280. The dhobie's wife irons the wash.
Copyright, Miss Annie Martin

281. A happy dhobie family. One brother beats the burlap garment on a good, hard, sharp-edged rock, the other takes his turn at the pipe, and wife and baby complete felicity. This is on the Ganges near Cawnpore.
Copyright, W. Stokes
282. The Barber practices his calling in the open. Amongst the Hindus he is an important functionary, not only shaving and cutting nails as each caste's ceremony requires, but also serving as negotiator of marriages.

Courtesy, S.S. Resolute, Hamburg-American Line

283. The Carpenter, in a Simla Bazaar. But each Hindu village in India has its carpenter servants as well as its barbers, potters, basket-makers, sewing-men, etc., who are paid, as a rule, by a share of the crops.

Copyright, W. Stokes
284. See this man's agile toes, as they grip the turning tool while he revolves the wood by the stick-and-string contrivance held in his left hand.

Copyright, W. Dobbs

285. Sewing is a man's employment. These are at work in a Madura bazaar, in South India. Being summoned, such men come to private residences, and, squatting on the verandah, copy anything very neatly—even European women's gowns in the most delicate materials. Few Hindu women, down to the poorest, make even the simplest garment for themselves or their babies. Barber, carpenter, sewer, potter, basket-maker, all are very low caste.

Copyright, E. O. Harré
286. She sits on the kerbstone making brushes for sale, winding her binding string around her ankle, for tension. Her toes, ankles and wrists are her husband's bank. Savings beaten into jewelry and so bestowed will not be stolen without raising considerable outcry.

Copyright, W. Stokes

287. The cobbler. All leather-workers, amongst Hindus, are rated very low caste. This man, near Simla, has been making hill-men's sandals.

Copyright, W. Stokes
288. A Village Potter, of the North.
Copyright, Major H. N. Obbard, R.E.

289. Another Potter.
Copyright, E. 0. Hoppe
290. The Magician's Hand.
Copyright, E. O. Hoppe

291. Wandering Daughters of Joy.
Copyright, E. O. Hoppe
292. Butter-making, in a village near Ahmedabad. The product will be clarified into an oil called ghī, used in cooking and as a libation to the gods.

M. M. Naecll

293. Grinding mustard seed or linseed to make an oil for cooking, much used by the poor. This picture was taken inside the house. The seeds are in the wooden bucket, and the oil, as expressed, trickles over at the bottom into a basin. The bullock, blindfolded to prevent giddiness, has just room to turn. Such a mill produces about 8 lbs. of oil a day.

Copyright, W. Stokes

294. Mixing cement, as it was mixed since the beginning of time. The makings are shovelled into a circular trench, and a roller is dragged over them by a draught bullock—in this instance by a water-buffalo.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships
295. Shoeing a draught bullock. As usual, the work is done in the middle of the street. This picture was taken in South India. In principle it applies everywhere.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppe

296. Another mid-road smithy. The wife wields the sledge.

Copyright, W. Stokes

297. The wood-sawyer, South India, on the Nilgiri Ghats.

H. N. Yeates
298. Cleaning Mother's Cooking Pot. He digs in the ground a hole that is just a tight fit for the brass pot. In the pot he puts a mixture of mud and cinders. Then, stepping in, he rotates the mixture by spinning on his toes, right and left, until the brass is bright.

Copyright, W. Stokes

299. Dyeing is largely a mud hut industry, even today. Holes dug in the floor hold the big bowls of dye-liquor in which cloth and yarn are immersed. These, after dyeing, are hung out in the sun.

Copyright, W. Stokes

300. The Bhisti. In his skin container he brings water to drink, for cooking, or to spray the garden.

Courtesy, S.S. Resolute, Hamburg-American Linc.
The population of India increases by 10 per cent every decade; which means that the decade 1921-31 saw a natural addition of over 36,000,000 people to the burden laid upon the country's powers of maintenance. It is a good deal, in such a place and under such pressure, merely to maintain life. But the fact is that the comforts of living increase. This man, in his lonely hut, would, not long ago, have had no movable light after sundown. Now, when he settles himself for his evening smoke by his bit of fire, he hangs a lighted lantern within reach.
302. Kerosene hawkers parade the villages.
  Courtesy, Burmah-Shell Oil Co.

303. And the little tank brings the supply around.
  Courtesy, Burmah-Shell Oil Co.

304. Melon cultivation in the river-bed in the dry season. He makes sun-breaks of grass to protect the young shoots.
  Copyright, W. Stakes
305. His wife helps him nurse the growth.

5. Good crops to sell in bore.
307. OPIUM POPPIES—all white. Their cultivation is confined, in British India, to a limited district in the United Provinces, and its manufacture is Government-controlled. British India now exports no opium to the Far East, save for medical and scientific use, and none at all to America or to any European country save Great Britain. She voluntarily stepped out of the Oriental market, to her own heavy loss, and has seen her China trade taken over by other opium producing countries. Opium smoking was never much practiced in India; but opium has always been eaten, as a medicine or stimulant.

