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He knows and cares little what social or political upheavals are going on in the land which supports him. He lives in a groove, and his thoughts never stray far from his own immediate interests and personality.

Thus grows up that uninteresting self-satisfied type of individual; healthy, friendly, cheery to a point; but with no imagination and precious little soul; part animal, part mineral and part vegetable.

And the greatest of these is vegetable.





## CHAPTER IX

Indian Native States—Abuses and Misconceptions—Dancing-Girls—The Passing of *Purdah*—The Emancipation of Women

WHAT are commonly known as the Indian "Native States" number about seven hundred in all. With certain exceptions, which are unimportant, these States are under the authority of the Central Government of India, to whom they are subject in varying degrees. Generally and practically speaking, however, these States are governed by their princes, ministers and councils. True, the Supreme Government has a Political Officer, either a Resident or an Agent, but he acts as an adviser to the Ruler, and keeps the Government of India informed of the general trend of affairs within the State.

It is only when some scandal rocks the throne of the ruler of an Indian Native State that you hear much of these vast territories over which the local Prince wields autocratic powers. These Feudatory States are outside the scope of the Reforms Scheme—which in itself forms one of the chief objections to the continuation of Dyarchy on present or extended lines.

The notorious "Mr A" case brought the Indian Native States into unpleasant prominence with the public a year or so ago, and this was followed by a crop of rumours regarding corruption and disaffection in several other States. The evil was so widespread and obvious that something really drastic had to be done; the very life-blood of the miserable taxpayers of these Feudatory States was being drained away, and for no better purpose than to provide callous and dissolute rulers with needless and senseless luxuries. It so chanced that it was not long before an opportunity presented itself for the Government of India to curb the preten-





sions, and practical outlawry, of some of the more careless of these princes, whose heads and money-bags had swollen to ridiculous proportions.

The State of Indore came strongly into the limelight by reason of a particularly daring crime by men who were afterwards proved quite clearly to have been emissaries of that State. A dancing-girl, called Mumtaz Begum, grew tired of life at the palace of the Maharajah of Indore and fled the State. She went to Bombay and became associated with an Indian merchant by the name of Mr Bawla. The girl lived under his protection, and the pair were often seen driving about the city in the man's motor-car. One evening the car was proceeding up Malabar Hill, the most fashionable part of Bombay, when the driver was held up by a band of men who proceeded to wrest Mumtaz Begum from the care of her protector and transfer her to their own car.

Bawla not unnaturally protested, and put up a fight in an endeavour to retain his prize. The ruffians promptly murdered the unfortunate man, and as the girl herself resisted strenuously one of the men slashed her across the face with a knife, determined to disfigure Mumtaz Begum's beauty if she would not accompany them. Just then a party of British officers came to the rescue; they were returning to Bombay from the golf-links and had been attracted by the girl's screams. Using their golf-clubs as weapons they attacked the murderers and managed to drive them off, eventually capturing two of the men when more help arrived, and the girl and the prisoners were taken into the city. Some of the rescuers were themselves pretty severely damaged in the *mêlée*, and the affair caused a great sensation when it became known that the assassins were men from Indore, several of them being in the personal service of the Maharajah himself.

The Government of Bombay took up the matter promptly; the whole case was carefully sifted, and a report sent to the Central Government. On this the





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Viceroy, Lord Reading, intervened and asked the Maharajah of Indore to submit to a full inquiry. This he stubbornly refused to do, pleading privilege and denying all knowledge of the affair at Bombay. The Government of India then sent him an ultimatum, offering the choice of a full inquiry or voluntary abdication of the throne of Indore. The Maharajah chose to abdicate and retired to Switzerland, and the actual murderers ultimately paid the extreme penalty for a deed planned by others.

A new Maharajah ascended the throne of Indore, and is now exercising power under the direct supervision of experienced European officials, who have been selected by the Government of India for this special work.

It is only in extreme cases such as this one that the Viceroy interferes, and it should be understood that not all viceroys have been as prompt and courageous as Lord Reading. Had this murder occurred in the State of Indore it would have occasioned little, if any, comment in India, and the people of England would have heard nothing at all about it. Most assuredly the Maharajah would never have been called to account. Even as it was, and happening in the capital of the Bombay Presidency, all possible obstacles were placed in the way of justice being done. The hanging of the actual murderers, and the forcing of the hand of the Maharajah, was only carried through by reason of the fact that the Viceroy himself refused to lend an ear to the importunings of many Indian princes, and other interested persons, taking no notice of the wire-pulling which went on day and night.

Indian rulers are practically all-powerful in their own territory. It is only when questions of political importance crop up in Feudatory States that it is usual for the Government of India to interfere in their internal affairs.

Europeans are few and far between in these Native States, and though in many instances their services are sought after, to fill important positions in the various





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State departments, British officers are very chary of accepting service under these Indian autocrats; service such as this can be made very unpleasant for Europeans, and their lives become a burden, if for some reason or other they incur the displeasure of the ruler of the State.

The life and person of a dancing-girl is of no more account to an unprincipled Indian ruler than is the life and person of a fly. If he wants the girl he takes her, by fair means or foul; his will is law, his every wish must be gratified. And the hangers-on at these Eastern courts are almost as privileged, for bribery and corruption are rife. Who pays for it all? The wretched subjects who owe and render implicit obedience to their Prince. These unfortunate subjects are mostly people of the soil—*ryots* as they are termed in the vernacular—and can hardly keep body and soul together, so burdened are they by heavy taxation. To pay these taxes, which they can so ill afford, these miserable creatures are kept in a state of abject poverty, while their rulers live in the greatest Oriental splendour in India, and in the most up-to-date European way when visiting London and Paris. Suites of rooms at West End hotels; fleets of luxurious cars; stables of well-bred, costly polo-ponies; boxes at the opera; special trains; millionaires' suites on ocean liners; valuable jewels for bestowal on the latest favourite; all these things, and much more, are purchased at the cost of the very life-blood of the unfortunate subjects of these often profligate and dissolute rulers.

What of the useless lives led by these Eastern potentates? How few of them realize the responsibilities of the great positions they hold! There are honourable exceptions; such men are well known and well spoken of throughout the land. It is of those others I write.

It is a fact that, although the cinema censorship is strict in British India, there is none at all in the Indian Native States, and this omission gives the opportunity





to some licentious rulers to indulge their depraved tastes in pictures of a wholly disgusting nature. These films, purchased on the Continent of Europe and smuggled into India, cannot be seen at all in England, and in Paris only by frequenting houses of ill-fame. The idea of white women posing, even in photographs, before coloured men is extremely repugnant to all right-thinking people of whatever nationality. It is particularly objectionable in India, where the white race rules more by example than by anything else. Yet in these Native States such films are frequently exhibited before a certain type of Indian, who can afford to pay heavily for the gratification of a lust which is satisfied with nothing less than the very worst the Continent of Europe can screen in the way of wanton obscenity.

Hence the low state into which British prestige has fallen in many parts of India and the East in these latter days. It is high time that a stricter watch was kept over the importation of such undesirable films, which, after use in Native States, are quite likely to be sent by devious subtle channels into British India itself.

Dancing-girls, such as Mumtaz Begum, usually drift away from their princely protectors in time. They then go to Bombay or Calcutta, as the two most thickly populated cities, and join the household of some wealthy Indian. For a time this endures, but the next step takes them to one or other of the numerous Indian brothels, where their bodies and fading charms are at the disposal of all and sundry who care to squander the price of a passing hour's shame on them. There is little doubt that in the past many thousands of common women have had their origin in the Indian Native States.

The economy "axe" has been wielded to some purpose in the State of Indore; already many reforms have taken place. Jobbery has been suppressed with a firm hand, and men who know their business have taken the place of ornamental officials who in the past





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received a maximum salary for the minimum amount of work and no sort of efficiency. Among the economies effected must be counted the dismissal of the many beautiful and seductive dancing-girls who were attached to the palace of the deposed Maharajah. It was high time, for they cost the State officially £4000 a year, though how much additional money was squandered on them annually will perhaps never be known. At all events, these girls will have enough money to live on for the rest of their lives, if they are content so to spend their time—which is highly problematical.

About the time when Indore was all at sixes and sevens, the State of Khairpur, in Upper Sind, to the extreme west of India, gave trouble. It is quite a small State—being only some 6000 square miles in area and with a population of only 250,000 souls in all—and its people were having to pay, and pay dearly, for the extravagance of their ruler, Mir Ali Nawaz Khan. He had brought the State to the verge of bankruptcy by appropriating the whole of the revenues for his personal use, completely depleting the treasury in the process.

The Mir had a passion for horse-racing, and gambled very heavily on the Turf. Like many a lesser light he was unlucky, and there came a time when even the whole of the State revenues were insufficient to keep the merry game going. Complaints of hardship and excessive, even bi-annual, taxation came to the ears of the Government of Bombay, who stepped in and deprived the Mir of Khairpur of his State powers. No longer are these unfortunate *ryots* and traders being bled to provide an afternoon's sport for a parasite who battered on their misery and squandered their hard-earned money.

The Government of India had shortly afterwards to turn their attention to the Naizam of Hyderabad—a much more difficult and delicate proposition. The rulers of the great State of Hyderabad have for generations past been consistently friendly and loyal to the





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British Crown, as far back as the days of old John Company and right through the Indian Mutiny. Indeed it is not too much to say that if at the time of the Mutiny the then Naizam of Hyderabad had turned against the Crown, in that great struggle, India would have been lost to the rebels.

Hyderabad is the most important and the largest of the Indian Feudatory States. Its area is 82,698 square miles—greater than the combined areas of England and Scotland—and its population is nearly 13,000,000 souls.

Hyderabad city is the fourth largest in India, and contains more millionaires than any other city in the world.

Close to the city are the remains of those diamond mines from whence, according to Hindu mythology, originally came the famous Koh-i-noor diamond. It was surrendered to the British on the occasion of the annexation of the Punjab, in 1849, and this beautiful stone now forms part of the Crown jewels.

