

Indian Opinion

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NOTES AND NEWS

NEXT Sunday Durban will have the rare privilege of welcoming a very distinguished visitor in the person of the Sultan of Zanzibar, Sayyid Khalifa Bin Harub who is accompanied by Prince Abdulla, his only son, and his secretary Sheikh Bin Suleiman and other members of his staff. The Sultan recently visited England and is now returning per the Windsor Castle. Last Monday a royal welcome was accorded the Sultan at Capetown and the Durban Corporation are preparing to accord him a civic reception at the Town Hall on his arrival on Sunday morning in which the Indian community has been permitted to join. The Indian community is exceedingly pleased to have this unexpected privilege of welcoming the Sultan on these shores. We heartily join in welcoming the Sultan, and pray that Heaven's choicest blessings may be showered upon him. From Durban the Sultan will be sailing by the boat going to Zanzibar. The Sultan will be entertained to lunch by the Orient Club.

We thank Pandit Bhawani Dayal Sanyasi for sending us figures obtained by him of Indians who have left South Africa under the Assisted Emigration Scheme from 1st January 1929 to 30th June 1929. They are as follows:—348 men, 155 women, 161 boys and 146 girls making a total of 810.

Writing on Mr. Andrews' letter to Mahatma Gandhi regarding Mrs. Sarojini Naidu's visit to America, the *Leader* says:—

At a time when Indian culture and Indian civilization are much misunderstood and misinterpreted abroad, it is of the greatest importance to Indian interests, that we should be sending from India regularly to America, the dominions and other countries of the West Indians of culture and refinement, who would interpret India correctly to the world. To mention one great advantage. In the dominions where Indians are denied full rights of citizenship conditions would greatly improve if the average white citizen could have an opportunity of coming into contact with a Sarojini Naidu or Srinivasa Sastri. Such meeting would help greatly to remove the white man's notions of his racial superiority born of an imperfect understanding of Indian capacity.

'Who is it, I ask, who says that the lands (of Africa) rightly belong to the natives? I do not think that they do belong to the natives... We came to Africa to take up land, and we shall take up more land too.' These views were expressed by Mr. L. F. Moore, the leader of the elected members of the Legislative Council of Northern Rhodesia in the course of a criticism of the Hilton Young Report. The condition of the depressed classes of India has from time to time for reasons which need hardly be explained evoked the sympathy of many an Anglo-Indian die-hard. Recently it has evoked the sympathy of Mr. Hughes, ex-Premier of Australia, who has been telling the world how these people

are being wronged by the educated classes. How one wishes, writes the *Leader* (Allahabad), that these people could be persuaded to take some interest in the doings of their fellow-whitemen who have been responsible for a number of very grievous wrongs done to the native races of the Empire. In India progressive Indians of all communities are showing interest in the well-being of the depressed classes; various organisations are at work devoting time and money and energy to the uplift of this section of their countrymen. But in Africa, the native who has suffered at the hands of his white trustees as few nations of the world have suffered, has still to face the hostility of the white immigrant. He has been robbed of his lands, taxed beyond his capacity to pay, so that he may be forced to work for wages at the white settler's farms, and in other ways prevented from improving his prospects. And when an attempt is made to prevent the white settler from making further encroachments on lands of the African, and to promote his moral and material advancement, the white settler offers opposition. Here is the instance of Mr. L. F. Moore who proclaims unabashed that he and others of his race who are settled in Africa would rob the native of more land. Frankness is always to be welcomed, but how do the Government propose to deal with these birds of prey?

"MERCURY" ON THE POET AND INDIA

THE *Natal Mercury* in a leading article discussing the Poet Rabindranath Tagore and India has chosen to hurl an unwonted insult to both. The Editor of the *Natal Mercury* is a rabid conservative and is a strong believer in keeping the great Dependency of India ever a dependency. Any attempt made therefore towards equalising the West with the East or to blend them together is simply poison to him and to think that a European should become a traitor to his creed and take a prominent part in bringing East and West together would naturally raise his wrath to unbounded limits. Our contemporary was therefore evidently not in a particularly happy mood to see Mr. C. F. Andrews taking pains to publish a collection of letters addressed to him by Rabindranath Tagore ("*Letters to a Friend*," published by George Allen Unwin Ltd.) which has given birth to the article in question.

Well we shall not say much about the ability of Rabindranath Tagore. India of course recognises and respects him as her National Poet and Philosopher but the tributes he has won from the civilized European world is also so great that our contemporary's voice is simply lost in the din of those tributes. Its attack on India, however, requires some consideration. Katherine Mayo's works on India seems to have attracted our contemporary more than the works of the world-famous Poet Rabindranath Tagore. Of course both are world-famous. Katherine Mayo cannot be ranked second in her fame. But the difference is that while Tagore is praised for his poetical works the latter is denounced by the whole of the civilised European world for her misstatements, exaggerations and utter immodesty. But people's tastes are not always alike. Some have refined tastes, others' tastes are perverted. It is a matter of habit. And our contemporary's taste can be counted among the second class mentioned above. Eastern has always done, but Western civilization too has taught us not to look at the evils of another but to copy another's virtues. Therefore, while the virtues of India are being brought to the forefront we do not know what earthly purpose is served by constantly pointing a finger of scorn to her evils. Those who have spoken of the virtues of India have never refused to admit her evils. If the *Natal Mercury* has in its wisdom and in accordance with its understanding of modesty thought fit to point out to us the evils of our country we are as much prepared to admit them all, even though they may be exaggerated. We are ashamed of them, we are atoning for them. But those evils are now on the wane. There is a vigorous movement on foot to eradicate them. The progress towards their eradication is a thousandfold greater than their growth. Our contemporary's quotations from Dr. N. S. D. Phadke's speech in 1927 that: "No more efficacious and sure means than child marriage could have been devised for the production of an unfit race," and from Mrs. Aparna Devi's speech at the all-India Women's Social Conference in Calcutta that "We are a dying race, and unless we are prepared to stem the gathering down-rush of Hindu society by something strong and tangible we should soon sink into oblivion" only proves our case, that vigorous

steps are being taken to eradicate those evils.

