and universal: “Safety First”. All the other rules are added to make sure that the first big rule of safety first shall be observed. The *second* rule is that on a public road you must never do things unexpectedly or without warning. For instance, you must not suddenly dash into the road to fetch a ball that someone has kicked there, you must not suddenly run across the road, and if you are going along the road on a bicycle or in a vehicle of any kind, you must not stop or turn suddenly. In other words, when you are using the public roads, you must

always think of other people just as you have learnt to do in other things.'

'What must we do then, if we want to stop or turn?'

'If you want to turn right or left, put your hand out to right or left some time before you intend to make the turn. If you want to stop, hold your hand up, or, if you are in a motor-car, put your hand out and move it up and down.

'The *third* rule is that all traffic keeps to the left side of the road and the slower a vehicle is going the nearer to the left it keeps. In this way motor-cars go down the middle of the road, and slow carts go next to the pavement or the edge of the road.'

'Is there any reason for this?'

'Yes, it is based on common sense. Vehicles start off from the side of the road. People naturally get in and out of vehicles at the side of the road, as it would be most dangerous for them to do so in the middle of the road. By keeping all the starting and stopping and slow traffic at the sides of the road, the middle of the road is left free for fast traffic. In this way the best and safest use of the road can be made.

'The *fourth* rule, which follows from the last, is that when a vehicle wishes to overtake and pass another vehicle, it must go to the right-hand side

of that vehicle and leave the slower vehicle on its left-hand side.'

'I thought all traffic kept to the left.'

'Yes, so it does. But fast vehicles must be allowed to overtake slow ones, and as we have seen that the slower the vehicle the further to the left must it keep, therefore the faster vehicle must leave the slower one on its left as it catches it up and passes it. Whenever therefore you find yourself being overtaken, you must always go towards the left and never towards the right to let the faster vehicle pass.'

'That is quite clear, when one thinks it out.'

'On the other hand, vehicles meeting each other, if they both keep to their left, will naturally pass each other on their right-hand side.'

'That is obvious too. But do these rules apply to bicycles too or only to carriages and motor-cars?'

'They apply to all wheeled traffic—bicycles, carts, motor-cars, everything—and it is only by the strictest observance of these simple rules that roads can possibly be safe nowadays, with the increasing number of fast-moving motor-cars that use them. So fast do motor vehicles move, and so sure are the people who drive them that you know and will keep the rules, that if you turn without warning to the right, or swerve to the right instead of to

the left when a car is meeting or overtaking you, it may run over and kill you before it can stop, and the fault will be your own.'

'But plenty of bicycles ridden even by grown-up people go either side of the road at will, and take no heed of these rules. Very often a pair of cyclists will go one to each side of a car that meets them or catches them up. Is this wrong?'

'Utterly wrong and most foolish and dangerous. Cyclists by doing so not only endanger their own lives, but may cause motor-cars to swerve and kill passers-by. *Finally*, when a traffic policeman gives a signal, obey it promptly whether you think it is right or wrong. He is posted there to direct the traffic, and if some people obey him and some do not, serious accidents are bound to happen.'

'These rules can avert danger only if everyone keeps them,' said the headmaster. 'We shall train all our pupils not only to learn and to keep the rules themselves but to explain them to everyone else with whom they come in contact. Our village boys must try to teach the drivers of village bullock-carts to keep to the left when they use the main roads, and our town boys must deal with the many cyclists who at present do not seem to know even of the existence of these rules.'

'Splendid! And of those of your children who come to school on foot, do teach the bigger ones to see to it that the little ones all cross the roads in

batches, and do not run across, one after the other, here, there and everywhere.' They must look both ways first to see if a tonga or motor-car is coming. Let the elder children collect the little ones together at each crossing, have a good look up and down the road, and then shepherd them across. Safety first! And always think of other people!'

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

to catch up	to come to grief
to be bound to	to come before
to come in contact	on one's way
out of the way	to keep to the right
to keep rules	to keep to the left
to see to	to jump off

to think out.
2. Give practice with ' to cross ' and ' across ', explaining the difference between them.
3. Get the adjectives of the same derivation as :
convenience, accident, fault.
And the adverbs of the same derivation as :
accident, comfort, fast.
4. Explain the difference between the following and have them used in sentences :
practice, practise ; thorough, through ; public, private.
5. Give practice with ' on the one hand—on the other hand '.
6. Revise and give practice with the construction :
The slower a vehicle is going, *the nearer* to the left it keeps.
7. Give practice with the prepositional usages :
apply *to*, free *for*, explain *to*.



NEIGHBOURS WHO ARE IGNORANT,
DIRTY AND UNTIDY, SPOIL
YOUR COMFORT



SHOW THEM THE HAPPINESS
OF THE NEW LIFE



AND EVERYBODY WILL BE MORE HAPPY AND COMFORTABLE

A GOOD EXAMPLE

5. A GOOD TURN

‘I have just seen a very sad thing,’ said Socrates to the Scout patrol leader as he greeted him outside the school.

‘Can we help?’ asked the patrol leader, at once on the alert to do his daily good turn.

‘You can and you can’t,’ answered Socrates.

‘That’s a queer answer, Socrates,’ said the patrol leader, rather at a loss. Then he turned and shouted to his patrol, ‘Come along, you fellows; Socrates has got something on his mind, and he wants to tell us about it.’

‘How do you make that out?’ asked Socrates, as the Scouts came dashing up and fell in behind their leader.

‘Of course you have,’ said the patrol leader. ‘You wouldn’t give a funny answer like that to a question if you hadn’t got something on your mind which you wanted us to know about.’

‘Well, as a matter of fact, you’re right,’ said Socrates. ‘I have something that I very much want to tell you. I have just been to a school where they try to teach blind boys to make a living.’

‘There are plenty of blind people here, Socrates.’

‘Yes, isn’t it terrible! Blind people in every town and in every village, and, worst of all, blind children. They will never be able to play games, they will never see the mustard fields in spring. They’ll never see the flowers in the school garden. It nearly made me cry to see them in that school! One of them was fumbling with a piece of wood and trying to plane it smooth. There they were, half a dozen of them, very slowly, very patiently, trying to train their fingers to take the place of their lost eyes. Their teacher was a blind man too. They work very slowly, and for a long time they have to be given blunt tools so that they shall not cut themselves. As their fingers get less clumsy they can be trusted with sharper tools. Isn’t it terribly sad? And to think that most of them need never have been blind at all!’

‘What, Socrates! They needn’t have been blind at all! How could they have been saved?’

‘Easily, boys. Half of them are blind because they were never vaccinated and. . .’

‘We are all properly vaccinated here, Socrates. We can’t stay in the troop, or even at school, if we are not.’

‘Splendid! And the other half are blind because their mothers never washed their eyes properly when they were small, and they got dirt into them, playing in their filthy villages and towns.’

‘There is dirt enough here, Socrates, in spite of all our efforts.’

‘Stick to it, lads. You may not be able to do much yet, but if you hate dirt and do your best to clean things, your parents will, in time, do so too, and when you grow up you will be able to do still more. Always look out for opportunities, and you will soon be able to make a big difference.’

‘We *are* always on the look out, Socrates. But you started by saying that we could and we couldn’t help. Explain that now, will you, please?’

‘Well, you can’t help those who are already blind except by the little kind deeds that I know you are already doing. But you can help others so that they may never go blind at all. You can stop many going blind by seeing to it that every boy and girl in your town or village is properly vaccinated and re-vaccinated.’

‘That we will do, Socrates.’

‘And another way in which you can help is by bringing your little sisters to school so that when they grow up and have children of their own, they will get them vaccinated. They will also have learnt to keep their babies’ eyes clean, and will have learnt how to use a few simple medicines when anything goes wrong with their children’s eyes. In this way you can help to prevent people from

becoming blind, and that will be a splendid "good turn" .'

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

on the alert	on one's mind
to take the place of	to be at a loss
worst of all	to make a living
to make a difference	in spite of
to make out	to go wrong with
to do one's best.	
2. Get nouns of the same derivation as :
funny, patiently, clumsy, sad, vaccinated.
Get adjectives of the same derivation as :
question, fact, trust, opportunity, medicine.
Get verbs of the same derivation as :
sad, flower, sharp, dirt, difference.
3. Give practice with uses of ' look out ' :
To look out for an opportunity.
To look out for a person.
Look out for the motor!
To be on the look out for.
4. Teach the use of ' very much ' :
I am very much afraid.
I was very much distressed.
He is very much happier.
but He is very tired.
He is very angry.

6. WHAT TO LEARN

‘You look very annoyed today,’ said the subedar as Socrates stumped into the village and threw himself down on a bed at his usual haunt, the village meeting-house.

‘I hate dirt,’ grunted the sage.

‘We have suspected that for some time,’ said the subedar. ‘There is no need for you to take it so much to heart at this time of day.’

‘I thought,’ answered Socrates, ‘that it was only the villages that were dirty, but I find the whole country, town and village alike, is dirty. You are all dirty, great and small. One is as bad as another.’

‘Where have you been today to find all that out?’ asked the subedar, with some amusement at Socrates’ outburst.

‘I had to go to the law courts,’ answered Socrates.

‘I thought you didn’t like the law courts,’ said the subedar. ‘You said that it was our national playing-field where we spent all our time and money, and so on.’

‘You are quite right,’ answered Socrates. ‘I do not like the law courts. It wasn’t my fault that I had to go, and I wish that I had never been there.’

‘Why, what did you see?’ asked the subedar.

‘I had to pass through the town on my way there, and it was filthy. Everyone uses the streets and lanes as rubbish dumps and occasionally for still worse purposes. At the law courts it was the same. Hundreds of people were scattering paper, chewing sugar-cane and throwing the refuse all over the place; horses and cattle were tied anywhere and everywhere, littering the place with dung and attracting myriads of flies; round every corner were improvised urinals, piles of waste paper and rubbish, and even an improvised latrine in one place. I never saw such a sight.’

‘That’s nothing new, Socrates,’ said the subedar. ‘What’s everybody’s business is nobody’s business.’

‘But it should be, and is, somebody’s business to teach clean habits,’ answered Socrates.

‘Whose business?’ asked the subedar.

‘Well, it should certainly be taught in schools.’

‘Why!’ exclaimed the subedar. ‘They are no better, Socrates. I was at school, for a while, and we never bothered at all where we threw litter, and for a latrine we used any place outside the school compound without anyone saying “No” to us.’

‘Then what on earth is the good of my trying to teach clean ways to the grown-ups if the school-

boys are not learning better ways at school, so as to practise them afterwards at home?' asked Socrates.