308. In a Bengal Village. The old father comes from muddy work in the fields.

309. —while his sons have been building for the new storehouse a hat like their own.

310. The storehouse complete with hat.
On the Malabar Coast, people live in a richness of cocoanut palms. They weave their houses of cocoanut leaves.
312. They sort dried coconut meat (copra), for oil-making, for a living. These men are Moplahs. See p. 16.

313. This patient old woman pounds coconut husks, all day long, to extract fibers for rope making.
And then the fibre, on the long, free
beach at Calicut, is made into heavy cable.
315. Pepper, on the Malabar Coast today, exactly as Vasco da Gama saw it there in 1498, men, mat and all.

316. He carries His Majesty's Mail, on the Nilgari Mountains, jingling, as he runs, the bells of his metal emblem of office, now in his right hand. Pelsaert, the Dutch chronicler, found him exactly so, in 1620, and reported him as running, with the aid of plentiful opium, 50 to 60 miles a day.
317. The Ottam Thullal is an ancient Hindu religious dance, a part of temple ceremony, and normally performed to beat of drum. But, its action being negroid in type, this dancer has adopted gramophone jazz as his accompaniment. Ottam Thullal dancers paint their faces green.
319. Serum-Makers drawing poison from a snake. After the snake has 
struck so heavily, he is depressed by the reflex of his anger, refuses to 
eat, and so stores up no venom. So the serum-maker, after drawing 
the poison, keeps the snake’s mouth open until he has poured down a 
wine-glass of good egg-nog. The snake then sleeps off his depression 
and the egg-nog together, and natural functions are resumed.
320. Houses in a Bengali village.  
M. M. Newell

321. In a village near Lucknow.  
M. M. Newell

322. A Village Well, Hyderabad, Deccan. This well, in its infinite varieties, is today as it always was, all over India. With the village tree under which the men gather at evening, it shares the honours of Central News Depot.

Copyright, E. O. Hopkins
323. Gandhi has published his opinion that Hinduism's sole contribution to humanitarian advance is, its worship of the cow. [Young India, Oct. 20, 1927.] One could wish that claim stronger. Scenes such as this are, indeed, common all over Hindu India. But so, for example, is the next one:

324. The milk man brings his cow to the customer, who will not otherwise trust him not to water his wares. He brings the calf with the cow, to arouse her motherly yearning and make her let down her milk, of which only one cow in ten has over a quart a day to give. He allows the calf a quarter to a half-cup daily, for its sole food. After a few days of such starving the weak little legs can move no more, and it lies down to die.
325. Then the milkman skins it, stuffs the skin with straw, and shoves four sticks up its legs. Next day when he goes his rounds, he carries his handiwork under his arm, to plant just beyond the mother's reach, and so keep her heart still hungry.

M. M. Newell

326. The water buffalo cow is treated in the same fashion. But when her calf—look at this one's sides!—can no longer follow her, it is carried away to the scavenger's heap on the outskirts of town or village—

Courtesy, S.S. Resolute, Hamburg-American Line

327. —where the pariah dogs and the vultures tear its flesh from its bones even though it be still living. This same fate will befall the other calf, if the milkman does not care to skin it. But even then he will be guiltless in Hindu eyes of taking the life of a sacred animal. He is merely conserving from feeding it.

Copyright, W. Stoker
328. Waiting for a sick cow to fall. Pariah dog, vulture and outcaste, these are the saviours of Hindu India from its own offal. But for them it must all remain whatever and wherever it is, untouched. All cows are sacred; no Hindu may hasten a cow's release from life, however great and hopeless her distress. But when, old and feeble, she staggers and falls, none defends her from being torn to pieces, while still alive, by the eager and always present scavengers.

329. The powerful water buffalo—the carabao of the Philippines—has no sweat-glands and therefore suffers intense distress if made to drag heavy loads in the heat of the day, during which period, if left to itself, it seeks the nearest water and lies therein. The enormous loads imposed upon water buffaloes and their too-evident torture in being forced to pull them without intermission under a vertical sun, have long shocked and revolted Western spectators in Calcutta, without arousing any response in the Hindu. At last, in April, 1930, the Calcutta Municipal authorities issued a regulation fixing the maximum load that water buffaloes might be made to haul within its jurisdiction and also forbidding haulage during the three hours of intense heat, during the hot months.
330. The sole effect of this test of regard for animal life, was to precipitate a concerted strike on the part of the owners of the animals, each driver, as he crossed Howrah Bridge into Calcutta (See No. 158) taking off the wheels of his cart and adding it to a barricade that completely blocked that main artery of traffic. When the police, in the presence of a large crowd, began to remove the barricade, a concerted attack was made by the carters and their sympathizers upon the European police sergeants, some of whom were badly hurt. Six persons were killed, and sixty injured.

Copyright, Topical Press

331. After peace was restored, and the casualties taken to hospital, the patient police moved the carts off the line of traffic, collected the carters' abandoned goods and mounted guard on the owners' behalf, to protect them against looters. The picture shows two British police officers performing that duty.