But after all said and done, who is to be ashamed more than anybody else of these evils in India? It is, we would venture to suggest, a hundred and sixty years' of British rule in India that is responsible for these evils. British Government in India have exploited the country and kept her people in servitude all these years. They are responsible for the communal strifes, they are responsible for all the cast divisions and social evils. For their only motto has been to divide and rule and they have done nothing for the uplift of the people. India is now awakened, and the Government can boast of mighty little contribution in the great social reform work that is now afoot in that country.

One word more in reply to our contemporary. If there are two Indias are there not two Englands and two Africas? Are not sufficient evils wrought in the Ball rooms? have not the pulpits had to cry out on more than one occasion against the growing degeneration among the people and to the evils of marriages at will and divorces at will? Does not the existence of a large coloured population in this country speak eloquently enough of the morals of the race that our contemporary has the honour to represent? Is not the treatment of the non-Europeans by the Europeans in this country something akin to the treatment of the untouchables in India? Enough said. Let not people living in glass houses throw stones at others.

In conclusion, if our contemporary is of the opinion that India is just good enough to be exploited by the West and that the West has nothing to learn from her India is not over-anxious to teach the West. She can keep her learning to herself. But let it not be forgotten that the first lessons of civilisation, namely, to clothe their bodies, were taught to the West by the East and perhaps time will show if the West has not yet to learn something from the East. East is always eager to learn from the West and shall continue to do so. We are not as pessimistic as to think like our contemporary that the twain shall never meet. We are still hopeful of the day when, as is so beautifully sung in that hymn, "we shall meet each other better when the mists have rolled away."

The Two Indias'

We reproduce the following leading article under the above heading from the *Natal Mercury* dated July 22 :—

If it is difficult to look at India through Western eyes without quoting Kipling's well-worn phrase it is because he had the apt pen that rounded off the unbridgable gulf between East and West with an unforgettable sentence as true to-day as when he wrote it. Kipling is a little outmoded now since a swooning intelligentsia, turning their superior backs upon his forthright Englishness, knocked their brows three times upon the ground over which the picturesque robes of Indian culture had trailed—Indian culture topped by the flowing curls of Rabindranath Tagore, the seer of Santiniketan, he whom his admirers capitalise as The Poet, breathing the appellation reverently. Verily the cult of Rotary becomes almost a virtue when it is set beside the bunk of a certain Eastern "culture," the adoration that a Western coteric has lavished upon "The Poet," who, in writing to Mr. C. F. Andrews, says: "Unfortunately, poets cannot be expected to enjoy lucid intervals for long. Directly some new subject takes possession of their minds, they become useless for all decent purposes. They are intellectual gypsies; vagrancy is in their blood." And that, it would seem, rather gives "The Poet" away.

Mr. C. F. Andrews has been at pains to publish a collection of the numerous letters addressed to him by Rabindranath Tagore ("*Letters to a Friend*," published by George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.) But for all the disciple's rhapsodising on his hero's theme, one cannot avoid the conclusion that "The Poet" is, in truth, a rather tedious and far from lucid commentator, whose supposed "mysticism" derives from a characteristically Eastern gift of flowery and meaningless rhetoric. Reading him side by side with an exposure of the sadism and sex obsession of a degenerate India such as one finds in Katherine Mayo's latest book ("*Slaves of the Gods*," by Katherine Mayo, published by Jonathan Cape), one realises the unreality of Eastern "culture" as preached to us by the picturesque "Poet." It is but the thinnest of crusts over the essential stagnation of a vast nation given over to a mode of life abhorrent to our Western civilisation. The poets dream their dreams and let their pens meander. The wise men of the East come to us and lecture us on a proper understanding of their Mother India. But admiring as we are of their erudition and mental equipment where such are undeniable, yet it is impossible to shut our eyes to an India that is 90 per cent. illiterate; that turns its myriad temples to brothels; that still has its vast army of the "untouchables," whose very shadows pollute the caste Hindu; that permits the indescribable evil of child marriage in the name of religion, so that mature men of fifty and sixty consummate marriage with little girls of eleven and twelve. It is woefully easy to find authority for these and many other evils permeating the whole of India. Katherine Mayo quotes copiously from Indian and European commentators.