'You're right there,' said the subedar. 'If the young are not taught clean habits, you're wasting your time fighting dirt in the village.'

'And what's worse,' went on Socrates, 'I went from the law courts to the house of an important city gentleman, and his compound was littered with rubbish too. There was just a tidy patch in front of the house, but in all the corners and out-of-the-way places, I found the same dirt and rubbish.'

'They are all the same, Socrates. Houses and offices are all alike. There is a little tidiness in front, and round the corner every kind of dirt and rubbish.'

'And whenever I say anything,' went on Socrates, 'they blame the sweeper. The sweeper indeed! It's no fault of his. He just does what he is told to do. He has never been taught to do any better. He knows nothing about rubbish-pits, dust-bins and latrines. Besides, what can he do, poor fellow? One man against the whole world! Everyone dirties the place, and if the sweeper objected he would soon be put in his place. Every man ought to be followed about by his own sweeper to clean up the mess he makes! No! Till people learn clean habits, the sweeper is helpless.'

‘It is a matter of education again, Socrates,’ said the subedar.

‘It is. From the top downwards everyone must be taught clean habits, taught to throw rubbish into the proper place and not just wherever he likes. More than this, people must be taught to hate dirt and taught to love tidiness and cleanliness. Dirt is vice, dirt is sin, dirt is disease, and until we all realize this, our country will be untidy, uncomfortable and unhealthy.’

‘The streets are just the same too, Socrates,’ said the subedar. ‘The minute the sweeper has passed by, every shopkeeper starts throwing rubbish into the streets, and in no time they are dirty again. It is the same with latrines. Fifty yards from a latrine the ground is foul.’

‘Ten thousand sweepers will not keep a town clean till the citizens learn clean habits.’

‘That is only too true, Socrates,’ agreed the subedar.

‘And we all blame the committee and the sweeper. It is no fault of theirs. It is the fault of all of us, and it is only to shield ourselves that we blame menials or subordinates. From the greatest downwards, we must set our faces against dirt and untidiness, and make models of our homes and offices and compounds and courts and schools. Then the rest of India will quickly follow our example.’

‘That is so, Socrates,’ agreed the subedar. ‘But the grown-ups are too set in the old ways to learn much now. You must catch us young to teach us. The children are our only hope.’

‘Well,’ said Socrates, ‘what did I hear those lads with khaki shorts and long sticks say the other day?’

‘You mean the Boy Scouts?’ asked the subedar. ‘Lots of our schools have Scouts nowadays, and those that haven’t very often copy their ways.’

‘Yes, Scouts; that’s their name. They had been to a Jumpity—Jubbery—what do they call it?—meeting.’

‘Jumboree is their queer name for it, I believe.’

‘Yes,’ said Socrates. ‘that’s it. I can’t get my tongue round their strange words, but I can get their notions right into my heart. They had had a camp somewhere and had helped to tidy up a village. When they left they said that their orders were to leave nothing behind them; nothing that is, except thanks and gratitude.’

‘Well I never!’ exclaimed the subedar. ‘No empty tins, no dirty paper, no rubbish, no smells?’

‘No,’ answered Socrates. ‘I went to see for myself and I found that they were perfectly right. There wasn’t a sign of their having been there

except a clean village and smiling, grateful villagers.'

'Well done!' exclaimed the subedar. 'Long live the Boy Scouts! They'll soon put our country right if they go on like that.'

'Indeed they will. You see their principle is not only to be clean, but also to think of others. The root cause of all our dirt and untidiness is that we don't think of the effect of our actions on other people. We think it is our right to do as we like, and forget that our rights must not be exercised so as to harm other people.'

'And in the end we harm ourselves too,' said the subedar.

'That is certain. When we do anything or refrain from doing anything, we must always think, "Will my action or inaction harm someone else? If so, am I justified in doing or not doing it?"'

'If only we could get into that habit, our country would soon be clean and tidy, and half our quarrels and troubles would be at an end too. Why! That would even stop us from keeping our children awake by firing off bombs all night at our weddings.'

'Yes,' said Socrates. 'That's a selfish custom too. Well, good-bye, Subedar Sahib, our talk has done me good. I was in a mood of despair when we met, but what with the Boy Scouts here, a keen schoolmaster there, and stout-hearted

villagers and public-spirited officials somewhere else, even I can see that the good work of making our villages bright and healthy, has definitely begun.'

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

for some time	to put a person in his place
to take to heart	to do a person good
in no time	to be set in

to set one's face against.
2. Explain the difference between :
 annoyed, angry, enraged.
 Have them used in sentences.
3. 'Occasionally for *still* worse purposes.'
 Give practice with this use of 'still':
 still worse, still better, still more.
4. Give practice in sentences with :
 to waste time, to spend time, to save time, to gain^r time.
5. Get the nouns from :
 suspect, national, attracting.
 And adjectives from :
 vice, sin, fault.
6. Give practice with uses of 'fault':
 to be one's fault, to be no fault of, to find fault with.
7. 'Just a tidy patch.'
 'He just does what he is told.'
 Give practice with this use of 'just'.
8. Practise the uses of 'business'.
 Mind your own business.
 You have no business to come in here.
 I have urgent business with him.
9. Point out and give practice with the prepositions used with :
 effect (of), justified (in), litter (with).

7. SELF-HELP

I

‘I am sorry to be so late today,’ said Socrates as he reached the school, ‘but I have been detained.’

‘Detained sounds a mild word, Socrates. You look as if you had been fighting with a water-buffalo in a swamp.’

‘And so I have been, or at least doing something very like that,’ said Socrates. In truth the sage presented a sorry spectacle. He looked very hot and was covered with mud from head to foot.

‘What has really happened?’ asked several boys who had hitherto been tongue-tied while they gazed and gazed at the queer sight of Socrates all covered with mud.

‘Oh, nothing much,’ said Socrates. ‘A kind friend said that he would give me a lift in his car. We had a very pleasant drive down the main road, but as soon as we got on to your village road our troubles began, and finally we stuck fast in the mud, and I have just spent a hot and muddy half-hour trying, but failing, to get the car out.’

‘I hope it is not still stuck, Socrates?’ asked a Boy Scout with a mischievous look in his eye.

‘You mean, “I hope it is still stuck”,’ said Socrates laughing. ‘I know you Scouts and your daily good turn. Yes, you’ll be pleased to hear that the car is still stuck fast in your lovely village mud.’

Immediately a patrol leader rose to the occasion.

‘Fall in the troop!’ he shouted, and in a moment the whole troop was running, shouting, down the road to get the car out of the mud.

That was soon done with a hundred willing arms to pull and a long rope to help them, and then the boys started back to school, leaving Socrates and the villagers who had been helping him before he went to the Scouts for help.

‘Here! here!’ said Socrates. ‘You’ve done only half your good turn.’

‘What is there still left to do?’ asked one boy.

‘Why, the road of course. You aren’t going to leave the road like that, are you, for all the carts to go on getting stuck in?’

‘Why not? For years they’ve stuck there every time it rains. That road is no business of ours. Let the Local Board mend it if it wants to. It is the Local Board which is responsible for the upkeep of the roads.’

‘Yes, but it is you who suffer if they are not kept up; it is your cattle whose backs are strained; it is your crops which cost more to get to market,

to say nothing of the general unpleasantness of having a bog instead of a road outside your village.'

'That is so, Socrates, but we don't mend our own village roads round about here.'

'More fools you, then, as it is your carts that use them ninety-nine days out of a hundred.'

'That's so, Socrates.'

'Then is there any good reason why you should not mend your own roads? You have time to spare, and the chief sufferers from the bad roads are yourselves.'

'And you, Socrates!'

'Yes, and I. But I can soon remedy that! I won't ever come again to visit people who have such a poor welcome for me.'

'No, no, we don't want to lose your visits, Socrates.'

'Then see to your road and keep it in good repair.'

'Why shouldn't the Local Board do it?'

'Very well, then. Let the Local Board do it. After a good deal of delay and innumerable petitions from you, the Local Board will decide to mend it. After still more delay the Local Board will give out the work on contract. The contractor and others will make good profits and the Local Board will pay out large sums of money. But the

road will not be mended half as well or a quarter as quickly as it would be if you did it yourselves in your spare time, at practically no cost at all.'

'That's perfectly true, Socrates,' said the teacher. 'The Local Board spends large sums in mending our school, but it is never done as well as we could do it ourselves, for half the cost.'

'Then mend the school yourselves,' said Socrates, 'as well as the road. Do all your own work yourselves. The Local Board can never do it as well as you can, as you know exactly what you want done and you know how to do it in the cheapest and best way possible. Remember too that every rupee which the Board spends comes out of your own pockets. You are always wanting more teachers, and the Local Board is always saying that it has no money to spare. If you do your own repairs, build your own classrooms, mend your own roads, and so on, there will be more money for teachers and doctors and people like that. Otherwise the more you want, the more taxes you must pay.'

'No, no, Socrates,' said the lambardar. 'Don't talk about more taxes.'

But the idea of more taxes had stirred the lambardar to life. 'Come on, all of you!' he shouted. 'Let's do what Socrates suggests. We'll make short work of mending this road.'

So all the people of the village fell to with the tools they had brought to dig the car out of the mud. In a surprisingly short time a lot of good work was done with great cheerfulness and much shouting. Such fun did it seem that they came again another day and mended another bit. The idea spread, and the villagers, boys and men, began to take a pride in putting their roads right. Then they went on to mend their school buildings and their well-tops, and to do any other bit of work which the teacher or Socrates suggested should be done. Other villages heard of what was being done and a few began to follow suit. Gradually this idea of self-help spread in the neighbourhood, till many villages began to be proud of their good roads and general tidiness, and it looked as if a new era of better and brighter villages had really dawned.

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

from head to foot	to give a lift (to)
to stick fast	to keep up
to say nothing of	to follow suit
to make a profit	to make short work of
to fall to	to take a pride in.

2. Give practice with such uses of 'to have' as the following :

to have a drive	to have a ride
to have a sail	to have a row
to have a walk	to have a stroll.

