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The Temple

(Translated from Sarat Chandra Chatterjee's Short Story "Mandir", by SAROJENDRA KUMAR MITTRA, Patna)

tionate or disproportionate, but that would fetch one and only one pice. Who was to spend skilled labour for nothing? Boys and girls would purchase them, fondle them a while, make them sleep, sit and place them on their lap and then—then break them to pieces—a sad end.

Saktinath started wandering here and there aimlessly, chewing and throwing most inattentively the half finished parched rice that he had brought from his home in the early morning and which was still tied at the end of his cloth. After some-time he found himself in the yard of his own dilapidated house. None was there. His old father, a man of shattered health, had gone to the Zamindar's house for worshipping Madan Mohan (Lord Krishna). He would bring the dedicated things from there—wet Ataprice, green plantain, radish etc., which he would then cook for his son and himself. The courtyard was overgrown with Kunda, Karabi and Shefali flowers. The poverty-stricken house was thick with lavish growth of weeds on all sides. Everything was carelessly strewn about and there was nothing welcoming or home-like. Old Madan Mohan Bhattacharya was anyhow passing his numbered days there. Sakti Nath began to move about in the courtyard with an empty mind and a blank look, plucking flowers, shaking branches and tearing leaves at random.

Saktinath used to go to the potter's house every morning. A time came when he was given the privilege of colouring toys. His Sarkar Dada selected the best toy for him and said "Dada, Thakur, take it and finish it to your taste." Saktinath took

nearly half a day to do it. In spite of such a good finish the price did not go above one pice. But Sarkar Dada on returning home used to say, "The toy that Bamun Thakur made was sold for two pice." This used to give Saktinath great satisfaction.

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The Zamindar of the village was a Kayastha by caste. He had been very much devoted to God and Brahmin all his life. The image of Madan Mohan carved out of solid black stone, was the deity of his house. By his side was his wife, Sree Radha, decorated in the richest fashion. They were both placed on a silver throne mounted on a very high altar. The walls of the temple were painted with different scenes,—phases of Brindaban Lila. Above their head was a velvet canopy from which valuable chandeliers were hung. On one side of the marble altar were articles of worship, properly arranged. The sweet aroma of flowers and sandal-paste filled the temple inside. Zamindar Rajnarayan Babu, on reaching middle age realized that the shadow of life was gradually lengthening and becoming fainter. When for the first time he felt that the range of enjoyment of his wealth was decreasing day by day, standing on one side of the temple he shed tears of grief. That was long ago. His only daughter, Aparna, was then only five years old. Standing by her father's side she used to see very attentively how Modhusudan Bhattacharya besmeared the black image with sandal-paste, how he garlanded the throne, and she felt that the charming smell of the flowers

was moving round her as a silent blessing. She used to come every day with her father to see the arati (chanting of sacred verses with ringing of bells).

Aparna was gradually growing up. Like other Hindu girls she was also imbued with the idea of God and taught to think of the temple as a cherished object only next to her devoted father. There was sincerity in her devotion to the temple. She was never far from her temple throughout the day. The presence of a single dry leaf or withered flower in the precincts of the temple was an eye-sore to her. She used to rub off with utmost care, even a drop of water anywhere in the temple with the skirt of her saree. Devotion of Rajnarayan Babu to the deities was excessive but that of Aparna was no less. The old flower basket was not enough to hold the quantity of flowers desired by her and a bigger one had to be bought. The old pot for sandal-paste was changed. The offerings used in worship had to be increased. Even the old and expert priest became nervous at the ever changing and flawless arrangements for worship. At this Rajnarayan Babu used to say with deep affection: "God has sent her to my house for serving Him."

At the proper time Aparna's marriage was arranged. The very idea of going to another place, leaving behind her dear temple, put an end to her smiles. The day was being fixed when she would have to go to her father-in-law's house. Like a thick dark cloud that waits motionless in the sky gravid with rain drops, one day Aparna with suppressed tears listened quietly that the day for going to her husband's place had come. She went to her father and said in shaky tone "Daddy, the arrangements (See page 583)

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Sakti Nath understood only half of this easy solution after much ado. A doll worth one pice must be sold at one pice only, whether it had complete eyebrows or half, eyes symmetrical or unsymmetrical, propor-

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TIME SOLVES ALL PROBLEMS

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The common man is hard to satisfy. He is always complaining and grumbling and asking for things and would never let his rulers live in peace. But there is one redeeming feature about public grievances: if they are ignored and complete silence maintained by the authorities, the wail of the populace ultimately dies down. At one time (in 1943) the people raised a great hue and cry over the price of rice—they complained that rice was being sold at the extremely high price of Rs 20 a maund. Now the same people are glad to buy rice at Rs. 25/- to 30/- a maund and bless the Government that they are getting any at all. The surcharge on matches was reduced a year ago, since then matches have been available only at 100 p. c. to 400 p.c. over the legitimate price. Popular outcry at the profiteering was loud and long, but nobody now complains about the price of matches, having come to accept the inevitable. After all we are believers in KARMA or KISMET. If God has ordained that matches should be sold at 4 pice to 4 annas a packet from June 1946, there is no sense in wasting one's breath in grumbling. Last July there was a great deal of popular clamour over the number of available seats in the 1st and 3rd year classes in the colleges in Patna—many boys after passing the Matriculation or Intermediate examinations could not get admission anywhere. But how long did the agitation last? In a couple of months, everything settled down. Those who were unable to get admission in any of the colleges gave up their studies and peace reigned once more. This July, the agitation for more seats in colleges has been revived and newspapers are writing articles on this "crying need". We can

predict that if the authorities keep quiet and do nothing, all this clamour about impossibility of getting boys admitted in colleges will stop by September. After all, why should boys think that they can get educated only in colleges? Did Benjamin Franklin go to a college? One can buy books, read them at home and get as much education as he needs. Had exporter Burrows of Bengal a college education? But lack of it has not prevented him from earning Rs. 10,000 a month. How many of the present rulers of the British Empire have been through a college? Why should our boys be clamorous about admission in colleges—which, they have been told, are *Gulamkhanas*? We don't want any *Gulams* in independent India. This agitation for more seats in colleges may be an annual nuisance, but it does not last longer than a couple of months—it dies down of itself. The sons of "those who matter" have no difficulty in getting admission in colleges—telephonic requests or letters or a personal visit to principal of a college does the trick. No head of an educational institution dares to refuse admission to a boy (irrespective of the division in which he has passed the Matriculation or the Intermediate) in whom any of the Hon'ble Ministers, their private or parliamentary Secretaries, or the Hon'ble M. L. A.'s are "interested". It is popularly believed that students are admitted in colleges in order of merit. If some public-spirited M. L. A. were to ask the question in the Assembly: "How many first division boys failed to secure admission in the three colleges in Patna and how many second and third division boys have been admitted?" it may bring out some ugly revelations, unless the figures in the answer are cooked.

Just now, the public agitation over the high price of salt is at its height. People were blaming the Government and so the *Searchlight* came out with an explanation: "*Partisan attitude of the Salt Department of the Government of India, manned by communal-minded officers was the cause of refusal to issue import licences to dealers in Bihar.*" This was far too romantic a story for even children to

believe. So, four days later, the *Searchlight* modified its previous view and said: "*cornering in salt has long been a matter of notoriety. Precisely the number of salt wagons sent out before the control was lifted have been coming since but nobody knows how and where the commodity disappears.*" If nobody knows any thing about the fate of salt reaching Bihar, nothing can be done about it. A very ancient book says: "*ye are the salt of the earth but if the salt has lost his savour wherewith shall it be salted? It is therefore good for nothing but to be cast out and to be trodden under foot of men.*" In any case, if the Government does nothing and keeps silent, in a few more months, all talk about the high price of salt will stop, and people will come to regard 4 annas a seer to be the God-ordained price of salt. People will always clamour and agitate over some trifle or other—today it may be the 'disappearance of matches', tomorrow it may be the "high price of salt", the day after it may be "difficulty in getting boys educated in colleges" another day it may be "difficulty in getting rice". How can the Government be expected to pay attention to such petty needs of the common man? They have far more important things to attend to, onerous duties to perform. The poor will never disappear from the surface of the earth, neither will their grievances. But governments cannot be expected to waste their time over trifles,

SPOILS OF WAR

It is a novel and pleasant experience to appoint provincial governors and no wonder that newspapers have joined the game enthusiastically. The *Searchlight* (July 26) wants to have Babu Rajendra Prasad as the Governor of Bihar. The arguments set forth in justification of its choice are (1) things are in a bad way in Bihar, the administration is rapidly crumbling and so Babu Rajendra Prasad should be brought back to the province to put the fear of god and man in the heart of the Ministry and rehabilitate it in public esteem. (2) That Babu Rajendra Prasad is the

BEHAR HERALD

"saintliest of leaders who has exalted morality into something sacred and spiritual and whose life is an example and an inspiration."