The ruler of Hyderabad is the richest of all Indian ruling princes. He is entitled to a salute of twenty-one guns, and his names and titles are as follows:—Lieutenant-General His Exalted Highness Nizam-ul-Mulk, Naizam-ud-Daula, Nawab Mir Sir Usman Ali Khan Bahadur, G.C.S.I., G.C.B., Naizam of Hyderabad and Faithful Ally of the British Government.

Unfortunately Hyderabad, for all its ruler's high-sounding titles, has for years been known as the worst-managed State in the whole country. Ignorance, indifference and intolerance have reigned supreme, while British prestige has steadily waned, despite the presence of a strong British Resident. Europeans have been leaving the State gradually but surely, and whereas before the war all the principal administrative posts were held by Europeans, now Indians have replaced them, to the almost entire dislocation of all public services. The people became more and more like slaves, while corruption and jobbery took the place of justice,





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and in the last year of Lord Reading's term of office matters had reached such a lamentable state that the Government of India could no longer keep silence.

Accordingly, acting on suggestions emanating from the British Resident in Hyderabad, Government tendered friendly advice to the Naizam regarding the improvement of some aspects of the administration of the State—particularly in respect to the Police and Revenue departments. The intention was to assist the Naizam to bring his administration into line with modern methods, if necessary with the help of men who had Western experience to guide them in their efforts. One point Government laid particular stress on was the necessity for restricting the system of receiving *nazars* (presents made by an inferior on his presentation to a superior) and other "gifts," lest the practice should deteriorate into a regular taxation.

The present Naizam is a proud and self-opinionated man. He resented what he was pleased to consider undue interference in the internal affairs of his State, and disputed the right of the Viceroy to demand any reconstruction of his State affairs. He went further. He demanded the reopening of a question which had been settled in the time of Lord Curzon and the previous Naizam. This question concerned Berar, a district extending some 18,000 square miles, larger than Switzerland or Denmark, and containing a population of 3,500,000 souls. This State was once part of Hyderabad, but for long past has been assigned to the British Government, or held in trust by them, to meet certain obligations of the Naizam's Government.

In 1902 the then Naizam agreed to cede Berar permanently to the British, in consideration of certain payments made by the Government of India. Now the present Naizam asked for this arrangement to be varied, if not revoked altogether. It was a clever counter-move on his part to endeavour to side-track the reforms advocated by the Government of India. In fact he





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challenged the whole right of British interference in the internal affairs of his State.

It was not easy or agreeable to quarrel with the Naizam. He had rendered great service to the Empire during the war. He gave £400,000 to defray the entire expenses of the 1st Hyderabad Imperial Service Lancers and the Deccan Horse. He contributed over £100,000 to the anti-submarine campaign and over £80,000 for war sufferers, which included a donation of over £6000 to the Lady Hardinge Medical College for Women at Delhi. And comparatively recently the Naizam royally entertained the Prince of Wales when he was in India, going so far as to relay the whole of the local *maidan* with turf in order that his royal visitor should have the best possible ground on which to play polo.

The Naizam's wealth is, of course, enormous; no one knows just how much he is worth, for his ancestors accumulated wealth for many generations. He is the principal Mohammedan prince in India, and the ex-Sultan of Turkey is indebted to him for an annual pension of £4000, and in addition to all this the Naizam restored the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem, at a cost of over £7000.

Whether, having proved himself indisputably the faithful ally of the British during the war, the Naizam expected preferential treatment in consequence, over and beyond that accorded to the rulers of other Indian Native States or not, the fact remains that he thought himself on sure ground in disputing the British Government's right to interfere in the internal affairs of Hyderabad.

It thereupon devolved on Lord Reading to put him right on the matter. A quotation from the Viceroy's reply to the Naizam's demand explains most clearly and for all time the position of the British Crown in regard to the Indian Native States:

"The sovereignty of the British Crown is supreme in India. . . . It is the right and duty of the British





Government, while scrupulously respecting all treaties and engagements with the Indian States, to preserve peace and good order throughout India. . . . No succession to the Masnad of Hyderabad is valid unless it is recognized by His Majesty the King-Emperor: the British Government are the only arbiters in cases of disputed succession.

"The right of the British Government to intervene in the internal affairs of the Indian States is another instance of the consequences necessarily involved in the supremacy of the British Crown. The British Government have indeed shown again and again that they have no desire to exercise the right without grave reason. But the internal, no less than the external, security which the ruling princes enjoy is due ultimately to the protecting power of the British Government, and where Imperial interests are concerned, or the general welfare of the people of a State is seriously and grievously affected by the action of its Government, it is with the Paramount Power that the ultimate responsibility for taking remedial action, if necessary, must be.

"The varying degrees of internal sovereignty which the rulers enjoy are all subject to the due exercise by the Paramount Power of this responsibility.

"Other illustrations could be added, no less inconsistent than the foregoing with the suggestion that, except in matters relating to foreign Powers and policies, the Government of your Exalted Highness and the British Government stand on a plane of equality. But I do not think that I need pursue the subject further. I will merely add that the title 'Faithful Ally' had not the effect of putting your Government in a category separate from that of other States under the paramountcy of the British Crown."

This plain speaking on the part of Lord Reading quickly bore fruit, for the Naizam saw the falseness of his position and drew back before it was too late. Since then experienced European officers have been appointed





to some of the more important State posts, such as the Director-General of Police and the Inspector-General of Forests. The Finance Department has been overhauled and the whole system of internal government drastically revised. In fact, the Naizam agreed to carry out all the reforms enumerated by the Government of India. A weak Viceroy might have hesitated to have spoken thus plainly to India's paramount prince, but Lord Reading's utterance—framed with deadly logic and devoid of ambiguity—appealed to the Oriental mind. Indians cannot understand and have no respect for vacillation on the part of a European, although amongst themselves they practise the thing unceasingly. Lord Reading was respected by the Indians because he showed, kindly but clearly, that it was the intention of the British Government to rule as well as to occupy India.

The system of *purdah*, which prevails practically throughout India, is not as old as many people think. Surprise is often expressed at a custom which decrees that the women of an Indian's household should have their faces covered in the sight of all men, with the exception of their own husbands. Thus from very tender years girls are closely guarded, and on the rare occasions when they go out it is always in a closed carriage or car, and when they attend the theatre or cinema they are carefully shepherded in secrecy to a box, which is covered with a veil of black mosquito-netting, so that the audience may not be able to distinguish the features of the occupants.

*Purdah* came in those far-off days when the rich and warlike Nabobs of the north swept down and placed in thralldom the peoples of the Indian plains. Then the conquerors took whatever they fancied, and, manlike, they fancied youth and beauty, so that *purdah* was instituted in order that all women should look alike to the passer-by.

After the British conquest of India the system was





retained, and to this day every young Indian bridegroom has to take a chance as to the type of features which lie concealed behind the black veil that hides from him the face of his bride. Not until the knot is well and securely tied, and the bride at length reaches the house of the bridegroom, does he discover what fortune the matrimonial lucky-bag has in store for him. Then, be it for better or for worse, he can easily show a brave face to the boon companions of his recent bachelorhood, for none can say him nay if he protests that his lady's eyes are like the stars and that her face is like unto the full moon. For he alone knows.

Signs are not wanting that this system of *purdah* is, however, slowly but surely, breaking down, and for this state of things the political emancipation of women is chiefly responsible. It is of course only amongst the educated classes that this defiance of old conventions is at all noticeable, and it will be generations before the women of India as a whole are free in the same way that freedom is understood by the Englishwoman. But matters have already advanced to a much greater extent than would have been considered possible a few years ago. I rather think that another factor besides politics is influencing the most up-to-date of the Indian high-class families.

It is the question of mixing more and more with Europeans. As matters stand at present you may meet and talk with an Indian at various social functions. If a married man you quite likely have your wife with you. The Indian will almost certainly expect to be presented to your lady. This may, or may not, take place, but in any event there can be no return of the compliment, for there is no Indian lady for you to meet. She will be at home and *purdah*.

If ever there is to be a genuine attempt at fraternizing between European and Indian families it can never come about as long as this difference in customs prevails. True, your wife may visit the wife of your Indian friend,





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and the visit may be returned—but never in your presence. The European naturally argues that if he allows the Indian to look upon the face of his lady the least his Aryan brother might do is to allow him to look on the face of the friend of his wife and the wife of his friend. I may have put this matter in rather a flippant way, but nevertheless I honestly believe this distinction to be a stumbling-block in the improved relations which are desired between the better-class Europeans and Indians who dwell almost side by side in a country which, in many cases, is equally dear to both.

Still, I will allow that politics are at present the greatest factor in the gradual breaking down of the *purdah* system, and it is noteworthy that at the last elections a woman, Dr Parbati, was elected to the Punjab Legislative Council. She has the distinction of being India's first woman legislator.

For authority the Indian women's emancipation movement goes back to the days of ancient Indian civilization, when women had equal legal rights with men. Indeed they were sometimes political leaders, and stood by their men in times of national crisis. There is historic record of the bravery of the women of Rajputana, who on more than one occasion died in battle rather than fall into the hands of their foes. There have been great and wise Indian women rulers, and the mother of the present Maharajah of Mysore is a highly cultured and popular princess who, as Regent, administered her son's State for many years.

More or less the whole of India now has votes for women. Amendments to the electoral laws, which took place before the last elections, allowed the Provincial Legislative Councils to pass resolutions that women not disqualified could be elected as members.

The franchise movement first gained ground in some of the Indian Native States, and afterwards spread to the provinces of British India itself. Travancore, governed by an Indian princess, was the first place to





introduce the franchise for women. Other States followed suit, and even went further, by removing political sex-disqualification. In Mysore, where the influence of the popular Regent prevailed, the Maharajah granted the vote to women, with the full support of the Privy Council, in 1923. Madras and Bombay were amongst the pioneer provinces which followed that example, and Bengal finally followed suit, though at a much later date. This appears somewhat strange, as Bengal had always been in the forefront as regards the cause of women's education.

