

RUTTIE JINNAH

THE
STORY OF
A GREAT
FRIENDSHIP

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J. DWARKADAS

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THIS book is a memoir of Ruttie Jinnah, wife of M. A. Jinnah, founder of Pakistan, and is written by Kanji Dwarkadas who knew both of them and enjoyed their friendship and confidence. Ruttie Jinnah who died at the early age of 29 was a woman of great sensitivity, intelligence and charm with a social and political conscience which found expression in varied fields of activity and interest. It was largely in these spheres that friends like Kanji Dwarkadas were able to encourage and activate her essentially humanitarian instincts and her deep sympathy for the well-being of others, human and animal.

Those who were privileged to know Ruttie Jinnah remember and recall the radiance and warmth of her personality which enabled her to give to others far more than she took from them. It is from this standpoint that Kanji Dwarkadas writes these brief recollections as a memorial to a gifted woman, in many ways unconventional and unorthodox, but genuinely interested in the welfare and well-being of others less fortunate than herself.

Ruttie Jinnah's personality is one difficult to pin-point on paper. It was fleeting in terms of time and had an evanescent quality not easy to portray and capture in words. Because of this the author has been able to reveal her own personality and conversations. His book is a collection of comments from other friends and acquaintances he received from Sarojini Naidu. It is a tribute to the tragically early death of this woman who was well and greatly admired. Also included in this book are vivid side-lights of Annie Besant, Gandhiji and Quaid-e-Azam Mahomedalli Jinnah.



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RUTTIE JINNAH

By the same author

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FORTY - FIVE YEARS WITH LABOUR

RUTTIE JINNAH

The Story of A Great Friendship

By

KANJI DWARKADAS



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To
NINA
My Grand Daughter

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RUTTIE JINNAH was the gentlest, noblest and kindest of mankind. She lived a full, wonderful, interesting life. It is comparatively easier to write a story on Gandhi, or Nehru, or Annie Besant, than the story of one, brilliant as she was, who had never taken part in public life. Her story is one of an active life as an individual and of her inner life.

Wife of Quaid-i-Azam Mohammedali Jinnah, the

great Indian political leader and statesman, later the Maker of Pakistan, she did not shine under the reflected light of her illustrious husband but was acknowledged to be the First Lady of Bombay. It was a great privilege to be invited by the Jinnahs to functions in their bungalow at Mount Pleasant Road, now occupied by the Deputy High Commissioner of the United Kingdom. Jinnah re-built the house in the forties, made it almost a fortress, but during Ruttie's life-time it was a Nineteenth Century bungalow and was known as "South Court". Jinnah bought it some time before his marriage in 1918. This is not merely a personal story, great as it is, of Ruttie. It is not just the story of a great friendship between her and me. The story is of a wider horizon and importance, dealing with telepathy and clairvoyance, with life beyond the physical, and with the Search of Knowledge not understood or easily gained in this humdrum world. Ruttie was a great intellectualist, well informed, well read and balanced in her judgment of men and events but gifted with the curiosity of a research student. She and I worked together on planes not only physical but beyond the physical. The Psychical Research Society in England and the students of Para-Psychology in the U.S.A., particularly the Duke University, would be interested in some of our experiences and experiments which in all humility and modesty and objectivity I shall discuss.

Walking on a cold afternoon in February 1914, from the Elphinstone College across the Oval to the Queen's

Road Tennis Courts, I saw a little Parsi girl of 14 coming from the opposite direction from the Chowpatty side in a small carriage driven by a pair of ponies—the motor age had not yet completely descended on Bombay eliminating the horse carriages. I could not take my eyes off this girl and watched the carriage and its occupant till it disappeared from sight. I could not forget her face. Three months later, I found from a photograph in a newspaper that this girl was Ruttie, daughter of the late Sir Dinshaw Petit, Bart. I did not then know anything about Theosophical Doctrines of Karma and Reincarnation, of Karmic Links of friends in past incarnations coming together once again in this or later births; otherwise I would have immediately spotted Ruttie as I did later as a friend of the past in the present incarnation and a friend to get together in future lives, one does not know where and when. Of course, I had heard casually of the popular Hindu belief of Karma and Reincarnation but that was based on superstition and tradition which Theosophy turned into reason and understanding and it became a fact of life and just not a vague belief.

From 1916 onwards—the First World War was still on—thanks to the great spade work of Mrs. Annie Besant the political activities in Bombay as in the rest of the country increased. Public meetings were held in different parts of Bombay and at every such meeting came and sat in the first row the little girl Ruttie accompanied by her aunt, Miss Hamabai Petit, the multi-millionaire philanthropist. When Ruttie and I became

friends later, she told me that she was watching my pranks on the platform. When I saw a speaker talking too long and irrelevantly, I poked a sharp pencil behind his knee as he was addressing the meeting and he lost his chain of thoughts, collapsed and resumed his seat and got wild with me. Ruttie told me later that she enjoyed my pranks.

In December, 1916, I went to Lucknow with Mr. and Mrs. Bhulabhai Desai and their young son, Dhiru. In next compartment were Ruttie, Hamabai Petit and the late Barrister D. N. Bahadurji. At big junctions Ruttie and Bahadurji were walking on the platforms. I saw her but did not meet her. Actually I did not meet her till after her marriage with Jinnah in the spring of 1918.

I remember having first met Jinnah in June, 1916, two months after I took my M.A., at a meeting of the Bombay Presidency Association. The meeting had an informal atmosphere. The Bombay Presidency Association was started in 1885 by the sponsors of the first session of the Indian National Congress held in Bombay in December, 1885, and during the late nineties, Justice K. T. Telang and Justice (afterwards Sir) Narayan Chandavarkar were its Secretaries. During the middle twenties, I was its Honorary Secretary along with K. Natarajan and Faiz Tyabji, with the amiable Sir Dinshaw Petit, Ruttie's father, as its Chairman. It was always an all-party political organization and did useful work for several years. By the end of 1928 it was

defunct. At this meeting, in June, 1916, there were about 25 people present. After two or three speeches, I saw somebody in check trousers, black coat, hair parted on the side and moustache, addressing the meeting and everybody listening attentively and respectfully. The speaker looked cheerful, was in high spirits and spoke with great confidence. He was summing up, trying to reconcile the different opinions expressed. I asked the late P. K. Telang who the speaker was. Telang retorted: "You don't know Jinnah?" Of course, I knew of Jinnah, but had never seen him before. He, then 42, had already made his mark as the leader of the Bombay Bar—well-known for cross-examinations and powers of arguing—and also in the Indian Legislative Council, the Central Legislature as it was then called. He was known as the Muslim Gokhale, emblem of Hindu-Muslim unity as Sarojini Naidu called him. Phirozshaw Mehta had taken Jinnah under his wings and young Jinnah was a leader of no small repute and importance even as far back as the pre-Gandhi period of 1916.

After the meeting Telang introduced me to Jinnah as a young Theosophist working under Mrs. Annie Besant. Jinnah bowed gracefully, showed friendliness and asked me to take to politics seriously and to work hard. This was the beginning of a friendship—I was only 24 then—which lasted unbroken right till his death in September, 1948.

The reasons for Jinnah's cheerfulness at the Asso-

ciation's meeting—I found later. He had spent the two months of summer vacation in Darjeeling with Sir Dinshaw and Lady Dinbai Petit and there he fell in love with their 16 year old beautiful daughter, Ruttie. As they returned to Bombay in early June, all Bombay heard of their impending marriage but the parents did not like the idea of their daughter marrying a Mohammedan. Ruttie was a minor but she was determined to marry Jinnah. The parents, as guardians of the minor girl, took a High Court injunction against Jinnah marrying or having any contacts with the minor. So, Jinnah and Ruttie had to wait. But time and separation did not make her forget Jinnah. As she reached 18, she, the brave girl, walked out of the parental house and the marriage was performed under Muslim rites, Ruttie being converted to Islam. This had to be done because the Civil Marriage Act at that time was rigid and stipulated that those marrying under the Civil Marriage Act had to affirm solemnly that they belonged to no religion. This would have made it impossible for Jinnah to remain a Member of the Central Legislative Assembly representing a Muslim Constituency.

