EXPERT AGITATOR IS GANDHI LEADER IN BATTLE FOR INDIANS' CIVIL RIGHTS

cussion, you might have met at many gatherings in London, a quiet-mannered Indian, a man of 40, small and to talk; deeply in earnest (you could see with half a glance), but conspickindly, sweet-tempered-and, as you would guess, tenacious almost beyond anybody you had ever known. This barrister-at-law, attorney of the supreme court in the Transvaal, and leader of the South African Indians in their struggle for civil rights; organizer of passive resistance; a man you checkmate or get round, though you can, of course, put him for a time out of the way. He is at present in jail, condemned to 12 months' prisonment, with hard labor, for leading a company of his own people into the Transvaal across the frontier from Natal, in defiance of the new immigration restriction law.

Comes From India.

Mr. M. K. Gandhi comes from Western India. He is by race (or, to speak more precisely, by language), a Gujer-Bombay high court.

Served in Boer War. Natal courts took him to South Africa. not in the first place with any idea of remaining there. The Law Society opposed his enrollment as an advocate, but the supreme court of Natal admitted his claim, and Mr. Gandhi, already aware of the outcast condition of the Indians in the colony, settled down in Durban to practice his profession and to organize his country- finger-print ordinance and other meas- You must admit the men. He founded (in 1894), the Natal ures for which General Smuts was in London Daily News.

Five years ago, when the ripening Indian Congress, which began its Union of South Africa was under dis- career with an agitation-an unsuccessful agitation-against the disfranchisement of Asiatic settlers. The two decades of almost unbroken conflict slight; unobtrusive, but always ready have been full enough of varied incident for Mr. Gandhi. Twice he has had experience of warfare-in the early uously reasonable, patient, persuasive; stages of the Boer war, when he was never ruffled or combative, always at the head of the Indian Ambutance Corps which did good service on the Natal battlefields, and in 1906, when he organized a corps of Indian was Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, stretcher-bearers during the native rebellion in Natal.

Twice at least his life has been in danger-once when he was set upon in the streets of Durban on landing from India (the report having got that he was introducing skilled Indian labor into the colony), and when he had, like more famous men in similar circumstances, to escape in policeman's garb; and another time when an infuriated Pathan tried to kill him under the impression that he was traying the Indian cause to the Transvaal Government.

Expert Agitator. He is an expert in scientific agita tion. Never was there a popular leadati, by religion a Hindu, and by caste er more uncompromisingly hostile to a Bania or merchant. He comes of an militancy. There is no tolerance in old Bania family connected for gener- him for anything even remotely reations with Porbandar, a little native sembling violence. Passive resistance state in Kathiawar, north of Bombay, or, as he prefers to call it, soul where for a quarter of a century his force—is his single weapon, and he father was Dewan or chief minister. never sanctions its use until every Though profoundly impressed by the conceivable means of negotiations and religious character of his mother, an persuasion has failed. Ten years ago old-fashioned Hindu of the straitest he founded a weekly paper, "Indian way of life, this youth was not of the Opinion," as the organ of his movehome-keeping kind. His ambition went out towards the west. With the greatest difficulty he obtained his mother's jerati). To begin with, the paper was permission for the journey to Europe, and then only, it is said, after a Jain months Mr. Gandhi bought an estate priest had, in solemn ceremony, admin- of about 100 acres some twelve miles istered a triple vow of chastity and to the north, upon which was planted abstinence from flesh food and alcohol. the Phoenix Settlement, whence "In-Mr. Gandhi was called to the bar at dion Opinion" has continued to be isthe Inner Temple, and on returning to used. The settlement is peopled by India was admitted an advocate of the Indians associated with the paper and others of Mr. Gandhi's helpers, the leaders among whom, in true Indian Just twenty years ago a case in the fashion, take a vow of poverty, binding themselves not to accept more than £3 a month for their services to the journal or to the educational schemes

of the community.
Mr. Gandhi s quality as a leader was tested during the four years' struggle Government Transvaal with the (1906-10), when the Indians were fighting, passively, of course, against the finger-print ordinance and other meas- You must admit that it is strange.-

Picnicking as King Pharaoh Did

thought (such victory as is possible upon a basis of avowed compromise), had been achieved three years ago; but the undertaking made by General peace last autumn, so far as the essential point at issue is concerned—the cile-has been unfruitful. With the has gone, as his way is, to prison; and it remains to be proved whether the Union Government can afford to keep him there. For his influence in the keeping of the peace is unrivalled. The South African Indians give him an unlimited allegiance. His character commands their reverence; they obey him like children; they believe in his wisdom. With Mr. Gandhi on the field, the struggle proceeds without bloodshed. Remove him, and the furies are abroad.