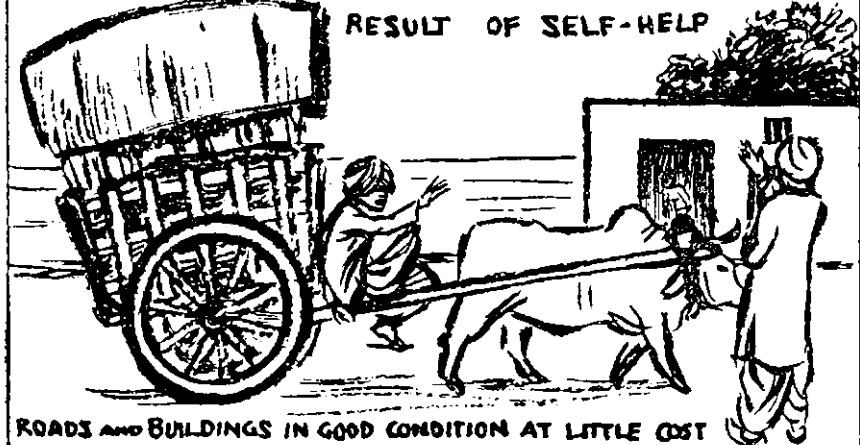
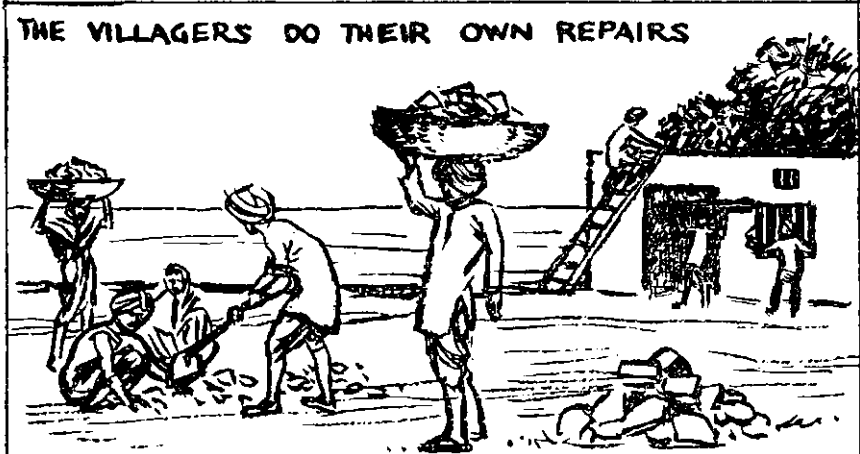
3. Give practice with the construction 'the more———
the more'.
4. 'At *practically* no cost at all.'
Give practice with this use of 'practically'.
5. Give practice in sentences with :
for years, for weeks, for months, for days, for ages,
for hours.
6. Give practice with the following with the correct
prepositions :
to appeal *to*, proud *of*, cover *with*, fight *with*, gaze *at*.
7. Have put into simple English :
Every rupee that the Board spends comes out of your
own pockets.
It looked as if a new era of better and brighter villages
had really dawned.

II

Socrates had now showed these villagers how to make themselves comfortable by putting into force the simple principle of self-help. Instead of sitting and waiting for the Local Board to mend their roads and build their schools, they did everything themselves and were very proud of their civic spirit.

A year or two later, however, Socrates came along again and found the road once more full of mud and ruts, the school roof leaking, the walls standing in need of plaster and whitewash, and everyone looking very glum and ashamed of themselves.

'What's happened?' asked Socrates. 'Your road is as bad as ever it was, and I see that the rain has been running down the wall of the classroom.'



ROADS AND BUILDINGS IN GOOD CONDITION AT LITTLE COST

‘It did not work,’ said the teacher.

‘What did not work?’ asked Socrates. ‘You mended your road just when it needed mending, and you did it far better than the Board could do it and far more cheaply.’

‘Yes, we did all that, but one or two said that they wouldn’t work, and one or two wouldn’t contribute their share of bricks, and then others began to say, “Why should I help when so and so refuses to?” So it went on, until the whole scheme fell through, and we became as bad as ever again.’

‘Yesterday a bullock broke its leg trying to get a cart-load of cotton through to the main road,’ said one of the boys.

‘And my books were spoilt by the water coming through the school roof last rainy season,’ said another.

‘There you are,’ said Socrates. ‘No persistence, no continuity. You can never keep a good thing going. You start off all red-hot, but you soon cool off, start quarrelling amongst yourselves, and then all the good work fades away and you end up worse off than you were before.’

‘We cannot help it, Socrates. What can we do to keep everyone keen and prevent selfish and idle people from spoiling everything? It stands to reason that such people will ruin any scheme.’

‘You must instil the spirit of social service into all the boys that come to your school,’ said Socrates.

‘That we are doing, but it will be many years before it can take effect in the village.’

‘For immediate help you must organize the village.’

‘How?’ asked the teacher. ‘I would do anything to recapture that spirit which we had in the village for a few glorious weeks last year.’

‘There are several kinds of organization. There is the co-operative better-living society. The members of this society are pledged to help one another to improve themselves and their village. This teaches self-help and mutual help. Then there are various kinds of *panchayats* and committees, some of which are supported by the law, and are allowed by the law to make all arrangements necessary for the welfare of the village, and even to raise money for the purpose.’

‘A committee supported by the law would be the best, Socrates,’ said the teacher.

‘Yes, but what about raising money?’ asked Socrates. ‘Will you all agree to that?’

‘I think so, Socrates, especially if the committee begins slowly and gets the confidence of the people before it starts anything big. After all, it is our own roads we shall mend, and if the Local Board mends our village roads, it will mean far more taxes than if we do it ourselves, taking our turns to work in our spare time, and sharing

out the cost of the bricks and mortar for the culverts.'

'There is room for both co-operative societies and for *panchayats* and committees,' said Socrates, 'to help you to put the village right. And you boys must learn while you are at school to work willingly for the common good, and not to allow private likes and dislikes and private jealousies and hatreds and friendships to hold back the progress of the village. Then when you grow up, you will be able to make your village the happy, healthy place that God intended it to be.'

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

to stand in need of	to fall through
to stand to reason	to take effect
to raise money	to put into force.
2. Explain and give practice with the use of 'so and so', 'such and such'.
3. Explain the difference in use between :

to agree <i>to</i> ,	to agree <i>with</i> .
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4. 'We cannot help it.'
Explain the meaning of this construction and give practice with it.
5. Have put into simple English :

You start off all red-hot, but you soon cool off.
It stands to reason that such people will ruin any scheme.

8. CLEANING THE VILLAGE

Socrates went into a village when the wind was blowing. He found it most uncomfortable, for the dirt and dust and ashes were flying about in the wind, and were getting into people's eyes and into their food and into their lungs.

'Are you not very uncomfortable,' asked Socrates, 'with all this dirt getting into your eyes and lungs, contaminating your food and water, giving you diarrhoea, and spoiling your health and your children's health?'

'What can we do?' said the villagers. 'We have told the sweepers to clean it up, but they are getting very independent nowadays. If we box their ears for not working, they will run us in under Section 323, and we shall lose our *izzat*.'

'Then,' said Socrates, 'this village is owned by sweepers, is it?'

'No, certainly not,' said the people. 'Zamindars are the owners.'

'But,' said Socrates, 'if you say that it is the sweeper who decides whether he will clean the village or not, then it is the sweeper who decides whether you will live in comfort or not. If he cleans it, you are comfortable; if he does not clean it, then you are in the condition in which you are

now. Surely you are, then, in the hands of the sweeper ?’

‘ We are,’ answered the people.

‘ Then surely the sweeper is the owner of the village !’

‘ It looks like it today,’ said a villager, as he rubbed his eye to get a painful bit of rubbish out.

‘ But,’ said Socrates, ‘ who made the place dirty and who threw all the rubbish down here ?’

‘ Oh, we and our womenfolk did that,’ said the people.

‘ Then if you are afraid that the sweepers will not clean it up, why do you throw it here ?’ asked Socrates.

‘ Oh, it is our custom to throw it here,’ said the people.

‘ Why not throw it into the pits you have recently dug,’ said Socrates, ‘ instead of throwing it here in the hope that the sweeper will take it away ? Your village will then be clean in spite of the independence of the sweeper. But why don’t you clean your village yourselves ?’

‘ We are zamindars. Cleaning the village is menials’ work,’ answered the villagers.

‘ Then dirtying the village is zamindars’ work and cleaning the village is sweepers’ work ?’ asked Socrates.

‘ Certainly,’ said the villagers.

‘Which is more honourable, to dirty a thing or to clean it?’ asked Socrates.

‘To clean it; obviously,’ said the people.

‘The sweeper is of a higher caste than you are then?’ said Socrates.

‘No, certainly not,’ said the villagers.

‘Then why don’t you do the honourable work of cleaning your village yourselves?’ asked Socrates.

‘It is not the custom for us to clean things,’ answered the people.

‘Then why make a custom of dirtying them?’ said Socrates. ‘The ordinary rule of the world is that as a man sows so shall he reap. Therefore, if a man dirties the village the same man must clean the village. Does your religion forbid you to live in cleanliness?’

‘Certainly not,’ said the people.

‘Then why not clean your village yourselves? If you have to clean it yourselves, you will be very careful not to dirty it,’ said Socrates. ‘Besides, everything that you take out of the village is going to be used for manure, so the more you scratch and clean the streets, the more manure you will get. Collecting manure is farming, isn’t it?’

‘Yes, the very best farming,’ said the villagers.

‘Then if you call it the collection of manure instead of street cleaning, it will become honourable work which a zamindar can do, will it not?’ said Socrates.

‘Yes, that might answer,’ said the villagers.

‘Then,’ said Socrates, ‘give up talking about cleaning the village. Make it a rule that every zamindar shall, every day without fail, collect as much manure as he possibly can. Then your village will never be dirty again.’

‘We will try to do that, Socrates.’

‘What it comes to,’ said Socrates, ‘is that a real farmer insists on being the master of his village. He keeps it clean, because if he does not, he will have to clean it himself. Those who rely on menials to clean their villages don’t mind how dirty they make them. Those who have to clean their villages themselves are very careful not to dirty them. Therefore the true zamindar, knowing how unhealthy a dirty village is, and what good crops come from the use of manure, puts all rubbish straight into his pit, and by recognizing that the cleaning of the village is merely the collecting of manure, keeps the village clean himself, and does not ask anyone else to do it for him.

‘But,’ said Socrates suddenly, ‘what is that smell that I notice?’

‘That is because we go out towards the fields to ease ourselves in the morning,’ said the villagers.

‘Then the wind blows and there is a smell all day in and around the village. The flies come and first sit on this filth and then on the children’s eyes. And still you cannot understand why they

go blind!’ said Socrates. ‘I suppose you think the flies take off their shoes or clean their feet before they sit on your food or on your children’s eyes!’

‘But we have always done it. It is a custom,’ said the villagers.

‘But,’ said Socrates, ‘now you have dug these pits, why not use them? Put a couple of planks of wood across each pit and a wall or screen round it, and you have a very good latrine. Every day, after using it, throw in the ashes and the rubbish which are now thrown into every street, and into every open space. Nightsoil makes an excellent manure, and the ashes and rubbish will also make excellent manure, and if you use the pit as a latrine and then throw in afterwards the ashes and rubbish, you will get a lot of extra manure of the very best kind. Moreover, you will have no smell in your village, nor will you have ashes and rubbish blowing about all day and getting into your eyes and food.’