At the Lucknow Congress the famous Congress-League Pact was made, blest by Lokamanya Tilak, Mrs. Annie Besant, Sir Chimanlal Setalvad and Jinnah among other leaders. Gandhiji was present at this Congress but took no active part; he was a silent observer. Apparently he was biding his time. This was the first Congress Session I attended as a delegate. Mrs. Besant

was interned by the Governor of Madras in June, 1917. This made a great awakening in the country and the leaders who had so far kept away from Mrs. Besant and her Home Rule League joined it whole-heartedly, Jinnah in Bombay, Tejbahadur Sapru and Motilal Nehru in Allahabad. Jinnah became the President of the Bombay Branch of the Home Rule League and Umar Sobani, Shankarlal Banker and I became the Honorary Secretaries and Treasurer. This brought me in daily contact with Jinnah and I was their guest at dinner practically every week after his marriage with Ruttie and here began the great friendship, though neither of us was conscious of it at that time.

On 10th December, 1918, the meeting, convened by the Sheriff of Bombay, was to be held at the Town Hall, Bombay, to vote a citizen's address to Lord Willingdon, the retiring Governor of Bombay, in their name. About 300 of us, Jinnah's followers, went to the Town Hall at 10 at night on the 9th December so that we could be the first to be admitted in the Town Hall when the gates opened the next morning. Eventually we were able to rush in the Town Hall at 8 A.M. and remained there until the police broke up the meeting in confusion at 6 P.M. and threw us out. Thousands of Bombay citizens had assembled on Town Hall steps and in the streets. Ruttie walked up the Town Hall steps at about 5 P.M. and stood bravely there inspite of police rowdism. Jinnah won the day and the address to Willingdon was not voted.

To celebrate the victory of Jinnah and the people of Bombay, a one rupee fund was started at the suggestion of Umar Sobani to build a Jinnah Memorial Hall. Within one month, 65,000 citizens of Bombay made a fund of Rs. 65,000|-, and the Jinnah Memorial Hall was built in the Congress House compound. Mrs. Besant came down specially to Bombay to declare open the Jinnah Memorial Hall and she paid a handsome and glowing tribute to Jinnah for his services to the country.

It is not out of place to point out that as far back as 1895 at the time of retirement of Lord Harris, the then Governor of Bombay, some people got busy and planned to hold a public meeting of the citizens of Bombay to express commendation of his administration. There was considerable public opposition to this move. Dr. Deshmukh, Dr. K. N. Bahadurji and Sir Chimanlal Setalvad took an active part in this opposition. Ultimately, the promoters of the movement saw reason and the meeting that was called was confined to friends and admirers of Lord Harris.

Round about May, 1919, was held the First All-India Trade Union Congress at the Empire Theatre under the Presidentship of Lala Lajpatrai. Jawaharlal Nehru, N. M. Joshi, B. P. Wadia, Dewan Chamanlal, S. A. Brelvi and I were on the stage. Ruttie was sitting quietly in the side box. A resolution protesting against Horniman being deported out of India was moved by Ruttie and she spoke—fluently and faultlessly from the side box for

five minutes. This was the only public speech that Ruttie ever made.

I used to meet Ruttie regularly now and again at meetings and at her house for dinners. She was a great nationalist, intensely interested in the political developments in the country and in the personal element of the political life of India. Mrs. Naidu was her as well as my friend and we had plenty to talk and discuss and Jinnah, of course, our leader, was equally interested.

On returning from Benaras and Allahabad on 2nd January, 1922, I went to see Jinnah and Ruttie. Bhurgri, the Sind Muslim leader, was with them. We talked till 3 o'clock in the morning. Next evening I dined with them and again we had about 7 hours' talk till 4 in the morning. Gandhiji had blundered inspite of C. R. Das's advice in refusing Lord Reading's offer to go to a Round Table Conference. Lord Reading had promised Full Provincial Autonomy and diarchy in the Central Government. Jinnah was trying to help Gandhiji to come back to a more reasonable and sensible attitude and he had convened an all party conference to help Gandhiji out. Gandhiji did not budge but made a show of preparing for mass civil disobedience. I had told Mrs. Besant in Allahabad on the morning of 1st January, 1922, when she and I were both staying as guests of Dr. Tej Bahadur Sapru, that Gandhiji would not start civil disobedience and would find some excuse for suspending his movement and that is what Gandhiji did a couple of months later.

Ruttie was keenly interested in all this political work of Jinnah, participated fully in the discussions and hoped that the country would get near to Swaraj.

Having dealt so far with the political aspect of Ruttie's life and a strong nationalist tendency, it would be interesting to give two incidents of her contacts with Lord Chelmsford who was Viceroy of India in 1918 and Lord Reading who became Viceroy in 1921 before going to the personal aspects of Ruttie's life and her non-political interests and activities.

Soon after her marriage in 1918 she went to Simla where Jinnah had to attend the sessions of the Indian Legislative Assembly. She and Jinnah were guests at the dinner at the Viceregal Lodge and when she was introduced to Lord Chelmsford, she did not follow the British custom of curtesying to the Viceroy. Instead she followed the Indian custom and folded her hands after shaking hands with the Viceroy. Immediately after dinner the A.D.C. took Ruttie to talk to the Viceroy. Lord Chelmsford pompously told her: "Mrs. Jinnah, your husband has a great political future, you must not spoil it. In Rome you must do as the Romans do." Mrs. Jinnah retorted quickly: "That is exactly what I did your Excellency. In India I greeted you in the Indian way." That was the first and the last time she met Lord Chelmsford.

In 1921 she was sitting next to Lord Reading at

lunch in New Delhi. Lord Reading was moaning and groaning. He said to her: "Mrs. Jinnah, how I wish I could go to Germany. I very much want to go there. But I can't go there." Mrs. Jinnah asked: "Your Excellency, why can't you go there?" Reading replied: "The Germans do not like us, the British, so I can't go." Ruttie quietly asked: "How then did you come to India?" Reading immediately changed the subject.

In September, 1920, was held the Special Session of the Indian National Congress in Calcutta, when Gandhiji through questionable means was able to get his Non-co-operation Resolution passed by a narrow majority. Mrs. Besant, Jinnah and C. R. Das opposed the resolution. Motilal Nehru was also against it, as he told Jinnah in my presence, but his affection for his son, Jawaharlal, got the better of his judgment. We were all depressed. As the Congress came to an end I rushed up to the first row where Mrs. Besant was seated, helped her to collect her papers and picked up her attache-case. As she and I were about to go out I heard a big clash outside the pandal and found that the volunteers had come to blows. I told Mrs. Besant: "We shall have to wait here for some time, as there is some fighting going on outside." Just as I said this, I found Ruttie pulling me, saying: "Come on, take me out." I replied: "We cannot go, there is some fighting going on outside." Ruttie said: "That is exactly what I want to see, let us go quickly." I drew her attention to Mrs. Besant being with me and promptly turned to Mrs. Besant and said:

“The fighting seems to be over now, we can go”, and I safely conducted Mrs. Besant and Ruttie out, and fortunately the fighting had really come to an end.

In May, 1919, Jinnah went to England along with other Indian leaders to give evidence before the Joint Select Committee of the Commons and the Lords on the Montague Bill. Ruttie went with him. Jinnah got into difficulties with some of the Members of the Committee whilst he was giving oral evidence. Lord Sinha who was Under Secretary of State for India, helped him out. A few minutes after Ruttie and Jinnah returned from the theatre a little after mid-night of August 14th-15th, their only daughter Dina (Mrs. Neville Wadia) was born. This is a strange coincidence, as 14th and 15th August are respectively Pakistan's and India's Independence Days.

Mahadev Desai in his Diary makes more than one reference to meetings between Gandhi and Ruttie.

Gandhiji asked Ruttie to get Jinnah to agree to boycott of *all* foreign goods including British goods. Ruttie told him that boycott of all foreign goods, or British goods was neither politically wise nor was it practicable. Ruttie and Jinnah were in agreement with my views as expressed in an interview with the 'Evening News of India' in May, 1924, soon after the first Labour Government with Ramsay Macdonald as its Prime Minister took Office:

“Mr. Kanji Dwarkadas, who intends to move a resolution at the June meeting of the Bombay Municipal Corporation for the removal of the ban against the British Empire goods, gave a representative of the “Evening News” the reasons which have led him to take this step.

