

# Social Life of the English Residents in India Not Devoid of Interest



“There is plenty of cricket”

“Every child has its own nurse”

“The waiter has his squeeze off the jam”

(Copyright, 1910, by Frank G. Carpenter.)  
**OMBAY**—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—If you would like to see how small you are in the eyes of the world, come to India. These British officials are almost as provincial as the people of London. They think there is only one nation on earth, and that the British are it. I sat one night at a dinner in the government house at Bangalore, with a charming lady beside me. She was the daughter of one of the high officials, a Sikh girl, and, from a British standpoint, had received the best of female education. When she learned that I was an American she said she knew all about the world from her brother, who had just traveled throughout it.  
 “Where did he go?” I asked.  
 “The maiden replied: “He landed in Montreal and rode for days across country to Vancouver. That is a big city, the chief place on the west of your continent. When he came back he stopped in another large place, called Chicago. He visited most of the settlements of the United States, and remained a long time in one at the north. I wonder if you have ever heard of it? He called it Minnie something.”  
 “You must mean Minneapolis,” said I.  
 “I think so, but an not sure. I know it had something to do with fruit.”  
 “I did not say Minnie-apples—but Minneapolis-ola.”  
 “Yes, I think it was Minneapolis. I know the first word was Minnie. Is it much of a place?”  
 I thereupon told her that Minneapolis was one of the great cities of the world, and that it was the flour barrel of John Bull and had been spoon-feeding the English for a generation or more. At this she raised her eyes, and I could see that she did not believe me.  
 My pride received another blow the other day when I spoke to a minor official of the wealth of our great west and referred to Chicago and its banking institutions. As I said this the man interrupted me by surprisingly asking:  
 “And do they have banks in Chicago?”  
 Ignorant Officials.  
 Many of these people know about as little of Canada as they do of the United States. I was talking in Calcutta one day with a Britisher who has a Sir to his name. He rules one of the largest of the Indian provinces and his subjects are half as many as those governed by President Taft. This man was speaking of the enormous irrigation schemes of British India, when he asked me if we had irrigated lands in the United States, saying he could not see why a land so well watered should need them. Thereupon I described the Rocky mountain plateau and mentioned the vast canals we are using for reclaiming the desert. I referred also to irrigation in Canada and especially to the great undertaking at Calgary, where the Canadian Pacific railroad is turning the Bow river upon 150 acres of arid lands and making them yield like the fertile Nile valley. Upon that this British official replied:  
 “Indeed, I thought Canada was a wet country! Fifteen hundred thousand acres! I had no idea there were any such waters in the world! Why, out here in all India we have nothing like that in one body, and the government irrigation works are not altogether more than fifteen times as big as that one in Canada. I wonder if you are certain as to your figures?”  
 “I know, for I have been there,” said I. And his honor was polite enough to pretend to believe me.  
 Some Social Features.  
 As a rule the officials in the Indian empire are men of fine education. The most of them are graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, and many are officers of the English army. The majority come from the better classes of society, and many from the nobility. As to things Indian and things oriental, they are well posted; and nowdays will you find a civil service whose standard of honor is higher.  
 This is a great sporting country. Every village has its clubs and the larger ones have race tracks and grounds for polo and golf. There are competitive matches, which are attended by the British and high-class natives, and in which the native teams sometimes take part. This is especially so of polo, which is patronized by the rajahs and well-to-do natives. Every large station has its polo grounds and every army officer there is a graduate of the college and has his own pony. The races are run with gentlemen riders, and as a rule, the rider owns his own horse. There is plenty of cricket and football, and as for hunting that is one of the chief sports of the British of all classes. The viceroys, himself, sometimes goes off for a week or so's shooting and

