

ly trained and serious workers. This is no small accomplishment.

But it seems as though the superiority protest, the real "masculine protest" of Adler, had done its best work, that with the advancement of science with its present outlook, human progress will best be conserved by the cooperative development of men and women together freely. And certain it is that if the male assumption of dominance has ever had any part in creating genuine happiness in the more intimate relations of the sexes with each other, it has fully outlived its usefulness. To recognize this and squarely to face the problem of education whereby men can be brought to meet women with dignity and grace without the special subsidy of sex superiority, is quite a different thing. It is something however to locate the problem.

F. I. DAVENPORT.

## Jokhan Singh: An Indian Peasant

**I** WELL remember our first meeting. We had been trying to introduce the Cooperative Credit Bank to a nearby Indian village that held and deserved a reputation for the absence of brotherly love and the presence of neighborly wrangling. We had argued, cajoled and commanded, as is the way of Sahibs in the East, but without avail: our clients remained courteous and unconvinced. Ultimately, to relieve our depression, they said "Wait till Jokhan Singh returns, he will answer for us." He had gone on a journey and was expected home soon.

So one day he came, heading a sheepish deputation of his fellow villagers and looking very important. We returned his dignified salaam with the acquired grace of a dozen years in the country and invited him to a chair—an action that duly impressed his following. Dressed in the "hoddin' gray" of his kind and wearing with apparent ease the burden of full seventy summers, he presented a brave appearance. As he belonged to the Warrior caste the unmistakable pride of birth marked his bearing; he was strongly built and his natural force seemed unabated, unless perhaps in the matter of teeth which showed some notable omissions; his eyes were shrewd but kindly, and one of them held an incipient wink that was truly grateful and refreshing; he handled his "band of hope" with an ease that indicated leadership and there was about him the glamor of personality. Not by accident had Jokhan Singh become the spokesman of his village.

"Let us discuss the business," he said; and we discussed while the audience listened, chuckled and expectorated. "Will Your Honour join the Bank and share our liability?" he asked, and on receiving a reply in the affirmative he gave decision. "This is a good thing, we will join."

Thus it came about that a Cooperative Bank came to the village of Chittauni and with it an economic door of hope opened for Jokhan Singh. Like many another cultivator in old Bihar he was in bondage to a money lender to whom he owed five hundred odd rupees and in whom the quality of mercy was certainly strained. The liquidation of this debt was a triumph for cooperation and diplomacy. Shylock's figure—in India the money lender keeps the score himself—was a shifting quantity and the interest calculations were beyond our comprehension. However, by the help of a substantial loan from the Cooperative Bank, an offering of two bullocks, the winning over of some influential underlings and the subtle suggestion of this or nothing, the business was carried through, and Jokhan Singh returned happy and glorious to his village, secure in the possession of a full discharge from the debt that had harassed him for a decade. From that day he became an evangelist of cooperative credit and did more than any man of our acquaintance to carry the light to other villages.

Bank business brought him often to the bungalow and we built an altar of friendship together. To sit in a chair on the verandah to him was heaven, and it led to the realm of dreams; but when business had to be done he was seldom caught napping. Chittauni to this day laughs at the way he vanquished the smart young Indian teacher who acted as secretary of the Cooperative Bank. It fell on this wise: Jokhan Singh's account among others was being adjusted and the secretary had worked out the amount of interest that had to be paid. The old warrior questioned the item, and, with a comprehensive wink that included everybody but the cocksure young secretary, affirmed that the statement represented an overcharge of five cents. The sum had to be worked out again by the Sahib himself, and judgment went to the complainant. Then he said: "Though I can neither read nor write I can count, and during the last fifty years no one has ever got the better of me in money matters." So Jokhan Singh triumphed, and to this day the story is told with relish round many a village fire.

The committee of a cooperative bank is now to a large extent the village council where matters of local moment come up for discussion and disposal. Here Jokhan Singh's sagacity and knowl-

edge of affairs have elbow room and under his treatment many a knotty problem vanishes into thin air. In these village parliaments we light on a fact that gives happy augury for the future of India: the village leaders when matters that fall within their ken come up for consideration act with discretion and good judgment. All they need is political education to enable them to deal with matters of national concern. Political power in India, now largely the heritage of a small educated class, must ultimately pass over to village Jokhan Singhs; but the prospect need not disturb us. The peasants will play the game, whatever the politicians do.

