

HINDUISM'S HOLY PLACE SHOCKS AN OCCIDENTAL

Even Mother Ganges Cannot Wash This Ancient Faith, as It Is Found at Benares. Clean Enough for Presentation to Anglo-Saxon Society—Some Lost Illusions—The Dirty "Holy Men"—The Missionary's Hard Job

By William T. Ellis.
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BENARES, India, July 13.—This is a holy Hindu ground. Even if such an outcast as a European should cut earth on this most favored spot, he might hope to be born again as a Hindu. This is the best place in the world to die, according to the belief of 207,146,000 Hindus. That is why the thousands of persons are yearly brought here for that express purpose, and wealthy rajahs build palaces along the river banks in which to spend their dying days. The simple fact of dwelling in this sacred city imparts sanctity to one. More than Mecca is to the Mohammedan, Benares is to the Hindu.

Obviously, this is the place to study Hinduism. Obviously, also Hinduism here is not the Hinduism of the Chicago parliament of religions—or of Boston "parlor meetings." All the washing that is done in "Mother Ganges" can scarcely make Hinduism clean enough to be presentable in good Anglo-Saxon society.

Holliness and Dirt.

The "holiest" Hindu is the dirtiest. He has his face and body completely smeared with ashes, whereas the ordinary Hindu has only his arms and breast and forehead so marked. This holy man's hair hangs in matted ropes, uncombed, unwashed and ash-filled. Although his sanctity is so great that he is worshipped, I saw the act, more than once—he is not obliged to bother about the common moralities which go along with the western faiths.

One of the holiest, as well as one of the dirtiest, was reclining on a couch of sharpened nails (a torture which probably looked more terrible than it felt, for this man underwent it with no sign of discomfort) when I interviewed him, through an interpreter. I asked him about the "holy woman" at his side, coming even through her ashes, on account of whom this celebrated "fakir" is considered outcast by certain of the stricter sort of new Hindus. He assured me that the woman merely lived with him to take care of his house; and that he is not married to her. India is full of stories of the immorality of these "holy men," who, as they march in procession stark naked through the streets, are truer to type than when on their visits over seas they sit, picture-sequally clad, the adored center of groups of American women faddists.

One More Disillusionment.

At Benares I discovered a grievance against the stories I used to hear and read, when a youngster in Sunday school about these "fakirs," and the other Hindu pilgrims to the Ganges cleansing flood. I saw thousands of the latter in a single day. It used to be represented that these men and women were all so smitten with a sense of their sins, so burdened with their consciousness of unholliness, that they performed all their exacting vows in order to secure spiritual release. But Hindu is as lacking in a sense of sin as I found the Japanese and the Chinese to be. They care little or nothing about what the Anglo-Saxon experiences as a consciousness of personal sin. What these people are trying to escape is the deadly burden of life itself, and to secure, by the favor of the innumerable gods in their pantheon, a mitigation of life's sufferings, and a final, in the long order of reincarnations.

Every Hindu's dread is that he may at death be transmuted into a woman, or into an ass, a snake, a toad, or some other loathsome creature. His hope is that he may be reborn into a higher caste, possibly a Brahmin; and eventually, in the dreary procession of ages, into Nirvana; which, while mystically is the extinction of personal identity, some of the holy men even expect to proceed from this present life into Nirvana.

Therefore all these washings. Early in the morning the people of this old



HINDU DEVOTEES THROUGING INTO THE GANGES

BATHING A CORPSE IN THE SACRED GANGES. BURNING FUNERAL PYRES IN BACKGROUND

city—Benares far antedates the Christian era—and the pilgrims from all parts of the empire, come down by thousands to the western bank of the Ganges in order to bathe. From infants to decrepit old men they dip into the water and mutter their prayers, with an earnestness and sincerity which cannot be doubted. The great ghats, or steps down in the water, are thronged with devotees. Many carry away the water, for household use, or to be borne laboriously back home to the pilgrim's native village. Only the western bank of the Ganges is efficacious, to die on the eastern bank is to be reborn an ass. So the western bank is lined with temples, ghats and palaces, in various stages of disrepair. There is merit in erecting one of these structures, but no merit in maintaining one after another man has built it. One huge brown stone palace, especially, of workmanship, has "sat down" in disorderly ruin on the bank.

