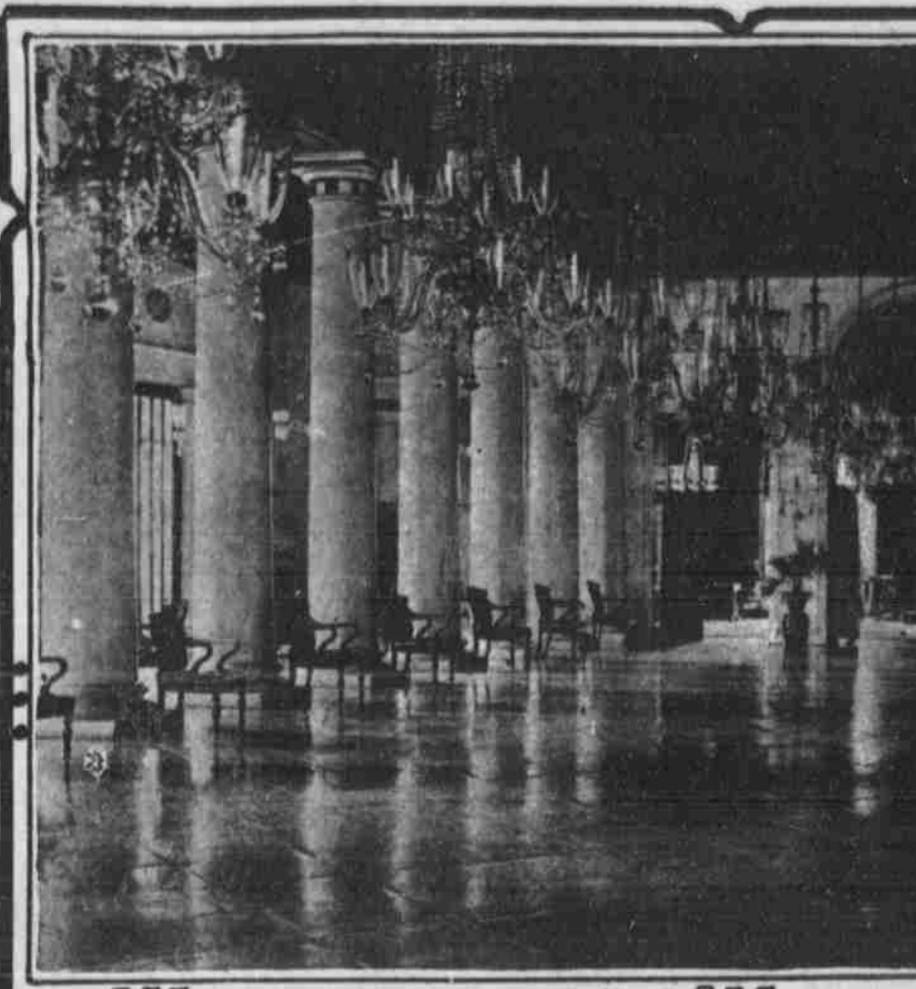
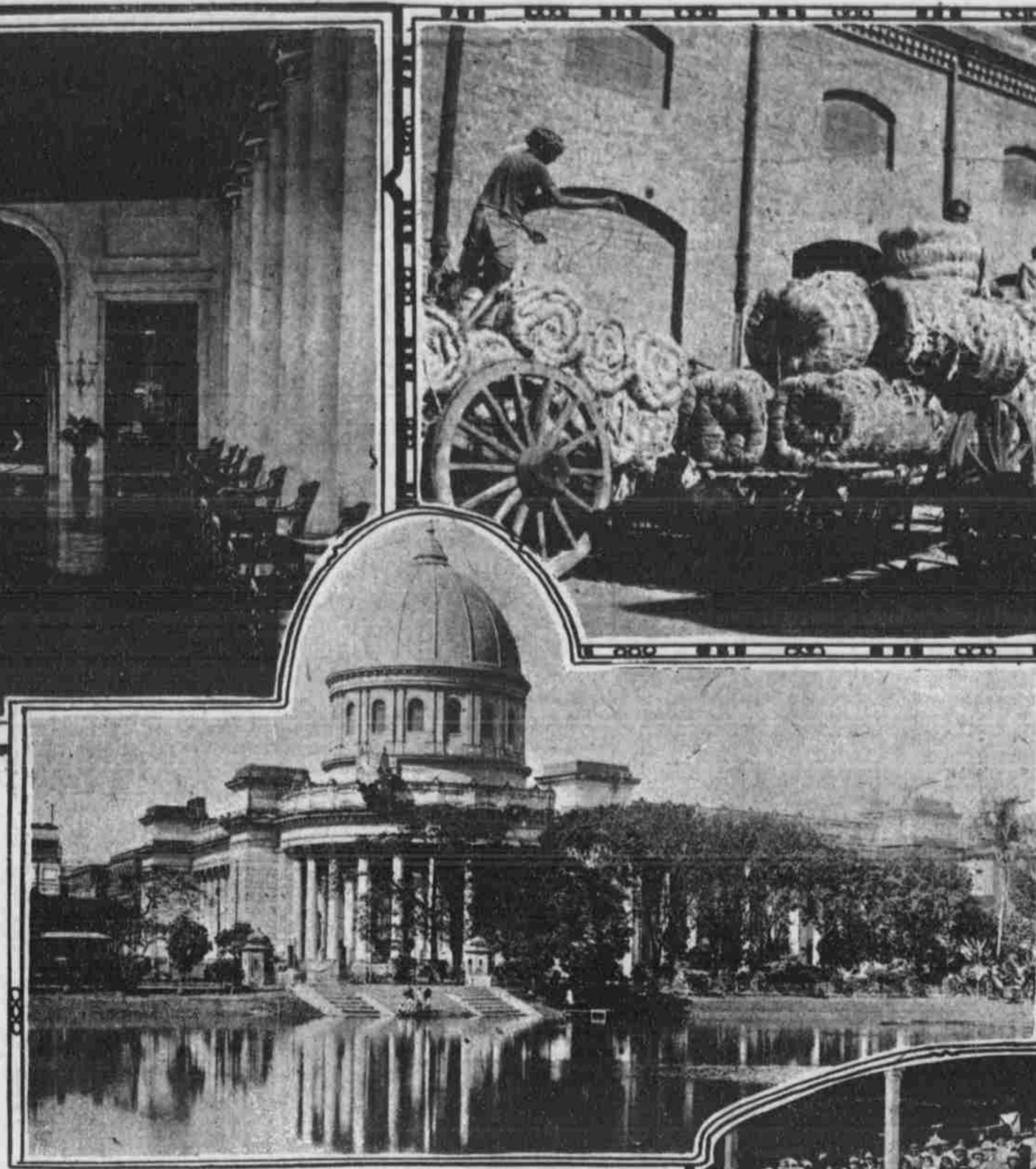


