

the great warrior and king passing sedately to his rude hall of audience when the spell is broken. It is the voice of the guide and spirit-banisher:

"This is the palace called after Jehangir, the Jehangir Mahal, which is regarded by many as the most remarkable building of its class and age in India. The Sahib must noticeably note the most striking contrast bordering upon effeminacy of the marble pavilions of Shah Jehan's palaces and the robust, virile, yet highly imaginative architecture of this palace of the great Akbar. For though it bears Jehangir's name there can be little doubt that it was planned, and partially if not entirely carried out by Akbar with the same architects who built for him Fatehpur Sikri. It is the perfected type of the style which we shall shortly see in process of evolution at—

"Choo row!" (he silent) you shout at this human photograph, wanting to be alone for a little space with the kingly nation-maker.

You feel old Akbar near. His spirit lingers about this palace so plainly and unalterably stamped with his masterful personality, distinguished by the stately solidity of its Jain and Hindu architecture.

At last duty recalls you to the present and you turn to the waiting and bottled guide regarding you with mournful reproach in attitude and expression.

"Well, go on!"

It is a mistaken cue. He plunges glibly again into his parrot lecture:

"As the Sahib sees, it is the perfected type of the style we shall shortly see in process of evolution at Fatehpur, and were it not for the Taj we might regret the new element which came into Moghul architecture with Itmad-ud-Daulah's tomb."

There is no punctuation in this guide's oration. It is all one long and breathless sentence, without an accented word. The photograph is not to be compared with him for dull monotony. He flashes a fleeting look of self-conscious pride as he waves a parting dismissal to the ghosts of Akbar's court and authoritatively proclaims:

"We shall now pass on to more modern and ornate accomplishment of later kings of Moghul reignings."

You cannot but be a little bit amused at this pithy reciter in the halls of the great, who parades the one-time masters of all their world for the entertainment of the rupee-giving tourist.

And you mechanically obey the suggestion to be moving on:

"Hoping you feel better now that you have got that talk off your chest I suppose we had better," you agree.

In Shah Jehan's palace you realize the difference in the men. This Akbar was a big man. He did the big things in a big, rough way. He was a conqueror who afterwards ruled roughly and most justly. He had not time or the mind for trumperies or effeminate delicacies. His palaces, his temples, his tombs reflect this masterly personality. Shah Jehan, on the other hand, was brought up daintily, and was a poet and an artist—a sentimentalist and a dreamer. He must have been the world's incomparable lover, for the epic of his devotion to his Mumtaz Mahal is the greatest love story that has ever been written—not in intimate ink and paper, but in the living glory of the Taj.

The personality of Shah Jehan is particularly evident in the beautiful Jasmine tower, forming a terminal of the zenana and placed at the extreme edge and angle of the palace walls overlooking the river and the riverland. Here magnificence in building reaches its climax, the tower—of white marble—being literally covered both within and without with jewel mosaic in which the diamond and the emerald have been generously used; some few of these jewels even still remaining, although the vast majority have long since been gouged out by various looting armies.

There is a feminine daintiness and delicacy about the Jasmine tower and the apartments adjoining which make inspection seem almost an unpardonable intrusion, but no false modesty affects the guide, who blithely invades the dead and gone Empress' boudoir, and takes particular delight in showing the cunningly arranged pocket-holes in the solid walls wherein the ladies of the court were wont to keep their jewels.

"These small receptacles," chants the wearisome lecturer, "fulfilled in past days the purposes of a safe; the aperture being so made that only a delicate woman could thrust in her hand and secure the treasures placed therein for keeping."

Whereupon he proceeds to illustrate by poking in his own hand, nor sees the humor of the illustration or its contradiction of his stereotyped tale.

Close to the Jasmine tower is the stately terrace, upon which are erected two thrones, the one upon a massive block of black marble, now scarred with a gigantic crack and showing at one corner a little dullish smudge of red.

The crack betokens where, so says tradition, the great base block opened when the Jat rajah Jawahar Singh of Bharatpur in 1765 set his usurping foot upon the Moghul throne. Blood spurted from the throne, the legend declares—and the red marking is pointed to as irrefutable corroboratory testimony.

The skeptic will nevertheless incline to the more prosaic theory that the breaking of the marble must be ascribed to a vagrant cannon shot, further trace of which is plainly evident in a shattered section of the dainty tower itself.