And in the face of their testimony how does one keep patience with "The Poet," who spins a web of words about his simplest experience, glorying in his "irresponsible vagabondage, a kind of passion for extravagant idleness"? He makes a voyage and we learn that "the sea has been exceedingly rough. The will east wind, playing its snake-charmer's bag-pipe, has made a myriad hissing waves raise their hoods to the sky. The rude handling by the sea does not affect me much, but the gloom of unrest and the tremendous rise and fall of the waves, the giant's beating of the breast in despair, depress my mind." He goes into the air in France and he tells us that: "I have come back to the domain of dust from my

short aeroplane career in mid-air when my namesake from the high heavens, the Sun, shed upon his smile of amused tenderness and some vagabond clouds of the April sky seemed to wonder if I were about to join their ranks." Mr. C. F. Andrews carefully explains that the allusion to the Sun refers to "The Poet's" name "Rabi," which means the Sun. Is it not all a little windy? And does not Rabindranath Tagore presume a little on the value of Indian culture as worshipped at Santiniketan when he asserts that "It is for India to keep her breast supplied with the Amrita (the divine nectar) of wisdom with which to feed the new-borri age and nourish it into a mighty future"? On the "mighty future" of his own country such as Dr. N. S. Phadke could say in 1927: "No more efficacious and sure means than child marriage could have been devised for the production of an unfit race"! In January of this year Mrs. Aparna Devi, speaking at the All-India Women's Social Conference in Calcutta said: "We are a dying race, and unless we are prepared to stem the gathering downrush of Hindu society by something strong and tangible we should soon sink into oblivion..." The self-confessed mental vagrant is of little purport in this decaying India, and if indeed "The Poet" is an "intellectual gypsy" there is more evidence of a straying fancy than of real intellect in these letters collected and edited by one of his worshipping circle.

South Africans Who Have Influenced The World

Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin author of "The Coming of the Lord," "The South Africans," etc. has contributed the following interesting article to the *The Rand Daily Mail*:—

It cannot be said that the world would have been strikingly different if the thought and spirit of South Africa had never penetrated it. Four people living in South Africa have managed to influence the world at large. Rhodes, Olive Schreiner, Gandhi and Smuts. The most notable, historically speaking, is Rhodes. We know what we know of Rhodes, we think what we think of him, but the truth remains that he was a big man—a man whom Spengler, in his "Decline of the West" could class with Caesar and Alexander. Who can tell, indeed, but that the descendants of the very people who now hate Rhodes most will one day loudest acclaim him, calling him a South African, calling him one of theirs. After all, both Caesar and Alexander were assassinated.

We develop a kind of affection even for our ancestral villains. A man must only be big enough not to drop through the sieve of Time and he will get his reward.

How Life Ought To Be

Nor was Olive Schreiner, who once tried to match herself spiritually against Rhodes, over-estimated by her own countrymen. Her lonely death, her scantily-attended burial, were a sad end to a life that had so suddenly opened in youth to a world-efflorescence. Call her a one-book woman, say that book is not all it was once thought to be, but let South Africa at least remember that South Africa was a land hidden until she told the world of it. And what is more, the things we all know to-day—she knew them sooner. By some curious means—like a child who works his sums wrongly, and yet gets his answers right—Olive Schreiner solved for herself problems artistic, sexual and social. Nothing in her writing explains it, and, when the people who knew her personally are gone, nothing ever will explain it—but she saw how life ought to be,

Well, they are gone now, these too.

The third of South Africa's world figures lives still to trouble England from some hermitage in India. But, whether England will be grateful to us for it or not, it was in South Africa Gandhi learnt his system of spiritual economics: non-co-operation he calls it to-day—passive resistance he used to call it here. Only now, as they report, he has become so passive that his passivity really amounts to action. If, for instance, employers and employes disagree and a strike is threatened, he doesn't just let the wrong-doer wear himself out in useless battling, he says: "These are conditions I suggest to you. If you do not follow them, I shall starve myself to death. And, of course, that threat settles everything. It is tyrannically effective. And to think that, but for South Africa, Gandhi might have been a petty lawyer and never a saint!

How long is it since he left us? Half a generation ago. He spent his last days in South Africa fasting too. He didn't look, at his farewell banquet, where he sat festively with a cup of water before him, as if he could survive another year. And there he is, in India, still keeping others from doing what he believes to be wrong by punishing himself.

However, we didn't produce Gandhi, we only developed him. What developed his old antagonist, Jan Smuts, whom we did produce, heaven knows. How does Smuts, born in South Africa, bred in South Africa, come to be a South African...? Well, how does Bernard Shaw come to be an Irishman? How does any "different" being inexplicably spring up from the commonality? No wonder we cannot understand these beings, and they cannot make contact with us. They are not of their time and environment and heritage. They *are* different. Here and there, somewhere in the world, they find a queer and unexpected affinity, but at home they must sit oddly and alone.

Jan Smuts's English Disciple

Who would have thought that General Smuts, a lawyer, a soldier, a statesman, a whole-blood Boer, would have discovered on the coast of Dorset, in a once-arrogant young critic of letters, an Englishman, his most vehement disciple? These reflections about South Africa's place in the world have, in fact, been induced by the strange news that Mr. John Middleton Murry is bringing out shortly a book called "God," which has been directly inspired by General Smuts's "Holism."

In September General Smuts is going to Europe to renew his associations with that larger world in which after the war he played so notable a part. It is very likely that when the South African Party is dead, and the National Party is dead and the partisans of the parties that succeeded them are dead, children in South African schools will be taught that the noblest thing which had its root in the war was created by an American professor with the assistance of a South African lawyer. They will be taught about Wilson and Smuts and the League of Nations. But who will ever tell them this thing—that the first apostle of Jan Smuts's philosophy was an Englishman, a poet, a novelist, once the editor of *The Athenaeum* and literary editor of *The Nation*, an authority on style, the husband of Katherine Mansfield, and now a man suddenly become a recluse, brooding in solitude over the problem, art, and godhead, and editing for no more than some mysterious spiritual sward perhaps the best of English periodicals—*The New Adelphi*? How philosophers will ultimately place "Holism," who shall say? But is it not romantic, this emergence of John Middleton Murry as a supporter of General Smuts's theory of Personology—which he himself calls Metabiology?