Copyright, Topical Press
Murderous disturbances, political and religious both combined, have become more and more commonplace in modern India, not a few having sprung from Gandhi's incendiary words applied with deadly skill to the tinder of foredoomed minds. Such a disturbance was the Moplah Rebellion of 1921 (see ante p. 16) when a race of simple, poor, and ardently religious Muslim mountaineers of South India, numbering about 1,000,000, were inflamed to religious fury by Gandhi's words spread amongst them by Swarajist agents. Accusing the British Government of betraying the holy places of Islam, denouncing it as "Satanic," "altogether vile," Gandhi promised "Swaraj" within a year to all who would work for it. But "Swaraj"—self-government, to the Moplahs, could only mean government by Islamic law. To work for the coming of that within a year, could only mean, to their realistic minds, to kill off the Hindus about them. And this with mounting enthusiasm they proceeded to do, until, after thousands of killings and a long and difficult campaign in mountain fastnesses, British and Gurkha troops stopped them. Any sane man knowing the Moplahs and their history, would have foretold that result with absolute certainty, given the provocation to which they were subjected. But the persons finally executed as criminal rebels were not those experienced politicians and psychologists who had incited the outbreak, but their all-too-credulous victims.
Gurkha soldier of the army command brought in to quell the uprising. The guns and home-made cutlasses were taken from Moplahs killed or captured. Gurkhas come from Nepal, beyond the northeastern boundary of India.

Moplah prisoners being led away to court for trial. In the end over 200 were executed, including old Ali Musaliar, over 500 transported for life, over 200 sentenced to rigorous imprisonment—folk so humble, so obscure, so ignorant and friendless, that their utmost pain could not rouse wrath enough to fix the blame of the deed where the blame belonged.
In November of that same year, 1921, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, representing the King-Emperor, visited India. Gandhi, then at the height of his power, called for a boycott of the Prince’s welcome and denounced his coming as “an unbearable provocation,” an “insult” to India. A boycott, accordingly, was worked up in advance by the “National Volunteers”—a sort of militia auxiliary of the “National Congress.” (The “National Congress” is a political party of which Gandhi was then president and must not be confused with the Indian Legislative Assembly.) When the day came, however, the great mass of Bombay’s population joyously flocked out, to acclaim the Royal guest; whereupon, in the obscure quarters of the town, these were set upon and manhandled by the boycotters. The non-Gandhi folk fought back. Serious rioting ensued, lasting for three days, during which fifty-three persons were killed, four hundred wounded, and much property looted or destroyed. Gandhi, present in Bombay during the incident, let it get full headway before attempting to interfere. Later, although declaring that his boycotters and their allies were “not an unintelligent crowd,” he frankly acknowledged his own personal responsibility and regret [Letters on Indian Affairs, Gandhi, pp. 100, 102], and announced his intention to do a few days’ expiatory fast. During the following three months similar responses to his repeated incitement continued to break forth, until an example occurred of colour so special as to attract undesired attention and so, for a time, to arrest the policy.

Chauri Chaura, a small town in the United Provinces, had its little barracks for local police officers and watchmen. Indians all, and humble folk, these men were, nevertheless, a part of the Satanic Government’s peace power. “Rather than have the yoke of a government that has so emasculated us, I would welcome violence,” Gandhi had proclaimed [Freedom’s Battle, p. 110]. And such words, often repeated, carried to his followers whatever suggestions of workable reality they could discern in his general talk.

So, amongst kindred results, it happened that a body of “National Volunteers” and their friends, on February 4, 1922, delivered a surprise attack on the little Chauri Chaura police barracks. Twenty-one officers were inside at the time, and the assailants were 3,000 strong. Having fired into the barracks until all the twenty-one were dead or wounded, the attackers flung dead and wounded into one heap, poured oil over the pile and set it ablaze.

Of this matter, Gandhi later said, in court, “It is impossible for me to dissociate myself from the diabolical crimes of Chauri Chaura. . . . A man of responsibility, a man having received a fair share of education, having had a fair share of experience of the world, I should know the consequences of every one of my acts. I knew I was playing with fire. I ran the risk and if I was set free I would still do the same.”

The Judge replied: “I do not forget that you have consistently preached against violence. . . . But having regard to the nature of your political teaching and the nature of many of those to whom it was addressed, how you could have continued to believe that violence would not be the inevitable consequence it passes my capacity to understand. . . . You have made it impossible for any government to leave you at liberty.”

