himself. He does not, of course, keep it in his private house but in the Treasury, which is rendered as burglar-proof as possible and guarded perpetually by armed police.

The money in the treasury usually amounts to many thousands of pounds, which represents the local incomings, particularly from land revenue, and is used for day-to-day expenses.

A deputy collector, known as the treasury officer, is in immediate charge, but the daily transactions are carried out by a non-official called the treasurer or his agent, to whom the treasury officer entrusts a certain sum each morning.

Besides the cash, the treasury contains the district's stock of stamps, some kinds of which are issued to post-offices and others to licensed vendors for sale; and also opium and other ' treasures '. The details I will leave for our inspection later.

Administration of Excise. About no subject did the Government under the old Constitution put their tongue in their cheek so much as in their declarations about excise. On the one hand they were bound, in deference to public opinion, to express whole-hearted sympathy with the advocates of temperance, but on the other they could not possibly afford to give up the substantial profits arising from duty and licence-fees, which amounted in the United Provinces, for instance, to more than a tenth of the total revenue of all kinds. So a high-sounding but contradictory formula was devised: ' the maximum of revenue with the minimum of consumption '. The collector, knowing what this meant, watched the income and let the consumption look after itself. But now all that is to be changed; and in August 1937 the working committee of the Congress decided that total prohibition must be introduced within three years.

We shall see at our inspection later that the chief excisable commodities are country liquor, drugs and opium; but here let me ask the reader not to be shocked by the mention of the last two named. The drugs are not the sinister ones of the Western world but the comparatively innocuous products of the hemp plant, the effects of which, when eaten or smoked, are hardly worse than those of alcohol; and the opium is used mainly for medicinal purposes, and even when taken merely for pleasure, is

generally eaten, not smoked, and in such small quantities that the opium-addict of India, as a rule, is in no worse state than the cigarette-slave of England. Moreover, the cultivation of the opium-poppy is being gradually restricted, it having been decided that the export of opium, except for medicinal purposes, is unworthy of any Government claiming to be civilized.

The District Officer as District Magistrate. As district magistrate the district officer's main duties are the maintenance of law and order, the supervision of the magisterial courts, and the control of firearms.

The Maintenance of Law and Order. This comprehensive term, which slips so glibly from our lips in India, really includes two functions: (i), the detection and prevention of crime in general; (ii), the prevention and quelling of riots or more serious disturbances. The first is performed mainly by the police, but in the performance of the second the magistrates also play an important part.

This is the first time I have had occasion to mention those essential people, the police; and I must now digress to explain briefly how they are organized and distributed.

The head of the district police is the superintendent, who like the district officer is more often than not a Britisher. He usually has one or more assistants, known as assistant or deputy-superintendent according to whether they belong to the All-India or provincial service; and beneath them are two or three inspectors and about thirty sub-inspectors.

The rank and file consists of head constables, *naiks* and constables, amounting in most districts to about four hundred men.

A considerable part of the police are kept at headquarters in what are known as The Lines, and act as a reserve, particularly for the prevention or quelling of disturbances.

The rest are distributed among police-stations, of which there are on an average three or four in each sub-division, the staff of each station amounting to only about a dozen men, and the circle, as the beat is usually called, to over 125 square miles.

Each police-station is in charge of a sub-inspector known as the station officer, who sometimes has another sub-inspector to assist him.

There is also a *chaukīdār* for every two or three villages, whose main duties are the arrest of persons committing serious offences and the supply of local information to the station officer. He is also expected, however, to render the police every form of assistance, even to the extent of risking his life in encounters with armed dacoits. Indeed this humble part-time servant of the King-Emperor, on a salary of 4*s*. 6*d*. a month, is almost as indispensable for the police as the *patwārī* is for the revenue authorities.

What is the relationship of the magistrates to the police?

It is delicate and ill-defined. On the one hand the police of the district are under the orders of the superintendent and no one else, but on the other the district magistrate is required to exercise a general control over the criminal administration. The district magistrate then is not concerned with the discipline or internal arrangements of the police, but he is concerned with the way in which they keep down crime and restrain disorder.

It is not, however, always easy to distinguish between the two aspects: and great tact is necessary on the part both of the district magistrate and the superintendent of police if that co-operation, which is so essential for the efficient administration of the district, is to be achieved. Usually the two work together happily enough, but it would be idle to pretend that there is always perfect harmony.

The same kind of difficulty arises sometimes between sub-divisional magistrates and the police, for the sub-divisional magistrate has the same kind of responsibility for his sub-division as the district magistrate for the district.

To return to the original question, how is crime detected and prevented?

It is mainly a matter for the sub-inspector, who may be aptly described as the backbone of the police.

Detection, however, is not his strong point, his usual idea of an investigation being to record a mass of statements with little use of inference or observation. It is hardly, therefore, surprising that it is exceptional for more than 10 per cent of burglaries, which in

most police circles constitute about half the reported crime, to be brought home direct to the offender.

In some respects, however, the sub-inspector is more to be pitied than to be blamed. Not for him is the leisured concentration on a single case which the English detective (at any rate, according to the stories) enjoys. Imagine what may happen! The sub-inspector is busy making arrangements for protecting the railway along which the Viceroy is to pass in a few days when he hears that a dacoity has been committed in a remote village ten miles away. He mounts his horse and dashes off to investigate; and in the evening, when he returns, he is greeted with the news that a murder has been committed at the other end of the circle and that he has been summoned to give evidence at headquarters the next day. And when at length he finds time to visit the scene of the murder he is met with a conspiracy of silence except for the tainted statements of a coterie who wish to implicate an enemy.

So what is the poor sub-inspector to do?

But fortunately detection is not the only weapon in the sub-inspector's armoury. For dealing with professional crime he has a far more potent weapon in what are known as the preventive sections of the Criminal Procedure Code.

This is the sort of thing that happens. There is an outbreak of burglaries in a certain neighbourhood. The sub-inspector has been unable to obtain evidence good enough for a court in any of the cases, but from inquiries from the *chaukīdārs* and other local residents he has come to the conclusion that one Ram Parshad is the guilty man.

So the sub-inspector quietly proceeds to weave a net of evidence around him. Luckily Ram Parshad is already discredited among decent folk by the 'history-sheet' which the police have maintained for him for several years. This is a good starting-point, and from now on whenever a burglary is committed near Ram Parshad's home the sub-inspector carefully notes in the history-sheet the reason for suspecting him. Then he sounds the headmen of the villages round about and impresses upon them their duty of declaring in court their opinion about this enemy of society.