The Single Root

What is stranger still is that these two beings so

different—the one a man of affairs and the other virtually a hermit, should have found their theories growing from the same root—and that root a consideration of the genius of the poet. It was the thought of Shakespeare, Goethe, Keats, Walt Whitman that, forty years ago, set General Smuts thinking of this queer thing—personality—this mystic thing developing ultimately into godhead. It was the thought of Jesus, Shakespeare, Keats, Tchehov, concerning all of whom he has written books, that led Mr. Murry to the association of art and religion, and the ultimate meaning of both. To this meaning General Smuts's "Holism" has helped him—how effectively cannot yet be said, for his book will not be out until the English autumn.

Still less can it be prophesied with what degree of satisfaction General Smuts will view Mr. Murry's enlargement of his theory, and of how many exponents of that theory he will be the first. The romantic fact remains that he—just he—is the first.

Indians In Fiji

Mr. H. S. L. Polak, Hon. Secretary, Indians Overseas Association, has contributed the following article to the special jubilee number of *The Vaidik Suntesh* (Fiji):—

In the lifetime of a Nation a period of fifty years is very short, but, at the same time, it may be very critical. The fifty years that have elapsed since indentured immigration was first opened to Fiji have seen the rise and fall of the system, the futile attempt to replace slave labour with semi-servile labour, and the recognition of the folly and the cruelty of the system of indenture. It sometimes takes a long time to teach men wisdom. Self-interest so often stands in the way and there is hardly a cue known where employers have not fought hard against a system of free and dignified labour, even when they have realised the uneconomic processes and conditions of an unfree system. I should like the Fiji Indians to remember that they owe the present comparative freedom of labour and the abolition of the indenture system to the efforts and sacrifices of their countrymen in South Africa, and to those great countrymen in India and a select band of English colleagues who fought patiently for many years in South Africa, India and in London, for the destruction of an indefensible system, and the liberation of its victims. As one of those who, during that struggle, worked hard to bring the system to an end and to establish conditions in which those Indians overseas might grow and develop freely and vigorously, I have had great pleasure in responding to the request of the Editor of the *Vaidik Sandesh* to send a few lines on the occasion of the Arilia Shatabdi. It will take many years yet before the Indian community of Fiji, as well as the other countries that suffered under the indentured system, will have emancipated themselves entirely from its shame and its stain, but the past ought to be used as a stepping stone to the future, and the present should be employed to the full by those who today are privileged to build up that future. Let the Fiji Indian community recollect, not so much the tragedy of the indenture system, but rather the emancipation that has followed and been achieved by arduous work and great sacrifice. This must be the foundation of the future that is a-building.

Two more elements are needed for the successful erection of the new structure. One is Unity. Without it nothing more will be achieved than was achieved at the building of the Tower of Babel. Without it, Indians who are ill-organised will always be at the mercy of a small highly-organised and self-centered minority. Without it, it will never be possible to make any useful contribution to the Motherland. Without it, colonial-born India will add no laurels to the Mothercountry's crown.

The second is Education. An uneducated community

is an ignorant community, a weak community, a community easily misled by its own selfish so-called leaders, and by the selfishness and greed of others. An educated community knows what it wants and can achieve its end intelligently. I use the term "educated" in its very widest sense, in the sense in which some of the wisest men have always used it. Unless education aims at the spiritual welfare, the intellectual progress and the physical vigour, it is incomplete and defective. I would ask my friends in Fiji to beware of sectarianism and communalism as they would beware of the devil. It is not men that are untouchable, but wrong ideas and evil concepts. The ideas of brotherhood and mutual co-operation should be religious passions. The ideas of separateness and mutual hostility should be abhorred with equal fervour.

I feel sure that if the Indians of Fiji will remember these things, they need have no fear whatever as to the permanency and usefulness of their future and I wish all good fortune in their efforts to attain it.

British Columbia Sikhs Welcome Rabindranath Tagore

The following address was presented to the Poet Rabindranath Tagore by the Sikhs in British Columbia when he visited that place last April:—

We, the representatives of the Khalsa Diwan Society, have been asked to present to you on behalf of the Sikh community, this slight token of our gratitude to you for the wonderful affection you have shown us by crossing the Pacific Ocean and enduring the storms at your very advanced age and in your enfeebled state of health in order to bring a message to Canada from our motherland and also to help us who are residents here and give us encouragement and spiritual advice. We deeply regret that your ill health prevented you from being present in person at our festival in Victoria but we understand how difficult it has been for you to make incessant journeys in all kinds of weather, and we would spare you as much as we can.

We thank you for sending over to us your representative Dinabandhu Andrews who has conveyed your kindly message to us. We assure you that we shall take to heart the words of advice which he has brought us from you and that we shall do our utmost to prove ourselves worthy citizens of this land of Canada wherein we live, as well as India, the Motherland from whence we have come. We would ask you to put our humble gift to any purpose in your own work in India which you yourself may choose.

The Poet's Reply

I want to tell you what a very deep pleasure it has given me to meet you my fellow-countrymen, who represent the Khalsa Diwan Society, (the Sikh community) both of Victoria and Vancouver, and indeed of the whole of Columbia.