“The boycott resolution was passed by the Corporation seven months ago by a large majority on the motion of Mr. Vithalbhai Patel, then leader of the Nationalist Party, with the support of many Liberals and Independents. The immediate object of the Corporation in doing that was to express their disapproval of the decision of the Baldwin Cabinet regarding Kenya.

“Mr. Kanji observed that he had many reasons to back up his resolution, but he contented himself with giving our representative two main reasons.

A POLITICAL GESTURE

“Firstly, he is strongly of opinion that every party in India ought to co-operate to the fullest possible extent with the Labour Government and give them an opportunity of fulfilling the promises made by the leaders of the party to do justice to India, not only as regards Kenya, but also as regards much bigger and broader question of granting full responsible government to India. “The fine record of work

done by the Labour Party," said Mr. Kanji, "ever since it came in office, ought to make us feel optimistic and in order to remove all difficulties from its way, it is but fair that we should on our part give it all possible help and support, which it will need to fight the reactionary elements in its own country. To my mind one of the best ways of doing this is to give up the boycott of British Empire goods."

A FAILURE IN PRACTICE

"Mr. Kanji's second reason is the difficulty of giving practical effect to the boycott resolution. As a member of the Standing Committee of the Corporation, he made that admission. He said most of the requirements of the Bombay Corporation were for the executive engineer's department and goods of the best quality were obtained in the United Kingdom, and at the cheapest prices. "Day after day," Mr. Kanji averred, "we in the Standing Committee have sanctioned the purchase of British goods after asking the Commissioner if he could not obtain non-British Empire goods. What non-British Empire goods can be bought, we can easily obtain in India, and, therefore, whilst it would be perfectly right and necessary to insist on our resolution to buy Swadeshi (Indian made) goods, the time, I think, has come when we must face facts as they are and rescind the resolution which we have never been able to work satisfactorily."

In the light of the world events of today and with co-operation and friendship between all nations being so essential for the maintenance and progress of the right type of civilization and our natural anxiety to export Indian-made goods to foreign countries one must admit in all honesty, as some of us realised as far back as forty years ago, that the civil disobedience movement, and non-co-operation, including boycott of foreign goods, were harmful and disastrous to our country and delayed the advent of Swaraj by about fifteen years. Who knows if these negative movements had not been launched, Jinnah would well have been the first Prime Minister of a happy undivided United India and Pakistan would never have been thought of and would not have come into existence in 1947.

Gandhiji was warned by Mrs. Besant about the dire consequences of his mass movement of disobedience of laws. Early in February, 1919, Gandhiji underwent a serious major operation, which was extremely painful, Mrs. Besant arrived in Bombay on the morning of the 14th February at 6 and sent me to Gandhiji to arrange a meeting with him. I saw Gandhiji at 9; he was jumping in his bed with terrible pain and suffering. I told him my mission. He said he was sorry that he was too ill to go and see Mrs. Besant. I told him she knew this and, therefore, she had suggested that she would go and see Gandhiji at his house, second floor, Laburnum Road. Gandhiji said: "No, no. I cannot agree to this. How can the old lady walk up to the second floor?" I re-

member my answer: "You know Mrs. Besant as much as I do. You know she will not take 'No' from me about her seeing you. She has come down to Bombay only to see you and she is leaving again to-night for Madras. I cannot go back to her till I have fixed up with you the appointment. Therefore, all that I want from you is the time for this meeting." Gandhiji laughed in spite of his pain and he fixed 3 p.m.

Mrs. Besant and I spent one hour with Gandhiji. She told him of the dangers of mass civil disobedience movement. She had vast enough experience in her life of 72 years of the dangers of exciting mob frenzy, which, once excited, could not be controlled. She told him where Gandhiji's movement of civil disobedience would lead to, burning of post offices, cutting of telegraph wires, loss of respect for law and order, rioting and every kind of violent upheaval. She told Gandhiji that she knew that he was too ill to speak and, therefore, would do all the speaking. Gandhiji did not accept her advice and warning and he went ahead with his movement of breaking laws.

Here I must record a personal experience. About 15th May, 1919, two or three days before she sailed for England as the leader of the National Home Rule League Delegation to give evidence before the Montagu Bill Joint Select Committee of the Parliament, I had tea with her. There were three or four other friends present. The conversation was of a general nature. As she handed

over to me my cup of tea a thought passed in my mind, which I did not express in words, whether when Mrs. Besant talked to Gandhiji three months back, she had seen clairvoyantly the coming events of the last three months: she had foretold the rioting, mob violence, burning of post-offices and telegraph offices, etc. in different parts of the country.

After tea she took me aside and said: "My dear, it was not clairvoyance, it was political experience that made me feel what was likely to happen and I had to express my fear to Gandhiji frankly." Mrs. Besant 'read' my thought and answered it!

In 1920, she told Gandhiji when he was once again contemplating mass civil disobedience and non-co-operation movement that the day of victory for India (that is when India attained responsible self-government and full freedom) would be the day of biggest defeat and unhappiness of Gandhiji, because the spirit of indiscipline and lawlessness, resulting in loss of respect of law, which he was inculcating through civil disobedience, would react against the Indian Government and people would disobey authority on the lines taught to them by Gandhiji. Mrs. Besant's words have come too true! How many years, how many years, will it take India to forget and wipe off this terrible legacy which Gandhiji has left us?

I was extremely busy with the Budget Session of

the Bombay Legislative Council, where I was a Member for Labour in the first three months of 1922 and I am afraid, I must have neglected Ruttie. One night in May I had a dream in which I saw Ruttie lying on a peculiarly shaped old fashioned sofa with electric fittings behind her sofa on the wall and a landscape picture, and in that dream Ruttie said: "Kanji, help me." Next morning as I woke up I remembered the dream, but it made no impression on me and I took no notice of it. The next night the same dream appeared with all the details of the first dream including Ruttie's call for help. Once again I remembered the dream when I woke up in the morning but apparently attached no importance to it though I felt that it was rather strange that the same dream came to me on two successive nights. On the 3rd afternoon at about 5, returning from office and without remembering the dream I called at Jinnah's "South Court". I had not seen Ruttie for some weeks and this was the first time that I went to Jinnah's house without a previous appointment. As I got out of the car, Jinnah's servant met me and told me that Ruttie was ill. I gave him my card and I asked him to give this card to Ruttie and I was about to get into the car to go away. But the servant said: "Please wait, she may be wanting to see you, let me go and give the card to her." In a minute he came back and said that Ruttie wanted to see me and I was taken to the back varandah where she was lying. Imagine my surprise when I saw her lying on the sofa with the electric fittings behind her and the picture just as I had dreamt for two nights in succession. I said

nothing about the dream to her at that time. Two years later when we had become great friends I gave her the full story about this incident. We kept on talking and Jinnah returned home from his Chamber at about 7.30, asked me to have a drink with him and to stay on for dinner. I said I was there since 5 o'clock and I did not stay for dinner.

In September, 1922, I was in Poona for the meetings of the Legislative Council. One day as the Session was in progress, I left the Council Hall, went to the Empress Gardens and sent her the most beautiful roses, as I knew Ruttie was going to England in a week or so. It is not quite irrelevant to say that there are no roses in the garden since Independence. The Government had cut down the malis from 105 to about 35 and the gardens are in a state of neglect. The Government of India and the Government of Maharashtra talk about making new National Parks, but they neglect the century old garden. Ruttie received the flowers and later she wrote to me (25th September, 1922):—

“On Thursday we are due to reach Aden, and as I find your name among those heading my list, you can understand the date that tops this letter. Not that I have such a formidable budget to get through—but while riding the seas I drop my characteristics and become cautious. As many of you who have known me on tea times can ever imagine—for my intestine is ever on the defensive against the surging

surface. Your wire for which I must thank you only gave me a further proof of the thoughtful consideration you have always shown me, and more especially during my recent illness and I take this opportunity to express my appreciation of your kindness. It will always give me pleasure to hear from you, so if ever you happen to have a superfluous moment on your hands, (please make in the correct chamber on the Corporation. You are a 'City Father', aren't you?) you know how now

C/o Messrs. Henry S. King,
London W.

will find me if I don't lose myself—And just one thing more—go and see Jinnah and tell me how he is—he has a habit of habitually over-working himself, and now that I am not there to bother and tease him he will be worse than ever.

