LETTERS HOME FROM INDIA AND IRAK 1925

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OUTLINE OF ROUTE

EUROPE
PARIS
MARSEILLES
ROME
NAPLES
BLACK SEA
TURKEY
MEDITERRANEAN
SEA
SYRIA
Baalbek
DAMASCUS
Palm
Tiberias
Ludd
Jerusalem
Port Said
Alexandria
PALES
NORTH AFRICA
RED SEA

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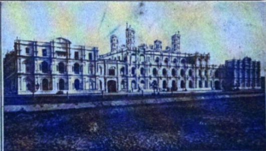
MAP



The Palace at Gwalior

CASPIAN SEA
BAGHDAD
Basra
PERSIA
PERSIAN GULF
AFGHANISTAN
Khyber Pass
Peshawar
Rawal Pindi
Lahore
Amritsar
TIBET
DELHI
Bikaner
Agra
Gwalior
Mt. Abu
Chitogarh
Udaipur
Mt. Everest
Darjeeling
BENARES
CALCUTTA
Karachi
ARABIAN SEA
BOMBAY
Poona
Bhubaneswar
Puri
BAY OF BENGAL
MADRAS
Trichinopoly
Tanjore
CEYLON
ADEN
RED SEA
ABIA
INDIAN OCEAN

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Governing India and Irak Today

LETTERS HOME FROM INDIA AND IRAK. By Paul D. Cravath. 158 pp. New York: Privately printed.

ACCOMPANIED by Harrison Williams, Mr. Cravath made last Winter the three months' trip to India and through Irak about which he writes in these "Letters Home." He has had the letters printed, not for publication but for the use of his friends, especially of those among them who contemplate a similar trip. He journeyed to India via the Suez Canal, entering at Bombay and spending seven or more weeks, in the course of which he visited Delhi, Lahore, the Khyber Pass, Darjeeling, Benares, Calcutta, Madras and other places. He was evidently an alert traveler, keenly interested in all the many phases of life in India, and he proves to be an exceptionally good reporter of what he saw. Moreover, he had unusual opportunities to see sides of life and striking events of which the usual tourist would get never a glimpse, and of all these he writes with graphic description. After leaving India and again at the end of their trip through Irak he makes comments and draws conclusions concerning affairs in the two countries. He considers British rule in India "the most remarkable triumph of moral force and authority that the world has ever seen." One impression that, he says, stands out very clearly is that "the Viceroy of India has the hardest governing job in the world." The thing that interested him more than anything else in India was the people. He thinks that the dividing up into four mandated regions of that part of pre-war Turkey where the Arab population predominates was a great mistake and that if Irak, Palestine, Trans-Jordania and Syria had been consolidated under a single government it might have become a strong, self-supporting political unit, something that no one of the mandates can ever be.

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LETTERS HOME
from
INDIA *and* IRAK
1925

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[Paul D. Cravath]

LETTERS HOME
FROM
INDIA AND IRAK
1925

For Mr. Welling

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WARNING TO THE READER

The following letters have been printed, not for publication, but for friends, some of whom contemplate visiting India. They are simply a casual and uncensored daily record of the experiences and impressions of two visitors to India who, being neither archæologists, psychologists, students of religion nor sportsmen, were primarily in search of diversion and recreation.

Nothing is more remote from our minds than an expression of views about India and her problems. Whenever we found ourselves disposed to form views or reach conclusions, we were checked by the memory of a remark made to us early in our visit by one of the most successful and accomplished of British civil servants, that the one thing he had learned after thirty-five years' residence in India was that he had acquired no real understanding of India and her people.

Remembering the difficulty we experienced in making selections from the mass of books on India that had been recommended to us, I have

15845 Gough 300 History

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ventured to give at the end of this volume a list of the books that we found most helpful.

Thanks to the unusual opportunities afforded us through the generous cooperation of Lord Birkenhead, the Secretary of State for India, and the unbounded hospitality of the Viceroy and Lady Reading, our visit was interesting from beginning to end and often exciting. It was not marred by a single dull hour. We wonder that so few Americans visit India except as an incident to a hectic journey around the world.

PAUL D. CRAVATH

New York, April 1, 1925

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OUR ITINERARY

December 19.	Sailed from Marseilles on the P. & O. S. S. *Narkunda.*
December 24.	At Port Said two hours. Started journey through Suez Canal. Reached Ismailia at nightfall.
December 27.	Spent the morning at Aden.
January 2.	Reached Bombay early in the morning.
January 3.	Left Bombay by train in the evening for Bikaner.
January 4.	Passed Abu Road Station but did not have time to stop to visit the Jain temples at Mount Abu.
January 5.	Reached Bikaner in the morning.
January 6.	Bikaner.
January 7.	Bikaner. Left in the evening by train for Jaipur.
January 8.	Jaipur.
January 9.	Jaipur. Visit to Amber by motor. Left in the evening by train for Chitogarh. Visited Ajmer two hours by moonlight.
January 10.	Reached Chitogarh for breakfast. Visited the ruins of Chitor by Tonga. Left Chitogarh for Udaipur in the afternoon.
January 11.	Reached Udaipur for breakfast.
January 12.	Left by evening train for Agra.
January 13.	Agra.
January 14.	Agra and Fatehpur-Sikri.
January 15.	Motored from Agra to Delhi.
January 16.	Delhi.

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OUR ITINERARY

JANUARY 17.	DELHI.
JANUARY 18.	DELHI.
JANUARY 19.	DELHI.
JANUARY 20.	DELHI.
JANUARY 21.	DELHI. LEFT IN THE EVENING FOR PESHAWAR.
JANUARY 22.	REACHED PESHAWAR IN THE EVENING.
JANUARY 23.	WENT TO THE AFGHAN FRONTIER BY MOTOR OVER THE KHYBER PASS IN THE MORNING.
JANUARY 24.	LEFT PESHAWAR BY MOTOR AFTER LUNCH, STOPPING AT ATTOCK. REACHED RAWALPINDI IN TIME FOR DINNER. LEFT BY TRAIN LATE AT NIGHT FOR LAHORE.
JANUARY 25.	REACHED LAHORE ABOUT LUNCH TIME. MOTORED TO AMRITSAR AND THERE TOOK TRAIN FOR BENARES.
JANUARY 26.	ON TRAIN EN ROUTE FOR BENARES.
JANUARY 27.	REACHED BENARES IN THE MORNING.
JANUARY 28.	LEFT BENARES IN THE AFTERNOON FOR CALCUTTA.
JANUARY 29.	REACHED CALCUTTA IN THE MORNING. LEFT BY TRAIN FOR DARJEELING IN THE EVENING.
JANUARY 30.	REACHED TERMINUS OF THE RAILROAD IN THE MORNING, CONTINUED JOURNEY BY MOTOR TO DARJEELING, ARRIVING IN TIME FOR LATE LUNCH.
JANUARY 31.	DARJEELING.
FEBRUARY 1.	LEFT DARJEELING BY MOTOR FOR TERMINUS OF RAILROAD AND FROM THERE CONTINUED JOURNEY BY RAIL.
FEBRUARY 2.	REACHED CALCUTTA IN THE MORNING.
FEBRUARY 3.	CALCUTTA. LEFT BY RAIL IN THE EVENING FOR PURI.
FEBRUARY 4.	REACHED PURI IN THE MORNING. MOTORED IN MIDDLE OF THE DAY TO BHUBANESWAR. TOOK TRAIN IN THE EVENING FOR MADRAS.
FEBRUARY 5.	ON TRAIN EN ROUTE TO MADRAS.
FEBRUARY 6.	REACHED MADRAS IN THE MORNING.
FEBRUARY 7.	MOTORED TO THE SEVEN PAGODAS. P. D. C. LEFT FOR TRICHINOPOLY AND TANJORE IN THE EVENING.

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OUR ITINERARY

February 8.	P. D. C. visited Trichinopoly in the morning and Tanjore in the afternoon, H. W. having remained at Madras.
February 9.	Day at Madras. Left in the evening for Poona.
February 10.	On train en route to Poona.
February 11.	Reached Poona in the morning.
February 12.	Left Poona in the morning by motor for Karli Caves. Reached railroad junction east of Bombay in time for lunch and to catch train for Gwalior.
February 13.	Reached Gwalior at midday.
February 14.	Gwalior.
February 15.	Gwalior.
February 16.	Gwalior. Left at night by train for Bombay.
February 17.	On train en route for Bombay.
February 18.	Reached Bombay in the morning.
February 19.	Bombay.
February 20.	Sailed from Bombay on the S. S. *Vasna* for Basra at the mouth of the Tigris.
February 21.	On the *Vasna*.
February 22.	Stopped for three hours at Karachi.
February 26.	Reached Basra early in the morning. Flew in three hours to Baghdad, arriving at tea time.
February 27.	Baghdad.
February 28.	Baghdad.
March 1.	Left Baghdad by motor at one o'clock on journey across Syrian Desert to Damascus. Reached Quesbessa (Hitt) by sundown.
March 2.	Left Quesbessa at six in the morning. Reached Tadmor (Palmyra) at five in the afternoon, after a journey of three hundred miles across the Syrian Desert.
March 3.	Left Palmyra at seven in the morning, reaching Damascus in time for lunch.

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OUR ITINERARY

MARCH	4.	LEFT BY MOTOR FOR BA'ALBEK EARLY IN THE MORNING. RETURNED TO DAMASCUS IN THE AFTERNOON.
MARCH	5.	LEFT DAMASCUS BY MOTOR EARLY IN THE MORNING. REACHED TIBERIAS AT THREE IN THE AFTERNOON.
MARCH	6.	MOTORED FROM TIBERIAS TO JERUSALEM VIA NAZARETH, ARRIVING AT JERUSALEM AT TWO IN THE AFTERNOON.
MARCH	7.	JERUSALEM. MOTOR TRIP TO DEAD SEA AND JERICHO.
MARCH	8.	JERUSALEM.
MARCH	9.	MOTORED IN MORNING TO LUDD TO CATCH TRAIN FOR ALEXANDRIA.
MARCH	10.	REACHED ALEXANDRIA EARLY IN MORNING IN TIME TO CATCH THE *Mauretania* FOR NAPLES.
MARCH	12.	REACHED NAPLES IN THE MORNING.

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INDIA

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INDIA

On Board the S.S. "Narkunda," January 1, 1925

The Mediterranean.

HARRISON WILLIAMS and I sailed from Marseilles December 19, 1924, on the P. & O. steamship *Narkunda,* eighteen thousand tons burden. The voyage was an uneventful Mediterranean voyage until we reached Port Said. We passed very near Stromboli, which was emitting a dense cloud of smoke, and reached the Straits of Messina about three o'clock in the afternoon. Luckily we had perfect weather and a clear sky for the journey through the Straits. After the *Narkunda* had safely negotiated Scylla and Charybdis, we had a good view of Mt. Ætna. The setting sun cast a red glow on the pillar of smoke that emerged from the crater that for half an hour made it look like a great pillar of fire. The mountain sides of Sicily and Calabria, terraced with miniature vineyards and fields from the water's edge almost to their summits, and dotted here and there with picturesque villages, were very beautiful in the afternoon light.

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Port Said. We reached Port Said early in the morning of the fifth day. Our first visit was to the famous department store of Simon Artz, where we equipped ourselves with solar topees (helmets)—brown ones for travel, white ones for dress occasions. Then pursued by an army of beggars, peddlers, touts and ragged children, we walked leisurely through some of the principal streets in an attempt to see the sights. They proved to be few and uninteresting. At the end of the jetty, which marks one side of the entrance to the Suez Canal, stands a colossal statue of de Lesseps gazing seaward and holding out his hand as if to welcome the incoming ships. The city is drab and dull and wholly lacking in character and distinction. It is even reasonably clean for an oriental city and no longer deserves its former reputation of being the most wicked city in the world. Its population, which seemed all to be in the streets, is a heterogeneous assortment of denatured humanity of every nationality and shade of color, with a corresponding variety of costumes—Egyptians, Soudanese, Arabs, Maltese, Armenians, Abyssinians, Jews, East Indians, white men of every nationality, and mixed breeds of every conceivable cross. A more importunate and offensive lot of beggars and touts than the crowd that followed us I have never seen. The population lives off the passengers from the

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passing ships, which all stop at Port Said for a few hours before entering and leaving the canal. To our surprise, French rather than English is the European language most generally spoken in Port Said. The Canal seems to be managed by French officials, although a majority of the shares of the Canal Company are owned by the British Government.

We met the Batonnier of the Cairo Bar, who had just been appointed Attorney General of the Egyptian Government. He spoke fluent French, but little or no English. He said that this was generally true of the older Egyptians of education, but that the younger generation spoke English.

The Suez Canal.

The passage through the Canal takes about fifteen hours. There is no striking scenery on either side—only desert, occasionally flanked by bare mountains in the distance, one of which is Mt. Sinai. We saw a few herds of camels and goats and an occasional band of Bedouins, but practically the only human habitations are those appurtenant to the Canal and the railroad that runs parallel to it for its entire length. At Ismailia, which we passed just after nightfall, the railroad branches off to Cairo, which is about sixty miles distant; and at El Kantara there is a ferry for the passengers traveling by rail between Egypt and Palestine. At El Kantara we saw relics of the

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great camp which the British Army maintained there during the latter part of the war and where, it was said, there had been as many as two hundred thousand troops at one time. It was from this base that General Allenby made his advance upon Jerusalem, and here started the military pipe line that carried the water of the Nile ahead of the Army for two hundred miles into the desert.

The passage through the Canal was a real experience. It gave one a feeling of importance to realize that the Nile was only a few miles distant on the west and that on the east was Arabia with its Meccas and Medinas; that it was not far away that Moses received the tablets of the Ten Commandments amid the thunders of Sinai and that we were sailing over the place (the exact location of which seems to be in doubt) where Moses and the Israelites crossed the Red Sea through its divided waters and Pharaoh's pursuing army was engulfed.

The Red Sea.

The three days' voyage through the Red Sea was uneventful. Fortunately, the weather was unusually cool, the thermometer never rising above eighty. We were told that not infrequently it was so hot, even in winter, that passengers preferred to spend the night on deck rather than to try to sleep in the suffocating heat of the staterooms. Throughout our voyage there was a fresh breeze. We were perfectly comfortable in our staterooms at night,

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although during the day we were glad to wear our lightest summer attire. Most of the time we were out of sight of land, but occasionally bare, rugged mountains loomed in the distance, sometimes to the west on the African coast and less frequently to the east in Arabia.

Aden.

On the morning of the eighth day from Marseilles we anchored off Aden, which is on the Arabian Sea just east of the entrance to the Red Sea. This was our first British port. The guide book says that it was "captured" from the Arabs at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign. So far as I can make out, the British, realizing that the mountainous peninsula on which Aden is situated could be made an impregnable fortress in a safe harbor at a strategic location, simply seized it. I am glad they did. It is now the most western outpost of the British Empire in the Far East. Its administration is under the Government of Bombay. The Governor, Lt. Gen. Thomas Scott,* who met the ship, asked us to join his party. He is a charming man, a typical British officer of the best type,—tall, erect, modest but self-reliant,—gentle, with a suggestion of reserve power that he might use ruthlessly if occasion required. He has been in the Indian Army thirty-five years and is soon to retire.

* At Bombay we learned that on the very day of our visit to Aden General Scott had been knighted.

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He and his associates seem to regard Aden as a most desirable post. In spite of its climate which, although hot, is dry with an almost complete absence of rain at all seasons of the year, it offers many advantages—good fishing, sailing and shooting, and visits from thousands of travelers between India and England. General Scott said there was no place in the world where he was sure to see so many of his friends in the course of a year as at Aden.

After regaling us with soft drinks at Government House, General Scott gave us the choice between staying for lunch and seeing the town. As we chose the latter alternative, he sent us around town in a motor car. We soon found that Aden deserved its reputation of being the driest place in the world. We did not see a blade of grass or a single bush or weed, except in the places where water had been provided, and there were very few of them. Yet the British residents have a golf course and a polo field, both, of course, without grass. The cantonment (pronounced Cant*oo*nment), that is, the British and official part of Aden, is exceptionally neat and orderly as all such places run by the British Army are. The Governor's House crowns a small hill and is most cunningly devised to attract every breeze and repel every ray of the sun. On the day of our visit, which was said to be excep-

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tionally cool, the thermometer stood at about eighty in the shade. So far as I can make out, the windows and doors of Government House, if there are any, are never closed.

The native portion of Aden is in a depression shut in by hills and mountains that is called the "Crater." Compared with its summer climate, Hell must be cool. The scenes in the native bazaars and markets are colorful and picturesque, and what a babble of talk! The native population consists chiefly of Arabs of every shade of color from white to dark chocolate, with a sprinkling of Indians and ebony-black Africans.

The Indian Ocean.

The journey from Aden to Bombay across the Indian Ocean takes five days. The weather has been delightfuly cool. One day a rough sea kept most of the ladies and not a few of the men from the dining saloon. Neither Harrison Williams nor I succumbed. We are enjoying the two weeks' voyage thoroughly. The *Narkunda,* which is one of the best of the P. & O. steamers, is very steady and seaworthy. She is much less pretentious than most of the transatlantic steamers. There are no *cabines de luxe* and few with private baths. The food is plain and uninteresting and offers no temptation to overeating. Our table mates are Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jennings, their daughter, Constance, and their son, Oliver, Mrs. Thomas, her daugh-

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ter, Miss Campbell, from Baltimore, and Lt. Col. Wynter. We are a cheerful table of good sailors.

The ship's company.

The ship's company is most interesting and varied—very different from the typical crowd on a transatlantic liner. There are few Americans and few tourists of any sort. Most of the passengers are British men and women in some way connected with official or commercial life in India—army officers, civil servants, merchants, tea planters from Burmah and Ceylon, and British officials and members of Parliament on missions of one kind or another. There are a few Europeanized Indian princes, who speak English and French, and, I presume, their native tongue, with equal fluency; several dignified Parsee merchants, who dress, talk, act and look (except for their light yellow complexions), very much like Europeans; several Parsee ladies who wear their characteristic dress slightly europeanized; a Mohammedan professor of astronomy from the Mohammedan University at Aligarth near Delhi; a young Brahmin of Kashmiri ancestry, who is the Finance Minister of the Independent State of Jaipur; several other Hindus of humbler rank and caste; and the usual mass of humanity that defies classification. All of the Indians, except the Parsee ladies, wear European clothes. The passengers of whom we see the most are Sir Warden Chilcott, M.P., an intimate friend

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of Lord Birkenhead; Commander C. B. Fry;* the famous cricketer of twenty-five years ago and a frequent visitor to India, and Mrs. Fry, Mrs. Sherlock of their party, Sir Montague Barlow, Sir John Hewett who ended a brilliant career in the Indian Civil Service as Lieutenant Governor of the Central Provinces and is one of the leading authorities on India; Mr. Amarnath Atal, the Brahman Finance Minister of Jaipur; Mr. Mehta, the dean of the Parsee group; the Mohammedan Professor; Prince Kapurthala, one of the younger sons of the head of the ruling Sikh house of that name, and Mr. Bankier, a retired merchant prince of Calcutta.

We pump our acquaintances from India daily, much to our enlightenment and sometimes to their amusement. Sir John Hewett sits on deck surrounded by his disciples and discourses to us like a Pythagoras—one day on Indian politics—the next day on Indian religions, and another day on Indian history. We call him "Master" and his inexhaustible store of knowledge and wisdom never fails us. The Merchant Prince has the simple philosophy of the old-fashioned British merchant in India. He cannot understand why we waste so much time in speculating about the mysteries of the Hindu mind.

* After we reached India Sir Warden Chilcott and Commander Fry were most generous in their friendly and helpful cooperation.

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He says he and his compatriots have been successful merchants, governors and soldiers in India for more than a century without expending precious energy in attempting to understand the native character, which, in his opinion, is not worth understanding anyway. He says the British have succeeded in governing India by following the rule, "Be just and firm always, kind if possible but rough if need be, and never show the white feather."

Both Sir John Hewett, who is of the old school of Civil Servants, and the Merchant Prince deplore the recent attempts to introduce western liberal and democratic ideas into the Government of India. They insist that the way to govern the Indians is to govern them for their own good and not ask them how it should be done; and that the British rulers are better qualified to determine what manner and methods of government India needs than the Indians themselves. These conservative views receive a chorus of approval from the Parsee merchants (who owe to the protection of the British Government the opportunity of becoming the most prosperous mercantile community in the world), from the Maharajas and Rajas (whose vested rights have been protected by British law), from the Merchant Princes (whose interests have always been near the heart of the British Rulers of India), from the Mohammedan Professor (who realizes that it is

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only British rule that protects the Mohammedan minority against trouble with the overwhelming Hindu majority), and from most of the other listeners who, in one way or another, are connected with the vested interests in India or are protected by British rule. I presume that some of the silent Bengalis on board secretly dissent and that still more dissent would be found in the second cabin. I confess that thus far our sympathies are with Sir John Hewett and the standpatters. When we reach India we shall try to hear something of the other side from the apostles of Swaraj (self-government).