purchase. In going through the city you will frequently have men jump to the step of your carriage and offer to guide you where you can get certain things. Such men do not ask money of you, but the merchant knows that he must pay them and he makes your price accordingly.  
 The cook has a commission on all the vegetables and meats that come into the house, the water has his squeeze off the jam and the hatters feed fat on your grass, corn and oats. It is the same with the butler. He gets his rake-off from every native who calls upon you, and if not bribed the latter may cool his heels and you will not get his card.  
 It is the same with the Hindu officials although the British try to prevent it. I am told that even the justices are lured and that you can buy citizenship with impunity to anything under the sun. This custom, however, is not confined to India. Squeezing and bribery are tried in the homes of these orientals, and from Turkey to Tokio the native official has his greedy hand open, although it may be held behind the back when the white man is present.  
 In this connection I talked the other day with a British commissioner of education of one of the most important Indian provinces. Said he:  
 “I know that every petty native I see has had to pay toll to my native clerks. I have tried to stop it, but found it impossible. Every contract that comes through native hands is accompanied with bribery and my very doorkeeper makes money off me. When a native appears and asks to see the commissioner, the doorkeeper will say that the sahib is busy. The native knows what he means and he will drop eight annas or a rupee into his hand. He is then introduced to the chief clerk and if his business is of sufficient importance he may have to pay five rupees more before he goes farther. If he does not offer to pay he will probably be told to call around tomorrow, and it may be days before he can get to my office. This is so in nearly

clubs which are found at every large station. At such places tea is usually served and one is sure to meet all his friends.  
 The Masque Balls of India.  
 Among the social features of every winter are the masques and fancy-dress balls of one kind or another. Such are often given at the government house in Calcutta, at which times the hotels take on the appearance of the bewigged and bejeweled days of our forefathers. I recently attended a ball held at the vice-regal mansion. The hall covered, I judge, at least half an acre, and four or five sets were on the floor at one time. It seemed as though all the world and his wife had come from the pages of history and were going mad in the dance. I noticed a convict in chains gliding across the floor with a somber-gowned sister of charity. There was Old Mother Goose, with her broom and cocked hat, arm in arm with a silk-clad Chinese mandarin. One girl was dressed as a carrier pigeon, having a dress made of feathers like the plumage of pigeons. Another was labeled Dresden china, and a third was Galatea, clad all in white. One woman was covered with native newspapers. She represented the press, and editorials about the unrest could be read on her back. And then there were Burnese noblemen and Japanese dames, and priests of every religion. As I walked through the crowd I observed the fresh, rosy faces of the English young ladies, and asked an official how they were able to keep their color out here in the hot sun of the tropics. The reply was:  
 “They do it all right, and no wonder, for they do little else. The sun never touches their faces. They spend nine months of the year in the Himalaya mountains, and come to Calcutta only during the winter. Some of them go home every few years, and they leave us men here to work. I assure you, India is not a bad place for a woman, if she has an easy husband and money to spend.”  
 The Natives and Society.  
 Very few natives are admitted to the circles of British society. The average Englishman looks upon the Hindu as a lower race than himself, and he will not allow him to be a member of his club, or to come to his house as a guest. This is especially true of the officials of the lower classes, but less so of those who are high up in the government, although even among these there is now and then an exception. A story is current here about a well known officer of the army who was riding on the cars in the same compartment with a cultured Hindu. The army officer had been hunting, and was tired out. During the journey he made friends with the Hindu gentleman, and they talked and talked until they were out of their seats. The high caste to which this man belonged was scandalized at the treatment, and the action caused considerable comment. The Hindu was not at all object to any difference being made between them and the British. This is one of the causes of the unrest of today.  
 Even worse than the position of the Hindu is that of the Eurasians or half-castes. These are the offspring of East Indian women and the various Europeans who have come here from time to time. Many are half Portuguese, others half French and others half British. There are also quarter-breeds and eighth-breeds, or Indian mixtures and octonons. But whatever the cross it is considered a disgrace by both native and foreigner. They are always well marked. The men are usually dark, and although the women are beautiful and now and then fair, you can always distinguish the Asiatic blood in their features.  
 These Eurasians are usually subordinate clerks. Many of them go into trade and make money, and now and then one rises to honorable distinction. But they always flock by themselves, having their own society with customs the same as the English. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

the world includes everything from tigers to wild fowl and hare. Much of the hunting is in the jungle and mountains and not a little in Kashmir.  
 The native rajahs, if one has letters to them, will often organize hunts; and to the high civil service officers proceeding. After their comes the mercantile element, in which classification are the merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, planters, and missionaries, but not the shopkeepers, who are of a class by themselves.  
 The military and civil classes are always fighting, and every social center is a hotbed of their jealousies. A family's position is usually governed by the office held by the man, and in the higher places the salaries are such that one can entertain very comfortably. The military officials are not so well paid as the civilians, but as a rule they have larger social clubs, more fun and less stiffness.