Jokhan Singh often gives himself up to reminiscence and then he holds us as the Ancient Mariner held the Wedding Guest. The vanished glory of his family which once held pride of place in the village, the rise of a baser branch of the class to opulence and power, the many law suits from which he has emerged victorious, battles long ago with European planters, landlords and officials over grazing rights, boundary lines, fishing monopolies, rights of way and disputed obligations—he was ever the champion of the popular cause and the current discontents of the community found expression in this village Hampden—these themes stir his soul with conflicting emotions and move him to eloquence. We saw much of our friend in the great days when Mahatma Gandhi visited the district and turned the blaze of public opinion on an agrarian situation that time and circumstance had rendered impossible. Jokhan Singh proved a devoted and discerning disciple. He saw with his old, expressive eyes the dawn of that better agrarian day towards which he had struggled so long. It was from his lips we heard this fine tribute to India's wonderful son—"God sends but one Mahatma Gandhi in a thousand years: we shall not see his like again."

The war was a frequent source of discussion. With that fine disregard for second causes, characteristic of the seer, he resolved the whole thing into a drama wherein God and Satan strove for the mastery. He never doubted the ultimate triumph of the British Raj—the Allies hardly counted with him—and he accounted for the long drawn-out struggle by the explanation that God's displeasure rested on the world because of unrighteousness. The Kaiser and all his crew he gladly and unreservedly consigned to the abyss. On Armistice Day he sang God Save the King with us and acknowledged with gratitude the will of Heaven. In his own way he expressed the noble sentiment of Kipling's *Recessional*.

There came a day when Jokhan Singh was stricken down with a grievous sickness and we

were called in to see him. His home was a humble mud-walled habitation, innocent of furniture, and he lay on an old stringed cot with a solitary blanket for a covering. He was evidently very ill; the power of speech had gone and he struggled for breath, but recognition lighted up his eye and a movement of his hand bade me welcome. Words were futile; but we stayed by in silent sympathy and prayer while the old warrior, taking fresh courage from our presence, maintained his stout defence against the ever oncoming enemy. We left him at nightfall hardly expecting to see him again; but our fears were liars, and within a week he was up and about again. His recovery he frankly attributed to the mercy of Heaven and the visit of the Padri Sahib.

We saw him again in the grip of a great calamity. Fire ravaged his village and destroyed his homestead. We fought the flames with him and marvelled at his forbearance. Never a curse escaped his lips although he had a million gods to choose from. "This is the will of God," was all he said, and next day he started to rebuild. In fact, he planned a bigger house and borrowed accordingly from the Cooperative Bank!

A loyal Rajput, Jokhan Singh held the person of the King Emperor in highest reverence; but by the same token he distrusted the King's ministers. "They darken counsel," was his conviction, and one of his favorite parables was the story of the ancient worthy who when given a boon asked that he might have sole access to the King's ear for half an hour each morning. "If the King but knew, all our wrongs would soon be righted," was the refrain of many a lamentation. He had thin faith in politicians and an uncanny belief in the "ulterior motive." This made him distinctly sceptical about the chances of home rule. "Indians don't trust Indians," was his sweeping indictment; but he admitted that things might improve. His views on idealism would have delighted the soul of Colonel George Harvey!

Jokhan Singh meets our attempts at evangelization with amiable condescension. Hinduism, most tolerant of religious systems, claims him, and he invokes whatever God may be handy. When controversy turns against him he falls back on some sonorous Sanscrit stanza that neither he nor we understand. This, however, is the creed he avows: "God is one, but his manifestations are many: whom you call Christ we call Ram; there are many ferries across the river of death and many roads to Calcutta; we will all win through at last, meanwhile we are friends." We leave it at that, grateful to the kindly providence that knit to our soul the unconquerable soul of Jokhan Singh.

J. Z. HODGE.

## A COMMUNICATION

## The Spirit of Lawlessness

SIR: I always read the New Republic with interest, because I am so rarely in accord with its reasoning or spirit, for I find that those with whom I disagree are more stimulating than those with whom I agree. I therefore read with much interest your comment in your issue of September 14th on my address to the American Bar Association. In reply kindly allow me a few words.

