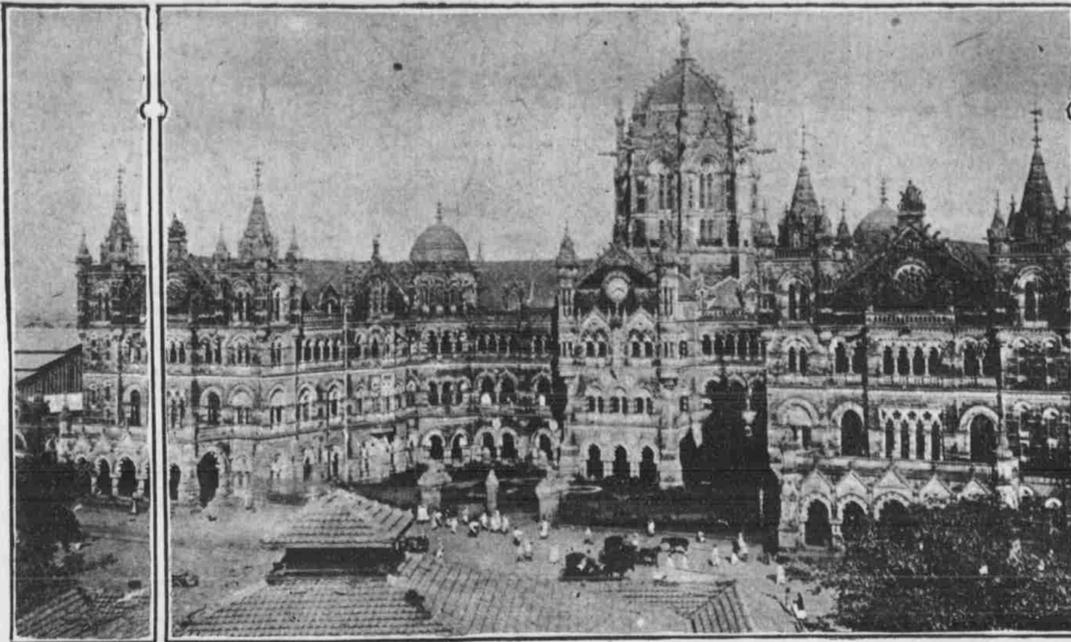


# India's Big Railway System Carries Passengers at Half Cent Per Mile



TERMINAL STATION AT BOMBAY—ONE OF THE FINEST IN THE WORLD.



MY GUIDE AND NEWSBOY—THIS GUIDE IS ONE OF THE FORTY THIEVES.



RAILWAY THROUGH AN INDIAN JUNGLE

(Copyright, 1910, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

**C** The British have a right to be proud of their Indian railways. The mileage of the Indian lines now exceeds that of any country in Asia, and is surpassed by only four other countries of the world. It amounts to more than 30,000 miles and it has doubled within the last twenty years. India has comparatively far more railways than Russia. It has one mile to every sixty square miles of country and to every 10,000 people. Russia has only one mile to every 230 square miles and to every 3,400 people.

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**India's Greatest Civilizer.**  
But are the extremists not right in saying that the railroads are affecting caste prejudices? I asked.  
"Yes," replied the secretary. "They are bringing the people of India together, and, for a time, at least, putting all castes on the same level. When we first began to build railroads the natives demanded that special cars be furnished for certain castes. The Hindus and Mohammedans would not sit down together, and the Brahmins demanded to flock by themselves. After a time they found that they could not get the cars, and they then tacitly decided that caste must be abolished while on the railroad trains. So the native has apparently dropped his caste prejudices when he enters the cars, although he assumes them the more rigidly when he leaves. You cannot imagine what this means until you have lived a long time in India and know something of the people. Our railway trains are about the most crowded of the world, and the different castes are all jammed in together. The travel steadily increases, and that especially at certain seasons of the year. The people are using the trains to go to the shrines and our pilgrimages traffic is enormous. It used to take weeks and months for the average pilgrim to go to Benares or some other distant sacred locality. The man now finds he can get there by rail in hours or days. We cater to this element, and do all we can to accommodate it. Moreover, we have what might be called a heavy social traffic during the wedding season. On many of the roads the crowds are then so great we cannot carry them. We make the rates as low as possible, and we have on the whole the lowest passenger fares of the world. The average rate for all passengers is about two-fifths of a cent per mile, and the third-class fares are below that. Still it is from the lowest fares that we pay our dividends."