Finally, when all is ripe, the sub-inspector has a report sent to the sub-divisional magistrate to the effect that Ram Parshad has

the reputation of being an habitual burglar and should be bound over to be of good behaviour for a year. The magistrate thereupon issues a warrant and calls upon Ram Parshad to show cause why he should not be so bound over.

The headmen and other leading people flock to the court and unanimously testify to Ram Parshad's evil reputation; and, if the sub-inspector has done his work well, not a single reputable person can be found to say a word on the other side.

But, of course, in a civilized country you cannot send a man to jail on mere suspicion. Oh, dear, no! Ram Parshad is merely required to produce two sureties, and if he fails to do so and has to go to jail instead, why, whose fault is that? Surely not the sub-inspector's!

Sometimes the police are able to have a malefactor—or at any rate a prospective one—put away with much less trouble. Perhaps a patrolling constable comes upon some one in the dead of night many miles from his own home, and perhaps he even has a jemmy on his person. If so that is the end of that wayfarer for a year. For in such circumstances how could the most ingenious liar hope to comply with the magistrate's demand that he should give 'a satisfactory account' of himself?

A problem peculiar to India is presented by members of the criminal tribes—that is, people whose traditional occupation is the commission of some kind of theft. To restrain those who do not reform a truly repressive law has been devised. For as soon as one of these people is convicted of any offence involving theft he may be registered and forbidden to leave his house at night; and to enforce the rule the *chaukīdār* is required to hold a roll-call every night. But in practice it is not so irksome as it sounds. After all, the *chaukīdār* is only human!

So much, then, for the detection and prevention of general crime. Let us pass on to the other chief ingredient in the maintenance of law and order—the prevention and quelling of riots.

Prevention in this respect has really a different meaning from the way in which it was used before, for the prevention of a riot means preventing any riot breaking out at all, whereas by the prevention of crime was meant preventing a man, who is believed to have committed crimes already, from committing any more.

Prevention indeed from having been merely a second-best method now assumes the rank of undoubted first place.

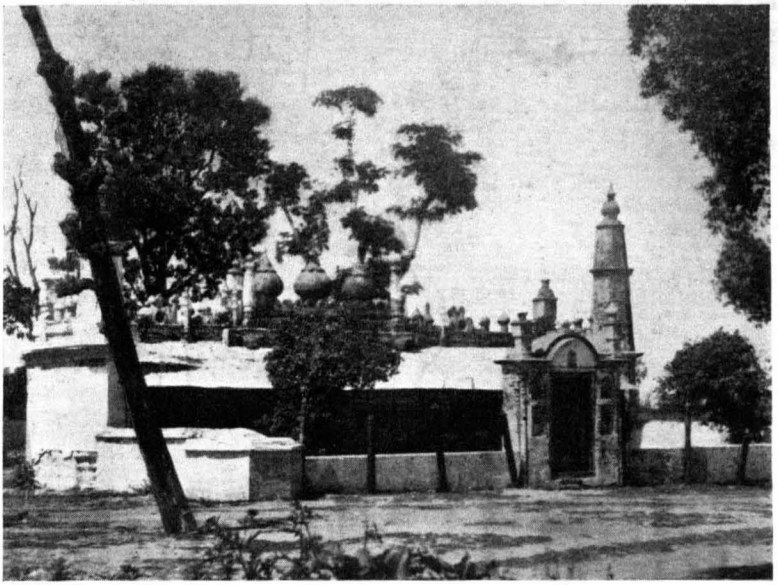
The best thing is to prevent a riot altogether, the next best is to quell it as effectively and with as little damage as possible.

Riots are much more common in India than in England. Some occur so suddenly that prevention is out of the question, but two of the main origins of riots are such that they can be known soon enough for the authorities to take precautions. I refer to village feuds and religious disputes.

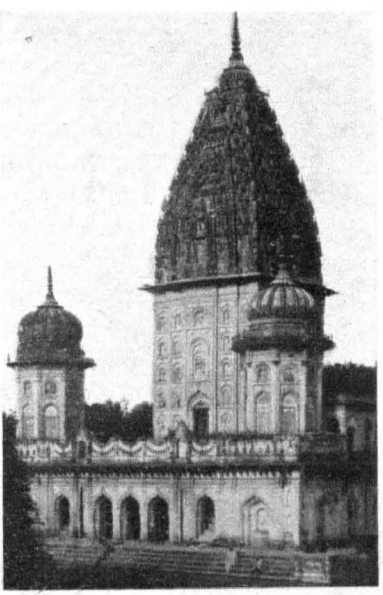
Let me take a typical instance of each kind of trouble.

First, a village feud. Two parties, let us say, each claim proprietary possession of certain land, and in furtherance of their claim demand rents from the tenants of the estate. One party is supported by some tenants, the second by others. Clashes occur, and reports and counter-reports are made at the police-station. The sub-inspector admonishes the parties, but to no purpose. The incidents still occur and the reports continue to be made. So finally the sub-inspector makes a list of the most troublesome members of each party and sends it to the sub-divisional magistrate with the recommendation that both sides be bound over to keep the peace. When the parties appear in court one of two things happens. Either each side gives evidence against the other to the discomfiture of both, or both sides swear that there is no quarrel and thereby escape for the time being. But in the latter event if, in spite of their avowal, the parties proceed to fight it out the sub-divisional magistrate will get his chance of binding them over when he convicts them of the offence of rioting.

Next a religious dispute. This time we will imagine that the Hindus have announced their intention of taking out a procession on the occasion of a festival. The Muslims object on the ground that the Hindus have never done this before, and that the passing of the procession before a mosque will interfere with the public prayers. The sub-divisional magistrate, guided by the district magistrate, tries to effect a compromise. He suggests to the Hindus that they change the route of their procession so as to avoid the mosque. But the Hindus are adamant, and finally the district magistrate is faced with the alternatives of either prohibiting the procession altogether or permitting it on certain conditions,



A Little Mosque



A 'Show' Temple to Vishnu

such as that the processionists shall carry no weapons of any kind and that the procession shall not pass the mosque at the time of evening prayers, which is the special time for public worship.

If the procession is permitted, and in spite of all precautions trouble is still likely, recourse is had to more forceful methods such as the employment of extra police armed with muskets. The mere knowledge that the armed police are at hand does a good deal to curb the angry passions of the antagonists, but religious fervour sometimes proves too strong, and a sudden incident may in a moment precipitate matters and set hundreds of men to fight madly with each other. The police will do their utmost to suppress the disturbance with truncheons or *lāthīs*, but that may prove ineffectual, and the situation may threaten to pass out of control with the danger not only of the rioters' wounding and killing an indefinite number of each other, but also of the police being overwhelmed.

