27. Three roads run through the Khyber—a military railroad with tunnels, a road for camels and horses, and a road for motor-vehicles. All three may be seen here.

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28. But as travelers by the Khyber speak more languages than the biggest signboard could carry, and as a rule speak but one language apiece, means have been found to convey what is needed with no words at all.

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29. In the end they all come to rest, camels, horses, donkeys, motor-buses, men, women and children, in the big caravanserai, Government-provided, for a peaceful night's repose.

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30. Khyber, Jamrud Fort, at the British Indian end of the Khyber Pass, eleven miles west of Peshawar. Here a garrison of British Tommies is maintained.

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31. A good rifle is more needful, to the tribesman, than any other earthly possession. Sometimes they are supplied to him by England's European enemies. Sometimes he buys them from the enemy he kills. Sometimes he loots them, in a midnight raid upon a British frontier post, such as Kohat or Bannu. And often he buys them from a famous little factory in the tribal territory of the Adam Khel, lying close to the road from Peshawar to Kohat, in the Kohat Pass. Here the Adam Khel (clan of Adam) make rifles, from start to finish by hand, in imitation of the British service weapon, and sell them to all comers, at prices dependent on the accuracy of the weapon. A good average specimen will carry accurately up to three to four hundred yards for not to exceed one hundred rounds. These lately sold at from 60 to 70 rupees—roughly from $20 to $25.

Here is the interior of the Adam Khel gun factory and the hills beyond.

32. This picture shows the gunsmith at his anvil, with customers waiting to buy. It is estimated that well over 60,000 rifles have been made and sold in this little place.

33. Two Waziri boys come to get rifles.

34. Afghans outside the Adam Khel factory waiting for guns.

35. Outside the gun factory a baker fries cakes, for the comfort of those who wait.
36. Frontier Constabulary having a dance.

37. In Kohat. House of the British Political Agent, the official who represents the British Government in its dealings with the tribes. This house and all the cantonment, or military district of the city, are surrounded by barbed-wire entanglements, lighted at night by powerful electric glares. The entanglements have been charged with deadly electric currents, but the raiders met this by bridging the wire with cot beds. No European women—of whom there are very few in this place—are permitted to remain outside the wire after dusk. The place is never safe from raiders. But this house, because it is an Englishman's home, sits in a charming garden full of English flowers mingled with poinsettias and palms.

38. Village of Makin, in tribal territory, two hundred miles south of the Khyber Pass. The houses cluster together for mutual protection. But each household is a little garrisoned fortress by itself. Its cultivated fields lie beyond.
THE FEEL OF THE FRONTIER

Along the line of defence can be neither exaggerated nor described. From the first sense of it you breathe electricity and your veins run full of sparks. Each man of that Frontier guard, be he regular soldier, tribal levy or constabulary, be he of Britain or of Islam, survives from moment to moment by the stuff that is in himself—his own wit and wile, his own courage and manhood. While he lives, he lives at top voltage. When he dies it is in a split second.

The defence of the North-West Frontier constitutes nine-tenths of the defence of India. Through its passes—of which the Khyber is greatest, have entered all India’s conquering invaders since recorded time. Through these passes their like would pour today were Britain to withdraw her sleepless watch and ward. For the watch on the other side is as sleepless as Britain’s own. And the work becomes steadily more tense as modern weapons multiply in tribal hands; as political agents of disorder are sent stealing amongst the tribes; and as Soviet Russia, whose boundary lines like a rising tide creep closer and closer, now here, now there, makes herself felt in various subtle forms.

The Frontier Tanks have work to do, and the Royal Air Force is of immense value, not least in discovering the movements of hostile bodies and discouraging their progress before they get too far.

39. Section of the 2nd Light Tank Company on duty in the Khyber area.

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41. Indian troops with four British officers watch a bombardment from the parapet of Matra Fort.

42. British officer of Frontier Constabulary at an outpost whose walls are built up with sandbags. This Frontier Constabulary service, recruited from tribesmen, is probably the most keenly and constantly dangerous service in the world. It is commanded by British officers in the ratio of, at the utmost, three to a battalion.
44. Constabulary of the Yusufzai tribe, picketing a mountain top in the wild country north of Peshawar. Note the stones raised for concealment of heads.

45. Constabulary on the move. "Up like mountain goats."
LONE PICKET
HE NEVER FAILS HIS OFFICER

45. When bodies of troops are moving in the Frontier country, the heights along the route are picketed by details of Constabulary or from the troops themselves. The picket's duty is to see that no enemy attains a vantage-point above the line of march, thence to fire into a column exposed on lower ground. If enemy scouts close in on the picket, the picket is supposed to die if necessary—which it usually is; but at all costs he must, by his own fire and resistance, give warning and time to the approaching troops, who may then keep to high ground.

PESHAWAR

46. Capital of the North-West Frontier Province, is a city of a little over 100,000 inhabitants, almost all Muslims. It is built on the site of Mahmood of Ghazni's first defeat of the Hindu princes allied under Anandpol. An exceedingly picturesque town, but in summer but delightful in winter, it lies less than eleven miles distant from the Khyber's mouth, and through its gates, weekly, stream the caravans laden with red rugs of Bokhara, white skins of foxes, silks and porcelains and gauzes, sweetmeats and lacquers, little slippers with curly toes, and fine printed cottons, beautiful to behold.
47. Camels waiting at the City Gate.

IN PESHAWAR

48. Every sort of picturesque visitor comes with the caravans. These two are typical fighting-men of the free tribes of the trans-Frontier. He on the left has dyed his beard red, though others choose purple. His bushy eyebrows he leaves black. His embroidered yellow coat is trimmed with black fur. His comrade is one of the Orakzai clan.

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49. Another typical fighting-man—this one carries two guns.