My sorrow was very great indeed when I became so unwell after my lecture on Saturday night that it was quite impossible for me to fulfil my engagement and come over to Victoria in order to be present at your annual festival on the birthday of Gura Gobind Singh on Rakshakhi day. You will know how eager I was not to disappoint you. But God's Providence ordered it otherwise: and it was not in my power to make the journey to and fro without serious breakdown in health which I was unable to risk at so critical a moment in my travels. I assure you that it was only at the very last minute,

and under strict necessity, that I refrained from going to Victoria; and I thank you for understanding that necessity, and for sympathising with me in my infirmity which makes all this travelling so difficult. I know how great the disappointment must have been to you and especially to the women and children. It is very good of you to show your affection to me in this loving manner and I can assure you with all my heart that it is fully returned by me to you all.

Ever since I was a young boy I have had the greatest admiration for the Sikh community and the Sikh religion of which Gura Nanak was the founder. My father took me to Amritsar when I was quite a young child and we stayed there for some considerable time joining daily in your worship. He used to go early every morning to the Golden Temple and I used to go with him. He would sit for a long time listening to the reading of the sacred scriptures and the singing of the sacred hymns. It was a wonderful experience for me and though I was too young to understand, nevertheless I could feel a deep emotional religious spirit and enter instinctively into the experience of those who were present. Then at evening time, again, each day, my father would take me to the Golden Temple. Thus I got to know and love the Sikhs even from a child, and the pure worship of the Sikhs with their beautiful music impressed my youthful mind.

Alas, I used to listen with awe and wonder to the stories of heroism which I heard recited. I heard how the Sikh Gurus and their followers gave up their lives when their religion was persecuted and this won my heart. The stories of their great sacrifice, without offering in return any violence, completely captured my young childish imagination and I would listen for hours to the beautiful story. Then my father took me to the Himalayas beyond Simla, hoping there to find a retreat where he could pass his days in solitude and prayer, but he could not find it so he took me back to Bengal.

Nevertheless, even when I went back to Bengal, the memory of those weeks in the Punjab among the Sikh community, while my father worshipped every morning and evening with them still remained fresh and vivid to my mind, and when I became a poet I wrote different poems and songs about the heroism of the Sikhs.

It is a great joy to me to find that here in this distant land you still keep up your own religious faith and do not neglect your Sikh religion. That is the right thing to do if you want to remain in this distant country with moral character and good social and family traditions such as those which still remain in India itself.

I am so glad to find that this Khalsa Diwan Society is the centre of your own life in British Columbia. That is quite right and proper and good. For without that binding link you are bound to fall to pieces. But if you keep this binding force of your own pure religious faith intact, then you will preserve your character also and your family life will be good and pure. You must cling together and help one another. Do not let any member of your community come to grief and ruin through your neglect.

Secondly, you must remember that you are guests in a new country and you have to observe the first law of hospitality, which is to accommodate yourselves as far as possible and pay every consideration to the manners and customs of this new country where your own children are being born and where you yourselves have elected to live. This is a necessity in every country where people emigrate if goodwill and friendly feeling are to be observed. This does not mean that you are to alter your own

good customs and manners of living, but rather that you are to seek at every point to find a common meeting place where your own life and the Canadian life coincide. To put what I wish to say in two words, you should do your very best to prove yourselves "Good Canadians."

If you do this and become proud of the ideals for which Canada stands you may be certain that in no distant period you will gain your citizenship. Therefore, as one who has a deep affection for you, I would urge you to follow your Gurus who lived a pure life according to the spirit. Guru Nanak sought to identify himself with everything that was good in Islam. He tried to unite the ideals of the two religions. So it is necessary for you to learn how to unite the two ideals of Canada and India, and I am sure you will do it.

You must keep the spirit of your religion and not merely the letter of it. It is the moral value of your religious faith that is unchanging. Its outward observances may be modified in order to meet the new conditions of Canadian life, but on the other hand there should be no change in the great moral injunctions which Guru Nanak and all the Sikh Gurus gave you. If you can thus fulfil the spirit of your religion you will be able to unite India and Canada together in your own lives and in the lives of your own children. The best Canadians will understand you and will also respect your religion and thus there will be a growth in international friendship and goodwill.

I thank you with all my heart for the affection you have shown me and the love you have given me.

Sarojini Naidu's Success In America

'Sarojini Naidu's visit has been amazing. She has won all hearts, and I have been hearing nothing but praise about her visit everywhere I have gone, in Canada and in the United States,' writes Mr. C. F. Andrews in a letter to Mahatma Gandhi. She has the gift of eloquence, which is so greatly treasured here and she has given herself unsparringly in sacrifice and devotion for the cause. It has been very beautiful to me to come into some great city like Chicago, or Winnipeg, or Montreal, long after her visit, and to hear from all whom I met what a lasting impression she has made. It would be impossible to speak too highly of what has been accomplished by her long stay in this country. She must certainly come back, again and again. For she has won the heart of the West, and they will never forget her. Friendship, such as she has won, must never be lost. Those who know Quebec 'best' tell me that the next time she comes she will have a much warmer reception (if that were possible) even than that which was given her on her present visit. For she will start with a strong group of earnest friends eager to help her in every part of the country.

'One reason why I must come back in the autumn to this country and to Canada is because I can do so much more now to emphasize what Sarojini Devi has said and make it firmly rooted in the hearts of these very affectionate and warmhearted people. In the great struggle for freedom which lies before us, we must have the goodwill of the West in this New World. There is a freshness of enthusiasm for India here, which must on no account be allowed to grow stale and cold and dead. Wherever I have gone there are friends eagerly waiting to carry on what Sarojini Naidu has taught them to think and to do.'

