but not quite, for he knows something of the fantastic nature of Oriental peoples and wide differentiation of that nature from the nature of the Anglo-Saxon. And this can never be fully realized by anyone who does not know the East by personal contact, which fact enters largely into the case as it stands and immensely complicates the task of solution.

Is India on the verge of another Mutiny? Officialdom says "no, the very suggestion is preposterous," as it may be expected to hold until, even after, the peril of insurrection has been blazoned in blood and fire. History is self-repeating, and the story of the Mutiny may today be read with profit. To admit the present critical situation would, in the opinion of those in authority, be to admit incompetency in administration, alarm the British nation perhaps unnecessarily, and give a status to the rebellious movement which it is still hoped may be denied to it. Hence the censorship of the Press in India is of a thorough character undreamed of by the average Britisher, while what does appear in the public prints is usually as wide of the salient and significant facts as were the authorized war reports appearing in the Russian Press during the first months of the trial of strength with little, despised Japan. Hence, too, British journalists sent out from Home to write of the situation from personal observation, are straightway upon arrival in India provided with a most courteous but insistent chaperonage, so that only such sides of the case are seen and such conclusions arrived at as simplify and support the official position.

To endeavor to obtain opinions of value from the Anglo-Indian resident in Bombay or Madras or any of the southern or central districts is equally farcial: the disaffection is in the North, originating in Bengal but now embracing the Punjab and all upper India within the danger zone. The South will tell you the agitation is strictly confined to courage-lacking Bengal, "in no way affecting the peace or safety of India." Officialdom says the same, with mental reservations, and always with the hope that in some way the swelling tide of discontent may yet be stayed without public disclosure of its volume or its grave potentialities.

For frankly, British rule in India is today more seriously jeopardized than it was in antemutiny days, the champions of revolt having a better case in logic, while retaining the powerful support of the religious and racial fanaticism that was the mainspring of action during the memorable "red year."

It may be argued, and with seeming reason, that one who visits India as I have, for two or three months annually, has neither right nor license to set up his opinions or his observations against those of residents, acquainted with the country and its peoples. I thought so too when I first visited India, and laughed at the absurdity of the request when I received a letter from an American newspaper which in other days I had served as a special correspondent, asking me-as I would be travelling in India that winter-to "send in an article dealing comprehensively with the so-called Unrest, its origin, its meaning, its extent, its national significance, and its probable or possible solu-

Who am I, I thought, that I should attempt or be expected to attempt, the superhuman?

But I was anxious to oblige-inbred journalistic ethics and traditions are not casually eradicated-and I decided to do my serious best. So I went, during my travels through the then parched and blistering land, to some twenty or more prominent journalists, from Madras to Lahore and from Bombay to the Capital, and obtained from each an interview or a written opinion, most generally the latter, covering the points in my unsought assignment. These, I thought, I will file carefully away, and when the opportunity presents itself, obtain a statement of its case from the Bengal committee, with a reply to that from some informed official. And with all that heavy ammunition it will only be left for me to work up an introduction epitomizing the cases pro and con, with something of the local color and atmosphere—and the deed is done!

Plain sailing it seemed to be. It was only when the harmonizing of the many sincere and well-considered opinions came to be attempted that realization forced itself that Bombay knows not Bengal or the Punjab, and Madras is equally alien to all three. To find a point of agreement on material issues of fact and deduction therefrom in the collected opinions was impossible; while gradually the conviction forced itself that as a rule the Englishman in India observes parochially and forms his general conclusions upon such observations. Also by long association with certain seemingly fixed conditions, his eyes are not too keen for signs of upheaval. There are perhaps none so oblivious of the dormant dangers of the slumbering volcano as those who live their tranquil lives upon its vine-clothed slopes.

There is, too, some foundational justification for the saying that onlookers see most of the game, and it is for this reason, as well as because I have had opportunity of late to observe conditions in all parts of India, and trace the appearance and trend of related conditions, that I am making bold to write of the Unrest upon what admittedly are and must be superficial observations. It is an honest conviction with me as with many others that the situation in India today is pregnant with great danger, if not to British supremacy at least of a terrible and sanguinary struggle for the retention of that supremacy. It is an equally honest conviction that India may be spared a second baptism of blood and the Empire an incalculable expenditure in lives and treasure if the fatuous policy of concealment, misrepresentation and weak adherence to British standards (where wholly inapplicable) be promptly abandoned for straightforward admission of facts and such stern paternal absolutism as alone can meet the traditional and racial require-

ments of the land and its peoples in successful government.