Women enfranchised under the property qualifications—which are the basis of the concession—do not number much over 1,000,000. But this proportion as against male voters is greater than appears on the surface, for it must be borne in mind that only 3,000,000 Indian women are literate, as compared with 20,000,000 Indian men.

This beginning thus constitutes as great a development as would be at all acceptable to large numbers of Indians of both sexes who are of the older generation and deeply rooted in many traditions which are threatened by these modern innovations. The vast majority of Indians view any scheme which will hasten the emancipation of women with the greatest possible disfavour, but against this many of the younger generation are absorbing the idea of a new freedom.

The professional Indian women are doing a great deal to help break down these prejudices in much the same way that happened in England. So greatly are medical women needed in India, where both maternal and infant mortality are extremely high, that the parents of high-class Indian girls are becoming reconciled to the idea of their daughters adopting this profession. A very important step in this connexion was the establishment of Lady Reading's College, which obviates the necessity of girls coming to England purposely to study medicine.





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In the political world there is really very little that women can do through the Provincial Councils in India, even if more of them succeed in becoming members. They can agitate against the exploitation of women and children in some industries, but social work, child-welfare and similar movements were in progress long before the vote was granted.

The need for educating their girls is impressing itself on many Hindu and Moslem families. Some Moslem girls no longer keep *purdah* when they grow up, while some attend school with Hindu girls, and the more strict are taken to school in covered-in carriages and motor-cars. Increasing numbers of Indian girls are being sent to school in England for their higher education, and this development has had the happy result of raising the marriage age—a most desirable state of affairs. A fund was started by a generous Bengali lady, who contributed £10,000, to found what is known as the Indian Women's Educational Association. Other subscriptions are all the time forthcoming ; so that from this fund is found the money to send, each year, a girl to an English college—such a one who could not otherwise afford the expense involved.

Things are moving in the East no less than the West, and, as usual, woman is having her say in the shaping of things.





## CHAPTER X

Seditious Propaganda—The "Red" Menace to India—Riots and the Police—Indianization of the Services—Educational Problems—Churches and Foreign Missions

IT so happens that as I begin this chapter the menace of the Soviet to the United Kingdom, and especially the Empire overseas, is very much to the fore. A few weeks ago the Foreign Office Note to the Union of Soviet Republics was replied to in such a manner as to suggest a complete break, before long, in the diplomatic relations between the two countries concerned. And only recently I read the report of a speech by the Earl of Birkenhead in which he dedicated the remainder of his active political life to a fight against, and a ceaseless exposure of, "Red" propaganda within the British Empire. All Europeans who live and work in the East will wish the Secretary of State for India a long and active span in which to carry out his self-imposed task.

Public opinion at home is evidently becoming wide awake to the "Red" danger, and Mr Baldwin's Government finds itself stirred into action all of a sudden. On the surface it seems strange that this stirring up was necessary, seeing that the last Election was won very largely on an anti-Red ticket.

There was little sign that the threats of the Soviet were being taken seriously when I was in England during 1925-1926. Then warnings were falling on deaf ears, sedition was being preached quite openly in Hyde Park and elsewhere almost daily, and a regular outcry was raised in certain quarters when a few of the more daring spirits in the Communist Party were clapped into jail and served short terms of imprisonment. Their release was made the occasion of a large gathering in Hyde Park, when half the scallywags in London came





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together for the purpose of welcoming back these "martyrs" to further activities on behalf of the cause.

"It amuses a certain type of Englishman to play with fire; public opinion is always sufficiently strong and sane to estimate the words of such a man at their true value. The Motherland is quite capable of looking after herself—'Red' menace or no 'Red' menace."

So say the saner of the apostles of free-speech-at-any-price.

Maybe; but the activities of the Union of Soviet Republics cannot so lightly be dismissed when it comes to a question of direct interference with the populations of British possessions overseas. And the very last place where such interference can be tolerated is India and other of the Empire's Oriental possessions.

There are few students of world-politics who will be found honestly to declare a belief that the Soviet had not a great part in the stirring up of hatred against the British in China.

As regards India there are many and incontrovertible proofs that much of the unrest and sedition which has caused so great a loss of Indian life and Indian money, as well as continuous anxiety to the Government of India, is directly due to the secret working of emissaries of the Soviet. These agents of Communism have undoubtedly been financed by moneys sweated from the poor of Russia, that the men who hold them in bondage may spread their own pernicious doctrines, to the detriment of the peoples of another Empire. Not content with fouling their own nest these birds of prey are broadcasting filth throughout the world.

It may here be useful to give in brief the history of a young Indian, by name Abdul Hamid, who in 1915 was twenty-three years of age, and a student at Lahore Medical College. He and fifteen other students, finding the study of medicine not sufficiently exciting, ran away from college, and for the time being were lost to sight. They were next heard of when prominently associated





with some fanatical mullahs, who influenced these young men to proceed to Afghanistan and join the revolutionary "Army of God," which had been established there by a religious fanatic named Maulvi Obeidulla. At this time there was considerable unrest among the Mohammedans of India owing to the fact that the British Empire was at war with Turkey. This wonderful scheme had its being in Afghanistan, and owed its inception to a number of disaffected Indians resident in Kabul early in the war. Their avowed intention was nothing less than the ambitious one of emancipating India from British rule until such time as a permanent All-India Constitution was adopted.

In 1920 another *Hijrat* movement took place from India to Afghanistan as a result of the Afghan war, the Amir of Afghanistan having published proclamations at that time to the effect that the gates of Afghanistan were wide open for Indian Moslem emigrants.

A party of these emigrants, which included Abdul Hamid, left Kabul and made their way to the Bolsheviks' propaganda school at Tashkent. Here the Soviet had established an institution where renegade Indians were given military instruction at infantry and aviation classes. On completion of the course at Tashkent, Abdul Hamid was given the title of Lieutenant-Colonel in this revolutionary army and sent to Russia, together with a number of other Indians, where they all became students at the Moscow University for Workers of the East. There classes were especially arranged for the teaching of the principles of Communism, and the organization and development of Labour unions, with the object of defeating capitalism and securing the overthrow of capitalistic governments. There were several Indian ex-medical fellow-students at this Bolshevik University.

In 1922 a batch of Indian students from Moscow were dispatched as Bolshevik agents to India. They travelled via the Pamirs and Chitral, and Abul Hamid was one of





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them. After suffering great hardships on their journey, particularly over the Pamirs, one party was intercepted and arrested at Chitral. Its members subsequently were all tried and convicted. The other party, which included Abdul Hamid, was arrested by the Afghan Government on crossing the Afghan frontier. Abdul Hamid, who was well known to his captors, was released, and made his way back to Moscow, where he completed a second propaganda course at the Bolshevik University. Later he made another journey to India, and was finally arrested at Karachi in possession of a false passport, which had been obtained for him by M. N. Roy, the *alias* under which Narendra Nath Battacharji, the leader of the Indian group in Moscow, is now known.

Abdul Hamid was put on his trial at Peshawar, convicted, and sentenced to one year's rigorous imprisonment for conspiracy to overthrow the Government of India.

This particular venture of the Soviet to introduce trained seditionist Indians into the country was not successful. But there have been many others, and in numerous cases these emissaries of revolution have been abroad in the land for a long time before finally being run to earth. They have done a lot of damage, and although the Soviet has complained that events have not justified the money expended, that is merely because a complete overthrow of the British rule in India was expected as a result of propaganda. The story of Abdul Hamid shows only some of the methods employed by the Soviet to stir up trouble in the East. Another way is through the buffer country of Afghanistan.

It is not sufficiently widely known that three small Soviet republics have been established on the Russian side of the River Oxus. Two of them, Turkmenistan and Usbegstan, are peopled by Tartar stock; while the third, Tajikstan, is inhabited by people of Persian descent. These small republics constantly preach the principles of self-determination and racial consolidation to those





others of their race who live just across the River Oxus and who are Afghan subjects. It has all along been the object of the Soviet to unite these peoples under the Bolshevik flag. If this movement is ever successful it will mean war in Afghanistan, of which the Indian Government would be forced to take notice, for should the Soviet win the campaign India would be menaced by a victorious and aggressive Bolshevik community on the frontier, with regular Soviet troops reinforcing the present army of the three small republics, and with Soviet aeroplanes within easy bombing distance of Peshawar.

The Soviet first got their footing in Afghanistan by means of peaceful penetration. Russian engineers constructed roads which were badly needed. They also laid down telephone cable, and introduced Russian motor-cars, while Russian banks supplied money and gave ample overdrafts to those merchants who showed enterprise in ordering goods of Russian manufacture. All these things were most useful—even necessary—to a modernized Kabul. Here, unfortunately, was nothing tangible to which the Government of India could take exception officially, though all the while it was only too apparent that with this peaceful penetration went Soviet political propaganda, none the less powerful because it was so insidious.

This is the modern frontier problem which the Indian Government is confronted with day by day. The old frontier problem of a civilized Imperial Russia, the problem of protecting Afghanistan against aggression on the part of its powerful neighbour and thereby threatening the peace of India, after being the nightmare of every commander-in-chief in India for decades past, vanished with the war. The revolution in Russia brought a new problem into the world—something a great deal worse and much more real. The old Russia did, to a very great extent, play the game. Now in its place has grown up an entirely unscrupulous and





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anti-social Soviet, a gigantic mischief-maker who ignores all the recognized decencies of the diplomatic game, and by insidious propaganda is attempting the disruption of the British Empire by striking underhand blows at our possessions overseas.

In certain types of revolutionary Indians ready tools are discovered. To this end emissaries of the Soviet have been smuggled into India across the North-West Frontier, and through the ports by means of forged passports, and placed by their masters in thickly populated areas. Plenty of money is freely supplied to them, and they make it their business—by word of mouth, by the forming of secret societies, and by the circulation of printed pamphlets—to spread a distrust and hatred of British institutions and British individuals wherever possible.