A Born Leader. He has shown astonishing gifts of leadership and diplomacy, and an equally astonishing grasp of affairs and knowledge of men. But fundamentally M. K. Gandhi is a recluse, a devetor of mystic the speculative of the speculative state. devotee, a mystic. His speculative standpoint is unreservedly Tolstoyan. He is an alien in the modern world, an enemy of what we call western civilization. It is not, he will tell you, the British people, but western civilization, mechanical and material, that is governing India, and cities like Calcutta and Bombay are merely plaguecentres. Increase of material wealth and of comfort is inimical to moral growth. East and west can never meet until the west has thrown over its civilization, and India's only way to salvation is to unlearn all that she has been learning under the tutelage of the west during the past half-century. To this uncompromising apostle of non-resistance even the organization of sci-that I was known to the lady; for she entific aid for suffering humanity is and I had corresponded in some far-off essentially immoral. The hospitals day—doubtless in connection with some devil, for if they did not exist mankind would stand a chance of freeing itself from the physical wages of sin. Our modern world is the Inferno, and the only right thing for man to do is to get out of it into silence, solitude, poverty, and peace. And yet with it, ere is Mohandas Karamehand Gandhi, the spiritual Nihilist, sacrificing himself wholly in order to secure for his compatriots a little measure of civil rights in a dominion which will never willingly accept them as free citizens.

me on the way. At the mausoleum found the custodian, a typical Scotch man, intelligent, keen, deeply interest-ed in the life of the illustrious countryman over whose tomb he keeps watch and ward. He pointed out to me that there was a mistake in the record on the tomb; Burns was put as a year younger than he was when he died. And then, quite casually, he gave me a piece of information which There at once set me in a flutter. were, he said, some descendants of Burns in Dumfries today. Yes, said the custodian, there are a granddaughter and a great granddaughter of Burns in the town, and the granddaughter is a real Burns. I had but ten to fifteen minutes before I had to catch my train. I asked him if he thought the two ladies would be will-Smuts was not ratified, and, as we ing to receive me. Of course, he said, know, even Mr. Gokhale's mission of they are visited by many people. So they are visited by many people. So off I rushed; came to the smallish tial point at issue is concerned—the street, then went up the narrow passecuring of admitted rights of domi-sage into what the Scotch call a close. and ascending the first stair on the resumption of hostilities Mr. Gandhi right I found myself outside one of those small flats in which so many Scotch people dwell. I knocked with some trepidation and some keen expectancy at the small and modest door; there was a long pause, and then the door was opened, and at once I forgot the narrow, close and the small staircase and the modest little flat at the top of the dark staircase. there stood before me a woman whose beautiful, open, sweet infectious smile seemed to flood everything with her own sunshine. The custodian was right: here was a real Burns before me in the flesh. The short, round face the short nose, the dark eyes, the laughing look, as it were the outward expression of that joyousness of life, which was part of Burns' temperament amid all its frequent gloom, all spoke of the descent and of the blood of Burns. He lived before me again.

Miss Burns. Miss Burns Brown, for she it was who received me, is what the Scotch call a sonsy woman, with a fine full figure, great vitality of movement, an infectious laugh in her great black eyes and in her round almost chubby face. There is nothing about her of the forlorness which I had expected; is vital in every movement and in every look. At once I felt that I had a of early Victorian ideas, and all the impossible that it can be anything but those who like myself have known so much of genteel poverty. After a while her husband within the last few years; and with him had evidently gone out the light of her life. We were alone for a few moments, and then I told her that I had heard her daughter was the wall. And presently the daughter us?" with that joyous and hospitable smile

dear old lady shook her head and de-clined. "Then I'll sing myself," said "He looked carefully little piano, and with energy and sweetness and fine expression, she sang to me "A man's a man for a It was indeed a strange ex- to be an iron plug." perience, to hear one of Burns' song one of his blood and one retracing all his features and figure. nearly a hundred and twenty years af-

ter, in the small house not far away,







Burns had gone the dusty road to I am afraid that there came something of a lump into my throat and that it was with some difficulty I kept from making a fool of myself; for tears would have been a strange thing in presence of that laughing face and that vigorous and animated figure. Then there were a few more pleasant words—that accursed train was on my mind all the time, and kept torturing me by its incessant and clamorous call, while I was standing

in the presence of Burns. And I went

SETTLING.

"I must insist, sir," exclaimed the compous person, "that the device is she a fire-plug."