**At the Stations.**  
But come with me and take a railroad trip across India. We shall start at Calcutta and go by the East India route. We drive in a gharry, a closed box upon wheels, hauled by lean horses and driven by a Hindoo in turban and gown, to the station.  
The express goes at night and it is 9 p. m. when we reach there. The depot is a large building covering a block, with long waiting rooms extending out from the train. The floors are of stone and they are covered with natives. Men and women are sitting and lying about. Here they sprawl out at full length on the flag and there they squat in groups against the railing between the waiting rooms and the train shed. All are wrapped in white sheets, and as they see me take notes they pull these up around their dark faces to shield them from the gaze of the beathen foreigner. Some have covered their heads and lie asleep on the sand.  
Noticed this woman near me. She lies on the floor with her head on a bag, so noticed that only the thin face can be seen. As I looked a black Hindoo in dirty white cotton lies down beside her. He is her husband. He places his head on the bag and is soon fast asleep.  
There, the gong rings! A train is called and the third-class passengers push their way through. Some carry bundles upon their heads. Others have bags and bundles on shoulders and backs. All the men are barefooted and all wear turbans, caps or handkerchiefs covering their heads. Their bodies are half wrapped in white sheets, and the thin legs are naked.  
The poor sighted Hindoo.  
He does the best he kin do.  
He is outcast from first to last.  
For pants he makes his skin do.  
Mixed with this crowd are Mohammedans in gowns. Parsas with hats like inverted oval scuttles, native and British, and the servants of civil officials in liveries. It is one of the strangest crowds to be found anywhere, and the white clothing so predominates that in this light it seems ghostlike and ghastly.

**India's Forty Thieves.**  
The most of these servants are thieves. They make me think of the gang which All Baba robbed. I know they rob me.

**Curious and Romantic Capers of Cupid**  
Romance of a Railroad Shop.  
ROMANCE, having its inception in the machine shops at Burnside, Ill., when William Boisgerain, Jr., son of a wealthy Dutch banker of Amsterdam, met Miss Marion Elizabeth Wilmeroth, beautiful and the heiress to millions, came to light with the announcement of their coming marriage by the bridegroom-to-be at a bachelor dinner given by him at the La Salle hotel, Chicago. The wedding is to be celebrated in Chicago in October.  
Both young Boisgerain and Miss Wilmeroth are heirs to many millions, reports the Chicago Inter-Ocean. He is a son of Edward Boisgerain, head of the Boisgerain banking firm of Amsterdam, Holland, and holder of securities in American railroads valued at many millions. Miss Wilmeroth is a daughter of Charles W. Wilmeroth, a retired capitalist of Bradford, Ore., and worth several millions in her own right.  
The romance had its inception when young Boisgerain was sent to America several years ago to learn railroading with Stuyvesant Fish, Jr. The young millionaire went to work as a laborer at Burnside. Despite the fact that his mother, now deceased, was a woman of noble birth, born Lady Cecilia Henrietta Nugent of West Health, Ireland, the young man associated with the workmen of the machine shops on an equal plane, sharing their labors and living in comparative poverty in a little hotel in the railroad town.  
One day Miss Wilmeroth was being taken through the big shops with a party of friends. At a forge the workman-millionaire was welding iron. Miss Wilmeroth paused in admiration of the athletic figure. Boisgerain also saw her and between them there passed one look. Young Boisgerain didn't forget it.  
In a short time he was "promoted" to the vice president's office. Then he sought an introduction. He finished his work in the shops shortly afterwards, engaged in a brokerage business for himself at 115 Adams street, Chicago, and went to live at the home of E. L. Pollock, 232 Prairie avenue, formerly vice president of the Rock Island system, who is a close friend of his father.  
When Miss Wilmeroth and her mother decided to go to Europe, he followed. On board the ocean liner they became betrothed, and then went to Amsterdam to gain his father's consent. This obtained, they came back to America to lay plans for the wedding.

