

Russian émigrés are giving up the 'revanche' idea and becoming quiet citizens. They have become familiar with the notion that a provisional existence for a State may mean the entire lifetime of an individual.

'Border States' — an accurately descriptive name. Intended to have reference to geographic position, it can

also apply to time. These provinces have always been transit-lands and bridgeheads. Such they are now, not only between two aggregations of countries, two groups of nations, two civilizations, two political worlds, but also between two ages. The problems of the future are unmistakable — their solution more than ever a riddle.

## HOME RULE AND HOMESPUN

BY C. F. ANDREWS

*[Since this was written Mohandas Gandhi, the native champion of home rule in India, has been set free from prison by the new British Labor Government. Concerning the writer of this article the editor of the Manchester Guardian says: 'Mr. Andrews has been for many years an intimate friend and coworker of Rabindranath Tagore, as he was also of the late Mr. W. W. Pearson. He is perhaps the foremost living authority among white men on Indian native opinion.']*

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THE elections which have just been concluded in India can give to the English onlooker but a poor representation of the actual feeling in the country. The Swaraj party — who may be called the Nationalists of the Left — had only received permission from the National Congress to take part in the elections within a few weeks of the polls. That permission was very reluctantly given; and a large proportion of the Non-Cooperators, who wished strictly to follow their leader, Mahatma Gandhi, stood out of the election altogether.

This meant that the Swaraj party by no means represented the full strength of the Non-Coöperative movement. There can be little doubt that if the whole energies of the Non-Coöperators had been devoted to winning the elections they would have swept the polls.

With an experience of twenty years of Indian life, during which I have been more closely associated in India with the National movement and its leaders than any living European, Mrs. Besant alone excepted, the impression left on my mind by the election results is one of great surprise at the number of seats everywhere obtained by the Swaraj party.

Notice has been given by Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya that he will move immediately a resolution demanding the release from prison of Mahatma Gandhi. I doubt if there will be a single Moderate whose seat depends on a popular vote hardened enough to vote against such a motion. If he does, he knows for certain that his seat will be lost at the next election. The only supporters whom the Government of

India may count on to vote against the motion will be their own nominees and private members representing certain vested interests which depend on Government favor. This motion of Pandit M. M. Malaviya's will create an interest in the Councils among the masses in the Indian villages almost for the first time. For the villagers have hitherto faithfully observed Mahatma Gandhi's instructions and practically ignored the Councils altogether.

I find, since landing in England, that it is still necessary to explain that the title 'Mahatma,' which has been given by universal consent to Mr. Gandhi on account of his passive-resistance struggle in South Africa, does not imply anything occult or mysterious when used to designate him, but simply means 'Great Soul.' Such titles are given in India, first of all by popular consent, and then become common words of everyday use. 'Mahatma-ji' is the name by which Mr. Gandhi is universally known in India to-day.

It is vitally important to realize that among the masses of the common people in India the whole electoral system is unpopular owing to Mr. Gandhi's disapproval. It is regarded as a mere foreign innovation — to take part in which is to become identified with the Government. It has not yet to any considerable degree acclimatized itself to Indian life, which is a life of villages rather than of towns. I can understand how extraordinarily difficult it is to realize this in England, where elections are commonplace events affecting the whole people. But if we are not very careful we are in danger of mistaking what is still merely a side current in Indian affairs for the main stream.

There has been no one in all my recollections of India who has understood the masses of the people like Mahatma Gandhi. He has held them in the hollow of his hand, and even

from jail he still holds them to-day. The reasons for his great influence among the masses are twofold — his saintliness and his voluntary poverty. He has lived their own life at all times and shared with them their desperate hardships. I have seen them coming to him and pleading, 'Mahatmaji, do take more care of yourself. You are the only one in the world who understands us. If you die, who is to look after us?'

He is as different from any political leader in the West as it is possible to imagine. Only in a country so essentially religious as India would such a saint be made into a political leader. Perhaps the most wonderful thing of all, which shows his magnetic personality, is the fact that he has carried away with him on a wave of high enthusiasm very nearly the whole of the English-educated Indian community, men and women who have received the full training of the West.

In London I have been living in the Indian Students' Hostel, in Gower Street, and the reverence for Mahatma Gandhi's name is quite universal. There is no difference of opinion about him. This brings me to a second astonishing factor. The enthusiasm of Indian Mohammedans for him is as great as that of Hindus. He is the one man in modern times who has united the whole of India — rich and poor, caste and outcaste, Hindu and Muslim.

I have often pondered over the nature of his supreme influence, and more and more it has seemed to me to be due to the two things I have mentioned — his saintliness and his voluntary poverty. At one time, as every Indian knows, he was earning by his brilliant talents at the bar £5000 a year in Johannesburg, in South Africa. He kept open house with lavish hospitality. But after reading Tolstoi's life and corresponding with him he abandoned everything he possessed and clad himself in the

coarse homespun dress of a village peasant and began to plough and spin and weave at Tolstoi Farm. That was thirty years ago, and he has never since abandoned this life of extreme poverty.