Gandhi went to prison for a few months, where, as always, he was treated with every deference, surrounded by every comfort, enveloped in the world’s admiration of a saint; and whence he emerged to make amply good his pledge to continue incitements to acts by which, while he went scatheless, other men should lose their lives.
335. Chauri Chaura Police Barracks and its inhabitants, on February 4, 1922, after friends had appeared.
The political activities of Gandhi and his party have been directed to ridding India of British rule, against which they have preached deadly hatred; and the immediate establishment of complete elective self-government. "From hatred of the Government to hatred of political and religious opponents and of other castes and creeds the transition was rapid and irresistible... Mr. Gandhi is my authority for it," wrote Sir Surendranath Banerjea, the Hindu statesman, concerning this development. [A Nation in the Making, p. 302.] And since all India believed that elective self-government could mean only government by the Hindu, because of the Hindu's secure majority, the minorities viewed the Nationalist movement with growing fear. Especially the Muslims realized their danger; and while Muslim chiefs began organizing for Islamic defence the common people in both camps, nerves strung taut with defiant alarm, watched their religious adversaries. From this point Hindu-Muslim battles, started by seeming nothings and fought at a moment's notice, have become more and more frequent and more sanguinary.
338. All that was left of a Bombay Muslim hack-driver's vehicle, after a Hindu mob had disposed of its owner.

339. The mob proceeds to a trunk dealer's shop, throws his wares into the street, and does all it has time to do in the way of destruction. Indian trunks are made of tin, as a guard against white ants; and tin will not burn. So they batter them. Naturally the trunk dealer and his fellow Muslims rise in fury.
340. Other Muslim shops produce wares that will burn.

341. Bombay city police, using their batons to clear the streets. These are British police sergeants, who are usually recruited from the Army, leading Indian police sepoys (rankers).
342. The Muslims carried away their own killed, for burial. But Hindu dead are burned. Here are the Hindu corpses, collected for that purpose.

343. And here are pyres, at the city burning ghats, ending the day's adventure for the Hindu casualties—ending also the story of a typical Hindu-Muslim outbreak.
Disorders in the town of Sholapur, in 1930, included the murder of five Muslim policemen by the mob. The condemnation of the murderers to death excited Bombay Hindus to sympathetic strikes, one of whose features was obstruction of traffic. This was one method employed.

And as usual, the patient police tidied up the mess.
347. Interested observers.

348. Another way of stopping traffic, requiring less exertion and incurring no danger.

349. Bombay police guarding a principal department shop, Whiteaway & Laidlaw's, during a political demonstration against the existence of foreign-made cloth in India. Observe the second man from the right.
350. Woman demonstrator and British police officer.

351. General Weirs and a group of British officers of the police force.

352. Indian Mounted Police maintaining order. The behaviour of the Indian police force, throughout the long disorders, has been beyond praise for steadiness, courage, and dispassionate restraint under all provocation.
SALT MAKING FOR LAW-BREAKING ONLY

353. Thirty-four of these "Volunteers", working all day in the hot sun, produced two teaspoonfuls of very bad salt. Gandhi's point, in his salt making campaign of 1930, was not to get salt, but to defy the Government, and to convey to the masses the idea that an unjustifiable charge was being levied on a necessity of the poor. Three centuries before Christ, Indians were paying a salt tax to the Hindu monarch Chandragupta, who heavily penalized contraband production (Kautilya's Arthasastra, Shamasastry, Book II, ch. 12). They have paid a salt tax to all their rulers ever since. It is the only tax that the whole people can and do pay. It amounts to six and three-quarters American cents [3½ d.] per capita per annum, and in spite of it India's per capita consumption of salt has increased 50 per cent within fifty years. Government manufactures about 35 per cent of the Indian product and makes no profit whatever thereby; 35 per cent is privately manufactured, 30 per cent imported. A uniform duty, used for revenue, is imposed on all sources. France, Germany, Holland, Bulgaria, Brazil and Venezuela levy a tax on salt. In Japan, Italy, Greece, Spain, and several other countries salt is a Government monopoly. It is probably the easiest and fairest tax that can be levied on any people.

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GANDHI'S "NON-VIOLENT" SOLDIERS

354. This squad was picketing St. Xavier's College, Calcutta, to dissuade Indian students from attending examinations. In most cases the parents of such students had been straining their resources for years past to carry their sons through the schools. Now, when the ardently-coveted degree is all but attained, they find it bitter hard to see their sacrifices and their ambitions together brought to naught, for the sake of Gandhi's political gesture.

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355. Other Gandhi men in Gandhi caps, singing revolutionary songs as they parade the streets of Gaya, during the 37th Indian National Congress. Here disorders ensued, producing no little violence, as various elements clashed with each other.

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As Gandhi's "non-violent" teaching deepened its incendiary effects, breeding more and more anarchy and bloodshed, various large segments of the population declared against it. These included the Hindu Moderates, the Indian Christians and the Untouchables. But none have been so continuously emphatic as were, and are, the Muslims. When Gandhi finally declared, in so many words, that sedition was his religion and the destruction of Government his object, he affronted the religious sensibility of every Muslim in India save a fugitive handful repudiated by all the rest. "If he wishes to embark on a campaign of lawlessness . . . we Muslims accept the challenge. We will never give up the fight. Let Mr. Gandhi realize this important fact." So declared Mr. A. H. Ghuznavi, Muslim political leader, Round Table delegate, lineal descendant of the old Mughal rulers of Bengal. [New York Times, Dec. 10, 1931.]