The amusements on shipboard.

The demeanor of the British passengers is most interesting. Both old and young are as gay and playful as children. The first day the passengers organized a "Sports Committee" with Sir John Hewett as Chairman, under whose direction there have been tournaments and contests of every conceivable kind—fancy dress parties, at which prizes were offered for the most striking costumes, competitions in the decoration of dinner tables, races, tugs of war, wrestling, deck tennis, cricket matches, etc. In these events both the British and Indians take part indiscriminately. There has been much spontaneous gaiety and merriment and none of the passengers, except a few Americans who did not sit at our table, have put on airs or shown any sign of self-consciousness. There has been no drunkenness

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and no rowdyism except possibly on the part of one passenger, who is neither British, American, nor Indian. All the young people, and many who are not young, took part in the fancy dress ball. Some of the improvised costumes were very funny. There was a refreshing absence of ostentation and extravagant display except in a few cases of worthy legs and shoulders.

We are already beginning to have a better understanding of why the British are so happy and successful in ruling the depressed races of the world.

We have just received radios from Sir Leslie Wilson, the Governor of Bombay, asking us to stay at Government House. This we have decided to do, although we do not propose to keep up the practice of imitating Kipling's "Cossack in Evening Dress" by permitting ourselves to be quartered on the country, which is very easy for visitors in India who start with an orthodox official introduction.

Government House, Bombay, January 3, 1925

Bombay.

The good ship *Narkunda* tied up to the dock at Bombay on the morning of January second, the thirteenth day from Marseilles. Viewed from the ship, Bombay and its docks look like an English city with a slightly oriental flavor. Indeed, if it had not been for the colorful crowd of beturbaned

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Indians, jabbering like a flock of birds, that greeted the arrival of the ship, there would have been little to remind us that we were landing on "India's coral strand."

Government House.

The eight passengers who were to stay with the Governor of Bombay were met by aides-de-camp, who took charge of us and whisked us in Rolls Royces four miles away to Government House, where a typical English breakfast awaited us. After breakfast the Military Secretary asked the guests one by one to talk with their excellencies, the Governor and Lady Wilson. They were very charming, unaffected and cordial.

Government House is a delightful place on a peninsula jutting out into the bay beyond Malabar Hill, which is the residential district for the well-to-do British and the rich Parsee merchants. The grounds must comprise two or three hundred acres and are beautifully planted with tropical trees and shrubs. The road of approach from the main highway is at least half a mile long. The central building contains the main reception rooms, the ball room, the dining room and other public rooms. The sleeping quarters, including those of the Governor and his family, are in several detached bungalows, some of which are quite elaborate. Our quarters consisted of two large bedrooms, two big bathrooms with hot and cold water and two sepa-

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rate porches all in a bungalow of our own which commands a beautiful view of the sea. There must be accommodations for forty or fifty guests. We are struck by the complete absence of any provision for rain or cold weather. The main entrance to the central pavilion is entirely unprotected by doors and the paths to the various bungalows are uncovered. The explanation is that it is never cold at Bombay and Government House is not occupied during the rainy season and the hot weather when the Governor and his household move to the hills.

Their Excellencies, the Governor and Lady Wilson (each of whom is familiarly referred to as "H.E."), maintain a degree of state approaching that of a royal court. They are attended by a flock of aides-de-camp headed by a Military Secretary. They have a bodyguard of about one hundred magnificently uniformed Sikhs of exceptionally fine physique, several of whom are always on guard at the entrance to the grounds and at the main entrance of the central pavilion. It was some time before we could pass a Sikh sentry without feeling that we should return his salute by tipping our hats. There must be several hundred servants and gardeners. The Governor's establishment comprises about twelve hundred people, including the Sikh bodyguard and the women and children. The household is most skillfully managed by the very

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charming and able Military Secretary, Major Vaux.

The formality at Government House is confined to dinner and lunch and public functions. At other times we are free to do about as we choose. A motor car and an aide-de-camp are at our disposal and no effort is spared to give us a good time and an opportunity to see the sights of Bombay. We have been offered every form of exercise from golf and tennis to hunting and polo. At dinner and lunch there is great formality. The guests all assemble in a semi-circle in the drawing room before Their Excellencies enter. In the dining room there is a flock of gaily dressed native barefooted servants, headed by a barefooted butler of great stature and dignity, who wears a turban a foot high. His black beard, which under the dictates of his religion is never cut, is held against his face by a black net. In the dining room there must be a servant for every guest. Never have I seen more attentive and thoughtful servants. We are told that they are less efficient than they appear to be and require a great deal of guidance and attention and are apt to lose their heads in an emergency. After dinner or luncheon the Military Secretary asks the guests to come up one by one or in groups to talk with Their Excellencies, just as in the case of royal hosts.

Bombay, or at least the part that the casual

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The sights of Bombay.

visitor sees, is very much like a big English city, perhaps a little uglier as the result of the effort to give Georgian and Gothic buildings an oriental aspect. The main business streets are crowded with motor cars, many of them occupied by Indians. Of course, the large majority of the crowds in the streets are Indians, as are all of the policemen. As our visit is so short and our time so fully occupied by participation in the events arranged at Government House, we are seeing little of the few sights of Bombay. We visited the walled park where dead Hindus are burned and the "Towers of Silence" where dead Parsees are exposed to be devoured by vultures, a process that is usually completed in a couple of hours. We went for tea at the Bombay Yacht Club, where all British Bombay gathers in the afternoon to listen to the orchestra and gossip; and to the races, where a small crowd of English and a few Indian Princes and Parsees were gathered in the Club stand. The only native ladies in the Club stand were from the Parsee community wearing their picturesque costumes. There were enormous crowds of Indians in the bleachers with a sprinkling of British soldiers. I never saw a race track crowd more animated and more intent on the result of the races than these heterogeneous crowds of natives. Betting on the races is said to be universal among them. The betting is entirely by the

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totalization system, which is practically the same as the Paris Mutuel. Many of the horses are owned by Indian Rajas and Parsee merchants.

Bombay is the principal port on the west coast of India and is sustained by an enormous commerce, which is largely in the hands of the British and the Parsees, although there are a good many important Hindu and Moslem merchants. It is the center of a very considerable cotton spinning industry, which is almost entirely owned by the Parsees. There are scores of modern cotton mills in Bombay and the neighboring cities.

The Parsees.

The Parsees of Bombay constitute one of the most interesting communities in the world. In the eighth century, after the Mohammedans had conquered Persia and forced the Persians at the point of the sword to give up the religion of Zoroaster for that of Mohammed, some of the Zoroastrians fled to the western coast of India where they were protected by the Hindu rulers. They took with them the sacred fire which Zoroaster is supposed to have brought from heaven and have ever since kept it burning in their temples. They survived the persecution of the Mohammedans who dominated northern India for several centuries until the inauguration of British rule. They constitute to-day a distinct community of about one hundred thousand members, most of whom live in Bombay

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and neighboring cities. For more than one thousand years they have maintained their separate identity even more completely than have the Jewish communities in Europe. They still practice their own religion. They insist they are not fire worshipers, as is commonly supposed. God, according to the Parsee faith, is the emblem of glory, refulgence and light and in this view a Parsee while engaged in prayer is directed to stand before the fire and to direct his face towards the sun as the most proper symbols of the Almighty. In order not to pollute the sacred elements of earth, fire, water and air, the Parsees neither burn nor bury the corpses of their dead, but expose them to be devoured by vultures. The Parsees have adopted western conceptions of education, but have in the main adhered to their own social customs. Their women, while wearing a distinctive dress, seem to have complete social freedom. The Parsees follow commercial pursuits rather than banking. Much of the business of Bombay and western India is in their hands. Tata, the founder of the Tata Iron Works, and the most prominent captain of industry in India, is a Parsee. The Parsees are probably the wealthiest community in the world. They are very benevolent and liberal in the expenditure of their wealth. The successful ones occupy fine houses side by side with the British residents

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in the Malabar District of Bombay. In spite of their prosperity and their aloofness, the Parsees of India seem to be reasonably popular with both Indians and British.

The vastness of India.

At Bombay we begin to realize as never before what an enormous country India is. We find that it is nine hundred miles to Delhi; fourteen hundred miles to Calcutta; and eight hundred miles to Madras. The distances are so great and the trains so slow that in order to economize time the visitor must plan his tour with great care.

Our equipment.

While we were being amused by our friends at Government House, Colonel Wynter (our English traveling companion and mentor) with the aid of the Governor's Military Secretary, was engaging our servants and accumulating our traveling equipment. Our staff consists of three bearers (the Indian name for servant), one called Sammy, who is a Hindu, and two Mohammedans. One of the latter is an excellent cook. We also engaged, through Thomas Cook & Sons, a professional courier bearing the euphonious name of "Cowmeadow," who will look after the routine of our journey. Our traveling equipment consists of two enormous chamois skin blankets that had been given to us by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Warburg, and a complete outfit of bedding for ourselves and Giles, Harrison Williams' English servant. Our native

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servants are barefooted and seem to have no baggage and no traveling paraphernalia except the scanty raiment they wear.

At Bombay we parted with the Walter Jennings party, as they decided to hasten across India to Calcutta in order to accept the invitation of Lord Lytton, the Governor of Bengal, and Lady Lytton to stay at Government House during the visit of the Viceroy and Lady Reading and attend the annual ball and race meeting given in their honor.

Bikaner, January 7, 1925

The journey to Bikaner.

We had intended to begin our journey by visiting the Buddhist cave temple at Karli (near Poona) and the Jain temples at Mt. Abu. We also had designs on the cave temples at Ellora and Ajanta. We abandoned these projected visits and suppressed our antiquarian yearnings to accept the invitation of the Maharaja of Bikaner to visit him at the capital of his state, during the festivities incident to the visit of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught. We traveled north thirty-six hours on a very slow train, chiefly on a narrow gauge road. Harrison Williams and I had a little car to ourselves—a four-wheeler with two compartments and a bathroom and a very small room for our Indian servants. Our beds were made with our own bedding on very hard benches. The little four-wheeled

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car bobbed around so gaily that many times during the night we thought we were off the rails. We had never spent more uncomfortable nights on a railroad train. The second night it was very cold and we almost froze to death, our stock of bedding having proved inadequate. Our lives were saved by our chamois skin blankets which were primarily intended to protect us against fleas and other insect enemies. The latter part of the trip was dusty, oh, how dusty! We were fortunate in being able to take our meals with Sir Warden Chilcott and the Frys in the State car of the Maharaja Jamsahib of Jamnagar, whose guests they were. We are having our first experience of real India, and in spite of the discomforts, it is very interesting.

The first day of our journey was across the fertile plains north of Bombay, the principal centers of which are Ahmedabad and Baroda. We passed by Mt. Abu, but did not have time to stop to see the Jain temples. The second day of our journey was on the Bikaner desert, where we saw little agriculture but extensive herds of camels, cattle, goats and sheep. There were occasional small patches of cultivation where water for irrigation was obtainable from wells.

Indian agriculture.

On this journey we had our first glimpse of Indian agriculture. The crops are principally wheat, rye, barley and pulse. There is some at-

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tempt at cultivation without irrigation, but most of the fields are irrigated by means of water drawn in buckets from shallow wells by bullocks and distributed over the fields by hand. The plows are the same kind of primitive wooden plows that were used by Father Abraham. No labor-saving machinery is used. On the contrary, the effort seems to be to make work for as many men as possible. It must take ten or a dozen Indians to do the same amount of work on a farm that would be done by one man in the United States or Europe. On the whole the land seems to be well cultivated. The farmers are segregated in villages. Their houses are mainly of sun-dried bricks or mud. Except in the desert, where there is little vegetation, the cultivated areas are dotted with large trees that from a distance look very much like English oaks. When the country is green during the rainy season its general aspect must be not unlike that of an agricultural district in Europe. During the dry winter season the landscape looks brown and parched, save for the trees and the tracts that are kept green by irrigation.

The Maharaja's palace.

We reached Bikaner just at sundown and were met at the station by one of the government officials who took us in motor cars through the city to the Maharaja's palace. There we were given sumptuous quarters in the guest house adjoining the

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palace with connecting bathrooms, good plumbing, and all the comforts of an occidental home. The palace itself is a beautiful building of brown stone built around a tessellated court. The Maharaja and his architect apparently attempted to follow Indian architectural traditions and have succeeded in creating one of the few modern buildings we saw in which Indian architecture has been successfully adapted to the needs of present-day life.

The state and city of Bikaner.

The Maharaja of Bikaner is the head of one of the several important Rajput states which have played so important a part in the history of India. He belongs to what is called the Rathor clan of Rajputs. His ancestors, having been driven from the Punjab by the Mohammedan invaders, took refuge in the desert about four centuries ago and there, where they felt safe from the envy of the invaders, built the city which has since remained the capital of the independent state of Bikaner. It is an interesting little city with a population of about fifty thousand. There is practically no European population except the half-dozen British officials employed in the service of the Maharaja and their families. The city is encircled by a crenelated wall of heavy masonry and is built around a picturesque old fort which crowns a hill and is protected by high walls and battlements. Inside the walls of the fort is an enormous old

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palace which was begun over three hundred years ago and has been added to by successive Haharajas. The whole mass is very picturesque and contains many beautiful rooms. Even in the modern parts the traditions of Indian architecture have been faithfully observed. Tiling and carved plaster are very effectively used. At first we wondered why the Maharaja deserted this beautiful palace with its wealth of tradition and romance for a less beautiful modern palace. It was explained, and we soon realized, that an old Indian palace could not well be adapted to the requirements of modern life. The result is that most of the important independent princes of India, while retaining their old palaces as historic monuments, like the Maharaja of Bikaner, live in palaces that are comparatively modern.

The Maharaja of Bikaner is building a complete government center outside the walled city. There he has already built his own palace with connecting guest houses, a club house, a building for the government offices, a military headquarters, a court house, a school building and two or three Hindu temples. This government plant gives the impression of being on rather a big scale for a state of only about seven hundred thousand inhabitants, the greater part of whose territory is a desert. The Maharaja, however, expects to greatly increase the

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population of his dominions upon the completion of an extensive irrigation scheme which will bring the water of the Sutlej River (a branch of the Indus) to several hundred thousand acres of fertile land in the northern part of the state. He expects his country to grow up to the scale of the capital.

The review of the Camel Corps.

We found that the Maharaja and his house party, headed by Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, had just returned from a shooting expedition and that we were in time for the festivities and functions which had been organized for the closing day of the royal visit. In the morning the party attended a review of the Bikaner Camel Corps of about six hundred mounted camels flanked by infantry and cavalry. This camel corps did excellent service in Egypt and Palestine during the war. The highly trained camels exhibited a degree of agility and grace of which I had supposed camels were incapable. Our party was then driven in carriages through the streets of the city amid crowds of villagers who sang songs and waved flags.

The state dinner.

In the evening there was a state dinner in the great dining hall of the old palace in the Fort. There were eighty guests, of whom not more than a dozen were ladies. They were all Europeans, as Indian ladies of position never appear in public. I sat between an interesting old gentleman who was introduced as the "premier noble" of Bikaner,

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and the Finance Minister, an intelligent Parsee from Bombay. Both spoke English fluently. The dinner was excellent and elaborate. We were given about the same things to eat and drink as we would have had in Europe, except for one course designated on the menu as "Plats de Bikaner" when we were offered our choice of eighteen different mixtures of vegetables, meat and fish served in small dishes, arranged on a large tray, followed by bowls of curry and sour milk. I allowed the Finance Minister to help me to a number of these strange dishes until Prince Arthur, who apparently had been watching us from across the table, laughingly warned me that I would die if I ate everything that had been given me. I ate and survived. Harrison Williams was more cautious. The dinner ended with an excellent speech by the Maharaja in perfect English, in the course of which he proposed the health of the King Emperor and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught. Prince Arthur responded very gracefully.

The entertainment after dinner.

After dinner we adjourned to one of the large courts of the palace where we witnessed a fire dance by a score of men from a religious sect who train themselves to dance in the fire. A big pile of cordwood had been burned to a mass of embers which must have been about two feet deep and ten

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feet wide. The dancers in bare feet danced on the embers, kicking them around until the diameter of the pile was increased to about thirty feet. They amused themselves by holding embers in their teeth and under their arms, and doing other gruesome stunts. We were assured that they went through the ordeal unscathed and unburnt. It was a weird affair. We then adjourned to another court where a band of about fifty Nautch girls performed native dances and sang songs, some of which had been especially composed in honor of the Royal Visitors. Their voices were raucous and pitched high and their singing had no charm for us occidentals. The dancing was rhythmic but not especially graceful. The dancers were most completely clothed in colorful costumes from their chins to their bare feet.

The fort and palace had been illuminated for the occasion by thousands of oil and electric lamps and looked like fairyland.

We were taken through the old palace by the Maharaj Kumar (the heir apparent) who told us much of its history and showed us the state jewels which had been brought out in show cases for the purpose. They are of great magnificence and barbaric splendor,—emeralds, pearls, rubies and diamonds galore. They must be worth several million dollars.

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Jaipur, January 9, 1925

Jaipur.

We stayed at Bikaner three days, living very much as one would live on a big house party in England. We left with real regret and many promises to return for another visit. We journeyed for a day and night in our little four-wheeled car to Jaipur, the capital of another independent Rajput State. As the Maharaja is a young boy the government is run by a regency. We were received and entertained by our friend Mr. Atal, the Brahman Finance Minister whom we had met on the *Narkunda*. He had doffed his European clothes for a long single-breasted gray frock coat buttoned to the neck and a beautiful and lofty turban. He talked, acted and seemed to think very much like an Englishman. We lunched at his house, which was surrounded by a pleasant garden. He had told us on the steamer that he and his wife, although both Brahmins, had adopted western habits and that his wife had dropped Purdah and went into society. We, however, did not see her, and he did not mention her; nor did we, as we had been warned that we must never speak of the wives of our Indian hosts unless they spoke of them first, which they rarely did.

We visited several palaces, including a modern one in the suburbs built and furnished in execrable western taste, in which the young Maharaja lives.

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The old palace is of enormous dimensions and considerable beauty, but not in very good repair. The palace and royal stables and gardens which are in an enclosure surrounded by high walls, occupy about one-seventh of the area of the city of a hundred thousand people. The gardens are extensive and elaborately laid out with several lagoons and tanks. The palace and gardens were begun over three hundred years ago and have been added to by successive Maharajas. Jaipur is rather a pretentious city with wide straight streets. Most of the buildings on the main streets are of pink stone or cement stained pink. The present city of Jaipur was founded about four hundred years ago after the Mohammedan invaders captured the neighboring city of Amber which had been the Rajput capital for many centuries. The defeated Maharaja, realizing that a fortress in the hills was no longer a protection, simply deserted Amber and built the new city of Jaipur on the plains a few miles away.

Amber.

After motoring as far as the road permitted, we were transferred to an elephant which took us up the steep road by which the fort is approached. Old Amber is most picturesquely situated on a hill at the head of a valley surrounded by higher hills. The location is beautiful and romantic in the extreme. Very little of the old city remains, but the old palace located within the walls of the great

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fort on the hill is remarkably well preserved and much more interesting and beautiful than the new palace at Jaipur.

Agra, January 14, 1925

Chitor.

From Jaipur, we journeyed to the independent Rajput state of Mewar, making a short visit on the way to Ajmer, which is the city from which the British supervise the government of the Rajput states. We began our visit to Mewar by spending half a day amid the ruins of Chitor, which for several centuries was the capital of the Mewar State. It was captured and sacked by Akbar the Great about the middle of the sixteenth century, whereupon the Maharana abandoned it and founded the new city of Udaipur in the mountains about seventy miles away. From the impressive ruins that remain, one can see what a wonderful city Chitor must have been in its prime. It occupied a plateau about three miles and a half long and half a mile wide, which rises about five hundred feet above the surrounding plain. It was encircled by massive walls and battlements which still exist. Within the walls were many palaces, numerous Hindu temples of great magnificence, public monuments and extensive pleasure gardens. Two important monuments remain almost intact, one a Tower of Victory built in the Hindu style in the thirteenth century,

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and the other an elaborate Hindu temple. Chitor gives a better idea than any other place in India of the enormous power and magnificence of the Rajput rulers at the height of their power.

The Rajputs of Mewar.