50. Muslim family servants carrying their masters' children for a stroll.

51. A shop in the Bazaar.

52. The Letter-writer. The Frontiersman agrees with the Emperor Akbar—"reading and writing are clerks' business."

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54. ISLAM, with its great doctrines of the Oneness of God and the equality of man in His Presence, is the true democracy of the Orient. But Islam, now, must fit its Eastern democracy, as best it may, into the frame of the Western World. Here voters’ credentials are being checked at a Peshawar polling-booth.

Courtesy of Lt.-Col. M. E. Johnson

53. A street in the City. Muslim women cover their faces in public.

55. Peshawar Ballot Box. The shrewd old Muslim here obediently casting his vote would without doubt agree with his co-religionist who recently wrote, as to this newfangled road to wisdom: “On the like principle the landholder, when reckoning up his stock, would place his chickens and rabbits on the same level as his thoroughbred horses or his elephants.” He is not impressed.

Courtesy of Lt.-Col. M. E. Johnson
FAMOUS SOLDIERS ARE THE SIKHS

57. THE SIKHS, whose home is in the Punjab, are an intensely religious people, whose spiritual ancestors revolted from Hinduism in the sixteenth century, declaring against polytheism, idolatry, caste distinction, suttee and the domination or priesthood of the Brahmin. In so doing they discarded all the Hindu sacred books, in favour of one book or Bible of their own, compiled in 1604, which they call the Granth Sahib. Further in distinction from the Hindu, they do not practise child marriage, denouncing it as the root of weak mankind, and they live on a good diet of meat, curds, greens and coarse grains.

At first a quietist, purely religious sect, within a century the Sikhs had become aggressively martial, so to remain. But they are not a nation in the sense of race; for, although a Sikh's son will usually become a Sikh, he must be so confirmed or initiated by religious ceremony before he is a Sikh in fact. And out of a given household, one man may make himself a Sikh while the rest remain Orthodox Hindus. But the Sikhs, if not a nation, are a close brotherhood; and beyond their religion they have as a rule a second bond in their abiding ill-will toward Muslims based on the fact that the Mughal Emperor Aurungzeb, in 1675, executed the Sikh’s religious head because he refused to embrace Islam. That ancient grudge is still strong enough to wreck the peace whenever Sikh and Muslim interests meet. By the Census of 1931 there are only 4,366,000 Sikhs in India, almost all being found in the Punjab.

Here is one of their finest types, Hon. Captain Jiwand Singh, M.V.O., Sirdar Bahadur, who as orderly officer to the King-Emperor, came to England for a tour of duty. The overseas record of the Sikh Regiments in the Great War is epic.
58. THREE OFFICERS OF THE 45TH RATTRAY'S SIKHS in khaki uniforms, as photographed by their colonel while on duty in Razmak, Waziristan. In the distance a soldier is doing "the grand circle" on a horizontal bar. The Sikhs are keen and able all-round athletes.

By courtesy of, and copyright by, Colonel H. St. G. M. M.iae. D.S.O., O.B.E.

59. THE BUGLES AND DRUMS of the 45th Rattray's Sikhs, on the Parade Grounds at Razmak. Note the war medals on the first man's breast.

The religious creed of the Sikhs commands them always to wear short drawers, an iron bangle or discus, a small steel dagger, and a comb, and never cut their hair. They twist their hair in a knot on top of the head, there fastening it with the comb. This may be seen in the man on the parallel bar. Their beards, never cut, they roll with extreme neatness, carrying the ends to the top of the head. The discus, when in uniform, is represented by the steel miniature on the pugri; and the dagger is thrust through the discus, its haft showing above. See the picture of Captain Jorand Singh.
Sikh Squadron of the 19th Lancers. These regiments are sometimes called "Bengal Lancers." But Bengal Lancers no longer exist as such, in the Indian Army. The name belongs to East India Company troops when the seat of the Company's Government was in Bengal. But no Bengalis were enlisted.

The religious shrines of the Sikhs are managed each by its resident abbot, or mahant. This man, usually a Hindu, sometimes paid by the people, is sometimes himself the owner of the shrine. The character of the mahants and of the shrines having become in many cases notorious, a movement started amongst the Sikhs to drive out the mahants and purge the shrines. This, the Akali movement, chanced at its beginning to synchronize with Gandhi's early anti-Government agitation; delegates from which soon seized upon the Akali idea, organized it, and jockeyed it more or less unawares into political revolutionary channels. The Akalis, gullible village folk, were easily persuaded that a Government that prevented them from unlawful violence was indeed "Satanic," as Gandhi said. To bring matters to a head the agent provocateurs had only to incite the Akalis to attack the mahants. So columns of volunteers, called jathas, were formed to march upon and seize the chief shrines. And since these marches entailed prolonged absence from home, hard upon poor farmers, the organizers soon set up accompanying attractions of a sort fatal to the movement's credit as an exponent of rude righteousness demanding social purity. Unthinkable consequences ensued. At Naukana shrine, the Hindu abbot, by his servants' hands, massacred with appalling savagery some one hundred and thirty Akalis. For four years the thing went on from bad to worse, cleverly whipped on by the Gandhi press, until at last the sane majority of the Sikhs themselves combined with Government to settle the matter. But mahants of the old type still exist with shrines complete.
62. **AKALI SIKH JATHA** under arrest for attack on a shrine. Indian Mounted Police guarding them.

63. But lest it be thought that all Sikhs are peasants, private soldiers, or army officers below field rank, here is Major-General His Highness the Maharajah of Patiala, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., etc., etc., Premier Prince of the Punjab, nineteen-gun salute.

His Highness served in France with the Indian Expeditionary Force, to which he contributed over 20,000 men, and in the Afghan War of 1919 he rendered vital and distinguished service.
Irrigation there was in India before England came, but only of the seasonal type. It remained for British engineers to harness the great Punjab rivers and cover old bare desert with food crops the whole year through. The giant Indus, rising in Tibet, flows south-west through the North-West Frontier Province and the Punjab down across Sind to the Sea. The Sukkur Barrage, largest of its kind in the world, is one mile long, raises the level of the Indus sixteen feet, and irrigates five and a half million acres of otherwise useless and barren land.