And before Mr. Ghuznavi spoke the position had been well and often tested.

For example—one among many—a Hindu called Bhagat Singh, leading conspirator in a Terrorist gang, stood convicted of many major crimes of violence, including bank-robberies, bomb-making, and the throwing of live bombs into the Indian Assembly Chamber while the Legislature was sitting. Incidentally and in cold blood, he had waylaid and assassinated a police officer for no reason save that the victim, as an officer, represented established Government. Bhagat Singh was sentenced to death by a tribunal consisting of three Judges of the High Court—two Europeans, one Indian, acting unanimously. Gandhi, while deprecating the murderous act, urged Lord Irwin, then Viceroy, to commute the sentence, in view of the "self-sacrifice and reckless courage" of the "young patriot." So that whatever deprecation he expressed was neutralized by his widely advertised admiration. The execution took place on March 23, 1931. Next day, strikes (hartals) were called all over the land. Violent anti-government speeches were made in the Legislature. The "Congress" (Gandhi's) party, then in session at Karachi, passed a resolution proposed by its own president, extolling the virtues of Bhagat Singh and denouncing his execution as an act of wanton vengeance, while Gandhi himself, there present, publicly announced that the execution "has only increased our power for winning the freedom for which Bhagat Singh and his comrades died." To put teeth into all this, Congress's Committee in the city of Cawnpore ordered every shop closed, every vehicle off the streets, and a profound general mourning to be observed for the whole day following Bhagat Singh's execution. But when the order was served upon the Muslims of Cawnpore, they flatly refused to obey it. They had neither desire to mourn for a justly-sentenced criminal nor sympathy for his deed, they said; Bhagat Singh was no hero of theirs, and Gandhi's "religion of sedition," to them, was simply a cardinal wickedness. Upon which, mobs of Congress supporters attacked the principal Muslim shops, smashing the windows and looting the contents. And so began a six-day Hindu-Muslim war, fought in alleys and courtyards and narrow streets, on roofs and in houses, with desperate ferocity. Cawnpore's inhabitants numbered about 250,000, two-thirds of whom were Hindus. But the Muslims neither asked nor received quarter. In the end, amongst the thousand identifiable dead, over two-thirds were found to be Muslims—men, women, children and infants. Pregnant women, in especial, had suffered unspeakable horrors antecedent to death. British troops eventually controlled the situation, but their available numbers were too few to do so promptly. And the final reported scene was the murder of nineteen Muslim fugitives ambushed outside the town by a troop of Hindu holy men.
356. Picket of the 2nd Battalion Highland Light Infantry, during a lull in the street fighting. But for the always imperturbable Tommy, no available force existed capable of stopping the slaughter.

Copyright, W. Stokes

357. Many truck-loads such as this—mutilated bodies of men, women and children, mostly Muslims, were finally carried away. Many more had disappeared in the ashes of burning houses or had been thrown down wells. The thermometer stood fast at 105°, but the gathering and removal of the dead from alleys and inner chambers was delayed, by the street fighting, for over three days.

Copyright, The (London) Daily Mail
Hindu Holy Men like these murdered the Muslim refugees, men, women and children, in the meadows outside Cawnpore. Over a million of these types are today walking idle about India, living on the charity or the sheer physical terror of pious Hindus. Often secret agents of the Terrorists, they know how to make themselves feared in many ways.
The Cawnpore Massacre was a part of a war then in its 931st year—a war that began its Indian history when Mahmoud of Ghazni first came idol-smashing down amongst the Hindus, out of his Afghan heights—a war that still is young. For it is a clash between unchangeables daily reborn to more than mortal strength. The swarming gods that rule the Hindu world that Mahmoud saw, rule still. Temples built in modern times display the same elaborate obscenities and witness the same rites that ran riot in those of Mahmoud’s day. The Great Hindu Temple of Madura, example of this fact, was largely built not by an ancient people, but by contemporaries of Sir Christopher Wren, the builder of St. Paul’s Cathedral in London. Juniors to the city of Albany, which was founded in 1609, it is practically identical in age with the Great Mosque of Delhi, that austere House of the One God reared by Shahjahan.

And the huge temple cars, chariots of the gods, paraded through the streets today, owe their freedom of public highways to a special provision of law enacted by the Indian Legislative Assembly as late as 1925; this provision exempts all cars, carvings, paintings and writings of Hindu temples from the restraint imposed by International Convention upon “circulation and traffic in obscene publications.”

If the temple of Siva in Somnath destroyed by Mahmoud in 1024 A.D., after his long desert march, maintained its corps of five hundred girls for priest and patron, exactly the same practice obtains in great Hindu temples of 1935. “There are, I am sorry to say,” declares Gandhi, “many temples in our midst in the country that are no better than brothels.” (Young India, Oct. 6, 1927.) The “devadasis,” as they are called, numbered over 200,000 in Madras alone, according to their own statement submitted in 1927, while subsequent efforts to diminish this form of religious devotion are stated to have failed completely excepting in Native States, where the Prince has exercised his arbitrary power.