better, it is said, she has even a harder task to perform, for the old war horse is longing to jump into harness once more, and it is her work to keep him quiet until he is really fit.  
 In the great campaigns which her husband has fought and won, she has seen his best friend and adviser, and during the crisis attending the wind-up of the job war, she was his greatest help.  
 “In all the storm and turmoil and stress of the troublous times from which we are now emerging,” Chamberlain said in a speech at Birmingham on the eve of his departure for South Africa, “I have had at least one source of soace, in my wife, when under the double burden of the great responsibility that had fallen on me, and the venomous attack and lying misrepresentation of our professional enemies, my courage seemed like fading, her wise counsel, her unbroken optimism sustained me.”  
 “She has fortified me by her courage and cheered me by her sympathy. I have found in her my best and truest counselor.” This is the tribute of Joseph Chamberlain to his wife, a New England girl.  
 And she is an American through and through.  
 “You are not a bit like an American,” Queen Victoria once said to her. And she responded:  
 “That is the very worst compliment that you could possibly pay me.”

### Episodes and Incidents in the Lives of Noted People

**Tom Reed's Americanism.**  
 IN HIS ADDRESS at the dedication of the statue of Abraham Lincoln at Exeland, Me., Congressman McCullough recounted the reasons which impelled the famous speaker to retire from a dozen years ago. He said:  
 “Just at the end of his public career a new set of issues were coming forward. The speaker was far from omni-potent, and he firmly believing that it was for the interest of the republic to remain a continental power and that it would contribute most effectively to the cause of good government throughout the world by furnishing the example of a well-governed democratic state and by scrupulous respect for the rights of weaker peoples. He was equally opposed to the Spanish war, and used the power of his office, so far as he properly could, to prevent both the annexation and the war. That power was great, but no man knew better than he that the speaker was far from omnipotent, that he could only lead where the house was willing to follow, and his efforts were unavailing. The war was begun for the avowed purpose of putting an end to a condition in the western hemisphere which was within our traditional sphere of influence. The important question, it is questioned to us whether we should become an Asiatic power and take upon ourselves the government of populations almost under the equator in the seas of the Orient. Reed's political education, the practice of his whole life and his view of the fundamental principles of the American commonwealth made his position upon this question inevitable. Long before the Philippines appeared upon our horizon he declared in a speech in the house “that the best government of which a people is capable is a government which they establish for themselves. With all its imperfections, with all its shortcomings, it is always better adapted to them than any other government, even though invented by wiser men.” The idea that America should violate its traditional principle of self-government and enter upon the work of governing subject states he hated with all the force of his convictions. He hated with all the better adapted to them than any other government, even though invented by wiser men.” The idea that America should violate its traditional principle of self-government and enter upon the work of governing subject states he hated with all the force of his convictions. He hated with all the better adapted to them than any other government, even though invented by wiser men.” The idea that America should violate its traditional principle of self-government and enter upon the work of governing subject states he hated with all the force of his convictions. He hated with all the better adapted to them than any other government, even though invented by wiser men.”

Keene's friend was illuminated and tense, but his reply kept at him. “And you really ought to join the church, Jim,” said he. “It won't do any harm—and you'll meet a lot of good people there.”  
 Keene recognized the truth of that statement. The Episcopalian was a man of fine character, and was offered for his consideration. Finally his friend said wearily: “Now, looker here, Jim. You say you don't like the Methodists and the Baptists, nor the Presbyterians. The only church left is the Episcopal. Will you join that?”  
 Keene thought for a time. “Doggone it,” he said, “I would join that church if it was free and liberal like the other churches.”  
 “Free and liberal?” said his friend in astonishment.  
 “Yep,” said Keene. “I used to know a man who belonged, and he told me that there were only two ways to leave the Episcopal church. You either have to die or get religion.”