Yet the stain of the marble throne is quite distinct, and the imagery in which each loyal native believes as in the gospel, is pretty enough to warrant credence if one can only believe.

The terrace reaches to an imposing sunken quadrangle, flanked by a beautiful corridor in lacelike marble fretwork, jewel inlaid, by which communication was given with the zenana proper—by a minute but extra-beautiful court, the floor of which is laid in geometrical patterns in rare mosaic, upon which the game of chess was played by the Emperor with his queens, the pieces being his most beautiful slaves. Flanked, too, it is by the Diwan-i-kas, or hall of private audience, whose decorations are in no way inferior to its famous prototype at Delhi, most of the decorative work of these marble pavilions being directly derived from Persian art and inspired by the Persian flower-worship, and all the details being in the rarest delicacy, the dardoes especially edged with inlaid work and carved with floral types in extra-chaste relief showing to perfection the wonderful decorative instinct inborn with the Oriental master craftsman—the designer having naively translated into marble with the help of many jewels the conventional Indian flower beds just as they are in every palace garden.

The guide monotonously recites the list of precious and semi-precious gems used with such prodigality in this decorative work. He chants the story of how the stones were looted by conquering hordes in this or that year of trial, and reaches his climax with the ironical glorification, "but replaced by excellent British government with handsome colored glass!"

In the zenana chambers themselves the same wealth of elegance in ornamentation is freely displayed. The floors—the walls—are worthy a jeweler's casket. The arching ceilings are somewhat mystifying, and for once attention to the guide is instructive and illuminative:

"The ceilings," he recites, "were formerly painted with pictures by artists brought from the countries of France and Italy by Emperor's command at very great expense and costliness but not religious subjects for which reason these subsequently have been whitewashed over by British government in more recent day!"

"Whitewashed by British government?"—of the Presbyterian dynasty of 1863—these masterpieces of the fresco painter's art!

And yet civilization was sending its missionaries to India for work among the native populations!

Upon the terrace, too, flanked by these successive architectural features—the Jasmine tower, the smaller hall of audience, the corridor of the zenana, the court of human chess—the Emperor sat at the cool of morning and watched his brigantines upon the crawling river, or the great fights of elephants arranged on the plain below.

Facing this great court, too, are the marble galleries where once were held the mock bazaars that were a favorite amusement of the Moghul court, the prettiest of the nobles' wives and daughters acting as petty traders, with whom the Emperors and Begums would haggle and bargain in most approved bazaar fashion, carrying the burlesque to the last extreme.

Mention is made of these successive features bordering the court, in order that its encompassing magnificence may be partially grasped. Its centre is an open square some sixty yards in dimension, which in the olden days was filled with water to a depth of thirty feet, and here on a favorite throne the Moghul was wont to sit and fish in the well-stocked preserve, the engirdling marble and jewel-stocked promenade being roofed with purple silks.

The regal magnificence of the setting of this fishing pool with its flanking buildings and silken encircling awnings, under the Indian sun, must surely have constituted a picture which stage art may burlesque but never approximate in gorgeous magnificence.

Back from the fish-pond court are shown the special prison wherein for eight years lingered Shah Jehan as a royal prisoner, his son being his captor and jailer in his declining years. Here, too, are shown the private galleries by which in the days of his power and magnificence he was wont to make his way to the Jasmine tower boudoir of his favorite Mumtaz Mahal, and along which he was carried in his dying hour, in order that he might breathe his last in the tower, his eyes

fixed on the famous monument he had raised to the enduring memory of his love—a sensualist undoubtedly and a sentimentalist, but true to the last to his one master-passion.

The court of grapes, the wonderful baths of Akbar, one of which the iconoclastic Marquis of Hastings when Governor-General of India broke up that it might be sent home as a present to the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV.; the stately and less effeminate hall of audience of the great Akbar—there are a hundred and one decided features of the Palace and its appointments, attached to each of which are countless tales of romance.