The Punjab's total irrigated and cultivated area now reaches 15,000,000 acres, and further great desert-redemption schemes are in progress. Over 5,000,000 acres of ancient bad lands are already in wheat, over 2,000,000 in cotton, 520,000 in maize, 362,000 in sugar. The estimated yearly value of the food-crops raised on Government-irrigated land exceeds the total capital outlay on the works themselves.

Three Old Beluchi Chiefs, Muslims all, and of the ancient Arab stock, came down out of Beluchistan, when the Sukkur Barrage was opened, to witness the marvel of which they had been told. That was in 1931. Put back the day a thousand years, and their fathers in stately simplicity of look, bearing and philosophy must then have been as these are now.
66. Each Indian Province is divided into Divisions, each Division into Districts. The Division is administered by a Commissioner; the District by a Deputy Commissioner—the hardest-worked man in India. The Englishman here photographed, an Oxford man, has been of the Indian Civil Service for over thirty years. As Deputy Commissioner of this Punjabi District, he is responsible for the general welfare of a rural population of 1,200,000 scattered through 700 villages and speaking thirty dialects, most of them mutually unintelligible. The number of tongues here current is above the average because this district contains "canal colonies"—Government-irrigated and reclaimed desert lands—whose inhabitants have been brought in from various other parts of India. But all members of the Civil Service are required to be learned in Indian tongues. The Deputy Commissioner's duties are limited only by the wants and emergencies of his people. He is their Magistrate, their Tax Assessor and Collector, their Registrar, their Settlement Officer, and, in general, their very present help in times of need. There are today 787 Europeans in the Civil Service, or 60.8 per cent of the total, the remainder being Indians. By 1939 the percentages will have become 50-50. When this particular picture was taken, the Deputy Commissioner was tramping across canal-colony fields with a party of farmers, reviewing the rate of their tax assessments, which is based on the productivity of the soil. The three farmers were claiming that their land had grown over-salty, and was therefore assessed too high. "I believe you are right," said the Englishman—and acted accordingly.

Next morning he began the day by holding audience in his camp, hearing private troubles. Thence he went on to Court, where he sat as Magistrate. "He takes interest in us. He receives our visits and he visits us. He gives us justice and peace. We are content and happy. As to anything beyond our villages, we neither know nor care. I came here as overseer of a canal-digging gang, when all was jungle and desert. I got a square (28 acres) of land as a gift from Government, when the water came in. Then it was worth 4,000 rupees. Now it is worth ten times as much and I have bought another square. If trouble threatens anywhere, we have our Sahib to advise and help us. What more should we want?" So said an old, white-headed Sikh, waiting for his audience.

67. A TYPICAL PUNJAB IRRIGATION-COLON Y VILLAGE, seen from the roof of one of its houses. Each house sits in a corner of its own double or single compound. Each compound is surrounded by a wall twelve and a half feet high, closed by a high, stout gate. All building is clay and the colour of clay. Beyond flows of brilliant green—the crops and the fruit trees—a beautiful combination. Here, before the canal came for hundreds of miles lay only barren earth scarred over, here and there, with scrawny grey-green shrub, which the camels of the few nomads browsed down to its bare wood.
68. He is yet in his twenties, and inherited his property from his father. He owns a satisfactory house, 100 acres of fine irrigated land, ten strong draught-buffaloes worth 150 rupees apiece, several head of other cattle, a pony, chickens, and a donkey, all of which he, like his neighbours, keeps in his own courtyard—a spacious enclosure surrounded by a twelve-foot wall. There also is his grand American fodder-chopper, of which he is proud. But he turns the wheel by its rim. "Where is the handle?" asks the Deputy Commissioner. "Sahib, it came off"—and indeed there it lies in a corner, on part of a heap of rubbish, on the ground. The Deputy Commissioner picks it up, looks it over. "Have you a wrench?" he asks. A wrench is produced. In a moment, while the owner and his whole retinue look on like children, pleased and respectful, the Sahib has done the job. The handle is firm in place. But next time it comes off they will quite happily turn the wheel by the rim—until it gets too rusty to turn at all.

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69. The rich man's granny and his baby girl, whose manners are very winning.

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70. Houses are built of either oven-baked or sun-dried brick—pukka or kutcha. Kutcha washes away in the heavy rains and needs repair each year. Pukka bricks mean pride, prosperity or both. This is a pukka brick house, the best in the village. Its women spin, as Indian women have always spun whenever hand spinning is practical economy. They have set up their wheels in the courtyard among the cattle, the children, the idlers and the dust. Within, the house, like most Punjabi village houses, whether Muslim or Sikh, is clean and orderly. They have little furniture save their great jars, their built-in cupboards, their cooking-vessels and their cot-beds, which they pull about the place, indoors and out, to serve as seats, wherever
71. PHIPPS LABORATORY. Central Agricultural Research Institute, in Pusa, Bihar. When Lord Curzon was Viceroy of India, his American friend, Mr. Henry Phipps of Chicago, placed in his hands the sum of £30,000, to apply at discretion to some object, preferably scientific, for India's benefit. Lord Curzon saw before him an enormous and rapidly increasing population, 90 per cent agricultural, dependent on its crops for life itself, yet practicing agriculture in prehistoric fashion. Nothing, he knew, could exceed the importance to India, of intelligent agricultural development. So he applied his American friend's gift towards the creation of a Central Agricultural Research Institute. This was early in the century. Since that time the Institute's research work, under such leaders as Sir James Mackenna, the Howards and others, has placed vast help within the reach of the Indian agriculturist. But whoever knows the farmer in any land knows his conservatism. "You may lead a horse to water, but . . ." The country's great need is for a small army of keen, intelligent, open-air young Indians who will avail themselves of the Government's training and then go out into the villages and patiently show the peasant farmer.