Neither argument appears to us to be strong, enough to justify changing the food minister of the Central Government at this critical period of the year. We remember that under the rule of the bovine Linlithgow, a change of food minister (Huq to Srivastava) was made at about this time in 1943 and the result was a disastrous famine causing the death of over 1,000,000 people. If Babu Rajendra Prasad can save the country from a similar experience this year, as we have every hope that he will be able to, we think it would be extremely selfish of the people of Bihar to drag him away from his key post in the Central Government when we are scraping the bottom of the rice bin. Rehabilitating the Bihar Ministry should not be done at the cost of a million lives. The futility of the Bihar Ministry is not due so much to the incompetence of the individual members of the Cabinet as to mutual jealousies, rivalries and clash of sectional opinion in the matter of appointments, promotions and postings of officers. Some time ago, Mr. Gandhi suggested some changes in the personnel of the Bihar Ministry but nothing was done. It would be worth while giving a trial to his suggestions, instead of bringing Babu Rajendra Prasad to Bihar, leaving the food Department of the Government of India in charge of a new man.

The second argument of the *Searchlight* is still more unconvincing than the first. No one will deny that Babu Rajendra Prasad is the "saintliest of leaders who has exalted morality into something sacred and spiritual". But the Government of Bihar is not a religious organisation for whose leadership a man of saintly character is needed. What we want is a man of administrative experience, one who would "gang his ain gait" and not "gang up" with the Ministry. Had Babu Rajendra Prasad been holding any portfolio other than that of food in the Central Government, we would have welcomed his return to Bihar.

Some extra-Congress sources have suggested the name of

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Dr. Sinha for the Governorship of Bihar. We doubt if the Congress H. Q. would be able to show so much magnanimity as to select non-party men for prize-posts at its disposal. The Congress claims to have the good of the country at heart—the choice of provincial governor will show how far its practice accords with its profession. The tendency seems to be to heap offices on the few top men of the party, not allowing them an earthly chance of doing one job satisfactorily.

We believe that the Congress H. Q. would do well not to consider the Governorships at its disposal as prizes for party men. The number of top-ranking men in the Congress is very small and to restrict choice to such alone would require one man to be simultaneously a member of the Working Committee, a member of the Central Cabinet, a member of the Constituent Assembly, the head of a provincial administration and several other things.

Notes & Comments

As Like As Two Peas

The following is a quotation from the *Sunday Times* of July 20:—

"The food position is very alarming. The figures of procurement show a downward trend. It is not as if there is no paddy to procure. There is plenty of paddy in *** district but all that there is has not been procured. The procurement agency is very slow, says a Congress friend of the district. Why? Is it indolence or anything else? What are the ministers doing?"

"The plain duty of the ministers is to tour their respective districts, call meetings of people and appeal to their good sense to tender the surplus grains to Government. If gentle methods fail, grain should be seized from greedy persons. Ministerships are not mere positions of honour but entail heavy responsibility. If the ministry cannot fulfil their responsibilities, they should tender their resignations and get out. There is no use pleading for want of time to look into the problems.

"It was hoped that the ministry would work as a team.

That expectation has not been realised. There is no unity, no co-ordination of policy. The record of the premier is said to be very unsatisfactory. It was hoped he would agree to be guided by his more experienced colleagues. But he would not be guided nor could he himself initiate programmes or policies.

"The premier is said to be busy in attending to appointments of Officers. His record in that line is not creditable."

Who ever imagined that such complete parallelism existed between Bihar and Madras? How Things Are Done In China

One of the officials of the Chinese Central government visited the United States and was much impressed by the brightly-lighted streets. On his return he said to the national committee: "We must be progressive and modern. Let us choose one city in China and demonstrate how it can be lighted."

The national committee voted \$1,000,000 for this project. They called in the official who had proposed the idea and said: "We wish you to choose some city in China, and demonstrate how the streets can be lighted. We will turn over \$1,000,000 to you for the job.

He decided on Peking, called on the marshal of the province, and said: "The National Government wishes to demonstrate how a city can be lighted in the modern manner. We have chosen Peking for this experiment, and, since Peking is in your province, I have come to offer you the \$750,000 the government has voted for this work. Will you see that the plan is carried out?"

The marshal was a good executive, which means he did no work himself. So he called in his secretary and said: "Here is \$500,000 the government has given us to light up the streets of Peking. Better turn it over the mayor."

The mayor of Peking, who holds his office only through the goodwill of the marshal, was sent for. "Mr. Mayor," said the secretary, "Our great government has decided that Peking shall demonstrate to the rest of China how a modern city should be lighted. You are in charge of the city. You must see that this is done. The

Government has very generously sent you \$250,000 for this work."

The mayor told the chief of police:

"The Government wants the streets of Peking lighted. You are in charge of the streets—see that this is done. In order that it may be well done the government and our generous marshal have given us \$50,000."

So the chief of police summoned his street sergeants. "There is a new law" he said, "which you must enforce. The streets must be lighted. Each shop keeper must have a light in front of his door. If he does not do so you may collect a fine from him. See that the lights are put up."

A Scandalous Affair

No self-respecting Englishman can help feeling ashamed at the turn of events in Indonesia. Japanese resistance to American onslaught from the air collapsed on August 14, 1945. British and Indian troops were landed in Java and continued to "hold the baby" for the Dutch till the latter were able to reconquer their lost colonial possession. It was perfectly well-known to the British, the Dutch, the Indonesians and the rest of the world that Indonesian resistance to Dutch re-occupation could not last for more than 2 years at most. The Dutch requested the British to help them to tide over this difficult period. The only arms the Indonesians possessed were those they had got from the Japanese. These could not last for ever, once the stock of war materials was exhausted, the Indonesians could not hope to get any further supplies from anywhere in the world. Indonesia was "held" by the British on behalf of the Dutch at the cost of Indian lives. British-Indian casualties for the period October 1945-Aug 1946 were.

	Dead	Wounded
British	50	140
Indian	600	1300

We have not been able to get figures of casualties after August 1946, but it is believed that nearly a thousand Indian lives were lost (dead and missing) in British generosity to the Dutch imperialists.

Now, after two years the Dutch are ready for the reconquest of Indonesia. First they encouraged the Sundanese peo-

ple of Western Java to revolt against the Indonesian Republic. The PASOENDAN party of Western Java demanded a Pakistan of their own, backed by the Dutch. The Dutch had trained their troops and armed them fully. American lend-lease planes, Kittyhawks and Mustangs, given to Britain for the war in Europe were taken to Indonesia and left there for the benefit of the Dutch. These American planes, manned by Dutch pilots started raining bombs over defenceless Indonesian positions, on July 21 without giving any ultimatum or declaring war. Indonesian ports are being shelled by Dutch warships and Dutch infantry are using artillery and mortar fire against the Indonesian troops. The Dutch have started an all-out offensive and have called it "strictly limited police measures."

The fact that the Indonesian Premier, Dr. Sjarifuddin and the President Dr. Soekarno have been broadcasting appeals to the world from the Indonesian capital, Djogdjakarta, to intervene quickly and effectively in the Dutch-Indonesian war, shows clearly that the Indonesians are at the end of their resources and have no chance of resisting the Dutch conquest. In 1935, Haile Selassie also made a similar appeal to the conscience of the civilized world when Mussolini was raining bombs and poison gas on poorly equipped, unorganised, tribal levies of Abyssinia. We know the response he received from the great ones of the earth—the infamous Hoare-Laval pact, the agreement between the British and the French to divide Abyssinia. We do not know if the Indonesians will have any better luck than the Abyssinians had.

There are two redeeming features in this shameful affair: The Trade Union leaders of Holland have called upon all transport workers and seamen not to help, directly or indirec-



tly, Dutch military action in Indonesia. The Australian Waterside Workers' Federation, which has always been very sympathetic to the Indonesians' aspiration, has declared that it would not load cargo to supply war materials to the Dutch in Java, and if the Dutch persisted in their war, the Federation would apply a ban on all Dutch shipping.

The least that Pandit Nehru's Government can do is to prohibit Dutch military planes from landing in Indian air fields. (This has been done)

China Bled To Death

President Truman has sent General Wedemeyer to China as a "fact-finder", in other words to report on what further help the tottering Kuomintang regime would need to carry on the civil war. The Kuomintang-Communist "disagreement" will end some day, but when that day comes, there will be no Chinese left in China and the country may be partitioned between the U. S. and the U. S. S. R.

There will be no cessation of the Civil War in China so long as Chiang Kai-Shek banks on the belief that Kuomintang will always get help from America in money and war materials, in its war against a party which calls itself Communist. The Kuomintang's claim to be regarded as the legal government of China is pure bunkum. The areas held by the Communists in North China had never acknowledged the Kuomintang. The Chinese Communists are not rebels. Chiang was never the master of the whole of China. America and (following her) Britain had taken it for granted that the Kuomintang was the Government of China. But there is no justification for such an assumption which is based on the theory that "any one who fights against Communists is our friend and will get our support".