The Story of My Experiments With Truth

[BY M. K. GANDHI]

Part V. Chapter XXII.

THE FAST

For the first two weeks, the mill-hands exhibited great courage and self-restraint, and daily held monster meetings. On these occasions I used to remind them of their pledge and they would rather die than break their word.

But at last, they began to show signs of flagging. Just as physical weakness in men manifests itself in irascibility, their attitude towards the blacklegs became more and more menacing as the strike seemed to weaken, and I began to fear an outbreak of rowdiness on their part. The attendance at their daily meetings also began to dwindle by degrees, and despondency and despair were "writ large" on the faces of those who did attend. Finally, the information was brought to me that the strikers had begun to totter. I felt deeply troubled and set to thinking furiously as to what my duty was in the circumstances. I had had experience of a gigantic strike in South Africa but the situation that confronted me here was different. The mill-hands had taken the pledge at my suggestion. They had repeated it before me day after day and the very idea that they might now go back upon it was to me inconceivable. Was it pride or was it my love for the labourers and my passionate regard for truth that was at the back of this feeling,—who can say?

One morning,—it was at a mill-hand's meeting—while I was still groping and unable to see my way clearly, the light came to me. Unbidden, and all by themselves, the words came to my lips: "Unless the strikers rally," I declared to the meeting, "and continue the strike till a settlement is reached, or till they leave the mills altogether, I will not touch any food."

The labourers were thunderstruck. Tears began to course down Anasuyabai's cheeks. The labourers broke out, "Not you, but we shall fast. It would be monstrous if you were to fast. Please forgive us for our lapse, we will now remain faithful to our pledge to the end."

"There is no need for you to fast," I replied: "It would be enough if you could remain true to your pledge. As you know, we are without funds and we do not want to continue our strike by living on public charity. You should therefore try to eke out a bare existence by some kind of labour unconcerned no matter how long the strike may continue. As for my fast it will be broken only after the strike is settled."

In the meantime, Vallabhbhai was trying to find some employment for the strikers under the Municipality, but there was not much hope of success there. Maganlal Gandhi suggested that as we needed sand for filling the foundation of our weaving school in the Ashram, a number of them might be employed for that purpose. The labourers welcomed the proposal. Anasuyabai led the way with a basket on her head, and soon an endless stream of labourers carrying baskets of sand on their heads could be seen issuing out of the river-bed. It was a sight worth seeing. The labourers felt themselves infused with a new strength and it became difficult to cope with the task of paying out wages to them.

My fast was not free from a grave defect. For, as I have already mentioned in a previous chapter, I enjoyed very close and cordial relations with the mill-owners, and my fast could not but affect their decision. As a Satyagrahi, I knew that I might not

fast against them but ought to leave them free to be influenced by the mill-hands' strike alone. My fast was not undertaken on account of any lapse of the mill-owners, but that of the labourers in which, as their representative, I felt I had a share. With the mill-owners, I could only plead; to fast against them would amount to coercion. Yet in spite of my knowledge that my fast was bound to, as in fact it did, put pressure upon them, I felt I could not help it. The duty to undertake it seemed to me to be clear.

I tried to set the mill-owners at ease. "There is not the slightest need for you to withdraw from your position," I said to them. But they received my words coldly and even flung keen, deliberate bits of sarcasm at me as indeed they had a perfect right to do.

The principal man at the back of the mill-owners' unbending attitude towards the strike was Sheth Ambalal. His resolute will and transparent sincerity were wonderful and captured my heart. It was a pleasure to be pitched against him. The strain produced by my fast upon the opposition of which he was the head cut me therefore to the quick. And then, Saraladevi, his wife, was attached to me with the affection of a blood-sister and I could not bear to see her anguish on account of my action.

Anasnyabai and a number of other friends and labourers shared the fast with me on the first day. But after some difficulty, I was able to dissuade them from continuing it further.

The net result of it all was that an atmosphere of goodwill was created all round. The hearts of the mill-owners were touched, and they set about discovering some means for a settlement. Anasnyabai's house became the venue of their discussions. Sjt. Anandshankar Dhruva intervened and was in the end appointed as arbitrator, and the strike was called off after I had fasted for three days. The mill-owners commemorated the event by distributing sweets among the labourers, and thus a settlement was reached after 21 days' strike.

At the meeting held to celebrate the settlement, both the mill-owners and the Commissioner were present. The advice which the latter gave to the mill-hands on this occasion was: "You should always act as Mr. Gandhi advises you." Almost immediately after these events, I had to engage in a tussle with this very gentleman. But circumstances were changed and he had changed with the circumstances. He now set about warning the Patidars of Kheda against following my advice.

I must not close this chapter without noting here an incident, as amusing as it was pathetic. It happened in connection with the distribution of sweets. The mill-owners had ordered a very large quantity, and it was a problem how to distribute it among the thousands of labourers. It was decided that it would be the fittest thing to distribute it in the open beneath the very tree under which the pledge had been taken, especially as it would have been extremely inconvenient to assemble them all together in any other place.

