

# Native Rulers of India Hold Throne in Six Hundred Hindustan States



The Maharajah of Mysore A PROGRESSIVE MONARCH WHO ESTABLISHES SCHOOLS



The Maharajah of Sikkim JUST GRADUATED FROM OXFORD



His Highness the Nizam, who has millions a year.

Copyright, 1910, by Frank G. Carpenter. **HYDERABAD.**—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—The native states of India are likely to become hotbeds of unrest. Many of the rajahs have been educated abroad, and not a few are bringing modern innovations. The maharajah of Mysore has established schools for both boys and girls. He has a native college containing 1,000 students, a female seminary where 300 girls are being educated by foreigners and an industrial art institute in which, among other things, is made a blue and white porcelain which compares favorably with that of Japan. The gaekwar of Baroda, who has a territory as big as Massachusetts between here and Bombay, is instituting all sorts of factories. He has appointed an American as his economic adviser, and this man is suggesting all sorts of improvements. A bank has been organized, and native capital will be used to develop the country. A cotton mill with 15,000 spindles has already been built, and factories for the manufacture of glass, brick, cement and pottery will shortly be started. The gaekwar expects to make starch from rice, and he will manufacture his own cigarettes and cigars. He is teaching his farmers modern agriculture, dairying and stock breeding. He has his agricultural experiment stations, and new plants and crops are being tested. He has large cotton plantations, upon which he uses modern glass with hydraulic pressure. He will eventually have weaving mills as well. He is also experimenting in silk raising, as well as in ramie and other fibers.

"I think there will be no trouble," was the reply. "Well," continued the general, "I happened to be at the capital of that native state when these instructions from the viceroy came. It was at the time of the durbar, and the rajah sat in state upon his throne. Then a little man in black clothes entered and handed the gorgeous ruler the viceroy's orders to step down and out. He read them and was greatly surprised. But he merely saluted to the little British resident, and walked off to his room, while his boy took the throne in his stead. I cannot tell you why it is, but the power of our government here seems supreme and the native rulers know that it is useless for them to resist."

**Native Colleges.** The government of India has established colleges for the education of the native princes and rajahs. There are four of these, situated at Almer, Lahore, Rohtak and Indore. It is necessary to have different schools, because of the laws of caste by which the natives are governed. In some cases tutors and guardians take charge of the young chiefs, and an imperial cadet corps has been established for the military training of the sons of noble families. The native states altogether have armies aggregating more than 100,000 men. More important ones, such as Rajputana, Central India and the Punjab, as well as Kashmir, Hyderabad and Mysore, maintain imperial service troops to the number of 18,000. These troops are under the regular inspection of British officers, and belong absolutely to the states, although they are available for the government service when needed. They have the same armament as the regular soldiers of the Indian government, and are well trained. Some of them have served in China and Somaliland.

**Income of Millions.** The most of these rajahs have incomes of millions. They live in state at their capital cities, wear gorgeous clothing and decorate themselves with some of the finest jewels known to man. The richest of all is the nizam of Hyderabad, whose revenues are from \$20,000,000 to \$50,000,000 a year. His palaces are enormous, and he has 7,000 retainers and servants. His courtiers are full of elephants, camels and horses, and their scenes remind you of a page from "The Arabian Nights." The country ruled by the nizam is more than twice as large as the state of New York and his subjects comprise different races and many religions. He is a Mohammedan and he is the most important Moslem ruler living, with the exception of the sultan of Turkey. Many of his subjects wear turbans, and he has about him representatives from all parts of the Mohammedan world. As to jewels, his collection is said to be worth \$25,000,000. He owns the Nizam diamond, which is one of the fine stones of his kind, and in his realm is Golconda, the diamond marketing center of the east. He buys diamonds occasionally and owns some of the best stones which have come out of South Africa. Not long ago he engaged to buy the Imperial diamond at a cost of \$1,500,000 and he paid one-half this price, the rest to be given at intervals during the next few years. The British government of India, however, objected, saying that the nizam had no right to spend so much money out of the taxes collected from his hard-working subjects, and that he could not afford to buy things of that kind. They forbade him to pay any more on the stone. At the same time the diamond had come into the nizam's possession. He refused to give it up, and those who said it had brought suit against him for the balance and cars in the pattern of a cashmere shawl, and when taken out for the rajah they are covered with fancy trappings and have brass chains around their necks. During my stay in Mysore I have had a ride on one of these royal beasts. At the invitation of the secretary of his highness I traveled by one to the ruined city of Amber, which is situated in the hills about four miles outside Mysore. The elephant was hitched to its feet. The elephant trainer, seated upon one leg at a time and I bobbed back and forth like a slip in a storm. The motion was a swaying this way and that, and I became half seasick as we wound our way up the mountains. In front of me was the driver, with his brown legs clasped over the elephant's neck just back of the big flapping ears. He had a sharp steel hook in his hand and with this he steered up the great beast and now and then made him trot. After a time I got used to the motion, and when we were out in the country and climbing the hills I began to enjoy my strange ride. I had to watch out, however, for every now and then something made the beast shy. At one place a money rat jumped through the branches just over our heads, whereupon the elephant puffed its trunk and threw me out of my seat. At other places we saw wild peacocks, and among the trees wild hogs were feeding. By and by we came to the ruined city of Amber, which a generation or so ago was the capital of the state of Mysore. It is now quite deserted and the masonry play in its ruins. It was once a magnificent city, with fine residences, big business quarters and temples and palaces. But one of the rajahs of the past became dissatisfied with his surroundings and decreed that the capital should be moved down to the plains, and the result was the pink city of Jaipur, of which I may write in the future.