"And I am actually confident that it is a water-plug," retorted the mild in-

"Now, my dear sir," puffed the pompous person, "this device was put here (and this from a devotee of the Red Cross!) are but instruments of the with its modest furniture and its look vicinity. Therefore, it is absolutely

> the old lady herself came again - a the other. "This plug was placed here sweet, touching, pathetic figure; old, a to supply water. Consequently it is a little tremulous, very intelligent, very water-plug. If it supplied fire-why, sad; for, as she told me, she had lost then, of course, it would be a fire-

> > The pompous person stopped a pass-

ing pedestrian. "Sir," he began, "I desire to appeal very like the poet. "They used to to your intelligence. This gentleman say that I was very like him, too," said has become involved in an argument the dear old lady in her soft, weak with me. He insists that this device voice. And then she told me some- is a water-plug, while I, with equal thing about her father—the son of confidence, claim that it is a fire-plug. Burns, who had been employed in Will you kindly settle the question for

"Certainly," replied the pedestrian. of hers came in; and she asked her "You say this is a fire-plug, and your mother to sing me a song. But the friend declares it is a water-plug. Just

He looked carefully tapped it gently with his cane." "I greatly fear you are both wrong," he finally remarked. "This appears

Mullingar district lunatic asylum is said to be overcrowded. It is reported that there are 1,026 in the house, an increase of 13

corresponding period of last year. A carter named John Connolly, in employment of Messrs. Newsom & Son, and residing at Faughts, Sligo, was fatally injured by being thrown out of a cart, when the horse took

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pany in Dublin for some time, has been A scheme for clearing the insaniappointed as the company's agent over tary area known as Callaghan's Lane

their wider sphere of operations in was adopted at a special meeting of the Kingstown urban council.

whither I had been brought on a mission with which this journal has nothing to say-that I realized that I was in the town so intimately associated with many of the chief pages in the life of Robert Burns. Even then I was not ready to visit the haunts of Burns, for there was an article that had to be written on that morning; and thus it was that it was only within the few sixty to eighty minutes that intervened before my departure for other scenes that I was which are mainly associated with his Burns in this town, crowded with so suggestive title of the Hole-in-themany gay and so many dark hours in Wall. You enter it through a narrow and my impression swift and uncer- relics tain, the reader must put it down to The other inn, which produced a prohurry which swept me along from spot to spot.

cations of how one absorbing prepos-

session of the mind obliterates all other

things-even the most obvious for the

nament—that was not till within an

hour or so of my leaving Dumfries-

Burns at Dumfries.

First, perhaps, I should tell the southern reader-I need not tell it to Dumfries from 1791, when he received his appointment as a gauger, till 1796-the year of his death. It is an important period of his life-not so much for its productiveness as for its final overthrow of his health and the gradual descent through ill-health, over-indulgence, flattery and neglect, in which he finally ended. In some respects it is the period of his life to most regret. On the other hand, ninety pounds a year, and it was for ment him; he was settled down with wives; and all his little flirtations, except one, were platonic. He was usu-

Neave's Food FOR INFANTS What a Mother who has raised two line boys on it says.

> our two sturdy boys, we have a dear little baby girlaged 5 months. Her name is Eva Muriel, and of

Muriel, and of course we are bringing her up entirely on Neave's Food, as we believe that to be that to be that to be that to be the very best food in the world for babies. She is getting along fine and is strong and healthy, and so bright and contented. She has been fed on Neave's Food since she was two days old and it suits her admirably, as I am sure it would suit every other child if it was properly made. That little "Jack" I spoke of is such a sturdy little boy now. Neave's Food certainly

boy now. Neave's Food certainly saved his life." Mrs. J. W. PATEMAN Mothers and prospective mothers by obtain a free tin of Neave's Food da valuable book "Hints About by" by writing Edwin Utley, 14 ont Street Hast, Toronto, Agent for mada, and mentioning this paper. Neave's Food is sold in 1 lb. tins by Druggists in Canada. 47

It was to me one of the curious indi-, well-known story of his being found, coming doom. And I have also seen standing in the streets looking up to the sequel that follows such nights—the windows in the hotel where the specially to him whose genius has county bail was taking place, and re- given color, glory, splendor, light among the invited guests. I think it I have seen when men had been made is Carlyle that makes the apt remark merry and sentimental and loving unthat the only thing remembered about that bail and about every one of the bottle, how they turned to their homes self-conceited gentlemen and prim and separated. And this is just what they saw it, on that forlorn and banished figure outside, is that Burns wasn't there.

In the Days of Ancient Egypt

At the Hole in the Wall.