Nor may one miss the famous Mufi Masjid, or Pearl mosque, whose entrance is of the plainest and most unpretentious description, so that one approaches all unprepared for the beauty, the purity and the unaffected expression of an exalted religious feeling which characterize the fine interior. It is unusual to find an Indian building such as this mosque in which the effect is produced with hardly any ornament, but solely by the perfection of proportions, beauty of materials, and harmony of the constructive design. The courtyard in front of the mosque, with its arcades and gateways, is a noble setting for the Pearl, as the mosque is called. There is a subtle rhythm in the placing of the three domes over the seven arches of the mosque which saves the design from monotony, while the marvelous grace of the contours so characteristic of the finest of Shah Jehan's buildings, makes each dome grow from the roof like an unfolding flower-bud. The interior of the mosque owes its dignity to the same greatness of style and perfection of proportions.

Wherever one goes in Agra fort and court, one seems to feel the presence of just passed kings. Their personality invests the place with human more than architectural or even historic interest. Their palaces are empty now and unpeopled, for the natives are forbidden to visit the homes of their former monarchs.

Yet all the stately corridors, the majestic halls, the dainty boudoirs of the zenana princesses seem to speak of very recent occupancy. If ever a place were haunted by its past possessors it surely is the capital and palace of the last of the great Moghuls.

If there were no birds insect life would make the world intolerable for mankind. Therefore spare the birds. They decrease naturally rapidly enough.

SPIRIT OF MAYA

It is Leaving Hindustan and the Consequence Is Proving to Be a Tremendous Industrial Awakening

(By SAINT NIHAL SINGH, Author of "Escape on India," etc., New York Evening Post)

Were it not for the political unrest that prevails everywhere in India, the extraordinary industrial activity of the people doubtless would attract attention. A veritable industrial revolution is taking place in the country, and a constructive era of untold possibilities has dawned on Hindustan.

Hitherto agriculture has been almost the sole occupation of East Indians. More than ninety-five per cent. of the people have engaged themselves in farming or industries attendant for a century or two has been: "Produce raw materials—import finished goods." The small percentage of East Indians not engaging in agricultural pursuits have eked out a miserable pittance working at decadent industries with wasteful, worn-out methods, exclusively employing hand power and old-fashioned, crude machinery. Even in agriculture, out-of-date methods, unimproved implements and poor cattle have been a slavish adherence to the ways of those long dead, instead of constant improvement in agricultural machinery and modes of work.

This state of affairs is rapidly changing today. The East Indian has completely veered around, industrially. Farming and farming industries are receiving more attention. Old methods of sowing and reaping, winnowing and threshing, storing and selling, are being abandoned. Machinery that conserves labor, saves time, and does the work is being introduced. The traditional modes of work are being replaced by up-to-date, approved methods. Even scientific fertilizers are being tried, and the sons of farmers are invoking the aid of chemistry to produce plentiful harvests of a good grade. Furthermore, the East Indian is becoming anxious to employ up-to-date machinery and methods in the production of raw materials, and to turn them into finished products at home, and do so in the most approved manner known to the modern-day industrialism, with the best time and labor-saving machinery, run by steam, electricity, or water power.

Were the industrial revolution no greater than this, it would be a tremendous revolution; but its work has not been confined to the directions already pointed out. Such a revolutionary change has taken place in the attitude of the native of Hindustan toward physical labor, that, in the course of not many years, the nation will rank among the leading commercial countries of the world.

The leaning of the East Indian has ever been in the direction of spirituality. He has looked upon his existence as a temporary sojourn. His eyes have been fixed on the hereafter. Now and here he has looked upon as mere incidentals, unworthy of receiving his prime attention. Manual labor and its resultant, the riches of the world, have not evoked his interest. He has called the world "maya"—illusion—and his ideal has been to have as little to do with it as possible. That such a

person has deteriorated from a material viewpoint is not to be wondered at.

Today a different philosophy is moving India's masses. It is a philosophy that concerns itself with here and now, and relegates the hereafter to the background. It develops his material life along with the advancement of the spirit. "Mens sana in corpore sano" is the goal of this new philosophy, which is having a most salutary effect upon the East Indian, compelling him to look upon life through properly adjusted lenses, and thus have a sane, worth-while, working basis of life.

So long as a morbid spirituality ruled the East Indian brain, it inspired the people to slothfulness and stand-stillism. But today the germ of the up-to-date is inspiring India to uplift herself materially. Inspired by new views of life, the East Indian, who for generations has been inoculated with the virus of aversion for physical work, is now eagerly engaging in it. Agricultural, industrial, and commercial occupations have lost the terror of defilement which they possessed for the high-caste Hindu, and he is bringing to these avocations a high scientific knowledge, and consequently uplifting what he regarded to be decadent and commonplace pursuits to the dignity of paying professions.