And the ancient and enduring worship of Kali, the terrible black goddess of the Thugs, who forever burns with thirst for running blood and for the sight of pain endured by living creatures, man or beast, today bears its natural fruit in cruelties, murders and massacres and in the Terrorist activities bred in Bengal.

359. The Jama Masjid, Cathedral Mosque, of Delhi, built by Shahjahan between 1644 and 1658. Its high simplicity, its austere dignity, engage but impress the thoughtful eye.
360. In the Jama Masjid at the hour of evening prayer. All within is silence, wide, clean space and flowing air.

Copyright: E. O. Hoppe

361. Great Hindu Temple of Madura, Minakshi section.

Copyright: Klein & Pryor, Madras
362. In the Vishnu Temple, Kum­
lakonam, where the 12th yearly Tank Miracle occurs. See No. 266.
Copyright, E. O. Hoppe.

363. A Temple Car in its annual festival. The worshippers are seen drawing it by rope.
Copyright, Klein & Pezelt, Madras.
Part of the corps of one South India temple. Girls are recruited very young and by 6, 8, or 10 years of age are already in professional use. They are usually the unwanted daughters of good caste or high caste Hindus who desire to escape the costs of their marriage dowry, or, to acquire merit with the god, or, to accomplish both ends at one stroke. Once the girl is "given to the god" she has no escape, and if she chances to bear a child, the child must follow the mother's calling.
Copyright, British Museum

366. Ganesha, 12th century carving. According to Hindu Scriptures, Ganesha is the offspring of Siva and Kali. When his terrible mother’s eye first rested upon him, new-born, it blistered his head off his shoulders. Siva, not wanting a headless son, at once sent forth servants to bring in the head of the first animal they should find asleep with its face to the north. The servants brought back the head of an elephant. Siva clapped it upon the neck of the infant, where it instantly grew fast and remains to this day.  
Copyright, British Museum

357. Shrine of the Lingam in Rameswaran Temple.  
Behind the lingam rears the head of a cobra god whose body trails over the pedestal. Monkey gods, here called "delegates from Benares," stand in worship. This is one of the most venerated and popular of Hindu temples today.
368. KALI, a 12th Century Temple Sculpture.
The goddess is shown wearing a necklace of human heads. In one hand she clutches a man's head by its hair; in another a brandished sword. She is sitting on the body of a victim of her wrath, and her trunk is hollow below the chest, exposing her back-bone, in token of her unappeasable hunger for victims. This very image was worshipped by devotees over 800 years ago. Others essentially like it are today being worshipped and served in the goddess's chosen rites all over Hindu India.

Copyright, British Museum

369. A cheap print of Kali, such as, with similar figurines in pottery, wood or metal, are today sold to worshippers in Kali's temples. Her tongue is always lolling in thirst and dripping blood. Her face is black. She has three eyes, her necklace of human heads is supplemented by another of skulls, and human hands and tongues make her girdle.

Copyright, Keystone
370. A sight such as this in southern India, is supposed to delight Kali and is therefore offered to her in sacrifice when her thirst is specially feared, as, for instance, when she has sent some deadly epidemic for her own enjoyment. The two devotees are pulling the motor—in which children are sitting—by means of iron hooks sunk in their bare backs. Alternately, steam rollers are so dragged. These performances are much enjoyed by the spectators. A police officer attempting to stop a similar show was killed by the onlookers.

Copyright, Sport & General
373. This one is stated to be a graduate of Cambridge University in England.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppi

372. This Holy Man also carries his troubles about with him, but sings his appeal to the reverent world.

Copyright, E. O. Hoppi
374. Here is a heap of heads, photographed in Ellore, Madras, in 1919, where the priests in one day slaughtered 5,000 animals of many sorts before the goddess of small-pox—one of Kali's forms. Most of the creatures were killed by inches—the sheep with thirty-two blows of the cutlass, to prolong the goddess's gloating. The buffaloes, one by one, were driven into a pit from whose sides men mangled them with spears before decapitation. The priests' cutlasses are shown stuck in the ground. A High Court Justice is authority for the statement that upon these occasions "live pigs are thrown from a height upon sharp spikes planted in the ground and are left there till a certain height is reached. They are thus made to suffer excruciating pain for several hours before they die."

375. KALIGHAT. Ellore is somewhat remote, and its festivals of slaughter somewhat far apart. But Kalighat is in India's largest city, Calcutta. And in this House of Kali several times a week priests chop off the heads of two hundred little goats before the face of the goddess, in order that she may exult in their shrieks, their terror and their blood. This temple is a modern building, as its architecture shows.
376. Here are the victims of the day, brought as gifts by devotees and awaiting the priestly knife. Most of them are little kids. When the killing begins, panic takes them all, and they shriek together, to the greater fervour of the human crowd.