“And now Good bye to you and the best of luck.”

“P. S. Reach Wed. and not Thursday
as I have understood.

R.J.”

This letter made me realise that my having gone to see her in May was not just accidental, but was the result of a message given to me by her outside the physical plane. This raises straight away the problem of tele-

pathy or message through dreams when a physical body is asleep. Telepathy—transference of thought—is now a recognised fact. The Psychical Research Society and the Duke University research professors of Para-Psychology do not understand the basis of such thought transference. According to my studies and the teachings given to me in Mrs. Besant's books and by her personally to me, what is known as telepathy is actually a conscious or sub-conscious or unconscious meeting of people outside the physical body. I cannot here explain this further. It should be sufficient for the moment to refer to Mme. Blavatsky's and Mrs. Besant's books on different aspects of the world beyond the physical.

Ruttie was intensely interested in contacting the non-physical world and she made difficult and dangerous experiments to verify her beliefs and convictions. She wanted first-hand knowledge. She thought she could get it through Seances with the help of mediums or table-tapping.

She wrote to me on 21st November, 1924:—

“Thank you for your letter. Yes do look in when you are free, and if you will but ring me up and let me know I shall make it a point of stopping in to see you.

There is a matter about which I am most anxious to speak with you, as I think you can help

me. Lately I have been very much drawn towards the subject of Spirit Communication and I am *most* anxious to know more and to get at the Truth. It is such an elusive Subject and the more I hear of it the more puzzled do I become, though still more passionately interested. I have some sort of an idea that you must be cognisant of spiritual circles in our City, whose Seance one may join. I don't profess any creed nor do I subscribe to a belief, but of late willy-nilly I have been propelled towards the study of so called spiritual phenomena and I am too deeply immersed in the matter now to give it up without some personal satisfaction for I cannot content myself with other peoples' experiences, though I fully realise that in a matter of this nature one doesn't always get the evidence one seeks.

"Anyway I wonder whether you can assist me in this matter by recommending me as a "medium" or 'Clairvoyant' professional or otherwise. I would prefer my identity, however, to remain unknown while you make enquiries. And I sincerely hope that you will be able to assist me. With my kind regards to your wife and yourself."

"P.S. Mrs. Besant might know of
some reliable 'Medium'."

My understanding of the problem, thanks to Mrs. Besant's teachings, was that seances were not only

unsafe guides for getting such knowledge and experience, but they were dangerous to all those who participated in them. To my mind the seances weakened the mind and the spirits of those who indulged in them and further they made people credulous. Bacon had rightly said that credulous people are as dangerous as deceitful people as the former in their credulity spread falsehood in the same way as the deceitful people do. There is nothing spiritual in seances. But I wanted to help Ruttie and I did not just want to disappoint her in her search for direct evidence. Straightaway to tell her that she was following the wrong type of approach would not have helped her. I had to reason and argue and explain to her my point of view and I am happy to say that I was successful in weaning her away from a fruitless effort.

In December, 1924, the Theosophical Convention was held in Bombay and among those who participated and spoke at the Convention were Mrs. Besant, J. Krishnamurti and Jinarajadasa and this gave me an opportunity to help Ruttie. At my request Mrs. James Cousins saw her and had a long talk with her. Ruttie wrote to me on 28th December, 1924:

"I was delighted to meet Mrs. Cousins and I feel that as I owe you the pleasure I should thank you for having given me the opportunity.

"She is a charming woman and was very patient and helpful though of course what I am after is a

Seance controlled by some experienced medium—professional—or otherwise; as I am most anxious to get a personal experience of this matter in which I so passionately believe.

“Mrs. Cousins very kindly took me with her to Theosophical Meeting at which I listened to a most inspired address by Mr. Jinarajadas. What a charming wife he has, by the way! Looking into her face (it is one of those faces one looks into and not at) I understand for the first time what is meant by a ‘radiant face’. I must confess I fell for her absolutely and I hope that you will try and arrange so that I may meet her some time when she happens to be in Bombay.

“Do come and see me soon so that we may resume our chat of the last occasion.

“What is your opinion of ‘Towards the Stars?’ I only wish it hadn’t been marred by the waggish self-assurance of the author. But more of that when we meet. Until then let me thank you once again for having brought me into contact with a very charming and rare type of womanhood.”

“I am afraid it is too late to get this posted now. So I should have dated it 8th. However it hardly matters!”

“South Court,
7th April, 1925
Midnight.

"My dear Kanji,

Yes, I know of the dream travels of which you speak. But I do all my dreaming in my waking hours. I am not being waggish. There is nothing I would welcome with greater rejoicing than an experience of the sort to which you refer in your letter, but in my heavy druglike sleep there is no redeeming feature and besides the five or at most six hours rest it ensures a restive mind, and a correspondingly restless physical state it has *no* value. I don't dream excepting very rarely and then I wake up only to the consciousness of having dreamt, and no more.

"My soul is too clogged! and though I aspire and crave, God knows how earnestly! how intensely, my researches remain uncrowned—even by thorns! I am feeling peculiarly restless and wish one with psychic powers could come to my assistance.

"My proud soul humbles before the magnitude of this subject and in my estimation those of us with Second Sight and other such psychic powers should rank with the world's poets and songsters for their gift if more intelligible is also more divine. The seers and the saints should stand among the world's prophets. After all we are at present too blind and unseeing to comprehend what the psychics would reveal to our half demented senses. But what the

mind often revolts at, and refuses to accept, the intrinsic self within us admits with certain ease which makes the more thoughtful ponder; as though it had some ancient and original knowledge of its own.

"There is much to clear away, and almost as much to mend, before I can dare to feel disappointment, because certain signs and manifestations for which I long and contrive do not occur. But I am weak and spoilt by indulgence, and to drive myself is a task to which I don't impose a time limit for obvious reasons.

"I have written much, but I feel confident that it is in the sympathetic hands and they will be understanding eyes that read what I have said.

"As I have already told you, you have but to let me know by phone or a written word when you are free to come, and you will be more than welcome.

Yours sincerely,
Ruttie."

"R.J.

South Court,
12th April, 1925.

My dear Kanji,

Thanks for the books. I have been wading through them. But they are nothing as exhaustive as H. P. B.'s 'Secret Doctrine'. The number of points that book has elucidated for me is remarkable. I have a very confusing mind as one should have in serious matters of this sort and though I have often referred to standard authors on the subject, they have not given a particle of the help H. P. B. has, and yet if I take up the Secret Doctrine, it is more often than not that I have to put it down in utter bewilderment. It is so supremely elusive! And though I have read quite a respectable lot on the subject, I have never come across anything quite so easy to *follow* nor yet quite so hard to *grasp*. I wish I could get hold of somebody to guide me on such matters as puzzle me, one whose knowledge could save me when I stumble. By the way, do let me know whenever there are any lectures etc. to be heard on the subject worth the hearing as also if there is any journal to keep one posted with the latest development. "Light"—I of course know of—but has it an Indian counterpart?

"I am slowly, but surely drawing J's interest into the matter and by alternate bullying and coax-

ing I got him to read that book 'The Spirit of Irene', of which I had spoken to you at the time of lending you 'Towards the Stars'. I wished to give it to you but could not find it at the time. It is really the most conclusive piece of evidence that has come my way ever since I first interested myself in Spiritualism. However, J. had to admit that it was remarkable and irrefutable. There is no other feature to recommend it. Neither refinement of thought nor any marked literary ability and though it does provide a solid bit of evidence it is not of a nature to appeal to one who already believes. Besides the result of the whole experiment is such that it can hardly be expected to appeal to those of our way of reasoning. The incident deals with the tracing of a murder and the ultimate bringing to justice of a murderer. I think judgment would be better responded. There is a notorious crime known to criminal annals as the Boscombs Murder and it revolves round a poor girl—a cook—who was decoyed from London to Boscomb and then done to death, the details of the crime are horrible, it having been a crime of lust. The police being baffled by the cunning of the man, were at their wits end, or you may be sure they would not have consented to hold Seance. Anyway they got the needed clue and the evidence was of such a nature that the unfortunate man was hanged.