Rapidly the magistrate has to make a decision which may later be the subject of long inquiry by the Government and hours of discussion in the provincial legislature. Should he order fire or not? Momentous issues hang on the answer: and whatever he does, he will certainly have to explain his conduct later. If he decides to order fire he will become the butt of the politicians and the Press; if on the other hand he acts weakly, he will have to justify himself to the Government—presuming, that is, that the Government under the new régime will act in this respect substantially as in the past.

The last force of all to be employed consists of troops, but they are so rarely used in an ordinary district that they can be ignored for our present purpose.

We have now had a glimpse of the part played by the magistrates and police respectively in the maintenance of law and order. Before we pass on let me give a brief appreciation of the work of the police.

Mud-slingers in India find the police an excellent target because they cannot sling back. Now I am not prepared to say that the Indian police are saints. Probably the Indian police force has more than its fair share of corruption, nor is the average Indian police officer over-scrupulous about the way in which he discovers a

man's guilt or the genuineness of the evidence which he produces to prove it. But the Indian police have, at any rate, two redeeming qualities. They are courageous and intensely loyal to their salt: and every Britisher who was in India during the stormy days of Non-Co-operation will always remember with gratitude how undauntedly they faced danger and endured hardship, and how faithfully they resisted traitorous suggestions.

Supervision of the Magisterial Courts. The magisterial courts are numerous and of various kinds. Some are stipendiary and some honorary: some of the honorary magistrates sit singly and some as benches; and the fines and periods of imprisonment they may inflict vary from fifty to a thousand rupees, and from one month to two years. But in spite of their number the magistrates are all kept fully occupied, for litigation is the Indian's hobby.

Over all these magistrates the district magistrate keeps a watchful eye, stimulating the lethargic by constant prodding and hardening the soft-hearted by holding over their heads the knowledge that an acquittal or undue leniency in a police case will have to be fully justified.

But the district magistrate is not merely the chief magistrate from an executive point of view. As a judicial officer the proceedings of the subordinate magistrates come constantly before him, either in appeal or for revision. For there is hardly any kind of magisterial decision that cannot be set aside by some authority or other; and accused and (in a private case) complainant exploit to the uttermost every right granted them by the law.

As judicial officer the district magistrate has a rival. For the judicial head of the district is not the district magistrate but the sessions judge, who is merely our old friend the district judge in another guise. For practical purposes what concerns the district magistrate is that the sessions judge hears appeals from the subdivisional magistrates and tries the cases committed by them—in other words, may decide at some stage all the most important cases. Many of the judges are recruited not from the Indian Civil Service but from the Provincial Judicial Service, who, up to the time of their appointment as assistant judge, have tried nothing but civil cases and have no experience of what may be reasonably

considered as proof for the purpose of conviction. A judge of this type will make the district magistrate and superintendent of police tear their hair with his constant acquittals of the arch-troublers of the public peace. The executive authorities' only remedy is to move the Government to appeal to the High Court, but such efforts are discouraged by the Government and High Court alike.

Control of Firearms. The obtaining of an arms-licence in India is not a simple financial transaction as in England, for in India the demand for arms-licences and the necessity of restricting them are both much greater.

The strong demand may be attributed to three main causes.

First, firearms are required for protection. Most villages are many miles away from the nearest police-station, so that a man must be prepared to protect his own house from burglars or dacoits, or defend himself against robbers on highway or byway. The mere knowledge that a man has a gun and is ready and able to use it is often sufficient to scare off marauders.

Next, firearms are required for sport. Shooting is not the almost exclusive sport of the wealthy as in England, for outside the Government forests no one owns the game, and you can walk and shoot where you please. So there is no end to the number of budding sportsmen.

And lastly, firearms are required for display. The Indian loves to make a show and to exalt himself above his fellow-men; and one of the recognized ways of doing this is to adorn oneself and one's retainers with lethal weapons.

But the district magistrate must go warily, for a dishonest licensee may lend his gun to a dacoit, and a careless or faint-hearted one may allow it to be stolen. Specially sparing must he be in granting a licence for a pistol or revolver, lest it fall into the hands of a would-be assassin. And besides the danger to human life, the district magistrate has also to consider the protection of game. For game-creatures are relentlessly harried in season and out, and there is a serious danger of the extermination of those kinds that breed in India.

But the district magistrate cannot settle the problem by just

refusing to grant licences except to really trustworthy applicants. There is another aspect. The politicians have seized on the administration of the Arms Act and rules as a test of the British sympathy with India's aspirations and of the equal treatment of Britisher and Indian. They even go so far as to assert that the British raj by depriving Indians of the knowledge of the use of arms robbed them of their manliness.

The Government of India have bowed before the verbal storm, and whereas in the old days Europeans carried arms without a licence and Indians obtained licences with great difficulty, it was decided soon after the Great War to amend the rules so that no European as such is any longer exempt from the necessity of taking out a licence and the exemptees that remain are mainly Indians. Some high officials are exempted, but a district magistrate is not considered distinguished enough, and so we have the Gilbertian situation that a district magistrate has to grant himself a licence.

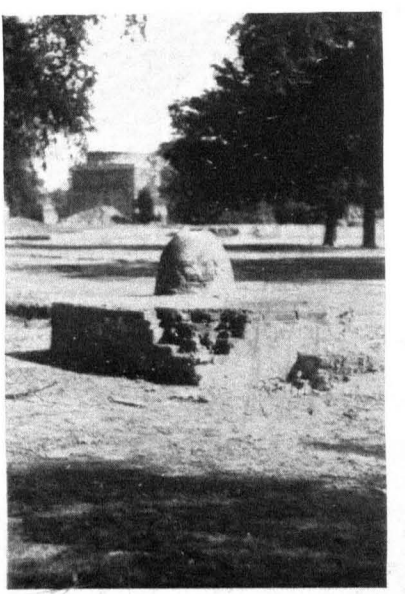
The result of these new rules is that the number of firearms in the possession of private persons in the United Provinces has more than trebled itself.

The district magistrate, then, is in a quandary, having to compromise between the conflicting principles of politics and administration; and while showing a sympathetic attitude towards the Indian's passion for firearms, he must see that licences are not given so indiscriminately as to leave him without control over their distribution.

The District Officer as Head of the District. As head of the district, the district officer has thrust upon him a host of miscellaneous jobs—anything in fact which is nobody else's special business. It is true that when any duty devolves on him by statute he is referred to as collector or district magistrate, but many of these duties have nothing to do with magisterial or revenue administration, and the reason for the nomenclature in the statutes is merely that the law does not recognize the existence of the district officer by name.