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Steamships
378. —while the gratified crowd looks on

380. At intervals during the killings, heralded by great clangings of bells, banging of drums and gongs and shouting of priests for their money, the doors of Kali's inner shrine flash open; but the vision vouchsafed to her prostrate adorers is brief. Her black face, her glaring eyes, her hanging tongue, her bloodstained and menacing bands, her wealth of honors—are scarcely seen before they are again shut away. But in side chapels of the temple these and many other Hindu deities may be gazed upon and worshipped at leisure.
381. Meantime, within the temple precincts the funeral pyres blaze. The muddy little stream by which the temple stands is an ancient outlet of the Ganges, peculiarly valued for cure of the sick and for salvation of the dead. So whatever remains unburnt of the bodies here cremated goes into the stream, just as it does at the burning ghats of Benares.

M. M. Newell

It must not be supposed that the devotees of Kali come mainly from the ignorant, or from the lower castes. Hindus of every degree of intelligence and cultivation, men of the highest social and political position, including hundreds of thousands of Brahmins, are active Kali worshippers. In this sense Kalighat, in Calcutta, may be called the parish church of Mr. C. R. Das, Brahmin, highly educated man, Mayor of Calcutta, who, at the time of his death in 1925, had succeeded Gandhi as leader of the Swarajist party. Mr. Das's body was burned in Kalighat, although the city has many other places for cremation, and a memorial was built on the spot. His monument, yet awaiting completion, stands close by. In this connection, weight attaches to the following fact: In the period just before Mr. Das's death, Bengal had flared up in a revived blaze of murders committed in the name of Revolution; and Mr. Das had publicly deplored the fact. Yet when the Secretary of State for India asked Mr. Das to go a step farther and cooperate in represing such acts, the latter refused. Nor, in a way, could he well have done otherwise; for one of his first uses of power as Mayor of the Calcutta Corporation had been to initiate a policy, continued after him, of appointing convicted terrorists and their relations, as "persons who have suffered for their country's cause," to municipal jobs—largely to jobs of teaching the youth of Bengal. Das, therefore, could no more turn upon the graduates from his own schools than he could be absolved from the blood of the victims thereof, be they murderer or murdered.
Bengal is the ancient centre of Kali worship. Kali has always been served by assassins. (See ante, p. 23.) The political terrorists of today take their vows at her feet, and again and again, when standing convicted of murder, have declared that their deed was done in answer to Kali's cry—"I heard her voice at night, calling out 'I thirst! I thirst! Bring me blood!'"

Ground so prepared through centuries of cultivation, and now sown with Moscow's seed bears hot house crops. The wrecking of railway trains is one product. The manufacture of bombs and of false currency is a second. Assassinations are a third.

For example: Midnapore, in Bengal, is a terrorist nest. Three successive District Magistrates of Midnapore, Britons each, were murdered there by terrorists, all within a period of just over two years. The third, a young Englishman called Burge, was shot dead by three Hindu youths just as he was beginning a game of football. This happened on Sept. 2, 1933. The murderers' purpose appears to have been, to break down the tradition of British courage. Striking continuously at one spot, they hoped to produce a region, however small, to which they could point and say: "Here is your nucleus. Here, thanks to us, no Briton dare venture." How well their hopes were founded is best shown in the case of an individual Briton:—Young Mr. Griffiths, permanent member of the Indian Civil Service, had but just come home to England for a little holiday when news of the third killing reached him; and it happened that the man who fell on the football field was his own close friend.

So, Mr. Griffiths did the only thing that to him seemed possible. He applied at once to be sent straight back to India, to Midnapore, to take over his dead friend's job.

383. Four attempts to wreck the Viceroy's train were intercepted by the police, in the course of a single journey, in 1934.

384. Mr. P. V. Griffiths, whose reaction to Terrorism may be read in his steady eyes.
385. A Bengali Terrorist who has served Kali well.

386. The operation of the Communist Terrorists, now gone beyond an attack upon British Government in India, has become an attack upon all government, all property and public peace, to the tardily awakening alarm of the Hindu Orthodox and Moderates. Meantime, main currents carry steadily on. Mr. Griffiths, at Midnapore, takes a walk with a British sergeant of police at his side. Observe the sergeant’s ready right hand.

387. British soldiers have fallen at the assassin’s hand, in defense of the people’s peace; and terrorists have returned to desecrate their graves. Private Joseph William Farrell, who lies here, was killed by Terrorist raiders on April 18, 1930. Over two years later his resting place was thus disturbed.
In the India of the Princes, each State has its own army, yet even there Tommy Atkins must sometimes lend a hand. Kashmir has a Hindu Maharajah, a Brahmin oligarchy and a population 90 per cent Muslim—"the most simple-minded and law-abiding people in the whole of India," so Sir Albion Banerji, distinguished Hindu and once a Kashmiri official, has lately affirmed. Illiterate, poor and oppressed, this 90 per cent had endured long and much, but in the autumn of 1931 the waters of their grief overflowed. Greatly daring, they told their Maharajah they were tired of paying, on each bit of land, each cow, each goat, from ten to twelve times what their Hindu neighbours, His Highness's co-religionists were taxed.