Nor has the Soviet failed to take advantage of the long-standing communal feuds which exist between Hindus and Mohammedans. These make the fire and the Soviet pours on fuel to add to the conflagration of religious fanaticism. The red hand of the Soviet may be seen in many other troubles which are not of a religious nature, but it is not seen openly, and the public would be surprised were it possible to publish a list of the people—many of them highly placed Indians—who are directly or indirectly in the pay of Soviet Russia. And certain renegade Englishmen are not entirely free from suspicion.

The plans of the Soviet have succeeded best of all perhaps in Bengal. The Bengali is naturally a hothead; he is likewise very impulsive, excitable, argumentative and most abominably vocal. He is usually "agin the Government," is suspicious to a degree, and has no initiative, and though he is smart with his tongue and speaks English quite well, if at all, his thoughts and motives remain always entirely Oriental.

The rioting in Bengal in the summer of 1926 was on a scale and of a duration quite unprecedented in the





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previous thirty years. While nominally of a religious origin, evidence was not wanting to show that there was political movement behind these widely extended disturbances. Not the least remarkable part of the business was the increasing boldness shown by the rioters in their invasion of the European quarter of Calcutta, and the occasional attacks made on Europeans at Dum Dum, on the outskirts of the city, in Dacca and elsewhere in Bengal.

The scene of one of the most serious riots was Canning Street. This is the virtual wholesale business centre of Calcutta, for here the warehouses, or *godowns* as they are called, of the principal Indian merchants are to be found. Canning Street is narrow and winding, and almost invariably choked with bullock-carts, motor-cars, buffalo- and hand-carts. Its narrow pavements are cluttered with coolies, beggars and vendors of gaudy beads and toothsome sweetmeats; while the revered cow is very much in evidence, wandering about in joyous liberty, owned by nobody and moved on by none, taking its toll of food from every friendly Hindu it comes across.

It is this self-same cow which is at the root of much of the communal rioting. To the Hindu it is a sacred animal, for the faithful believe that the spirits of their forefathers enter after death into the bodies of cows, and in their new form are entitled to respect and maintenance. Strangely enough this belief does not prevent the Hindu ill-treating such animals when they are used as beasts of burden, but they must not in any circumstances be killed. However maimed or incurably injured, any animal, most especially the cow, must be allowed to die by inches.

The Mohammedans will have none of this; they not only kill cows but eat their flesh. Hence the religious disagreements which so frequently result in rioting and loss of human life.

The pig, on the other hand, is a source of trouble to





the Mohammedan community. To them the pig is a decidedly unclean animal; its very presence in the vicinity of the faithful is an outrage. A favourite means of causing deep offence to the Mohammedans is the throwing of a pig's carcass, by some mischief-making Hindu, into the precincts of a Mohammedan mosque. The offender is sought for, and as the most likely way of discovery and punishment is to suspect everyone of the opposite religious persuasion, every Hindu in the immediate vicinity of the mosque is attacked. This is the signal for a general fight, and hordes of men of both communities come from all parts of the city to join in the holy war. On their way, smaller "scraps" are started, until the whole of the narrow streets become battle-grounds. The police then take a hand, and very often the affair finishes up with the original opposing parties uniting to belabour their mutual enemies, the police, who are looked on as spoil-sports when murder and pillage are the objectives.

It is the age-old feud between these two opposing religions which is only too often responsible for the serious loss of life that results from these riots. Babies are born in the faith, and little children are educated in the belief that the religion most opposed to their own is an evil which, wherever possible and at all costs, must be stamped out. Tolerance is quite unknown.

Ramadan, the fasting season of the Mohammedans, usually is the signal for an outbreak of religious fanaticism, and the Bengali year, which starts just about the time the Moslem fast finishes, brings a recrudescence of disorder. Then comes the first month of the Mohammedan new year, and the contending parties are at it again, the Moslems usually getting the worst of the exchange, for, be it remembered, in all parts of India, save in the Punjab, in Sind, Kashmir, and in the North-West trans-Frontier districts, Hindus outnumber Mohammedans by about five to one.

To those people who know Calcutta it appears almost





incredible that rioting could have continued there for as many months as was the case in 1926. Calcutta is one of the largest cities in the Empire, and in educational progress stands higher than any other place in India. Moreover, its police force is large and well disciplined, officered by a European Commissioner and several deputy-commissioners, while the mounted and foot sergeants of the force also are Europeans. In addition to these there are Anglo-Indian and Indian assistant commissioners and inspectors, who are in charge of certain districts of the city.

Calcutta is the headquarters of the Bengal Presidency Brigade, and besides these regular troops there are the various units of the Indian Territorial Force. One of these, the Calcutta Scottish, is a crack corps corresponding to the London Scottish, and composed in the main of young European business men, many of whom served in the war.

It was mostly in the purely Indian quarter of the city that there was the greatest loss of life, for here are many narrow culs-de-sac, where unfortunate Indians were dragged by their frenzied religious opponents and done to death, with little or no chance of the crime being prevented, or even traced. It is safe to assume that not one-third of the actual casualties were ever published.

It is only when rioting occurs in main streets that the Indian police can deal at all effectively with the rioters. Street-fighting is always a nasty business, and in the East it is particularly unpleasant, for the rioters arm themselves with all kinds of crude weapons, and altogether act in a blind, irresponsible way, quite unknown in European countries.

The New Market was another scene of rioting. This market is situated just off Chowringhi, the principal shopping centre of the city, the Regent Street of Calcutta. *Sahib* and *mem-sahib*, Indian prince and Indian coolie, must all come here, or send their servants, daily for a supply of fresh provisions. The New Market is also well





known to all visitors to Calcutta, who are never tired of exploring its many attractions. It is a great one-storeyed building, rather like the covered-in market in Birmingham. It contains several hundred shops, and in area covers several acres, including the actual markets for the sale of fruit, meat and vegetables.

Here also sit the money-changers, behind iron bars, and the writers of letters, who for a small fee indite epistles for their illiterate clients.

The mere fact that this huge market remained closed for days at a time during the disturbances showed the extent and seriousness of the rioting, threatening as it did the food supply of the entire city. Despite assurances to the contrary, there can be little doubt that seditious propaganda was at the root of this very prolonged rioting during 1926.

It is only too easy for the adroit seditionist to work on the feelings of Hindu and Mohammedan alike so as to convince both that British rule is accountable for all the domestic differences to which India is, and always will be, heir. The extremists, and those others who are never tired of demanding India for the Indians, find it convenient to ignore the fact that only British rule, backed up by British troops, stands between the two great disputing schools of religious belief, giving each fair play, and acting as a mediating and pacifying influence when the smouldering embers burst into flame at oft-recurring intervals. Remove British rule and British bayonets and the whole of India would be a gigantic battle-field within six months, leaving the country at the mercy of the first Great Power who cared to come along and take by force the country which Indians so foolishly threw away. The Indian army without British officers would be perfectly useless. There is no Indian navy: if ever there is one, it will depend for many years on British personnel, as far as most of the commissioned ranks are concerned, for its usefulness.





The demand that Indians shall be allowed completely to govern—or misgovern—India while the British Government provides an army and a navy to protect them against internal disorders and foreign aggression is a ridiculous proposition. Yet when you pin an Indian extremist politician down to bedrock this is the proposal he places before you. He wishes to call the tune while the British people pay the piper.

Deeper down in the underworld of Indian life lurks the Indian terrorist, and although Bengal has been free for a considerable time from any serious terrorist outrage this must be attributed to the work of the Criminal Investigation Department, specially armed with additional powers by the passing of the Bengal Ordinance and other emergency laws. These laws are to remain in force for several years yet, and against them the extremist politicians and Press never cease to fulminate. Certainly there is no relaxation of activity on the part of the revolutionary party. Government reports are available which give full details of the recent tracking and arrest of well-known terrorists, the discovery of bomb manufactories, the frustration of a series of clever, carefully planned conspiracies to import arms, and the breaking up of numerous gangs of dacoits, the composition of which suggests that the driving power behind many of the sensational armed robberies was political rather than economic. A feature of the lawless activity which increasingly is demanding attention is the increase in spurious coining and the forging of currency notes. There is reason to believe that this is a new enterprise of the terrorists, who are now experiencing an increasing difficulty in carrying out the old-style armed raids for the purpose of providing funds.

It is only at such times of serious communal rioting that Indian politicians and business men show any love for the police. It then becomes a purely personal matter, for their homes, shops, warehouses, and even





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their lives, are in peril. They suffer loss of trade, become thoroughly scared, and then squeal loudly for protection. A few months later these same men will be found agitating for a reduction in the numbers, or the pay, of the police force. Likewise those who are legislators will be found going into the Lobby against any increase in the police estimates, which Government may propose as a practical means of insuring adequate protection to life and property.

There is not the slightest doubt that the Indian police are underpaid and overworked. They are inadequate in numbers, and in many places are housed disgracefully. Unlike the British "bobby," the Indian policeman meets with little assistance from the general public. He is looked upon with distrust by his fellow-countrymen, and Europeans refuse to take him seriously. In bygone years there was always a plentiful stiffening of European sergeants in the police, but these have been gradually whittled down between the two millstones of Indianization and economy, until now the number of European sergeants in the force is very small indeed. After the last riots a number of fresh men were drafted into the police from the troops to act as sergeants, but whether they will be retained permanently remains to be seen. The police afford an example of a Service where rapid Indianization is against the best interests of the people themselves.

There is another side to this demand for the Services to be filled entirely by Indians. The type of education which makes semi-efficient clerks by the thousand annually, to the almost complete exclusion of technical training, lies at the very root of the matter.