72. Punjab Agricultural College.

73. Entomological Laboratory.

PUNJAB AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AND ENTOMOLOGICAL LABORATORY. Aside from the Central Research Institute, British India has six Provincial Colleges of Agriculture. That of the Punjab is at Lyallpur. Here, in its laboratories and class-rooms, and its scattered test, seed and demonstration farms, great and small, valuable work is constantly going forward. The Punjab crops are rich, but with skill, good will and hard work they could be tripled or quadrupled. It is to be hoped that the youth of this great Province, realizing the strategic meaning involved, are going to develop a keenness equal to their opportunity.
74. THIS PLOUGH the Indian cultivator used a thousand years ago, and this plough he uses today. A tusk-shaped junk of hard wood, with a handle and a shaft attached, it merely worries the surface of the soil. Government Agricultural Farms, as at Lyallpur, keep on hand for distribution stocks of simple iron ploughs designed for bullock draught and local needs. But to make the farmer try a novelty is no easy matter. At the Demonstration Farm he is shown a fine crop growing. "Ah— but this is Government ground," says he. "A poor man like me couldn't grow a crop like that." "You have ground of your own," answers the demonstrator, "will you let us plant half a strip of it and you plant the other half yourself? If our half grows a poorer crop than yours, we'll pay you the difference. If ours is better than yours, you can have it." One such demonstration generally suffices. After that the man comes back for a plough and seed such as were used in the demonstration, bringing often some of his neighbours whom the performance has converted. A slow method of educating some sixty-five million working landowners and tenant farmers, but seemingly the only method, since they are at least 94 per cent illiterate, and so unreachable by print.
75. **THE DEPUTY COMMISSIONER** of another Punjabi area—a Sahib with one madness that few caners can understand: He will not tolerate, nor does he ever fail to observe, the pain of a bullock under whose yoke a great, raw gall is grinding into the flesh. Here he is, on the Grand Trunk Road.

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76. "A gaily ornamented rath, or family bullock-cart, with a broaidered canopy of two domes, like a double-humped camel." In such did the Old Lady ride—(Kim, p. 107), and does today, on the Grand Trunk Road.
77. All along the Grand Trunk Road, in its course through the Punjab, wind the bullock-carts carrying the great cotton crop to its markets.

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78. COTTON MARKET IN LYALLPUR, centre of a Punjab irrigation-canal territory. India's cotton needs only more care, industry and intelligence on the part of the actual growers, to compete in quality with the cotton of America and the Sudan, in world markets. At present that need, though abating, is too evident.

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Throughout the great north country the most generally and genuinely hated man is the money-lender, or, to give him his Hindu caste name, the bania. He is always a Hindu, because, according to the Islamic law, to take interest on loaned money is a deadly sin; no Muslim can lend money for gain. Being a Hindu, the money-lender follows the trade of his caste; bania father, bania son. The interest he charges is always usurious, and his presence in any community is a curse. In Muslim communities, his extortions exasperate the Hindu-Muslim antagonisms, making his position physically dangerous; and yet, his instinct dominating his fears, there is scarcely a Muslim town of any size into which he has not crept. He corners the foodstuffs, or the crop seeds in advance of shortage, and when the pinch comes demands multiple prices for his hoard. He lends to men in real or fancied need small sums or great, at compound rates so monstrous that they can never pay him off and so remain his slaves for life. He is the worst enemy of industry, thrift and hope and his own bitterest hatred is directed against the Co-operative Credit movement, initiated under Lord Curzon’s government to deliver the peasant from the usurer’s clutches. In the Punjab, above all other provinces, this co-operative movement is a stimulating moral influence and a great and growing practical success. It should be read about in the three increasingly delightful books of Mr. Malcolm L. Darling.

Will you come into my parlour
Said the spider to the fly.

The bania’s setting is a little shop, where he barters and sells as a side issue of his usury, until, if he likes, he sheds his chrysalis and emerges as a city Shylock.

SALT

Another of the wealth of the Punjab. Its output, in the latest year for which figures are available, was about 550,000 tons. This picture was taken in one of the mines of the Salt Range Mountains. The miner’s legs are heavily padded to protect them from the irritation of salt on damp skin.
PUNJAB means Country of Five Rivers. The Rivers vary in size and temper and there are more ways than one of crossing them. A thousand years ago ferryboats were made of inflated bullock-hides, and that same type is in use today.

81. Here are ferryboats, ferrymen, and their paddles, all complete.

82. Pushing off with a woman passenger aboard. This is not a bit of play, but a serious and steady business. His Majesty's mail is so transported.

83. Here is another ferrymen. He sits in a cane ring that runs on a single rope made of twisted strands of bamboo, and holds between his knees Captain Kingdon-Ward's dog—an old and philosophic traveler.
Another type of rope bridge. In the tribal territory of the Utman Khel, over the Swat River, just before it plunges into the North-West Frontier Province north of Peshawar, is this bridge. It consists of two ropes.

This is a suspension bridge, by the like of which the natives, these untold centuries, have crossed the Dihang River, in the hills of Assam. It is made of cane of rattan and is over 800 feet long. The tube is from three to four feet in diameter. It is anchored to trees on either bank. The river is 200 yards wide and the bridge hangs about 50 feet above the water.
87. Then came the British, who built bridges of another sort. This picture shows the Kangra Valley railway bridge—first of its type in India—under construction and being cantilevered out from each side. It spans a gorge 260 feet wide at top and 200 feet deep. The little bridge beyond was a temporary rope suspension for access. Below the safety net.
88. Nerbudda Bridge, built by the British, was carried away in a sudden wild rush of water that, in 1926, rose above the level of the railway on these lofty masonry piers, and carried all away—even the steel spans themselves.

IN THE RAINS rivers of India may turn in a few hours from weary trickles almost lost in sand to broad and devastating floods. Kipling told the story in *The Bridge-Builders*. And occasionally a flood, in its breadth and force, exceeds all previous memory. British Engineers have learned the lesson from experience such as this.

89. Nerbudda Bridge, its other half, as wrecked by the flood.
So now the British Engineers in India, dealing with rivers liable to run riot, build bridges like this of Jandola, in Waziristan, 1,400 feet long, 12 feet wide. Its construction is light open trestles offering minimum lodgement to debris rushing down the river, so minimizing the destructive pressure of water. Trestles are supported on solid steel piles screwed into the river bed.