**Cupid Wins a Homestead.**  
Herbert Warner, a young man at Kinley, Kan., used Cupid the other day to outwit the government when a homestead was at stake. Warner bought out a settler on a government claim, but soon thereafter found that he had used up his own homestead rights and could not proceed with the transaction further.  
Rather than abandon the claim to a stranger, he turned it over to Mabel Sittie, one of Kinley, and went with her to Dodge City to help her file the claim. After she had made her filing Warner suggested matrimony. She consented. They went straightway to the probate judge's office, where the license was procured and the ceremony performed.  
Thus Warner secured a right to the claim in spite of government laws, with a

**The Eternal Feminine.**  
A little Indiana girl longed for a corset. So she made herself one out of strips of tin cut from tomato cans, binding these peculiar "stays" together with wrappings of cheesecloth.  
So far the story is all right. But when the Indiana lass got ahead and tell us that a thunderstorm came up and the lightning struck the child and melted one of her tin stays, we want nothing to do with it. A bolt of lightning that would stoop so low as to wreck the beloved masterpiece of an innocent and aspiring child puts itself outside the pale of decent consideration.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Point of View.**  
Apropos of J. Pierpont Morgan's immense resources, as shown in his recent proffer of \$100,000,000, wherewith to build more New York subways, a broker said:  
"Mr. Morgan's wealth causes him to look at money in a large way. Once, at the Metropolitan club, in Fifth avenue, I told him of the death of a mutual friend.  
"How much did he leave?" Mr. Morgan asked.  
"A matter of \$500,000 or \$600,000, I believe," said I.  
"Mr. Morgan's eyebrows lifted.  
"How deceptive circumstances sometimes are," he said, "I always supposed him quite comfortably well off."—New York Times

**Government Ownership.**  
During my talk with Mr. Robertson I learned something of the plan of the government to take over the railroads. A large number of the lines have been bought and controlled by the state, but others were constructed by private parties and not a few by companies with government guarantees or subsidies. The government has now taken possession of all the lines, and is paying for them by a series of installments which are to run about forty years. The selling price has been fixed at the estimated value of the roads, to which the interest for forty years has been added. This amount has been divided up into annual payments for which notes have been given. The notes have a market value, and are bought and sold on the exchange. Mr. Robertson tells me that the railroads ought to pay at least 5 per cent per annum. During certain years they have paid almost 5 per cent and their receipts are steadily increasing.

**On the Trains.**  
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**The Animal Rates.**  
It is interesting to watch the traffic on these India trains. You now and then pass a freight car filled with camels. You may see tigers in cages or baby elephants and carloads of ponies. There are stock trains filled with the sacred humped cattle and on the passenger trains special arrangements for dogs. The dog rate is 12 cents for every fifty miles of travel. No dogs can be taken into the cars except with the consent of the passengers, and then only on double fare for the dog. Horses are carried at 5 cents a mile when they go by freight train, and return tickets are issued for polo ponies at 15 cents per mile the round trip, two attendants being carried free with every carload. Calves, sheep and goats, if sent single, must pay double dog rates, and small deer cost the same. Wild animals in cages are charged 12 cents per mile per truck, and camels are at the same rate per carload, but only four can be put in one car. Full-grown elephants are transported by special agreement and elephant calves not more than four and one-half feet high are charged 5 cents per mile.

**Passenger Traffic.**  
In traveling over India I have found the cars universally well filled. Every train has its first, second and third classes. The first is made up of British officials, Americans and well-to-do Englishmen, with now and then a rajah, or some high native official.

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**Railway Employes.**  
The general idea at home is that the British hold all the offices of East India. This is not so. Many good places are in the hands of the natives although the most important ones still go to the British. There are altogether more than 60,000 Hindoos and other East Indians employed on the railroads. They are the laborers who build the roads, and at the same time many of them have important positions in connection with the traffic. There are Indian station agents and Indian brakemen, with now and then an Indian engineer. Not a few of the conductors are natives, and nearly all the telegraph clerks are Hindoos or other East Indians, who have graduated in the government schools. Altogether there are about 7,000 Europeans and 10,000 Eurasians employed. The engineers receive good wages, the best of them getting \$1,500 per annum. Other officials are on the whole poorly paid, and the laborers work for a few cents a day. The employees on the roads have a much worse time than those who do similar work in our country. The heat is terrible, and it is not uncommon for engineers to die of apoplexy while handling a train.

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