Why Not ?

It is quite evident that sooner or later another college will have to be started in Patna. The main difficulty is in getting suitable land and constructing a large building. The Government House in Patna will be vacant from August 15, and it will be very proper for a Ministry, eagerly

bent on nation-building, to start a new college in the Governor's palace. The staff quarters will provide ample hostel accommodation for the students.

We don't suppose the new Governor of Bihar would like to occupy the British Governor's palace. If he starts by doing so, very soon he will be wanting a peacock throne, a crown, a sceptre, a sword of State, a diamond-studded mace, a jewelled orb, ermine robe ...

Incomplete News

According to an A. P. message (July 27) from Madras, "about 2500 prisoners out of a total of 16,000 in the province will be set free by the Madras Government on the eve of Independence Day. *This number will not include political prisoners*". We are glad to learn that Madras will be getting independence soon and that a day has been fixed for it. We are getting only Dominionhood and so are envious of the southern province. We are unable to say if the italicized portion means that political prisoners are *not* to be released.

Later we saw another A. P. message saying that Orissa will celebrate Independence Day with decorations, illuminations and parade. Does a pink become a rose by calling it one ?

The Hen That Laid Golden Eggs

The Government of Mr. Subrawardy, the Government of India, the growers of jute and the jute-mill owners, were all somehow under the impression that there was no limit to which the price of jute could be raised. The result has been that about 50 p.c. of the orders for jute and jute manufactures from; U. S., Argentina, Australia and New Zealand have been cancelled owing to the excessive rise in the price of jute. These countries have decided to do with as little jute as

possible, using cotton and paper bags as substitutes for jute. These are said to be 20pc. cheaper.

[This piece of news has been subsequently contradicted—Ed. B. H.]

Buy All Salt Available At Present Price

We advised our readers (B. H. July 12) to buy up as much as they could of all imported toilet articles, tinned provisions, cutlery, wearing apparel and foreign wines. Also as many motor cars, bicycles, lead pencils and fountain pens as possible. Those who worked upon our advice are the happy ones to-day. Within 3 or 4 days of our writing most of the things mentioned by us either disappeared from the shops or could only be had at 2 to 3 times the "controlled" price. Fountain pens that had no buyers at Rs 3 are now selling at Rs. 7. Lead pencils worth 1/6 can now be had only for 6 annas. The officials and members of the Government of India, who use 11,000 rupee cars, consider bicycles to be a luxury for the poor and have stopped their import. Locally made bicycles will soon be selling at Rs. 250 each, if not more.

We have another tip this week for our readers, It is to buy up all salt that one can get at 1/4/- a seer, as very soon the price of salt will rise to 1/8/- if not to rupee one a seer. Importers pay Rs. 150 for a wagon of salt and when the wagon arrives here, they sell it for Rs. 500. Now the importers have decided to sell the wagons at Rs. 1000 each. If people can be made to pay 1/4/- a seer for salt, there is no reason why they should not be made to pay 1/8/- or even Rs 1/- The wholesale importers are not wholly to blame. The sum that they had to pay for the privilege of being licensed importers does not allow them to sell salt at less than three times the controlled price. In fact, their margin of profit is very small if they sell salt at 1/4/- a seer.

VISITING PATNA ?

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Letters

[The space at our disposal being limited, we would request our readers to be brief in their letters to the editor for publication. We can print only a selection from the letters received by us and illegible writing, writing on both sides of a sheet of paper, or close type-script without any space between the lines, would disqualify a "letter" for publication, for obvious reasons.—Ed. B. H.]

University Examination

I was shocked to read in the Indian Nation (16.7.47) that "About 25 students of the T. N. J. College, Bhagalpur, including two girls who appeared at the I. Sc. Examination this year have been debarred from appearing at any examination for the next two years, as they are alleged to have used unfair means at the examination." It appeared that "all these students had wrongly worked out two sums in a Chemistry paper, each making the same mistake."

One is surprised to hear of such mass copying. Formerly individual boys were expelled from the examination for adopting unfair means. Now 25 students copy undetected.

Two questions naturally arise—How was such copying possible and was there no invigilator in the room ?

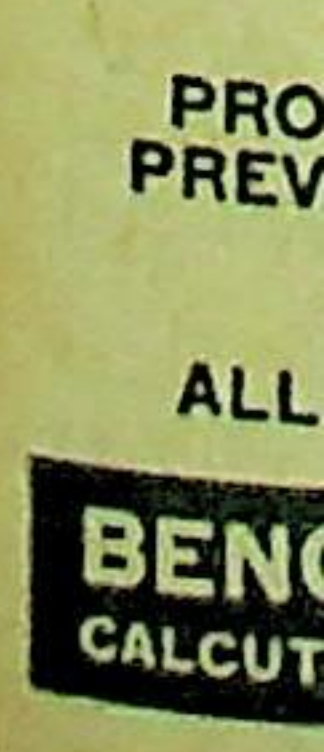
As far as I know (and if is also the convention of the University) all the I.Sc. students were seated in the hall and the girl students had their seats in a separate room. How then was it possible for the girls to work out the same two sums with the same mistakes ?

Somebody must have worked out the sums (and wrongly) from outside and distributed a large number of *chits* which the girl students too did not refuse.

But what were the invigilators doing and was the Principal not supervising the whole affair ? Who is responsible for spoiling the careers of so many students ? Why did the Principal allow outsiders to come near the College premises and thus give opportunity for such happenings ?

The authorities should take drastic steps against all con-

(See Page 682)



In A Patna Village In Monsoon

By ESOBSS

"God made the country and man made the town" is proved by the approach of monsoon in a swampy village near Patna where my old exiled bones enjoy the views of nature. The scorched grass and the yellow leaves are again wreathed in smiles. The Sajney tree, habited as a gigantic bush, is harbouring innumerable Chhatra birds. A pile of frogs in my bed room croak like lovely innocents in the joyousness of the rains. There is strange suspicion about a big cobra or two in the dirty court-yard. We have to maintain an alert for ferocious deer and Nilghai which come by way of the fields.

As soon as it is lighting up time, winged insects of the size of a big Bengal cockroach begin to issue like fountain water from several holes in several parts of the compound. Have you seen a Tubree at Kali Puja? Then you have guessed my insects too. You eat dal, bhat, roti or fish; and along with it some insects go down into your stomach with their vitamins and roachy smell.

The cuckoo, the Papiya, the Doyel sing day and night. Their voice was almost stopped during the great heat of May and June

which nearly excelled that of the U. P. When the winter came, I thought spring could not be far behind. But suddenly the heat began and I could not discern any true spring which is called in the village 'Popheera' or 'Bahar Moshim.' It has come now. The Patna cuckoo does not migrate. The Bheemraj comes in the winter alone. The Doomdar Chiria enters my room.

As I sit in the broken easy chair with my legs upon a Morah as dilapidated, strange animals pass by from this village to that: a beautiful Khikkhir or Khack-Shialy, an edible hare, some squirrels, one Harharra, and all the et ceteras that indicate the village monsoon. I sank into a sort of doze under the cloudy sky and upon the new green grass. Things went wrong around me. I shouted for help.

An immense black man-mauling jungle cat with stripes was creeping along and got a footing on a part of the grass. Poothoo gave tongue in response to my shout. Men came along but plans to beat off the Bun-Biralwah were baffled. The beast is a harsh tyrant for murghis and pigeons. A neighbour, who did many noble acts of charity, shot the cat while she was jumping from one roof to another. Her carcass weighed 20 seers. Soon another warning shout came borne on the gusts 'Boorah Babu, bhago, Sar hai budmaswah!' A Patna village is indeed a place of adventure that was ever offered by God for human enjoyment.

The villager sings Hooka in hand "Chiuta mera kara Peyada agpakarke lao, Zara tamakoo piongey!"

The village song sung by girls is very sweet "Kahey machaway gul, Papiya, Kahe machaway gul?" An old garden proprietor comes with some ordered mangoes: seven Sepias for a rupee and five langras for the same price. Highly fragrant Bengal Kagzi Neboo and Bela mala are available every evening if you have a man to penetrate the other villages. Their intoxicating perfume mingle with the odour of my manure-yielding

goats, pigeons, murghis, and the uninvited crows, cows cats and asses.

The Sharifa and guava trees in the court yard are in flower or fruit. The Rukhis are destroying them. Sparrows come too. The Komra and Koddu are already a foot or two from mother earth. Kheera and Jhingnee and Satputia ditto. Grow more food-ers are much disturbed by birds and rats. Otherwise a Patna village would have been a very great vegetable mart. 'Phal phulowree swatick bhojan' would have kept us satisfied.