You were hardly fair in stating that I approved of the mob rule of the fascisti. On the contrary, I mentioned their activities as a current evidence of the spirit of lawlessness, which I was condemning. I did not justify them, although I regarded them in a more favorable light than the anarchists whom they were suppressing. The fascisti were attempting to restore law and order while the Bolsheviks were seeking to bring about social chaos. The justification of the former, if any, for taking the law into their own hands depends upon the power of the Italian government itself to restore order. Upon that question of fact, having no knowledge, I expressed no opinion.

Referring to my attack upon the oppression of the individual by "mass morality," you state that "we remember Mr. Beck as one of the most ardent supporters of the latter,"—the "latter" being "mass morality." I wish you had been more specific. I have no recollection that I ever supported mass morality, in the sense that I assume you employ the term. If, by "mass morality," you mean the morality of the state, do you question its power and right within constitutional limitations to impose the reign of law? Unless there is to be anarchy, the state, within the limitations of the Constitution, must have power to impose its morality upon its citizens. That is what law means. Happily, this power in our form of government is not unrestrained; and when I said that the Constitution defended the integrity of the human soul, I meant that it protected the individual—even though he be an Athanasius contra mundum—from any unjustifiable invasion of his liberty, even by the state. I cannot recall a single instance where in any other sense I defended the power of the mass—even though the mass be a majority—to oppress the individual; and I respectfully submit that this comment of the New Republic is inaccurate and unjust.

The point of my address was that the inevitable tendency of most labor-saving machinery is to lessen the love of work. The more that man depends upon the machine, the less his disposition to cultivate his own strength and initiative,—and this is true of all classes.

It amuses me to reflect that the New Republic takes me to task for a line of thought into which I was led by an admirable article which appeared in the New Republic about a year ago. It led me to think more deeply than I had ever done before as to the effect upon the character of man of this ever-increasing dependence upon the machine to work for him. I then reread Samuel Butler's *Erewhon*, which had previously impressed me as only an

amusing satire, and found that, in the two chapters on the machines, Butler was not merely joking, but was stating a profound truth, in which he had been anticipated to some extent by Carlyle and Ruskin.

The New Republic suggests that the shorter the hours of labor, the more time the average man gives to healthful physical and mental exercise,—*but does he?* Of course, reasonable limitations of working hours are justified. My concern is with the effect of the machine upon the spirit of man and therefore the use of the free hours. The New Republic has clearly missed the point of my argument.

In delivering my address, I illustrated my meaning by extemporaneously interpolating a reference to the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. I said half jocosely that if the ninety thousand spectators, who journeyed to Jersey City to witness this degrading exhibition, had divided themselves into forty-five thousand pairs and themselves indulged in boxing, it might have been commendable in exercising and therefore developing their physical faculties. My objection to that pugilistic epic, which was glorified in the columns of the New Republic—God save the mark!—was that some ninety thousand people of all classes, including five thousand women, who graced the occasion but hardly themselves, journeyed there to see which of two young men could first punch the other into insensibility,—and this is only typical of the times.

If, after the hours of work, men themselves played baseball, it would be admirable in developing the physical power of the race; but, instead, millions crowd into baseball parks and moving picture palaces. The draft during the war showed the consequent physical deterioration of our race.

In my Cincinnati address, I simply suggested,—without any pretense to an adequate discussion,—a great question. It was this:

Has the increase in the potential of physical power, through labor-saving machinery, resulted in a corresponding increase in the potential of human character?

I know of no greater question than that, and I should have assumed that the New Republic, which devotes its columns to the greater questions and eschews petty politics, would have welcomed the earnestness of the inquiry, even though it did not agree with some of my tentative conclusions. On the contrary, you find fault with me and depreciate the address because, as you say, I did not discuss or draw a moral from the Salsedo and Mooney cases.

I may frankly say that I do not even know what the Salsedo case is, and as to the Mooney case, I know little more than that it was tried before a jury, and the sufficiency of the verdict was reviewed not merely by the Trial Judge but also by the highest Court of California, and then by the Governor of the state of California in considering the question of executive clemency. Having practised law for thirty-seven years, I have learned how futile it is for a man, through newspaper reports, to pass