# Queer Features of Calcutta, Gateway of India; City of Palace and Hovel



BALL ROOM OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE - CALCUTTA



THE POST OFFICE. "OUTSIDE THIS WAS THE BLACK HOLE"



AT THE JUTE MILLS MORE THAN 1/2 OF THE PRODUCT GOES TO THE UNITED STATES

**C**ALCUTTA—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I am in Calcutta, the eastern gateway of the empire of India, the front doorstep of the home of one-fifth of mankind. It is a turbulent city and is likely to stir up the world. The British have kept this country dead quiet for the last fifty years. They have inclosed it in a network of railroads, watered its deserts with irrigating canals, lowered its taxes and made two blades of grass grow where one grew before. They have brought order out of chaos and peace out of discord. They have begun to make men out of those who, when they took hold of the country a few generations ago, were but little better than beasts. They have given them schools and stirred them up to think and plan for themselves, and now the Indians are ready to bite the hands that have unpeeped them. This is one phase of the great unrest which I have come to describe.

unrest. I do not wonder at it. There is no place where the difference of conditions is more pronounced. These Hindoos are among the poorest peoples on earth. Among them are millions who always go to bed hungry, and in the slums here are people who count their bites to see whether they will have enough for the morning. At the same time Calcutta has its fashionable residence quarters, the homes of the British, where money flows like the Ganges and fortunes are spent in one season. I wish I could show you the better parts of Calcutta. It is a city of palaces, with immense parks and wide-open spaces. It covers about as much ground as Chicago in proportion to its size, running along the Hooghly with the great suburb on the opposite bank. The city has inns and lawns, botanical and zoological gardens, and a public park known as the Malden, which runs through the fashionable quarter. At the beginning of this is the palace of the viceroy, a mansion as snowy as newly slacked lime, and several miles beyond it, at the opposite end, is the big house of the lieutenant general of Bengal. Both are surrounded by beautiful grounds, and the latter has a banyan tree surpassed only by that in the zoological park of which, perhaps, you have heard.