The Rajputs of the House of Mewar must have been great rulers. They are probably the oldest ruling dynasty in the world. They are said to trace their ancestry, in an unbroken line of rulers, back to the second century of the Christian era. Their history as told in Tod's *Annals of Rajasthan* rivals in romance and heroism that of any nation ancient or modern. It is the boast of the House of Mewar that it never sullied the purity of its blood by giving its daughters in marriage to the Mohammedan conquerors.

Udaipur.

We journeyed from Chitor to Udaipur by rail, arriving just after the departure of Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught. We were met at the station by one Meta Fateh Lall, a member of the Maharana's Council of State and his Secretary. He was profuse in his apologies for not being able to put us up in the Maharana's guest house, which was filled with the guests whom the British Resident had assembled to greet the royal visitors. He took us to a little hotel where we were given comfortable rooms and a good dinner. After dinner we visited the lake by moonlight. The next day we saw the sights, part of the time under the guidance

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of our friend, Meta Fateh Lall, the rest of the time in charge of a guide furnished by the Maharana.

We visited the enormous palace by the lake, which was partly old and partly new; three palaces on islands in the lake; the bazaars in the city; the gardens, the most interesting of which was the so-called slaves' garden, in which, in the good old days, the Maharanas used to play with the slave girls; and a royal pavilion in the woods where we saw several hundred wild boars fed.

Meta Fateh Lall told us a pathetic story, of which we later heard much from British sources, of the Maharana's differences with the British Resident which had resulted in his humiliation and the transfer of much of his authority to his son, who is a cripple.

The Maharana.

We had an interesting audience with the Maharana himself. As he speaks no English, our friend acted as interpreter. The Maharana is seventy-five years old. He is an old-fashioned mediæval Rajput despot. His gray beard was parted in the center and trained to project on either side of his face in true Rajput fashion. We complimented him upon his beautiful city and the good taste his ancestors had shown in choosing its site and upon the apparent happiness and contentment of his people. He seemed pleased with our compliments and assured us that he was a kind and gentle ruler

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and that the happiness of his people was very near his heart.

The Maharana's palaces.

The new portions of the palace are ugly and are furnished with western furniture in the very worst of taste. The older portions of the palace are beautiful but seem to be very little used. We visited the Maharana's Courts of Justice, which occupy three sides of an open court connected with the palace. The suitors and their lawyers were gathered in the courtyard and as their cases were called for trial they were taken before one of three judges. Everybody, including the judges, sat upon the ground. The proceedings seemed to be very informal. The Maharana himself is the fountain of justice. The courts are conducted in his name and he is the court of final appeal.

The whole establishment about the palace is mediæval. In going through the great court to the entrance of the wing of the palace where the Maharana lives, one has to almost elbow one's way by the elephants, cattle, sheep and cows that wander about. Here and there we saw crowds of retainers in gay garments, many of them wearing at their sides the Rajput sword. One group squatting on the ground under a balcony were engaged in keeping the royal accounts. So far as we could see, life in the Maharana's palace and in the city

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of Udaipur has not appreciably changed in three centuries.

We had tea in the house of our friend, Meta Fateh Lall, which is in the most congested part of the city and approached by the narrowest of streets. He is very proud of the rooms in the upper story, which were built according to his conception of western style. One room was for his English books and another for his books in Sanscrit, Persian and Urdu.

Words fail me in describing the beauty of Udaipur in the late afternoon and in the moonlight. It is certainly the most beautiful place we saw in India and one of the most beautiful places in the world.

Agra.

From Udaipur we journeyed to Agra, which was the capital of the Mogul Empire during the early years of Akbar's reign. Here, and at the deserted city of Fatehpur-Sikri, twenty miles away, and at Delhi are the most important monuments of the Mogul Empire, including mosques, palaces and tombs. Many of the buildings are of great beauty. The crowning glory of them all is the Taj Mahal, erected early in the seventeenth century by the Mogul Emperor, Shah Jahan, as a tomb for his favorite queen.

The Taj Mahal.

We spent many hours gazing at the Taj Mahal in all lights. We were fortunate in seeing it in

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perfect moonlight, when it is at its best. It is one of the few much talked of buildings of the world that come up to one's expectations. In the moonlight it is certainly the most ethereally beautiful building we have ever seen. It owes much of its beauty to its wonderful setting in a garden of cypress trees on the banks of the river. Next to the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful building at Agra is the Moti Masjid, or Pearl Mosque, in the Fort.

Mogul Architecture.

All of the important monumental Mohammedan buildings of Northern India that survive were built during the great period of the Mogul Empire in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. With few exceptions, the Mohammedan buildings of this period are Saracenic in their architecture and inspiration. Havell insists that Indian art is entitled to much credit for these buildings, but to my mind, he does not succeed in making out a strong case. The Mogul architects were no doubt somewhat influenced by Hindu architects but their buildings are distinctly Saracenic and Persian in their inspiration and bear no resemblance to the Hindu buildings that preceded them. The theory that the beauty of the Taj Mahal is attributable to an Italian architect has been exploded. An Italian architect may have had a hand in the building of the Taj Mahal, but there is nothing in its architecture to suggest Italian Renaissance influence.

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India's debt to Lord Curzon.

At Agra and Fatehpur-Sikri we were constantly reminded, as we had been at Amber, Chitor, Jaipur and many other places, of the great debt that India owes to Lord Curzon for having organized and established the movement for the restoration and preservation of buildings of historic importance. Up to the time of Lord Curzon's incumbency as Viceroy there had been among both British and Indians a singular lack of interest in the buildings in various parts of India that had ceased to be of practical importance but were of historic interest. Lord Curzon established a department for the preservation of national monuments and made liberal appropriations from the public funds for its support. His example has been followed by subsequent governments. It is almost a daily occurrence that our guide in pointing out some object of interest explains that we owe its preservation or restoration to Lord Curzon.

Delhi, January 21, 1925

Delhi.

We motored about one hundred and twenty-five miles from Agra to Delhi, through a very fertile agricultural country. At Delhi, we are the guests of the Viceroy and Lady Reading at the Viceregal Lodge. Our visit happens to coincide with the visit of the royal party, with the result that we are able to participate in the interesting functions and fes-

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tivities arranged in their honor. The principal ones are:

Elaborate military manœuvres;

A spectacular artillery display;

A review of twenty-five thousand troops of the Indian Army, partly British and partly native, by the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Rawlinson, which was the most thrilling and spectacular;

The opening of the Legislative Assembly which was conducted with great pomp and ceremony, the Viceroy wearing a most magnificent royal costume of light blue with a long train carried by two Indian pages, and the Commander-in-Chief, wearing an equally gorgeous costume of red and gold with a train almost as long as that of the Viceroy;

A garden party in the grounds of the Viceregal Lodge which was attended by several hundred people, both British and Indian, including many gorgeously attired Indian princes;

A dance at the ballroom of the Viceregal Lodge;

Several dinner parties at the Viceregal Lodge;

Luncheon with Lord Rawlinson, the Commander-in-Chief; and

Dinner at the house of Sir Basil Blackett, the Finance Member of the Council.

The party at the Viceregal Lodge included my wartime friend Sir Robert Horne, formerly Chan-

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cellor of the Exchequer, Sir Warden Chilcott and Sir Francis Oppenheimer.

The Viceregal establishment.

The Viceregal establishment occupies temporary buildings on the outskirts of Delhi, pending the completion of new Delhi. The central pavilion, which contains the ballroom, dining room and main reception rooms, and the living quarters of the Viceroy and his family, is a fine building of almost palatial proportions. It is surrounded by bungalows and tents for guests. The royal party occupies the principal bugalow, which is called the Prince's Pavilion, as it was erected for the visit of the Prince of Wales. The other guests occupy tents which are the most palatial houses of canvas I have ever seen. Each of us had a tent with a large sitting room with a fireplace, a bedroom and a bath with hot and cold running water and all the conveniences of modern plumbing.

Life at the Viceregal Lodge.

Life at the Viceregal Lodge is conducted with great pomp and ceremony. Before dinner the men guests assemble in the room of the Military Secretary and then join the ladies in the principal drawing room where the guests form themselves in a semi-circle. In due time, Prince and Princess Arthur enter the room, walk around the circle and receive a bow from each man and a curtsy from each lady. A few minutes later the doors are opened and Their Excellencies the Viceroy and

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Lady Reading enter the room, preceded by two aides-de-camp. They are introduced to the new guests and in turn receive a bow from each of the men and a profound curtsy from each lady. Then Lord Reading with Princess Arthur and Prince Arthur with Lady Reading lead the procession to the dining room where the guests are seated in accordance with a printed plan that has been distributed during the afternoon.

At the proper time during the dinner the Viceroy rises in his place and proposes the health of the King Emperor, which every one drinks standing while the band plays "God Save the King." At the close of the dinner, Lady Reading leaves the room curtsying to the Viceroy. She is followed by Princess Arthur, who also curtsies. Then each lady withdraws curtsying as she goes out. No lady leaves her place at the table until the lady preceding her has completed her curtsy and exit. When the dinner party consists of sixty or eighty guests this operation takes considerable time.

After dinner, the aides-de-camp ask particular gentlemen to sit next to His Excellency, the Viceroy, or His Highness, Prince Arthur, for conversation, and when the gentlemen join the ladies in the drawing room, particular gentlemen are asked to converse with Her Excellency, and after a suitable interval some one else is brought up.

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I have only sketched the ceremony maintained at dinner. Similar formality prevails at all functions. We were told that there was as much formality even when there are only three or four guests at luncheon or dinner. It is only when Their Excellencies invite their friends and see them in their own sitting room that formality is dropped. Then they become their simple natural selves. The whole Viceregal establishment is run with great skill and smoothness by Colonel Worgan, the Military Secretary, and his staff of aides-de-camp.

The Viceregal government.

As our only visit to the Legislative Council was during the opening ceremony, and our meeting with government officials was on formal social occasions, we had little opportunity during our visit at Delhi to form first-hand impressions of the Indian Government. We were very much impressed with the ability, devotion and seriousness of the British members of the Government whom we met, the most conspicuous of whom were Lord Rawlinson, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and the military member of the Viceroy's Council; Sir Basil Blackett, the finance member; Sir Frederick Whyte, the President of the Legislative Council, whose functions correspond to those of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and the chief Commissioner of Delhi.

The three Indian members of the Viceroy's Coun-

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cil are manifestly well educated and intelligent, but they do not give one the impression of strength and courage. Their position is very difficult because, although they are supposed to represent the people of India in the Government, by accepting office they automatically lost their influence with the Indian politicians who constitute the majority of the Legislative Assembly. This Home Rule majority have thus far pursued the policy of practically boycotting the Government and obstructing it in every way in their power. Recently they have showed signs of modifying or abandoning this policy and exercising their prerogatives under the new constitution.

Delhi society.

During our visit in Delhi we saw very little of what may be termed Indian society. We met, besides the Indian members of the Government, several members of the Legislative Council and several Maharajas and Rajas. We did not meet a single Indian lady of social position, nor did we set eyes on any, except two or three Parsee ladies at the garden party. The Begam of Bhopal made a visit to the Viceregal Lodge while we were there, but she maintained strict purdah and no man was allowed to set eyes on her. She drove up to the Viceregal Lodge in a limousine car with all the curtains down and, after the chauffeur had withdrawn, walked from the motor to the Viceregal Lodge

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through a canvas passage that had been erected with great care so that it would be absolutely proof against prying eyes.

Indian polo.

While we were at Delhi a polo tournament was in progress. Indeed, at every British center we visited there seemed to be a polo tournament. The polo championship of India is held by the Indian team of Jodhpur, which has the advantage of the liberal financial support of the Maharaja of that State. The army officers as a rule are poor and have no rich financial backers. The result is that the Maharajas are able to buy most of the best ponies for the Indian teams.

The Delhi Club.

We did not frequent the Delhi Club because, some time prior to our visit, the Viceroy had required all the members of his staff to resign from the Club when the Board of Governors decided that they would not permit Indians, however distinguished, to enter the Club House, even as guests, much less as members. Just as we were leaving a *modus vivendi* had been worked out under which a limited number of distinguished Indians would be permitted to join the Club as honorary members and Indian guests could be introduced under certain conditions. It was rumored that the Viceroy would soon lift the ban and permit the members of his staff to rejoin the Club.

At Delhi we did not have much time for the

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sights. Delhi and its immediate neighborhood teem with interesting buildings and ruins. It has been an important city from time immemorial. The present city is the seventh that has been built, the earlier ones having been destroyed or deserted. Practically all the important monuments that survive are of the Mohammedan period, and, as elsewhere in Northern India, the most important ones are of the Mogul period. There are, however, several buildings of the Pathan period. At Delhi, as elsewhere in Northern India, there are comparatively few buildings of the periods preceding the Mohammedan invasion. This is because of the thoroughness with which the Mohammedan invaders destroyed everything in their path.

The sights of Delhi.

The fort at Delhi rivals in interest the forts at Agra and Fatehpur-Sikri. The native bazaars are the most important and pretentious in India. We visited the shops of several jewelers whose stocks would rival those of European capitals. The Maharajas and Rajas and rich merchants of India seem to have a passion for jewelry. We received the impression that they are the principal customers of the Delhi jewelers. In one little shop we sat before a Mewari merchant who, in the twinkling of an eye, displayed on a cushion at our feet precious stones that must have been worth a million dollars or more.

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New Delhi.

We spent a morning visiting New Delhi, which is being built on a flat plain to the south of the present city. It is laid out on an enormous scale. There must be several hundred miles of streets flanked by forests of lamp posts and rows of recently planted trees a few feet high. The only important buildings that have actually been begun are the Viceregal Lodge, an enormous building to house the Secretariat, and another for the Legislative Assembly and Chamber of Princes. The building materials used are brown sandstone and a lovely sandstone of a greenish gray hue. There is much difference of opinion regarding the architecture of the buildings. They are all built by English architects. Their architectural style is more western than oriental. We liked the new Viceregal Lodge of which Sir Edwin Lutyens is the architect. The other two buildings we liked less. The latter are universally criticized for one fundamental fault which is that the brown stone, instead of being limited to the first story as in the case of the new Viceregal Lodge, is carried about halfway to the roof when it stops without rhyme or reason, to be succeeded by the lighter colored sandstone. For many decades New Delhi is bound to be a raw and spotted city as Washington was within the memory of many of us. This is inevitable in the case of a new city. New Delhi is a great conception and a

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century hence, if India prospers, it may be one of the most beautiful cities of the world.

Our visit at Delhi is nearing its close. It has been all too short. The Viceroy and Lady Reading and all their household have been most kind and hospitable. The Viceroy has generously offered to do everything he can to make the remainder of our journey interesting. Thanks to his interest we shall be offered the opportunity of staying at Government Houses or Indian guest houses at the principal centers we shall visit. In some cases we shall probably prefer to stay at hotels in order to have more independence for sightseeing.

Travel in India.

We have already discovered that traveling in India is far from comfortable. The trains are slow. There is much dirt and dust. The beds in the sleeping cars are hard, the meals are irregular and poor, and the hotels are never good and sometimes very bad. The roadbeds of the railroads are of three different gauges requiring frequent changes. As most of the balance of our journey is to be on broad gauge lines and our program requires us to spend about two-thirds of our nights on the cars, we have engaged a little tourist car of our own. Our car has one good sized room which we use as a bedroom, dining room and sitting room. At one end of the car is a bathroom and at the other end are the kitchen and rooms for Giles (Harrison

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Williams' English servant) and our Indian bearers, one of whom is a good cook. We have named our car the "Home Car" as it is to be our home for more than a month.

Benares, January 27, 1925

Peshawar. We ended our visit at Delhi by a delightful dinner without ceremony with the Viceroy's Military Secretary, Colonel Worgan. He lives in his own bungalow near the Viceregal Lodge. The party included his two charming nieces from England. We went directy from his bungalow to our car. It was not without emotion and regret that we left the happy life of the Viceregal court to resume the rigors of travel on Indian railroads.

From Delhi we journeyed through the Punjab to Peshawar, the capital of the Northwest Frontier Province. There we stayed at Government House with Mr. Bolton, the Commissioner, and Mrs. Bolton, who are most charming people. Mr. Bolton is one of the most accomplished and successful of the British civil servants and Mrs. Bolton enjoys the advantage of being both good looking and Irish. Their house party included Mrs. Metcalfe, the wife of the Counsellor of the British Legation in Kabul (pronounced Kawble by the British in India), the capital of Afghanistan, who brought us the latest news from beyond the Hindu-Kush Moun-

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tains. The only British in Kabul are the Minister and his staff and their families, yet Mrs. Metcalfe did not seem a bit dissatisfied with her lot. I am lost in admiration for the cheerfulness with which the British soldiers, civil servants and diplomats and their wives accept life wherever the hazard of official duty may land them.

Peshawar, although the jumping-off place of the Northwest Frontier of India, is one of the most attractive cities we visited. The British section is well laid out and well cared for. The trees on the avenues are big and fine and the houses substantial. The British residents are thoroughly organized for the kind of life they like to live with their clubs, their polo fields, their race track, their schools and their churches.

The Khyber Pass.

Our primary purpose in visiting Peshawar was to go over the Khyber Pass. We made the journey in one of Mr. Bolton's motor cars, accompanied by his Military Secretary. The first part of our journey was through the hills and mountains in the neutral zone which is neither British nor Afghan and is inhabited by various tribes of Pathans and Afridis—weird people who love to fight and who look the part. They all carry rifles. Many of the houses in the villages are surmounted by rude towers for more effective defense in case of attack. The British Government has arranged with these

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tribes to patrol and protect the Khyber Pass, which is the main caravan route between India and Central Asia. There are several British posts on the Pass, the last one being Landi Kotal, where there is a considerable garrison. We went beyond this point to the Afghan frontier and into Afghanistan for a few yards until we were called back by the Afghan sentries.

The mountains on either side of the Pass are wild and bold. The road is very skillfully constructed and is kept in perfect order. Caravans are only allowed to pass two days a week when special precautions for their safety are taken. We met two caravans going in opposite directions in each of which there must have been at least a thousand camels whose freight carrying capacity equals that of a train of thirty railway cars. The caravans bring the wares of Central Asia into India and carry back the products of India, chiefly tea, we were told.

The people of Peshawar.

The Pathans and Afridis of Peshawar and the surrounding country are fine upstanding specimens of humanity. Physically they are the best people we have seen in India. They are practically all Mohammedans. They are great fighters. Hardly a week passes when the Commissioner does not have to deal with disorder in some part of his province. The British do not concern themselves very much

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with disorder so long as it is confined to the native tribes in their own territory.

The bazaars in Peshawar, where all the products of Central Asia are on sale, are very interesting. We were not allowed to visit them without a guard. We were told that tourists, whenever they entered the city, are followed by detectives. To us the city seems very orderly and peaceful. The danger to visitors seems to be confined to the native city within the walls. Life in the British city outside of the walls seems as peaceful, quiet and safe as it would be in an English cathedral town.

Attock and Rawalpindi.

After lunch on the second and last day of our visit Mr. Bolton sent us in one of his motor cars to Attock, which is at the junction of the Indus and the Jhelum. The fort at Attock is one of the most picturesque spots in India. It is now only occupied by a small contingent of Ghurkas. At Attock we were met by the motor car of General Sir Claud Jacob, who commands the troops of the Northwest Frontier Province at Rawalpindi, with whom we were to dine. Rawalpindi is interesting, not only because it was once the headquarters of Alexander the Great, but because it is the most important military center in India. It possesses a most extensive military establishment and at all times several thousand troops are quartered there.

Cashmere.

Rawalpindi is the principal point of departure

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for Cashmere. We had planned to visit Cashmere, at least to the extent of visiting its capital, Srinagar, which is about two hundred miles distant. We were persuaded to abandon the visit because of the cold and snow and the doubtful condition of the roads. All agree that Cashmere is one of the most delightful regions in the world. Because of its rigorous winter climate and the abundance of snow, it should be visited in the spring or fall. It is a popular summer resort for the British in India. It is visited by relatively few travelers because during the season when life there is agreeable, the long trip to and from Europe via India would be hot and uncomfortable. In spite of these discomforts Harrison Williams and I are determined to spend a spring in Cashmere.

Amritsar.

Our next visit was to Lahore, the capital of the Punjab. After a hurried visit we motored about thirty miles to Amritsar, the religious capital of the Sikhs, a religious sect founded in the fifteenth century by a Hindu reformer named Guru Nanak which now has about three million adherents. The Sikhs have been called the Puritans of India. Their religion, which is an outgrowth of Hinduism, rejects the caste system and the worship of idols and enjoins the simple life. The Sikh Bible, called the Granth, has become the subject of almost idolatrous veneration. It is a remarkable fact that in four

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centuries the regimen of sobriety and self-denial enjoined by the Sikh religion has resulted in the development of a race of Indians in the center of the Punjab who are conspicuous for their fine physique and courage. The Sikhs finally became an organized nation as well as a religious sect. For a long time they resisted British rule but for two generations they have been among the most loyal supporters of the Government and have supplied the finest soldiers for the Indian Army.

