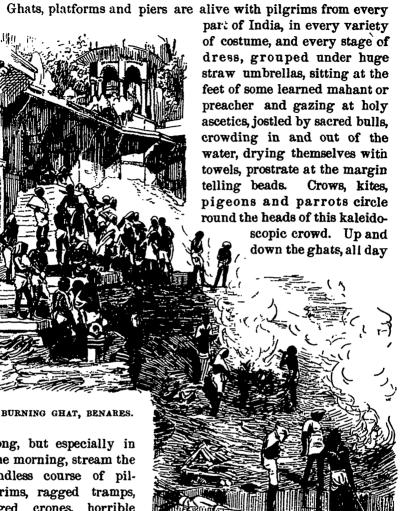
Ghats, platforms and piers are alive with pilgrims from every



long, but especially in the morning, stream the endless course of pilgrims, ragged tramps, aged crones, horrible beggars, hawkers, Brahman priests, sacred bulls

and cows, Hindu preachers, wealthy rajahs or bankers in gay palanquins, fakirs, pariah dogs, and scoffing globetrotters from Europe and America.

A pathetic feature of this jostling, bellowing crowd is the large number of tottering aged women, with scanty white locks, coming out of the cold river, crawling feebly up the steep

steps with their wet clothes clinging to their poor shivering lean