‘We will do so, Socrates,’ said the villagers.

‘At present,’ said Socrates, ‘you say that, according to your religion, you cannot handle dirt and that therefore you cannot clean your village. But when the wind blows or the cattle go in and out of your village, all the dirt on the ground rises into the air and you breathe it into your lungs, take it with your food, and drink it with your water. Does not your religion forbid you to eat dirt, to drink it, or to breathe it?’

‘Certainly,’ said the villagers, ‘our religion directs us to be clean in every respect, and we will follow your advice and keep our village clean. At the same time there will be a great increase in the supply of our manure and thereby we shall get more crops for ourselves and for our cattle.’

‘That is right,’ said Socrates, ‘and I hope that you will take to heart what I have said. Then your village will soon be fit for human beings to dwell in, and for children to be born and brought up in. Good-bye, I must go away now, I am feeling a little faint from the smell and from the dirt that is blowing about.’

‘Good-bye, Socrates; we will make the place fit even for you to sit in before you next come to see us.’

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

to box the ears	to be in the hands of
in the hope that	to take away
to answer (to succeed)	to give up
to follow advice	without fail
to take off	at the same time.
2. Give practice with the prepositional uses of the following :
rely *on*, according *to*, fit *for*.
3. Teach the usages with ‘to throw’ :

to throw down	to throw up
to throw out	to throw into
to throw about	to throw off, etc.
4. ‘We have told the sweepers to clean it up.’
Revise the construction and use of ‘to tell’.

5. Revise uses of 'to get':

to get into

to get out

to get on

to get off

to get round

to get through, etc.

6. Point out the following usages :

to clean it up

to sweep it up

to wipe it up

to brush it up

to gather it up.

9. TOWN AND COUNTRY

‘Why do you make all this fuss about villages and villagers, Socrates?’ asked a town boy of the sage as he entered the High School compound one day. ‘The village is a dull, dirty place. There is nothing to do there, and the villagers are slow, stupid and uninteresting.’

‘Have you ever heard what we villagers think of you townspeople?’

‘“We villagers” you said, Socrates. What have you to do with them?’

‘I happen to be a villager myself,’ said Socrates. ‘I was born and reared in a village. I am a country bumpkin and very proud of the fact.’

‘Then I must be more careful what I say, I suppose, Socrates, if you are one of them yourself.’

‘Don’t bother! We villagers can give as good as we get! As I was going to say, we villagers don’t think very much of you townspeople. We think that though you are very quick-witted and glib with your tongues, you really have no opinions of your own. You never think, you follow each other like sheep through a gate. Physically you are rather poor specimens, and if a bull ran down the street or if it suddenly came on to rain hard, you would lose your heads altogether.’

As for dirt, your town is no better than our village; and as for dullness, what reasonable person wants a cinema show every day?’

‘But what is your real opinion, Socrates, about this matter? We shall not get very far by just abusing each other.’

‘Have you ever read old Æsop’s fable of the belly and the members?’

‘Yes, I have. In that story the members, that is to say, the hands, the feet and the eyes and so on, complained that the belly did not work; it just ate and drank and did not help the body at all. So they starved it, and very soon found out that, without the belly, the rest of the members were useless.’

‘That’s it,’ said Socrates. ‘So it is with town and country. Neither can prosper without the other. If the village is rich, the town will be rich. If the village starves, the town will starve. You cannot separate the two, and the fate of each is bound up with the fate of the other.’

‘How is that so, Socrates?’

‘The Punjab is an agricultural country. It has no shipping industry, no mines for gold, silver, iron and other metals, and very few for coal. Oil it has in one corner, but nine-tenths of its business is agricultural, and all its wealth is agricultural.’

‘But there are lots of mills and factories, Socrates.’



NO FOOD, OWING TO BAD CROPS FARMED BY POOR, IGNORANT VILLAGERS



TOWN AND COUNTRY

‘Yes, there are, but nearly all of them deal with the products of agriculture—grain, cotton, timber, oil-seeds and so on. Your markets collect agricultural products. Your railways carry them, and everything which your traders sell is paid for by money won from agriculture.’

‘That is so, Socrates. Then you think this rivalry between town and country is unnecessary.’

‘It is worse than that, it is utterly foolish. The country must have markets to take its products to, factories to manufacture them, and traders to import and distribute what it wants to buy in exchange for its products. All these are in the towns. The towns on the other hand must have the country to produce the crops and to use up what the town manufactures or imports. Everything that the soil produces which is not consumed in the village must come, in the end, to the town, and all money earned in the villages that is not paid to the Government in taxes or other dues must, in the end, come to the towns to be spent. So now you see that town and country are one, each helpless without the other. Neither can prosper without the active co-operation of the other. If the town is pleased to call itself the brain of this big business, the country is certainly the hands and the feet and the stomach. Town and country must therefore work together as partners, and not consider themselves as rivals.’

‘But the countryman is a dull fellow, Socrates.

His clothes and his manners are rough, his tongue and his wits are slow.'

'He is slow perhaps,' said Socrates, 'but he is sure. Farming is not done quickly. Oxen move slowly and so must their driver. His clothes have to be rough to stand the wear and tear of outdoor life in all weathers. His manners are simple rather than rough, because his life is simple and he lives in close touch with nature. He works in the fields under God's open sky, and that always makes men simple—and reverent too. The villager sees the goodness of God in the wonderful growth of the crops, and in the beauty and variety of the flowers and of the birds. All this tends to make the villager a quiet, thoughtful, God-fearing man, with a strong tinge of superstition and a great respect for custom and tradition. As for his wits and his tongue, he speaks slowly because he has to think first. Unlike the townsman, he cannot give a quick answer gleaned from the latest book, newspaper or advertisement that he has read. The villager's knowledge does not come from books, nor can his answers come from them. He has no books; his knowledge and his speech have to come from his experience and the traditions handed down by his ancestors.

'Have you ever realized all that every farmer has to know? He must, among very many other things, know how to tend, train and use cattle. He

must know how to plough, sow, weed, reap and thrash ; and he must know when the soil is ready for the seed to be sown and when the crop is ready to be cut. His only book is the book of nature, and his father is his only teacher. The farmer then is entitled to our respect and is no object for contempt.'

'No, indeed!'

'Now look at your townsman. How different is his whole manner of life and thought! No wonder his outlook is so different! His actions are not regulated by the weather and by the laws of nature. His work is not bound up with custom and tradition. As for knowledge, training and skill, these are certainly required in many branches of the work which is done in the towns, but a very great number of townspeople have little or none.'

'Then you think the villager is superior to the townsman?'

'No, I don't. There is no question of superiority or inferiority. You are both parts of one whole, and as neither can get on without the other, you must respect each other and do all you can to help each other.'

'The villager has often had to complain in the past that the townsman has used his undoubtedly quick wits to overreach the simple villager, and so the villager has developed a natural suspicion of the townsman.'

‘But doesn’t the villager also sometimes try to get the better of the townsman by fair means or foul?’

‘Of course he does. Once suspicion has been aroused between two parties everything becomes difficult. Above all, therefore, town and village must be fair and honest in their dealings with each other, so that instead of each trying to take an unfair advantage of the other, they may both become prosperous together.

‘One thing more. In all countries the town sets the fashion for the village. The villager is very fond of copying the townsman in every way he can. What the town does or thinks today, the village will try to do or think tomorrow. You townsmen have the privilege of giving a lead to the villagers. Be very careful how you discharge this great responsibility, and be sure that in every possible way you set the villager a good example, so that both you and he may rise and not fall in the scale of human life and progress.

‘Your duty at school and college must be to learn such ways of good citizenship—most of the things which we are teaching to the villager are equally important for the townsman—that you townsmen may be able to give a lead to your village brethren in good habits, good manners, good homes, cleanliness and sanitation, organized games, social service, patriotism, and all the other

virtues of the good citizen. In this way the faults which each finds in the other will be remedied, the village will cease to be dull and uninteresting, and both town and country will work together in a happy and prosperous partnership.'

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

to come on to rain	to lose one's head
to get far	and so on
to be bound up with	in exchange for
in the end	wear and tear
in close touch with	to have a respect for
to hand down	by fair means or foul
to get the better of	to take an advantage of
to set the fashion	to give a lead
to discharge responsibility	to set a good example.
2. Get the adjectives of the same derivation as :
industry, product, superstition, co-operation, variety,
contempt, sanitation, suspicion.
3. Explain the difference between the following and have them used in sentences :
produce (noun), produce (verb); import, export ;
rivals, enemies.

10. BOYS AND GIRLS

Socrates was one day out walking with several people, when he saw a school some distance away.

‘I must go there,’ he said, ‘I always like to look at schools.’

‘What is the use of that, Socrates?’ asked several.

‘Well, whenever I ask you to do anything new or profitable you tell me that you are too old to change your ways, so now I have taken to visiting the schools to see that they teach the new things to the children. I am always hoping that when the children grow up they will follow my example instead of sticking to their fathers’ ways.’

‘Oh, very well then,’ said his companions. ‘Go there if you must.’

And go they did. They found that it was a primary school, but Socrates only just glanced at the children and came away looking rather annoyed.

‘Well, you have seen the school, Socrates, but even now you don’t seem satisfied.’

‘No, of course not. There were only boys there.’

‘Whom else did you expect to be there, Socrates?’

‘Why, girls of course! Surely it is far more important to send girls to school than boys?’

‘Well, you are a funny man, Socrates! Fancy wanting to send girls to school in preference to boys!’

Socrates said nothing in answer to that, and they continued their walk. Presently they came across a child—a very dirty little boy, with his nose running and his clothes torn and dirty. He wore gold earrings, and on his wrists were silver bangles. He was marked with small-pox too, and altogether looked very neglected, although he seemed quite happy, and was cheerfully playing on a heap of muck along with other children, both boys and girls, as grubby as himself.

‘Poor little wretches,’ muttered Socrates to himself, but several of his companions heard him.

‘Why do you say that, Socrates?’ they asked. ‘These children are just the same as we were when we were children ourselves.’

‘That’s just the trouble,’ said Socrates. ‘I want them to be better than you were. The whole world has changed, and unless we change with it we shall be left high and dry—ruined and lost, in other words.’

‘Well, what’s the matter with them, Socrates?’ asked someone.

‘Oh, nothing at all! I only noticed that the boy over there was marked with small-pox, which means that he was never properly vaccinated, although he wears earrings and bangles.’