The primary cause of the Unrest in Indiathe initial cause of every Asian problem that the white peoples face-may be diagnosed as misdirected missionary zeal, religious or political; zeal which, in its non-recognition of unalterable differences of racial characteristics. traditions, philosophies and moving impulses generally, becomes well-meaning but none the ess dangerous fanaticism. Interwoven with this is ineradicable Anglo-Saxon conceit in the fixed superiority under all conditions, of Anglo-Saxon institutions, Anglo-Saxon standards of morality, Anglo-Saxon re-ligion, Anglo-Saxon theories and methods of government, of education, and of administration—regardless of the fact that these codes and institutions cannot be universally applied successfully. You may take an Indian boy from the cradle, bring him up strictly as a young Englishman, educate him as such, keep him entirely apart from and out of touch with his own race and color, and you have but spoiled an Oriental. The finished product is not and could never be an Englishman. And forms of government that are, in theory at least, admirably right and best for an Anglo-Saxon people, are not and never can be equally right and best for an Asian people. Applied to an Asian people, regardless of every immovable condition that should count and does count in fact, they become monuments of wellintentioned blundering.

To set aside all religious aspects of the question, the present conditions in India may be traced directly to the failure of India's pioneer political and religious missionaries to recognize at the inception of their activities fixed differences of race and blood. The youth of India has been encouraged to seek education on European lines. Book-learning and European methods generally being held in contempt by the warlike and historic races of the land, it was naturally the suave, selfseeking, sychophantic Bengali who chiefly sought the schools and universities as a means of ingratiating himself in the favor of the powers of the land. As a parrot student he excels. He quickly learns, too, that government by the people through the secret ballot is today the declared foundation of Anglo-Saxon liberties. Forthwith he sees a great light! His nerveless fingers can never hold the sword; the thunder of cannon or the shriek of shell will always send him scurrying in fear for a hiding place; but the ballot—the secret ballot—is a weapon infinitely to his taste.

He is, moreover, a born politician, if a craven, and shrewd enough to recognize the illimitable opportunities of political chicanery. The subleties of the game appeal to him. He has inborn genius for intrigue and finesse. Besides, here is a way by which he may hope to ultimately dominate the land—to rule the Sikh, the Pathan, even the sturdy little Ghurka, whose fierce eyes and ready knife have ever been sufficient to set him quivering as with an attack of Madras ague. The power of the ballot, he very soon decides, is quite the ideal power for government. By the ballot he can see a way for himself, the despised Bengali, to control the destinies of Hindustan, and craftily to avenge himself in the process of years, upon the manlier, contented, unlettered and unchanging races that from time immem-

orial have harried Bengal and its people. So he pursues with avidity his European studies and feels himself already half a conqueror. He has in him no element of structive statecraft, yet he has grand visions of an India-to-be, a babu's, not a warrior-governed, land. The more he reads and studies the English books, the more logically irresistible do his dreams become.

His books, his universities, cannot or do not teach him, or it is beyond his capacity or his desire to learn, that behind the exercise of the ballot there must be a forceful people, capable of defending as well as of exercising the ballot privilege. They do not teach him, or if they do he will cheerfully disregard so unpleasant a feature, that crises come with nations as with individuals in which the finespun theories of civilization, no matter how convincing or how admirable, must at times be sustained by strength of arm, by individualism, determination, deeds that in due time become events of histroy upon which the peaceful scholar and philosopher perforce revise and re-shape their codes.

Glancing back over the story of the Bengali, can one wonder that the vista of delights unfolded by the European schooling which he imperfectly comprehends, has made him mad -almost as mad as those well-meaning English in India who first prescribed European education on lines invariably leading to the learned professions, as a miraculous treatment capable of transforming the Asian nature into

the Anglo-Saxon! Still dealing with the educational primary cause of all the present trouble: When first the natives of India were encouraged to adopt European methods of education and praised and petted for so doing, the fact was lost sight of that while the babu is ready enough to seek such power as that of the ballot, and plume himself as the thinker and the prospective master of the land, his transformation is not so thorough and complete that his hereditary and conveniently-practical recognition of all government as paternal is shattered or even disturbed. That is inborn. And so, by a process of reasoning the intricacies of which are to the Englishman past all finding out, while professing his complete conversion to the principles of representative government, he still can reconcile this new devotion with the good old Oriental doctrine that "the State is the Father and the Mother of its people." It is therefore perfectly logical for the superficially educated Bengali or Deccani Brahmin to contend that, the State having facilitated his education, his future maintenance in his new sphere of life becomes a duty of State.