If ever modern science takes hold of India, the popularity of Benares is gone, for this worship of the Ganges is a thing to give a believer in germs the shudders. People bathe and drink the water right from the spot where sewage is seeping through the ghats. They are not troubled by the proximity of bathers in all stages of disease. The fact that corpses are soaking in the stream just above them does not disturb the worshippers a particle. The practice of burning the dead at Benares is famous. After the body, wrapped in a thin covering, has lain for a time in the Ganges, a rough funeral pyre, three or four feet high, is built of logs and sticks brought for the purpose, and it is consumed with more or less thoroughness. The parish dogs thrive by the fact that the job is not always done well; I saw one cur gnawing a burnt fragment of a human body.

I came to Benares prepared to find much to admire in Hinduism; but somehow I cannot get past the dirt and filthiness of it all. There, for another example, is one well, the most sacred bit

of water in India. This is a pool the size of a swimming tank in an ordinary gymnasium, without inlet or outlet, filled from the Ganges, and cleaned out only once a year. To bathe in it one must pay a high fee, as well as buy the flowers, milk, confectionery, sandalwood and other votive offerings that are poured into the pool by the bathers. As a result of all these accumulations, the contents, instead of being merely dirty water, are a viscous mass, nauseating even to look upon or to smell. Yet tottering old women, strong men, and blooming youth ducked in this place. I was impressed by a touch of human sentiment here; a man and woman went into the pool tied together, thus hoping to insure that when they should be born again they would once more become man and wife.

Religion Not Fit to Print.

The endeavor to give a fair representation of the conditions in India amidst which missionaries work, and against which they must strive, is hindered by the simple fact that were I to write plainly what I saw as the prominent feature of Hindu worship in Benares this paper would not be permitted transmission through the mails. The commonest object of worship may not even be hinted at, while, so far from writing a description of the sculptures on the walls of one temple, they may not even be recalled without disgust. It is a distinct ascent to contemplate the sacred monkey that fill one temple—more than 200 of them scampering about the trees and the courts—or the sacred cows and bulls that abound throughout the city. When a wealthy Brahmin dies, a bull is turned loose in the city to wander through the narrow streets and to pillage, undisturbed, from the bazaars. The molten calf which the backslidden Israelites worshiped is also here, to be purchased as a household god.

Quarrel in the Temple.

At the famous "Cow Temple" I saw and heard a row that would have at-

tracted a mob anywhere in Christendom. A woman worshiper wanted to go into the inner shrine, but the priest contended that she had not paid enough money. She shrilly insisted that she had, and tried to force her way past the priest. The latter thereupon struck her a resounding blow in the face, but even this could not deter the intending worshiper, and when I left, after watching the muss for 10 minutes, the noise of the wrangle still filled the temple; although the other worshippers seemed to mind it as little as did the well-fed cows that filled the temple court.

Being on the Safe Side.

Within the compass of one brief article it is impossible to give more than mere glimpses of the religious life of this sacred city and its myriad pilgrims, bent on making the 48-mile round of holy places. The objects of veneration are innumerable. Here are a dainty pair of feet, carved in high relief—not impressed into the white marble—which

are worshipped as the footprints of Vishnu. Nearby, a Shiva statue, marking the sites where widows immolated themselves upon their husbands' funeral pyres, was thrust into one of the four chandis, or shrines, where the four great deities are worshipped. A Hindu is not going to take any chance of worships whatever is likely to be sacred from a Buddhist statue to a Christian altar, to speak only within my own knowledge. As one said, "I never can tell, and it is best to be on the safe side." The tracts which I saw a missionary distributing among the pilgrims on the river bank were eagerly sought for and read.

Innumerable Gods.

For theoretical Hinduism the reader must be referred to the encyclopedia; this is not the place to attempt even an outline of its main features, much less a description of the principal members of its gallery of innumerable gods. Woven into the religion is the caste system, which hopelessly shuts off one for life in the caste into which he was born, so that a Brahmin is contaminated by the very shadow of a sweeper. Theoretically, there are four brands of visions of caste, actually, there are thousands of castes, and I never heard of an European who attempted to understand all the caste marks which Hindus paint upon their faces, heads, arms and chests.

One advantage of caste has been mentioned to me by British officers: "If it were not for the caste system, which breaks the people into irreconcilable sections, England would not be able to hold India for six months."

Theosophy's Flourishing College.