Anti-British feeling in Amritsar.

When we appeared on the terrace above the artificial lake which surrounds the Golden Temple of Amritsar we found ourselves surrounded by a crowd who were evidently none too friendly. A native policeman came to our rescue, but he could not speak English. Soon an amiable looking Indian of middle age and portly figure spoke to us in English. We told him that we were Americans who had come to see the Golden Temple. He assured the crowd that we were American and not English, whereupon they became amiable and friendly. The anti-British feeling in Amritsar is very strong because of the attack upon the populace made by British troops under General Dyer five years ago, when over three hundred of the citizens were killed and twelve hundred wounded. This anti-British feeling has recently been aggravated by the im-

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prisonment of many agitators belonging to a reform Sikh sect called the Akalis.

The Golden Temple.

Our friend proved to be a substantial citizen, by trade an auctioneer and sufficiently well off, he told us, to pay an income tax of three hundred rupees a year. He volunteered to guide us through the Golden Temple. We had to take off our shoes and stockings and were not even allowed to wear sandals. For more than an hour we walked barefooted amid the crowds of worshipers. We must have walked a mile and a half.* I hope we did not pick up any hookworms. The big temple, except for the first story, which is of white marble, is of gilded copper. It is about the size of Dr. Parkhurst's church on Madison Square. It arises from the waters of an artificial lake about six hundred feet square, which is surrounded by a paved walk twenty-five or thirty feet wide, flanked by guest houses for pilgrims, palaces of Maharajas and other Sikh dignitaries, and minor temples and shrines. The Golden Temple itself is approached by a wide marble viaduct.

In the temple there are continuous religious services. Under the dome a service is conducted by a priest who squats on the floor and either reads from the Granth or, when not reading, fans it with

* My feet still ache when I think of the Golden Temple of Amritsar.

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a big fan of peacock feathers. He is flanked on either side by musicians who play strange instruments and chant the words of the Granth. In front of the priest and the musicians there is an enormous cloth on which the worshipers throw their contributions of money. At the time of our visit there was an accumulation of a bushel or more of coins. Upstairs in one of the chapels we found another priest engaged in reading the Granth out loud. It is read from beginning to end every twenty-four hours by a succession of priests each of whom reads for four hours.

In the Golden Temple and among the Sikhs we received an impression of sincerity and earnestness that is wanting in Hindu temples. The temple is clean and well cared for. The Sikh priests have fine full-bearded faces and the worshipers seem sincerely devout.

We were sorry that our program did not permit us to remain longer in Amritsar. As it was, we made friends rapidly. We had to give to one man the address of the best medical school in America; to another the address of the best law school (I gave him his choice between Harvard and Columbia), and to a third the best university at which to pursue "higher studies in art and philosophy."

Benares.

After leaving Amritsar we journeyed to Benares.

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We had to omit Lucknow and Cawnpore with their interesting associations with the Mutiny. British visitors to India go to Lucknow as to a shrine, and well they may, because British history furnishes no finer example of heroism and devotion than the Indian Mutiny.

Through the intervention of the Viceroy we were to be the guests of the Maharaja of Benares, whose capital is at Ramnagar, a few miles up the Ganges. His jurisdiction does not extend to the City of Benares, which is in British India. As his guest house in Benares had been turned over to the Maharaja of Alwar with his household of two hundred people which overflowed into numerous tents, there was no room for us. We were accordingly quartered at the Maharaja's expense in the Hotel de Paris, which is the poorest of the several poor hotels of Benares. One of the Maharaja's aides-de-camp, who spoke English fluently, had charge of us and a state motor car was placed at our disposal.

Benares is an interesting but disgusting place. It is on the banks of the sacred Ganges and is the most sacred of the many sacred cities of the Hindus. Its peculiar sanctity is derived from the fabled "ten horse sacrifice" of Brahma. It is a city of about two hundred thousand inhabitants with an important commerce, but it is chiefly supported by

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the Hindu pilgrims who come annually by the hundreds of thousands.

The Ghats.

The life at Benares is on the Ghats, a series of steps and narrow terraces which extend along the banks of the Ganges from the river edge to a background of temples, palaces and guest houses which mark the beginning of the city. Our first view of the Ghats was in the early morning from a rowboat by means of which we traveled up and down the river within a few yards of the bank. We saw thousands of pilgrims, men, women and children, bathing in the filthy water of the sacred river contaminated by sewage and refuse of every sort. The bathers not only bathe in this water, but drink it and wash their faces and eyes with it. The average bathing costume is very scanty. In the case of men it usually consists only of a loin cloth and, in the case of women, of a diaphanous garment of the kimono type. On the burning Ghats several corpses, covered by winding sheets, were being burned on piles of cordwood in the most matter-of-fact way. When the funeral pyre had been completed by the attendants some member of the deceased's family applied the torch. When the corpses are consumed the ashes are thrown into the Ganges. Not infrequently, in the case of cheap funerals when the friends of the deceased cannot afford plenty of wood, unburned portions of the

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corpse are thrown into the river and are seen floating around with the other rubbish.

On the Ghats, back of the bathers, were thousands of people engaged in drying themselves or washing their clothes or saying their prayers or having their hair cut or their faces shaved, or otherwise concerning themselves in their toilettes, in the most matter-of-fact fashion. Here and there one saw the naked body of a holy man covered with ashes and looking most unholy. The garments of the crowd were of every conceivable color. The bands of pilgrims in their robes of sulphur yellow were the most conspicuous. Vendors of all sorts of food for man and beast and Indian nick-nacks elbowed their way through the crowd. Mingled with the crowds were sleek sacred bulls and cows, whose demeanor gave unmistakable signs of the complacent arrogance of conscious sanctity. They are well fed by the pilgrims with food bought from the itinerant vendors. There was a striking absence of self-consciousness in the crowd. Everybody attended to his own business with the utmost unconcern. No one seemed to be disturbed by the curious gaze of passing tourists. I am sure there is no scene outside of India at all comparable to this scene on the banks of the Ganges.

The city.

Back of the Ghats, higher up on the banks of the river, is an unbroken line of temples, palaces and

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lodging houses and other buildings for the service of pilgrims to which I have already alluded. Back of them is a maze of filthy narrow streets flanked by houses and little shops, innumerable temples and shrines. Here one can find shrines, large and small, for every god in the Hindu calendar. Ganesh, the elephant-headed god, seems to have more than his share of votaries, and the gods of smallpox and cholera are duly honored. Siva, who is the impersonation of the reproductive power of nature, seems to be the most popular of all the Hindu gods that are worshiped in Benares.

In spite of the fact that Benares has been the most sacred city of India from time immemorial, it possesses no buildings of great antiquity, and few of architectural merit. It has been repeatedly destroyed by the Moslems. In the twelfth century the Emperor Ala-ud-din is said to have destroyed a thousand Hindu temples and built mosques on their sites. Benares seems to have taken its present form during the drab and unromantic period of the Mahratta supremacy in the latter half of the eighteenth century. It has been under British rule for about one hundred and fifty years.

The sacred bulls and cows.

In the crowds that fill the streets the sacred bulls, cows and calves are never absent. Unclean Christians, like ourselves, were not allowed to enter the Golden Temple but as we stood in the

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silver and gold. Every important Indian palace contains an armory.

Hinduism as seen at Benares.

We leave Benares with mixed feelings. We have seen a great deal of filth, degradation and human superstition in its most debased form, which gives us a very unfavorable opinion of modern Hinduism as practiced by the multitude. On the other hand, we could not but be impressed with the strong hold of the Hindu religion on its devotees of every rank and the extent to which religion enters into the daily life of the Hindu.

Macaulay on Benares.

I cannot refrain from adding by way of contrast to the description of Benares which I have endeavored to give in my best affidavit style, the following extract from Macaulay's *Essay on Warren Hastings:*

"His first design was on Benares, a city which in wealth, population, dignity and sanctity, was among the foremost of Asia. It was commonly believed that half a million of human beings was crowded into that labyrinth of lofty alleys, rich with shrines, and minarets, and balconies, and carved oriels, to which the sacred apes clung by hundreds. The traveller could scarcely make his way through the press of holy mendicants and not less holy bulls. The broad and stately flights of steps which descended from these swarming haunts to the bathing-places along the Ganges were worn every day by the footsteps of an innumerable multitude of worshippers. The schools and temples drew crowds of pious Hindoos from every province where the Brahminical faith was known. Hundreds of devotees came hither every month to die, for it was believed that a peculiarly happy fate awaited the man who should pass from

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the sacred city into the sacred river. Nor was superstition the only motive which allured strangers to that great metropolis. Commerce had as many pilgrims as religion. All along the shores of the venerable stream lay great fleets of vessels laden with rich merchandise. From the looms of Benares went forth the most delicate silks that adorned the halls of St. James' and of Versailles; and in the bazaars, the muslins of Bengal and the sabres of Oude were mingled with the jewels of Golconda and the shawls of Cashmere."

This is beautiful writing but I am sure that if it were mine I should be suspected by my friends of having been touched by the Indian sun.

Sarnath.

From Benares we made an excursion by motor to Sarnath, where Buddha first proclaimed his doctrines to the world. To Buddhists it is one of the most sacred spots in the world. In the early centuries of the Christian era when Buddhism flourished in India the monasteries at Sarnath housed thousands of priests. Sarnath was completely destroyed by the Mohammedans in the twelfth century and has since been deserted. The ruins, which have been exposed by extensive excavation in recent years, indicate the immense proportions of the original buildings. The museum of Sarnath is filled with interesting relics of the Buddhist period, the most conspicuous of which are the remnants of a column erected by the Emperor Asoka during the third century before Christ. The carving of the lions on this column and the reliefs

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below them is wonderfully vigorous and true to nature.

Calcutta, February 3, 1925

From Benares we journeyed to Darjeeling, stopping at Calcutta a day en route. Darjeeling is about seven thousand feet above the level of the sea in the foothills of the Himalayas. It is the summer residence of the Governor of Bengal. We traveled by rail over level cultivated plains until we came to the first range of mountains, which rise abruptly from the plain. There are no premonitory foothills. From this point the journey of fifty miles to Darjeeling is made either by a mountain railroad or by motor. We chose to travel by motor. The mountains between the plain and Darjeeling are very steep and are intersected by narrow valleys. They are covered to their summits by beautiful forests broken here and there by terraced clearings which contain tea plantations.

Darjeeling.

Darjeeling is picturesquely located on the side of a mountain. The streets are so steep and the differences in level between various parts of the city so great that travel by motor or horse-drawn vehicles is impossible except on one or two roads. Travel inside the city is chiefly on horses or donkeys or by two-wheeled vehicles drawn by coolies. On the mountain sides are many villas, bungalows and

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hotels for the summer residents. Government House, a comfortable abode in a beautiful natural park, commands one of the most wonderful mountain views in the world. The city is entirely modern. Its bazaars and market are interesting because they are crowded by people differing entirely in type and costume from those in other parts of India. As the little district of Darjeeling is tucked in between Thibet, Nepal, Sikhim and Bhutan, most of its inhabitants come from those countries. They are distinctly Mongolian in type. They are very cheerful and merry, but shiftless and indescribably dirty. The Ghurkas who are recruited from Nepal are considered to be next to the Sikhs, the best troops in the Indian army.

The Thibetan Lamasaries.

We visited two small Thibetan Lamasaries in the neighborhood of Darjeeling. Buddhism as exemplified by the monks in these Lamasaries is, if anything, more debased than Hinduism at its worst. The monks looked dirty and dissolute and anything but pious. Their chapels were crude and wholly lacking in beauty and charm. Prayer wheels and prayer flags abounded. We looked in vain for signs of Kim's good Lama.

Tea planting.

Tea planting is a great industry in the hills about Darjeeling. It is conducted on a large scale by British planters and superintendents who are so numerous that they maintain a club house of their

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own which is one of the largest buildings in Darjeeling.

Our primary purpose in visiting Darjeeling was to see the Himalayas. The valleys and tree-covered mountains about Darjeeling were beautiful enough to have justified the visit, but, of course, we wanted a view of the highest snow-covered peaks. For a time we feared that we would never see them, so impenetrable was the fog and mist that surrounded us the first day. It was just as bad the second morning until suddenly the clouds lifted and we saw towering above us the great range of white mountains crowned by Kinchinjanga, over twenty-eight thousand feet high—almost as high as Mt. Everest. Although these mountains were forty miles away, they seemed to rise straight from the valley at our feet. They looked incomparably bigger and higher than any mountains we had ever seen, as indeed they are. They are not only about ten thousand feet higher above the sea than the highest mountains of Switzerland, but to the observer their height is increased by the fact that the bottom of the valley at his feet is only one or two thousand feet above the level of the sea.

The Himalayas.

We had a good view of Kinchinjanga and its neighbors for about an hour until they again disappeared behind the clouds, not to reappear again during our visit. The chances of the clouds lifting

Kinchinjanga and Mt. Everest.

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to give us a view of any of the snow-clad mountains was so remote that we did not make the early morning journey to Tiger Hill for a view of Mt. Everest one hundred and twenty miles away. At best Mt. Everest as seen from Tiger Hill is only a small white peak arising above the Kinchinjanga Range, so that all we missed was the consolation of being able to say that we had seen the highest mountain in the world. The view of the Himalayas was so impressive and overpowering that we felt amply rewarded for a most uncomfortable journey and two days of indescribable cold and discomfort in one of the worst hotels in which human beings ever suffered.

Madras, February 7, 1925

Calcutta.

From Darjeeling we returned to Calcutta. We did not stop at Government House as the Governor, Lord Lytton, was to be away until the last day of our visit. We, however, lunched with him and Lady Lytton on that day. Until the removal of the capital to Delhi a few years ago the Government House at Calcutta was the Viceregal Palace. It is the most pretentious of the Government Houses in India. It was built at about the same time as our White House and resembles it, although it is larger and more pretentious. The Lyttons are charming people as one would expect considering

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that Lord Lytton's father wrote "Lucile" and his grandfather "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Rienzi." It happens that both he and Lady Lytton were born in India.

Calcutta is a modern city. It was founded by the British soon after their arrival in India and in point of population is the second city in the British Empire. It offers few sights for the tourist. While only a small percentage of its population is British, life is organized on strict British lines. The main streets look like England and there are the usual clubs, headed by the Bengal Club which is the headquarters of the merchants, the race track, golf courses, polo fields, and facilities for hunting the fox and the jackal. The British duplicate their life at home as nearly as the difference in climate permits. While lunching at the Bengal Club one can readily imagine oneself in a city club in London.

Andrew Yule & Co.

We were looked after in Calcutta not only by our friends at Government House, but most generously by the American Consul, Julius Lay, and Mrs. Lay, and by a merchant prince, Sir Thomas Catto, the active head of the great house of Andrew Yule & Co. Sir David Yule is supposed to be one of the richest men in England. This is the largest of the British firms in India. They conduct a great variety of enterprises, including a bank, numerous jute mills, coal mines, cotton mills and tea planta-

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tions. They employ over one hundred and fifty thousand men in one capacity or another. The fact that there are several similar concerns in Calcutta, Bombay and Madras will give some idea of the magnitude of British trade in India.

The jute mill.

Early one morning while Harrison Williams was still sleeping, I visited one of Andrew Yule & Co.'s jute mills in the suburbs of Calcutta. It is a highly organized and admirably run institution. With the exception of a half a dozen foremen, all of the employees are natives. The native boys and girls are as bright and efficient as the boys and girls of any country, but when they grow up their efficiency, in comparison with that of European adults, declines. The head of the jute department of Andrew Yule & Co. told me that it took five times as many operatives to run a jute mill in India as would be required for the operation of a mill of the same capacity in London.

Indian labor.

Indian operatives are only able to work five or six hours a day and when they work they cannot accomplish as much as the European workman. This relative low efficiency of Indian workmen prevails in every walk of life. I should think that in agriculture the relative efficiency of the Indian laborer is even lower than in the factories. It takes several times as many servants to run a household in India as in Europe. It takes about ten men to

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carry our luggage from the hotel to the station even when we are traveling light. In a gentleman's stable one groom is required for each horse. This relative inefficiency of labor in India is due not only to the lower physical and mental capacity of the Indian individual resulting from a tropical climate and low standards of living, but to the ineradicable insistence upon distributing a given amount of work among the greatest possible number of workmen. We were told that the Indians make excellent clerks in banks and counting rooms and develop very great facility in dealing with figures. This is especially true of the Bengalis and Madrasis. As a rule, however, they are deficient in real capacity and executive ability.

The Mewari merchants.

As much of the commerce of Bombay is in the hands of the Parsees, so in Calcutta the Mewaris from the Rajput States predominate among the native merchants. They dominate many important departments of commerce. Their ambition seems to be to return to their homes in Rajputana when they have made their fortunes. In Bikaner, away off in the desert, we saw scorces of relatively fine houses said to belong to Mewari merchants who did business in Calcutta.

Belur.

I spent a most interesting and inspiring afternoon with Miss Josephine MacLeod at Belur on the banks of the Ganges a few miles below Calcutta,

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where she lives in a charming little house in the grounds of a monastery of the monks of a reformed Hindu order founded by one Ramakrichna. Upon his death the leadership passed to Vivakananda, who, during the World's Fair at Chicago, represented India at the World Congress of Religions. Miss MacLeod, who is a sister of Mrs. Francis Leggett, has spent many years in India and is a devout believer in the creed of Ramakrichna. She believes it will gradually spread and revolutionize life in India. As revealed in the writings of Vivakananda it is a very beautiful creed grounded on the purest of the Hindu doctrines. It impresses me as too rational to ever reach the multitude. Miss MacLeod is very happy in her work. She leads a very useful life in her community, having been appointed Assistant Commissioner to the District by the Governor of Bengal, Lord Lytton.

American friends.

At Calcutta we missed the Broughtons and their party, as we had missed them at Bombay. They are visiting the various ports of India in the *Sapphire*. We, however, found in the harbor the steam yacht in which Moses Taylor and his family are visiting the Orient. Mr. Taylor and his daughter were on board, the other members of the party having gone to Darjeeling.

Puri.

On the evening of the third day of our visit we

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left Calcutta on the Home Car. We divided the succeeding day between Puri with its super-sacred Temple of Jagannath, and Bhubaneswar, the City of a Thousand Temples. Puri is a sacred city of great antiquity. It was probably the Dantpura where Buddha's sacred tooth was preserved until it was transferred to Ceylon. Its present importance is due to the Temple of Jagannath erected in the twelfth century. Puri is famous in the Christian world as the city where the Car of Jagannath carrying the image of the god makes its annual devastating journey from the Garden House situated at one end of the wide main street to the great temple at the other end. We did not see the Jagannath Car because the one last used had been broken up into sacred relics.

The Temple of Jagannath.

The Temple of Jagannath is an enormous structure with no pretentions to architectural beauty. It is the typical Hindu temple of southern India. The idol of Jagannath, which is enshrined in the temple and which is dragged on the great car in the annual procession, is simply an amorphous rudely carved log. We were not allowed to enter the temple, but had a good view of the busy scene in the interior court from the roof of a neighboring house.

Hinduism at Puri.

At Puri we found Hinduism in its lowest and most degraded form. Ill-shapen and disgusting

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idols abound on every hand. There are the usual shrines to Ganesh, the elephant god; Hanuman, the monkey god; the smallpox god, the cholera god, and all their foul brood. In the motley crowd in front of the temple were loathsome holy men, whose naked bodies were besmirched with the ashes of cow dung, beggars and fakirs of every variety and afflicted by every form of disease, vendors of all sorts of food and trinkets, footsore and ragged pilgrims, fat and dissolute-looking Brahman priests frequently unclad except for their loin cloths, and the usual admixture of sacred cows and bulls. Filth of infinite variety added to the squalor of the scene. At Puri, as at Benares, the once pure and limpid stream of Hinduism seems to have become the filth of the sewer.

The Black Pagoda.

We did not take time to visit the famous Black Pagoda at Kanarak on the seashore twenty miles north of Puri. It was probably built in the ninth century and is famous for the elaborateness and licentious character of its splendid carvings in marble and stone.

Bhubaneswar.