I cannot attempt to enumerate all these duties, but my reader will get some idea of how multifarious they are when I say that

An Alfresco Shave



A Suttee Shrine

they include such subjects as the disposal of treasure-trove, the destruction of dangerous wild animals, the maintenance of survey bench-marks, the arrangements for religious fairs, and, most difficult task of all, the provision of shikar for distinguished personages.

But apart from these rather arbitrarily imposed odd jobs, there are others which belong to the head of the district naturally, and may be classified according to their concern with his relation to the Government, to officers who are not subordinate to him, to public bodies, or to the people respectively.

The District Officer's Position vis-à-vis the Government. The district officer is, so to speak, the Government's local agent. It is he who must keep them informed of all important happenings in the district: it is he whose views are constantly sought, sometimes to an embarrassing extent, for he is expected to be able to give an opinion on any subject, varying from the rate of stabilization of the rupee to the admission of untouchables to Hindu temples: it is he who has to make recommendations for honours—also a matter of embarrassment; and it is he who has to speak on the Government's behalf, to spread their propaganda, to launch new movements or to raise subscriptions for public causes. To put it concisely, the district officer must act as the Government's eyes, ears, mouthpiece and hands—if I may say so without making the Government out to be a multi-organed monster.

The District Officer's Position vis-à-vis Officers who are not subordinate to him and Public Bodies. So far I have told you nothing about public bodies, and little about the officers not subordinate to the district officer: and to describe a relationship before the things related sounds rather like putting the cart before the horse. In spite of this obvious criticism, however, I think it will be more convenient to keep the other officers till the next chapter. But the public bodies I will dispose of now.

It would be possible to devote many pages to a description of the public bodies and their functions, but much can be left to the reader's imagination from his experience of similar institutions in England.

The most important public body is the district board, which

deals with the welfare of the rural area and is analogous to an English county council. The main objects of its activities are elementary schools, non-provincial roads, hospitals for man and beast, sanitation, ferries and cattle-pounds, but, unlike a county council, it has no control over the police.

For urban areas there are two main kinds of public bodies—municipal boards for large towns and town area committees for small ones—with an occasional notified area committee for a town of a size somewhere between.

There is usually one, and only one, municipality in a district, the English parallel being a borough. Within municipal limits the municipal board, generally speaking, performs all the duties performed by the district board elsewhere, but it has additional duties and the relative importance of its various duties is naturally different, the municipal board's main concern being with conservancy, street-drainage, water, light, roads and schools.

There are usually about half a dozen town areas in a district: and the functions of these committees resemble those of a municipal board, but they are on a much lower scale and fewer, schools, pounds and important roads being left to the district board.

In certain selected villages also there are public bodies called *panchayats*, but they bear little resemblance to an English parish council, for their duties, at any rate as interpreted by themselves, are mainly judicial. The proceeds of fines, however, imposed by them are devoted to the improvement of local amenities, such as repair of wells.

Over all these bodies the district officer exercises some kind of supervision, but it varies greatly according to the nature of the body. Over *panchayats* the district officer wields autocratic powers; and town area committees too, thanks specially to their having the sub-divisional magistrate as chairman, readily accept the district officer's advice. But with municipal and district boards the position is different. Both of those kinds of boards are now entirely non-official except perhaps for a few Government nominees; and if, as some of them do, they choose to go their own way and ignore the district officer's advice, he has hardly any effective means of control.

But supervision does not exhaust the district officer's relation to

the boards, for in so far as they are independent they must rank with the other independent authorities in the district—the officers in charge of the various Government departments. Now these various authorities do not work in water-tight compartments, but come into constant contact with each other; and to ease the friction that inevitably arises, a mediator is occasionally required. Thus the municipal board and Public Works Department may each claim control over the same bit of land: or the Canals Department may refuse to accept responsibility for having flooded a road maintained by the district board; or the size of the extra guard sent by the superintendent of police to protect a breach in the jail wall may seem to the superintendent of the jail to be an invitation to his desperadoes to escape; or the forest officer may defend his pigs against the agricultural superintendent's charge of having uprooted his best crop of ground-nuts. In all such contingencies the intervention of some third party may be required: and for such a purpose who more appropriate than the district officer?

The District Officer vis-à-vis the People. To the man in the street—or perhaps I should say the man in the field—the district officer is not merely the chief representative of the Government in the district but almost the Government itself. Viceroys and Governors and even Commissioners are legendary figures, rarely, if ever, seen by most of the village folk, but the district officer is always with them and always ready to intervene, when necessary, in their own particular affairs. In the eyes of the ordinary villager the district officer is omniscient and omnipotent.

The more sophisticated do not, it is true, hold such an exalted view as that, but even they believe that there is hardly anything which the district officer cannot either do himself or by his personal recommendation get done by others: and it is this belief, more than anything else, that attracts such crowds of visitors to his house.

The district officer must not only act the part of head of the district—he must also look it and be prepared to lay foundation-stones, present prizes, 'grace' garden-parties, or attend any of the countless functions in which Indians seem to find a never-ending source of pleasure.

And in a way the district officer is representative not merely of the Government but of the King-Emperor himself. Of this the King-Emperor's portrait, which hangs above the district officer's chair in court, is an ever-present reminder, but the fact is most openly proclaimed when he presides in state at a durbar of all the great ones of the district. And if his sombre attire—by some perversity he is denied the right of wearing uniform—contrasts sadly with the brightly coloured silk of the coats and turbans with which the *darbārīs* are adorned, this incongruity is almost redeemed by the raised silver throne, on which he sits, and the crimson canopy which stretches over him.

And there in those magnificent surroundings let me leave the district officer for a while and give my reader a well-earned breathing space.

A Potter

A Weaver

CHAPTER III

THE ADMINISTRATION OF AN INDIAN DISTRICT — PART II

Other Officers and Departments—A District Officer's Typical Day—Some Practical Maxims

THE last chapter was devoted mainly to an analysis of the duties of the District Officer. In the present chapter I intend first to give a summary account of the work performed in the district by officers belonging to other departments: after that I shall describe a district officer's typical day; and finally I shall enumerate a few practical maxims of district administration.

In addition to the district officer there are two other officers who reside at the headquarters of every district; namely, the superintendent of police and the civil surgeon. Besides these, all districts have a judge and a district engineer (as the officer of the Roads and Buildings branch of the Public Works Department is called), and most districts have an executive engineer of the Irrigation (or Canals) branch of the same department, and some a forest officer, though the jurisdiction of all these officers may extend to more than one district. Moreover the departments relating to education, income-tax, agriculture, excise, co-operative societies and posts and telegraphs, all have district activities, but the charges of the superior officers of these departments are too great for any particular district to claim these officers as its own.