Courtesy, Braithwaite & Co., Engineers, Ltd.

Ahmed Khan Bridge, in the North-West Frontier, again illustrates the type. This picture suggests how easily the terrain can push its swelling rivers into terrible engines of wrath.
MURREE RESERVOIR

92. Murree, an army post and sanatorium, is in the Punjab close to the border of Kashmir. About 7,500 feet above sea-level, its climate ranges between 21° and 96°. Its views, over forest and valley to the far snow peaks, are superb. This mirror-like reservoir has a capacity of three and a quarter million gallons. It is 204 feet long, 160 feet broad and 16 feet deep. It is made of steel plates, each four feet square, all pressed from the same die, making the largest pressed-steel tank in the world. The site is so difficult of access that aerial ropeways and bullocks alone could be used for transporting material. The second half was built while the first half was in use.
93. But aerial ropeways and bullocks are not the only means of transport in Punjabi-Kashmiri fastnesses. Here is a pack-train of goats. Each goat is carrying from eight to fifteen pounds of potatoes or borax.
In the matter of railway bridges versus the demon of flood, the British Engineer has learned his lesson. But visitations by earthquake are another matter. The earthquake of January, 1934, in the Province of Bihar, did things like this, terribly complicating relief work.

94. Kink in railway line.

95. Lakhandar Bridge near Sitamarhi.

96. Dhanauti Bridge.

All through Courtesy of Braithwaite & Co., Engineers, Ltd.
97. Fifteen months later, just west of the Punjab line in British Beluchistan, at Quetta, headquarters of the Western Army Command, came another such devastation. Here, on June 2, 1935, in one instant of horror, 30,000 persons, Indian and European, lost their lives. And this is what befell the Residency of the Viceroy's Agent for Beluchistan.

98. Things salvaged from ruined houses. Glass toilet-bottles escape, when walls and roof cave in! A reminder to those who, in the Great War, saw the freaks of wreckage in bombarded France.

99. Quetta's shopping district. In the bazaar alone over 20,000 persons are believed to have perished.
100. The young soldier-king of the North who first carried the flag of Islam down into India in Holy Wars against the idolater (see pp. 3-7), never lingered in the land, but after each idol-smashing campaign, returned to his mountain capital in what is now called Afghanistan. He, Mahmoud of Ghazni, died in 1030 A.D. But his hand and that of his successors remained over the Punjab; and by 1175 new Muslim conquerors were increasing the field of Islamic control, at times opposed by Hindu forces huge in numbers, yet with few exceptions incapable of offering effective resistance to the martial skill, vigour and unity now brought against them. In 1191 the Muslim general Kutbu-d-din, a Turk by birth, began a series of campaigns resulting in much extension of territory. Delhi and Benares, Bengal and Bihar, now added to the Punjab and Sind as Islamic ground, were cleared of their offending temples in obedience to the commandment of God as given to the Prophets Moses and Muhammad. And Kutbu-d-din, as sovereign of the new conquest, was styled Sultan of Delhi. Kutbu-d-din died in 1211, from hurts sustained on the polo-field; but he left behind him two splendid memorials. One of these, his Tower of Victory, the Kutb Minar, survives practically intact to this day. Of the other, the Kutb Mosque, enough yet remains, in its noble screen of arches, to place this old conquistador amongst the world's great dreamers in stone.

101. THE KUTB MINAR, near Delhi, is 238 feet high, rising in five stories, of which the upper two are faced with white marble, the lower with red sandstone. The unworthy little balustrade seen on the balconies is a "restoration" of 1829. The honeycomb work beneath the buttresses of the balconies is exceedingly fine, as are the bands of text, used as ornament. The date is about 1200 A.D.
Arches in the great stone screen erected by Kutbu-d din to the west of the courtyard of his Mosque. The central arch is 55 feet high by 22 feet wide. Within the courtyard, before the central arch of the screen, stands the famous Iron Pillar, a solid shaft of wrought iron, over 16 inches in diameter and 23 feet 8 inches high, estimated to weigh over six tons, and perfectly welded. It is Hindu work, dating, probably, from the fourth century A.D.
103. From the summit of the Kutb Minar, looking down into the Mosque. The square building outside is the Tomb of Altamsh.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships

104. The tomb of Sultan Altamsh of Delhi, Kutb-ud-Din’s son-in-law and successor, lies close to the Kutb Mosque. The oldest tomb known to exist in India, it is exceedingly beautiful with its almost solid incrustation of light-relief Saracenic designs, in which inscriptions play a conspicuous part. Altamsh died in 1236.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships
105. Imperial ruins as seen from the first balcony of the Kutb Minar. This picture shows something of the excellent reserve with which conservation has been done by the later British authorities. The progress of ruin has been arrested, debris and encumbrances cleared away. But otherwise the past is left to tell its own story.

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106. TOMB OF TUGHLAK SHAH, Muslim Sultan of Delhi, who died in 1325. This warrior-ruler, like most Muslim sovereigns, built his own tomb during his lifetime. Almost Egyptian in its severity, its ornament lies chiefly in the contrast between the white marble inlets and the red sandstone of the construction. The tomb lies just outside Tughlakabad, the fortress-citadel built by this Sultan, some five miles east of the Kutb Minar.

M. M. Newell

107. View across the Jumna River, from a door in the fortress wall.

M. M. Newell
Two centuries had passed, during which the Islamic domination continued unbroken. Five Muslim princes now held the better part of India amongst themselves; only two Hindu rulers of importance remained anywhere in the land, one far south, beyond the Deccan, another in the Rajput hills; although a host of small Hindu rajahs survived, “some obedient to Islam, some because of their remoteness or because their places are fastnesses, not subject to Muslim rule.” The words are those of Babur, the young Muslim King of Kabul, who himself had a mind to rule Hindustan. Babur was another Mahmoud of Ghazni—brilliantly and variously gifted, ambitious, a great general and leader of men. But where Mahmoud made war only upon idolatry and idolaters, Babur made war for possession of Hindustan, and therefore not upon Hindus only, but also upon the Islamic possessors of the land. In two decisive battles, one against the Muslim Sultan of Delhi, fought in 1526, the other against the Raja in 1527, Babur destroyed both opponents and founded the Mughal Empire of India.