‘His mother wouldn’t let him be vaccinated,’ said his father, ‘and it was she who insisted on making holes in his ears, and on giving him trinkets to wear.’

‘It is the mothers then, is it, that control the little children and settle whether they shall wear earrings, or be vaccinated? whether they shall run about clean or dirty, wear clean and tidy clothes or torn and dirty ones? and whether they shall play on the muck-heap or in a nice clean place?’

‘Yes, the mothers look to these things. We men are too busy. . .’

‘Talking!’

‘No, working, Socrates.’

‘You men then, do not approve of such things as earrings, I suppose?’

‘Oh, no!’ said several promptly, ‘we dislike ornaments. It’s our womenfolk who insist on having them.’

‘And you believe in vaccination?’

‘Yes,’ said one or two, but with less certainty.

‘Why is that?’

‘Oh, we know better, Socrates, nowadays. We have been to school.’

‘It is education, then, that makes you wise and sensible, is it?’

‘Yes, of course.’

‘But didn’t you laugh at me just now for suggesting that the girls should go to school? Yet now you say that it is the mothers who are responsible for these important things, and that education makes people wise and sensible.’

‘Yes, I fear we did, Socrates; as usual we had not thought it out in the way you do.’

‘It is obvious then that if you want your children to be clean and healthy, you must send the girls to school so as to learn all the new things.’

‘Yes, but there’s no girls’ school here, Socrates. What are we to do?’

‘That is a difficulty, I admit,’ said Socrates, ‘for people who are so particular as you are. Who are those playing with the little boys over there?’

‘Why, little girls, of course!’

‘Oh, really! I thought they played in a separate place!’

‘No, of course they don’t, Socrates. How could you think that? We are all one big family here.’

‘And they eat together—the little girls and boys?’

‘Yes, certainly.’

‘And wash together, and do everything else together?’

‘Yes, of course.’

‘And no one looks after them?’

‘No, the women are too busy to be following them about all day.’

‘And yet when it comes to education, where they will be under the supervision of reliable and responsible masters and mistresses, the boys and the girls must have separate schools! Surely it is you who are funny people and not Socrates who is funny.’

‘I’m afraid that we are the blind slaves of custom, Socrates, and never think these things out for ourselves.’

‘Then do let me beg you to begin using your brains to think things out before it is too late, and before you are all ruined together. There is another little point about girls’ education too, about which I would like you to think,’ said Socrates.

‘What’s that?’ asked one of those listening, as it was clear that Socrates had something rather important on his mind.

‘It is this,’ said Socrates. ‘One of your biggest troubles is litigation and quarrelling and fighting. Now all this is due to people’s tempers being short, and their tongues and hands not being under control.’

‘We are certainly very careless about what we say, Socrates,’ admitted several.

‘Worse than careless!’ said Socrates. ‘It is all due to lack of self-control. Self-control can

be taught properly only in early childhood, that is, by the mothers, and then only by mothers who have themselves been taught and trained. A trained mother feeds her baby at fixed intervals, and this is the beginning of discipline and self-control. A trained mother teaches her child regular habits, and this again is a useful discipline. A trained mother teaches a child to say "Please" and "Thank you", and to control its tongue. By the time a child is six or seven years old a trained mother has laid the foundations of life-long self-control in her child.'

'Is that really so, Socrates?'

'It is, and I know it well from my own experience. See what you miss by not sending your girls to school. You will never be free from crime and vice, violence and litigation, till your mothers learn how to train their children.'

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

to change one's ways	to follow one's example
to stick to	in preference to
to be left high and dry	to look to
to believe in	to laugh at
just now	as usual
to think a thing out	under the supervision of
to have something on one's mind	to be due to
	at intervals
to lay the foundations.	

2. Get the opposites of :

important, profitable, satisfied, properly, sensible, regular, responsible.

3. Explain the difference between :
- | | |
|------------|--------|
| experience | expect |
| experiment | hope. |
- Have them used in sentences.
4. Give practice with the uses of 'to miss':
- to miss a person when trying to meet him
 - to miss a person when he is absent
 - to miss a train
 - to miss a ball
 - to miss fire.
5. Give practice with the prepositional usage with the following :
- approve *of*, lack *of*, marked *with*.
6. 'These children are *just* the same as we were.'
'Didn't you laugh at me *just* now.'
Revise this use of 'just'.

11. THE ONLY TEACHER

‘You are for ever telling us to learn thrifty ways, Socrates, but it is extremely hard.’

‘Well I know it, lambardarji. This depression has come on us like a thief in the night, and thrift cannot be learnt in a minute.’

‘Had we seen it coming several years ago, Socrates, and had we listened more carefully to what you were teaching us then, we might have put by enough money when we were well off.’

‘You would now be paying your land revenue and water rates with the interest on your savings, if you had started putting money away when cotton sold for twenty rupees a maund.’

‘Don’t talk about it, Socrates. Our folly has returned upon us with a vengeance.’

‘Well, learn thrift now.’

‘Who is to teach us, Socrates?’

‘Why, your wives, of course. The keeper of the home is the person above all others who is interested in keeping the home together; she is the one to teach you thrift.’

‘That may be so in some countries, Socrates, but it is not the case in ours. Our wives are even more wasteful than we are.’

‘Impossible,’ said Socrates.

‘It is perfectly true, Socrates. It is they who deck themselves and their children with trinkets. It is they who insist on expensive weddings. It is they who often urge us to waste our money on litigation. No, our women will never teach us thrift, Socrates.’

‘Then there is small hope for you, if both you and your wives are thriftless. Our womenfolk should be the guardians of our homes. They should stand for peace and thrift: peace, because if the country is disturbed, they may lose their husbands and sons, their homes and little ones may be in danger, and they may be unable to provide their children with food; thrift, because they have a family to feed. Their instinct should be to lay by in case hard times come, or children fall ill, as their first thought is always for the feeding, clothing and welfare of their families. If your wives, therefore, cannot teach you thrift and cannot keep you from quarrelling and disorder, nothing will.’

‘But how can they teach us what they don’t know themselves?’

‘Exactly so. How can they? As long as you treat your little girls as inferior and unfit to be educated, so long will you remain wasteful, thriftless, uncomfortable, unhappy, unhealthy, quarrelsome, undisciplined and disorderly.’

‘But those days have gone, Socrates. We don’t think they are inferior nowadays.’

‘But you treat them as if they were.’

‘Why do you say that?’

‘Wherever I go, I see the boys in clean clothes at school, and girls playing among the village muck-heaps.’

‘But the boys who go to school are no more thrifty than the ones who don’t go there.’

‘Exactly so. The guardianship of the home is the woman’s job. Isn’t the housewife called the *gharwali*, “the keeper of the home”, the highest compliment that any person can be paid? She is the guardian angel of the home. She is the one who must be trained if you ever want to learn thrift, and if you want to have peaceful, happy, healthy homes. Do you think that when your wife has some education she will let you waste your money on litigation, drink and ceremonies? Do you think she will clamour for jewellery and bore holes in her children’s ears? Do you think she will hide her children from the vaccinator? Do you think she will allow you to keep the village in the filthy state in which it is now, once she learns that dirt brings disease?’

‘You must be right, Socrates. Those who went to France told us how thrifty the women there were, and how well they kept their homes and children.’

‘ Well, it must be the same with you if you ever want to see better times.’

‘ But their womenfolk there commanded more respect than ours do here.’

‘ Of course they did. That was because they were just as well-educated and trained as their husbands. No one respects ignorant people nowadays.’

‘ That is certainly so, Socrates.’

‘ There you are then. Send the girls to school, so that by educating themselves they may acquire self-respect, and also be able to earn the respect of their husbands when they marry. They will then wield the influence in your homes which they should, and will take their true place as the guardians of your homes and purses.’

‘ I believe you are right, Socrates. At present our womenfolk help us to waste both our health and our wealth. Once our girls are educated, they will learn to run a home properly, and how to save money, and how to keep their families in health and happiness.’

‘ Do you think,’ went on Socrates, ‘ that when a man has a bright happy home, clean, healthy, disciplined children, and a wife who can read and write, and be his companion and not his drudge, that he will ever be persuaded to leave that home in order to get drunk, to steal cattle, or to join in a row or a riot? Do you think that a man

from such a happy home will run the risk of going to jail and losing it all? Do you think the jails are full of men from the happy homes I have described, or from those uncomfortable homes where the wife is ignorant, the children unhealthy and undisciplined, and the rooms dark and rat-ridden?’

‘I expect you are right, Socrates, but. . .’

‘I am certain I am right,’ said Socrates. ‘I know that from looking at my own children. They have no holes bored in their ears. They are vaccinated and re-vaccinated, however. They sleep in mosquito-nets. They are dosed with quinine, and are well acquainted with soap. I suppose you would call me a heartless father and my wife an unnatural mother?’

‘We daren’t say that about you, Socrates. We have seen your lovely children—but they are the children of a rich man.’

‘A rich man indeed! How do you make that out, lambardarji? Soap is cheap, and their clothes are all made for them by their mother. Your children’s clothes are made by the village *darzi*, I believe?’

‘Yes, that is so, Socrates.’

‘Then it is your children who are rich men’s children, with their hundred rupees’ worth of ornaments and with their clothes made by the *darzi*. Yours are hundred-rupee children. Mine

are four-rupee children: one rupee eight annas for a mosquito-net, four annas for soap, four annas for quinine, two rupees for cloth, and the clothes all made at home. But you should see how bright and fit they are, lambardarji, and how they play and run, and how quick they are at their lessons.'

'Yes, I know, Socrates.'

'It is not a question of wealth, lambardarji. It's a question of their mother's knowledge and education. It's too late for you, but if you want your grandchildren to be better than you are, you must send your little girls to school, so that they may learn all these things, ready for the time when they will have children of their own. Whenever I see dirty children loaded with trinkets, I know that their mothers never went to school, and that their fathers are the slaves of debt and custom, and waste their money on all the old follies and ceremonies, and refuse to learn how to save their own wealth and their children's health.'

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

a thief in the night	to put by
to put away	to sell for
with a vengeance	to stand for
to fall ill	to lay by
in case	to run the risk of
as long as	to pay a compliment to
to take one's place	to run (a home).

2. Explain the use of and give practice with ' ago '.
3. Distinguish between, and give practice with in sentences :
compliment, complement; refuse, deny.
4. ' You would now be paying——if you had started——.'
Give practice with this form of conditional sentence.
5. ' Our wives are *even* more wasteful than we are.'
Explain the force of ' even ' here and give practice in
other sentences.