The large Indian cities have their universities, which turn out thousands of men entitled to place the magic letters M.A. after their names. Years of study and the sacrifices of parents and friends have made possible the taking of an Arts degree. The standard is certainly not as high as that required for a London matriculation,





and the commercial value of the graduate is very small indeed, for the majority of these men can command nothing better than a small clerkship at Rs30 to Rs60 a month—little more than the wages of a house-servant. The dignity of his position is comforting, but his prospects financially are distinctly poor; advancement is slow, and jobs are by no means plentiful.

If the graduate is able to get into the service of Government he is considered lucky, however lowly his position may be at first, for with Government clerkships there is security of tenure, the pay is certain, and at retirement a small pension may be had as a right. It is no wonder that in these days of uncertainty and unemployment such jobs are very keenly sought after. Many graduates take up the law and become what are called "Pleaders." Their status is something akin to that of a solicitor, for they may appear before magistrates for the defence or prosecution in minor cases. These "pleaders" will take a case for almost any fee—sometimes as low as eight annas; they collect debts, buy and sell shares, and in fact turn their hand to any sort of clerical free-lance work.

These men of the educated, or *badhralogue*, class are much to be pitied; class and caste prejudice is all against them taking up manual work of any kind, though India is crying out for small industries: if only educated lads would show enterprise and start them!

Some of the more advanced leaders of Indian thought realize this state of things and have the desire to do something helpful, but they appear to find it very difficult of accomplishment. Mr Bepin Chandra Pal, the editor of the *Bengalee*, expressed himself on this point in the course of a debate on unemployment at a meeting of the Legislative Assembly, of which he is a member.

"My son," Mr Pal said, "is learning to be an electrical engineer, but I don't like him having to use a hammer; we none of us like our boys doing manual





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work. Never, then, shall we overcome this unemployment unless we change our mental attitude and the whole social system."

In the course of this debate other speakers laid all the blame for unemployment at the door of British rule, asserting that until the British came to India unemployment was unknown.

The Government reply was made by the Member for Industry, Sir Bhupendranath Mitra—himself a Bengali. He admitted that unemployment had probably increased during British rule in India, but he asked :

"Do you wish to return to the earlier conditions, when anarchy averted unemployment by thinning the population ?"

As matters stand to-day the cry all the time is for more jobs into which the educated Indian may go. Complete Indianization of all the Services would certainly supply a number of jobs, but it is absurd to imagine that the thousands of graduates which are turned out annually from the Indian universities could be absorbed year by year in this way. Indianization would not have the slightest effect on the birth-rate, neither could it produce a nation of inventive geniuses. The Indian mind is inherently imitative; I have yet to hear of a single invention which had its inception in India and was the child of an Indian's brain. India has produced a poet and a thinker in Sir Rabindranath Tagore; a plant physiologist in Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, who has devoted his life and money to proving that plants feel—are in fact "anchored animals"; and an eminent lawyer in Lord Sinha. These three names are known throughout the civilized world. And so is Mr Gandhi's—for less enviable reasons. There I must stop, for what other Indian's name is known to any extent beyond the limits of his own country?

Until India throws off her absurd prejudice to honest manual work, and thinks less about her ancient civilization and more about adapting herself to the needs of





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the twentieth century, she will still put a fictitious value on academic degrees which lead to mere quill-driving, and Indian unemployment will grow greater every year.

Not all the Indianization which the most extreme of Indian Nationalists could desire would have the smallest influence on that malady of caste and class prejudice which is to-day eating into the vitals of the country. So long as this fetish endures, India will fail to take her wished-for place among the worth-while nations of the world.

All this leads naturally to the question of the efforts of the various sections of the Christian Church which have for so long been striving to convert India to a belief in Jesus Christ. I have no intention of dogmatizing on this subject, but will give a few facts and figures, and leave the matter to be thought out by you for yourselves.

There are in India to-day some 5,000,000 professing Christians, and of these nearly 2,000,000 are Roman Catholics.

On the other hand there are Hindus, with Buddhists, Jains and Parsees. These form 75 per cent.—a clear majority—of the total population. Mohammedans total 21 per cent. of the population, while those who are technically known as heathen (animists—those who believe in a human apparitional soul, having the form and appearance of the body, existing after death as semi-human) still number 10,300,000.

Roughly speaking, out of the average assembly of 100 Indians, 69 are Hindus, 22 are Mohammedans, 8 are Buddhists and only 1 Christian.

It is estimated that in the last ten years the Christian Church in India has increased to the extent of 22 per cent.—that about 100,000 converts have been added to the Church annually.

As the acceptance of Christianity means the social ostracism of the convert by his friends and relations, if he be a man of caste, it is not surprising that converts





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to Christianity come largely from those 60,000,000 Indians who are known as "untouchables"—the most despised and degraded among the peoples of India.

Many educated and thinking Indians admire and revere the Christ of the New Testament while having no liking for Christianity as portrayed in the churches and in the lives of the professing Christians around them. India is not alone in thinking thus; but where the Indian makes a grave mistake is in thinking that because the inhabitants of Europe belong to what are universally called Christian countries it necessarily follows that all Europeans are professing Christians. The travelled Indian who knows Europe to a certain extent is better informed, but the average Indian has to get his ideas of Christianity from the Europeans and Indian Christians he sees in India itself. It is not remarkable if his conclusions are unfavourable, for there is nothing to be gained by burking the plain fact that the Christian Church does not fill the same place in the lives of Europeans in India which it did when they were in their own country.

Several reasons are responsible for this state of things. (1) If laziness and apathy count for slackness in church-going at home, they count even more in the tropics. (2) The social and racial difficulties which are attendant on a congregation of mixed colour. (3) The very real difficulty there is in admitting that all men are equal in the sight of God, and the still greater difficulty of carrying this belief, if accepted, to its logical conclusion.

Again, the European finds a decent religious people practising the religion of their forefathers unashamed. Why should he upset them in their beliefs? The very driver of your humble *ghari* halts his horse at sunset and, getting down from his perch, falls on his face towards the setting sun and offers prayers to the Almighty. And the average European is too lazy even to order his motor-car to drive him to his church once on Sundays. Who shall say that the glory of an Eastern





sunset is less likely to inspire devotion than the stained-glass windows of a cathedral?

It must also be admitted that the example shown to those many Indians who travel in America and in Europe militates very greatly against their acceptance of a religion which they see in practice largely ignores or misinterprets the teachings of Jesus Christ.

Indians are courteous to missionaries who practise what they preach and are not afraid of a free discussion of the fundamentals with the more educated amongst their neighbours. Medical missionaries are best understood; the Indian is very grateful for practical Christianity of this kind. What he particularly dislikes is a notion, not altogether unfounded, that an acceptance of Christianity necessitates an acceptance of Western civilization and industrialism.

Many Indians who have studied the Bible in the light of modern happenings have stated their belief that Mr Gandhi is the nearest approach to the personality of Christ that has yet appeared on earth; some even go so far as to profess a belief that Mr Gandhi is divine, and indeed the Christ of the Second Coming. By this method of reasoning these Indians have persuaded themselves that the cause of Swaraj and Christ's will are one. There is a fear that certain American missionaries have pandered to this idea in an endeavour to gain converts to their churches. If this is so, only dire trouble can result all round.

Political Christianity is unwise in Europe; it is sheer madness in the Orient.





## CHAPTER XI

Racing and Sport generally—The Calcutta Sweep—Boxing—  
Common Diseases—How to keep fit—Meat and Drink—  
Death and Burial

RACING, so often called the sport of kings, is everybody's sport in India. It can be as cheap or as costly as you desire, for the whole community, from the Governor down to the humblest coolie, finds a place at almost any of the numerous race meetings held in various parts of the country throughout most months of the year. In few other countries can racing be enjoyed in such comfort, and nowhere in India can you race under more pleasant conditions than in Calcutta.

From the middle of November until the end of March races are held at the headquarters of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club, and during the Christmas holidays racing takes place on three consecutive weekdays. The race-course is situated on the *maidan*, within easy reach of all parts of the city ; it is not necessary for anyone to take a train journey to get to the races, as so many people must do in Bombay.

For an hour prior to the time of the first race all roads leading to the course are crowded with traffic. It is rather like Derby Day at Epsom, though of course on a much smaller scale. Nevertheless, for a short space of time the roads are just as crowded, and skilful driving is necessary to get through without a mishap. Private cars are very numerous, and taxis rush by at breakneck speed, taking any and every sort of risk in order to get to the course in the shortest possible space of time, deposit their passengers and chase back citywards for more fares. Speed-limits are for the time being totally ignored, and accidents are of frequent occurrence. Mixed up with the crowd of motor-cars are horse-drawn *gharis*





of varying ages, which have been pressed into service though long since superannuated. These ancient vehicles proceed as fast as the half-starved quadruped between the shafts can be induced to travel, encouraged by the howls of its driver, and tortured by the oft-applied whip, without which the Indian driver seems totally unable to do his job. Young Indians chase along on bicycles, their white, loosely draped *dhotis* floating behind them in the artificial breeze, while countless hundreds make the journey on foot. The latter part of the journey takes you round most of the outside of the race-course itself, which, apart from a treble white rail, is open to the road. Thus it is possible for anyone to see the racing without charge, and people in motor-cars and many pedestrians spend race afternoons thus, watching the start of each race and saving money by keeping clear of the fascination of the betting ring. But the average resident of Calcutta is not content with this mild form of amusement; he wants to be in the thick of the fun, cost what it may.

There are three grand stands in the first enclosure, all built of solid masonry, three storeys high, complete with electric lifts and fans. They are of great dimensions, and seat comfortably a very large proportion of those who pay for admission. There is a tier of boxes on each stand which may be reserved for the whole racing season, and a bar on the ground floor and a tea-room on the first floor minister to the creature comforts of thirsty race-goers. All these stands have an uninterrupted view of the whole race-course, and one—the stand reserved exclusively for members of the R.C.T.C.—is immediately opposite the winning-post. Members have a separate entrance and a special parking place for their cars, as well as their own tea-room and refreshment-room adjacent to the paddock. Another stand is reserved for stand members of the R.C.T.C. and such of the general public who have paid for a paddock ticket in addition to the usual price of admission to the first enclosure.