Now gardens, to all the Mughals, were a necessity of life. Scarcely had Babur fought his first major conquest-battle than the hunger for gardens beset him. But the dull, parched, unbeautiful and unbeautified country around Delhi and Agra, the two cities of his first taking, so repelled him that for a moment he almost abandoned his idea. He himself tells the story in his journal: “It kept coming to my mind that waters should be made to flow . . . wherever I might settle down, also that grounds should be laid out in an orderly and symmetrical way. With this object in view we crossed (the Jumna river) to look at garden-grounds a few days after entering Agra. Those grounds were so bad and unattractive that we traversed them with a hundred disgusts and repulsions. So ugly and displeasing were they that the idea of making a (garden) in them passed from my mind; but needs must! As there was no other land near Agra, that same ground was taken in hand a few days later. . . . Thus in that charming and disorderly Hind (Hindustan), plots of garden were soon laid out with order and symmetry, with suitable borders and parterres in every corner, and in every border rose and narcissus in perfect arrangement.” (Babur-Nama, Beveridge, Vol. 11, pp. 531-532.)

Such graces were so strange to the Hindu onlookers that they called this new Agra “Kabul,” after the Afghan city, in token of its utter foreignness. To Babur, therefore, may be laid the birth of the orderly garden in India, as this chronicler of a later emperor implies: “After the footprints of (Babur) had added to the glory of Hindustan, embellishment by avenues and landscape gardening were seen, while heart-expanding buildings and the sound of falling waters widened the eyes of beholders.” Little of Babur’s own building, unhappily, now remains, but the influence of his blood brought gifts of surpassing beauty to India.
109. MAUSOLEUM OF HUMAYUN, as seen from its garden; for the Mughals' passion for gardens went with them beyond this life. Every mausoleum or tomb must have its garden setting, its streams of flowing water, its turf and trees and flowers. By Babur's command, his own body was carried all the way through the mountain passes back to Kabul, to be laid in the garden he most dearly loved. The Koran depicts Paradise as a place of green trees, green meadows and crystal streams.

110. Mausoleum of the Mughal Emperor Jahangir, son of Humayun, near Lahore. Jahangir died in 1627; this mausoleum was built by Nurmahal, his Empress, in her favourite garden.
The modern Punjab’s capital, a town of 430,000 inhabitants, glows with varied interest. The Mughal emperors dowered it with amazing beauty, in their gardens, palaces, forts, mosques, tombs, each one the crystallization of human drama and romance. Its ancient labyrinth of narrow ditchlike lanes crowded with bazaar stalls above which lean and press and drip and peer in secret the walls of many-storyed dwellings; its modern schools and schools less modern, its museums, its hospitals, its clubs, its Government buildings, all bring contrasting colour, while its newer residential section curiously recalls a well-ordered and prosperous Western American town. And yet, to the average Occidental visitor nothing brings a surer thrill than the sight of Zam-Zammah—"the fire-breathing dragon"—Zam-Zammah herself, of which you shall read in "KIM" on page 3. Here she sits, the very gun that was cast for Ahmad Shah Durani, to be used in the battle of Panipat in 1761, when he, with his Afghans behind him, scattered the Mahratta hosts like dust before the wind. Here she sits today with two little idle gossiping boys at her feet, as Kim sat with Lala Dinanath’s boy before the coming of his Lama.
112. Babur's dislike for the sites of Delhi and Agra seems to have descended with his blood to the second and third generation, for Akbar, third of the line Imperial, built an entire new city, Fatehpur Sikri, 23 miles away (see pp. 11-12), and the Emperor Jahangir, Akbar's heir, spent most of his birthright passion for construction upon his chosen city of Lahore, although he placed his father's tomb near Agra. This is the gateway of Akbar's Tomb, which was built in 1605. It is of red sandstone, beautifully inlaid with ornaments and ornamental texts executed in white marble. White marble minarets rise from its four corners.

113. But with Shahjahan, fifth Moghul Emperor of the line direct, the day of Agra and of Delhi truly dawned. Most of the glory is within the enclosure of the fort, which is itself chiefly the work of Shahjahan. The Pearl Mosquee, so placed, built between 1646 and 1653, is one of the purest of architectural types. Here is a view of its courtyard, which has in its centre a marble tank. Over the whole length of the entablature above the front row of pillars runs decorative script inlaid in black marble upon white.
114. In the cloisters of the Pearl Mosque.

Photograph by Captain Ralph Burton

115. The Grape Garden in Agra Fort. The spaces of its stone tracery are now filled in with turf. Behind lies a charming little pleasure-hall, the Khas-Mahal, flanked by the two “Golden Pavilions,” so called because of their shining roofs—plates of copper covered with gold leaf. The Pavilions contained bedchambers for the Emperor’s ladies. In the marble terrace before the Khas-Mahal is a pool with fountains; beneath these are subterranean chambers for comfort in summer’s intense heat.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships
116. At the south-east corner of the Grape Garden are three rooms that were the Emperor's private retreat, one of which, the balcony pavilion shown in this picture, overlooks the Jumna River. There the Emperor lay through his last hours, his eyes fixed upon that ethereal vision across the grey waters wherein the beloved of his lifetime lay awaiting him—his prayer and love-song in breathing marble—the Taj Mahal.

Photograph by Captain Ralph Burton

117. The Taj Mahal, tomb of the Empress Mumtaz Mahal, as seen by the dying Emperor, through the pillars of Agra Fort.

Photograph by Captain Ralph Burton
The Taj Mahal, begun by the Emperor in 1632, within the year after the Empress's death. The Empress Mumtaz Mahal, a Persian lady, was thirty-nine years old when she went. She had borne her husband fourteen children, and in childbirth died. Husband and wife were devoted lovers to the end.