12. SIMPLE ARITHMETIC

‘ You have already seen that town and country are parts of one whole—the civic body—and that neither can live without the other. The more prosperous the village, the more crops and money will come to the town and the more prosperous will be the townspeople. The poorer the village, the fewer crops and less money will come to the town, and the poorer will be the townspeople.

‘ Now let us see in what way the villages can be made more prosperous. We said before that the villager must know all about farming. So he does ; but farming is always capable of improvement, and in many other countries, by means of education and Science, very rapid improvement has been made in farming, which our farmers by reason of their lack of education have not yet been able to achieve. Perhaps the townspeople may be able to help in bringing the knowledge of these discoveries to the villagers, thereby increasing not only the villagers’ prosperity but their own too.

‘ Now what we are going to discuss is all a matter of simple arithmetic. So sharpen your pencils—and your wits—and jot down a few figures. The net land revenue of the Punjab is, in round figures,

two-and-a-half crores of rupees, that is, twenty-five million rupees by the English way of counting. The net receipts from our famous canal system are about four crores of rupees. The Excise revenue—that is, the duty paid on alcoholic liquor and drugs—is one crore. The revenue from stamps is about one crore, and the miscellaneous income of the Government is nearly two crores. The total income of the Punjab Government therefore is nearly ten-and-a-half crores of rupees.

‘Now let us see what could be done in comparison with these figures by better methods of farming.

‘The Government has several kinds of improved wheat seed—8A, 518 and 9D are their names—each one specially suited to certain conditions of soil, water and so on. If one of these kinds were sown in every acre of wheat grown throughout the Punjab, the average yield of wheat would be increased by not less than two maunds an acre. In some parts the increase would be less, in others more, and in yet others far more, but on the average it would be not less than two maunds to the acre. Now there are about ten million acres of wheat harvested each year in the Punjab. The total is sometimes more, sometimes less, depending upon the rainfall, the amount of water in the canals, the price of wheat and so on, but, on an average, about one crore or ten million acres are

harvested each year. The extra wheat which would be secured by using improved seed would therefore be two crores or twenty million maunds. If we take the price of wheat as two rupees a maund, this means that the sowing of good seed instead of bad would add four crores of rupees every year to the wealth of the Punjab, a sum of money equal to the whole amount paid annually for the use of canal water.'

'Is any good seed sown yet?' asked a student.

'Yes, certainly! About four million acres of wheat are already sown with good seed. So you see the Punjab is getting on, but you must not rest until every acre is sown with the best possible seed.'

'Now take cotton. Approximately there are sixteen lakhs of acres sown in the Punjab with *desi* cotton and eight lakhs with American. If cotton is sown in lines instead of being sown broadcast as is usually done, the yield of cotton will be increased, on the average, by two maunds for each acre sown. Assuming a price of five rupees a maund for *desi* and eight rupees for American, will some bright lad tell us the extra gain to the Punjab that will come from sowing cotton in lines?'

After some calculation a boy answered, 'A little more than one crore and a quarter of rupees for American, and more than a crore and a half for *desi* cotton.'

‘That is correct. Accurately the figures are Rs. 1,28,00,000 and Rs. 1,60,00,000, or Rs. 2,88,00,000 in all, which is a sum considerably bigger than the total annual land revenue of the province.’

‘How large an area is already being sown in lines, Socrates?’

‘Very little indeed so far, but a beginning has been made and you can all help here.’

‘Of course we will. That is a very simple thing to tell everyone. It can cost no more than sowing broadcast and will bring in a lot of extra money.’

‘To be spent in the towns, eh? Now let us take another crop, sugar-cane. Five lakhs or half a million acres are sown, on the average, every year in the Punjab, and if we plant sets¹ of the improved kinds of cane, which the Government has developed, the extra yield will be worth not less, on the average, than Rs. 25 an acre, which will add a crore and a quarter of rupees to the wealth of the province, or a sum greater than the annual Excise revenue or the Stamp revenue.

‘I could give you many more instances to show you the value of better farming, but there is no more time today. In a general way, however, good seed and good methods of cultivation mean more wealth to town and country alike.

¹ The short pieces of cane which are put into the ground, and from which the sugar-cane plant grows, are called sets.

‘ Even the digging of manure pits must add very greatly to the weight of the crops, but it cannot be as accurately worked out as in the cases of good seed and sowing in lines. In those cases actual fields were sown in many places year after year, and the crops weighed against the crops in other fields near them where the old bad seed had been sown, or the seed had been sown broadcast. In the case of manure no such accurate test is possible, but it is quite certain that, if all rubbish and manure all over the province were put into well-dug pits, the gain would amount to several crores of rupees every year.

‘ All these crops will come to the town markets, and all these rupees will, in the end, be spent in the towns. All of you, therefore, whether you live in towns or in villages, must do all you can in your own interests to help the farmer to win heavier crops from his land.’

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

by means of	by reason of
to sharpen one's wits	in comparison with
on the average	in one's interests
in the case of	in round figures

to bring in.

2. Give practice with the following prepositional usages :
capable of, lack of, suited to, depend on (upon).

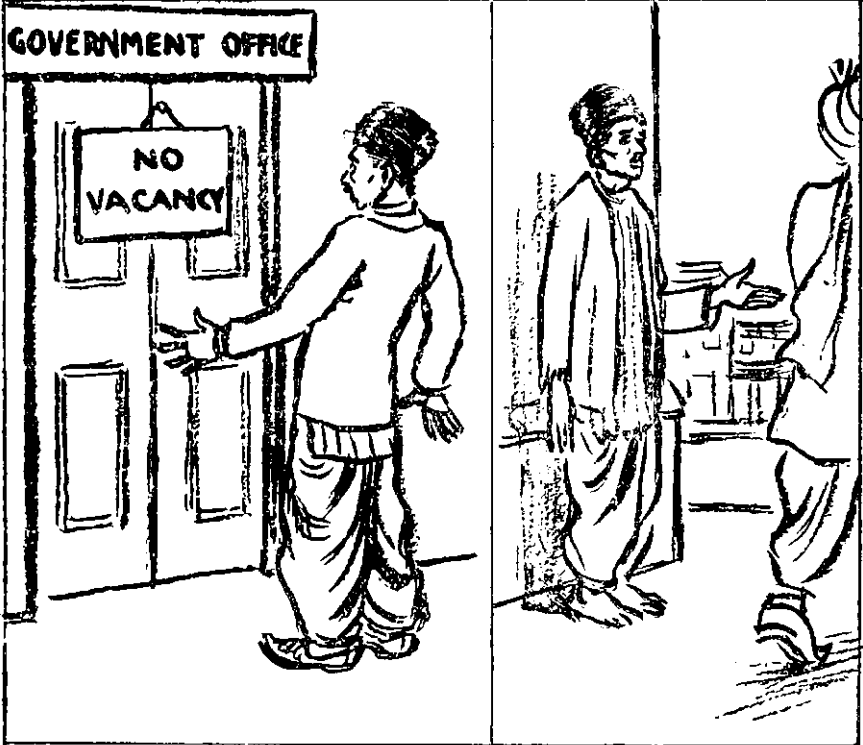
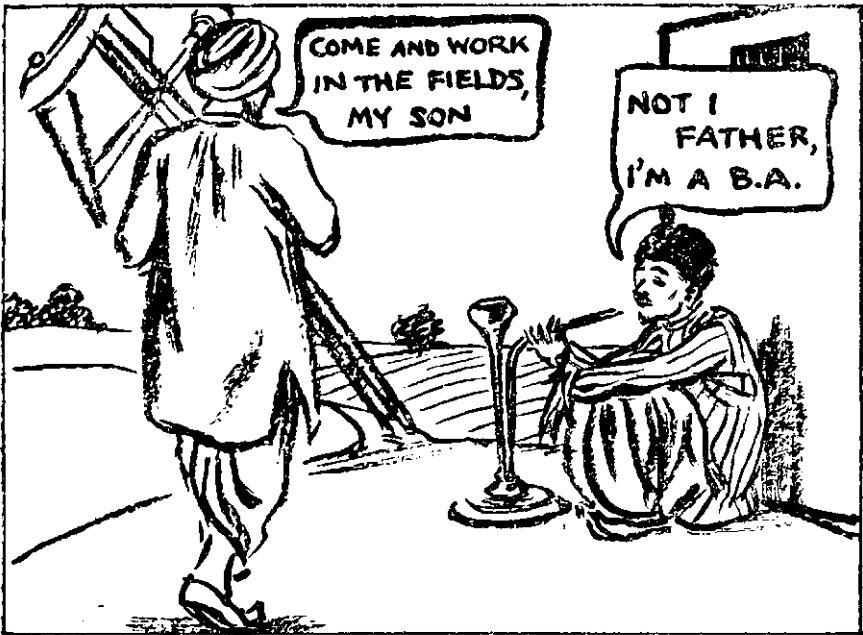
3. Get the nouns of the same derivation as the following :
prosperous, possible, total, annual, accurately.
4. 'If one of these kinds were sown, the average yield of wheat would be increased.' Give practice with this form of conditional sentence.

13. A POSITION OF TRUST

Socrates visited a school one day. He arrived half-an-hour after school was due to start. To his surprise however, the boys were still drifting along in ones and twos, and they did not seem to be at all disturbed or worried about being half-an-hour late. They were just dawdling along, talking and laughing, quite indifferent to the fact that they were breaking the first and biggest law of school life. Worst of all, the master came along last.

Socrates frowned. 'No wonder the boys are so unpunctual,' he muttered. 'I dare say everything else in the school is in keeping with the slovenly habit of coming late to school.'

When he went into the school, he found that it was as he had supposed. A spirit of slackness and slovenliness pervaded the whole place. The boys' books were in untidy heaps instead of being arranged neatly. Paper was thrown here, there and everywhere. Clothes were untidily put on. When the games period came, the boys took five minutes to start their play, and made a farce of the games by not attempting to play according to the rules, and by playing slackly and selfishly. The drill was not drill at all, but was ragged and out of time.



A YOUNG GENTLEMAN

When lessons started again, Socrates called them all together and said, 'I am going to tell you a story about a friend of mine.' The boys at once began to pay attention.

'This friend of mine,' said Socrates, 'wanted an assistant in his office. So he advertised in the newspapers. His advertisement read as follows: "Wanted an educated young man, on fair wages, for a position of trust."' '

'What is a position of trust?' asked a boy.

'It means that the person who is in the position must be able to work and to act and to represent his master's interests just as well when his master is five hundred miles away as he does when his master's eye is on him as he sits in the office. He must therefore be keen, honest, resourceful, hard-working and full of initiative. He must take a pride in his work, and be whole-heartedly devoted to his master's interests.'

'What a list!' said the teacher. 'Where are they going to learn all this?'