From Puri we motored to Bhubaneswar, the "City of a Thousand Temples." It flourished in the early centuries of the Christian era. At the height of its glory as many as seven thousand temples and shrines are said to have encircled the sacred lake. Of these only about five hundred now

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survive in varying stages of decay. They exhibit every phase of Hindu religious art "from the rough conceptions of the sixth century and the exquisite designs and ungrudging artistic toil of the twelfth, to the hurried dishonest stucco imitations of the present day." The Great Temple, which was built in the seventh century, is considered by Ferguson to be "perhaps the finest example of a purely Hindu temple in India." Within sight of the Great Temple are scores of other temples, large and small. The Great Temple, and many of the others, are carved with infinite elaboration. Many of the carvings are vigorous and full of action. There are processions of elephants and lions, even lions mounted on elephants, warriors and pilgrims, gods and mortals, priests and dancing girls, all pictured as enacting their parts in the sacred drama of Hindu mythology. The best of these carvings were executed during the centuries which were the Dark Ages of Europe by artists who did not know the influence of Greece and Rome. While the infinite elaboration of the temples and shrines at Bhubaneswar inspire wonder and admiration for the patience and devotion of the hundreds of thousands of Hindu workmen who through several centuries must have spent their lives in creating the sacred city, none of the temples impressed us as being really beautiful, judged by our standards of beauty.

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The ubiquitous monkey.

As at so many other places in India the trees at Bhubaneswar swarmed with chattering monkeys. In India monkeys are as abundant as robins are at home.

Southern India.

Two nights and a day of further travel on the Home Car landed us at Madras, the metropolis of Southern India. As we journeyed south the scene rapidly changed. Palm trees and other tropical vegetation became abundant, rice fields took the place of the grain fields of the north; the villages changed their character, the people became distinctly darker in color, many of them being almost coal black. The rank and file of the crowds at the stations were distinctly neater in their attire and better looking than the effeminate and shiftless Bengalis. The Madrasis have the reputation of being on the whole the most efficient population in India. Their blood is chiefly that of the original Dravidians slightly tinctured here and there by an infusion of Aryan and Mohammedan blood. Their country is fertile and their general standard of living, while low enough, is higher than in most portions of the north.

Madras.

Madras is a big sprawling city. The native district lacks character and is not especially interesting. The European quarter has some fine modern streets shaded by magnificent avenues of trees and many fine houses with extensive grounds. The most

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interesting place in Madras is Old Fort St. George, which was founded by the British in the year 1639 and for a long time was the principal center of British rule in India. Among the old buildings in the Fort is St. Mary's Church, built at the end of the seventeenth century, which is full of historical associations. One piece of the church plate was presented by Governor Yale, afterwards the founder of Yale College. The church contains many interesting monuments to British dignitaries who played an important part in the early history of India. Among other sights we were shown the pool in which Bishop Heber was drowned, or as our guide said where "he took a bath and died."

St. Thomas Mount.

When, in order to make way for the Purdah Party, all the guests at Government House were sent away, I was taken by one of the aides-de-camp to St. Thomas Mount, a high hill about eight miles out of Madras. It was on this mount that St. Thomas is supposed to have suffered martyrdom. At the place of his martyrdom there is a convent and church built by the Portuguese in the fifteenth century. A charming French nun showed us the relics of St. Thomas, including a picture of the Virgin Mary said to have been painted by St. Luke and brought to Madras by St. Thomas.

The Seven Pagodas.

While at Madras we devoted one morning to a visit to Mamallapuram, the City of the Seven

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Pagodas, one of the most remarkable places in India. Here, on the seashore, on a tongue of land separated from the mainland by a tidal river, are a series of most interesting Hindu monolithic temples known as "Raths," and colossal carvings in relief on the perpendicular sides of rocky hills, the most famous being the one that records the so-called "Penance of Arjan." Many of the carvings are exceedingly vivid and lifelike. The monolithic temples, carved out of the solid rock *in situ,* are astounding monuments of industry and patient labor. We were sorry that we could not have spent several days instead of several hours amid the delights of the Seven Pagodas.

The Madras Government.

At Madras, while Harrison Williams played tennis with beautiful ladies, I attended a session of the Legislature. Except for the British members of the Governor's Council, the membership is almost entirely Indian. Most of the members wore their native costume. The presiding officer was an Indian who is almost black. The proceedings seemed to be conducted with dignity and decorum. The acoustics from the Visitors' Gallery are so bad that I could not follow the speeches.

The Governor of Madras, unlike the Viceroy and the Governor of most of the important provinces, is in the fortunate position of having a government majority in the Legislature. This is due to the

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sharp cleavage in the Madras Presidency between the Brahman Party and the Non-Brahman Party, the latter of which is made up of members of the lower castes who have rebelled against the traditional Brahman supremacy and, of course, constitute the great majority of the population. The support of the Government by the Non-Brahman Party apparently is not because of any love of British rule on their part but because it suits the political purposes of the leaders to support the Government.

The Madras Bar.

At Madras I spent an hour listening to an argument before the Court of Appeal, consisting of a British Chief Justice and two Indian Judges. The crowd of a hundred or more members of the Bar who were present to listen to an unusually interesting argument did not contain a single white face. The barristers wore their native costumes and most of them had their caste marks painted on their brows. The case before the court involved an intricate question of Hindu religious law and custom and was skillfully argued by Indian counsel on both sides in perfect English. All agree that the Indians, especially the Hindus of Madras and Bengal, take to the law as ducks take to the water and are often exceptionally astute and skillful. They have practically displaced the British barristers. The native judges have the reputation of

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being clever rather than profound and impartial. It was evident at Madras, as it was at Calcutta and at all other cities where I made inquiries, that the Indian Bar is greatly overcrowded. Most of the political agitators of India are briefless lawyers. C. R. Das, the great Swaraj leader, is an exception, as he gave up a large and lucrative practice at the Bar to devote himself to politics.

Government House.

At Madras we had the good fortune to be guests at Government House, a fine mansion built about a hundred years ago in extensive grounds near the center of the city. The Government also maintains a country house in a park of several hundred acres just outside of the city, where the Governor retires for week ends. Lord Goschen, the Governor, has had experience at home, not only in politics, but in the city, where he was a conspicuous figure. He and Lady Goschen are charming people of simple tastes. There is less formality in their household than at the Viceregal Lodge and at the other Government Houses we visited, excepting Government House at Peshawar. The other guests during our visit were General Ponsonby, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Southern India; his aide-de-camp, Major Horne, a fine Scot; Miss Tennant, a niece of Mrs. Asquith; and Mrs. Balfour, Her Excellency's charming daughter, whose husband, a nephew of Lord (Arthur) Balfour, is acting as

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Military Secretary to his father-in-law while on leave from his post in the Soudan. He is a fine type of British Civil Servant—an educated gentleman to his finger tips as you would expect a Balfour educated at Oxford to be, and used to the best social life that England affords. Yet, when his year's leave is up, he and his wife will leave their two young children in England and cheerfully return to his post as District Governor at Kassala, a provincial capital in the Soudan, where there are probably not a dozen white people and the nearest railroad station is several hundred miles away. He may hope eventually to become a governor of a more important province, or perhaps even of the whole Soudan, and to retire at fifty-five with a pension of a thousand pounds a year. By that time relatives may have been thoughtful enough to die and leave him or his wife some money. It is such men, the flower of England in point of birth, education and character, that have made the "Government of India" what it has been for the last century—an almost ideal organization for the government of depressed races. Such men, alas, are not now entering the Indian Civil Service and the Indian Army in sufficient numbers because of the unpopularity of the Indian Service due to the failure to increase the pay of Indian Civil Servants and officers to keep pace with the increased cost of living

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and to the fear that the Government of India may be gradually turned over to the Indians. But enough of this question, which is the question of the hour in India, both for the Indians and for the British.

The Military Secretary and the aides-de-camp.

The Military Secretary has the usual staff of half a dozen aides-de-camp, all charming fellows who vie with one another in smoothing the path of the Governor and Lady Goschen and in keeping the guests at Government House interested and amused. Harrison Williams and I both agree that we could not conceive of a more charming and efficient body of men than the military secretaries and aides-de-camp whom we met at the Viceregal Lodge and the various Government Houses that we visited.

The Madras races.

We spent one afternoon at the races. The club enclosure, paddock and race track at Madras are the most charming we found in India, although on a more modest scale than those at Calcutta and Bombay. As at the other race tracks we had visited, plenty of native men were in evidence, but there were practically no native ladies, there being no Parsees at Madras. Lady Goschen presented to a winner owner a large silver cup offered by a Maharaja. Engraved on the cup was a picture of the Maharaja surrounded by seven tigers with an inscription to the effect that the Maharaja had shot

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these tigers at one place within a period of seventy minutes.

The Purdah party.

One afternoon Her Excellency gave a "Purdah" party for several hundred Indian ladies of rank and social position who, under the rules of the Hindu religion and the customs of their country, are not allowed to be seen by men other than their husbands and who spend most of their lives shut up in their houses. The preparations for the party had been in progress for several days. Sightproof canvas passages from the carriage entrance to Government House and from the House to the ballroom, which is fifty feet distant, were erected. All the men of the establishment, including the Governor, the members of his staff, his guests, the servants and even the policemen, were sent away. The arrangements having been inspected and approved by Hindu experts, the Purdah ladies began to arrive in curtained motor cars and carriages. The first arrivals refused to leave their vehicle until two Indian policemen who had incautiously appeared on the scene at the last moment, had been sent away. After the event some of the ladies gave us the gossip of the party. They reported much jewelry and fine raiment, considerable bashfulness and curiosity on the part of the cloistered guests, but little charm or pulchritude according to European standards of feminine beauty.

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Indian ladies.

The Purdah party reminds me to say that in our travels in India we have only seen two or three Hindu ladies, that is, women who belong to the class one would expect to meet socially. We had letters to the Maharanee of Baroda, the Maharanee of Kutch Bahar and the Tike Ranee (crown princess) of Kapurthala, all of whom have been educated in England or France and do not observe Purdah, but we did not have time to visit the cities in which they were. We met one charming and really beautiful Hindu lady in Calcutta. We were told that there were others, especially in the north, whose skins were even whiter. When in London I first met the Tike Ranee of Kapurthala, who is a pure-blooded Indian from a state on the border of Cashmere, I assumed she was Spanish or Italian. Most of the Indian ladies, however, except in the extreme north, are dark. We never saw or alluded to the wives and daughters of the Maharajas and Rajas whose guests we were. One would think that the Hindus might give up the Purdah custom, which became a social custom and a requirement of their religion only after the Mohammedan invasion when it was deemed necessary to protect their women against their Mohammedan rulers. A few women of rank and social position have come out of Purdah. We are told that there are perhaps thirty such in Calcutta. Among most of the ruling

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Hindu houses the Purdah habit still remains. The Gaekwar of Baroda arranged for his daughter to marry the eldest son of the Maharaja of Gwalior. The latter insisted that the wife of the heir to the throne of Gwalior should go into Purdah. The lady, who had been educated in England and France, flatly refused to surrender her liberty and finally married a less important suitor of the house of Cooch Behar, whose widow she now is.

Gwalior, February 13, 1925

Trichinopoly.

We had originally planned to extend our journey south of Madras at least as far as Madura, and if time permitted, to Ceylon. We abandoned this part of our journey to accept an invitation from the Maharaja of Gwalior to be his guests during a three days' visit of the Viceroy, two of which were to be devoted to tiger hunting. My traveler's conscience would not permit me to turn north without going to see examples of the Dravidian Hindu temples of the extreme southern part of India. Harrison Williams amiably denounced me as being "Hell on temples," and refused to go with me. I lived up to my part by leaving him among the beautiful ladies and fleshpots of Madras to spend two nights on the train during the only hot weather we experienced in order to divide a day between the temples of Trichinopoly and Tanjore.

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While less spectacular than the more famous temples of Madura, they are more ancient and are sounder examples of Dravidian architecture. The big temple to Krishna at Trichinopoly (familiarly referred to as "Trichi") is enormous, populous and interesting. It is full of life and movement. As many as ten thousand people must live inside its outer enclosure. The Brahmins live in one street, the dancing girls in another, and the mixed castes in the street just inside of the outer wall. The whole place, while less filthy than Puri, gives one an impression of sordidness, sensuality and degeneracy. I visited two other important temples, to one of which I had to climb up six hundred steps. Fortunately, it was early in the morning before the sun was high in the heavens.

Tanjore.

I spent the heat of midday traveling to Tanjore, where the principal temple is considered by many authorities to be the most beautiful in southern India and the most perfect example of Dravidian architecture of the best period. Unlike most Hindu temples, the building was not the work of several architects and several periods. It was built in its entirety by a single Chola King about the end of the twelfth century. It is therefore consistently designed and in its entirety is of the best Dravidian period. The central structure, with its sixteen-storied tower, over two hundred feet high, and the

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smaller temple adjoining it, built a century or two later, are more nearly beautiful than any Hindu temples I saw. Some of the carved figures are worthy of the Italian Renaissance. There is, however, in all parts of the temple so much elaborate decoration and such contemptuous disregard of the beauty of unornamented space that the Mohammedan architects knew so well, that the general effect suffers. The eye is dazzled and confused by the infinitely complex mass of decoration. Try hard as we may, we cannot admire Hindu architecture.

Nautch girls.

At all Hindu temples dancing by girls known as nautch girls forms an important part of the ceremony. These dancing girls are not allowed to marry, and as they receive only a small honorarium from the temple authorities, they are allowed to supplement their income in the easiest way. It is said, however, that as a rule they are not promiscuously immoral and are faithful to the particular men with whom they ally themselves by contract for designated periods. It is fair to add that while we must have passed by houses occupied by hundreds of nautch girls, there was never a suggestion of public immorality. Indeed, that is true of all India. I do not remember of our having encountered a single instance of public solicitation by women. I know of no European country of which

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as much could be said. At Tanjore I was given an opportunity to see a rehearsal of some temple dancing accompanied by Indian music. The musicians and dancers were manifestly earnest and serious, but the results were not edifying to the western eye and ear. The principal dancing girl was light in color and rather good looking. Her dancing consisted very largely of undulations and gestures, all of which, I was assured, had ritualistic significance in the worship of the god Siva.

Poona.

I refrain from giving a list of the Hindu temples, Buddhist caves and paintings and other "sights" that would be dear to the artist and archæologist that we missed in order to reach Gwalior in time for the Viceroy's tiger hunt, which involved a journey north of about twelve hundred miles almost back to Delhi. Harrison Williams, less ardent in the pursuit of temples and ruins than I, has no regrets. I confess to having some. We both agree that nothing we could have done or seen would have compensated for the loss of the visit to Gwalior and the tiger hunt. We broke our long journey to Gwalior on the Home Car by a night and a day at Poona, which we reached after two nights and a day of travel through an uninteresting country. After the novelty wears off, almost all India as seen from a railway car window is uninteresting and traveling by rail would be hopelessly dull were it

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not for the constantly changing crowds of Indians and their infinite variety of costumes and the colorful scenes at all the stations. Poona is chiefly famous for having been the capital of the Mahrattas up to the time of their final overthrow by the British. Since then it has been an important center of the British Government, one of the most important military cantonments in India, the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief for Southern India and, for a part of the year, the summer capital of the Bombay Province.

At Poona we stayed with Mrs. G. Hunter Fell, whom we knew on Long Island as Sophie Mott. She has a charming and able husband, a Major in the Indian Army, who is now the Military Secretary of the General commanding the military forces in the Poona District. They have a girl ten months old whom her father has never seen—an experience not uncommon in the families of army officers and civil servants in India. Our visit with the Fells gave us a glimpse of cantonment life from the intermediate ranks which we had not had before and which interested us very much. I assume that their living expenses are probably little more than the Major's salary and that their household is typical. They live in a nice bungalow, owned by a Parsee landlord, with ample verandas, one big room that serves as a living room and dining room, several

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bedrooms, and bathrooms, which, however, are without running water. Their simple establishment requires ten servants, most of whom seem to do very little work. They have a groom for each horse in their stable, who does nothing but look after his particular horse. Whenever the Fells return from their morning ride they are met at the door by six servants, each of whom does his part—a very little part. All of the servants are men or boys, except Mrs. Fell's ayah (maid). The servants are paid from five to ten dollars a month without board. They live in neighboring hovels and what they eat no one seems to know. Their clothes cost next to nothing. On the whole the domestic establishments we visited seemed to run smoothly.

Our bearers.

Apropos of servants, our own bearers are mysterious creatures and within limits—rather narrow limits—are efficient. Because of their supposed special experience and skill and to compensate them for the hardships of travel they are paid the high wage of fifty cents a day, which is about double their pay of ten years ago. They board themselves. God knows what they eat. The hotels never charge for providing them with sleeping quarters. They apparently sleep in out of the way corners or, if need be, on their employer's door mat. They are always cheerful and willing, but vigorous thought and capacity outside of their routine and

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effective action in emergencies are not among their qualities. With the aid of Giles we get on very well. Without his intervention the situation would, I am sure, have been very different. Giles clearly enjoys his part. The sight of him twirling his cane and wearing an expression of conscious power and authority when leading the ten or a dozen semi-naked men who are required to carry our luggage from the hotel to the railway station would make even a Hindu god laugh. It never occurs to the porters to use trucks for the baggage entrusted to them. Every labor-saving device is sternly rejected in this country. The aim is to give the maximum number of people the minimum amount of work. It is not our impression that as a rule the Indians are lazy. They are simply mentally and physically weak as the result of a warm climate and insufficient food, and slaves to tradition and custom.

Life at Poona.

At Poona, as at other British centers in India, life among the soldiers and civil servants is carefully organized to be as much as possible like life in England. There are the usual polo fields, a race track, tennis courts, clubs of various kinds, including a jockey club, a club on the lake, and a gymkhana club. From the best clubs Indians are excluded. There is, of course, much dining, lunching, dancing, bridge and gossip. Girls are very popular, as there are four or five times as many

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men as women. On the whole, British families in India have a pretty good time during the seasons when they can all be together. From most stations the women have to leave their husbands for half the year and go to Hill Stations, where the women outnumber the men. Poona is one of the few British centers that offers the advantage of being possible for women all the year around. Almost all British children are brought up and educated in England, and are never seen by their parents except when they are home on leave. All officers and civil servants have moderate incomes—rarely much more than their pay. Everyone knows what everyone else's income is. There is accordingly a refreshing absence of swank and display.

Growing unpopularity of the Indian service.

At Poona, as elsewhere, we heard discouraging accounts of the growing unpopularity of the Indian Army and the Indian Civil Service resulting in a tendency on the part of the men in the service to return home on retired pay as soon as the rules permit, and reluctance on the part of the best young men at Oxford and Cambridge to enter upon careers that would take them to India. Most of the officers and civil servants we met spoke with longing regret of the good old days when the purchasing power of the rupee was double or treble what it is now and there was no talk of home rule for India and of sharing the offices with the Indians.

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The Indian civil servants and army officers are not burdened by hard work. Their lives are organized to meet the requirements of the climate and to provide compensations for the sacrifice involved in prolonged absence from home. As to the civil servants, I would not give the impression that they do not take their careers seriously. They do, and they conscientiously endeavor to conform to the rules that have been developed by long established custom. The civil servants put in a fair day's work, but most of them find time for their daily allowance of tennis or golf. The soldiers expect to finish their work by lunch and have their afternoons free for polo and other forms of exercise and amusement. The chief concern of most Englishmen in official life in India is to keep themselves fit. The result is that the old-fashioned Anglo-Indian who goes home in middle life with an enlarged liver, a sallow complexion and a bad temper has almost disappeared.

The Karli Caves.

From Poona we motored north one hundred miles to visit the Buddhist cave temple of Karli, which we were determined to visit inasmuch as our tiger hunting plans prevented us from visiting the more extensive cave temples at Ellora and Ajanta. The cave temple at Karli is the most important and perfectly preserved of all the cave temples of India,

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although at both Ellora and Ajanta the caves are more numerous and include work not only of the Buddhists but of the Jains and Hindus. We left our motor at the foot of the low mountain on the side of which the temple was located. We climbed a fairly steep path for a couple of miles, accompanied by several volunteer guides—male and female, none of whom spoke a word of English. The temple, which was excavated in the solid rock of the mountain by the Buddhists about two centuries before Christ, was well worth a visit. It is approximately the size and proportions of the Norwich Cathedral, and is in almost a perfect state of preservation. Many of the carved figures are vigorous and bold. On the mountainsides near the temple are the remains of the extensive cells of the monks, which, like the temple, were cut out of the solid rock. At Karli, as at Ajanta, Ellora and Sanchi and many other places, there is impressive evidence of the great power and the wide prevalence of Buddhism through the centuries immediately preceding and following the beginning of the Christian era. There is no stronger evidence of the persistent and irresistible force of Hinduism than the complete obliteration, or rather absorption, of the religion of Buddha, which for centuries was the predominant religion of India.

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Bombay, February 19, 1925

Gwalior.