In my simplicity I had taken it for granted that the men who had observed strict discipline for full 21 days would, without any difficulty, be able to remain standing in an orderly manner while the sweets were being distributed, and not make an impatient scramble for them. But when it came to the test, all the methods that were tried for making the distribution failed. Again and again their ranks would break into confusion after distribution had proceeded for a couple of minutes. The leaders of the mill-hands tried their best to restore order but in vain. The confusion, the crush and the scramble at last became so great that quite an amount of the sweets was spoiled by being trampled under foot and the attempt to distribute them in the open had finally to be given up. With difficulty we succeeded in

taking away the remaining sweets to Sheth Ambalal's bungalow in Mirzapur. The sweets were distributed comfortably the next day within the compound of that bungalow.

The comic side of this incident is obvious, but the pathetic side bears mention. Subsequent inquiry revealed the fact that the beggar population of Ahmedabad, having got scent of the sweets that were to be distributed under the Ek-Tek tree, had repaired thither in large numbers, and it was their hungry scramble for the sweets that had created all the confusion and disorder.

The grinding poverty and starvation with which our country is afflicted is such that it drives more and more men every year into the ranks of the beggars whose desperate struggle for bread renders them insensible to all feelings of decency and self-respect. And our philanthropists, instead of providing work for them, and insisting on their working for bread, gave them alms.

The Girl Of To-day

E. I. Tampoe's advice in the following, reproduced from *The Indian Ladies' Magazine* for March will be endorsed by many who are interested in the emancipation and fullest development of the girls of to-day:

The girl of to-day is confronted with—

1. The difficulties of modern environments;
2. Anti-war conditions of living;
3. Her absolute emancipation;
4. The growing and varied demands made on her as never before;
5. The ever-increasing struggle for existence;
6. And last but not the least, the excess of women over men.

These and similar conditions have led her to shape her life as though she was meant to be, not a compliment to man, but his equal, whom she must replace sooner or later.

Such extraordinary performances as swimming the channel, piloting an aeroplane, captaining a ship, motor-ing round the world, entering Parliament, and filling pulpits, may be admirable and praiseworthy. But, in doing these, a woman misses her highest vocation in life.

In the design of God, and the order of nature is the man or woman the head in the home and family, in the Church and the State? This is not a question of inferiority or superiority in any respect, but of God's providential and infinitely wise order of nature. When a woman forsakes her home for the pulpit or Parliament, she is forsaking her supreme opportunity in life. The nations of the world need wives and mothers.

The girl of to-day seems to find her greatest delight in doing what mere men do. That a healthy out-door life with a keenness for all sports, and a liberal and higher education, essential, not only for her well-being but also to the world at large, is commonplace. But her freedom to develop soul, mind and body should fit her to be a more ideal wife and mother, than her grand-mother was.

FARM, 512 acres for sale, completely fenced and paddocked, three small buildings, plenty water, very good soil and grazing. Many Indians in neighbourhood.

Full particulars from:

JOH. BENCKEN,
Land Agent,
Ennersdale.

ઈન્ડિયન ઓપિનિયન

પુસ્તક રૂ૦ ૬.

ફ્રીનીક્સ, શુક્રવાર, તારીખ ૨૬ જુલાઈ ૧૯૨૯

અંક ૩૦

નોંધ અને સમાચાર

નામદાર ઝાંઝીબારના સુલતાનની ડરખનમાં પધરામણી

ઝાંઝીબારના સુલતાન સૈદ ખલીફા ખાન હરુન જેઓ ઇંગ્લાંડ મયા હતા તેઓ ઝાંઝીબાર પાછા જવાને વીન્ડસર કાસલમાં દક્ષિણ આફ્રિકાને કીનારે પધાર્યા છે. તેઓ મયા સોમવારે કેપટાઉનમાં પહોંચ્યા હતા ત્યાં તેઓને અપુર્ણ સરકારી માન મળ્યું હતું અને તેઓનાં માનમાં ૨૧ તોપો ફેડવામાં આવી હતી. સાંથી ઉપડી તેઓ રવીવારે ડરખન પધારશે અને ડરખનથી ઝાંઝીબાર જતી સ્ટીમરમાં બેસશે. ડરખનમાં રવીવારે સવારે ૧૦ વાગે તેઓને ટાઉનહોલમાં કોરપોરેશન તરફથી આવકાર આપવાની તૈયારીઓ ચાલી રહી છે. હોંદી કોમને પણ યુરોપીયન નાગરીકોની સાથેજ ટાઉનહોલમાં તેઓને આવકાર આપવાની કોરપોરેશને પરવાનગી આપેલી છે. નામદાર સુલતાનની સાથે તેઓના એકના એક પુત્ર પ્રીન્સ અબ્દુલ્લા અને તેઓના સેક્રટરી શેખ ખાન સુબેમાન અને રસાલાના ખીજ અમલદારો છે. નામદાર સુલતાન સાહેબના ફર્મનો આ દેશના હોંદીઓને અનાયાસે લાભ પ્રાપ્ત થયો એ અલંત આનંદની વાત છે. અમે નામદાર સુલતાન સાહેબને અંતઃ કરણથી આવકાર આપીએ છીએ અને બહી દુવાઓ છુટાછીએ છીએ. હોંદી કોમ તરફથી નાટાલ ઇન્ડિયન કોંગ્રેસ ના સુલતાન સાહેબને આવકાર આપશે. રવીવારે બપોરે ના. સુલતાનના માનમાં શ્રીમંત વેપારીઓની ઓરીએન્ટ કલબ માં ખાલું આપવામાં આવશે.