'Why, at school, of course,' said Socrates.

The teacher's face fell. Socrates went on. 'Hundreds answered the advertisement, and my friend carefully read their applications and sorted them into two heaps. In one heap he put all those which he was able to discard without further trouble.'

'How could he reject the applications before

he had seen the people who had sent them ?' asked a boy.

'Some of them had spelt words wrongly ; some had put no address either at the top of the sheet or after their names. In one letter there was a sheet of blank paper between the two written sheets, and so on. When my friend came across such applications he simply said, "What carelessness !" and rejected them. Who wants a careless person to work for him ?

'To all the others my friend wrote saying that they were to appear punctually at ten o'clock on a certain date at his office. At a quarter to ten on the fixed day, my friend reached his office and wrote down the names of everyone who came, but at ten sharp, he stopped writing. All those who arrived late were at once rejected. They were full of complaints. But my friend was adamant. "I don't want unpunctual people in this office," was all he said, and away they had to go. One said that he had had trouble in finding the office. "If you didn't know the way, you should have had the sense to have come yesterday and learnt the way, or to have started in good time this morning. I don't want people who are not keen or who have no common sense."

'My friend's list was considerably reduced by now. The next thing he did was rather peculiar. He served out to each one of those remaining a big

card with a number printed on it, and told each of them to tie it on his arm.

‘ While he was doing this a lad came running up and stood in front of my friend. “ Too late,” said my friend. “ I don’t want unpunctual people here.” The lad looked crestfallen, but turned to go without a murmur. “ He’s disciplined, anyway,” thought my friend. “ Perhaps it wasn’t his own fault that he was late.” So he called the lad back and asked him why he was so late.

‘ “ As I was coming along,” said the lad, “ there was a cry of ‘ Stop thief!’ and I saw a policeman chasing a man who had torn the ornaments from a little girl’s ears. I joined in the hunt, but as no one else came to our help, it took us some time to run him down, and I have only just returned from the police station.”

‘ “ Well-developed sense of citizenship,” said my friend, and gave the boy a number too in spite of his having been late.

‘ My friend then told them all that he would make his decision in exactly one hour’s time, and that meanwhile they were to wait outside. Turning on his heel he went into his office. As soon as he had shut the door, he slipped upstairs, and, unseen by the candidates, proceeded to watch them all most carefully through a chink in the closed shutters of the window. “ Educationally they are all exactly the same,” said my friend to himself. “ I want only

one. So I can afford to pick and choose, and take nothing but the very best. There's a very cold wind blowing, and perhaps that will help me to find my man."

'The moment my friend's back was turned, the candidates relaxed, and all became their natural selves again. They soon began to display the day-to-day character which their up-bringing and schooling had developed in them. The last to arrive immediately tidied his clothes where they had been ruffled by the struggle with the thief. That done, he pulled a bundle of papers out of his pocket, ran through them, put them in order, smoothed them out where they were crumpled, and, after carefully folding them, put them back in his pocket. He then pulled a book out of another pocket and started reading it as he walked up and down to keep warm.

"'Tidy,'" said my friend to himself, "and methodical. He's not going to lose his chance of my job by any carelessness or inattention to detail. He evidently does not like mooning about and wasting his time, so he takes a book about with him in case he has to wait anywhere."

'My friend then took his list of candidates and put a mark against his name, and then turned his eyes towards the others. One of them threw a piece of paper away, and it fluttered along the ground in the wind. "Why should I have some-

one who is untidy?" said my friend, and, noting his number, he ran a pencil through his name. Several others had their shoe-laces undone, and through their names went the pencil. One of the candidates started picking his nose. Another spat occasionally. "I don't want you two either," said my friend, and out went their names. Others were mooning about, and some of them were smoking cigarettes. "I doubt if unemployed lads ought to be smoking cigarettes," said my friend, and he put a query against their names. Another lad lost his chance of a job by tying on his number upside down.

' Suddenly the candidate who had arrived last looked up, and seeing a group of lads standing shivering and doing nothing at all, he went up to them and started talking. My friend could not hear what was being said, but after what looked like some amount of persuasion, the lad led them all to an open place, threw off his coat, and with his toe marked out what turned out to be a *kabaddi* pitch. He then divided up the party, and they stripped and started playing a good game of *kabaddi*. The lad who had started the game was by no means the biggest player, and was clearly not very good at *kabaddi*, but he made light of his knocks and tumbles, and took them all in good spirit.

' After some time he looked at his watch, and

then stopped the game. They all put on their clothes again. By now the hour was up, and my friend went downstairs to the front door and called them all together. He then called out the name of the *kabaddi* organizer, and when he came up smartly, he held out his hand to him. The lad very shyly took it, but there was nothing weak about his hand-shake, and he returned my friend's grip in full. "That settles it," said my friend to himself. "There is character behind that grip. There is nothing soft or namby-pamby there. It's the hard hand of a good workman." Then he announced his decision, giving the position of trust to the lad who had helped to catch the thief. Stepping up to him he shook his hand again, and congratulated him upon his success.

'There was a howl of protest from the others. "You have interviewed none of us yet," they complained. "How can you possibly make your selection until you have interviewed us?"

"I never said that I would interview you," answered my friend. "But I have done better than that. I have watched you very carefully for the last hour, while you have been your normal natural selves, and I have selected the one who I think is best qualified to fill a position of trust."

"What difference is there between him and the rest of us?" they asked.

"A very great difference," said my friend.

“In the first place he is a good citizen. He joined the police in catching a thief when none of the bystanders lifted a finger to help.”

““ We didn’t have a chance,” said several.

““ No ; that was his good luck ; but there’s a lot more to come. My new assistant is tidy and methodical. He leaves nothing to chance and he doesn’t like wasting his time. He also thinks of others. When he saw several of you standing about shivering, he helped you to warm yourselves. He is also a leader, and he showed his leadership by organizing a game. He is unselfish, as he allowed the others to select a game at which he himself was not very good, and in which, being smaller than some of his companions, he was bound to get knocked about. He showed his sense of fair play by not picking all the bigger boys for his own side, and he took his tumbles in a sporting spirit.”

““ Why shouldn’t you take me ?” asked one of the rejected candidates.

““ For one thing, your shoe-laces are undone and your finger-nails are dirty,” said my friend. “Why should I take a man who has not learnt clean habits, and who is slovenly and has no self-respect ?”

““ I had no time,” grumbled the boy, forgetting that he had been waiting an hour outside the office.

““ Nor do I want one who gets up late in the morning and tells lies,” went on my friend. “No,

my friends, I think you will agree with me that I have made the best selection possible. Good-bye to all of you. I am sorry that I have no work to offer you today.”

‘ And away they all trooped, greatly disappointed. After all there is a lot more to learn both at school and at home than the passing of examinations !’

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

I dare say (revise)	in keeping with
to make a farce of	according to
instead of	as follows
to take a pride in	in good time
to be one's fault (revise)	to go to a person's help
to turn on one's heel	to pick and choose
to put in order	to lose one's chance
to make light of	to turn out to be
namby-pamby	to take in good spirit
to lift a finger to help	bound to (revise).
2. Give practice in sentences with the uses of ‘ due ’ :

due to start	due reward
respect due to a person	due to ignorance
due at a certain time	due east.
3. Give practice with the prepositional uses with the following :

devoted *to*, indifferent *to*, full *of*, inattention *to*, qualified *to*.
4. Get the opposites of :

punctual, selfishly, tidily, trustworthy.
5. Revise the use and constructions of :

to see, to watch, to look at, to gaze at, to stare at.
6. Explain the difference between ‘ interest ’ and ‘ interests ’ and give practice with the use of both in sentences.

14. THE SPIRIT OF SERVICE

‘I am in very low spirits today, O citizens!’ said Socrates. ‘I expected to see some model villages.’

‘Well, did things not come up to your expectations?’ asked one of his hearers.

‘The villages that I saw were models, sure enough, but they were models of dirt and squalor.’

‘Why, where have you been?’

‘Well, I thought that if I went to a village where there was a rural dispensary, I should find everything perfect, and the village clean and sanitary, the children neat and clean and bright, mosquito-nets in use, and everything spick and span.’

‘Well,’ said one of the citizens, ‘wasn’t it so?’

‘Not in the least,’ answered Socrates. ‘To my dismay, the village with the dispensary, with a cultured and educated doctor, was just as dirty and insanitary as any other, and even in the neighbourhood of the dispensary, within a stone’s throw of the doctor’s own dwelling, not a thing had been done to improve matters.’

‘I don’t wonder, Socrates, that nothing had been done. The villages with schools in them, where there are half a dozen masters, are just as bad as the others where there are no schools. So why

should you expect the presence of a hospital to improve matters ?’

‘Then,’ went on Socrates, ‘I went to a village owned by a man who is educated and wears foreign clothes and is highly cultured.’

‘What did you expect to find there ?’ asked another man.

‘Why,’ answered Socrates, ‘a perfect spot, of course.’

‘And did you ?’

‘I was so taken aback, that I made certain that I was in the wrong village, as it was exactly the same as any other village. It took a long time to persuade me that I had come to the right place. But there it was, just as squalid as any other. And so it is with the towns which are full of people who are supposed to be up-to-date and enlightened citizens.’

‘You are an optimist, Socrates,’ said one of the citizens. ‘When will you learn that most people are all alike, whether they are educated or uneducated, rich or poor ? As long as they themselves are not disturbed, and can get their food and their pleasures, little else matters.’

‘This is indeed depressing. There must be something wrong somewhere, as this means that there can never be any progress until this attitude is quite changed.’

‘You are right.’

‘I think,’ said Socrates, ‘that the only thing to do is to tackle the young, since you grey-beards are beyond all change now.’

‘There you are right. It will be easier to change the children than to change the elders.’

‘Then,’ said Socrates, ‘we must get hold of the children and teach them that there is more in life than eating and sleeping and talking, and we must try to make them desirous of improving themselves and desirous of helping one another.’

‘That,’ agreed all who were listening, ‘would be an excellent thing. But, Socrates, how on earth will you do it? You will have your work cut out.’

‘I seem,’ answered Socrates, ‘to remember hearing of an organization called the Boy Scouts. Do you know anything about it?’

‘Yes,’ said one man. ‘You are right. There is such an organization. We see the Boy Scouts at our fairs, helping the old women and the children, and doing all manner of menial work for other people.’

‘That’s the thing I want—people who will do even menial work to help others. I want people with ideals of service, who will spread abroad the desire for improvement, and the spirit of unselfishness.’

‘Excellent, Socrates. We must try to find these Boy Scout workers, and see if they can help you.’