After completing our visit to the Karli Caves we motored to the Home Car which was awaiting us at a railroad junction east of Bombay. A journey of twenty-four hours landed us at Gwalior late in the afternoon. We were met at the station by a state functionary who took us to our quarters at the Palace in a Victoria-like horse-drawn vehicle. In Central Park our gaily attired coachman and footman would have drawn a mob. As the Viceregal party was not due to arrive until the following morning, we spent the evening quietly in our sumptuous quarters in the Maharaja's Guest House. Sardar Sultan Ahmad Khan who holds a position in the Maharaja's government somewhat corresponding to that of a Lord High Chancellor, joined us at dinner and spent the evening answering our questions about Gwalior, its rulers and its people. We learned that the Maharaja of Gwalior is the head of the House of Scindia, a Mahratta dynasty established about a century and a half ago after the break up of the great Mahratta Federation. He is of low caste and socially not a great swell like the proud princes of Udaipur, Jodhpur, Jaipur and Bikaner. He is, however, considered one of the best of the seven hundred ruling princes of India. His state is very well managed. He has a complete government, a cabinet, an army seven

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thousand strong, a well-organized judicial system and an educational system headed by a college. The State operates several hundred miles of state railroads and has built a network of excellent roads.

The Maharaja.

The Maharaja is an absolute ruler, subject to the watchful but gentle supervision of the British Resident, Mr. Trump, who lives in a handsome residency in the outskirts of the city. He seems to run his state very well. He is industrious and intelligent and has surrounded himself with excellent aides, all of whom, except the General Manager of the State Railroads, are Indians. Unlike most Maharajas he keeps the state income separate from his private income, which is said to be very large. During our three days' stay at the palace we met all of the Maharaja's cabinet. Most of them spoke English fluently and without any accent. They all talked and acted like gentlemen. We soon got used to their color. The Maharaja himself is very simple and puts on no royal airs except on state occasions. We saw and heard nothing of his two wives, but his two children, one a boy of eight and the other a girl of ten, were constantly about. They gave every sign of having been well brought up.

The Brahman Commander-in-Chief.

While the Maharaja himself is a devout Hindu, his cabinet contains several Mohammedans. Indeed, one member of his cabinet, Sir Edwin John,

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the Minister of State Industries, is of Armenian birth, and presumably a Christian. We asked why the Commander-in-Chief of the Army never joined us at dinner or lunch. It was explained that he, being a Brahmin, could not eat at the same table with the Maharaja, who is low caste, unless his food were cooked by a Brahman cook and served by a Brahman servant. Accordingly, in order to save the Maharaja trouble and embarrassment, he stayed away. It may be added in passing that if an orthodox Brahmin dines with the Viceroy or the Governor of a Province, his food must be separately cooked and served by Brahmins. Our Brahman chauffeurs politely refused the food we offered them. At most railroad stations there are separate drinking fountains for Mohammedans and Hindus.

Arrival of the Viceroy.

At half past eight of the morning following our arrival, the Viceroy's train of nine white cars drew up on the railroad siding at one end of the palace. The Viceroy's party, which included no ladies, was met with great pomp and ceremony on an immense red carpet by the Maharaja in person, surrounded by his bodyguard and cabinet, while the fort sounded a salute of twenty-one guns. We all breakfasted together quite informally, as one would breakfast in an English country house. All of the Indians wore European clothes, the Maharaja him-

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self wearing a gray business suit that fitted him none too well.

The Fort.

After breakfast we were taken for a drive in motor cars through the town and the old fort. The Maharaja drove the Viceroy's car in person, and I sat next to the Viceroy. The old walled fort is on a hill two hundred feet high and the enclosure is several hundred acres in extent. It is surrounded by a strong wall. It is one of the most interesting places in India. It contains several old temples and numerous old palaces, some of considerable beauty. None of the palaces are used now except for barracks for soldiers and for state functions.

The unveiling of the monument.

After a luncheon served in European fashion at the Maharaja's palace came the ceremony that brought the Viceroy to Gwalior, the unveiling of a monument which had been erected in the palace gardens to the Maharaja's mother. A most gorgeous and colorful affair it was. The grouping for the ceremony was about as follows: On a platform covered by a red brocaded carpet sat the Viceroy and the Maharaja side by side on large chairs or thrones of solid silver and on either side sat the royal children. Back of the royal party stood gorgeously attired servants holding in the air enormous brushes of peacock feathers with which they were prepared to shoo away any flies or other insects that might alight on the royal or viceregal

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brows. On either side of the central group two other groups were seated on the red carpet. One group consisted of the Maharaja's principal officers of state, the other of the Viceroy's Military Secretary, his aides and guests, including Harrison Williams and myself. A wide red carpet led to the monument about one hundred feet away. On one side of this carpet was a long shallow pavilion, the inmates of which were hidden from view by a screen of thin gauze or silk. Behind this screen, where they could hear and see without being seen, were the ladies of the royal household and their friends. On the other side were seated in gilt chairs the nobles and gentry of the state, numbering four or five hundred. Back of the nobles on raised benches were a thousand or more humbler folk. Standing in front of the monument facing the royal party were four attendants, two of whom held aloft green parasols and two others, enormous red plumes.

The Viceroy wore a gray frock coat and white tall hat. The Maharaja wore the red turban of the Mahrattas and a gorgeous green silk robe elaborately embroidered. Around his neck were six strings of enormous jewels, two of round pearls, two of emeralds, one of diamonds and one of pear-shaped pearls. The little Prince and Princess were as gaily attired as their father and wore almost as many jewels. The Viceroy's staff wore their

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best uniforms and all their medals and decorations. Harrison Williams and I did our best by wearing black cutaway coats and silk hats. The dignitaries and nobles wore magnificent costumes of silks and brocades. Literally every color of the rainbow was represented. We identified several of our friends of the palace who had doffed their European clothes for Indian raiment that made them look like different beings. I have never seen such a gathering of gorgeously attired human beings even on the grand opera stage. We could not see, and were not told, what the hidden Hindu ladies wore.

The ceremonies began by a delegation of gorgeously attired burghers presenting to the Viceroy a solid silver box containing a loyal address granting him the freedom of the city. The Viceroy read a graceful speech in which he praised the Maharaja and his devoted mother in whose honor the monument had been erected. The band played "God Save the King." The Maharaja wept copious tears but did not make a speech. The ceremony ended by the withdrawal of the royal participants amid the acclamations of the multitude. Later in the afternoon a part of the crowd was addressed by a Mohammedan priest and another part by a Hindu priest. The Maharaja, himself a devout Hindu, prides himself on his broad-minded toleration of

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all religions. At night there were fireworks for the populace, while a numerous party were entertained at dinner by the Maharaja in his palace. The dinner, except for the curry course, was practically the same as would have been served at a state banquet in Europe.

The next two days were devoted to tiger hunting de luxe which had been organized in honor of the Viceroy who has become a keen sportsman and an excellent shot. At the beginning of the visit each guest had been provided with a pamphlet printed in Hindustani and English, in which were set forth the arrangements for the tiger hunts. From this it appeared that the night before the hunt bullocks would be tied to trees at six different localities within comfortable motoring distance from Gwalior in order to attract the tigers of those particular localities. The Postmaster General of the State had been instructed to establish connection by wireless with each locality in order that the Maharaja might have the latest reports on the morning of the hunt. The Commander-in-Chief of the Army had been instructed to have in readiness at each of the several localities a suitable number of elephants, horses and beaters and other attendants and also to supply a military patrol for the roads leading to the various localities and to suspend for that day traffic on those roads. Thus pro-

The tiger hunt.

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vision was made to meet every eventuality and to assure the Viceroy and his friends freedom from interruption and prying eyes.

The shooting of the first tiger.

After breakfast we were told that on the strength of the reports received by wireless from the various places at which the unfortunate bullocks had been planted, the presence of tigers at four places was indicated, that a certain ravine had been chosen as the scene of the first day's hunt, and that we would start at half past eleven o'clock. At that hour the party of about twenty, including the Maharaja's two children, assembled in front of the main entrance of the palace and were loaded into five motor cars. After a journey of about ten miles over smooth macadam roads well guarded by the Gwalior Army, we alighted and were given our choice of finishing the journey on elephants or horses. Harrison Williams and I chose elephants. We then went about two miles across a rather rolling country where cattle, sheep and goats were grazing undisturbed. We were then told to dismount. Speaking only in whispers, we walked cautiously a few hundred yards to a sparsely wooded ravine about a mile long, a quarter of a mile wide and two or three hundred feet deep. We took our stations on the rocky brink of this ravine. The Viceroy sat in a comfortable armchair which had been brought for the purpose by bearers. Then the

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beaters, of whom several hundred were ranged in a semicircle on the other side of the ravine, began their concentric advance for the purpose of driving the tiger toward the Viceroy. They had barely begun their advance when a good sized tigress strolled out from under a ledge of rock not more than a hundred yards below the place where the Viceroy was sitting. The Viceroy fired; the Maharaja fired; the Viceroy fired a second shot. The tigress although wounded disappeared in a bunch of jungle at the bottom of the valley. Elephants were brought up the valley and their riders endeavored to encourage them to advance into the jungle where the tigress was hidden, which the wise beasts declined to do, showing their displeasure and fear by snorting and backing away. Then the Indians who were near the Viceroy began throwing stones into the jungle that concealed the wounded tigress. We could hear clearly her groans and heavy breathing. She finally galloped out into the open and was soon laid low by four or five additional shots.

Lunch after the hunt.

The party then returned to the elephants and horses, and after riding a couple of miles reached a sequestered spot where a magnificent tent had been erected under a spreading banyan tree. Under the tent was a table on which an elaborate lunch had been spread. The whole party partook

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of this lunch, eating and drinking with great liberality. At each plate was a menu printed in French in gilt letters. By the time we had finished lunch the tigress arrived on the back of an elephant. She was laid on the ground in a dramatic attitude with a stone for a pillow. Three elephants were ranged in a row behind her, whereupon the party, with the Viceroy in the center, holding guns in their hands and with suitable expressions on their faces, were photographed in numerous attitudes. We then motored back to the palace where we arrived in time for tea. Harrison Williams agrees that this is a fair and uncolored account of our first tiger hunt.

The second tiger.

The second tiger hunt the next day was, with unimportant variations, a repetition of the first day's hunt. Four tigers had been located in a ravine. The Viceroy shot the first one through the heart almost immediately upon his arrival at a stone house which had been erected as a shelter for tiger hunting parties. The beaters then began their noisy advance on the other side of the ravine, shouting and blowing horns. I was to have had a shot at the second tiger, but alas, the cowardly brute did not come out into the open and I had no opportunity of demonstrating my lack of skill in the handling of a rifle. At two o'clock we all rode back to our sumptuous lunch which this time had

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been laid under a big banyan tree around which a large stone and cement platform had been built for the comfort of the Maharaja's guests.

The Maharaja offered us a tiger hunt of our own. We also received an invitation to hunt with the Maharaja of Kotah, but we felt that having traveled fifteen hundred miles and devoted six precious days to the show at Gwalior, a fair distribution of our time would not permit us to indulge in further adventures in the jungle.

The palace of Gwalior.

Before the end of our visit we had begun to feel very much at home as members of the Maharaja's household. He lives in an enormous modern palace of white marble built around a court which must be five or six hundred feet square. There were said to be other smaller courts that we did not see. The architecture is distinctly western. As in the case of all modern Indian palaces we visited, the furniture is not in the best of taste. The Maharaja is very proud of a set of cut glass furniture which came from Belgium. At large dinners the table is decorated with a miniature silver track on which travels a miniature train of cars that delivers sweetmeats and liqueurs to the guests with great efficiency. The main Durbar Hall or drawing room would be a fine room anywhere. I am sure there is no room nearly as large in a private house in New York. In spite of the shortcomings in its furniture

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and decorations, the palace is very comfortable and luxurious and guests are made to feel very much at home. The palace gardens are extensive and rather attractive, although they suffer from a lack of water. They contain many fine trees and shrubs but little good turf.

Departure of the Viceroy.

After dinner on the third day the Viceroy and his party with less formality than when they arrived departed in the Viceregal train. The band played, the Maharaja gave three cheers for the Viceroy, and as the train moved out the Viceroy leaned from the platform of his car and gave three cheers for the Maharaja. Everybody looked happy and joined in the shouting. After the departure of the Viceroy, Harrison Williams and I returned to the palace for a few hours' conversation with our host. The Maharaja had taken a great fancy to Harrison Williams. I am sure if we had stayed a day longer he would have made him Finance Minister or the Comptroller of the Royal Household. Finally in the small hours of the morning we were escorted to our humble quarters in the Home Car.

Aryan features.

If all the Maharajas, Rajas and other Indian dignitaries whom we have urged to visit us in New York decide to come, we will be swamped. To save us embarrassment in our country of race prejudice, our Indian visitors will either have to distinguish themselves by wearing their native costume or

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wear a label reading something like this: "This man is not a negro but an Aryan brother of noble lineage who has been tanned by the Indian sun." There would be more truth than fiction in this label. We have seen many Indians with regular features who, after they had been bleached white, would look quite in place in a New York drawing room. As it is, many of them, especially from the North, are quite fair. Some with the finest features are almost black. We often amuse ourselves by picking out of the crowds of dark faces those that remind us of our friends at home. We see many men wearing little but loin cloths who, with their faces bleached and wearing European attire, would not look out of place on our Stock Exchange or in a courtroom in New York.

Visits we could not make.

We had several other invitations to visit Maharajas. If we had been so disposed we could have devoted the rest of the year to such visits. We were especially sorry not to have been able to visit the Maharaja Jamsahib of Jamnagar whom we had met at Bikaner and liked very much. In his Oxford days he had been a famous cricketer and formed a life-long friendship with our friend C. B. Fry who was the greatest cricketer of his day.

Maharajas and Rajas.

This may be an appropriate place for some observations regarding Maharajas and Rajas. From time immemorial India has been divided into many

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kingdoms and principalities. There have been periods of considerable duration when a strong ruling house drew or forced large parts of India under its rule. This was true of the Emperor Asoka who ruled a large part of India in the third century before Christ. It was true under the Gupta kings during the early centuries of the Christian era. Akbar and his descendants of the Mogul dynasty held a large part of India under their sway. Even during these periods there were still numerous rulers who were entirely independent or who only partially accepted the suzerainty of their overlord. But during the greater part of the Christian era India was divided among hundreds of independent rulers. The history of India is a vast and bewildering maze of constantly changing dynasties and kingdoms. It remained for the British to consolidate all India into one empire. Even under British rule a substantial part of India has remained under independent rulers whom the British Government has recognized and protected. There are now about seven hundred of such rulers and about seventy millions of the population of India are under their jurisdiction.

Many of the independent States have insignificant populations and the power of many of the native rulers is little more than nominal. There are, however, numerous States of considerable ex-

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tent and population ruled by independent rulers whose power is subject to no restraint except that of the British Government of India exercised through a local Resident. The tendency of recent years has been to exercise that restraint with great caution and to interfere in the government of the native States only in cases of grave misgovernment. Some of the independent rulers are Mohammedans and others are Hindus. It sometimes happens, as in the case of Cashmere, that a Mohammedan country is ruled by a Hindu ruler and the reverse occasionally happens. The Maharaja is frequently both the ruler and the landlord of his people. In such a case, his income consists of taxes paid by subjects and rentals paid by his tenants. Some Maharajas are landlords of large estates outside of the boundaries of their own states. For instance, the Maharaja of Kapurthala, who has but three hundred thousand inhabitants in his own state, is said to have half a million tenants in other states from whom he receives an enormous income. It will thus be seen that the opportunities for graft and oppression on the part of Indian independent rulers are very great. The British Government tries to see to it that the independent rulers spend a proper proportion of their income in running their states and for the benefit of their subjects,

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but it is rumored that many of them accumulate enormous fortunes.

The largest of the Independent States is that of Hyderabad with a population of over twelve millions. Its ruler is the Nizam, who is reputed to be exceedingly arbitrary, avaricious and tyrannical. He has a passion for precious stones of which he has probably the largest collection in the world. Their value is estimated at anywhere from six million to one hundred million sterling. The States that we heard spoken of as being the most wisely and successfully ruled are Mysore, Gwalior, Baroda, Bikaner, Jodhpur, Jaipur, Jamnager, Bhopal, Alwar and Kapurthala. There are other States such as Udaipur and Bundi in which the people may be happy but whose rulers have done their best to resist the influence of modern civilization.

There is no real representative government in any of the independent States, although in a few a beginning has been made. The independent States maintain armed forces which in some way are available for service with the Imperial Army. All of the independent States accept the authority of the central Government as to foreign relations, the postal service, and, with a few exceptions, the levy of import and export duties. Most indepen-

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dent States, however, levy their own taxes and have their own budgets.

The people of the independent States.

The maintenance of these numerous Indian rulers must result in a very heavy charge upon the country. Many of the States are too small and too poor to constitute efficient economic units. However poor the people may be, the Maharajas and Rajas must be supported. As a rule they are supported very liberally, many of them in considerable state. I presume that in India more palaces have been built in the last fifty years, and more palaces are today inhabited by rulers, than in all of Europe combined. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that a disproportionately large part of the income of the independent States is absorbed in the support of the rulers and their establishments. On the other hand, there seem to be few cases of crass misrule and injustice by native rulers, while many of the native States are admirably ruled. We received the impression, and I think it is the general impression of travelers in India, that the people of the independent States are more contented than the people of British India. The reason for this may be, and probably is, that in the independent States the people suffer less interference in their daily life and inherited habits than in British India. Probably in the long run they

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would be better off if they were subjected to the restraints of British rule.

Some students of Indian politics favor the gradual extension of the independent States until the entire population in India shall have been transferred to their rule under some federated system that would still be supervised by the British Government. We were told, however, that in several cases in which the population of sections of British India have been given the choice between remaining under British rule or being transferred to an independent State, they have expressed a preference for British rule.

The Maharajas strong supporters of British rule.

The Maharajas and Rajas are, of course, strong supporters of the British Government of India, for to its protection most of them owe their very existence. There is much less political unrest in the Indian States than in British India. There are several reasons for this. One is that the proportion of the population that receives a modern education is less in most of the independent States than in British India. Another reason is that the Indian political agitators whose chief aim is to drive out the British, do not extend their activities to the independent States. Gandhi has been particularly careful of the sensibilities of the Maharajas.

Bombay again.

After leaving Gwalior two days and a night in the Home Car landed us again at Bombay. We

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were met at the station by one of our charming friends of the Governor's staff of aides-de-camp. As Government House was not crowded we were lodged in the Prince's Pavilion with its enormous sitting rooms, bedrooms, verandas and baths; and such beds! and how we did sleep after having spent twenty-two nights out of forty on the Home Car! In many respects Government House at Bombay, although not the most magnificent, is the most delightful official residence in India. Their Excellencies, the Governor and Lady Wilson, are most kind and cordial and we count all the staff of aides-de-camp as brothers. During our three days' stay there have been no parties and life has been less formal than on the occasion of our first visit. One evening while Harrison Williams talked finance with the Governor, I went with Her Excellency and others to the Opera and heard "La Bohème" sung earnestly but crudely by a traveling Italian Company accompanied by an orchestra made up largely of local talent.

A Swaraj leader.

We have spent so much of our time at Government Houses and in Government circles that we have not found it easy to establish contacts with the proletariat. We have not met Gandhi or any of the other leaders of the advanced political party. At Bombay I had an interesting talk with a most interesting Indian lady, who is one of Gandhi's

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important supporters. I found her very clever and earnest but not convincing. She gives the British no credit for what they have done in India, saying that what they did was for their own selfish purposes and not for the benefit of the Indians. She insists that India must have, and soon will have, complete self-government without interference from the British. She says that the Indians will let the British stay and will treat them justly. She thinks that the rule of the Mohammedan conquerers was preferable to the rule of the British, because they did not patronize their Hindu subjects but associated with them on terms of equality and married their daughters. I asked her if she did not think that with the withdrawal of British rule India would disintegrate and go to the devil politically. She thought not. At any event, it is their privilege to go to the devil if they want to and the British have no right to stop them. Like Gandhi, she regards western civilization with its railroads, factories, and international commerce, as a curse to India. She longs for the day when the railroads and factories will be scrapped and the Indian people will live their own simple lives unhampered by western civilization. It is very hard for an occidental to carry on a discussion with a person who holds such views.

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INDIA

On Board the S. S. "Vasna," February 25, 1925

Departure from India.

We left India and our friends at Government House at Bombay with real regret. We have made many friends. We have never been received with greater kindness and hospitality than has been shown us in both Indian and British official circles. Our visit has not been marred by a single untoward incident or dull hour. We have had perfect weather, and except at Darjeeling, have not seen a drop of rain or hardly a cloud in the sky. We have seen more of India and of Indian life in certain of its aspects than we could fairly have hoped to see in our short visit of two months. We have learned and seen enough to enable us to realize how little we have really seen of Indian life and how incomprehensible to the western mind the Indians are.

Our impression of India.