But never trust a Bengali's vegetarian promise. An esteemed friend in the city sent me a nice fresh Ganges Hilsa, and disturbed the vegetarian tranquility of my soul. A strange mystery hangs over the name of fish in a Bengali household,—specially in a fishless Patna village like this. I fell a victim to a species of fascination, and opened the ceremony of the kitchen with Dinapore-made mustard oil. But the fish was so 'Telook' or oily that it supported the saying 'Fry your fish in its own oil'. It was so tasty that the U. P. Fishery Report's remark proved true: 'The Hilsa is the king of fish. But this one was the 'queen', as a pair of nice Andas came out from its womb. The female Hilsa becomes pregnant as the monsoon thunders roll over the rapid waters of the Ganges. When fried the Andas felt crisp as American crackers between

my upper and lower toothless gums breaking with a nice sound. I thought my boyhood teeth had returned and I was going to matriculate and marry.

Bihar villages have many disadvantages in the monsoon, though it is pleasant to see gigantic squares of land ploughed. The Pataooh Bhutta is over; and the monsoon Bhutta is almost ready. Every household has kept milch goats, as cows are scarce. The cool east breeze carries the sweet odour of the flowering Mehdi hedge through my window as I recline under my leaky roof. My shaky, unstable table is covered with ripe plantain, home-grown Papita though rare now, unripe bael and green kheeras (which I stole from my neighbour's garden). In spite of these amenities I am indignant at the little Monsoon Wancee trying to penetrate my each eye throughout the day. Another unseen insect stings me daily causing pustules all over the body like small-pox. Besides there is the village allergic rash. Wasps have killed a boy.

The yellow flower (Tecoma Grandis) growing wild has caused hay fever in Delhi, Cawnpore, Meerut and Calcutta visitors here. A specialist tied this flower 12 hours to the arms of twelve men in Calcutta. Three developed rash: These are the men prone to suffer from hay fever. Removal to the crowded city is the only remedy. Hence dissatisfied with God-made country man made the town.



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Men Versus Machine

Engineers have not been able to incorporate brains into their machines, and so men, though smaller in number than before, are still necessary for working the machines. The capitalists have to engage both skilled and unskilled labour for running their brainless machinery and have supervisory staff to guide their brainless labour. Some of their highly paid supervisory staff accumulate money and become small capitalists. These new capitalists are more staunch in their views about labour than the born capitalists, as a renegade becomes over-zealous in his new religion. They are more heartless in their treatment of labour because they believe that by ill-treating and oppressing the men, they can acquire better and higher positions.

The whole industrial structure is based on mutual distrust and hatred of these two. Labour hates the capitalist but at the same time wants his money. The capitalist hates labour but wants work done. The capitalist tries to eliminate labour through automatic devices whereas labour, when in power, wants to eliminate capitalists by nationalisation of industries.

Poor Knowledge

Mishandling of labour by the bosses is one of the potent causes of labour unrest. This is often unknown to the management and remedies are seldom found out. Thus labour grievances accumulate in an industry. But the labourers of to-day are now more conscious of their power. They know that they have the right to revolt, which they very often take recourse to in protest. Therefore, a different technique must be adopted in handling labour based on Industrial Psychology.

Handling of labour is an art. Everybody cannot handle

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REFRESHES & PERFUMES

51

Industrial Relationship

By VOX PUPULI

(Continued from previous issue)

labour. One may be a very good engineer, a scientist or a clever mechanic, but if he does not know how to deal with his men, putting him in charge of a plant is only to invite trouble. In spite of all his ability, he would fail to run the plant efficiently. His behaviour, would remain a constant source of irritation to the men.

The Disease And The Doctor

Machines give indications in many ways when not functioning smoothly. Labour also shows such indications by inefficient work. At the first sign of slackness on the part of the workmen, an expert labour psychologist's opinion should be sought if slowing down, breakdown, and strike are to be avoided. Appointment of ordinary Labour Officers, Welfare Officers... will be of no avail in such cases. A really good labour-man with broad and unprejudiced views, having years of experience with labour, is wanted. He should work independently, reporting direct to the Managing Director or to the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Company. The Labour Officers or Welfare Officers of to-day are handicapped in executing what they think best for labour welfare because they generally work under the head of a workshop and obviously, they cannot say anything which would go against their boss because in that case they may lose their jobs.

The enlightened Labour welfare officer of future should have assistants for contacting labour of different categories, both skilled and unskilled. These assistants should know various languages and their honesty should be assured. Through these assistants, the Labour Officer would keep in constant touch with labour and eliminate all pockets of dissatisfaction from the plant, due to maladministration, injustice, etc. It is preferable that such an Officer or some of his assistants should reside in the labour colony, instead of living in Bungalows away from the labour bustee. Better understanding between man and man, irrespective of difference in position, can be established through close association. Enmity comes from aloofness and indifference.

The Remedy

In a malarious place, to get rid of the mosquito one need not go hunting each insect. Only the breeding places need be abolished and development of probable new breeding places should be prevented. So also in an industrial plant, for keeping the workers satisfied, it is not necessary to satisfy each and every man. This cannot be done. God fails to satisfy all. But, the majority of the men should be happy and pockets and/or breeding places of dissatisfaction must be removed. Such are the places where men of all departments have to go; for instance, the Works Hotel, the Hospital, The Town Administration Office, the Town Superintendent's Office, the Accounts Office, the Time Office, etc. If at any of these places men are harassed or are not treated well, dissatisfaction will spread all over the Works and ultimately everything may go beyond control.

Also the higher the position, the cooler should be the temper of the Officers. A bad tempered Foreman will irritate only the men in his Section whereas, an ill-tempered Superintendent may be the cause of wide-spread trouble. When the top-most man has his short-comings he will spoil the whole organization. In spite of all other qualifications, if a man is unjust and ill-tempered, no matter who he is, he should be kept from coming in direct contact with labour as an explosive is kept at a safe distance from a lighted taper. Never take a chance with bad tempered people in any organization; much less in an industrial plant.

It is to the interest of both the capitalist and labour that accumulation of dissatisfaction should be prevented and this can only be done by sincere and capable Labour Officers working with the help of a sound Labour Organization.

Giving more pay to labour is not always necessary for satisfying the men. By money alone satisfaction cannot be purchased. Even bosses getting thousands complain that their pay is not enough. For satisfaction, there are other factors too. In any case, the causes should be investigated into and remedies sought according to the diagnosis. As a dose of quinine will not cure

all fevers so also a dose of increment of pay will not remove all dissatisfaction. The causes of dissatisfaction must be studied and removed. This may or may not require budget adjustments.

If only petrol is put in the tank to take work from a car without paying any attention to its other necessities in respect of body, wheels, engine and other parts, it will go out of order in no time. Similarly if work is taken from human machines, only by paying arbitrary wages, having no relation to the cost of living index and if no attention is paid to other requirements of their body and mind, they also will become inefficient. Today there may be sufficient labour to replace the exhausted ones but in days ahead, replacement may not be so easy and inexpensive. Why not then introduce these timely changes in handling labour immediately instead of waiting till one is forced to do so?

For establishing a more congenial relationship between capital and labour, the object of organizing and setting up industries must undergo radical change first. The object of industrialisation should not be accumulation of wealth by small groups of the privileged classes as has been the practice hitherto; but it should be run with a spirit of service to the country. Whether such a spirit is existing in an industry or not can be judged from the living conditions of its employees and not by the quality or quantity of production. What good is production that fails to feed and maintain properly the producers and their children? This, however, requires change of heart of the capitalists. If this happens, their Officers will mend their way themselves and with this changed outlook, relationship between capital and labour should be based on equal partnership through voluntary co-operation of each.

Such co-operation between capital and labour should be as spontaneous and true as exists between the head and other limbs of the body, where in spite of the advantageous position of the head, it does not work the other parts of the body for its own benefit alone, because it knows it lives and dies with the rest. The Industrial Heads should also learn this lesson and remould their relationship with their men accordingly, because the destiny of capital and labour is indissolubly tied together.

Leading Principles Of Materialism

[Sequel to "Materialism In A Nutshell" By KALAPAHAR]
By HARIPADA GHOSH

There are two lines of philosophy—idealism and materialism—on every question in dispute, matter and experience, sensation and knowledge, space and time, cause and effect, absolute and relative truth, etc. Materialism again has developed a system of thought called Dialectical, Historical and Economic Materialism. Ontological and epistemological problems are dealt with in the theories of Dialectical Materialism. Sociological religious and ethical problems are dealt with in the theories of Historical Materialism; problems of economics are dealt with in the theories of Economic Materialism.

Idealism considers that a spiritual principle (i. e. God) lies at the basis of everything and is identical, or akin to our mind.

Materialism considers it wrong to place Spirit at the base of all phenomena. It regards matter as the basis of everything, and asserts that matter exists independently and outside of our mind. The external material world reacts on our mind, is reflected in it and determines it. Matter is primary, and fundamental; mind is secondary and derivative. Mind is inseparably associated with matter; it is a property of matter organised in a special way, viz, the brain, and is a product of the latter's activity. Mind reflects the external world. There can be no mind or thought without brain.