‘But,’ said Socrates, ‘I don’t want the little boys only. I want the college lads too, so that every man who becomes a Government servant or a teacher will have in him a determination to help his fellow men and to make the world better.’

‘You want a great deal, Socrates. You must tackle our colleges and schools, our professors and teachers, and try to make them all do as you wish.’

‘Indeed I must,’ answered Socrates. ‘I see that we must get a new spirit spread abroad among our educated people—the spirit of service—and then, whatever profession they follow, they will always be ready and anxious to help, and to turn their knowledge to good account.’

‘But,’ objected one man, ‘if the doctor helps to clean the village, and the engineer gives a lecture on ventilating the houses, or the schoolmaster tells the women how to clean their children, they will all want extra pay and allowances.’

‘No,’ answered Socrates, ‘no, they won’t; not if they have learnt the true spirit of service. They will be Boy Scouts when they are at school, and will learn habits of self-reliance, usefulness and social service. When they go to college they will continue to cultivate this spirit, so that when they go out into the world they will do their best to help their fellow men and women to improve their homes and villages and towns, and to lead better lives

in every way. If they have the spirit of service, they will not expect any extra pay.'

'Well, Socrates,' said all the citizens, 'may you succeed! When you do so it will make such a world of difference to this country that it will become a paradise.'

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

to be in low spirits	to come up to expectations
in use	to my dismay (horror, de-
spick and span	light, surprise, joy)
to be taken aback (revise)	within a stone's throw
to turn to good account	to take (time)
to make a world of difference	to get hold of
	to have one's work cut out.
2. Revise the construction of 'to tell' with interrogatives such as 'why', 'where', 'how', 'when':

e.g. He told us why he had come.
They told me how it had happened.
3. Explain the difference between 'to expect', 'to hope', and 'to fear', and give practice in sentences.
4. Give practice with 'wonder':

I wonder whether he will come or not.
When they saw him they wondered.
5. Get the opposites of :

optimist, up-to-date, depressing, paradise.
6. 'You grey-beards are *beyond* all change.'
Give practice with this use of 'beyond' and also with the ordinary use of the word: 'The field is *beyond* the well.'

15. SOCRATES SATISFIED

Socrates came into the village and visited a small but beautifully clean and tidy home, with plenty of windows and ventilators, no signs of a muck-heap or a cake of cowdung, with pretty and spotlessly clean children playing in the yard, while their mother sat at her work, which was the mending of a home-made woollen vest for the baby. One of the elder boys was in Boy Scout uniform, and was teaching his smaller brother how to tie knots.

The father was feeding his fowls, lovely big white hens, in a large wired-in cage near the stable where the cattle were tied.

There were flowers growing in the yard, advantage having been taken of the waste water from the house to keep them alive. Some distance away could be seen the screen of the pit-latrine.

‘How many eggs today, chaudhriji?’ asked Socrates.

‘Oh! plenty, Socrates,’ said the man. ‘I’ve never wanted for eggs since I learnt to keep poultry and bought a sitting of prize egg-laying hens at the farm. And what fine big eggs I get too!’

‘Good,’ said Socrates. ‘But what took you to the poultry farm?’

‘ I went to prosecute a criminal lawsuit, and while I was waiting I saw the hens in the model farm close by. In the end I compromised my case, and learnt about the hens instead.’

‘ But who looks after your hens when you go to your fields ?’

‘ Oh, there are several to do that, Socrates. My eldest boy is at school, and they learn everything there nowadays. When he’s away my wife does any work that’s necessary.’

‘ Your wife ! What does she know about modern poultry-keeping ?’

‘ Here, wife !’ called the man. ‘ Socrates is saying evil things of you. He says that you don’t understand poultry-keeping !’

‘ Oh, don’t I, Socrates !’ said his wife. ‘ I suppose you think that all I know about is dung-cake making !’

‘ That’s about all, I suppose,’ said Socrates.

‘ Do my hands look as if I dabbled in cow-dung ?’

‘ No, I can’t say that they do !’

‘ Have my children any holes bored in their ears or noses ?’

‘ No, they haven’t.’

‘ Are any of them dirty or badly clothed ?’

‘ No, they are beautifully clean, and all have woollen clothes on for this cold weather.’

‘Can you see any pock-marks, any bad eyes, running noses, any signs of ill-health or neglect?’

‘No, I can’t. They look as good as my own children.’

‘Thank you, Socrates, you couldn’t say more than that. Now look inside the house and see if you can find any dirt or untidiness. Look all round for dung-cakes too.’

‘I can find nothing that shouldn’t be here, and I see everything that should be here, from mosquito-nets to a medicine chest, covers for the food, and a wheel-barrow for the rubbish.’

‘Then don’t say again that I know nothing,’ said the woman.

‘I apologize most humbly! But—but—but—I don’t understand,’ said Socrates. ‘You belong to this district, don’t you?’

‘Yes, certainly I do. What’s the matter?’

‘Am I dreaming, or is this all real? Will someone please pinch me to make sure I am awake?’

‘No, you’re not dreaming. It’s all quite real, Socrates,’ said the woman. ‘I went to the village school with my brother. The teacher taught us reading and writing, and his wife taught us sewing, knitting, and all the other things a home-keeper must know.’

‘You are a lucky man,’ said Socrates, turning to her husband, ‘to have an educated and cultured wife like this one.’

‘I am, and I know it, Socrates. Home is sweet to me, and I leave no stone unturned to make it more comfortable. No quarrelling and litigation for me! Home’s best, Socrates, once you have a real home, as I have now.’

‘That’s right,’ said Socrates. ‘One trained woman will make a home, but twenty uneducated women cannot.’

‘But there’s lots more to show you, Socrates, than you can see here.’

‘There’s no need to show me,’ said Socrates. ‘Once the housewife is trained and educated and the home is happy, all else follows.’

‘That is quite true,’ said the husband. ‘Now that my home is in the care of an educated woman who knows how to spend my money, I am free to give my whole attention to my farm and to my village. I went to school too when I was a boy. They had no Scouts in those days, but the master was a good man, and taught us all that a villager ought to know in order to improve his home and farm. You will probably not be surprised to hear that I am the chairman of my village co-operative bank and a member of my village *panchayat*. Our village is clean, our holdings have been consolidated, we sow good seed, keep good cattle, use good implements, and fence our fields. When we put our holdings together we found that we had several acres to spare.’

‘That always happens, owing to the reduction in the number of boundary banks.’

‘Well, that extra space has been tidied up for use as a playing-field, both for the children and for the grown-ups, and we have a very good games club, playing matches with those villages round about which have begun to copy us. Life is so simple and easy now, I keep wondering how we managed to exist at all in the bad old days when we were unable to join together to do anything, were all jealous of one another, and prevented one another from trying to leave the old ways of living. The waste that went on in those days, the ridiculous way in which we lived and farmed and quarrelled, the utterly unnecessary squalor, suffering and poverty, the. . .’

‘Don’t I know it?’ said Socrates. ‘God was indeed merciful to you in those dark ages or there would be none of you alive today.’

‘Perfectly true, Socrates. We are now happy, comfortable, healthy, and in spite of far lower prices than we enjoyed then, we are much better off than we were in those days. We are not rich, of course, but we don’t need to be. Our wants are few, our tastes are simple, and we have sufficient. We can afford to have a holiday and to go to a fair, and we can afford a few pretty clothes and toys for the children, and so on. We have some bright pictures on the walls. One or two

newspapers come to us every week, one for farmers, another for housewives, another for children, and so on. We pay our share in a co-operative health society which provides a trained nurse and a trained midwife when they are wanted, and also doctors, men and women. But we don't get the diseases we used to get when we lived in darkness and dirt. I shudder at the thought of how we lived a few years back. We are so healthy now that some of the younger ones, who never knew the old days, consider that we are wasting our money by joining the health society, and would like to drop out of it.'

'That is like some countries I know where generations of vaccination have made people forget what small-pox is like, and they go about preaching against vaccination !'

'Yes, there is never an end of work if we wish to hold on to the new life which we have learnt to live. But the worst of the struggle is now over. We have learnt to work together, to pay for what we want, and to help ourselves. Above all, our wives are now our partners, and know as much as we do, and are as keen as we are on making village life worth living. We save in good times so that we do not need to borrow in bad times; we bring up our children, boys and girls, to the new life we now enjoy ourselves; and I can see no reason why we should ever slip back to the old life of

squalor, poverty, and ill health that we had to endure before. We are ready to join in, and put our money into, any good scheme that you can convince us will be of use to us or our village or our country, wireless broadcasting or anything else.'

'In fact you have achieved the new village life!'

'Yes, we have, and at far less cost than the old.'

TO THE TEACHER

1. Give practice with the following usages :

to go about	to take advantage of (revise)
in the end	to leave no stone unturned
to afford	(revise)
to drop out of	to hold on to
above all	to see no reason why
in fact	at less cost than.
2. Give practice with prepositional uses of the following :
jealous *of*, provide *for*, to pay *for*, keen *on*.
3. Give practice with 'to take to', explaining the different meanings (to begin ; to like at once).
4. Give practice with :

in good times	in olden times
in bad times	in modern times.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

1. Discuss frankly throughout the whole reading of the book how far you agree or disagree with (a) the opinions and strictures of Socrates and (b) his optimism.

2. In each lesson discuss how far each point applied in the recent past and how far it applies now to (a) towns, and (b) villages in general, and to your town or village in particular.

3. Note any defects which have been remedied in your town or village.

4. Note any defects which Socrates has not mentioned and their proper remedies.

5. How are you willing to help to improve things in your town or village ?

6. How can the town help the village ?

7. Discuss changes in town and country that you have seen (1) for the better, (2) for the worse, and (3) involving (a) extra expense or saving of expense, (b) more comfort or less comfort, (c) gain or loss in health and wealth.

8. Who respect custom and tradition more, villagers or townsmen ?

9. Discuss the ways in which Science has given man mastery over nature in your own town or village. (What about canals, railways, roads, steamers, the telegraph, wireless, machinery ?)

10. Supposing there had been no Science, how much of your present clothing, books, buildings and food would you be without ?

11. Find the various places where mosquitoes and flies might be breeding in and near your school premises.

12. How many school days have you lost by fever ?

13. What are the chief crops near your town or village? Have they been spoilt in recent years by any cause and, if so, do you know what was the cause?

14. Is there anything you want very much in your town, village or school which you could get by co-operation? Discuss the forming of a Co-Operative Society to secure this much desired object.

15. Enumerate and describe the advantages of consolidation and the disadvantages of sub-division of holdings.

16. Work out the things town and village boys would learn if they did not go to school but omit to learn now they do go. Why should not they still learn them?