Theosophy, which here claims to be practically pure Hinduism, has established a great college at Benares, the "Central Hindu College," with 700 students and a fine equipment of buildings. Mrs. Annie Besant, herself, whom the late Colonel Olcott nominated as president of the Theosophists (although not all of the Theosophists seem inclined to ratify this choice), resides here and is the head of the college. The day of my visit to the college she was in Madras, the world headquarters of theosophy, so my interview was with her assistant, an Englishwoman dressed in a salmon-colored kimono, with a white philosopher's robe draped over it. She wore the sacred Brahmin cord about her neck and her bare feet were thrust into sandals. Mrs. Besant claims to have been a Brahmin in a previous incarnation.

A revival of pure Hinduism is one of the objects, if not the chief object, of the college, which also gives instruction in the western sciences. It was as surprising as it was disquieting to find that this institution, with a staff of European theosophists among its teachers and supported in good part by funds from Europe and America, should have as the one conspicuous figure on its campus, in heroic stilted, the inimitable Shiva symbol. It is Boston only knew!

Digging Up Buried City.

Although there are now only a few hundred Buddhists in all India proper, it was at Benares that Buddhism really began. Buddha, after his enlightenment, came to Benares, where he lived for many years, known as Sarnath, the original site of Benares. At the present moment archeological explorations of the great antiquity of the city are being carried on. The ruins which have just been unearthed are probably those of the very city to which Buddha retired in the fifth century B. C. The images dug up were in excellent condition and quite as well carved as those of great importance of the same period. A huge polished granite pillar, erected by King Asoka, the Constantine of Buddhism, 200 years before the Christian era, was next to be seen. It is a well built well, in perfect condition, though now dry, had been uncovered. These excavations at Sarnath are probably the most important now under way anywhere in the world.

"HOLE IN THE WALL" GANG OF TRAIN ROBBERS and Bandits—Chief of the Pinkertons Writes

of the Career of Crime of the "Wild Bunch"—Their Robberies, Murders and Final Capture—Hold-ups the Most Hazardous of Occupations—Two-thirds of Those Engaged are Killed

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By William A. Pinkerton.
THERE is no crime in America so hazardous as "hold-up" robbery. Over two thirds of those who have been engaged in it have eventually either been killed outright, operating or resisting arrest, lynched by posess, or what is known as "died with their boots on." Many were wounded and died from the effects of wounds, while nearly all others were either captured or sentenced to long terms of imprisonment or driven from the United States, becoming exiles in distant climes. Those at large are constantly in fear of arrest, living secretly and risking no chances of discovery by communicating with friends. The train robber or "hold-up" is the one product we have that no other country has, except the lands to which he migrated to hide and avoid arrest and persecution here.

I have maintained that no crime pays, and 95 per cent of criminals die in debt and frequently in want. When the criminal's time comes for punishment, nearly all leave their families in actual want. I know of few train robbers or "hold-ups" alive and out of prison today who are in comfortable circumstances, unless they have made it by honest means. Many have brought theonus and stain of their crimes to their families and relatives to live down. One of the most notorious bands of train robbers and bank "hold-ups" who operated in the west and southwest from Wyoming to Texas, from 1895 until 1902, was known as "The Wild Bunch." They made their headquarters in the south in various small cities in Texas, after their robberies they hid in the north in the "Hole in the Wall" country in Wyoming.



1-BEN KILPATRICK. 2-HARRY LANGBAUGH. 3-BILL CARVER. 4-HARVEY LOGAN. 5-BUTCH CASSIDY. "HOLE-IN-THE-WALL GANG OF TRAIN AND BANK ROBBERS."

quickly drew a revolver, help up the officer temporarily, jumped into an ice wagon and forcing the driver out of the wagon drove rapidly down the street; intercepting a man in a buggy he abandoned the wagon and captured the buggy, forcing the driver therefrom at the point of a revolver, and in this escaped through the marshes to the Cumberland river, where he forced two negroes to row him across in a boat and was lost trace of.

On April 17, 1902, he was killed by officers in the streets of San Antonio, Texas, while relating arrest. In 1892 Hanks and Harry Longbaugh help up a Northern Pacific train in Big Timber, Montana, for which he was convicted and sentenced to 19 years in the Deer Lodge penitentiary; from which institution he was released April 30, 1901, retaining his old companions in "hold-up" robberies.

"Butch" Cassidy, with Harry Longbaugh and Etta Place, a clever horse woman and rifle shot, fled to Argentina, South America, where, it is said, have been joined by "Pan." During the past two years they committed several series of "hold-up" bank robberies in Argentina. We advised the Argentine authorities of their presence and location. They became suspicious of preparations for their arrest, fled from Argentine republic and were last heard from on the southwest coast of Chile, living in the wild open country.