The first effect of Western education was to accentuate the predilection of the East Indian for the so-called "genteel" work. Schools were founded in India primarily for the purpose of coaching East Indians to fill the lower ranks of public service. The alien administration did not know the language of the country, and lacked the desire to learn it. The native, on the contrary, showed a peculiar aptitude to learn English. Moreover, the commercial company which had by a sudden turn of the wheel of fortune, come into possession of India, wanted to conduct the administration of Hindustan on a business basis with the strictest economy, and the native clerk was ten times cheaper than the imported English scribe. But, the Western education which was introduced in India with a view to manufacturing clerks, and interpreters to aid the foreign ruler, intensified the proclivity of the Indian to refrain from soiling his hands with industrial or agricultural work. Only the boys went to schools which opened the door to government service. It was not thought advisable to permit girls to work in secretarial offices, consequently they were not sent to school. The schools prepared the boys to become clerks, lawyers and low-grade executive officers. They inspired them with the hankering after such pursuits. Every educated East Indian therefore aimed to be a barrister or a government official. The superficial veneer given to the timber by the English schoolmaster warped the already crooked Indian temperament, making it all the more an unstable rafter for the support of India's material well-being.

The grave fault was a fundamental failing of Occidental education. Until lately education has been merely cultural, and not integral. The head has been developed, but the hand and heart have been neglected. Education such as this could not but have inspired the Indian to shirk manual labor and favor quill-driving in government offices or bandying words in law-courts.

But education is fast coming to mean something more than a mere surface veneer. This is not only true of India but of every other country. In Hindustan the forward swing of the pendulum has rendered clerical service and the legal profession distasteful to the average young man. Our youth now seeks a career. He wishes to be an industrialist. He dreams of becoming a captain of industry. He wants to be a manufacturer—an agriculturist. But, before engaging in any of these vocations, he wants to go to the most forward industrial and agricultural countries, so that he can equip himself thoroughly in order to do his work as well as the world knows how.

On account of this fundamental change, the East Indian, instead of being a mere consumer, is fast becoming a manufacturer, even an exporter. India outdistances all Asiatic countries in buying textile machinery from England, and places orders with Germans and Americans as well. Spinning and weaving factories are multiplying in Hindustan with incredible rapidity, where yarn of all counts is manufactured and cloth of all kinds made, not only for home consumption in the Far Eastern markets. Within a decade India has come to be Japan's most powerful rival in yarn trade in China and other contiguous countries. This is chiefly due to the fact that the cream of Indians are engaging in the manufacture of yarn, and they have intelligent Indian agents in all the leading commercial metropolises of the Orient.

So long as the educated men of India drudged in clerical positions, contenting themselves with miserable pittance, the industries of India lacked red corpuscles and showed signs of death-dealing anaemia. But the changed attitudes of the educated natives has infused a new life in Indian industries. The old crafts are reviving, while new industries are being learned and established in India. The cotton industry is a conspicuous, but by no means the only available, example. Leather is being tanned at home, by the latest processes, made into boots, shoes, trunks, harness, etc. Iron and other metal deposits are being explored and exploited. Foundries are being erected, supervised, and conducted by foreign-trained East Indians. Banking is being organized, and treasures which erstwhile were kept buried underground are now being unearthed and pressed into man's service. The banking establishments are of various types—savings banks, agricultural banks, loan associations, life, marine, and commercial insurance institutions. The natives of the land are organizing and managing them, absolutely independent of and sometimes in co-operation with the foreigner.