Tired, too, of being kept illiterate, of getting the rough end of every stick, and of being interfered with in their way of worshipping God. Also, they requested to see, henceforth, at least one British Minister sitting in His Highness's cabinet, in order that their voice might in future be heard. Hindu-Muslim outbreaks ensued. Hindu idols were smashed. Shops were looted and people killed on both sides. The Maharajah's army came into play. In British India the most influential of Muslim public men carried the case to the Viceroy. In Delhi, in the Legislative Assembly, Hindu members strongly condemned the Muslim agitation, and, in their "Working Committee," decided to back the Maharajah; while the Sikh Members of the Legislature passed a resolution offering the Sikhs' services to the Kashmiri Government—an expression of the abiding ill-will of Sikhs towards Muslims as such—the ancient grudge that misses no opportunity, however freakish, of self-assertion. Meantime, in the Punjab, Muslim peasants began forming in bodies, and marching into Kashmir. They had few arms or none save their staves. But they wanted somehow to identify themselves with the cause of Islam distressed. These the Maharajah seized and imprisoned as fast as they arrived.

But their numbers embarrassingly grew. If they and the Kashmiri Muslims should deliver a joint attack, the Maharajah would be in trouble. More than a little alarmed, His Highness urgently appealed to the Viceroy for aid, on the ground that the British Crown had guaranteed his State from invasion. Now, there are 150,000 Muslim, Sikh and Hindu troops in the Army in India and only 60,000 British Tommies. But to send either Hindu, Muslim or Sikh troops into a situation such as this where their mutual antagonisms were so violently enlisted, would be unfortunate indeed. So, once again, off marched Tommy Atkins from the Border Regiment, from the Rifle Brigade, from the Norfolks, and not a day too soon. For Islamic feeling throughout the North-country was blazing, and the things afoot in His Highness's prison-camps, had news of them spread, would scarcely have dulled that flame. The prisoners, many of them wounded, were entirely without medical aid, without decencies of any sort, were starving, and for thirty-six hours had been left absolutely without food. Also, they had no blankets and no fires; and the weather was bitter cold. Daily their numbers grew, daily their spirit waxed more savage. The dam was about to break. At His Highness's request, quiet British officers now took over. The prisoners, when they found they had the British to deal with, gladly elected a man to speak for them; and he and the British Political Officer to Kashmir (See ante, No. 207) conferred as friends. Then the British fed the prisoners, gave them an issue of blankets, moved them, with their own leaders' help, out of the filthy camps and prisons and established order in the State. His Highness was glad, the prisoners were glad, the Islamic press throughout India entreated the Viceroy not to withdraw British troops from Kashmir till this particular up-flaring of Hindu-Muslim antagonism had abated. But nothing of all that tribute to British influence meant quite as much, perhaps, as did the spontaneous welcome that came from the humblest folk in Kashmir—from that 90 per cent of the population to whom the Union Jack, alone in all the world of India today, gave hope of justice, protection and peace—unless they should rise and take matters into their own hands.
392. Such as this were Muhammad Khilji and the eighteen troopers at his back, who, in 1199, captured the whole of Bengal. Such as this are the men of Afghanistan and the wide Islamic spaces beyond, who weary of waiting to follow that gay example. Today the British still lose the path.

Relieved by its own explosion the Kashmiri fever for the time died down. But throughout the land the fire lies ever smouldering, to be fanned by chance winds into scattering flames. A Hindu temple band elects to blow its deafening horns and beats its drums before a Mosque at the hour of evening prayer; a Muslim butcher kills a cow, for meat, before Hindu eyes. A Hindu publishes a pamphlet attacking the honour of the Prophet, a furious Muslim slays him, many lives are lost. And with each relaxation of powers of Government from British into Indian hands, the tension rises. Meanwhile, with laughter in its zestful eyes, the Transmontane North looks on. Central Asia inexhaustible reservoir of wild Islam, waits only the word that the frontier guard is down. On that word, the clock of the ages turns back to 1000 A.D. and Mahoud's men return to their own.
To all this gathering blackness there are two, in India, who remain struck blind—the Hindu political, so wound in his own cocoon of words and arguments that he cannot discern the reality that holds a knife at his throat; so used to protection by British arms from the consequences of his own acts that he cannot really conceive their withdrawal and its sequel; and the Terrorist, Moscow-trained, who believes that when the crash for which he is working actually comes, he himself will emerge as ruler of a new world.

But there is in India a third—a man as simple as the Hindu is involved, as law-abiding as the terrorist is anarchic, a fanatic, if you will, but one of enormous moral courage and resistance. This man has few illusions. He knows the mortal danger in which, for the present, he survives. But he cedes nothing to the idolater, nothing to the revolutionary, and each day, gun loose in holster, he kneels before the One God, the Lord God of Israel, in the reconsecration of believing prayer.