**The World of India.**  
Do you know what India is? The country appals me, it is so big, so varied, so weird, so strange. If you could lift Hindustan up and lay it upon North America, with one end at Seattle, it would reach as far east as Montreal and its lower apex would be wedged into the Panama canal. From north to south India is as long as from the middle of Hudson bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and from east to west it measures 2,500 miles. The land is one of extremes. The Himalayas on the north are covered with perpetual snows, and the icy wastes about Mount Everest are colder than the frozen chambers of the Boreas; and they are sometimes as hot as the burning deserts of Australia, where Mark Twain says they feed the hens ice to keep them from laying boiled eggs. India is the wettest land upon earth and the driest. It has provinces such as Bihar, where it does not rain for thirteen months in succession and other places where it pours all the time. There are localities in the Himalayas where six feet of water have been known to fall in the space of twelve months.

**The People Swarm.**  
It is also a world from the standpoint of humanity. It is one of the most crowded parts of the globe. It has three times as many people as the United States and farming localities where there are more than one man to the acre.

The Malden is bordered with club houses and mansions. The most fashionable homes of Calcutta look out upon it and it forms the social heart of the city. It has a race track with a two-mile course in which now and then polo matches are played, and also tennis courts and grounds for cricket and golf. The hand always plays there of an evening and the people come forth and drive about in handsome turnouts. The viceroy and Lady Minto may sometimes be seen in their carriages with their retinue and with native soldiers as outriders. There are other officials and also rajahs with coachmen and footmen in livery. There are Europeans, Parses and many Eurasians. Every one rides in his carriage and every carriage has its liveried coachman and footmen. The coachman is usually a bearded man with turban and gown; he is always barefooted. The footman either stands on the step behind the carriage or squats down there and holds on. The latter position is precarious, and I often wonder why the man is not jolted out in going over a gutter or rut in the road. In addition to such turnouts there are many automobiles. There are 800 in the city and the most I have seen are touring cars which at home would cost several thousand dollars apiece and which go like the wind. Do you wonder that the hungry Hindoo who leaves to get out of the way is mad when he contrasts his condition with that of the man in the car?

**The Palaces and the Black Hole.**  
He feels the same when he compares his hovel to the mansions on the Malden and the big government buildings of the British officials. The mansion where Lord Minto holds forth is about the same age as the White House at Washington. It is far more magnificent and its surroundings have ten times the style. West of it is the town hall, a Doric building which was finished in 1802. In front of it are the viceregal instructions of this viceregal grandfather in jail, and near that the magnificent buildings of the high courts, which compare in size with those of our government departments at Washington. Another fine structure is the postoffice, which faces the lake in Dalhousie Square. I went through it today, and as I came out I stopped at the corner and read on a tablet the following:  
The marble tablet below this spot was placed here by Lord Curzon, viceroy and governor of India, on the site of the prison in Old Fort William, known as the Black Hole, in which only twenty-three British soldiers were confined on the night of the 20th, June 1756, and from which only twenty-three came out alive.

I can sympathize with that visitor, for I live in the same hotel. It is said to be the best in town, but it has numerous black holes. Just now it is crowded, and it is almost impossible to get rooms. An American admiral who came here last week failed to do so, and had to go to a cheap boarding house, where he is now living. I got in only by cabling in advance from Burma. There are several big hotels in Calcutta. They are rambling three-story buildings, which cover acres, and have all sorts of inconveniences. My room, for instance, is locked with a padlock which snaps with a spring. There is only one key to the padlock, and when I left this afternoon the key remained inside the room. I could not get it until I reported to the manager, and the servants then had to climb up the walls and through the window to open the door, have an electric bell, supposedly to call the hotel servants. I have rung it again and again, and one day I propped my umbrella against the button and left it there for an hour. I could hear the bell ringing, but there was no response. So in self-defense I have had to hire a personal servant of my own to lie on the floor outside the door at night, and to wait upon me during the daytime. I am paying him just 35 cents a day, and he feeds himself.