Our minds are seething with impressions, often confused and conflicting. During this voyage of six days from Bombay to Basra at the mouth of the Tigris, I am recording some of my impressions in the hope of clarifying them.

Lord Reading.

One impression stands out very clearly and that is that the Viceroy of India has the hardest governing job in the world. He has almost unlimited power over three hundred and twenty million people who do not and cannot understand him, and whom he can never fully understand. He is work-

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ing under new laws—laws that are not only untried but are already recognized to be radically defective. He can get very little help from his associates in the Government so far as sharing responsibility is concerned. He never knows when, where and how trouble may break out. He is acting for a government in England which knows little or nothing of India and her problems, whom he never sees and with whom he can communicate only by letter or cable.* A more difficult combination of handicaps would be hard to imagine. It is our impression that Lord Reading has been remarkably successful under conditions of unusual difficulty. His dealing with Gandhi was masterly. If he had arrested Gandhi at the height of his power, as I imagine most of his British advisers urged, he would have become a martyr and anything might have happened. Instead of doing that the Viceroy led Gandhi to spend his force and demonstrate the futility of his policies. Gandhi's ultimate arrest and imprisonment at a time when he had to admit

* It must be a great relief to Lord Reading that he is to have the opportunity of returning to England on leave and of discussing the problems of India face to face with Lord Birkenhead, the Secretary of State for India, and the other members of the British Government. This is the first time in the history of India that a Viceroy has returned to England before the expiration of his term, for it was not until a recent amendment of the law that the Viceroy was permitted to leave India during his term of office.

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that there was no other course open to the Government, hardly caused a ripple of excitement.

Lady Reading. Lady Reading's achievements are little less than marvelous. When she went to India she was very much of an invalid, and, of course, handicapped by her hardness of hearing. In spite of these handicaps she has done her part with great skill, fidelity and energy, and a most important and successful part it has been.

Travel in India. Travel in India has proven to be much less difficult and uncomfortable than we had been led to believe. We suffered no privations and little discomfort. If we had been compelled to stay at hotels and travel in ordinary cars we might have suffered some discomfort. The Indian trains are slow. The springs on the coaches are bad and the roadbeds are rather rough. The air is often full of dust. The cars are always dirty. The hotels are invariably poor, both in respect of accommodations and food. As it was, the Home Car and our visits at the Viceregal Lodge and Government Houses at Bombay, Madras and Peshawar and at the palaces of our friends the Maharajas made us forget the little discomforts we occasionally suffered. The food in India is rarely tempting. In the hotels and eating houses one finds English cooking at its worst. It would take very good cooking to make appetizing food out of the materials available in India. The

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beef is lean and tough; the chickens are poor; the eggs are small and often have a bad flavor; we were not allowed to drink milk or use local butter. Powdered milk and canned butter are not appetizing. Most of the vegetables we had were canned. Fortunately there were plenty of good bananas and oranges.

How to dress in India.

We had to learn by experience what we had not been able to realize through advice, that visitors to India in January and February should be prepared for protection against cold rather than against heat. We experienced no weather which would have been hot according to our American standards of heat. Even in Madras and south of Madras the thermometer did not rise much above eighty. The nights were always cool and on the plains of northern India in the latitude of Delhi were frequently very cold. We had little occasion to use the wardrobe of tropical clothes we ordered at Bombay. Most of the time we were glad to wear about the same clothes that we would wear at home in spring or fall, and our heavy overcoats at night. We were warned never to go into the sun without our solar topees. We never could shake off the feeling that this was a needless precaution because we never experienced sunshine which seemed at all comparable to the summer sunshine at home which we had so often braved bareheaded. We accepted on faith

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the doctrine that there is a peculiarly deadly quality in the Indian sun.

The places we missed.

Our trip was not as complete as we might have wished. We omitted many places that we should have liked to have visited. Apart from our regret in not being able to visit Cashmere, we were especially sorry to have missed Mt. Abu, with its Jain temples; Ellora and Ajanta with their many cave temples; Lucknow with its memories of the Mutiny; Madura in the extreme south with its impressive Dravidian temples; Hyderabad, the capital of the most important independent State and the neighboring ruins of Golconda; the old Portuguese city of Goa which is gradually disappearing in the jungle; the Malabar coast with its wealth of tropical vegetation; and Ceylon, which all agree is one of the most beautiful regions in the world. We both aspire to a spring month in Cashmere and a trip which will enable us to visit Ceylon, Burma, Siam and Indochine.

The majesty of British rule.

The strongest impression we carried away from India is of the majestic power and authority of British rule. There has been nothing like it since the Roman Empire. Indeed, the history of Rome furnishes no parallel. It is the most remarkable triumph of moral force and authority that the world has even seen. The way in which this authority has been built up during the past two centuries

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is characteristically British. Nothing was done logically. The Empire of India was not constructed under a comprehensive and preconceived plan. The long periods of apparently hopeless muddling usually ended in advancing the British cause in ways that could not have been foreseen. The British in India had a genius for seizing and making the most of opportunities. The greatest marvel of all is that the conquest of India, which was born in greed for commercial aggrandizement and in its early years marked by much injustice and oppression, was finally converted through the sheer force of British public opinion into the most benevolent, just and enlightened rule that has ever been imposed by one nation upon another. I speak of the British rule having been imposed on India because imposed it was. It was originally imposed for the aggrandizement of British commerce, but I believe that for at least half a century the responsible men of the British Government in India from the Viceroy down through the ranks have regarded themselves as trustees, not only for the great vested British interests in India, but for the Indian people. According to their lights they have done their best faithfully to perform that trust.

The attitude of the people of India towards British rule.

The British in India have been remarkably successful in inspiring the Indian people with respect for their justice and dignity and with fear and

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awe of their power, but they have not won the affection of their subjects. They cannot shake off their attitude of patronizing superiority and racial aloofness. It is at once their strength and their weakness that they do not descend to the level of their Indian subjects. I once asked an Englishman who had lived all his life in the Orient why the British were so successful in maintaining the respect of their oriental subjects. He answered: "Because they let the native women alone." I asked an educated Indian woman why the British are so little beloved in India and she answered: "Because they consider themselves too superior to marry our daughters." These, of course, are only half truths, but they vividly suggest the causes of the success of the rule of the British in India and their failure to win the gratitude and affection of their subjects. I presume that in these modern days no people can be expected to love a government however benevolent and efficient whose authority has been imposed upon them against their will.

The marvel of British rule.

The more we saw of the British in India the more we admired them. Just think of the marvel of the three hundred and twenty millions of the people of India being ruled by this little band of Englishmen! The whole British population of India is only about one hundred and twenty thousand.

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There are but sixty thousand British soldiers in all India. Native troops constitute much more than half of the Indian Army. There are less than four thousand British in the civil, educational, engineering, judicial and police services of India out of a total of over a million and a half, and the proportion of British is being constantly reduced. Order is maintained and law enforced in many a remote district of vast population and extent by a handful of British civil servants and soldiers. A single word from a quiet British Resident is usually enough to curb the most ambitious independent ruler.

Political unrest.

We saw much less evidence of political unrest in India than we expected, but then we had little opportunity to look beneath the surface indications. I believe, however, that the political unrest is much less serious than the American newspapers would have us believe. As I have said, Gandhi as an influence in politics seems to be a spent force. His dangerous alliance with the organized Mohammedan forces seems to have ended. Political cooperation between Hindus and Mohammedans is as difficult as ever. While there is undoubtedly a growing feeling of national unity and race consciousness in India, the great mass of the Indian people are too ignorant and too backward to be capable of sustained political action. I doubt if the influence of

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the radical leaders extends far among the rank and file of the Indian people.

The results of the unbalanced system of education in India.

I think it is now generally recognized by thoughtful observers that the political unrest in India is in great measure traceable to the badly balanced system of education that the British with the very highest of motives introduced into India. More than half a century ago the Government of India adopted the policy of establishing universities in various centers. These universities followed western models. The Indians, with their mental agility and keen interest in intellectual pursuits, flocked to the universities in great numbers. We were told that there are more students at the University of Calcutta than at all the universities of England combined. The number of students at the Indian universities has rapidly increased during recent years. Indian students have been encouraged to complete their studies at English universities. This rapid expansion in the opportunities for higher education of the western type has not been accompanied by a corresponding increase in facilities for intermediate and technical education. The result is that India abounds in men with university educations who are unable to find congenial employment. The Bar is overcrowded. Every important city swarms with briefless lawyers. The medical profession in the cities is overcrowded for

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the reason that the average Indian who has received a modern medical education is unwilling to settle in the country districts where good doctors are needed. As a rule Indian university graduates do not find openings in business because of the competition of the mentally alert Bengalis and Madrasis who have begun early and acquired that facility and familiarity with detail which is essential for success in positions of the lower and intermediate grades that are open to Indians. Under the system heretofore prevailing, comparatively few of the higher positions in the Civil Service have been open to Indians, although in recent years there has been a change in that regard. The result is that in India there are thousands of men with university educations who have imbibed western notions of democracy from British teachers in both Indian and English universities who are unable to make a living. It is not unnatural that they blame the prevailing system of government for their lack of opportunity and easily convince themselves that India should be governed by the Indians for the Indians. It is from this class that the ranks of the political agitators are largely recruited.

Incapacity of the Indian people for self-government.

We received the impression that the Indian people, in spite of their cleverness, in spite of their capacity for education, in spite of their ability to take on the veneer of western civilization, are hope-

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lessly unfitted for self-government. Even the best of them lack stability and real capacity for sustained political action. The Indian people have always been ruled by somebody. No country in the world has more completely lacked self-government and none has had less political cohesion and less national spirit. The Indians have always been easy to conquer and usually easy to rule. With how little struggle they fell under the dominion of the successive Mohammedan invaders and accepted their rule century after century! The absence of a strong ruler in India has inevitably resulted in confusion and anarchy. I have no sympathy with the view that the Indians are entitled to rule themselves regardless of consequences and to go to the devil, if that is their preference. I cannot but feel that it is part of the mission of the strong nations of the world to rule the backward and undeveloped nations until they can be trusted to rule themselves. It will be many generations before the British will have so fulfilled their destiny in India that the Indians should be trusted to rule themselves.

Failure of the Indians under new constitution.

There could be no better illustration of the inability of the Indians to govern themselves than their misuse of the opportunity for partial self-government accorded them under the Montagu-Chelmsford reform. They have withheld their co-

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operation; they have refused the modicum of political responsibility offered them; they have preferred to obstruct and embarrass the Government. It is hard to escape the conclusion that the Montagu-Chelmsford reform went too far. It is one of the many political mistakes that were made during the emotional period immediately following the war. It will be hard for the British Government to disentangle itself from the embarrassments into which it was thrown by the promises of progressive self-government in India that were put in the mouth of the King at the time of the inauguration of the new constitution. The author of the "Lost Dominion" may be right in his view that the *logical* result of the grant of partial self-government and the promise of the progressive elimination of British rule is the early grant of complete self-government to the Indians. But in dealing with India the British have never been logical, and they will not be dominated by logic in the future. I believe that in their strange illogical way and in spite of their embarrassments, they will continue their rule in India for generations without losing sight of the legitimate aspirations of the politically conscious sections of the Indian people to achieve ultimate self-government.

The people of India.

We often put to ourselves the question, what in India is of the greatest interest to travelers?

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That question will doubtless be put to us by our friends when we reach home. Of course, the answer depends in a great measure upon the taste and point of view of the traveler. As we are not specialists in any department of activity or thought, I think we would answer that the people of India interested us the most. It is difficult to offer general observations about the Indian people because they differ so widely in race, language, religion and habits. The differences between the various racial groups in India are greater than between the various nations of Europe. English is the only language spoken in all parts of the country. If the proposal that in the Legislative Assembly at Delhi each member should be entitled to address the Assembly in his own vernacular and to have his words interpreted into the language of the other members were adopted there would have to be at least twelve interpreters. It is easy to see how the English language, which is spoken by a certain number of the educated classes in every part of India, is the only universal bond. The Mohammedans as a class differ radically from the Hindus. The Pathans of the north differ more widely from the Madrasis of the south than the Russians differ from the Italians. The Parsees are more completely detached from their neighbors than any Jewish community in Europe. The Hindus of high

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caste and low caste are as far apart as the poles. The Mewaris and the Bengalis differ as widely as do the Scotch and the Irish. In spite of the difficulty in attempting generalizations, we could not escape some very pronounced impressions.

Our likes and dislikes.

As a class we liked the Mohammedans better than the Hindus. The finest physical specimens we encountered were the Pathans of the Northwest Province. One could not fail to be attracted by their vigor, their good looks, their independence and their courage. We liked the Rajputs and the Mewari merchants. The least attractive class we met were the natives of Bengal and Central India. The most pitiful class in India are the Eurasians or Anglo-Indians as they are now officially designated. They are looked down upon by both Indians and British. They have no social status whatever. They are worse off than the mulattos of our own country who are admitted to social equality at least by the negroes. They are said not to inherit the good qualities of either race. We could not help despising the Brahman priests as we saw them in the temples and in the holy cities, and yet, we were told that among the educated Brahmins are some of the finest men in India. It was simply not our good fortune to meet them. By and large I would not call the Indians an attractive or lovable people. They are certainly not gay. Nor as a class

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are they reliable and straightforward according to our standards. They have a facile intelligence but they are lacking in real moral and mental strength. We did not see signs of their great spirituality of which we hear so much. This may be because we did not get beneath the surface of Indian life. The truth is that our observations of Indian life were so superficial and so casual that we were hardly justified in forming impressions, much less opinions.

The sights of India.

Apart from the people and their infinite variety to which I have already alluded, India does not abound in sights for the tourist in the ordinary acceptance of the term. The view of the Himalayas from Darjeeling is one of the most impressive mountain views in the world, more impressive than any view in Switzerland or America, but to the ordinary traveler the visit to the Himalayas is ended with that view. The Khyber Pass is interesting, more because of its strange people and its history than for the beauty of its scenery. There is a tiresome sameness in the rural landscape of India. As seen from the trains it soon loses interest. Traveling by train would become very dull were it not for the never-ending interest in the constantly changing crowds of human beings that one sees on the trains and at the railway stations.

The architecture of India.

The cities of India are interesting chiefly because they are the manifestations of the life of a people

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whose habits and spiritual and mental conceptions are wholly different from ours. They are rarely beautiful or interesting architecturally. The Indian bazaars are less picturesque and less colorful than the bazaars of Northern Africa and the Near East. It is hard to generalize about the architecture of India. Northern India is not wanting in beautiful monuments of the Mohammedan period. The Taj Mahal in the right light has an ethereal and evanescent beauty equaled by no other building in the world. A view of it by moonlight would repay a visit to India. There is, however, no other Mohammedan building of outstanding and overpowering beauty. India possesses several palaces of great beauty, some built by the Moguls and some by Hindus. The palaces at Amber, Fatehpur-Sikri, Udaipur, Gwalior, Jaipur and Bikaner would interest the most exacting tourist. The Hindu and Jain temples, especially the great Dravidian temples of the south, are intensely interesting as manifestations of a religion and civilization that differ widely from ours, but to the western eye they are not beautiful. They provoke wonder but they never inspire a tremor of admiration or emotion.

Indian archæology.

To the serious student of archæology India must be full of interest. It must be fascinating to trace the growth of the expression of the human mind and soul in stone and plaster among a people whose

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conceptions of life and art and religion are as far away from ours as the east is from the west, and the development of whose art and civilization has been little influenced by the example of the western world. In the field of architecture and sculpture it is possible for the student to study examples that represent almost unbroken development from the reign of Asoka in the third century before Christ to the present day. There is much less of a gap between the present and the past in India than in Europe. One often hears the boast that there was a highly developed civilization in India before the Greeks had become great and before Rome was even a name, and that when Europe was sunk in the semibarbarism of the Middle Ages, India was in the heydey of her glory. The other side of the picture is that while Europe advanced and grew great and strong on the ruins of Greece and Rome, India remained stationary and in spite of the recent superficial changes wrought by British rule, life in India in its fundamentals has changed surprisingly little in two thousand years.

Indian religion.

I presume that to the student of philosophy and religion and the mysteries of the human soul, India offers a boundless field of infinite attraction. We were of too practical a turn of mind and too casual in our contacts to think of entering this field. But practical and inaccessible to spiritual influences as

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we were, we could not wholly escape the spell of the majestic continuity of the Hindu spiritual tradition that for more than four thousand years has survived all external influences, has absorbed Buddhism and withstood Christianity and Mohammedanism, and still exercises over the daily lives of two hundred and fifty million people a domination more complete than that of any other religion in the world. It is interesting that unlike the other great religions that survive in the modern world, Hinduism did not receive its impetus from an inspired prophet or founder like Moses, Christ, Mohammed or Gautama, but sprang, or rather grew, from the soul of the people whose lives it was ultimately to dominate. I confess that I am too steeped in western materialism to be able to appreciate, or even discover, the much vaunted spirituality of modern India. I got a hint of it in the garden of the Math at Belur on the banks of the Ganges. Perhaps some time I may be able sufficiently to divest myself of my present preoccupations to be able to look into the temple of spiritual detachment which I am sure must exist in India but whose doors are closed to us. At all events I mean to try. If that determination persists, my visit to India may turn out to be the most profitable, as it has been the most interesting, of my experiences as a traveler.

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IRAK

The British Residency, Baghdad, March 1, 1925

INTERESTING as the two weeks' voyage from Marseilles to Bombay had been, we knew that the return trip by a P. & O. steamer would be a dull anti-climax. We therefore cast about for an opportunity of returning to Europe by some other route. India is most effectually separated from the rest of Asia by barriers which are practically impassable to the ordinary traveler. These barriers are the Himalayas on the north, and Afghanistan and Baluchistan with their mountain ranges on the east. While there is a feasible motor road from the end of the Khyber Pass to Kabul, it is not possible to cross Afghanistan into Persia by motor. It is possible to reach Persia by motor through Baluchistan, but the roads are bad and the conditions of travel difficult. We finally decided to return by the so-called overland route established recently, which involves a journey of six days from Bombay up the Persian Gulf by a coasting steamer to Basra at the mouth of the Tigris; from there by rail three hundred miles up the valley of the Tigris

The return journey.

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and Euphrates to Baghdad and from there more than five hundred miles by motor across the Syrian Desert to Damascus. From there the ports of Beirut, Jaffa and Alexandria are accessible by rail. We at first planned to travel from Damascus by rail via Aleppo through Turkey to Constantinople. We gave up that part of our plan when we learned that the one train a week between Aleppo and Constantinople is very slow and uncertain. By the overland route, with good connections between Alexandria and Trieste, the journey from Bombay to London can be accomplished in a slightly shorter time than by the usual route by sea to Marseilles and from there by rail and channel steamer.

The voyage to Basra.

The six days' voyage from Bombay to Basra on the *Vasna,* a little ship of about three thousand tons, gave us comfort without luxury. The food, to say the least, was uninteresting; a critical traveler might call it bad. The second day we stopped a few hours at Karachi, which, next to Bombay, is the most important port on the west coast of India. It is a big sprawling place of about two hundred thousand inhabitants—a modern city, which reminded us very much of the western boom towns in our own country. Its enthusiastic citizens apparently have made plans for a city of a million inhabitants. We anchored off shore at Bushire, the most important port of Persia, and at Muhamrah,

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a port at the mouth of the Tigris a few miles below Basra, but we could not go ashore at either place.

By air to Baghdad.

We were met on the dock at Basra by the officer in command of the British Flying Service of that district, who had arranged to transport us in military aeroplanes to Baghdad. We had been able to arrange for this diversion through the kind intervention of my wartime friend, Air Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker, the Chief of the Division of Commercial Aviation of the British Air Ministry. We had met Sir Sefton several times in India. He had made the journey from London to Karachi in his aeroplane piloted by the great pilot, Cobham, and was planning to return the same way. It was his ambition to make the round trip between England and India in the same machine without change of engine.*

Basra.

Basra is not an interesting city. It achieved great importance during the latter part of the war when it was the base of the British military operations in Mesopotamia and Persia. It is an important port, not only for Mesopotamia, but for Persia. It is the center of the most productive date producing area in the world. Someone told me that he had seen as many as thirteen steamers laden with dates in the port of Basra at one time. A few miles

* Sir Sefton Brancker successfully accomplished the homeward journey and reached London the very day I sailed for home.

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further up the Tigris is the terminus of the pipe line of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company.

The flight.