His parents in the old times taught him and were responsible for his business in life. The State now instructs him, in Free School and University. Therefore, the State stands in loco parentis, and has assumed all responsibilities of the parent! He has proven himself an apt babbler of European university lore, but he is still an-Oriental, and from the Oriental standpoint his free education unquestionably gives him a claim upon the State,

One of them will argue, for example, that since the State made him a lawyer (and lawyers are in the majority in the product of the universities) the duty of the State is clearly to find him a position or remunerative practice in that profession. There are now so many of these graduates of the universities that there are very far from enough positions to go round, and the result is that thousands are dissatisfied. There are English officials in the country, and the Bengali and the Brahmin demand that the positions held by these should by preference be given to the native, quoting the ill-considered and unwise utterances of public men at Home as to the desire of Britain to instal the native in administrative places wherever possible. University degrees and aptness in controversy do not, however, make men fit for authority over strong men, although these subjective masses be unlettered; the schooling of the Bengali does not make him a strong man, resourceful, vigilant, faithful, just, determined—the type of man that wins Empires in the East, or what is harder still sometimes, holds them from disintegration. The Bengali's comprehension, controlled by his ambitions, does not compass this. He would be quite ready to accept the full powers of government-but he does not want the responsibilities to accompany these powers. These men of education are clever and cunning and crafty and most polite, but almost invariably effeminate and timorous. They are not leaders who could control the country, and in their hearts they know it. They want the places of honor and emolument, but they want the strength of the British Raj behind them to back them up and protect them from what, but for the British, would be the powers of the land. These well realize, as do the agitators in and about Calcutta, that Brahmin or Bengali rule in India would be a short-lived jest for history, and that were the British to withdraw from the country, chaos and bloodshed would be precipitated and those of the Bengal strain become once more the harried and the despised.

not openly admit these truths, but they know them for such. They know that complete success for their soaring plans would but spell dire disaster for India, and for themselves. They know that Britons still respect the bull-dog doctrine of "what we have well held," and they build on this soctrine to the discur-fiture of the British and the infinite multipli-cation of the difficulties of government in In-

Besides, plot and intrigue are delights to the soul of the Bengali. He seeks not more the ostensibly desired results than he does the intoxication of the game. He joys in legal technicalities and quibbles and in the subleties of abstruse argument. He has a marvellous memory and there is nothing more well pleasing to his Asian nature than to trip and tangle the ponderous Anglo-Saxon in his controversial intricacies. And the Englishman in India has provided such opportunities for confounding British doctrines generally! The Englishman has taught the babu that self-government is the only true and proper form of government according to the ethics of the age, so the Bengali demands self-governand eligibility for the franchise out of the mouths of British political economists and British printed authorities. He virtually challenges the Englishman in India to defend his (the Englishman's) contradictory position in extolling representative government while withholding the ballot, and nurses inward joy when the Englishman labors and flounders in the impossible task of explanation. He would, mayhap, be satisfied if the Englishman would but confess himself a stupendous blunderer and admit that, while democratic government is sound in principle and apparently the best of all governments for Anglo-Saxon peoples, it would be unsuitable, ridiculous, even disastrous, for an Asian people—that it was a mistake to fill the native Indian's head with rubbish by educating him along English lines and toward English ideals that he can never

understand or make applicable. But the Englishman is proverbially obstinate. He does not like to admit himself wrong, or to concede that the guarantees of British lib erty would be transformed into weapons forged for self-destruction if placed in the hands of some other peoples. The Bengali thus has him between two fires of argument: between two alternatives in conclusions. And all the arguments contradict the position the Anglo-Saxon must assume for the safety as well as the weal of India; while the alternatives and to stand fast for his enunciated ideals in government and thus deliver over India to inevitable disaster, or to repudiate those ideals and govern India in the only way it can ever be successfully governed as a whole-by a stern but just paternalism. Unwilling to admit what he knows for the facts, the Englishman in India morosely tells the suave Bengali that he cannot have the ballot anyway-

and that he talks too much. If he would but admit the initial errorsgrotesque in their absurdity to any student of Orientalism-enunciate the doctrine of a firm and wise despotism for the country's good, and stand by the gospel of the sword that won India still being keen to hold the country and punish its enemies within or without, the Bengali would be heard of no more as a fomentor of rebellion and unrest. Anglo-Saxon racial obstinacy and fear of the powers "at