The Gateway of the Taj Mahal as seen therefrom. Shining water flows in straight channels through all the vistas, its mirror expanding in a midway pool. In this garden the body of the Empress lay buried until the completion of its final resting-place.
120. The Inner Chamber of the Mausoleum. The bodies of Shahjahan and his Empress lie in a vault covered with plainer stones, level with the earth and exactly below these two cenotaphs on which the world may look. The Emperor’s, after the Muslim fashion sometimes seen, carries the likeness of a pencil-box, sculptured in natural size, upon its top. The top of the Empress’s cenotaph is flat, representing a slate. “The true wife’s mind is a smooth slate, upon which her lord writes his will.” Both cenotaphs are of pure white marble, exquisitely inlaid with precious and semi-precious stones. Around that of the Empress, making a beautiful pattern, are inlaid the Ninety-nine Names of God, and Koranic texts and poems alternate with other forms of ornament everywhere.
THE FORT OF DELHI was also Shahjahan's work. Built between 1639 and 1648, its massive and forbidding walls surround what remains of the once omnipresent beauty. The palace buildings, grouped in their gardens, suffered harsh treatment, not only at the hands of post-Mughal invaders, but also at those of the British in that latter half of the nineteenth century when the whole Western World's respect for the glories of the past suffered so deep an eclipse. But again Lord Curzon led the rescue. Courtyards stripped of their marble floors are now represented by turf; vanished arcades and masses of masonry by massed shrubs and trees; unsettled walls are almost invisibly stayed, and Shahjahan's private Audience Hall is among the survivals that speak for original perfection. This picture shows the Lotus Pool, in Shahjahan's private Audience Hall. The hall measures 99 by 67 feet, and is built wholly of white marble, carved in very light relief and inlaid with flowers and arabesques in semi-precious stones. Here stood the famous Peacock Throne, made of gold ablaze with rubies and diamonds, emeralds and sapphires, and hung with tassels of pearls. The original ceiling of the chamber, all silver, was stolen by Hindu raiders in the later days of rapine, and is now represented by a ceiling of wood. Fountains such as this, in the ladies' apartments, used to play rose-water. In the central channel ran clear fresh water called the Stream of Paradise; in it swam myriads of brilliant little fishes. Closing the end of the vista is a screen dividing the Audience Hall from the royal private apartments.
122. This flood-light picture of the private Audience Chamber, taken from the opposite end, and with its water-channel filled, shows more clearly the lavish yet always airy and delicate decoration of inlaid semi-precious stones.

123. Another flood-light picture looking from the private Audience Chamber across an inner garden to the domes of the Pearl Mosque, made in Delhi Fort by the Emperor Aurungzeb. The Mosque is built of white and grey-veined marble.
BRITISH DELHI

124. For many successive centuries before and up to her assumption by Britain, most of India, as we have seen, was governed through her north-west corner, by Muslim overlords. When Britain picked up India's sceptre where it lay in the trampled dust as fallen from the Muslim grip, she first established her capital in Calcutta, the trading-post that she, a sea-power, had herself created on the Bengali shore from nothingness and mud. Then, after half a century had lapsed, as if compelled by the spirit of the past she moved her centre of government far inland, back into the north-west corner, where the Great Mughals had placed their thrones.

This transfer from Bengal to the Punjab, from Calcutta to Delhi, was made in 1912. But the machinery of government was housed in temporary quarters, until a grandiose architectural scheme could be realized. In 1930 the new Legislative Chamber, shown in this picture, was opened. It is in this building that the Indian central parliament, the Legislative Assembly, meets.

125. New Secretariat Chambers, shown in their relation to the Legislative Buildings. Living quarters for officials and other necessary dwellings seen beyond.
126. Opening ceremony of the Legislative Buildings. His Excellency the Viceroy and Lady Irwin arrive. In the background is the platform, with its gold-and-crimson velvet canopy, from which the speeches were made. British troops to the left, Indian troops to the right, of the approach to the dais. A footman in the carriage holds over the Viceroy's head an umbrella, Indian emblem of rank.

127. Each of the British Dominions presented a column of stone for the adornment of the New Delhi. This picture was taken during the ceremony of their unveiling.
128. All-India Great War Memorial Arch. New Delhi.
130. Their Excellencies the Viceroy and Lady Irwin, Indian and British guests, and troopers of the Viceroy’s Body Guard.

131. Garden Party at the Viceroy’s House during the inauguration ceremonies.
132. The Viceroy's Body Guard, raised in 1773 by Warren Hastings, is the senior corps in the Indian Army. It has two British officers, four Indian officers, and 116 men, all Indians. To be a member of the Guard is an honour keenly sought in Indian cavalry regiments. This picture shows the Guard dismounted and paraded for inspection, at the Viceroy's House.


134. His Highness the Maharajah of Bharatpur talks with Sir Basil Blackett, Director of the Bank of England and former Warden-Member of the Executive Council of the Governor-General of India.
135. Their Highnesses the Maharajahs of Dholpur and Bharatpur.

136. And these always honoured guests, also, representing changeless tradition.

137. Then there were private functions. These pictures were taken at a garden party given by a distinguished Muslim, Maulvi Muhammad Yakub, Deputy-President of the Legislative Assembly. The host is here seen with His Excellency the Viceroy seated at his right.

138. At another table were (left to right) 1. Shamsul-Ulma Maulvi Said Ahmad, the Imam or leader of devotions in the Great Mosque of Delhi. 2. Maulana Muhammad Ali, a conspicuous political figure. 3. Dr. Abdullah Sahrawardi.
139. Other guests of Maulvi Muhammad Yakub were these: (left to right): 1. Mr. W. R. Barker, Chairman of the Public Service Commission. 2. Sir Muhammad Iqbal, eminent Islamic leader and the greatest living writer of Persian and Urdu verse. 3. Khan Bahadur Nawabzada Sayid Ashrafuddin Ahmad, C.I.E., scholar, author, and Member of the Legislative Assembly. 4. Professor John Coatman, C.I.E. 5. Khawaji Hasam Nizami. 6. Khan Bahadur Sarfaraz Hosain Khan, Member of the Legislative Assembly. Three Muslims, two Englishmen.