The Superintendent of Police. Next to the district officer the superintendent of police—or the *Captān Sāhib* as he is popularly called—is the most powerful executive officer: in fact Authority (with a big A) may be said to consist of these two officers. The English counterpart of the superintendent of police in India is not the officer of the same title but the chief constable; and for once in a way the Indian nomenclature is superior. In India the

superintendent of police has little time for investigating crime himself, and has, as a rule, to content himself with supervising the investigations of his sub-inspectors. Apart from that his time is mainly occupied with the maintenance of discipline and the training of his men and general administrative duties. Occasionally, however, he has more thrilling work when he has to direct the efforts of his men against a mob of rioters or leads a raid on armed dacoits.

The Civil Surgeon. The civil surgeon is the chief doctor of the district, and is the medical attendant of superior Government officers; and in his private capacity his services are at the disposal of any resident of the district—though not, of course, free.

He is also in charge of the main hospital and supervises the branch hospitals, of which there is usually one at the headquarters of each sub-division.

He also used to be responsible for the general health of the district, but the last duty is now often entrusted to health officers, with whom I will deal presently.

Besides the medical duties above mentioned, the civil surgeon has many miscellaneous ones, the most important, perhaps, being the holding of post-mortem examinations, and in consequence the giving of evidence in nearly all murder trials.

He is also superintendent of the jail; and this is one of the most glaring instances of the way in which professional qualifications are wasted in India, for most of his jail duties require no medical knowledge at all. It is true, indeed, that it is always the superintendent's proud boast that the jail is the healthiest place in the district, as shown by the low death-rate, but to the cynic it may occur that the jail has not its full share of old and decrepit people, and that when a prisoner threatens to die the superintendent, with strange inconsistency, discovers that his only chance of life is immediate release from jail.

Health Officers. There are about two health officers in most districts, and their main duties are the encouragement of village sanitation and the prevention or checking of epidemic diseases.

Their first task is a thankless one. They may get a few soakage-

pits built to take the place of the common insanitary type of cesspool, and induce a few people to bury their refuse, and get a few model wells constructed, but they can make no real impression on the general conditions for they have large charges and few powers, and are met with an inbred indifference to hygiene in any form or shape.

In coping with epidemics, the health officers are more successful, but this side of their work can be conveniently left for the chapter on Indian problems.

The Judge. The judge is the most independent of all the officers of a district; and in order that he may not get tainted by wicked executive notions he is not allowed to live in the same house as the district magistrate or the superintendent of police. Quite often there is a sessions judge for a single district, but sometimes his jurisdiction extends to several districts, in which case there will be additional or assistant judges, the first-named having the same judicial powers as the sessions judge himself. All criminal cases go in the first place to a magistrate, but some classes of cases can be decided only by a judge, and some cases demand a more severe penalty than a magistrate is competent to inflict, and, when such a case comes before him, the magistrate commits the prisoner for trial before the judge. A European may claim to be tried by a jury, but otherwise the usual procedure is for the judge to give the verdict himself after consulting two or three assessors. The judge has to record their opinion, but is not bound to accept it, and in fact usually ignores it. The assessors indeed rarely give an opinion of any value; and if the system is intended to approximate to trial by one's peers, it is just a silly sham. If the system were abolished no one would regret it, and those who have the misfortune to be included in the list of persons liable to serve would be much relieved.

But the judge is not merely the sessions judge—he is also the district judge, and in that capacity has to try civil cases. As district judge, too, he may have the assistance of other judges with varying powers; and there will certainly be several subordinate civil courts presided over by *Munsifs* ('dispensers of justice').

The district judge is also the registrar of deeds, but the actual registration is carried out by sub-registrars. There is usually one at the headquarters of each sub-division, but if the work is too light to make it profitable to employ a whole-time man, the job is thrown on to the *tahsīldār*. The paid post is much sought after, for it is one of the few clerical posts for which no literary qualifications are demanded except a knowledge of Urdu and Nagari script.

The District Engineer. The district engineer is not such an intimate part of the district staff as he used to be. In the old days he was responsible for the construction and maintenance of all metalled roads and public buildings, but now the district board has taken over the less important roads and the various officers arrange for the repair of their own buildings and also for small extensions through contractors. Moreover, the district engineer often has more than one district in his charge; and if he lives in another district, the district officer may never see him from the beginning of the year to the end, though he will occasionally come across the overseer or other member of the district engineer's staff who represents him in the district. The chief qualification for a district engineer is not so much an expert knowledge of dynamics as driving-power and an eye keen to detect the tricks of contractors and staff. The rates of the Public Works Department are higher than the market ones, and the popular explanation is that the original contractor has to share the profits with clerks and sub-contractors, but the defender of the department would say that the higher cost is balanced by better value, and perhaps the truth lies between the two explanations.

Irrigation Executive Engineer. The unit of the Irrigation or Canals Department is the division which is in charge of an executive engineer, whose assistants, like those of the district officer, are called sub-divisional officers. The water for the canals is taken from the Ganges, Jumna, and Sarda rivers. The main canals are about 100 feet wide. These supply water to the major distributaries, which in their turn fill the minor ones which take the water right up to the peasants' fields. Sometimes the

water is below the level of the fields and has to be lifted. A fixed time is allotted for the irrigation of every field, but when water is scarce the peasants at the end of the distributary may literally have to fight for it. The relation of supply to demand is a constant problem for the irrigation authorities; for unfortunately the drought that makes the demand for water greatest also makes the supply least and vice versa.

The Forest Officer. Government forests are most common in the hills, but there are sufficient in the plains to justify reference being made to the forest officer here. These forests vary greatly in character according to the nature of the country in which they are situated, but at present we are merely concerned with their effect on the general administration of the district. In this respect the outstanding fact is that they necessitate the regulation of the cutting of wood and of the grazing of cattle; and although the regulation is certainly in the interests of the neighbourhood, the people do not always realize this, and political agitators have exploited this misunderstanding to the utmost.

There remain the officers who are not resident in an ordinary district but visit it from time to time.

The Inspector of Schools. The inspector of schools is represented in the district by a deputy-inspector and several sub-deputy-inspectors who for most purposes are subordinate to the district board and inspect the elementary schools on the board's behalf. But in every district there is also a Government high school, where the education is of secondary standard, and often there are other similar schools, partly endowed by public benefactors and partly assisted by the Government. Over these schools neither the district board nor the deputy-inspector has any control, but the inspector exercises general supervision.