vene unfortunately, and the Brahmin and the Bengali continue upon their devious course as workers of mischief. They form secret societies in which they may air their oratory and their fancied grievances to willing ears. They dabble in anarchism, more to their taste than open warring. They convince and use as their instruments the low caste men of the hills who occasionally come their way, and who are simple as children in world-lore, but-unlike the Bengali-devoid of personal fear. They plunge delightedly into elaborate technical defences and interminable legal battles when prosecutions for sedition are initiated. They crowd the Indian secret service with men of their own race and nature, and amuse themselves by keeping the authorities in constant turmoil excitement through the reports of these emissaries. They drive home the fact in the minds of the soldierly Sikh and Pathan and Mahommedan that, although these wear the medals of faithful and loyal service to the British Raj, they are nevertheless unwelcome aliens in South Africa, or Canada, or Australia, insultingly classed miscellaneously as Hindus" in the hostile legislation of these British dominions. They cite the very few reversals of decisions by native members of the Indian judiciary as testimony to the quality of the brains of India when weighed by British standards; and if this is not enough, they even point to Sir John Fisher-Lord Roberts -Rudyard Kipling-as showing that India produces some of the greatest Britons of the imes. They hedge the Government about with worries and with nihilistic terrors until the movement of a Vicerov or Lieutenant-Governor, Chief Justice or Commissioner, is marked by such extreme precautions for the official's safety as would convince a stranger in the land that it is actually upon the brink

of internal war. And all the time the greater danger grows! The soldier nations of the North cannot and never will understand why on the discovery of a Bengal plot against the powers of authority, a trial should drag for weary months, obstructed and hampered by every tricky device of clever legal practice. They shrug contemptuous shoulders when it is explained to them that in British justice no man may be condemned to punishment until and unless he, individually, is proven guilty as charged. They know full well how utterly improbable or impossible it is for a British trial to elicit truth or meet the ends of equity and justice in dealng with Orientals and Oriental methods.

Why not, since it is Bengal maketh all the Of course the eloquent champions of trouble punish the Bengalis all until they de-"Hindustan for the people of Hindustan" do liver the guilty over to justice?" they urge, with knowledge and experience of the crude but direct and efficacious practice of the past. "Let but two regiments of the Ghurkas be sent to teach the Bengali his place and duty, and the matter is ended and the land at peace.'

It is the voice of wisdom. The course com-monded would or would have met the situ-ation. But the Anglo-Saxon genius for blundering at critical moments, and Anglo-Saxon devotion to Anglo-Saxon ways and gospels, must be maintained. The Man-in-the-Street at Home must be considered.

Let but the Viceroy make a pilgrimage to any part of the Empire now, and he moves about no longer as the inviolate father of his people, secure in their affection and their care. Roads closed to all traffic and guarded by soldiery—the populace that would seek only to show their ruler honor and respect, sternly ridden back by the cavalry to wide distances from his person-police spies everywheresuspicion and precaution in the street, the bazaar, the camp, the temple gate. These are the conditions more potent by far than the Bengali's hysterical oratory or his seditious screeds in the vernacular press that make for general disaffection in a friendly people. The very extent and omnipresent evidences of precautions against the extremists of the "reform' circle are in themselves an active source of danger to the peace of India, for they are viewed with disgust by the native soldiery, accustomed to direct and straightforward pro-

"Can it be possible," they ask one another privily, "that these be the British whom we serve that now confess themselves in fear of the Bengali—the Bengali of all men! Where did we always go when wanting gold or cattle, horses or wives withal, but to Bengal and take them! And these be the British, our mas-

Their pride in following a fearless people has received a blow. And it is a blow at the peace of India.