"The book gives the names and designations of

the respective witnesses and as the book has now gone through two editions without calling forth any word to the contrary either from the police officials therein mentioned or any others, I suppose that one may reasonably surmise that the author speaks with knowledge. J. was not at all events able to find any flaw in the case.

"It doesn't look as if we were going to Kashmere after all, as J. is engaged in the Bawla case. So it is more than likely that we shall remain in Bombay. With K. regards.

"P.S. I have written to Chatterjee, the Artist, for whose address infinite thanks. I have asked him to do three reproductions for me in varying sizes. I am awaiting the answer with impatience and hope that he accepts the commission.

By the by, I am very excited and equally happy as at last I have two manifestations, one was a most extraordinary luminance—a sort of perpetual flash suspended mid way at the corner of Hughes Road and Sandhurst Bridge." (Ruttie used to call Jinnah 'J').

Every week I used to send her books on all kinds

of subjects—she was a voracious reader—and we discussed them when we met. I wrote for her reviews of the more important books including reviews of plays of Noel Coward. As they were written in my own handwriting, no copies were made. Jinnah also read them and enjoyed my comments and criticism.

On 13th May, 1925, Mrs. Dorothy Jinarajadas wrote to me from Adyar, Madras:

“Thanks very much for your letter. I think now that in these days you are writing so many articles, you might write me something for ‘Stri Dharma’. I want articles on the lines of Child Marriage, also anything to do with labour problems where they concern women, or really anything on the lines of the special work that you are doing. If you can send me some articles, I should be most grateful to you.

* * * * *

“I am so glad to hear Mrs. Jinnah is so really interested in Theosophy, and also, incidentally in me! I shall be very glad to see her again next time I come to Bombay. Of course, she has a tremendous lot in her if only she will allow it to come out, and she is so clever and intelligent also.”

At Ruttie’s request, I had written to Dorothy asking for information for the Theosophical School for girls in

Adyar as she had thought of sending her six year old daughter, Dina, to that School. On August, 29, 1925, Dorothy replied:

"I do hope Mrs. Jinnah will send her daughter to the School, for I am sure she must be a very intelligent girl, and it will be worth while her having a good education."

Again on 29th October, 1925, Dorothy wrote to me:

"I imagine that you are now quite strong as you sound to be going on finely with your work. I was so interested to get your long letter regarding your Vigilance Committee work. We are progressing here. Mr. Shesha Iyengar has drawn up a Bill to regulate brothels. It is a fairly satisfactory Bill. I do not know if it will get through without trouble as the Commissioner of Police here wants to insert a clause regarding licensing brothels and segregation. That we oppose absolutely. That system has failed in all countries and where it is still in force they are trying to get rid of it. It has not in the least checked disease. We have an added difficulty in Madras owing to the Devadassi system but, rather with difficulty, I have got the Committee *not* to put in a clause excluding Devadassiss. They must be classed as ordinary prostitutes and those who live on the earnings of the devadassi must come under the same law as others who do this.

"I hope you have received satisfactory answer regarding the School and it would be good for Mrs. Jinnah's child to go there. Is Mrs. Jinnah really doing the Vigilance work? It will be splendid if you really get her interested and working. She can do so much."

All throughout 1925 Ruttie and I met regularly 3 to 4 times a week. On 5th June 1925, she wrote to me:

"Had it been any other I would not have dared to delay this so long. I have nothing to plead in explanation and my apology, however late, is none the less sincere. We missed one another just by eight minutes. I went out having forgotten all about our appointment, but suddenly recollecting it I raced back to find, alas, that you had been and left but a few minutes since.

"I have been ill again, so almost any evening will find me at home.

"It is nearing 2 A.M. I am frightfully tired and sleepy but the thought of you having come to me I simply had to crawl out of bed to write to you—to ease my conscience if nothing else. Will you excuse me and let me get back now. My apology I know is hopelessly inadequate."

She told Jinnah in July, 1925 that she would go with me to the Jubilee Theosophical Convention in

Adyar (Madras) during the Christmas week. The Muslim League was to meet at Aligarh, but Ruttie had already made up her mind to go with me and my wife and my four year old son to Adyar. She told me that she wanted to join the Theosophical Society and wanted to be initiated as a member by Mrs. Besant. This was one of her reasons why she was keen on coming to Adyar.

Unfortunately, her cat fell ill and she could not go along with us but followed us there after a week. Jinarajadas suggested that she should stay at the hotel in Madras and not in the not so comfortable temporary huts in Adyar reserved for delegates and visitors. During the week before she came to Adyar she daily sent me a telegram.

Every afternoon she came to Adyar and attended meetings and lectures. One evening Mrs. Besant took her to her rooms and she was with her for half an hour and she had a long discussion with Mrs. Besant. Just then were introduced at the morning meetings what came to be known as Universal Prayers—recitation from scriptures of different religions. Ruttie told Mrs. Besant that she had come to Adyar to join the Theosophical Society but bringing back these forms of religion had upset her and she was, therefore, hesitating about joining the Society. Mrs. Besant, than whom there was no more understanding, tolerant and kind being in the world, told her that it was not essential for a serious minded and genuine person like her formally to join the

Theosophical Society as a member. Ruttie asked me if I would be disappointed if she did not join the Society and if I still so wish that she should, she would certainly do so. I told her that just like Mrs. Besant I would not interfere with anybody's decision, and that I myself felt upset over the Universal Prayers. Later when I met Mrs. Besant I told her it was to run away from all forms of religion that I had joined the Theosophical Society and that I would not attend those prayers.

I pointed out to Mrs. Besant that those outer forms of religions besides setting a premium on laziness let ignorant fools, humbugs and hypocrites and superstitious people to pose as being very religious. She understood and appreciated my point of view and smiled at my strong reaction against the prayers and told me that there was nothing wrong with my point of view. I made the same complaint to Gandhiji in January, 1937 in Trivendrum, but he would not agree with my opinion—he was exploiting for political purposes these public prayers to keep and continue his hold on ignorant and superstitious people. His public prayers were nothing but a farce.

I saw Gandhiji at Juhu on the 17th May, 1944, a few days after he was released from the Aga Khan Palace in Poona. Gandhiji had gone to stay at Juhu to recoup his health. He was just about to begin his evening public prayer and I sat through the prayer quietly, next to Mrs. Vijayalaxmi Pandit. After the prayers, I asked her what place these prayers would have

in the Kingdom of Jawaharlal. First she gave a vague and evasive reply, but I pressed for a clear reply. She finally admitted: "This prayer is a farce and I do not believe in it. I only attend it out of my respect for Gandhiji."

Mrs. Monica Felton in "I met Rajaji" quotes Rajaji (Mr. C. Rajagopalachari): "In our faith the stress is on individual worship. Gandhiji encouraged congressional worship and so does Vinoba Bhave, both of them mainly for national reasons, but the genius of Hinduism is gentler than that."

Mrs. Besant was very fond of Ruttie. She was not in the habit of lunching or dining out but she made an exception in the early twenties when Ruttie asked her to lunch with her. At Adyar Mrs. Besant told me after her meeting with Ruttie: "Look after your great friend, she is unhappy." When I showed surprise at what she said, she exclaimed: "Don't you see unhappiness in her eyes? Look at her."

Lady Emily Lutyens asked Ruttie to dine with her at the Theosophical Headquarters and at this dinner, there were about 25 other guests including Krishnamurti, Betty and Mary, Lady Emily's daughters, David Graham Pole, Sivakamu, Ratansi D. Morarji, Ruth Roberts, Helen Knothe, Dwarkanath Telang, myself and many others of different nationality—British, French, American, Australian, Dutch, Austrian, etc. Truly it

was an international gathering and the languages spoken at this dinner were English and French.