Income-tax Department. Most districts have an income-tax officer of their own, but the unit is rather the circle, which includes a group of districts. The collector and *tahsīldārs* used to make the assessments in a rough and ready way, but the creation

of a special department has amply justified itself by improved methods and enhanced receipts. The increased revenue, however, is due not entirely to less evasion of payment but also to an increase in rates. Nominally the rates are still much lower than in England, but on the other hand there are no exemptions on account of wife or family.

The Agricultural Department. The chief business of the Agricultural Department is to distribute seed and modern implements, while in some districts efforts are being made to improve the breed of cattle. Model farms are also maintained, and landlords are encouraged to follow this example. Perhaps the department's most valuable activity is the distribution of seed. Payment is made at harvest-time: and the man, who obtains it from the Government instead of the *banya*, reaps the double advantage that he gets better seed and pays a lower price. The use of modern implements is still exceptional, partly on account of the peasant's conservatism and partly because the cost is too much for the petty holdings and the weight too much for the feeble cattle. The department's representative in the district is the superintendent; and his superior officer, the deputy-director, visits the district periodically.

The Excise Department. In respect of excise administration there prevails, as so often happens in India, a system of dual control. We have already seen that the collector manages general excise matters in the district, but there is also a separate department which in addition to co-ordinating the activities of the districts pays special attention to technical matters. From time to time an assistant excise commissioner visits each district and makes a point of inspecting the bonded warehouses where liquor and drugs are stored; and the note that he leaves is always full of references to 'wastage' and 'proof' and such mysterious matters.

The Co-operative Department. Through the Co-operative Department aspires to broader and more varied activities, actually it achieves little beyond the foundation of societies of co-operative

credit with the object of saving their members from the *banya*'s exorbitant rates of interest. Yet even in this sphere, as we shall see when we come to the problems of India, it cannot be pronounced a success. The officer who visits the district and endeavours to stimulate the societies is called the assistant registrar.

The Posts and Telegraphs Department. The outlook of the Posts and Telegraphs Department is far wider than the district, and most districts contain no postal officer above the rank of postmaster, but the department's intra-district activities are important enough to warrant some mention here. As far as the despatch of letters or telegrams to the interior of the district is concerned the department has no reputation for hustle. Many villages, on account of their distance from a post-office, receive letters only once or twice a week: and even a telegram, if the destination is remote, is often slower than a messenger. And distance is not the postman's only difficulty. For, as a rule, streets have no name and houses no number, and apart from the addressee's name and description, the address consists merely of the name of a village or a ward of a city.

Even now the list of departments represented in the district is not exhaustive. There are, for instance, the State railways, but the line must be drawn somewhere, and I think I have said enough to give a general idea of the officers and departments whose activities combine to form the administration of an ordinary district.

. . . .

And now having got our district into working order, let us go back again to the district officer, but this time let us be less abstract and see what he actually does on a typical day. The first problem is to decide what is a typical day. For life in camp is very different from life at headquarters, and life in the hot weather is very different from that in the cold. But a separate chapter will be devoted to inspections, which form the most important part of life in camp, and it would be hardly fair to the district officer to put him under the microscope during the trying conditions of Indian heat at its worst. So as the typical day we will take a

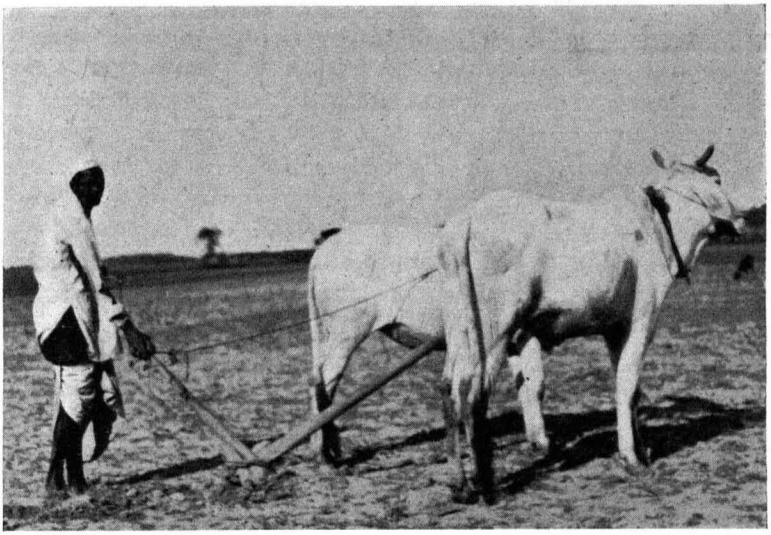
day at headquarters in the cold weather. And to get on more intimate terms with the district officer, let us give him a name, and let it be a name known and respected in India—say, Lawrence.

At daybreak Lawrence is aroused by his bearer with *chhota hāziri*, and a little later Lawrence enters his bungalow-office. He opens his diary and makes sure that he has not arranged to go out and inspect any place that morning. Then he surveys with distaste a large pile of forbidding files, the remains of yesterday's contribution from his office. He thinks regretfully of the days when his correspondence and files could all be polished off in about an hour a day and wonders whether life in the Indian Civil Service is really as thrilling as people in England imagine.

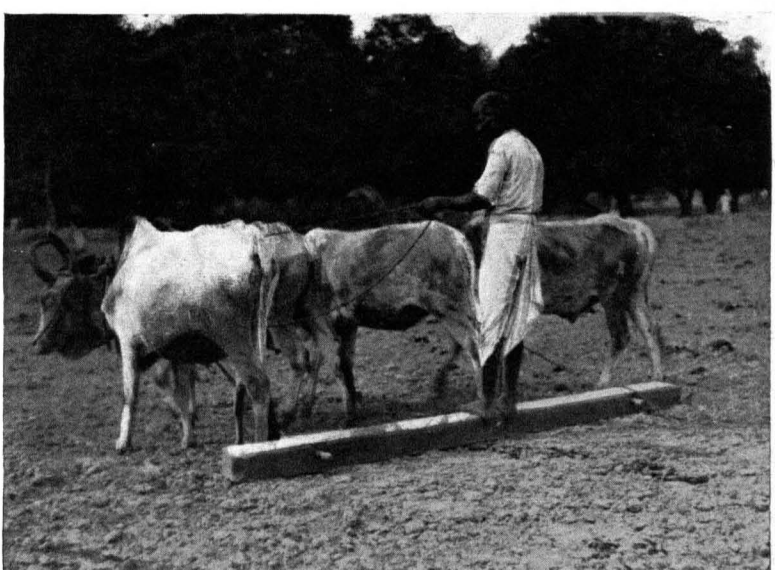
With an effort he forces himself to undo the red tape of the top file. It contains the auditor's report on a local town area. It reveals an appalling list of enormous irregularities, and there certainly seems some ground for the auditor's indignation. Still Lawrence would like to write something like this: "What on earth is the good of my wasting my time by making futile comments? Does the Auditor not know that this committee is incapable of doing anything regularly?" Instead, being a faithful servant of the Government, he takes the first step to appease the auditor and calls for a report from the committee.