Of course the Man-at-Home can reach no other conclusion than that it is both sensible and a duty to take these extreme precautions for the safety of the Government's representatives in India. Equally is it understandable how the Viceroy and others of lesser rank have no particular desire to close their careers prematurely as victims of a cowardly assassin's bomb or dagger. But there is force remaining in the axiom of the men of will who have set the British in high places the world over, that he who has great responsibilities in his keeping must be beyond disclosure of the thought of personal danger. He must see only his duty and go straight to it, leaving all else upon the knees of the gods. A measure of fatalism is essential in the make-up of any man to whom it is left to successfully meet any great

The seriousness of affairs in India was most impressed upon me during the Viceroy's visit in November last to Lucknow, the ancient capital of the Kings of Qude, and the scene of one of the most thrilling chapters, reflecting the glory of indomitable British pluck, in the dark story of the Mutiny. True the streets of the modern city on that occasion were gay with flags and bunting and the greenery of many triumphal arches; true, also, the magic Eastern night was brilliant with festal illuminations and many British bands Home," "which never can understand," inter- made joyous music while Fashion celebrated land, who at irregular intervals are rudely

the presence of Royalty's representatives. But these displays touched not the heart or life or feeling of the people. The gaiety was forced and artificial. The gilding of conditions was so thin that everywhere the grim bones of reality protruded.

Quite probably the natives of the Lucknow district were, and still are, as truly loyal to Britain as any in the land. Why, then, impugn their loyalty by driving them back like dangerous wild beasts when they would press forward merely to see and do honor to their Emperor's representative? Quite probably there was "no shadow of discontent in all the United Provinces of Agra and Oude." But why, then, the special police camp of some thousand men-the closing of the peaceful country roads-the carefully toned and inspired reports in the Government Press-the hundred and one reminders of Russian policy and practice?

One had need of no over-vivid imagination to transform into the knout the ready sabre of the ever-active cavalry as they rode back the peasantry to distant boundaries from the deserted and guarded highways; or to find parallels between the blind impotence and dependence of the Secret Service chiefs upon their henchmen of questionable lovalty, and those of Russian officialdom in its relationship to the mercurial intelligence agents of the Czar; or even in the censorship of the Press, whose reports are subjected to revision not only by the suppression of facts unpalatable to the powers of authority, but not infrequently by the incorporation of paragraphs suggesting conditions widely different from the actual.

There was indeed an element of grim humor in the memorable meeting of the Viceroy with the titular nobility of that land of memories-but not the humor of a happy and contented people rejoicing in the presence of their ruler. Rather, the whole proceeding was tinged with thinly-veiled satire, and ever and anon the mask would seem to slip. Of a certainty the nobles of the land presented themselves as bidden, to meet and greet the King-Emperor's representative-those of them who had not some pilgrimage to perform, or some ceremonial of religion to give attention to, or were not, unhappily, seized with sudden illness. Assuredly, too, they did all required honor to the Viceroy, and in their loyal and patriotic addresses declared their joy not only in his presence among them, but also in the changed conditions that had brought their land under the beneficent government of the British Rai!

And they the lineal descendants of the ancient rulers whose palaces today echo the tread of the alien tourists' booted feet or the clink of the Englishman's billiard-balls where he has possessed himself of those palaces for his imperative Club!

The Viceroy, too, played equally the game. He genially assured the assembled nobles of

his unalterable confidence in their devotion and loyalty, while voicing an incidental warning, quite out of harmony with such an assurance, that in the event of sedition or disloyalty presenting itself, the Government would be found strong to act and no hesitancy would be shown in visiting upon those responsible swift and sufficient punishment.

The gilding of phrase and the emphasis of mutual confidence and esteem did not and could not entirely conceal the feeling of either of the parties at this dramatic interview.

The elephant procession followed. A braver show or more spectacular could scarcely be imagined or desired even in this land of pageantry. The setting, too, was worthy the

event. "From the Crommelin Road," to quote the Pioneer, "opposite the entrance to Victoria Park might be glimpsed the north gate of the Chouk, the haunt of jewellers whose wares rejoice the hearts of princes and lighten the purses even of those with no great fortunes to spend. Victoria Park itself, with its bronze statue of the departed Great Queen, its trees and well-kept lawns, was in the centuries ago intended as a pleasure-ground for the inhabitants, and a pleasure-ground it assuredly is wherein it delights one to linger. Finally the Rumi Darwaza and the great Imambara, or mausoleum of Asaf-ud-Daula, with its flanking mosques, a group of buildings whose dimensions and architectural style mark them out as the finest and most imposing of the many buildings of Lucknow. A spot with haunting memories of Asaf-ud-Daula, the famous fourth Nawab of Oude's royal House, who sought to outvie the splendors of Tippoo Sultan, built his own sepulchre, bridges and mosques, and himself delighted in elephant processions on an imposing scale. Beyond, the site of the old Macchi Bhawan Fort, blown up by its garrison in July, 1857, when the banner of England floated none too secure over the Residency, to be restored after the re-occupation of Lucknow, and, later still, after the great assemblage at Delhi, when Victoria was declared Queen-Empress of India, to be again demolished. This last was the point chosen for the final act in the November drama-the grand march-past of salaaming elephants."