One evening that week when Ruttie and I were dining with Jinarajadas she requested him to magnetise something for her which would then protect and help her. Jinarajadas promptly replied: "Why ask me? Your friend Kanji can do it very well for you."

On 31st March, 1926, she wrote to me:

"I have received a letter from Mrs. Cousins from which I gather that both her husband and herself must have left for Europe by now. In fact they must be on the high seas.

"Now when I had visited the Theosophical Conference to Bombay last December-January, I gave an order for three reproductions of Chandrasekhara in varying sizes. I have waited all this time impatiently for them and imagine my disappointment when after all these months only one copy turns up, and as in her letter Mrs. Cousins makes no mention of the other two, I feel quite disappointed. So I am writing to ask you if you could help me out by directing me to whom I should appeal in this matter the Cousins having already sailed. Moreover, I have not been sent any bill on account of the picture I have received and as no mention of any price was made at the time of the order, or after for that

matter I am at a loss to know what to do. Will you not help me out? Do please make the necessary enquiries as to who is filling Cousins' place during the period of his absence. For whoever that happens to be, would, I should think, be the man for me. Besides, I *must* get those other copies or I shall be quite frantic and I am sure you don't want me to lose my equilibrium!!!

"You are never visitor these days. I nevertheless am going to be daring and invite you to dine with me on Saturday. Do you think you can come? I am sure you will if you are free !

"With our kindest regards both to yourself and Mrs. Kanji."

A few months later in 1926 Ruttie and Jinnah were once again going to England, Jinnah to attend the meetings of the Sandhurst (Army) Committee, presided over by Gen. Skeen. Ruttie told me: "Kanji, I am going away to Europe and U.S.A. for a few months. You will not be with me to protect me and help me. Do please, therefore, magnetise something for me to keep me in touch with you." I hesitated but she insisted that I do so. So I asked her to give me a precious stone and said I would do my best. She gave me a jade, it was a beautiful jade. I magnetised it with thoughts of love and protection with particular reference to protecting her from any adverse effects of seances.

She returned in last week of August, 1926, and she wrote to me on September 1st:—

“If you are free on Saturday do come and dine with us.

“Have you made up the sleep you must have lost last Saturday—5 O'clock in the *morning* is an early hour at which to be out and barely respectable. If ever I have to be up by 5 A.M. I generally don't go to bed at all it hardly seems worth the while !

“Anyhow do come, both J. and I would feel so pleased.”

I casually asked her if she had attended any seances, and how she reacted to them.

She jumped out of her sofa and exclaimed: “Good God ! What kind of thoughts you put in that jade?” I said: “Well, why, what happened?” Ruttie said she had made three appointments for attending seances, once she missed the train, second time the medium did not come and so nothing happened and the third time she forgot all about the appointment. “Tell me, what thoughts you put in that jade?” she asked again. I told her what I had done. She felt grateful and I know that she never any more thought in terms of seances. Jinnah was throughout sceptical of this business of magnetising and thought transference and used to laugh at Ruttie and

me. But Jinnah was equally grateful to me for having helped Ruttie to give up her fruitless and dangerous pursuit.

The following letter from Ruttie gives further proof of her great affection for me and her understanding of my thoughts and feelings without my so much as whispering to her. This letter also made me realise that it was not just me who was looking after her, protecting her and helping her, but that she was equally looking after me and watching me to see that nothing untoward happened to me. This is the letter:

"Ever since the other night when you had pot luck with us have I been obsessed with the idea that you are troubled. I have tried to put away this thought as just merely the disordered fancy of ill-health, but it persists and so I am being true to instinct—not without an effort, and writing this to you.

"I suppose we all have our moments of melancholy and moments when everything seems to be impending and yet nothing happens—a sort of waiting mood, and one just waits and waits and grows distrustful of life.

"But I feel you are troubled—troubled—troubled, and I too begin to become restless and unhappy. Anyway you know that you can come and see me

whenever you want and that I am always glad when you come. So don't please let any idea of my not being strong enough and well enough keep you away, if you feel the need of friendship that understands without explanation."

"P.S. I am quite alright again and were it not that my feet are ugly and swollen I should be getting about as usual. As it is I go calling at my friends and to-night I am going to cinema—in bedroom slippers as no shoes are large enough to accommodate my elegant and lily-like feet!!

Had X-rays taken and find that the broken needle is still there, so am trying to make up my mind to undergo another operation.

R.J."

Here is an extract from another interesting letter:—

"You are a dear!—and the more I think on it, I feel you had no business to be born into the world with 'Dhoti'. The correct setting for a nature of such fine sensibilities is a Sari—or a Skirt as the case may geographically require.

"Yes do come and see me tomorrow. It is awfully good of you to have been so regular. I know

what callers there are on your time !”

Ruttie, as one can see from her letters was extraordinarily clever, full of understanding, full of affection and had a noble heart.

Her sympathies went far and wide. The strongest point in her character was her affection and devotion to the animal kingdom, she loved and adored her pets, not only her own pets but whenever she saw an ailing cat or dog, one was sure that she would go and try to remove the pain and suffering. She had a large number of dogs and cats and she was personally devoted to each one of them and looked after them. She was unfortunate in her friends of the animal kingdom because many of her pets died inspite of her kindness and care and she suffered terrible unhappiness as a result. She and I worked together for many months to investigate the conditions in the Pinjrapoles in Bombay (Bhuleshwar), Chembur and Kalyan. We went for weeks together thoroughly into the conditions of living of the suffering animals, suffering because not proper care was taken of the animals in the Pinjrapole. After months of our work she and I sent a letter to the Trustees of the Pinjrapole. We made many constructive suggestions to improve the running of Pinjrapole and to improve the conditions of the inmates of Pinjrapole. We also wrote to the Bombay newspapers. We wrote the following letter dated 2nd September, 1927 to the Indian newspapers:—

"Sir

We enclose for publication in your paper a copy of a letter sent by us to Mr. Velji Lakhamshi, the Chairman of the Managing Committee of the Pinjrapole Trustees. So far we have received no acknowledgment to the letter. The illustrious gentlemen have remained unmoved—the conditions have remained unchanged.

"We visited Chembur last week and the condition of the inmates is an indictment to any self-respecting trustee. We saw dogs with matter oozing from their skins in the last stages of violent eczema—dogs with wounds, which through dirt and neglect had decayed the flesh around causing sinuses which had eaten an inch deep into their flesh and which, on the resident Vet's own admission he had not even noticed.

"Out of a number of 26 dogs, there are only 5 who were apparently free from infection—the callousness of those in charge, however, is such that these animals were penned up in the same enclosure along with the rest, whose appearance one and all made one's heart sick. Had there been any dearth of space—it might in some slight measure have mitigated the offence but there happened two roomy enclosures which were unoccupied.

"Most of the dogs which had been there some

time gave one the impression of being in the last stages of starvation. The drinking water was as foul as on our previous visits. The refuse, instead of being removed, was heaped in the enclosure and served as a magnet to myriads of flies, which would alternate their attention between the open sores of the victims and the delectable mound of filth.

“Though in a lesser degree, we noticed that the same conditions prevailed among the doggy inmates of Bhuleshwar. On remarking that there was no segregation of sick dogs, we were told by the Vet in charge that all dogs were admitted at this branch and after examination or treatment as the case required, the healthy ones removed to Chembur—in other words to death by slow torture besides which a slaughter house would pale into insignificance.

“Neglect is apparent in the wards reserved for horses and cattle as well and the suggestions submitted by us to the Committee have enumerated various directions by which, without any undue expense, improvements could be effected. The death-rate tells a tale, which should have stimulated into action the most apathetic of Committees, and we appeal to the public of Bombay to bestir themselves and whip these gentlemen into action.

Yours, etc.

R. Jinnah

Kanji Dwarkadas.”