**The Maharajah of Oudeypore.** The next few years. The British government of India, however, objected, saying that the nizam had no right to spend so much money out of the taxes collected from his hard-working subjects, and that he could not afford to buy things of that kind. They forbade him to pay any more on the stone. At the same time the diamond had come into the nizam's possession. He refused to give it up, and those who said it had brought suit against him for the balance and cars in the pattern of a cashmere shawl, and when taken out for the rajah they are covered with fancy trappings and have brass chains around their necks. During my stay in Mysore I have had a ride on one of these royal beasts. At the invitation of the secretary of his highness I traveled by one to the ruined city of Amber, which is situated in the hills about four miles outside Mysore. The elephant was hitched to its feet. The elephant trainer, seated upon one leg at a time and I bobbed back and forth like a slip in a storm. The motion was a swaying this way and that, and I became half seasick as we wound our way up the mountains. In front of me was the driver, with his brown legs clasped over the elephant's neck just back of the big flapping ears. He had a sharp steel hook in his hand and with this he steered up the great beast and now and then made him trot. After a time I got used to the motion, and when we were out in the country and climbing the hills I began to enjoy my strange ride. I had to watch out, however, for every now and then something made the beast shy. At one place a money rat jumped through the branches just over our heads, whereupon the elephant puffed its trunk and threw me out of my seat. At other places we saw wild peacocks, and among the trees wild hogs were feeding. By and by we came to the ruined city of Amber, which a generation or so ago was the capital of the state of Mysore. It is now quite deserted and the masonry play in its ruins. It was once a magnificent city, with fine residences, big business quarters and temples and palaces. But one of the rajahs of the past became dissatisfied with his surroundings and decreed that the capital should be moved down to the plains, and the result was the pink city of Jaipur, of which I may write in the future.

**The Nizam of Hyderabad.** Another nizam who has magnificent jewels and who lives in great state, is the maharajah of Oudeypore, whose ancestors resisted the conquest of the Mohammedans. He claims to have the bluest blood of any of the native rulers and submits to the British only because he is forced to do so. If I remember correctly he would not attend the great durbar held at Delhi some years ago, at which Lord Curzon was present, and to which most of the native rulers, including the nizam, came. The nabob of Balaowapur is another rich prince. He has a state only about as big as South Carolina, but his crown is a mass of diamonds set in silver, with a row of pear-shaped pearls about the base. The scabbard and hilt of his state sword are set with jewels worth \$50,000, and he has a necklace of uncut emeralds with a chain of rubies and pearls. Some of his rubies are an inch and a half in diameter. That nabob owns 1,700 watches and carries two or three at one time. He always has a pocketful of gold coins made in India, and on ceremonial occasions he now and then gives one to a friend. He was educated under an English tutor appointed by the British. His present income is said to be about \$50,000 a year.

**The Viceroy and the Rajahs.** As to the relation these native rulers hold to the British government, I must say before closing this letter that the viceroy and his high officials do not fear them. The anarchistic demonstrations and the unrest have so far been in the British states rather than elsewhere, and today native India is quiet. During my stay in Calcutta I called at the state department and had a talk with Mr. Harcourt Butler, its secretary. Said he: "The native rulers are giving us no trouble, and, in fact, they are aiding in keeping things quiet. Many of them are engineering civil engineers and are trying to develop the country. Some are building irrigation works, some are establishing factories and nearly all have schools of one kind or another. In some of the states newspapers are published, although the rulers reserve the right to halt, the strap of which was tied to a abolish such at any time and to banish over his head, and each had also the editors." FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## Quaint Happenings in the Trend of Everyday Life

**Pointed for Six Years.** **T**HINK of being married to and living with a man for six years without even passing the time of day—without saying a word, excepting about once a week asking "Where's my money?" That was the condition of Alfred and Pauline Lothes, of 428 Palisades avenue, Jersey City, as set forth in the complaint filed by the wife before Vice Chancellor Garrison in her suit for separate maintenance.