In the next file Lawrence is asked to appoint a magistrate to attend an execution. In accordance with custom he nominates the latest recruit to the Indian Civil Service for this gruesome task.

Then comes a *tahsīl* inspection-book with the sub-divisional officer's notes. Lawrence is still wading through this when a *chaprāsi* enters with the personal dak which includes not only private letters but also demi-official letters addressed to Lawrence by name. There are only two d.o.'s (as people call them for short) to-day. The first is from the commissioner, inquiring when, if ever, he may expect a reply to an official letter of which Lawrence has never even heard. The second is from the collector of another district asking Lawrence to assist him in collecting land revenue from a zemindar who happens to be one of Lawrence's *tahsīldārs*. Lawrence smiles grimly and paraphrases '*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*' for the zemindar-*tahsīldār*'s benefit.



A Wooden Plough with Bullocks



Levelling the Ground

Then comes an ominous cough from the verandah. The first visitor has arrived. For a time Lawrence continues to plod through his files. Then with a sigh he touches his call-bell, and on the *chaprāsī*'s appearance asks him how many visitors have arrived so far. In reply the *chaprāsī* lays seven or eight cards on the table. Lawrence hastily glances through the names. Most of them are familiar—one painfully so, for its bearer comes at least once a week and stays till he is almost literally pushed out.

The first card bears the name of 'Rai Sahib ——, Rais and Zemindar.' "Give him my salaams," says Lawrence, which is a polite way of saying, "Show him in." Like most of the visitors, the Rai Sahib cannot speak English, and the conversation has to be carried on in Hindustani. Lawrence and the Rai Sahib make polite inquiries about each other's health, and then Lawrence starts the stock conversation about the state of the crops. Lawrence knows that they are excellent, but the Rai Sahib, thinking of the evil eye, will not admit that they are more than middling. For five minutes the desultory talk continues. Then Lawrence is faced with the eternal question: "Has this visitor come for any special purpose, or simply out of courtesy?" Things must be brought to a head. "Did you want to see me about anything special?" asks Lawrence.

"There's just one thing," replies the Rai Sahib. "I have a nephew by marriage, a very fine, well-built young man who desires to serve the Government."

"In what capacity?" inquires Lawrence.

"Whatever you think him fit for."

"He must decide what post to apply for."

And after further fencing Lawrence discovers that the nephew, who has meanwhile been produced, wishes to be nominated for the post of *naib-tahsīldār*, but through sheer bad luck failed to pass the examination which is one of the prescribed qualifications for all candidates. Lawrence expresses his regret that in the circumstances he is powerless. The Rai Sahib brushes this aside with an earnest declaration that Lawrence is king and can do whatever he likes. Lawrence disclaims any such omnipotence, but the Rai Sahib persists in treating this as mere regal playfulness. Finally Lawrence is compelled to stand up to indicate that the

interview is at an end, and with profound regrets bows the Rai Sahib and his nephew out.

The next two visitors want nothing except to remain on friendly relations with the collector sahib. Then come several officials. And after that a man who wants a licence for a revolver. Lawrence explains that it is the Government's policy not to give such licences unless there is special need. The visitor considers that his need is most special, and when Lawrence politely questions this, professes to believe that Lawrence thinks he is not fit to be trusted and produces testimonials of his family's loyalty dating back to the Mutiny. Lawrence assures him that it is not a question of character and repeats what he has already said several times. Finally Lawrence tells him that if he applies for a gun-licence the application will be considered; and only half-satisfied the visitor departs.

The next on the list is Lawrence's *bête noire*, the sticker. Lawrence, feeling as if he were signing his own death warrant, sends his salaams, and, digging into the basket which contains the files he has already disposed of, takes out one bearing a conspicuous yellow 'immediate' label and places it in front of him in the faint hope that this will catch his visitor's eye and induce him to mercy. In vain! The visitor either does not notice the suggestion at all or at any rate ignores it and soon is well away. He is content to do all the talking, and as he drones on Lawrence comforts himself slightly with the thought that he need not trouble to listen. "Would it be any good," he reflects as his gaze wanders to his files, "to put up a notice like they have in American offices: 'Spit it out', 'My time is valuable if yours isn't', and so on? Of course, you couldn't really do it. It would cause a revolution." Lawrence pulls his wits together. The man has been talking for ten minutes and he must be curbed at all costs. "Is there anything else special you wished to mention?" inquires Lawrence sweetly.

"Only this," says his eloquent friend, "that I always pray for the welfare of the British Empire and His Majesty the King-Emperor, and your Honour . . ."

The prayer continues for some time, and Lawrence feels that it would be *lèse-majesté*, if not blasphemy, to interrupt, but when

it is completed, he stands up and announces with regret that many other visitors are waiting to see him. This indeed cannot be contested, for protesting coughs from the verandah are plainly audible in the office.

But even this does not have the desired effect. " Who," exclaims the sticker, " would not desire to see your Honour? . . ."

Then there arrives what Lawrence prays may turn out to be a *deus ex machina*—the *khidmatgār* at the inner door with the news that breakfast is ready. But for all the effect this has on his visitor he might as well be stone-deaf.

So Lawrence has recourse to the final measure for ejecting a stubborn visitor. He rings his bell, and when the *chaprāsī* appears sends his salaams to the next visitor. Rather than face the public humiliation of being conducted out of the room by the *chaprāsī*, the sticker retires crestfallen and Lawrence goes with a sigh of relief to his breakfast.

Even at breakfast Lawrence cannot escape altogether from his visitors' attentions, for presently a *chaprāsī* enters apologetically with a card and announces that the Raja of —— has arrived. " Show him into the drawing-room," says Lawrence. To have left so distinguished a gentleman in the verandah with the other visitors would have offended him deeply. Having been admitted to the inner sanctum he would not mind waiting indefinitely.