140. Type of bungalow built as official’s quarters in the new Delhi. Rooms must be very high-studded, in this climate, and the light subdued, for protection against the intense heat. One of the many points in common, between the Moghal or Persian and the Anglo-Saxon, is the passion for gardens. Wherever you find a Briton, however arid and arid remove the spot, you find carefully-tended flowers.

141. The Cecil Hotel, Delhi. The name of its maker, Mrs. Hotz, will live long in the grateful memory of the multitudes to whom this house has been as the shadow of a rock in a thirsty land. If possible, get a suite on the roof, walk out there at night under the stars—and listen.
And until lately, if at all, profoundly unaware, unaffected and unconcerned as to what laws are made, what policies adopted, or what party is in power in the grand new Legislative Halls, the Delhi of the people follows its own way. Here, to be sure, is a street with a tram-line, electric-light and telephone wires, a rubbish-barrel, a Victorian clock-tower, and a statue of Queen Victoria herself over to the left, together with certain formal buildings. But look at the humanity! The street is called Chandni Chauk and it is the business centre of Delhi.
144. Chandni Chauk has special shops, like these three:—first the porcelain and pottery dealers; the junkman's beyond; and the basket-maker's between. Of this last the owner and his brother, squatting on the pavement, are weaving the familiar reed window curtain while they wait for trade.

145. Or again, you have the office of the dentist and optician to His Highness the Maharajah of Jammu and Kashmir. Its signs deserve close study.
But the real Chandni Chauk is here. Cows on the sidewalk, blocking passage and the shop doors; men asleep on their beds in the middle of the street; women cooking food for boys who want to eat it; blanket-sellers with their blankets; the pamphlet-vender with his pamphlets horribly printed on villainous paper; gossippers, quarrellers, buyers; sellers of what not and nobody knows, all jammed together in the hot composite dust. The clock-tower and the telegraph poles loom above. But they matter less than naught, for time, here, means nothing at all.

Delhi has other markets, such as the Cloth Bazaar, which spreads its wares below and upon the all-welcoming steps of Shahjahan’s Jama Masjid—his great “Friday Mosque” built for the assemblage in congregational worship of all true believers.
148. But the Delhi that never changes is the Delhi that Babur found, that Babur will find again if, in the Day of Judgment, he comes to look. Here under the city's skirts, essence of its being, sit Hindu villages. Here are the huts, the fireplace, the water pot, the beds which are dragged out under the tree to sit or to doze upon while the sun is up. Basket-weavers these people are; such were their fathers; such will their children be, after them, so long as the blood endures. For, as Hindus, they follow the trade of their caste, as the gods have ordained—and they and folk like them make 90 per cent of all of Hindu India. They are glad if neither famine nor pestilence nor robbers come—and if boy babies enough are born—and the wives are glad if they may die before they are widowed. For the rest, nothing matters—nothing touches them.

149. There are pavement lodgements in plenty, such as the sugar-cane vendor's, whom a kindly friend, happening along, may offer a whiff from his pipe, while customers wait.
BRITISH INDIA is divided into provinces. Each province, like each state in the United States of America, possesses its separate government. The Governor, who is appointed by the Crown, in choosing his Council of Ministers follows the Cabinet system of Great Britain and the Dominions. Cabinet ministers head departments and are selected with a view to their power to command a stable majority in the Provincial Legislature, of which they must be or become elected members.

The Province of Bengal is almost exactly the size of the state of Nebraska, or three times the size of Holland and Belgium combined, and its population numbers about fifty million, the largest of any of the provinces. Calcutta, Bengal's chief city, is possessed of an appalling hot-weather climate. Sitting ninety miles upriver from the mouth of the Ganges, and only a few feet above sea-level, from the end of March until October it steams and stews and sinks with malaria, in a mean high temperature of 102° Fahrenheit. During this impossible period the seat of Government is on the north border of this province, at Darjeeling, close to Tibet, with an altitude of 7,000 feet. One glance at the photograph will tell the tale.
From Darjeeling are visible not only the unconquered Mount Everest, 29,000 feet high, and the beautiful Kinchingunga, with her altitude of 28,178, but ten other peaks above the height of 20,000 feet. The summer snow-line lies at about 16,000. These photographs and those on the following page were taken from Government House Gardens, by His Excellency the Earl of Lytton, Governor of Bengal, while in residence.

Photographs by the Earl of Lytton, K.G., G.C.S.I.
151. Every British Governor, like every Mughal, has left behind him his sign-manual in the form of added beauty. These terraces were contributed to the gardens of Government House at Darjeeling by H. E., the Earl of Lytton. The Countess of Lytton, Lord Knebworth and the Lady Hermione Lytton are those in the picture.

Photographs by the Earl of Lytton, K.G., G.C.S.I.
152. Up here, too, is where your tea grows on the high slopes under the snows.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppi

153. And here they are picking it.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppi
CALCUTTA, with her population of one and a half millions, is, by count of heads, the second city of the British Empire. She stands on ground bought in 1698 as a site for a trading-post, by the British East India Company from Prince Azim, son of the Emperor Aurungzeb. She is just sixty-six years younger than the city of New York, and her Government House is just twenty-four years older than the Capitol at Washington. This picture shows Government House, Calcutta, the seat of the Viceroy of India from the time of the creation of that office until the removal of the capital to Delhi, in a policy, familiar to Americans, of dissociating the seat of government from the centre of commerce. This gracious and dignified pile, well suited to the heavy service required of it, is now the chief residence of the Governors of Bengal.

Photographs by the Earl of Lytton, K.G., G.C.I.E.