The Lothes were married July 15, 1883, and that's twenty-two years ago. They lived together happily, with an occasional spat to season their affection, until six years ago. Then one bright morning up came a subject at the breakfast table upon which they could not agree. Alfred held to his own opinion to show that he was a regular man, and Pauline was stubborn and wouldn't give in. Neither thought it was a matter of serious moment, yet neither cared to say the first word.

So matters continued, Alfred several times was doubtful as to the point of taking his wife in his arms and saying, "Come, Pauline, let's call it off," and there were occasions when Pauline felt like saying, "Al, isn't it about time we stopped this nonsense?" But neither spoke.

Now six years have elapsed, and it is said that neither husband or wife can remember the cause of their trouble—it was so trivial.

**Identified by Bone in His Lung.** **A** man registered under the name of Michael Munoz at a lodging house in New York City. That evening he committed suicide by inhaling gas in his room. He was about 25 years old. Among his papers was a card bearing the name of Dr. L. D. J. Wiley, of 618 Madison avenue.

Coroner's Physician O'Hanlon and Dr. John H. Larklin of the College of Physicians and Surgeons were performing an autopsy when they came upon a piece of bone about an inch in length inclosed in the tissues of the left lung. They found an old scar directly over the point where the fragment of bone was found, and an incision disclosed the fact that the eighth rib had been shattered at some time by a bullet.

They were still puzzling over the matter when an explanation was received from Dr. Wiley, who had been communicated with. He said that three years ago he had treated a man answering the description of the suicide for a revolver shot wound. His patient, who had given the name of Michael Munoz, said he had been held up and shot. Dr. Wiley's records showed, he said, that a bullet had been extracted. Michael was a waiter.

**The Right and the Wrong Mary.** If Mary McGonigle of New York had been a reader of the newspapers, none of the complications below would now puzzle her relations. Mary McGonigle was struck by a trolley car last April and died shortly afterwards in a hospital. On notification from the coroner, her relatives came to view the body and she was identified by her son, Edward, a private in the Fifth United States Infantry; her sister, her brother and a cousin; a burial permit was issued in the name of Mary McGonigle, an insurance company paid \$117 on the life of Mary McGonigle; the traction company paid \$50 for the funeral of Mary McGonigle; the body of Mary McGonigle now lies in Calvary cemetery. But Mary McGonigle in the flesh walked into her sister's home. The sister screamed, the brother dropped his new clay pipe and a small niece fainted. Mrs. McGonigle herself was surprised, but placid; she had not read the newspapers. Then came explanations. Mary McGonigle had been buried all right, but it was the wrong Mary. The living woman is a washwoman in private service and her address fluctuates with her employment. The dead woman who bears such an extraordinary resemblance to her was no relative, but had known her and had given her address to the hospital. The undertaker who buried the late Mary was summoned to view the living Mary. "I never saw such a resemblance," he gasped, "and I've buried many."

**Long Walk for Husband.** Mrs. Sidney Jane Watson of 31 South Valley street, Kansas City, after waiting more than twenty-four years for her husband, James E. Watson, to come home, gave up hope of his return and filed suit for divorce. The divorce was granted by Judge I. C. True of the second division of the district court of Wyandotte county. "We were married thirty-five years ago and lived together happily for sixteen years," Mrs. Watson said. "One spring Jim got up and hitched up the horse and said he was going to town. I haven't seen or heard of him since."

"Had you ever done anything that could have caused your husband to leave you?" Judge True asked. "Yes, I gave him an awful scolding just the day before he left," Mrs. Watson answered. "And then you waited twenty-four years for him to come back?" the judge asked. "It's more than twenty-four years," Mrs. Watson corrected. "You can have the divorce," the court said.

**A Man Who Turned Blue.** Joseph Pick, deemed against a friendly lamppost at the corner of Second avenue and Fifty-seventh street, New York City. "Why, that man's face is turning blue," said a passing citizen; "I'll call a policeman." The policeman sent for an ambulance, and when the surgeon examined Pick, he concluded that he was suffering from asphyxiation. At Flower hospital it was found that his whole body had turned blue, and oxygen was administered. On recovering consciousness, Pick explained that he was employed in a chemical factory in Long Island City, and that his color began to change several days ago. "I guess it's the fumes I have been inhaling," he said, "and I'll get another job."

**What a Storm Once Did**  
View of the Union Pacific bridge after the eleven spans, on the Iowa end, were graph from which this is copied was made the tornado of August 25, 1887. The bridge blown out by the wind. The bridge has by F. E. Currier, who once had a studio was 125 feet high and 2,750 feet long. Two spans been entirely replaced. The photo-