The idealist, on the other hand, separates thought from the brain and considers that spirit is the beginning of all things. The idealists turn the whole course of things upside down. In their opinion matter is derived from spirit. The universe (nature) is created by God, material beings by an abstract or immaterial being.

Materialism declares that there is no "spirit world", there is no "transcendental world". The world is unitary, and its unity lies in its materialness. The universe was not created. It is eternal.

Through our sense organs we receive impressions of the material world existing outside of us. Sense perceptions provide the material for our knowledge. The world is reflected in our mind because we ourselves are part of that world. A material object and our minds comprise the unity of opposites with which we are familiar. We must not confuse (as the idealists do) the external world with

our consciousness of the external world and make them identical. External objects and our consciousness of them are not identical things. But the opposite is not absolute. The external world and our consciousness are not isolated from each other. The unity we have here is unity in the sense that without a material world and without the brains of man, consciousness of the world can not exist. It is unity also in the sense that our consciousness in general faithfully reflects the objective world.

It is not correct to say that science does not propose to define or establish the "so-called" absolute truth.

It is true that scientific theories are but relative truths. They are ever approaching closer to an understanding of the objective world, for instance, of the physical structure of matter; their knowledge becomes progressively deeper; but they can never result in final and exhaustive knowledge of ultimate truth. The scientific doctrine of the structure and chemical composition of matter and the electron may become antiquated with time.

It may be argued that mankind may become an extinct animal and the universe may one day dissolve into a cool glow of radiation uniformly diffused through space. But human knowledge will not be able to abjure the objectivity of space and time.

While we must realise that at any given stage in its development our knowledge is relative, conditional and approximate. Nevertheless, in every scientific theory, in spite of its shortcomings, we must learn how to assimilate and develop this truth, although our knowledge is transitory.

In Hegel there is much that is mystical, idealistic and clericalist, but they contain the fundamentals of the dialectic method. We must be able to select that which is true from that which is untrue, fantastic and antiquated.

Properly applied to our knowledge, i. e. if it is realised that the mind of man is determined by the development of material world which proceeds independently of the mind, and of which thinking man is himself a part, materialistic dialectics is the best weapon against clericalism, against stultification of thought

and against the substitution of the living work of the mind by lifeless abstractions that end in intellectual stagnation.

The old theory of matter was that it consisted of indivisible and simple particles—atoms. Recent discoveries have shown that the atoms are not simple, but extremely complex. Atoms have been divided into still more minute particles,—electrons. Science has revealed that the laws of motion of these particles differ from the laws governing the incomparably slower motion of large masses of matter. Not being acquainted with dialectic materialism, scientists began to draw the conclusion that with the disappearance of the atom, matter also disappeared and that we are not destined to know the real world; in other words, they began to adopt the standpoint of idealism and agnosticism ("we are not fated to know!").

Lenin, however, showed that the new discoveries, while compelling us to reject the old theories of science, deepened our knowledge of matter and confirmed the correctness of dialectic materialism, taught us to regard scientific truths not as unshakable dogmas, but as approximately true reflections of objective processes; reflections that are bound to be corrected and perfected by every new development of science. The new discoveries do not shake the basic standpoint, viz, that which we know as matter.

There is a tendency amongst idealist scientists to evolve theories to establish the concept of "multiverse" and a third


category 'anti-matter' beyond what we know as mind and matter. Quantum energy, radiation, whatever we may call them,—an extension of matter or something else—does not shake off the basic standpoint of matter and mind.

The external world reacts on our senses and is reflected in our mind. The conception of the objective reality of the external world is an absolute truth, confirmed every minute by fact and by practice. This is the foundation of materialist philosophy.

The material world is essentially cognisable, since the "cognising apparatus" does not exist outside of the world, but is a part of the world. The "cognising apparatus" i. e. the thinking man is the fruit of a long development. The existence and development of humanity is the best proof of its strength and vitality, and also of the strength and vitality of the human mind.

Material production is the foundation of social life, because on it depends man's very existence. In order to exist, men must eat, drink, clothe and provide themselves with dwellings; only then can they occupy themselves with politics, science, art... Labour is required to create the material things necessary for man's existence. The productive activities of human society consist in extracting things from nature, in working them up and in adapting them to the needs of man. Human labour, which is essential to man's existence, exercises a decisive influence on the whole structure of human society.

Lenin gave much thought to ontological and epistemological problems. He drew a sharp distinction between the subjectivist or sensationalist philoso-



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LEADING ...

phies and Dialectical Materialism. To have subjective knowledge of the world and to ignore the possibility of knowing its objective stimulus was to him like having thoughts without brain. A materialist, he says, is one who "takes matter as the *pius*, regarding consciousness, reason and sensation as derivatives". Lenin asks himself whether the world would not exist independently of humanity and of human experience, and his answer is that the world "existed long before human experience was possible. Hence reality is independent of human consciousness. According to Lenin, matter is that which acting upon our sense organs, produces sensations. It is some objective reality existing independently of the human mind and reflected by it.

The recognition of an objective world raises at once the question of the reality of such categories as *space* and *time*. Kant and philosophic idealists generally have accepted these only as *forms* of human understanding with which the

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intellect is endowed. Dialectical Materialism (on the other hand, while recognising a certain relativity in these concepts, nevertheless holds that a philosophy which denies the objectivity of space and time is absurd. Dialectics is not the same as the doctrine of relativism, since dialectics considers relativity only in the sense of historic conditioning of the limits of *approach* of our knowledge to the objective (absolute) truth.

In conclusion I will quote a few passages from Lenin on Dialectics, to differentiate Idealism from Materialism with a warning against the dangers of philosophical idealism which is another form of clericalism and which leads us to nothing, but limits our knowledge to a deified absolute, into something that is severed from matter, from nature. Lenin defines clericalism (i. e. philosophical idealism) as naturally possessing gnosological roots. It is not groundless; it is undoubtedly a *sterile flower*, yet one growing on the living tree of prolific, true, powerful, omnipotent, objective and absolute human knowledge.

"The division of the ONE and the knowledge of its contradictory Parts, is the essence of dialectics.

"In mathematics: + and —. The differential and the integral.

"In mechanics: Action and reaction.

"In physics: Positive and negative electricity.

"In chemistry: The combination and dissociation of atoms"

"In social sciences: The class struggle.

"The unity of opposites is the recognition of the contradictory, *mutually exclusive* and opposed tendencies in all phenomena and processes of nature.

"The condition of the knowledge of all processes of the world, in their "self-movement", in their spontaneous development, in their living form, is the knowledge of the unity of their opposites. Development is "struggle" of opposites.

"The unity (the coincidence, identity, resultant force) of opposites is conditional, temporary, transitory and relative. The struggle of the mutually exclusive opposites is as absolute as evolution and movement.

"Natural science reveals to us objective nature in its same qualities, the transformation of the particular into the general, of the accidental into the necessary, transitions, transfusions, and the reciprocal connection of opposites. Dialectics is the theory of knowledge of Marxism."

The Disease And The Remedy

By READER

There are not many men in India abler or worthier than the top leaders of the Congress, to-day or in the past. Yet the Congress has not succeeded as it should, considering the eminence of its leaders. Nor does it seem to be decidedly better than its admittedly inferior rival parties. According to the *Indian Social Reformer*, the main reason for the failure of the Congress is that it has not been able to discard the traditional notions of political behaviour. It believes that politics is not an honest business, but a matter of scheming, intrigue and expediency, — a civilized form of hooliganism fit only for heartless adventurers, reckless demagogues and faithless time servers — and behaves accordingly. It fails accordingly, as all demagogues, adventurers and time-servers are destined to fail in course of time.

However loudly the Congress may boast, or protest, or parade its creed of Truth and Non-violence — it has not got the courage of speaking the truth, walking straight, or doing the right — at any cost. The Congress boasts of being a non-communal national organisation. But in actual practice, it is only a little more national and a little less communal than the avowedly communal parties, — the League or the Mahasabha. The "national" character of the Congress is more observable in its name than in its conduct. It is prepared to show favouritism, generosity, charity and make concessions to minorities, but shirks from doing them justice. Its cowardly, non-committal and effeminate policy of "neither accept nor reject" towards a disgracefully unjust measure, has been directly responsible for the partition of the country to-day.

So far, the Congress has attained a certain measure of success, but is its success commensurate to its ambitions, exclamations, declarations, proclamations, protestations? Its ambition is not merely to capture the legislatures and strut about as Ministers, building a road here, digging a tank there, deducting a pie here from the profits of a capitalist and adding

a pie there to the wage of the worker. The Congress aspires to attain national independence and BRING ABOUT WORLD PEACE!

The net ultimate result of the policy of expediency is that the Congress goes on lingering, struggling, begging, whining — enhancing the cupidity of the greedy, inflaming the rage of the injured, postponing the hopes of the credulous, — cursed by the helpless, hated by the clamorous, hammered by the vigorous, lamented by few, suspected by all, respected by none.

