

POOR PRINT

THE CURSE OF INDIA

OF EVERY HINDOO.

No Man Can Rise From the Class However Unelean, In Which He Was Born-Neither Wealth Nor Succean Affects the Caste of Any One.

In the fixed scale of descent in India some classes are merely inferior, while some are "unclean" or "untouchable," but from whatsoever class a man be born in he has no escape but death. Children born in an "unclean" caste remain "unclean;" children born in an inferior caste remain as their fathers were. Nothing that they can do can in the slightest degree change their situation. They were born "unclean;" their ancestors were "unclean;" their descendants will be "unclean" till the end of the chapter.

To give a few illustrations from many, a weaver is less "unclean" than a carpenter, a carpenter is above a house cleaner, a house cleaner is above a street cleaner, and a street cleaner is above a pariah or no caste man. Every trade or occupation has its exact place, arbitrarily fixed, in the scale of degradation

their hands in whatsoever way are the tradesmen and shopkeepers, also with subdivisions into classes; above the tradesmen is the useless and now almost idle warrior class; above the warriors is the Brahman or priestly class, and with these grand divisions the structure of the system is complete.

Wealth or material situation or success has nothing to do with the caste of any man. You may hire for your cook or valet a Brahman of the purest strain serene, who for weeks before you engaged him may have been on the verge of starvation. The meager beggar to whom you toss alms in the road may be of a very high caste. The well fed groom, respiendent in gorgeous livery, flashing by on a carriage that covers the beggar with dust, is very likely of a caste a mile below the beggar. Time no more than effort can break down these walls of division. One of the wealthiest and most distinguished familles in Calcutta, the famous Tagore family, lost caste about two centuries ago. Members of this family have received honor from the government, have conferred great benefits upon city and country and have been noted for their numerous charities and benefactions. One exerted himself all his life to further native education. Another helped to endow Calcutta university. All are enormously rich, and all bear enviable reputations for goodness, honesty and philanthropy. But the wall of caste has never fallen for them. They are still hated and avoided by their countrymen exactly as they were at the beginning of their exclusion. In the

streets of Calcutta is many a ragged artisan that would not sit on the same bench with a Tagore or touch the e of his robe. Pain, suffering, penury, even death itself, is nothing to the Hindoo compared with the loss of caste. Many a Hindoo that in the old days would yield nothing to the most flendish tortures quickly surrendered his secrets when threatened with something that would contaminate him-a piece of cowskin, perhaps, or a glass of water that had been touched by a parlah. In, I suppose, thousands of cases persons that have hopelessly lost their caste have abandoned their homes and wandered miserably along the roads until death overtook them. Thousands of others have thrown themselves into the Ganges or deliberately starved. Three Brahman girls who had been degraded by a Mussulman went before a judge to demand vengeance and when the judge declined to interfere killed themselves in the courtroom. At a town called Buj Buj a widow lost caste by falling in love with a man beneath her. As loss of caste by one member of the family degrades the others also, her eldest son immediately swallowed poison and died, and his remaining brethren fied the country A husband shares a wife's degradation. A wife goes down the steps with a husband. For more than 100 years a Brahman family of Santipur has been outcaste because one member fell in love with the daughter of a shoemaker.-Charles Edward Russell in Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Here is a curious couplet which illus trates in one sentence the various values of the combination "ough" and shows how strikingly inconsistent are the spelling and pronunciation of some English words. The lines may be supposed to be the words of an invalid who had a strong will and was determined to live in spite of his aliment: Though the tough cough and hiccough ploughed me through. Yet o'er life's lough my course I will

Ah am fated to be a bachelor. Ah lubed a gal once, but she threw cold watah on mah suit. Henry Ham-Well, dat's bettah den gettin' mahhied en habin' yo' wife throw hot watah on yo' suit. Dat's what mine does ebry time I stay out after 10. - Chicago News.

The Cause of Trouble. She-I can't understand why Lord Busted wants a divorce. His wife had half a million when he married her. He-Yes, and she's got every penny Me-Up.

Constant complaints never get pity .-German Proverb.

A Habit to be Encouraged.