ડોમીસાઇલ છોડી દીધું હોય તેના છોકરાં જે ઇન્ડિયામાં જન્મેલાં હોય તેણે જન્મ પછી ત્રણ વર્ષની અંદર આવન જોઇએ એ સંબંધી છે. સોળ વર્ષની અંદર સુધીના બાળકો પોતાની મા સાથે કાયદા પ્રમાણે આ દેશમાં આવી શકે છે

એસીસ્ટેડ એમીગ્રેશન સ્કીમ

યુનિયન સરકારની એસીસ્ટેડ એમીગ્રેશન સ્કીમની રૂબે રૂબે તા. ૧ જાન્યુઆરી ૧૯૨૬ થી તા. ૩૦ જુન ૧૯૨૬ સુધીના ૭ મહીનામાં આ દેશમાંથી ચાલી ગયેલા હોંદીઓની સંખ્યાના આંકડા પડિત બવાની ડયાળ મેળવી અમારી ઉપર મોકલી આપ્યા છે તે માટે તેમના અભારી છીએ. તે નીચે પ્રમાણે છે:—૪૪૮ પુરુષ, ૧૫૫ સ્ત્રી, ૧૬૧ છોકરા અને ૧૪૬ છોકરીઓ મળી કુલ ૮૧૦.

“ઈન્ડિયન ઓપિનિયન”

શુક્રવાર, તા. ૨૬ જુલાઈ સન ૧૯૨૯

‘નાટાલ મરકયુરી’ એ “બે હોંદ” એવાં મથાળાં નીચે એક અમલેખ લખ્યો છે જેમાં ભારતના ટાંગોર અને હોંદ મહાન કવી રવીન્દ્રનાથ ટાંગોરને કવી પર ‘મરકયુરી’ તરીકે ઉતારી પાડ્યા છે અને હોંદુસ્તાનના ઉપર પણ પ્રહાર કર્યા છે. એ લેખ લખવાનું પ્રયોજન હાલમાં દીનઅંધુ એન્ડરૂએ પોતાની ઉપર કવીશ્રીએ લખેલા પત્રોનો સંમ પુસ્તકાકારમાં પ્રસિદ્ધ કરાવ્યો છે તે પરથી મળ્યું છે. કવીશ્રીને નિશ્ચે ભાષમંધ ‘મરકયુરી’એ લખ્યું છે કે પોતાની કવિતાઓમાં કવી કાવે તેવાં બહુમાં મારે પરંતુ કેશરીન મેયોએ હોંદુસ્તાનનો આપેલો મિતાર કંઈ લોગોની નબરમાંથી ખસવાનો નથી. ધર્મસ્થાનો માં થતા અનાચારો, અલંબે ઉપર થતા જુલમો વિગેરે સામાજિક સહા તેણે ટાંપીને કવીશ્રીએ ચીત્રેલા હોંદુસ્તાનની આગળ હોંદુસ્તાનના ખીજ મિતાર તરફ ધ્યાન ખેંચ્યું છે. અહીં અમે ‘મરકયુરી’ ના લેખનો તરજુમો નથી આપ્યો પણ તેનાં લાવાયં આપીએ છીએ. વળી તે લખે છે કે હોંદુસ્તાનથી મોટા સુશિક્ષિતો આવીને પોતાના દેશને વિષે અમે તેવી મોટી વાતો સમજાવે છતાં આ બધા અવગુણોનું શું? તેવા લોગોની વિહ્વા ગમે તેટલી હોય પરંતુ આ સ્થિતિ કંઈ હતી ન હતી નથી થઇ શકતી. એ રીતે ‘મરકયુરી’ એ હોંદુસ્તાનનું તેમજ કવીશ્રીનું અપમાન કરેલું છે. ‘નાટાલ મરકયુરી’ ના તંત્રી એક હાલકતા સંક્રમિત વિચારના કલમવે.

દેશમાં જન્મેલા બાળકોના આ દેશમાં હુક વિશે મી. પ્રામજી દેસાઈ જેહાનીસખાઈથી લખી જણાવે છે કે: આવ જાલ અનેક બાધઓ સંક્રા કરી રહ્યા છે કે ૧૯૨૭ ના નવા ઇમીગ્રેશન કાયદા મુજબ સાઉથ આફ્રિકામાં કાયદેસર વસી રહેલા માણસનો કોઈ પણ છોકરો હોંદુસ્તાનમાં જન્મ્યો હોય તો તે છોકરાના જન્મ પછી ત્રણ વર્ષની અંદર તેણે આ દેશમાં આવી જવું જોઈએ અને જે ત્રણ વર્ષ બાદ તે આ દેશમાં આવે તો તે આ દેશમાં આવી શકશે નહિ. આ પ્રમાણે કાયદાનો અર્થ થાય છે એવું મહા બાધજો જણાવે છે. આ હમીકત ખોટી છે. જ્યારે ઇમીગ્રેશન બીલ ૧૯૨૭ માં બહાર પડ્યું ત્યારે કોંગ્રેસે એ કલમનો શો અર્થ થાય છે તેનો ખુલાસો સરકાર પાસેથી માગ્યો હતો અને તેના જવાબ માં સરકારે જણાવ્યું હતું કે દરેક કલમ સ્વતંત્ર રીતે વાંચવી જોઈએ. જે સુધારો કરવામાં આવ્યો છે તેથી કલમ ૫ માં ના (બ) પેરેગ્રાફમાં અપાએલા હક માલ્યા જતા નથી. એ સુધારો લેનાં માગ્યો જુલવી ગમાં હોય અગર જેણે પોતાનું