There are men in the Congress who are heroic talkers — who call all sorts of injustices, generosity. These "generous" folk do not know what generosity is — that generosity comes *after* justice, not *before* it; that generosity can only be shown at the cost of self, not at the cost of others. It is sad to see people who are unable to distinguish between justice and generosity, between nationalism and communalism, talking of assuming the leadership of Asia and bringing about world peace.

The Congress has yet to learn that the success of any great scheme like attaining national independence or world peace depends on two things: (1) the scheme has to be based on principles of justice, impartiality and fearlessness, not on self-interest, expediency or favouritism. (2) It has to be supported by physical force, if one is strong, or by a spirit of supreme sacrifice, if one be weak. If the Congress really means to achieve national independence, it should be guided by the above two principles. It should show stern and straight behaviour — fearless of obstacles and regardless of small gains, combined with a readiness for total sacrifice — as a mere matter of course, without the least fuss, without minding the consequences, without caring to count the cost, or measure the harvest. Only then can the Congress raise itself in popular esteem, from which it has sadly fallen to-day.

All Clear?

By R. L. NIGAM

It is close upon four years since I committed this indiscretion — say "poetisation" if you will—and after a careless circulation among a few very intimate friends it was cast away. If it is now being presented for a wider circulation, it is not because any special merit, literary or otherwise, is discovered or claimed, but simply because there seems to be a better justification for the mood which it expresses and it may possibly yield to some a satisfaction of recognition. The proceedings and upshots of various conferences and peace-meets and the general situation do more than reinforce the mood. It was originally called "Air-Raid" but to suit the day the title has been selected from the content of matter presented.

OF COURSE I heard the Siren,
Excuse me, Sir WARDEN
I'll to the shelter directly

Ah this blind Alley! Will there be an end to it?
O, sorry, Sir, you are not hurt? Are you?
Excuse me whoever you be,
In this pitch darkness I cannot see.
Yes, yes, I know:
The darkness saves; the light betrays;
Queer is this world and queerer its ways!
"LET THERE BE LIGHT", said the Lord;
"LET THERE BE DARKNESS", is our prayer!

Welcome, welcome, thrice welcome to me
This glimmer of light:
Gosh! What's this bursts upon my sight?
Men, women and children too,
All in a mixed gathering here
Human life is so cheap, why hold we our own so dear?

Hello! Young man!
Got a good holiday from turning the machine?
For sure you are an operative, I can guess
From your stained dress
And battered looks.
Good gracious! What are you looking at?
So hungrily
So voraciously?
On my life she is a "brave wench".
But my dear fellow this is an air raid
And no feast to wink at a maid.
Quite, quite,
Your argument is perfectly right:
Never before would she admit so close
A clumsy awkward fool:
Ever before she was on wheels
Speeding through and speeding through
As if it were a race:
You could never see her full gaze,
Full face.
By all means have your chance
Nor be afraid of annoyance:
It is the belief of the wise
That calamity is a blessing in disguise:
Good Luck!

In a sight so rich and rare
Whom do I behold next—?
A MILLIONAIRE? !
Hats off! My respects, Sir!
But I cannot understand
You amid such miserable band;

You in a public shelter,
PUBLIC SHELTER!!
With these luckless fellows!
A scandal to your presence.
Look, this factory worker!
This bank clerk!
This court sentry!
Here a mechanic with a swarthy face;
Here a vendor of border and lace!
And this struggling journalist
Who, even here the temptation of your interview cannot resist!
And this whole multitude—these
Never so decent in halcyon days of peace
How absolutely vulgar in war;
Fit only to be the cleaners of your car.
What! So long you stood!
And now to sit on nothing better than a log of wood?
No spring cushion? No sofa soft?
O' Tyranny!
How choking and stuffy and bad — ehem-m-m-m.
And no air-conditioning:
O' Punishment!
Are you thirsty Sir? Anon Sir!
Hey, Boy! A glass of sherry,
Or, Sir, strawberry?
The best quality boy, and liberal ice
No one responds! Handsome Bakhshish, boy!
Is that man gone deaf?
Or turned a toy?
Wha's this, Sir? Drinking from the COMMON BUCKET!
O' Privation!
A Mammon's darling moans and suffers
Gods are turned duffers;
They are not moved!
Sorry Sir, It's painful to watch for such as me!...



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And you too here !
 You are so white and so fair
 And rubbing shoulders with this black jackanasep !
 This is flouting a fact —
 The International Pegging Act !
 By God, Is it you really !
 Accursed be the Huns that detain you here.
 A great, great surgeon !
 Yours is a net loss,
 Big enough to collapse a big Boss !
 Every hour fifty incisions of your knife
 And every incision worth fifty coins, full bodied, full] valued !
 Against heavy odds,
 You kept the dignity of your profession
 In whatever season—
 Whether slump or depression,
 Sentiment, nor emotion,
 Love nor devotion,
 Sufferings of the sick,
 Nor the tears of the poor
 Could make you relax
 Or charge a penny less !
 Ah, that I should have lived to see this sight ?
 To find in this pickle,
 The glories of gold
 And eminence of position
 Faring no better
 Than hammar and sickle !
 I, remember you, sir,
 You a great CRIMINAL Lawyer
 The greatest of them all —
 A unique brain :—
 Wonder of the world —
 Marvel of men —
 Such as angels would be proud :
 Too good, too good, Sir,
 For this madding crowd !
 Excuse me, Sir,
 I shouldn't waste your time
 Your time is so precious:
 Your TIME IS MONEY.
 Alas ! Alas ! !
 It melts my heart and boils my brain—
 To see, to feel, to think
 What I knew and what I find :
 "This picture", Sir, and "that" —
 And ah, the difference !
 YOU—defended the criminal
 Now defenceless stand;
 YOU—could condemn the innocent—
 These criminals cannot hang !
 Am I awake or asleep ?
 Is it true ? CAN IT BE TRUE ?
 —Drinking together—the lion and the lamb ?
 Are we really one in distress ?
 MEN in distress—and no more lion and lamb ?
 Or is it the same
 Wretched life in fancy dress ?
 * * * * *
 Don't be afraid, don't be afraid,
 It's a mild earthquake — the bombs are falling
 Another — yet another, and another
 Ho look to the child !
 For your life, be where you are, and don't run wild :
 We are like children :
 We are scared ;

We are afraid — the Devil ! !
 We are children again,
 For we are in a cradle
 To the rhythm of life and death, death and life
 It swings.
 It's the Huns; its the Huns ;
 They rock the cradle ;
 They will rule the nations — haha ha-ha-ha-ha ...
 Don't stop your ear
 They are no more here ;
 They are gone:
 This cursed life is saved again
 To my sorrow and shame.
 Any way I am richer for being through all this :
 Here in our little "Cradle"
 We have learnt to be children:
 To be playmates and fellows
 Rocked in the same cradle:
 Here in this spot un beholden to sun
 We are, though multitude, yet ONE
 Forged and fused by ruthless Bombs:
 They know no race
 Unsusceptible to the beauty of face;
 Deaf to the voice of flattery
 Indifferent to prayer
 Cold to the bank-balance
 Insubordinate to authority
 Impertinent to Order
 Contemptuous to title
 Unfeeling to misery and
 Callous to poverty...
 Yes, I did hear the "all clear"
 Proclaimed as well by your good cheer
 Must we hence from here ? Must we ?
 But outside "WILL IT BE ALL CLEAR" ?????????

LETTERS ...

(From page 576)

cerned and prevent the recurrence of such affairs.

—Indignant

Bhagalpore
 Dominion Day Celebration

The Sind Government have decided to close all schools and colleges in Karachi for a month (for the present, it may be longer) from Aug. 1 to accommodate about 20,000 persons—the Pakistan Government personnel.

The students of Pakistan will have real reason to rejoice at the attainment of Dominionhood. But what about those of Hindustan? Will a day's holiday (15th Aug.) suffice for us to realize our independence? We students are the pillars of politics; our political leaders are great men to-day through our hartal-ing, processioning, jai-ing. We shed our blood at the Patna Secretariat gate in Aug. 1942 so that our leaders may occupy it. They have done so and in the hour of their triumph it would be ungrateful of them to forget the students. We would suggest that all educational institutions in Bihar should close on Aug. 15 and reopen after the pujahs. This would be a patriotic gesture and would enable the students to have a taste

of real independence, even though for 2 1/2 months only. We consider granting of a single day's holiday on such a momentous occasion as the attainment of Dominionhood to be mean in the extreme, quite unworthy of our magnanimous leaders.

Our services were needed for the attainment of Dominionhood, but the leaders should remember that they cannot dispense with our services even after the British quit India. Achar. Kripalani in his Madras speech (July 16) asked the students to prepare themselves "for the reconstruction of the social and economic life of India." Mr. J. P. Narayan told the Bombay students on July 21 "Students will have to devote more attention to the task of construction of the great Republic of India". We are expected to carry out the onerous duties of "reconstruction of the social and economic life of the country" and "constuct" the Republic of India, but in the matter of holidays, we are given a niggardly 24 hours. Faugh ! Ugh !