There is a totalizator for this enclosure, where tickets





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to the value of Rs10 or Rs100 may be taken on horses in each race—both for win and place. This machine is patronized usually by the small punter, while the ring of about a dozen licensed bookmakers, which is situated close by, conducts business with the more venturesome and wealthy of the racing public.

This first enclosure is patronized by Europeans and the better-class Indians and Anglo-Indians. There are many ladies among the crowd which throngs the paddock and stands; on Cup Days the scene is a really brilliant one, with ladies in their daintiest dresses and their escorts in spotless white or cream, while the stewards of the club flit here and there attired in grey morning coats and grey top-hats. H.E. the Governor is frequently an attendant at the races in an unofficial capacity, while on certain special occasions he attends in state, driving down the course in a carriage with postillon and outriders. A brilliant spectacle, in quite the best Ascot style.

The second enclosure also has a large permanent stand and a totalizator, this time a Rs5 one for both win and place tickets, but no bookmakers. Soldiers in uniform are admitted free to this enclosure, and it is patronized also by Anglo-Indians and Indians of the middle class. The third enclosure is purely an Indian one, and the accommodation is usually taxed to its uttermost, for the price of admission is very low.

The race-track circles the great green *maidan*, the centre portion of which is free ground to all who care to come, and great crowds of poor Indians take advantage of the free entertainment provided, standing in masses as close to the rails as the mounted police who are on duty will allow. Behind them are others of the general public, some on foot and some on horseback, who run from one vantage-point to another as the races proceed. But the greatest crowd remains near the winning-post, to join in the vocal efforts of the people standing opposite in sheltered seclusion and cheering on their particular fancy to victory.





The scene inside the first enclosure during the half-hour which elapses between two races is one of extreme animation. All sorts of people are lining up at the windows of the totalizator, backing their own or somebody else's fancy. Little groups of twos and threes stand about absorbing one another's wisdom in low tones. A smartly dressed woman is seen chasing the owner of a horse entered in the next race; dignity is thrown to the winds in an endeavour to find out the likely winner. Back she comes, flushed but triumphant, and goes swiftly to a window of the "tote." Following her are some others, whose sharp eyes have been observing her movements; they follow her lead and take win tickets on the fancied horse, only to find the lady going to yet another window and backing yet another horse—again for a win. Verily the ways of women are beyond understanding, and the watchers depart crestfallen to try other means of procuring information.

There are a few Indian women sitting below the trees on garden-seats. They are gaily dressed and bejewelled, good-looking withal and unveiled; neither are they unknown to some of the racing fraternity. At the last minute they make their bets, one of their number taking tickets for them all. In each race they take tickets on a single horse, straight out for a win, and it is remarkable how often you will see them collecting at the pay-out windows of the "tote" after a race. Luck? Maybe; but tempered by useful information from the right source, supplied at the right moment, and taken full advantage of in an unobtrusive way.

Just before the "tote" closes a frantic rush takes place. It is chiefly those people who must have a bet on some horse in each race and who, having delayed till the last moment, rush blindly into the queue which is backing the favourite and take a ticket "each way," just for luck. Maybe they get to the head of the queue just as the closing bell rings, and the window is slammed in their faces. And as likely as not they are really the





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lucky ones; favourites do not always win, even in Calcutta.

The scene from the top floor of the grand stand is a truly wonderful spectacle. The race-track stretches a huge ellipse, in the centre of which is greensward almost as far as the eye can see, and above and beyond tower the stately proportions of the Victoria Memorial—a wonder in white marble—while close by is the slender spire of the Cathedral, a bit of old Calcutta architecture which for grace and beauty has not its equal in the city. Great trees surround the boundaries of the race-course, their greenness making a pleasing background to the sea of humanity which, in garments of varied hue, pass and repass before this natural curtain. Away to the right great black-and-white crowds blot out the grass which lies before the second and third enclosures. What a noise they make! But it is nothing to the pandemonium which is let loose as the tapes are released, and through your glasses you see “the field” start from the six-furlong post. The noise increases as the horses approach. The first enclosure now throws away its assumed air of calm, women shriek and faint, while strong men mop their brows and swear as the favourite is pipped at the post and a rank outsider wins. Violent argument is hushed into low groans as the numbers go up; then almost everyone leaves his seat and treks earthwards. By the time the ground is reached the jockeys have weighed in, the “All right” cone has been hoisted, and the bell which signals the “tote” to open for the next race is loudly ringing. The blind which hides the figures of the race just run flies up, and an excited crowd breathes a deep “Oh!” as the very nourishing dividend to be paid out on the winner is disclosed. A small proportion of the crowd turns eagerly towards the paying-out windows; the vast majority turn again, like Dick Whittington, in search of a fortune. A glimpse at the lucky ones is almost irresistible. Who knows, they may be worth while following in other races! One dirty old Indian is





seen stuffing great wads of currency notes into the folds of his capacious *dhoti*. He had a number of win tickets, and has collected enough money to keep himself and family for the next six months. Of course he should go home: it is very improbable he will do so, for that is the curse of racing; the fever gets into your blood and you simply can't stop. If you win you want more, while if you lose you keep on backing, as long as you have any funds left, in the hope that a luck which has forsaken you may speedily return. For all that, racing is a great game, and if you are keen on it there are few better places in which to win or lose money than India during the racing season.

Whether you ever race in Calcutta or not there is always the glorious possibility of winning a small fortune by taking a lucky ticket in the Calcutta Sweepstake on the Derby. Nowhere else in the world is there any sweep on a race which approaches in money value this one.

It was originally the Bengal Club Sweep, but in the early eighties it was taken over by the Calcutta Turf Club, as it was then called (its patent of Royalty only having been granted when the King went to India for the Coronation Durbar, in 1911-1912), and ever since then the sweep has remained under the direction and supervision of the richest racing club in the world. At one time the Melbourne Club Sweep, which was, I think, conducted under the ægis of the Victorian Racing Club, was more valuable, but in recent years Calcutta has left all other sweeps behind.

The Calcutta Sweep is famous throughout the world, and there is now no country in which some people have not a share, which, should luck favour them, may mean a good income assured for the rest of their lives. The prizes are very substantial, and have been for many years, though of course their total value depends on the number of tickets taken in the sweep. The prizes in the 1926 draw were as follows:—





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First prize, £120,000 ; second prize, £60,000 ; third prize, £30,000.

In addition, all those who drew horses were sure of about £2000. Any of these prizes is a splendid return for an investment of Rs10—approximately 15s.

The way in which the draw is carried out is extremely simple. In one large glass barrel are placed all the tickets taken in the sweep, and at the time of its closing this barrel is padlocked and sealed in the presence of the stewards of the Royal Calcutta Turf Club, who take charge of the key. In another similar barrel are placed the names of every horse which has been entered in the Derby. These barrels are revolved by means of cranks, and before each number and each horse is drawn the cranks are turned, so that all the tickets and all the horses' names are well mixed. As each ticket and each horse is drawn the number and the name of the horse, or the blank, is noted by the tellers and entered by the accountants in the club's registers.

Although tickets in the Calcutta Sweep are supplied only to members of the R.C.T.C., there is no restriction on the number which may be purchased by any individual member, nor on their distribution. Hence every member is bombarded with requests for tickets, and for months in advance these tickets are being sent to friends in all parts of the world.

The word "tickets" is rather misleading, for of late years the sending of actual tickets has been discontinued. What the purchaser now receives in exchange for his money is a number only. The member who sells this "ticket" notes the name of the purchaser against the number sold, which represents the ticket drawn for in the Sweep. And in case of good fortune the holder of a particular number is communicated with in just the same way as if he held the old-time printed ticket.

It is ironical that only in a few instances has the first prize in the Calcutta Sweep gone to an actual member of the club. Some unknown individual living in a far-off





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country is nearly always the lucky winner, and for a few days is famous throughout the world. He or she is certain to know, almost the hour of the draw, of his good fortune in drawing a favourite, and wealthy syndicates are sure to cable offers for either the whole or half the ticket.

The club member who supplies a ticket which wins a prize gets no share of it by the rules of the game, though an unwritten law operates and admits of his receiving a small percentage of the prize-money.

Under the club rules the money can be paid out only to the actual registered owner of the ticket, and he must of course be a member. He in turn passes on the prize-money to the individual to whom he sold the actual ticket concerned. No prize-winner grudges a small percentage on the collection and forwarding of the large stake which has been won for him through the courtesy of a friend.

Almost everybody plays tennis in India. There are hard courts and grass courts, and some of the world's best players learned the rudiments of the game out there—notably Shimudzu, whom a friend of mine in a next-door chummery used to take on at singles on a hard court before breakfast every morning.

Indians take very kindly to English games of all kinds, more especially football. "Soccer" is the favourite beyond question, and there are some splendid Indian teams which can hold their own with any European team in the country. They play in bare feet, which on hard ground is all in their favour; but when the rains come the players in boots have the advantage. It is terribly hard work for the European players running against barefooted opponents on the hard, sun-baked soil of India. Soles become shiny and studs cease to function, becoming as polished as a mirror. I never witnessed these mixed matches without thinking that the practice of allowing one side to play in bare feet should never have been





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allowed when the game was first introduced into India. Football was invented to be played a certain way, and learners should learn the whole game—boots and all. Indians have learned also the noble art of self-defence, but they do not box with bare hands !

It is a wonderful sight to see a first-class match between the crack Bengali team, Mohan Bagan, and a military team. A crowd of quite ten thousand turns out on these occasions and the Indian spectators form the majority. The Indian team is sporting enough, but I cannot say as much for their supporters, who delight in barracking ; and while they never lose an opportunity of cheering wildly any good play by their fellow-countrymen, they are silent as the grave when the Europeans score in any way. It is hard not to believe that racial feeling enters even into games in India, for I have witnessed ugly scenes at football matches there, and more than once a free fight has ensued, and the police have been called in to suppress racial animosity. Still, the scenes at many a football match in England nowadays are none too edifying, so I will not pursue the matter further.