The Indian Daily Mail published the following on 12th September, 1927:—

“We published last week a description by Mrs. M. A. Jinnah and Mr. Kanji Dwarkadas of the terrible conditions in which infirm creatures, especially dogs, are kept in the Bombay Pinjrapole. Hearing the tragic tale from Mrs. Jinnah, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, accompanied by Mr. Kanji Dwarkadas, visited the spot. Her letter to Mr. Kanji Dwarkadas confirms the gruesome account first published. We give Mrs. Naidu’s impressions below in the hope that public conscience will be raised on behalf of the helpless creatures kept by their care-takers under conditions of torture and living decay. Mrs. Naidu writes:—

Taj Mahal Hotel,
Bombay, Sept. 9,

“Dear Kanji,

I am just leaving for Simla but before I go, I want to beg of you not to be content with writing a letter or two to the newspapers, in regard to the Pinjrapoles.

“My visit three days ago to the Chembur Pinjrapole is one of my saddest memories and I am haunted by the pitiful wail of the wretched dogs in

the last agonies of living death. Dante would have, I think, another corner in his Inferno had he heard that incessant cry of misery.

"The horses are in a somewhat better condition than I expected, but they need far more sanitary conditions. The cows were out grazing, I believe. But the dogs were a terrible sight and a terrible commentary on our ideas of compassion. It would be far more merciful and a greater act of merit to put an end to the sufferings of the poor creatures, but if their lives must be prolonged, they should have proper treatment to alleviate their agony, if not to effect any kind of cure; also the less afflicted dogs should be kept separate. There is plenty of room to segregate the less unhealthy creatures from those in the last stages of living decay. The sheds and courtyards should be well fumigated and disinfected. Above all there should be no possibility of these wretched diseased little creatures perpetuating their kind. I am strongly for the separation of the male and female dogs as recommended in the letter written by Mrs. Jinnah and yourself, which moved me to go and see things for myself.

Yours sincerely,
Sarojini Naidu."

These letters attracted the attention of the Government of Bombay and they asked the Chief Presidency Magis-

trate to look into our complaints and suggestions and to put matters right. This was done and Ruttie had the satisfaction to see that her efforts were not wasted.

One very vivid example of Ruttie's and my mind being in tune with each other: Owing to continuous ill-health she suffered from restlessness and sleeplessness though otherwise of a cheerful disposition, and this made her more ill and more tired; she asked me to help her. When I used to be with her she used to say: "I am very tired but I cannot sleep." All that I had to do was to say: "Ruttie, sleep", and hardly had I said this she was fast asleep. Sometimes, she would say: "Oh, if I sleep you will go away", I said: "I would not go, sleep, I will read a book", and the next moment I found her sleeping peacefully. When I was not with her she would ring me up late at night to say that she was tired and could not sleep. On the phone I would tell: "Go sleep, you will sleep." Next morning she would ring me up and thank me. The power of thought transference was as effective as coueism. I told Mrs. Besant that I was embarrassed that Ruttie looked up to me for everything, had great confidence in me and in my capacity and thought too highly of me and I knew I did not deserve all that. Mrs. Besant said that I should not worry about this as I would try to live up to the expectation that Ruttie had of me.

Ruttie was interested in my social and labour work. Both she and Jinnah encouraged me to do this work.

She was a source of inspiration in my work and next to Mrs. Besant she was a most helpful and healthy influence on me and my work. She, Jinnah and I used to discuss my investigations in the brothel area and both of them took practical and realist point of view. What we were after was to reduce the cruelties and inhumanities of the "trade" and we did succeed to some extent. The Bombay Children's Act demanded by me in 1921 through a question in the Bombay Legislative Council was passed in 1924 and put in force in May, 1927. This legislation *inter-alia* enabled us to remove children, boys and girls under 16, from unhealthy and immoral surroundings. During my investigations in 1921-22 I found hundreds of boys and girls in the brothel area, many of them already afflicted with venereal disease as we later discovered. By 1928 there was not a single child to be found living in the brothel area. The police helped us to remove them from the brothels to the Children's Home at Umerkhadi of which Miss Kathleen Davis was the indefatigable Secretary. Miss Davis lived inside the Children's Home and worked for over 15 hours a day.

The following letter (28th August, 1927) shows Ruttie's keen and deep interest in this work:

"I am sending you some Mangoostan. I don't know whether you are introduced already, but somehow I feel that you will like them.

"When are you going to take me round so that

I may see for myself the conditions existent and the life lived by those poor women? Mind, the places I want to see are those commonly called 'brothels' and *not* where the girls work independently.

"J. writes that he may be returning before the end of the sessions and that Simla is quite dull, but surely the Sandhurst Committee will be sitting to the end of September, won't it? However, they are evidently hurrying on as he adds that they have been very busy with it."

Ruttie wanted to see the living conditions of the brothel area at first hand, and Miss Davis, she and I toured round these for hours together, visiting one brothel after another.

In January, 1928, after their return from Calcutta, Ruttie and Jinnah separated. I cannot find fault with either for this separation, which was due to temperamental differences and difference in age. Their points of view on various aspects of life were different. I can assert from personal knowledge that even today, 33 years after her death, that she retained her affection for Jinnah. There was a rapprochement between them when Ruttie was seriously ill in Paris in August-September, 1928. Jinnah went to England on April 3, 1928. Ruttie followed a week later on 10th April. She went to Paris, got ill, entered a nursing home, so Jinnah followed, stayed with her in the nursing home for over a month and

looked after and nursed her and as Ruttie told me later, he ate the same food as she did at the nursing home. They returned to India separately, she with her mother, but she was still very ill and I saw her practically every day between the middle of October right till her death on 20th February, 1929, except for the few days during the Christmas week, when Mrs. Besant called me to Calcutta to attend the All Parties Conference to discuss the Nehru (Motilal) Report. I did not want to go to Calcutta as I did not like to leave Ruttie alone—she was not keeping good health—but the telegram from Mrs. Besant was a “command” and I obeyed.

I received the following letter dated 30th November, 1928 from Krishnamurti:

“My dear Kanji,

I hope Mrs. Jinnah is very much better and please give her my love, if she will have such a thing from me. Also please tell her that I am thinking of her constantly. I hope she is better.

“I hope everything is well with you and your family.

“With much affection,

“Krishna.”

Throughout January and February, 1929, Ruttie continued to be ill and this depressed her. She hardly ever went out, except for short walks with me. Every evening Jinnah came to see her and Ruttie, Jinnah and I kept on talking as in the old times. They were getting reconciled to each other. Krishnamurti was to come to Bombay at the end of January and Ruttie asked me if I could bring him to tea on 1st February. Krishnamurti, his Secretary, Yadunandan Prasad and I met her at tea at 5 in the afternoon. I left at about 6.30 to keep another engagement, but Krishnamurti invited her to dinner for the 2nd February at the house of his host, my friend, Ratansi D. Morarji. Ruttie accepted for herself and for me and we had a most pleasant meeting with Krishnamurti again. On 13th February, Ruttie, my wife and I went to the cinema for the after dinner show. The Bombay riots were on then and as Honorary Presidency Magistrate I was on the night duty on 16th-17th February at Byculla. In the early morning I went to meet Mrs. Besant arriving from Madras at the station, then I lunched with her. As I went to my residence Ruttie came, terribly depressed and unhappy. She spent about 4 hours with me at my flat, then I took her home and she made tea for me. I could not leave her in that condition of terrific depression, so I did not go and have tea with Mrs. Besant as she had asked me to do. I left Ruttie at 7 promising to call back by 10.15 P.M. after I had seen Mrs. Besant off at the station. I apologised to Mrs. Besant for having not met her at tea and told her that I had to be with Ruttie as she was

feeling so unhappy. She asked me to look after her. When I got to Ruttie's place at 10.15 I discovered to my horror that she was unconscious. I was able to revive and awaken her. Next morning—18th February, she rang me up and asked me to see her on my way to office, she was still most depressed. I tried to comfort her as best as I could and as I was leaving her I said: "I'll see you to-night". She replied: "If I am alive. Look after my cats and don't give them away". These were the last words Ruttie spoke to me. I was dining out at Andheri that night and when I went to Ruttie's house at 11.15 P.M., I found her fast asleep. As I had not slept for continuously two nights I went home.