— The Students of Bihar

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THE TEMPLE ...

(From page 573)

that I have made for worship in the temple should be carried on as flawlessly as possible." Her old father burst into tears—"Well, my daughter, so it will be done." Aparna stepped out silently. She had lost her mother in her infancy. She could neither weep nor moan when she saw her old father's eyes full of tears. Then with a dry smile she left the village on a palanquin for her father-in-law's house. While wiping off her own tears she remembered that there was none to wipe off her father's. Her heart complained of her faults in thousand and one ways. Her own heart was full of agony when somewhere from a distant village temple there came the jumbled sound of conches and bells, the sound to which she was accustomed from her early life. She restlessly opened the door of the palanquin and imagined through the semi-darkness of the evening the black shape of her own temple end shook in a fit of convulsive weeping. A maid servant from her father's house, who was walking behind, came up and fondly told her, "Weep not like that dear, it is the duty of all girls to go to their husband's house." Aparna covered her face with her hands to hide the coming tears and closed the door of the palanquin.

At that very moment Raj narayan Babu, standing inside the temple by the side of his deity was dreaming of the hazy beautiful face of his dear daughter in the image of Radha, bedimmed with incense smoke.

Aparna was living in her husband's house like other girls. But there was no love or devotion in her heart for her husband. Neither the bashfulness of first love nor the excitement of the first meeting with her life companion could bring brightness to her dim eyes. From the very beginning, husband and wife remained strangers to each other; one night, Amarnath softly asked, "Aparna, do you not feel like staying here?" "Aparna who was not sleeping replied "no".

Amarnath — will you go to your father's house?

Aparna — Yes, if you so please,

Amarnath — do you want to go tomorrow?

Apara — yes, I do.

Aggrieved Amarnath was stunned at this expressionless

reply from her. After a short silence he again asked, "If you are not allowed to go?" "Then I shall stay here as before", replied Apara. Then there was a lull in their conversation for a time. "Aparna" called Amarnath. "yes" replied Aparna vacantly.

Amarnath — Don't you require me in any way?

In reply Aparna covered her whole body thoroughly with her saree and said "do not ask this question from me for it is the root of mischief.

Amarnath — How do you know?

Aparna — I know, because my brother and his wife always quarrel with each other every day. I do not like all these.

Amarnath felt intrigued at

this. He was groping for just such a word, and he answered, "Come on Aparna, let us have a quarrel. It is far better to start a quarrel than live this sort of silent and inactive life." Aparna very quietly replied, "No, why should we quarrel. please try to sleep, will you?"

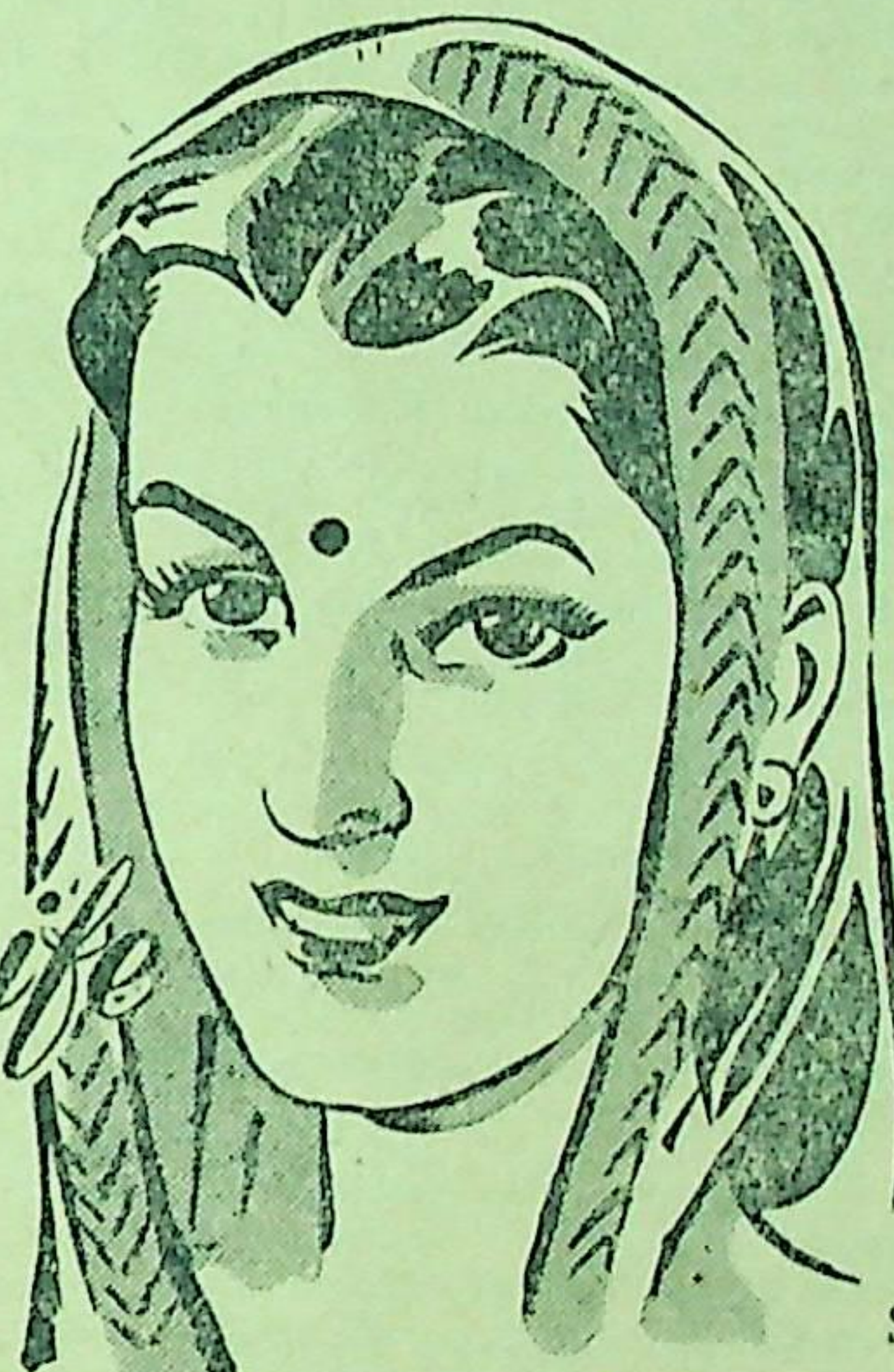
After that Amarnath could not find whether she slept or kept awake the whole night.

From sunrise to sunset Aparna was busy with household duties. Her grave nature, uncommon for her age, made her a laughing stock to her girl friends as well as her husband's sisters who used to call her 'Gonshai Thakur' (a devotee). But banter was ineffective and she could not be like one of them. She only thought that

her days were passing uselessly. Was there any way for her, who was feeling every moment a strong invisible attraction towards her father's home and temple? Could she forget them in her household duties or in frivolous gossip? How could the love and fond words of her husband touch her when her aching heart was longing for something other than human love? How could she be made to understand that the duties of a woman do not end in a temple alone?

Amarnath made a mistake when he brought a present for his beloved wife. It was about nine or ten in the morning when Aparna was going to worship after her bath. Amarnath spoke with as loving and sweet a voice

*it's
no fun
being a
housewife*

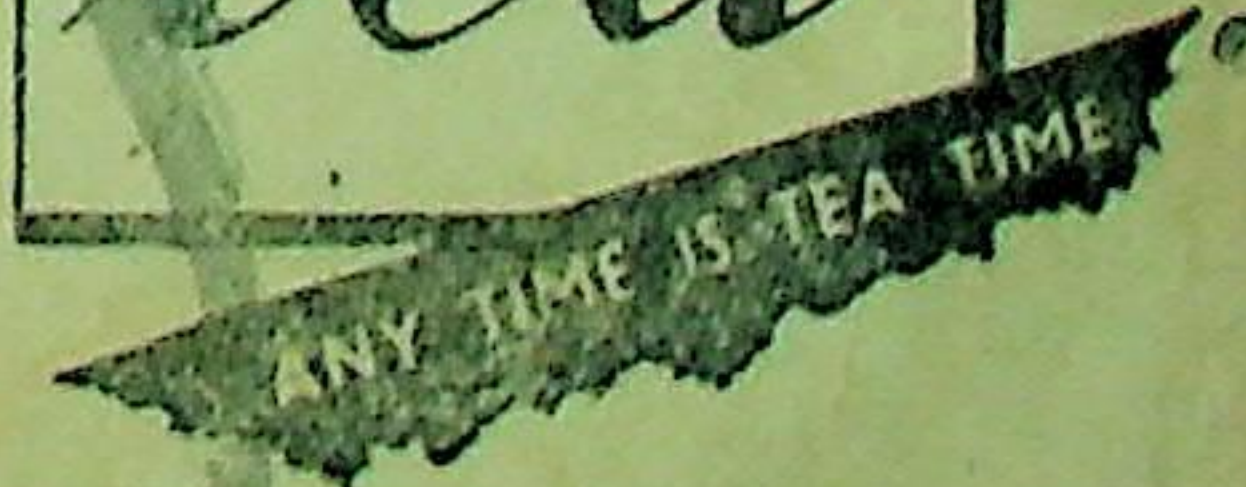


Servants twice as expensive as before —vegetables three or four times the normal price—fruit almost unobtainable—the dhobi irregular—and the cook always keen on inflating the bill: life, indeed, is a long weary catalogue of worries for the housewife these days.