**From Burma to India.**  
I came here from Rangoon on a British India steamer. The ship was one of 2,000 tons, with English officers and Hindoo sailors and was crewed by a Malay. The cabin steward was a dark-faced, heavy-headed man of forty, who wore black velvet caps, white gloves, which reached to their knees and tight white cotton drawers below which their black bare feet showed. The dinner waders wore white Bengalese hats with bands of blue ribbon, and their gowns were belted in at the waist with blue ropes as thick as my wrist. It was hot all the way up the Bay of Bengal, and the air of the saloon was kept cool by a punkah, a long screen so hung from the ceiling that it could be drawn back and forth. A black Malay did the work jerking the rope twice with one hand and then changing and making twelve pulls with the other. The dishes were washed in a bucket on deck, the plates being swabbed off with a towel on the end of the stick, and wiped by a Malay as dirty as the Indian, who did the cooking.

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**A Land of Many Gods.**  
As to religions, India has more strange gods than any continent upon earth. There is no place where the faith of the people so varies and none where man's belief means more to himself and his family. The religions are so strange that a book as big as a Bible might be written about them and not tell it all. India has 3,000,000 Hindoos divided up into castes, many of which number millions. It has more Mohammedans than the sultan of Turkey has subjects, and about 3,000,000 Buddhists.

**A Confession.**  
Lord Kitchener had determined to avoid all public functions during his trip across the country. He yielded, however, to the insistent demand that he attend a banquet in honor of Rear Admiral Seure in San Francisco. In a modest after-dinner speech he praised the career of the admiral.

**Why He Wouldn't Shoot.**  
DEPUTATION of three soldiers once came to the late Dr. Lueger to make some kind of a request in their behalf. The burgomaster of Vienna turned to one of the soldiers with the following inquiry: "What would you do if the kaiser commanded you to shoot the burgomaster?" "I would shoot him," said the soldier.

**The Touch Effective.**  
The young wife of a Philadelphia man, who is not especially sweet-tempered, one day approached her lord, touching the matter of 100 or 20, said George F. Bender of Philadelphia.

**Where the Buttons Were Found.**  
The wife of a clergyman of a certain suburban parish was mending clothes the other day when a visitor was announced. The hostess went on with her sewing, for the caller was a well-known parishioner. After a while the visitor glanced toward the sewing table and exclaimed:

**Millions in Jute.**  
As we coasted the shores of the Hooghly we passed jungles infested with tigers. The land is low and malarious and wild beasts roam it at will. A little further up the houses begin and palm trees are frequent. The population grows more and more dense, and then comes a region of mighty jute mills. On each side of the stream tall smokestacks vomit black volumes into the sky, and near them are enormous brick structures where the rough haggling for all mankind is made. Calcutta ships vast quantities of jute to the United States, and much of our cotton crop is baled in cloth made here on the banks of the Hooghly. A few years ago we were taking more than 60 per cent of the product and today the thousands of Hindoos working this fiber are dependent upon us for their wages. There are now two score jute mills in India and the jute annually produced is worth about \$80,000,000. There are cotton factories here and there between the jute weaving establishments and mills of this kind line the Hooghly all the way to Calcutta.

**Some Choice Selections from the Story Teller's Pack**  
**Heroes in Pirate Crews.**  
Women have succeeded in passing themselves off as man not infrequently, but so far as is known, there have been but two women pirates—Anne Bonney and Mary Read—who were captured something over a century ago in the Caribbean sea, charged with having "piratical intentions." It was not known at the time that they were not men, and accordingly they were sentenced to meet death in the manner generally meted out to gentlemen of their profession, when they confessed their sex and they were in due course punished less severely.

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Robert Golett, during the Easter parade, in Fifth avenue, stood in conversation with a group of friends, when a lady in a beautiful gown passed.

**Booster with Ready Wit.**  
Billy Stecher, a well known horseman and politician, who lives at Riverside, N. J., told a little story at the Turgenheim hall at that place the other evening which demonstrates that you can't back a real estate boomer into a corner and keep him there.

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