As there were no "sights" at Basra we decided to start at once upon our flight to Baghdad. We could have traveled by rail, but the journey would have taken twenty-four hours on a railroad three hundred miles long which had been built by the British during the war. It does not go through any of the important cities and villages and affords travelers little opportunity to see the country. We were therefore glad to avail ourselves of the opportunity of flying, not only to save time, but better to see the country. Three small bombing planes of the D. H. 9 type had been sent down for our journey, one for each of us and the third for our baggage. The one assigned to Harrison Williams promptly broke down. After we got started we accomplished the journey of three hundred miles in less than three hours. Never did travelers see the scene of so much history in so short a time. In the course of our flight we saw, or assumed we saw, the excavations at Ur of the Chaldees, the site of the Garden of Eden at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates, the Tomb of the Prophet Ezra, the ruins of Babylon, and the region from which Abraham led the Jews into the land of Canaan. For the entire distance our flight was over the valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates. There was no time when

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we were not near one of those rivers. The valley is a dull flat area of sand through which run the muddy rivers in their serpentine courses. There is no vegetation except occasional patches where cultivation is made possible by irrigation. Even the banks of the rivers are without verdure. To be honest I should add that the only place we satisfactorily identified in the drab landscape below us was Ur of the Chaldees, where our pilot dipped low in order to give us a better view of the famous ruins that had been laid bare by recent excavations. We felt about the view from the air on our flight between Basra and Baghdad very much as a young American we met expressed himself regarding his visit to the ruins of Babylon. He was glad to be able to tell the folks at home that he had seen them, but he would not go to any trouble to see them again. At the aerodrome in the outskirts of Baghdad we were met by our ubiquitous friend, and amiable aide-de-camp, who motored us to the British Residency on the banks of the Tigris. There we were most hospitably received by Sir Henry Dobbs, the Resident, and Lady Dobbs, who had been good enough to cable us in India to be their guests during our stay in Baghdad.

Our three days' visit in Baghdad was most interesting. We would have been glad to stay longer. It seemed almost wicked to be in such a hurry as

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not to have time to visit Kerbela and Nedjef, the sacred cities of the Shiahs and the excavations at Ur, Babylon, Nineveh and Kish.

Bahgdad. Architecturally, Baghdad is a disappointing city. It has been destroyed so many times that few old buildings are left. There is not in all Baghdad a single relic of the city of Haroun-al-Rashid. Most of the buildings are modern and few have architectural pretentions. The Mosque of Abd el Kader is one of the most interesting mosques of the Mohammedan world. We visited an interesting old Khan, a storehouse for merchandise, which had been built in the thirteenth century and which was six or seven feet below the narrow street, the level of which had been gradually raised by the gradual accumulations of dust and dirt through the centuries. Baghdad has no magnificent palaces and few fine houses. In this respect it is far behind the Mohammedan cities of Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia. The bazaars of Baghdad are extensive and interesting.

When the Turkish Army, commanded by Germans, occupied Baghdad during the war, it probably did not possess a single street wide enough for wheeled vehicles. On the pretense of military necessity, the German commander cut two wide streets through the city which cross one another at right angles, leaving on either side the crumbling remains

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of the buildings that had been partially torn down in the process. Modern buildings in the worst of taste are gradually being built on either side of these streets.

The people of Baghdad.

To the traveler the chief interest of Baghdad is its people. Being the center of caravan routes extending eastward into Persia and beyond and on the north into Turkey and Turkestan, and to the west and south into Syria and Arabia, its population is perhaps the most cosmopolitan and varied of any Asiatic city. Its bazaars swarm with Syrians, Turks from all parts of Turkey, Armenians, Arabians, Persians, Turkomans, Africans, Kurds, Jews, Afghans and Indians, to say nothing of the natives of the country who are of composite race. Because of its isolation, the population of Baghdad has been little affected by western civilization. Prior to the war the easiest way to reach Baghdad from Europe was by ocean steamer to Bombay, by coasting steamer from Bombay to Basra, and from there by river steamer—a journey that took the better part of a month. It took from a month to six weeks to travel by an ordinary caravan from Baghdad to Beirut, the nearest seaport on the Mediterranean. Baghdad will soon be connected by rail to neighboring countries and opened to the contagion of western civilization. Already there is the railroad to Basra built by the British Army during

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the war. There is another to the Persian border on which occasional trains run. In a few years the railroad projected by the Germans will doubtless reach Baghdad from the north. There is already a motor service across the Syrian Desert by which the impatient traveler can reach the Port of Beirut in less than thirty hours by traveling day and night. The old Baghdad is rapidly passing. It behooves those who want to see it in its pristine glory not to put off their visit much longer.

Baghdad types.

A traveler interested in the study of oriental human nature could spend many profitable hours in the coffee houses of Baghdad. I have never been in a city in the East or West where so large a part of the population seems to frequent the cafés and restaurants so much of the time. Our visit was much too short to enable us to form sharp impressions regarding the various types. On the whole, the average human being in Baghdad is distinctly superior in physique, dignity and general demeanor to the average human being of India. Of course the people of Baghdad are much lighter in color than the Indians. Most of them are almost white. The people that impressed us the most were the Kurds who unload the cargoes of the river steamers—tall strapping fellows with regular features and fine eyes that are fierce one minute and laughing the next, wonderful legs and arms and such chests as I

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have never seen on human beings. They have that graceful swinging walk one rarely sees except among Mohammedans who are kept erect by the proud arrogance of the fanatic and by walking upon their flat feet unhampered by shoes or sandals. The strength of these Kurds is unbelievable. With ease they carry enormous bales of merchandise on their backs. We were told that six hundred pounds is a regular load and that for a stunt an able-bodied Kurd can carry a grand piano or a load of twelve hundred pounds. It is no wonder that the Kurdish revolt is worrying the Turks.

The Shias.

We spent an interesting hour in the Kardemain, one of the four sacred cities of the Mohammedans of the Shiah sect. Mohammedans are broadly divided into two sects, the Shias and the Sunnis. Most of the Turks and Arabs belong to the Sunni sect, while most of the inhabitants of Irak belong to the Shiah sect. I will not attempt to explain the theological differences that divide the two sects, but the relations that exist between them are very much like the relations between the Catholics and the Protestants in many parts of Europe. The Shias are very fanatical and the sacred cities of Irak are hotbeds of disaffection and rebellion. One of King Feisal's many difficulties is that he is a Sunni trying to rule a nation of Shias. It is as though a

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Catholic were suddenly made King of Ulster, or a Protestant made King of the Irish Free State.

Miss Gertrude Bell.

We were privileged to spend an afternoon with Miss Gertrude Bell, who has lived in Syria and Mesopotamia for many years, speaks Arabic fluently and has a wide acquaintance among the natives. She was a co-worker with Colonel Lawrence during the war and now holds the position of Oriental Secretary upon the staff of the British Resident. She is deeply interested in archæology, especially in the excavations at Kish and Ur, where buildings are being revealed that antedate even those of Egypt. She looks upon the Babylon of Nebuchadnezzar as a vulgar modern upstart. She was starting next day for Ur, where she is to be the arbitrator to divide the results of the latest excavations between the Government of Irak and the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania who are doing the work.

King Feisal.

Miss Bell acted as our interpreter in our interview with King Feisal which had been arranged by the British Resident. He lives in a very humble palace on the banks of the Tigris surrounded by a badly kept garden. The Prime Minister, who commanded an army corps in the Turkish Army during the war, was present during the interview. Neither he nor the King spoke English. The King was dressed very simply in English outing clothes. He

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was rather darker in color than the average inhabitant of Irak, as one would expect in the case of the son of Hussein of Arabia, King of the Hedjaz. He wears a full beard and has an expressive face dominated by a winning smile and a pair of sad eyes. He distinctly reminds one of the face of Christ as conceived by the Italian artists of the fourteenth century. King Feisal spoke in terms of affection of Colonel House and General Tasker H. Bliss whom he had known at the Peace Conference in Paris. Our conversation was chiefly about petroleum. It happened that negotiations with an international group for a concession to work the oil fields of Mosul were nearing their close. He was very much disturbed lest he had been overreached and was making a bad bargain. He complained that he had not been able to secure an independent oil expert to advise him, having been told that such a thing as an independent oil expert did not exist in the British Empire. He said that he thought of oil all day and dreamed of oil all night, and had reached such a state of nerves that he wished oil had never existed. We tried to reassure him, but I am afraid that before we got through he suspected us of being secret emissaries of the oil magnates. Like a true oriental, he seems to be the prey of suspicion and never to be certain whom he can trust. He gave us the impression of being

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an honest and high-minded man who is trying very hard to do his duty under circumstances of great difficulty. He will have a new set of troubles when he faces his first legislative assembly which is soon to be elected by universal manhood suffrage.

The British Resident.

We were very happy with Sir Henry and Lady Dobbs at the Residency. They live in a modest but comfortable palace on the bank of the Tigris built since the war. Their life is wholly lacking in pomp and formality. Sir Henry impressed us as a very wise man with a profound knowledge of the Oriental character. He had spent his life in the Indian Civil Service, having closed a brilliant career by successfully negotiating the treaty between the Indian Government and Afghanistan that is now in force.

Politics in Irak.

The task of the British Resident at Baghdad is not an easy one. The British are in Irak under a mandate from the League of Nations. The country is supposed to be ruled by King Feisal and his cabinet, with the advice and assistance of the British Resident and a small staff of civil and military officers. These British officials act only through the native officials of whom they are the advisers. Sir Henry Dobbs is endeavoring with a degree of fidelity and conscientiousness that is almost pathetic faithfully to live up to his rôle of an adviser, and at times a very difficult and dis-

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couraging rôle it must be. It was clear to us that he has the respect and confidence of King Feisal, whose authority is wholly dependent on the support of the British. I predict that if the British should withdraw, King Feisal would be driven from his throne within a week. Then would follow the irrepressible conflict between the fierce and warlike tribes of the plains and the soft and peacefully inclined population of the cities and towns. No one seems to doubt that unless restrained by some strong outside force, the tribesmen would soon sack and plunder the cities.

The importance of British rule in Irak.

In spite of these dangers, the mandate, or rather the treaty which superseded the mandate, requires the British to withdraw from Irak in about four years, unless some new arrangement is negotiated in the meantime. There is among the politicians of Irak the usual demand for self-government regardless of consequences. On the other hand, the British Government is embarrassed by the insistent popular demand at home, stimulated by the Rothermere and Beaverbrook press, that the British mandates for Irak, Trans-Jordania and Palestine, and the expense to the English taxpayer which they involve, shall be ended as soon as possible. What the outcome will be, no one can foretell. It will be a sad day for Irak, especially for

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the people of the cities and towns, if the British withdraw. I cannot but believe that a way will be found for them to remain. It would be much better for all concerned if they could be relieved from the trammels of the mandate—that most cumbersome of the inventions of the Peace Conference—and rule Irak as they have ruled India.

The Irak Air Force.

The British are required to maintain a considerable number of British troops in Irak as a police force to maintain order. The rebellion of 1920 taught them a lesson that they could not wisely ignore. The troops chiefly belong to the Air Force and are divided among stations in various parts of the country. If trouble breaks out in a village or tribe, a squad of bombing machines can reach the scene of trouble in a few hours when it would take infantry or cavalry many days. They usually succeed in promptly restoring order. They occasionally have to bomb a recalcitrant village or the house of a rebellious chief. They are remarkably successful in confining their destruction to the particular buildings or areas that have been chosen as objects of discipline.

We spent one evening with Sir Henry Dobbs and the Commander and principal officers of the Air Force witnessing a series of boxing bouts before an audience of a thousand or more Tommies. The

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officers are a fine lot of men who take their jobs seriously, without, however, failing to take enough leisure to keep themselves fit. They have already established those never-failing harbingers of the advent of British rule, a club, a golf course, polo fields and a race track.

Persia.

We had had some thought of taking a three days' motor journey to Teheran, the capital of Persia, but were warned that we might find the roads blocked with snow. We therefore postponed our exploration of Persia until another visit.

By motor to Damascus.

There are two routes by motor across the Syrian Desert to Damascus, on each of which there is a service three times a week. The cars of the Nairn Transportation Company take the shortest route, which is a little over five hundred miles, and reach Damascus in less than thirty hours by traveling day and night without any stop except for repairs and sandwiches, there being no villages or other suitable stopping places on this route. The other route is operated by the Eastern Transport Company, is about fifty miles longer, but stopping places are provided at Quesbessa and Tadmor at which the passengers can spend two nights en route. We chose the latter route as we could not imagine ourselves happy traveling in motor cars over rough desert roads for almost thirty hours without a stop.

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Damascus, March 4, 1925

The Syrian Desert.

We left our friends at the Residency after an early lunch, and after an uneventful trip, much of the time within sight of the Euphrates, we reached the native town of Quesbessa, which is near the old city of Hit where are the pitch wells which furnished the pitch with which Noah pitched within and without his ark. Quesbessa is a city with a population of about seven or eight thousand which does not seem to include a single European. We spent the night very comfortably in a new serai, which, although primitive, was clean and comfortable. As we were approaching Syria in which the French influence has been predominant for centuries, our dinner was cooked by a cook who had learned his art in France—an Indian from Pondicherry the French settlement in India. He had made the most of poor materials and we thought that the dinner he gave us was the best that we had had since our farewell dinner at Isnard's restaurant in Marseilles. The next morning we were off at daybreak in our two Dodge cars, one of which carried our luggage, for our journey of three hundred miles across a trackless desert. There was no road. Fortunately the desert most of the way was hard and fairly smooth. Where there was nothing else to indicate the route, it was marked by small piles of stones. Usually the tracks left by the

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motor cars on earlier journeys were visible. For considerable distances our path was rocky and rough, especially when crossing the wadys, which are wide ravines through which rivers and streams run in the rainy season. There was no vegetation except occasional areas of very thin, almost invisible, grass, which supports immense herds of gazelles which, upon our approach, disappeared with incredible celerity. We did not pass a single permanent human habitation. The only water in the entire distance is a single well which gave a meager brackish supply. We occasionally passed caravans of camels carrying merchandise to and from Baghdad, and we saw several encampments of Bedouins whose herds of camels and goats eked out a scanty living. How they get water we could not make out. They must have to carry it great distances in their leather water bags. We occasionally chatted with passing Bedouins, fierce ragged fellows with white teeth who looked as though they would cut your throat and laugh while doing it.*

* When we reached Jerusalem we heard that a convoy of passengers which followed us a day later had been shot up by Bedouins who killed one passenger, a lady, and wounded several others. The fact that they first shot the tires of the cars and the gasoline tanks would indicate that they intended simply to disable the cars and either rob the passengers or hold them for ransom. When they found that they had aimed badly and shot some of the passengers, they ran away. We heard a rumor that they were pursued by the air force from Baghdad and apprehended. I tell Harrison Williams that I am sure that

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They usually asked us for cigarettes, which we gave them until our scanty supply was exhausted.

Palmyra. Late in the afternoon, after the hardest day's motor travel we either of us had ever experienced, we reached the little Arab village of Tadmor which has grown up around the ruins of Palmyra. We were fortunate in being able to view the ruins in the afternoon light. Palmyra was the capital of Zenobia the queen of mixed Greek and Arab blood whose kingdom extended from the Jordan to Persia. She must have been very much of a Roman in her tastes, for Palmyra is just such a city as the Romans would have built. The only reason that so much of it is still standing is that the Arabs built no city in the neighborhood where they could conveniently utilize the marbles of Palmyra. It must have been a wonderfully beautiful city with its temples, theaters and colonnaded streets. The natives hold it in little reverence. They have built their hovels against its walls and even within the sacred precincts of the Temple of the Sun. As the ruins of Palmyra are on the desert at the foot of barren mountains, it was hard to understand how such a country could ever have supported a great and prosperous city. The explanation came the

they had intended to attack our convoy and capture him and hold him for a princely ransom, probably releasing me to conduct the negotiations in New York for his release.

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next day when we passed the remains of the aqueduct by which water was carried from Palestine to the Palmyra of Zenobia.

After an excellent dinner cooked by a Syrian cook who had been trained by a French chef, we spent a most uncomfortable night in one of the dirtiest human habitations that has ever been polluted by the ingenuity of man and beast. It adjoined, indeed must have been an extension of, the stables of the Sheik of the village. As we resumed our journey early the next morning, the view of the pillared ruins of Palmyra under the morning sun soon dispelled the memory of the discomforts of the night.

Damascus.

After six hours of travel across more desert and over barren mountains, we finally came to Syrian villages and a good road and we soon reached the orchards and gardens by which Damascus is embowered. The almond trees were in bloom and all of the trees were in bud. Streams of limpid water gurgled in the irrigating canals by the roadside. Verdant grass grew upon their banks. We could easily understand how the worn travelers from the desert caravans feel they are in paradise when they enter the valley of Damascus.

Ba'albek.

Now that we have reached the regular haunts of tourists, this record of our wanderings should be brought to a close. We spent a day in Damas-

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cus, which is said to be the oldest inhabited city in the world. Before the war it was in point of population the second city of the Turkish Empire. We spent another day in visiting by motor the interesting Roman ruins of Ba'albek. On the way we again met on the road for the last time Sir Sefton Brancker whom we had so often run across in India. An hour later while we were examining the ruins at Ba'albek we heard the buzzing of an airplane just above us. We looked up and there was Sir Sefton with his pilot Cobham waving us a last farewell.

Palestine.

We then devoted two days to motoring by the conventional route from Damascus to Jerusalem via Tiberius on the Sea of Galilee and Nazareth. We shall always remember Tiberius, both because of the beauty of its location and its associations with the life of Christ and because its hotel was the best we had found since we had sailed from Marseilles. We spent three days in Jerusalem seeing the sights with the generous aid of my friend, Sir Ronald Storrs, the Governor. A railroad ride of a day and a night took us to Alexandria just in time to catch the *Mauretania* which two days later landed us in Naples.

Observations on the mandated regions.

I venture to add a few observations regarding the mandated regions of Irak, Palestine, Trans-Jordania and Syria, which are certainly the most de-

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formed and anæmic of the ill-gotten political offspring of the Peace Conference. They comprise the portions of prewar Turkey in which the Arab population predominates. Under the bargain that the Allies made with the Arab leaders when they were persuaded to fight against Germany and Turkey on the side of the Allies, all this territory was to be detached from the Turkish Empire and turned over to the Arabs to be governed by their own rulers under mandates. Instead of setting up one government over the entire territory, the special commitments and ambitions of Great Britain and France made it necessary to divide the territory among four different governments. The French insisted upon being given the mandate over Syria with its three million inhabitants, where they claimed traditional rights and responsibilities. The British had to take the mandate over Palestine with its seven hundred thousand people because of their promise to make it available as a national home for the Jews. The British wanted and took the mandate over Mesopotamia (Irak) with its three million people. There was still left the little region west of Palestine which was separated from Irak by a desert and could not be incorporated under the Palestine Mandate because it had not been pledged as a part of the national home for the Jews. It therefore was erected into a separate state with a

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population of three hundred and fifty thousand under the euphonious name of Trans-Jordania. The Allies had promised Emir Hussein of Mecca that in case of their victory he and his two sons would become Kings. They first made the elder son, Feisal, King of Damascus, but the French soon deposed him and extended their Syrian mandate to include his territory. The British then installed him as King of Irak with his capital at Baghdad. They made his brother, Abdullah, King of Trans-Jordania, and old Hussein became King of the Hedjaz with Mecca as his capital.

If the territory embraced within these four mandates had been consolidated under a single government it might have been a sufficiently large and strong political and economic unit to become self-supporting. That is not true of any of the existing units. Each is too small for successful economic and political existence. Each is a heavy drain upon the mandatory nation in charge. The French rule Syria without much more than formal regard for the requirements of the mandate. The Syrians hate their French rulers and long for independence or even the restoration of Turkish rule. That was the view expressed by every Syrian with whom I talked. King Feisal is a misfit in Irak. Trans-Jordania is a helpless and hopeless waif in the orphan asylum of nations. Only the Zionists are

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satisfied with the present regime in Palestine. Hussein, King of the Hedjaz, has been driven out of Mecca by his hated rival the Sheik of the Wahabis and will probably soon be a refugee at the court of one of his sons. Surely the League of Nations, as the residuary legatee of the Peace Conference, has plenty of work cut out for it in the Near East.

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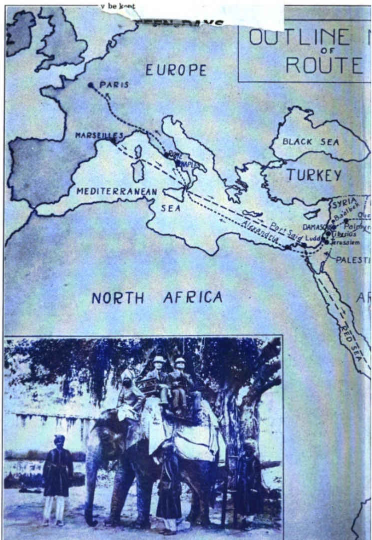

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LETTERS HOME FROM INDIA AND IRAK 1925

For Mr. Welling

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