“ Rugger ” is played mostly by Europeans, and is not so popular as at home ; but the Indians have taken kindly to cricket, and there are many clubs in India which play matches throughout the season, and compete for pride of place with great enthusiasm.

Boxing tournaments never fail to draw great crowds in both Bombay and Calcutta. These are usually staged at a local theatre, and the place is packed from roof to floor. A proper ring is erected on the stage and ring seats are sold from a plan. It says much for the stamina and condition of the contestants in these bouts that they are able to box for anything up to sixteen rounds in the heat of an Indian summer. I recall one of these boxing exhibitions which gave the spectators and contestants alike an unexpected thrill.

A burly middle-weight European was billed to box another of his fellow-countrymen. At the last minute





his opponent failed to turn up, and a volunteer was called for to take his place. Much to our surprise a frail-looking young Indian, going rather prematurely bald, who was sitting clad in evening dress in the ring seats, offered to be the victim. Someone lent him the necessary outfit, and in a few minutes he was in the ring. A sympathetic cheer and some quiet smiles greeted his appearance, and as the men squared up it looked little short of murder to let them fight. In fact cries of "Shame!" were raised in several quarters of the house, but the referee took no notice and allowed the fight to start. In the first round it was apparent that the big fellow was not to have it all his own way, for the young Indian ducked, dodged, and danced about the ring in an amazing manner. The big fellow could not hit him at all, and began to get annoyed. The gong sounded, with no casualties on either side.

The audience was now all attention, and as the men came from their corners for the second round there were encouraging shouts for the young Indian. He straightway changed his tactics and landed blow after blow in quite a professional manner. The European now looked worried and the crowd cheered wildly, but they went almost mad with excitement when the Indian swung a beautiful hook to the point and the big fellow dropped like a stone. There he lay motionless, long after he was counted out, and was eventually helped to his corner by his seconds. He seemed stunned, and well he might be, for I never saw a better blow delivered. The young Indian then jumped across the ring and took the apparently unconscious man by his two ears and tugged them vigorously until the man quickly came to, and getting up shook hands rather sheepishly, and walked out of the ring looking as if he had just awakened from a bad dream.

Well he might! For the young Indian turned out to be a man named Roy, who had been coached by Jimmy Wilde so successfully that he had taken his half-blue





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for boxing at Cambridge. He was a gazetted officer on one of the railways, and only an interested spectator of the show until chance once again gave him the opportunity of a little practice at his favourite sport. Fellows talked of nothing else for days afterwards.

The problem of disease is apt to be a nightmare to your stay-at-home friends and relations, also to yourself until you actually reach the tropics, when you will not worry half as much about it. The cholera belt presented you by a loving maiden aunt should be packed at the bottom of your deepest trunk, and left there, to be released only under direct orders from a competent medical man.

Mosquitoes, and other flying pests of various kinds, will at first be your principal source of annoyance; new blood is fresh and tempting food indeed to insects who bite to live, while those of us who are old stagers have become tough, tasteless, and generally uninteresting. Mosquito bites are painful and irritating, but all mosquitoes are not dangerous to health. Only a certain type, the anopheles mosquito, transmits to man the microbe of malaria. Still, as you cannot be certain of identifying each mosquito before he has his bite, it is a wise precaution to protect yourself against any and every mosquito.

Mosquitoes breed in stagnant water, in dusty, dark corners, in old discarded tins, and in refuse of all kinds. Thick oil should be poured on stagnant water, all dark corners should be cleaned out regularly and sprayed with disinfectant, old tins should be incinerated and then buried, while all refuse should be burnt daily, and the rooms of your dwelling sprayed twice every day with "Flit," or some similar insecticide. These sensible precautions will keep a house practically free of insects and bugs of all kinds, while stray flying visitors will be driven away by the breeze from your fans. A small crucible filled with burning incense and placed beneath





the centre of your dining-table during meal-times will drive away such of the pests as are hiding from the breeze and waiting their chance to bite.

Once bitten, the most important and useful advice is to check the almost irresistible desire to scratch, for nothing is more mischievous than this form of injected poison when it is thoroughly rubbed in. It is useful to paint the affected parts with iodine or ether of iodine. Ammonia and also calamine lotion are alike soothing to bitten and swollen flesh, and the application of a handkerchief soaked in ice-water allays irritation to a great extent.

Mosquitoes carry also the germs of dengue fever, which, if not as serious or permanent as malaria, is a very unpleasant fever while it lasts, and will keep the patient weak and ill for a fortnight. Burning and aching eyeballs, pain at the back of the head, aching bones and skin eruption, combined with a very high temperature, are the usual symptoms, and the after-effects of dengue are extreme weakness and an inclination to heart trouble.

What is known as "three-day fever" is comparatively common at more or less regular intervals, and attacks quite early the newcomer to India. There is nothing alarming about this complaint, which involves a temperature, and a headache on and off for a few days. Most people carry on as usual and take aspirin now and then, also a good purgative, which quickly restores them to normality.

The glare of an unaccustomed hot sun may give the new arrival a headache and a rise in his temperature. Some people find that dark glasses are useful, especially if their eyes are weak, though personally I found them induce the very headaches they were designed to prevent. A really efficient *topi*, light and airy, with a brim protruding sufficiently far forward and backward to cast a good shade, seems to me to give all that is necessary in the way of protection for both eyes and head. Wear





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this *topi* when out of doors, no matter whether you are motoring in a closed car or standing directly in the sun, from early morning until an hour before sunset, and you can with safety brave the fiercest sun. Do not be lulled into a false sense of security because on some days the sun appears veiled by clouds, and leave off your *topi* in consequence. The sun can get you just the same, and maybe will—before you can say “knife.” Never give the sun the benefit of the doubt; when in doubt wear your *topi*.

Always sleep beneath a mosquito net if you wish to keep fit when living in the plains of India. And if you are in a district where sand-flies flourish it will have to be a sand-fly net, a material with a much finer mesh, for sand-flies can pass two or three abreast through the holes in a mosquito net.

It is important that your mosquito net should not be torn, and that your boy lets it down before sunset and tucks it well beneath the mattress. If these precautions are neglected your net ceases to be a protection, and becomes instead a trap for mosquitoes and other winged insects; a night spent therein will mean sleepless torment for the human occupant and happy hunting for the imprisoned insects.

You will not find it at all stuffy sleeping beneath a net if it is of ample proportions, and raised sufficiently high above your head; there must be enough room for you to kneel up in bed, and an efficient ceiling fan should be kept going steadily throughout the night, above the net. If you are apt to feel chilly one sheet will be sufficient to keep you comfortable, but I found in practice that by keeping a top sheet handy I soon learned to slip beneath it at the first sign of chilliness, doing so quite unconsciously in my sleep.

Do not be afraid of using a fan on all occasions; the cost is little in comparison with the comfort and good health the proper use of a fan brings. Every respectable house, bungalow or flat has plenty of fans, and if





electricity is not available it is quite easy to fix up some old-fashioned hand-punkahs, and inexpensive to hire coolies to pull them. You cannot expect to keep fit if you sit about in perspiration by day and bathe in it by night. Plenty of efficient fans are not luxuries, but absolute necessities in the East; without them life would be well-nigh unbearable to the average European. On the Indian, and even Anglo-Indian, the climate has not the same effect. Thus the Bengali can go about bareheaded in the fiercest sun all day, with nothing but his thick, oily, black hair to protect him, and suffer no ill effects. Nor do mosquitoes or sand-flies seem to trouble him, and while he is glad enough of a fan in your office, he would not trouble to have one in his house.

Prickly-heat is one of the minor ailments from which some Europeans suffer quite a lot. It is really caused by excessive perspiration, and appears as a red rash on various parts of the body, especially where there is much chafing from clothing. People who enjoy robust health are more subject to this irritating temporary affliction than are less healthy individuals. Some men become literally covered with prickly-heat, and many children suffer a great deal in this way. There are many so-called "cures," and for the benefit of those who have tried them all unsuccessfully I will give a recipe which I have never yet known to fail. It is in powder form, and should be applied freely to the affected parts several times a day.

2 oz. boracic acid  
2 oz. zinc powder  
4 oz. starch powder  
30 drops carbolic acid

A few general hints may here be useful on keeping cool in the tropics. First there is the question of bathing—a delightful theme, for, as Aliph Cheem so truly says in his *Lays of Ind* :

"There's nothing in Ind so sweet as a plunge  
In a jolly big bath with a jolly big sponge."





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However, before you have your morning plunge make it a rule to take at least five minutes' really violent exercise. It may seem strange, but it is none the less a fact that copious perspiration induced early in the morning will do much to prevent an exhausted feeling later on, caused by excessive perspiration during the rest of the day. On your return home from office in the evening it is well to take another bath, and, after a brisk rub down, have a complete change of clothing. It is advisable to wear shoes which are sufficiently large to allow for feet swelling, and to avoid ultra-thin socks with cotton bases. Soft wool will protect the feet and act both as an absorbent and cushion; a cotton fabric induces heat, becomes quickly harsh, and causes soreness. Likewise it is unwise to wear either too thick or too thin soled shoes. The former are heavy and clumsy for everyday use, and the latter allow the hot pavements to burn through to your feet.

Drink lots of water, so that the siphoning process may go on in the body; the moisture exuded demands constant replenishment, and failure to provide for this may result in heat-collapse.

It is well to cut out all alcoholic drinks, certainly spirits, until the sun goes down, when a whisky-and-soda will be found an excellent pick-me-up; and you will likely find some cheery souls who will encourage you to repeat the dose—with good effects all round.