The intense green of the far-stretching expanse of park sward-the glitter and softened color of the World's Fair-suggesting groups of tawdry palaces, the blue of the over-arching Indian sky, the blaze upon all of the fierce Indian sun! The picture-without the procession-was surely one of peace, so beautiful

as to impress itself indelibly. But there was not lacking a note of discord and suggestion. Here in the most favored viewpoint, English society made of the improvised grandstand a milliner's flower garden where busily obsequious kitmagars served tea and dainty refreshments after the Anglo-Indian fashion. There, on the hillsides beyond, far out of touch with the spectacle and the honored ruler, are massed uncountable thousands of the silent and sombre people of the pressed back to bounds by charge

Again the tinsel failing to effe that mysterious spectre of the I To quote once more the mouthpiece of the Governme "Three-quarters of an hour after sion had started, the leading ele ed the Macchi Bhawan. As the seen approaching, the bands str British national anthem and the sented arms. Ram Bahadur ga twirl to his trunk and moved eminence commanding the roads phants of the Lieutenant-Govern regal family, and the two Staffs sition to the right of Ram Bahad remaining elephants filing past in Viceroy. As each elephant mare lifted his trunk in salutation, the the howdahs rising to make salaa magnificent spectacle upon which Asaf-ud-Daula might have gazed ciation. The story goes that a ci reproduction of the scene will in appear. If so the picture will lose It will be without its setting of (ings, without the Indian sun to g to the showy military uniforms, embroidered dresses of the Taluk the golden and silver howdahs an of the elephants." Thus did the spectacle appear

journalism. "Doesn't it just remind you of cus parade there ever was," chatt lighted American girl-a globe-tro of course-behind me in the Club "Only there are hundreds and hun phants! And all those howdahs covers and things on the elephants gold and jewels, I suppose! Just all those diamonds and emeralds must have cost!!"

With which remark she collap ence. The staggering thought v one. And it takes a rather large p petrify into amazed silence the Ar abroad.

But there was more to see that American eyes took note of, dazzl were by the bizarre and barbaric g and plenitude of display. They the mystery, the dignity, the path sombre faces that looked upon t their forefathers from the howdal gold. They were blind to the back ma on the hillsides, as the ears we the faintly-heard cries of pain or the cavalry, with circumstance. rode back the "common people" They took no note of the significan stands provided for the nobility They missed the fact that, perh first time on such an occasion since the British Raj has been acknow elephants did not salaam in passi representatives, although official conveniently corrected the omission

For myself: I closed my eyes, flashing sun on gold and jewelled been a trial, and fancy painted qui picture—the assembled pomp ar Imperial Rome, the captives of her spear in distant lands paraded in make a holiday. Only the Roman considerate and did not thus shame of the proud leaders of a people before the very palaces that been theirs, and in the sight of that had formed their nations

hearts bled for their fallen fortun In India such ceremonials as t procession might be sufficient to create serious disaffection but circumstance of which but few or have cognizance. It is rarely the of any native state who comes bef lic of today in that capacity, or v do so while the British flag floats blem of authority in the land. ruler is oftentimes as much a subs "responsible editor" erstwhile e Japanese newspapers to take the signments. The princes who att schools and universities, play on I teams, receive British titles and and visit London to hobnob with the Prince of Wales are usually rulers, and have absolutely no re respect in their own countries their own peoples. India is a diff for the Westerner to understand

To come back to the materia have as yet had recourse to none fully gleaned opinions from reside Why? Because it seems to me an infinite mass of argument and conjecture pro and con that the of English investigators in India has been to be invariably misled this direction. They come to the termined to make an honest and of conditions. Everyone welcom everyone is ready to assist their n Bengali in particular has his case briefed. He has volumes of author ences and precedents ready for co And before one knows it he is dro flood of evidence and argument. desperately on and on, striving to conclusions in the Anglo-Saxon eventually the Asian wears him goes home quietly, convinced that of long acquaintance with India c derstand her. Otherwise he fal traps laid for him. As a general th event he feels flattered with the m treatment, and ready to admit that or Home Rule movement has foundation in justice. That is because Anglo-Saxon and cannot divest h fatal heresy that what is good fo Saxon must be equally good for t

And all the while the guileful probably been leading him away f