Housekeeping Matters.  
 Keeping house in India seems cheap until you understand the conditions. Servants charge almost nothing in comparison with their class in the United States. One can get good cooks for \$1 a month and house men for less. The trouble is that the Englishman has to hire a dozen servants in India where he has one at home. The caste regulations are such that each man will do only one kind of work. The man who washes the dishes will not make the beds, and he who makes the beds will not sweep or carry the water. The cook will not act as scullion, and so it goes on. If you keep horses you must have a groom to care for them and to every two horses a man to cut grass for them. Every child has its own nurse, and the result is that you need many servants. The servants are nearly all men, the women acting only as women's maids and sometimes as nurses. With the other things that are so expensive in India, and the fact that you will not wait upon you, and your own body servant must run your errands.  
 As to food, it is high when the quality is considered. Animal meats are invariably poor, but the fowls are excellent and the eggs occasionally fresh, although not larger than the big white algeys with which we played marbles in boyhood.

Carriage and the War.  
 Jerome Jones relates an incident which occurred some years ago at a Commercial Club monthly dinner, at which John G. Carlisle was one of the distinguished guests with James Russell Lowell and others. Next Mr. Jones sat Walbridge Field, a member of congress, since the chief justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts, and just as John Candier was to introduce Mr. Carlisle, Mr. Jones remarked:  
 “There is a man with whom some of us differ in politics, but his character is such that his word would be taken on a question of fact as soon as anybody's in Washington.”  
 Just then Chairman Candier introduced Mr. Carlisle as “a former governor of Kentucky, and always a Union man in that latter capacity in the border states.”  
 Mr. Carlisle arose and said: “I have been introduced as a former governor of Kentucky, but I never had that honor. I was lieutenant governor. And now, as to the question of loyalty, I never made a speech or gave a vote that was not in favor of the union of the states, and in support of the flag, but I confess to you, gentlemen, that when I heard of a confederate victory I could not help feeling a sympathy for it. Now, gentlemen, if you can reconcile my record as a Union man to that of having an inner exultation at a big rebel victory, in sympathy with relatives and friends, I stand before you for just what I am.”  
 At Mr. Carlisle's conclusion Walbridge Field said: “There there's the man. He has demonstrated what I told you.”

The Everlasting Squeeze.  
 One of the big items of expense in India is the oriental squeeze which one must pay in every one of the things which one must buy there. In all parts of the orient, your servants have a rake-off on your purchases and they make more out of such things than their salaries. If you order a cab your servant wants his commission and if the camel takes you to a native merchant he expects to get his percentage on what you

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La Follette and His “Iago.”  
 Among the shady elms of Cambridge, relates Collier's Weekly, there is a tradition that James Russell Lowell was graduated from Harvard with ten conditions. His pen had brought the college a distinction that carried him through. He himself often admitted that while in college he read almost every book but his textbooks. There is no ten-condition tradition about Robert Marjos La Follette, Wisconsin, though that can be substantiated, but that he was a famously poor student in college rumor

His Truest Counselor.  
 The noble and wife devotion of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, wife of one of the greatest figures in English political circles of today, is the talk of two continents. Before her marriage to the British statesman, she read the Boston Globe, she was Miss Mary Endicott of Salem, daughter of the late Hon. William C. Endicott, who, under President Cleveland, was secretary of war. Some years ago “Joe” Chamberlain was suddenly taken sick, and during his illness, which even his most intimate friends feared was his last, his wife was ever by his side. She seldom left the sick room, and although there were nurses, she insisted in caring for him herself. She was to him what Mrs. Gladstone was to England's great premier in his last sickness.  
 And now that Chamberlain is better, much

Smoking Room for Women  
 Apropos of the recent controversy over cigarette smoking by women, which has agitated the west, it is interesting to learn that Chicago is soon to have a theater with a woman's smoking room, as well as a ticket-selling system, especially for women. The building company has no intention of sparing cost in the plans for the new theater, which will be housed in a twenty-story office building at Madison street and Wabash avenue. “Three million dollars

Stanley and the Dogs.  
 From time immemorial, says Harper's Magazine, caricaturists have made use of the common observation that there is in certain human types a decided resemblance to familiar animals. A notable example was that of Louis Napoleon, whose brooding, aquiline countenance was really converted into a bird of prey; sometimes the French eagle, but often and even strikingly a vulture preying upon France.  
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