When he goes to see the Viceroy he wears the same villager's dress. When he was asked at his trial, as a prisoner, to state his occupation, he said, 'A farmer and a weaver.' When he found that, owing to high prices after the war, it was impossible for the poverty-stricken villagers to wear more than a loin cloth, even in the cold weather, he determined to do the same.

The essential feature about Mahatma Gandhi's political programme was that he made the educated classes and the Government of India itself face the reality of the poverty of India. That poverty was to him the one vital problem to be solved. It was because he found the Government of India failing to face that problem that — to use his own word — he became a 'rebel' and refused to coöperate with it.

So utterly bent upon reality was he that at the very height of the political ferment, when passions had been aroused on all sides and extremist views were carrying everyone away in the excitement, he suddenly startled Lord Reading by offering voluntarily to drop his own boycott of the British Government and to coöperate again if the Viceroy would only join with him in a campaign against the drink and drug traffic and would help forward home spinning and home weaving in order to recuperate the village life of India and make it morally healthy. If these things were done, he said, it would be the first sign of repentance on the part of the British Government for 'the wrongs done at Amritsar and the infamous Treaty of Sèvres.' It would also be the first step toward complete Indian Swaraj.

He added, characteristically, that he

knew that Lord Reading was bound hand and foot by a military budget which only the drink and drugs revenue made solvent, and that Lancashire would never allow the British Government to foster an industry which would destroy the trade in cotton goods on which Lancashire people depended. Nevertheless, he added, if the British Government, as a sign of repentance for wrongs done in the past by the oppression of the village poor, could shake itself free from vested interests and could take boldly the side of the poor and become their true protector, he on his part was ready to coöperate and to throw his whole strength into a united effort for the relief of the desperate poverty of India.

This offer of coöperation was made perfectly clear to the Government of India, but it was not even debated. No conference was called and the Non-Coöperation movement went on. To me, at the time, this appeared to be a failure in Lord Reading's statesmanship which was almost unaccountable. For I believe him to be essentially a Liberal at heart. Probably 'prestige' more than anything else stood in the way, and it had been determined not to parley with 'rebels.'

This brings me to the point where the Indian situation to-day, in perhaps its most fundamental aspect, directly affects Lancashire. There is one word which is on every Indian's lips. It is not the word 'councils,' but the Indian word 'khaddar.' Its meaning is 'homespun cotton,' and the supreme effort is being made to clothe the people of India once more with homespun cotton cloth instead of the mill-made product. The economic argument is used that India, because of its monsoon, is like no other country in the world. Its climate is divided into one long dry season, during which very little agricultural work can be done, and one short

wet season, during which the village agriculturists must work long hours in order to get the cultivation completed. The one problem, therefore, of the 800,000 villages of India, if poverty is to be avoided, is how to employ usefully the slack months of the year, in the dry season, when very little agricultural work is possible.

This problem, so it is asserted, was solved in ancient India by the use of the home spinning wheel and the village loom. Each village produced its khaddar, and thus saved the expense of purchase from abroad. The argument runs on that Lancashire during last century profoundly disturbed this village economic life of India by flooding India with cheap cotton goods. Little by little the temptation to buy these Lancashire goods and to wear them, instead of the coarse homespun, crept in. This

became the fashion in India even among the poor.

In direct consequence of this change the arts of home spinning and home weaving died out. India became almost entirely dependent upon foreign cloth. The villagers spent their spare time idly, instead of industriously. When famine came they had no occupation, nothing to fall back upon. They either died or else subsisted on Government doles. So the poverty of India increased. Therefore the modern economic solution of poverty in India is to find out a way to reverse the process by building up the village industries once again.

I have stated the argument without any qualifications. It will be necessary to examine it; for it means a new situation to be worked out, not only by the villages of India, but also by the Lancashire population.

## THE TRIALS OF A CARICATURIST

BY BLIX

*[The Living Age has already reproduced a number of caricatures by Blix, appearing in the Copenhagen Berlingske Tidende and the Swedish Göteborg Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning.]*

From *Berlingske Tidende*, January 13

(COPENHAGEN CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

I HAVE drawn many people, and I must say that not all of them have been big enough to stand it. Persons with regular and fine features take on superior airs. They can never be caricatured enough. Recently I drew such a man. He would have been so grateful if I could have made a real caricature of him, for, as he said, 'No one has so far been able to find anything char-

acteristic in me, whereas my partner seemed to be made for caricature.'

'Was he so handsome, then?' I asked.

'No, but he was a hunchback.'

This is the common, old-fashioned conception of caricature: to bring out a man's external shortcomings. But something more is required. We want a man's true character, good or bad,