Still she has to face up to it all—and with good cheer. To do this she of course needs, now and then, a sustaining cup of tea; for there is nothing like it to soothe her overwrought nerves, refresh her tired mind and give her strength to iron out the domestic problems.



1. Don't brew your tea in the kettle. Use a teapot for brewing.
2. The teapot should be warm and dry when you put in the dry tea. This assures correct infusion and flavour.
3. Put one teaspoonful of fresh dry tea leaves for each cup and one extra for the pot.
4. Use only freshly boiled water—never water that has been previously boiled, under-boiled or over-boiled. Water is boiling when it is bubbling and not before.
5. The time for infusion is not less than five minutes.
6. Don't add sugar and milk while the tea is still in the pot, but only after it is poured out in cups.



THE TEMPLE ...

as possible. "Aparna, I have brought some thing for you. Will you be gracious enough to accept it?" Aparna replied with a smile, "Oh, surely." Amarnath was glad beyond expression. He started opening the lid of a box tied with a handkerchief. Aparna's name was written on the lid with golden letters. He looked up to see Aparna's face. But to his great despair he saw that Aparna looked at him as blankly as one with glass eyes.

The cold attitude of Aparna chilled his exuberance and a forced, meaningless smile appeared on his face with which he wanted to hide his discomfiture. Yet with a lingering hope he opened the lid of the box to bring out some phials of "Kuntaline" (hair oil) and other things beloved of young women, when he was stopped by Aparna, "are those all for me?" Some one answered on Amarnath's behalf, "Yes, for you and this scent too—". Aparna again asked, "and the box too?"

"Certainly" was the answer.

"Then why bring them out, let them remain there".

"Very well, but tell me whether you will use them?" enquired Amarnath. Aparna frowned, She proved to be a misfit in this world. She who had already made up her mind for any rebuff, suddenly received a nasty wound at this kind request and she answered in a fit of passion: "They will not be wasted, keep them. There are others like me who know how to use them," and without waiting for a reply she got into her puja room. Poor Amarnath sat there like a bewildered fool, his hand holding the unaccepted box of presents. He blamed himself for his folly and after a long time heaved a heavy sigh of dejection and muttered "Stone-hearted Aparna." His eyes became dim and heavy with gushing tears. Had Aparna flatly refused to accept the presents, things might have been quite different. But how could he bear that under the cover of acceptance she totally refused to take his gifts. Would he drag Aparna from the seat of worship, kick off the refused gifts himself in her presence and make a promise not to see her face again? What to do? What to say? Would he go away to some unknown destination, like a mendicant with ash besmeared over his body?

Would Aparna not come there by a miracle from somewhere as his companion in his days of austerity, like a princess in a fairy tale? This sort of visionary imagination made him all the more restless. He sat in the same posture and wept but could not arrive at any solution. After this Amarnath did not turn in to sleep in his room for two days and nights. Her (Aparna's) mother-in-law came to know this and mildly rebuked her and asked her son not to mind a minor conjugal tiff. The grandmother of Aparna's husband made some witty remarks on the incident. Somehow or other the matter was made light of. At night Aparna apologized to her husband, saying "If I have pained you, please, excuse me." Amarnath could not speak. He began to pull and scratch the bedsheets sitting at one end of the bed. Aparna was standing in his front with a faint smile on her face. She repeated, "will you not excuse me?" Amarnath answered, with his face looking down, "What shall I excuse? What right have I to pardon you?" Aparna took her husband's hands in hers and said, "Don't say that. You are my husband, what shall I do if you are angry? If you do not pardon me where shall I go? Tell me why you are angry." Amarnath relented at this and answered, "No, Aparna I am not angry with you."

"Really not?" asked Aparna eagerly.

"No" replied Amarnath.

Aparna believed this incredulous statement without the least hesitation and went to sleep in a most carefree manner.

Amarnath was much surprised at this. Turning his face to the other side he wondered how his wife could believe this. He had not come for two days, did not see her for two days, still how could she so easily believe that he was not angry with her? When he knew Aparna to be really sleeping he got up restlessly and snapped out "Aparna are you sleeping. I say the Aparna?"

Aparna woke up and in a confused voice asked "Are you calling me?"

"Yes, I shall be going to Calcutta tomorrow, understand."

Aparna put a volley of questions at this—"But you did not inform me about it before. Is your college vacation over so soon? Can you not stay for a couple of days more?" She gasped for breath and looked up with lack-lustre eyes.

"No it is not possible" replied Amarnath.

"Are you going away because you are annoyed with me?" asked Aparna in a thoughtful mood. Of course it was a fact but Amarnath

(See bottom of next column)

Life Looks At China---III

By DR. SUDHIR K. ROY CHOWDHURY

The Nationalists desire above all else to present to the world the aspect of united China. This makes their voice strong in international Councils. Therefore their Censorship Policy has been to suppress any reference to the activities of the Communist armies in the North, or any impression of serious internal opposition to their rule. As a matter of fact, however, Chinese Communists rule independently over vast and populous territories in north China. Communist armies were fighting the Japanese all through the war in the vital provinces of Shantung, Hopeh, Shansi and North Kiangshu. Completely cut off from the Central Government, they wove a net of popular resistance round Japanese garrisons and railways. Their arms were seized from the Japanese or were home-manufactured. They held down perhaps 200,000 Japanese troops. In their rear the Communists were sealed off from all outside aid by ten divisions of the best troops of the Central Government armies, which should have been employed against the Japanese. Even medical supplies destined for the Communist armies were seized by the Central Government.

The case of the Nationalists against the Communists is explicit. They claim that unity comes before all else, that the nation cannot be strong if two Governments are set up in the country. They claim further that the Communist party of China, like Communist parties of other countries, is the agent of Russia and that within any State, no groups can be tolerated whose policy is alien to its own. The Communists, on the other hand, claim that so long as they receive no supplies from the Central Government they need give it no allegiance. They claim that they cannot yield up their independence of action unless the Nationalist State allows them freedom of speech, assembly and press. Were they to disband their armies and

nath could not admit this. Shyness made him mum. During the last five months Aparna had repudiated all the power which a husband possesses over his wife, by her cold attitude to such an extent that he dared not even be angry with her. She again snapped out, "Oh, do not go anywhere in a fit of passion. This will really pain me." What Amarnath could say now was a mixture of truth and lie, that he was not angry and that he would stay for a couple of days more as a sure proof of his not being angry. He did so but his stay pained him.

(To be continued)

submit themselves to the present governing group they would be wiped out as a political entity and many would lose their lives. The communist problem is the thorniest of China's internal political questions—the complexities of which are difficult to solve. It is complicated by a great and unknown factor: How intimately is this party linked to the foreign policy of Russia? How closely does it plan to follow the tactics and methods of the Russian Communist Party? Is Russia concerned in having a hold on China?

Over all China looms the brooding figure of Chiang-Kai-Shek, for inspite of all his tempers, moods and shortcomings—he is the symbol of China at war, the man whom even the Communists recognize as the only, possible leader with an astounding personality. Although, he is surrounded by a sycophantic court interested in poisoning his mind and feeding his prejudices, he is a man of great intelligence. In his understanding of China he is unsurpassed. Every one in Chungking knows that Chiang-Kai-Shek is worried by the condition of his army, by the negligence of his allies, by recurring famines, by the communists; above all by inflation. Chiang bears on his shoulders an enormous burden of personal work. Increasingly he feels that he is the only one he can trust in the entire nation, and his energy is more and more channelled into minor administrative matters. There are signs of crumbling away of loyalty to his regime. Brief, but violent, peasant revolts have broken out, springing in part from the administrative oppression of the grain tax, in part from the conscription by force. These revolts were simply expressions of grievances in a system with no democratic outlets for discontent or public discussions.

The Japanese had forced themselves upon China. But the Japanese in oriental history are insignificant. Penned up in their rocky islands, with little culture or standards of their own, their brief and terrifying role in Asiatic history was a fleeting phenomenon. The real power of the Orient resides in China; she is the nation that has given the Far East its civilization for over 2000 years and will do so again.

(Concluded)