On the 19th afternoon I was informed by telephone that she was unconscious again and there was very little hope of her living. Immediately I called at her house, but could not see her. On the 20th February evening—her birthday—she passed away. Jinnah was away in Delhi for the Budget Session of the Assembly but returned to Bombay in time for the funeral on the 22nd. Col. and Mrs. Sokhey and I met him at the Grant Road Station. I was sitting beside Jinnah for all the five hours the funeral rites were performed. I knew that Ruttie would have liked to be cremated and I said so to Jinnah, but she was buried under Muslim rites.

Jinnah put up a brave face and after a tense silence, he began to talk hurriedly of his work in the Assembly a week before, and how he helped Vithalbhai Patel, the

Speaker, out of the tight corner the latter had got into with Government. Then, as Ruttie's body was being lowered into the grave, Jinnah, as the nearest relative was the first to throw the earth on the grave and he broke down suddenly and sobbed and wept like a child for minutes together. I followed Jinnah and looking for the last time through sorrowful and tearful eyes at the mortal remains of the lovely and beautiful immortal soul, I promised to Ruttie that one day I would write her full story and it has taken me more than thirty years to fulfil this promise. I dedicated to Ruttie my 85 page "Gandhiji through my Diary Leaves" (1915-1948), published in May 1950. Jinnah asked me to meet him the next evening as he knew that I was with Ruttie all through the weeks prior to her death.

Never have I found a man so sad and so bitter. He screamed his heart out, speaking to me for over two hours, myself listening to him patiently and sympathetically, occasionally putting a word here and there. Something I saw had snapped in him. The death of his wife was not just a sad event, nor just something to be grieved over, but he took it, this act of God, as a failure and a personal defeat in his life. I am afraid he never recovered right till the end of his life from this terrible shock.

Jinnah's personal and political life was as clean as clean can be and free from corruption. He bought "South Court", the house in Mount Pleasant Road, in

1916. It was a kind of Nineteenth Century country house and not modern. During the years after their marriage, "South Court" was my second home and I enjoyed the confidence and friendship of both Ruttie and Jinnah. I had great respect for Jinnah as my political leader in Bombay and as a friend. After his marriage with Ruttie in the spring of 1918, he had no separate existence away from his wife: He found in her a great source of inspiration. His personal, political and social life was always with Ruttie. She was always with him, and though she was so much younger than he, she without his realising it, looked after him and made his life in all its aspects, pleasant, carefree and well worth living. Jinnah, after his marriage, resigned from the Orient Club where he used to play Chess and Billiards. He never played cards. He abhorred every kind of gambling and all games of chance.

Her death left Jinnah completely lonely. He never recovered from this loneliness, and this loneliness added to the bitterness of his life; and I must add that this bitterness, born out of this personal loss and disappointment travelled into his political life. This, I feel, is the correct analysis of Jinnah's political bitterness which lasted throughout the nineteen years that he lived after his wife's death, and influenced his political life and opinions. This is a sad sad story.

On his wife's death, Jinnah withdrew into his Ivory Tower and he became a perfect isolationist. From a

cheerful, pleasant and social friend with a dry sense of humour, he became ego-centric and was sensitive to criticism. He could not stand abuse, ridicule, misunderstanding and misrepresentation of his actions and never forgave those, who, unwisely and unjustly indulged in them. His wife's death reacted on him so severely that never once during the remaining nineteen years of his life did he refer to her directly or indirectly or mention her name. I never saw Ruttie's photographs in his house. Ruttie had a beautiful collection of jades, rare artistic articles and first editions of books and they would have made an excellent Museum. But all that Jinnah did was to put them in boxes and forgot all about them.

It is futile to contemplate and speculate how Jinnah's political life would have shaped if Ruttie had been by his side through the fateful thirties and forties. Ruttie was a great nationalist with no communal bias or prejudices. I have not the slightest doubt that if Ruttie had lived Jinnah would have asked her to go back to his house and she would have agreed and there would have been most perfect and full reconciliation between them. Every day Ruttie used to enquire from me how Jinnah was working in the Legislative Assembly, and whether the reports appearing in the Congress press that he was turning communal were true. She, the great nationalist, was disturbed about these reports. I assured her that Jinnah was not turning communal, that he was a staunch nationalist, and that the Congress leaders and the Congress press were mischievously misrepresenting him and

Ruttie kept herself away from participating in active politics, but was helpful to Jinnah and Jinnah, influenced by her, kept non-communal.

I received from Sarojini Naidu, who was then in America, the following letter on Ruttie's death:—

“Hotel Alonquin,
44th Street, West
New York City.
March 20, 1929.

“My dear Kanji,

I seem to be stricken dumb suddenly and all my strength has deserted me. The earth has been heavy over the beautiful face I loved, for a month and I only knew two days ago . . . it was told to me in a very casual way across the telephone by someone who did not know how dear was the little girl to me . . . Why did you not send me a cable? But why did I not follow the impulsive instinct that was an intuition and send a cable myself . . . on the 20th February which was the day of Ruttie's 29th birthday, I was overmastered by a sense of foreboding and fear, how I confused it . . . it was a true fear and foreboding. But I would not let myself act foolishly as I said to myself. I wish I had . . .

My letter for her birthday must have reached India the week she passed away Poor child, poor wonderful stricken child.

“I am writing to send you a word of consolation as well as gratitude for all your loyal friendship and affection towards her. She valued this friendship, leaned on it and accepted its service. You were one of the few who realised how rare and brave and noble a spirit was hers whom most people could not value or understand aught Thank you—in her name for my sake because you knew how Ruttie was very close to my heart.

“There was no other way of liberation for her strong and suffering soul that always sought freedom. Her mother and her husband are both in my thoughts and I suffer with and in their loss and pain I send you my affectionate feelings. Be worthy always of this love and friendship she gave you.

Sarojini Naidu.”

I received the following letter from Krishnamurti, dated 1st April, 1929:—

“Arya Vihar, Ojai, California.

“My dear Kanji,

I ought to have written to you sooner and I am sorry not to have done so.

"It must have been terrible for you and I am so grieved about it. Poor Mrs. Jinnah. I thought she would get well, when we last saw her. She looked so much better. I have been thinking of her so often, since your cable and I am very sorry about it all and for her. I am glad she did not suffer too much in the end. You must miss her very much and you have, if I may say so, my greatest sympathy.

"I hope everything is going on well. Please give my love to your wife and Chanda.

"With much love to yourself,

Krishna."

Ruttie was a woman of great character, beauty, grace and magnanimity. She was a woman of great understanding. She was a most devoted friend.

MR. KANJI DWARKADAS, M.A. (born 1st May 1892) was Member for Labour in the Bombay Legislative Council (1921-23). He was a member of the Industrial Disputes Committee (1922). These committees were appointed on resolutions moved by him and passed by the Legislative Council. One of the founder-members of the All-India Trade Union Congress, 1919, he was its treasurer in 1925-26. He was a member of the Bombay Municipal Corporation (1922-35) and one of the general secretaries of the special session of the Indian National Congress (1918). He was the treasurer and later the secretary (1917-20) of the All-India Home Rule League, when Mr. M. A. Jinnah was the president, and general secretary, National Home Rule League (1919-30), with Dr. Annie Besant as president. Founder-member of the Bombay Vigilance Association (1924), he was its first secretary (1924-31) and also of the Infant Welfare Society (1926-27) and founder-member of the Children's Aid Society, 1927, and its first treasurer.

He was the correspondent of *New India* (Madras), edited by the late Dr. Annie Besant and later, its assistant editor. Mr. Kanji Dwarkadas was a member of the Panel of Housing, including industrial housing, of the Greater Bombay Scheme Committee appointed by the Government of Bombay (1945-46). From 1956 to 1960, he was member of the Bombay Housing Board.

From July to December 1946, and June to October 1951, Mr. Kanji Dwarkadas was in the United States of America as the guest of the U.S. Government to study labour problems and housing. He visited U.K. and Europe in 1933, 1946, 1948 and 1951. He visited Malaya and Singapore in May 1954 and again in May 1955. He visited Singapore and Hong Kong in November 1958 and in December 1961- January 1962 he visited East Africa.

Mr. Kanji Dwarkadas is the seniormost personnel officer and labour consultant in India.