There are two hostels in Dumfries career. If my visit was hurried lane. It is a small house with some veloped into rheumatic fever and ultiof Burns scattered around. found impression on me, and which dwelt more in my memory, is the historic Globe Inn. I found behind the polite, refined, industrious, and wellmy Scotch friends—that Burns lived guide. She took me upstairs to the room in which men, not probably landlady took me to the spot. hours to the intexicating eloquence which one looks with least pleasure and earlier period. Here was the chair in nakedness; it was indeed far more Burns, for the first time in his life which he had drunk many a merry utter simplicity and merest common-had a settled income—it was only glass of hot whiskey, and toasted placeness which so often are the nar-

the laborious and pretty thankless and loved. One almost felt as if one were the resounding and immortal tragedies very perilous office of gauger. Most of in the presence; and at the same time of life are played. And all the surwild passions had ceased to tor- one felt what a world-drama of tragic roundings were in harmony. The nar-Jane Armour, who was the best of played in these narrow and modest as I saw, at the backs of houses, was then I went away; but as I reached ally treated with the respect due to the street, I suddenly remembered that house on the hill beyond. And for a his genius, already recognized, though I had not see that which most excited now and then some outburst, either of my curiosity. You who have read the fully making his way home, was at my heretical opinion or of excessive con- story of Burns will not have forgetten side! viviality, injured him. There is the that awful and disastrous night at the Globe Inn which gave the suffering and broken man his coup de grace. You will remember that Burns received a heavy blow towards the end of 1795 by the death of his daughter Elizabeth had lived; and in one room the intel-Riddell; and that soon after he became ligent and obliging woman, who is the ill, and was laid up from October till curator, pointed me out the bed the following January. He was just which Jane Armour, the poet's faithful recovering from this illness when he wife, was delivered of a child on the of his presence and his wit. It must bed, without the curtains of more pros

have been a right royal night; and perous life, with the simple, cheap bedpossibly Burns was at his best. For when are men of his temperament so outwardly and so recklessly gay as when at the background of their minds there is the haunting spectre of black death? And the night's carouse is derived the destroy of Parker is the destroy of t death? And the night's carouse is darken the dying hours of Burns; and made the madder, the merrier, and the that and a bill for seven pounds, ten, more reckless because this haunting due, of all things, for his uniform as a thought throws its bleak shadow over all. Contrast in your mind's eye the loud and noisy environment and this which-Burns abased himself in the dust stillness and sadness, and foreboding of the lonely soul of Burns, seeing it all as in a vision, leading on the more glimpse into that Vision of Hell, more quickly to the black dark end. For I real than any that ever came before with the genius of Burns, of course, and children. Seven pounds ten—not but with brilliant abilities, strong and the hundredth part of what a book of unconquered passions, and conscious also of coming disaster, go through such scenes; and have listened to their

vealing his chagrin that he was not the dark sordid and vulgar scene. Also derneath the false friendship of the ladies who looked down with scorn, if happened to Burns. When he left the Globe Inn, he was left to go home alone: perchance he would have re night or by the effect of the fresh air

sented any companionship as a reflection on his sobriety and his strength Anyhow he did leave alone; and then a short distance from the inn, overcome by the cold of the bitter January able to follow the various footsteps of name. The one bears the somewhat on his brain bemused with the wild drinking of such a night, he sat down and thus he caught the cold which demately led to his death.

> I had been told that the snot where Burns had thus given himself the final counter an excellent and intelligent blow was still marked by reverent and lady-the typical Scotch housewife- self-repreachful recollection. And I was going away without seeing it! educated; and she was an enlightened Fortunately I remembered in time; I went back to the inn and the pleasant knowing their luck, had listened for strange moment to me it was! I had pictured a cross or a tablet or somethat came from the mobile lips and the thing of the kind; what I saw were teeming imagination of the child of two or three brick steps, decayed, genius. It was a typical middle-class gaping, with the mortar half-worn drawing-room in appearance Early away; just three brick steps; that and Victorian it looked, with Early Victor- nothing more. It did not make the ian suggestions; though I dare say spot less tragic, less impressive bemost of its furniture dated from an cause it stood thus in all its common which he sat; there the bowl from impressive in its suggestion; that of either the men or the women whom he row and squalid theatre on which ill-luck to an immortal figure, was row lane, going its whole length as far surroundings. Other things I saw, and the short cut through which Burns used to find his difficult way to his moment, the ghost of Burns thus pain-

Where Poet Lived. I visited next the small, house in a back street in which Burns was persuaded to go one night to the very day of her great husband's Globe to meet his cronies, long robbed funeral. And here again the ordinary volunteer. I have given, I dare say more than once, that terrible letter in to ask the loan of the money to pay this miserable little bill; and gave a relived this last night at the Inn a thousand times since first mind of Burns as he thought of jail and I read the story. I have seen men, not coming death and the penniless wife Burns, in an early edition, could pro

ghastly merriment and their apparent exultations, when behind it all, I knew that there was foreboding, and under the charge of the husband of the the distorted and appalling vision of excellent woman who is the custodian