It is customary in India to eat lots of fresh fruit. It is much cheaper than at home, though there is not such a plentiful variety. Avoid too many starchy foods, which of course are both heating and fattening; and talking about fattening foods makes me recall that if you wish to keep slim it is well to restrict your consumption of soda-water and other gassy beverages. The men who are afraid of getting really fat usually take ice-water with their whisky in preference to soda.

Tight clothing is fatal to comfort and health in the tropics. Let your collars be on the large size, and the





neckbands of your shirts should be a good half-inch larger still. The question of soft or starched collars is one for every man to decide for himself. You will find both much favoured—a fifty-fifty proposition—though personally I find that an ordinary starched collar is preferable on those many occasions when it is necessary to wear a coat. It keeps the coat collar from chafing the back of your neck, and if properly laundered will retain its stiffness for more hours than some prejudiced fellows would have you believe. Of course there is nothing to equal the comfort of a tennis shirt and shorts, but you cannot go to office thus clad in the cities of India. Real comfort is reserved for the golf links and Sunday mornings.

A frequent complete change of clothes is helpful in an endeavour to keep cool. Usually the people who keep most comfortable are those who keep their minds occupied in more useful and profitable directions than in a perpetual discussion about the heat. Whatever year you may chance to visit any particular heat spot in India there will always be someone or other who will declare that the place is experiencing the hottest weather ever recorded within living memory. It always was: and so it will be the next time you chance to roll up at that period of the year.

Finally, if any crank tells you in India to do without fans, or iced water, or in fact any of those other pleasurable things which make life worth living in the tropics, just tell him to go to blazes—and not slam the door as he goes out.

The problem of what to eat and what to drink in the tropics is largely one of common sense. It stands to reason that in a part of the world where the ideas of the inhabitants in matters of sanitation are decidedly primitive it is better to boil all drinking water, filter it afterwards, and place it in bottles on the ice to cool. For the same reason never put ice into drinks; put your





sodas on the ice after first cooling them in a bucket of water. Apart from the health question drinks taste so much better thus.

Keep all food in fly-proof safes and cupboards ; and of course boil all milk, and protect milk jugs and bottles with portions of mosquito net weighted down by beads at the edges. Never eat anything to which flies have had access, and avoid cut fruit left over after a meal. It quickly becomes overripe or fly-blown, either of which conditions is dangerous to health. It is advisable to stroll occasionally round your servants' quarters, and to look in at the kitchen on your way. Although Indians are very clean people in their persons, and bathe several times a day, they are not nearly so particular about your food as they are about their own, and will leave it lying about in all kinds of exposed places until they see you mean business. But do not go poking about their quarters when they are having their meals. Your servants are entitled to privacy at such times ; moreover, for reasons of caste, your shadow falling across their food will mean that it has to be thrown away. These religious prejudices, inexplicable as they may be to the Westerner, are very real to the Easterner, and must be respected by the European. It has always been the policy of British rule in India to protect the various religions practised by the inhabitants of the country, without favouritism towards any particular belief, and Europeans are expected to show the same respect and tolerance towards other religions as they wish to see shown to their own.

Many of your preconceived notions must be abandoned on coming to India. For one thing the idea that because a man has a dark skin he is necessarily dirty must go by the board once and for all. I have heard people in England talk in this way who probably bathed only once a week—possibly even less frequently. And once at a seaside resort I saw a group of trippers glancing contemptuously at a smartly dressed Indian who passed by. These people were ignorant enough to refer to the





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stranger as a "dirty nigger," while as a matter of fact the object of their remark changed his linen daily, and bathed night and morning as a matter of course. The trippers were down from London for a day's holiday and a dip in the sea—probably their only total immersion for fully twelve months.

White is worn as a sign of mourning in India instead of the black to which we are accustomed in Europe. Death usually comes swiftly in the East and subsequent burial is never delayed for more than twenty-four hours. Reasons of hygiene make a speedy interment absolutely necessary. You soon get accustomed to this state of things, and it is literally possible to dine with a man one night and attend his funeral the following afternoon. I had a personal experience of this kind when acting as Honorary General Secretary to the Calcutta Amateur Theatrical Society. One of the company, a young European girl member of the chorus, played as usual one night performance, and died soon after she got home, being taken ill quite suddenly. The following afternoon a number of us attended her funeral at 5 P.M., and went on afterwards to give the usual evening performance, as it was the family's wish that nothing should be allowed to break the run of what was a most successful week's run at the theatre, given in aid of local charities.

Surely death is better thus : a long, lingering illness is a trying affair for everybody concerned. It is better to pass swiftly away when the time for passing comes.

With an Indian his manner of burial depends entirely on his religion. The friends of an Indian Christian conform to the European custom common throughout India and bury their dead in a cemetery. Hindus take their dead to a burning *ghat* on a river bank, and the nearest relative of the deceased personally places the body on the funeral pyre. Buddhists also decree burning as a funeral ceremonial, and when a Buddhist priest dies his obsequies are attended by a vast concourse of people. Mohammedans inter their dead in the ground, but the





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Parsee has for his last resting-place a ledge in a stone amphitheatre which is completely surrounded by high walls, but open to the sky. Visitors to Bombay can drive past one of these, known as the Towers of Silence, but may not enter. The dead bodies are placed exposed on ledges to await attention by great vultures and other birds of prey which hang around in large numbers, and as the mourners take their leave these birds swoop down and quickly set to work. Soon nothing remains but a small pile of bones, left to bleach in the blazing sun. To our European ways of thinking this seems an inglorious end, a crude and even ghastly procedure. But the ways of the East are inscrutable, no less in death than in life.

The Indian view regarding the treatment of dumb animals is another instance of the great divergence of opinion between East and West. This question needs a chapter all to itself.





## CHAPTER XII

Treatment of Dumb Animals—The Indian Attitude—Work of the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty—*Phooka* and the Pure Milk Problem—Note on the Working of the New Act

A BOOK in itself could be written on the subject of dumb animals in India, but a chapter must suffice.

There are more cattle in India than in any other country in the world—no less than 150,000,000 all told, most of them being used for draught purposes, though 56,000,000 goats are reared chiefly for their flesh and milk. So much for figures.

Cruelty to animals is rampant in all parts of India, for there animals are looked upon in quite a different way to what we are accustomed in England. The Indian does not keep "pets," and cannot understand the European view at all. He keeps merely animals which are useful in a commercial sense, and he keeps them as cheaply as possible, giving them the minimum of food and attention. An exception must be made in the case of the many bulls which are to be seen in every town in the country wandering free about the streets, helping themselves from garbage tins and being fed also by the Hindus who worship them. These animals have been purchased when young by pious Hindus and turned adrift on the streets, where they spend the rest of their days free and absolved from any possibility of having to work.

The Hindu doctrine of transmigration of souls ensures good treatment for these animals, for they are supposed to be inhabited by the spirits of dead-and-gone Hindus. It would never do to be caught hitting one's grandfather on the nose with a stick, even if he did steal one's dinner with a dexterous lick of a fat red tongue !





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But respect and kindness begin and end with these four-legged "freemen" of the cities. Their wretched brothers and sisters must bear the yoke and pull the cart till they drop in their tracks. They bear on their bodies the mark of age-old serfdom, for every bull, bullock and cow in the land has a clearly defined hump just behind the place where the yoke presses so heavily.

Bullock-carts are the most general and economical form of Indian transport. They are to be seen in every part of the country, and almost invariably carry loads quite out of proportion to the size and strength of the wretched animals which draw them. Their pace is necessarily slow, but the Indian carter perched on the top of the load, by constantly beating the bullocks and by twisting their tails, gets them along the road as fast as they are able to move.

Water-buffaloes, those great ungainly creatures whose chief delight is to stand in the mud of a river with the water covering the whole of their bodies save only the tips of their snouts and their eyes, are pressed into service as draught animals. It is a scandalous thing that water-animals of this description should be allowed on the hot streets of Indian cities as beasts of burden. They may be seen moving slowly along, dragging heavily laden four-wheeled carts, the wheels sinking into the soft, sticky, tar-paved roads as the suffering animals drag themselves step by step along the burning pathway. Their eyes are bloodshot and rolling in agony, their huge tongues hang from their foam-flecked mouths; it is a sickening sight, and one which moves the newly arrived European to passionate anger.

Unfortunately sights of cruelty are so common that you get more or less used to them, and you gradually drop into the leisured methods of action and the stagnation of thought which life in the tropics engenders. Public opinion cannot thrive on such soil and the enervating climate is all against independence of thought





and action. This accounts in great measure for the attitude of the general public, which is almost universally indifferent to the sufferings of dumb animals in India. It is accepted as a matter of course, and many Europeans after a while do not appear to notice it save as a regrettable necessity which, while it may be mitigated to some slight extent, can never be wholly banished from the land.

This point of view is very difficult for the newly arrived European to understand. Whereas in England anyone practising cruelty to animals is considered a criminal, or at best a criminal lunatic, in India this cruelty is so common that at first sight it would appear that you had wandered into a gigantic lunatic asylum, or had reached Hell long before your time.

We in England are brought up in an atmosphere of kindness to animals. Almost every home has its pet dog or cat who is one of the family, a faithful friend and companion. Even the bunny in its hutch at the bottom of the garden is one of the household, much too fluffy and pretty ever to suffer the indignity of becoming the principal ingredient of a rabbit-pie. Therefore we cannot understand easily the mentality of a people such as the Indians, who hold that animals are not to be petted and made friends with, but either worshipped from afar or used merely as a means of personal profit to their owners.

Europeans naturally are appalled at the wanton cruelty to be seen in Indian streets; they wonder at the miserable-looking dogs and cats, thin, scraggy and half-starved, which scuttle out of the way as a human being approaches. They wonder at the crop-eared dogs of the villages of the United Provinces; at the sore-backed and sore-footed donkeys which stagger along under huge piles of washed and unwashed linen; at the miserable skinny horses drawing four fat Bengalis in a ramshackle *ghari*, the "points" of the wretched animals so obvious that you could hang your hat on any one of them.

Newcomers to India write to the Press about these