From despondency and helplessness, toward progressively increasing self-help and self-reliance—this is the road India has been traveling. The path is stony and tortuous, but Hindustan is plugging away pluckily, and has already achieved notable success. Until recently the wealthy East Indian considered that his sole aim in life was to patronize the foreign artist, the alien manufacturer. He wore fabrics manufactured in foreign looms and tailored abroad, and in many cases laundried by aliens in Europe. He rode in imported vehicles. He drank whiskey distilled in Portugal or France, from wine glasses manufactured in Germany. In fact, the use of imported goods had so obsessed him that he would order indiscriminately—buy articles whose use he did not know. His poorer brother did not buy foreign goods, not through choice, but because he was limited by lack of funds. Steam and electricity-drawn machines produced cloths and merchandise more cheaply than the same materials could be made by hand. Cotton and leather sent from India to England and there made into finished products by comparatively more expensive operatives, but by modern machinery and up-to-date methods, after paying double freightage, import duties, and vicarious charges, such as insurance, brokerage, etc., could be sold cheaper in India than the finished products by the Indian weaver and leather-worker. The Indian was an artist. He could make muslin with his hand loom which would win the admiration of Parisiennes and which could not be duplicated elsewhere in the world. He was a master of his art. But he lacked adjustability. He could not lay aside his time-worn loom and install in its place an improved one. Consequently, the foreigner outbid him in his own land, in his favorite business. He was rendered helpless. In many cases he had to give up his occupation and go to farming to earn a miserable living. Thus he overcrowded the agricultural community. But if he stuck to his own trade, he fared still worse. The decadent industry did not pay. His countrymen found that it was to their economic interest to buy the foreign article in preference to the indigenous product, and invariably he did not possess sufficient cash to purchase a lower-priced material, even if he had the sense and patriotism to buy home-made goods to protect and develop home industries. The government of the land was foreign. It did not feel the urgency to build a protective tariff wall. It did not give a new impetus to industries by judicious subsidies, nor did it help the people by training them in new methods of production and by inducing them to change for the better. Thus India, toward the middle of the nineteenth century, reached the depth of depression, and had to depend upon the outside world for even such trifling articles of every day use as pens, pins, needles and lamps.

It is from this bottomless pit that India is rising—rising manfully. Even the ignorant, unintelligent weaver is giving up his prejudice for the cumbersome handloom and is coming to use newer kinds of handlooms, which have been pronounced by experts to be capable of successfully competing with steam and electricity-propelled looms, on account of the cheapness of Indian labor. The educated Indian is helping him by buying these looms for him, and by inspiring the weavers to work together on a "joint stock" basis, instead of working individually, in hovels, which serve for living room as well as workshop. Factories and mills run by power are being installed. The big industries are by no means receiving exclusive attention. Young Indians are learning pencil-making and such other industries, and are introducing them in Hindustan, where they are being conducted vigorously and on modern lines.

In the nick of time a movement has come into being which will prove India's salvation. This is the celebrated Swadeshi movement, which has for its propaganda, "My country's goods for me." This spirit of Swadeshi—literally "own country"—is like the mother hen protecting its fledgling industries. It is like a veritable tariff wall, under whose cover nascent indigenous industries are being nurtured until they are able to get along without its protection. Thanks to Swadeshim, the products of newly installed mills and machinery are finding a ready sale. In fact, the demand is so great for home-made articles that the rapidly multiplying factories cannot meet it. Swadeshi is the culmination of India's industrial revolution, and forms the foundation on which the superstructure of Hindustan's material well-being is being laid—and laid rapidly and solidly.

It is sad to contemplate that such a virile, constructive, upward movement in India should not be noticed by the outside world, merely because of the acute political unrest in the land. But those who are interested in the political wrangle should not forget that even political congresses in India of late have industrial exhibitions and industrial conferences as their important adjuncts. For several years an industrial exhibition and conference has been a notable feature of the Indian National Congress—the pseudo-congress of Hindustan—and from its platform many purposeful speeches have been delivered which tended toward the political regeneration of India. These annual exhibitions fulfill a double purpose. In the first place, they inspire manufacturers with the spirit of healthy emulation and enable them to familiarize all India with the products of the different provinces. In the second place, they make it possible for deniers and traders in articles of every-day use to obtain reliable information and collect goods from all parts of India for the benefit of purchasers in every province of the Peninsula.

AR, THE NATION-MAKER

TOWER

ARL MOSQUE

by an ancient drawbridge the separates the present from the and droning guide first climb ved military roadway that leads n level to the built-up pre-emin- ce of the court.

mage must be made in histori- and so of course it is Akbar's shown first. Here strength—the dignity of rude force, strong ornamentation give character to halls. Red sandstone is chiefly several apartments are lofty, spa- ctly typical of the period as well ty Akbar they are, and one to catch a passing glimpse of