This is the last actual band of railroad train and bank "hold-up" robbers who have operated in the United States. Etta Place, the alleged wife of Harry Longbaugh, it is said, operated with the remnants of this band in male attire in their bank robberies in South America. When the band was not committing robberies in South America they were engaged in cattle raising on a ranch they had acquired and were expert ranchmen. Their ranch was located on a piece of high table land, from which they commanded a view of 25 miles in various directions. Owing to this their capture by the South American authorities was made almost impossible.

Members of Band.
This band originally comprised:
Tom Ketcham, alias "Black Jack," leader, hanged at Clayton, New Mexico, April 26, 1901, for killing Sheriff Edward Farr of Whalesburg, New Mexico, who was attempting his arrest for a train "hold-up."
William Carver, alias "Bill" Carver, second leader, killed April 2, 1901, while resisting arrest in Texas for a murder committed at Sonora.
Sam Ketcham, died June 24, 1900, in the Santa Fe, New Mexico, penitentiary of a wound inflicted by a posse of officers attempting to arrest him from the robbery of the Colorado Southern Railroad company at Cimarron, New Mexico.
Elma Lay, alias McGuinness, now serving a life sentence at the Santa Fe, New Mexico, penitentiary for participation with "Black Jack" Ketcham in the Cimarron train robbery.
Lonny Logan and Harvey Logan, alias "Curry brothers," Lonny was killed at Dodson, Missouri, February 28, 1900, while resisting arrest.
George Curry, alias "Flat Nose George," third leader, killed near Thompson, Utah, April 16, 1900, resisting arrest by a sheriff.
"Bob" Lee, alias "Bob" Curry, now serving a 10 years' sentence in the Rawlins, Wyoming, penitentiary for the robbery of the Union Pacific train at Wilcox, Wyoming, June 2, 1899.
When the southern end of this band was practically wiped out, a new band was formed, under the leadership of Harry Logan, alias "Kid" Hanks, which was composed of O. C. Hanks, alias "Camilla," Hanks, alias

"Deaf Charlie"; George Parker, alias "Butch" Cassidy; Harry Longbaugh, alias "Sundance Kid"; Ben Kilpatrick, alias "The Tall Texan," a member of the band on September 19, 1900, at the noon hour robbed the First National bank of Winemucca, Nevada, a member of the American Bankers' association, of \$32,640 in gold, holding up the officials with rifles and revolvers.
Logan, Cassidy, Longbaugh, Will Carver, Ben Kilpatrick, "Deaf Charlie" Jones, alias Hanks, at Wagner, Montana, July 18, 1901, held up a Great Northern express train, stealing therefrom \$40,500 of unsigned bills of the National Bank of Montana, for which Ben Kilpatrick, alias "The Tall Texan," was arrested by the police in St. Louis, Missouri, November 5, 1901, having a number of the unsigned stolen bills in his possession. He was sentenced to 15 years in the Columbus, Ohio, penitentiary and has since been transferred to the United States penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia. When Kilpatrick was the LaCade hotel on him, when they arrived at the hotel they found Laura Bullion, companion of Kilpatrick, leaving with a satchel containing a number of unsigned bills. She was arrested as an accomplice and sentenced to two years and six months in the Missouri penitentiary at Jefferson.
On December 13, 1901, a stranger got

into an altercation with two others over a pool game at Knoxville, Tennessee, resulting in a pistol fight. Two policemen came in to quiet the disturbance. The stranger shot both, held up the occupants of the saloon, backed out of the rear door and jumped 30 feet into a railroad cut, but was eventually traced and arrested in an exhausted condition from cold, exposure and injury from his 30-foot jump. We subsequently identified this man as Harvey Curry, alias "Curry" and "Southwest" Logan, was taken to Knoxville, Tennessee, tried and convicted for uttering forged bank notes and sentenced to a term of 20 years in the United States penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, on November 29, 1902. While awaiting transfer to that institution he made his escape by holding

up the guards in the jail and fleeing to the mountains on horseback. He has not been recaptured.
O. C. Hanks, alias "Camilla" Hanks, of Texas, another one of this band, attempted to pass some of the unsigned stolen notes at Nashville, Tennessee, on October 27, 1902. Circulars describing these stolen unsigned notes had been sent by us to every city, town and hamlet in the United States, with the request that the local authorities notify their merchants.

When Hanks offered one of these stolen notes at Nashville, the merchant became suspicious and notified the police by telephone, who responded quickly, but Hanks, observing what occurred,