Still it is not long before Lawrence enters, and the Raja informs him that some tenants are giving him trouble and suggests that the sub-inspector of police or the *tahsīldār* be directed to ' put them right ', which is a euphemism for twisting their tails. Lawrence parries the suggestion, and gently hints to the Raja that the days of feudalism are over, but eventually promises that the sub-divisional officer will look into the matter; and, having obtained nothing from Lawrence except politeness and a parliamentary undertaking, the Raja departs.

After him nine or ten more visitors pass before Lawrence in quick succession. One or two are officials, the rest private persons. One man aspires to be an honorary magistrate, another drops into Lawrence's ear lurid stories of an enemy's villainy, another complains of the *patwārī*, an old soldier in full uniform inquires why the Government have been so mad as to grant *swarāj*, others come

merely out of courtesy. Last of all is a man whom Lawrence has never seen before, though he has been in charge of the district more than two years. Lawrence feels himself justified in wasting no time with him and brings him to the point at once.

"Your Honour," begins the visitor, "has an appeal to-day——"

"Anything you want to say," breaks in Lawrence sharply, "must be in open court." And with a ring of the bell he dismisses his visitor ignominiously.

By now it is a quarter to eleven, and at eleven Lawrence has to preside at a meeting of the High School Committee. The quarter of an hour must not be wasted. He calls his stenographer and proceeds to dictate his fortnightly 'd.o.' to the Commissioner, describing the chief events in the district. He dictates slowly, for the stenographer's knowledge of English is none too good, and by the time he has finished the members of the Committee have arrived.

The main points to be decided are which boys should be admitted free or at reduced fees. Most of the headmaster's recommendations are accepted without demur, but several members strongly urge the claims of one boy who has not been recommended. It is obvious that they have been 'got at', but it takes Lawrence ten precious minutes before he can close the discussion and get a majority to pass the headmaster's recommendations.

The meeting over, Lawrence hastens out to the porch where his car is waiting impatiently for him, and drives off to the next business of the day—his work in his public office and court.

On arrival at the Collectorate, Lawrence proceeds at once to his court-room and takes his seat on the dais.

His *pēshkār* then reads aloud various vernacular reports and takes his orders. Lawrence has to listen carefully, for the *pēshkār* gabbles through the stuff without showing any comprehension of its meaning, and only stops to take breath or to puzzle out a particularly unintelligible word. If he thinks that Lawrence is not paying full attention he will read out any gibberish, inventing such words as he cannot read. There is, however, some excuse for the *pēshkār*, as the Persian script, when written by a government official, is often far more difficult to decipher than the worst

WINNOWING

CRUSHING SUGAR-CANE WITH A KOLHU

English scrawl, dots of vital importance being omitted or misplaced and straightish lines being made to do duty for a succession of curves. In this jumble the Urdu equivalent for 'is' and 'is not' often look alike and the *pēshkār* is quite capable of interchanging one with the other. Can there be any wonder, then, that English is gradually replacing the vernacular and that all the more important correspondence is conducted in the English language?

Every now and then Lawrence questions the *pēshkār* about the contents of a file; and if he flounders, Lawrence does not waste further time or spoil his temper by trying to extract from the *pēshkār* information which he has not got, but orders him to go through the file and put it up again the next day.

Then several minutes are taken up as Lawrence affixes his initials and occasionally his name in full under what purports to be the Urdu version of his orders; and as file after file is laid before him he wonders whether it would not pay him to give up his salary in exchange for an anna per signature.

Having disposed of a few clerks, who have meanwhile been hovering in the background with urgent papers, Lawrence directs a *chaprāsī* to call the 'petitioners'.

The *chaprāsī*, thus bidden, goes out and shouts at the top of his voice: "If any one wishes to present a petition to the *Barē Sāhib*, let him appear." This is the signal for a motley crowd of people, who have been waiting in the compound, to make their way to Lawrence's court, each carrying a petition bearing court-fees stamps of varying denomination according to the subject. The petitions are collected by a *chaprāsī* who hands them to the *pēshkār*, while the petitioners themselves wait at the back of the court till they are summoned in turn to 'The Presence'. The *pēshkār* picks up the top petition, sees that the stamp is of the right value and kind, and carefully defaces and punches it so that it may not be used again. He then calls out the name of the petitioner—a woman—and she comes forward and stands before Lawrence with her face modestly covered and her hands clasped. The petition starts in the time-honoured way, '*Gharībparwar salāmat*' (Hail, cherisher of the poor): and the gist of it is that the petitioner's husband has turned her out, so she has gone to

live with someone else. Lawrence has no power at all to authorize such an arrangement, but he solemnly writes 'seen' on the back of the petition and hands it back to the woman who will no doubt treasure it as dearly as an English bride her marriage lines. Next comes a Brahmin with a magnificent caste-mark on his forehead, who desires permission to take out a religious procession. Lawrence sends the petition to the police to inquire whether the procession is a customary one and whether they have any objection to it. Then comes an ex-soldier in shabby khaki, who wishes to be appointed a *chaprāsī*. In consideration of his military services his name is added to an already swollen list of candidates. And so the procession continues. There are applications for a poisons-licence and for the extension of the validity of an arms-licence from the district to the province, complaints against a sub-inspector of police for demanding a bribe and against a *patwārī* for fabricating his papers, appeals against a district board tax and against a conviction by a *tahsīldār*. These and a dozen more Lawrence polishes off in less than half an hour, the order in most cases being merely a preliminary one, directing an inquiry or calling for a report.

Lawrence's next duty is to hear appeals. There are four down for to-day, two criminal and two revenue.

He calls the first criminal case. On the appellants' side is a *vakīl* and on the other side a lawyer of lower status known as a *mukhtār*. The appellants, A, B, C and D, have been convicted by a bench of honorary magistrates of beating E and F with *lāthīs* and sentenced to rigorous imprisonment for one month and a fine of Rs50 each. The story of the complainants, E and F, who are brothers, is that A was recently ejected from his holding by the zemindar who then re-let the land to E. When E and F began to plough the land, A together with B, C and D, all armed with *lāthīs*, came and told them to go away; and when they refused they were attacked by A's party and knocked unconscious. The medical report shows that E and F were covered with bruises and that E's wrist was broken and F's head cut open. The appellants' story on the other hand is that the zemindar out of spite first ejected A unjustly, and, not content with this, sent E and F to A's house to beat him. The medical report shows

that A had a few bruises and scratches. A's party preferred a complaint against E and F, but this complaint was dismissed; and A's party have applied to Lawrence to order further inquiry into this complaint.

" May it please the court——" starts off the appellants' *vakīl*, but he has not finished his first sentence when the complainants' *mukhtār* objects that he does not know English. Lawrence directs the *vakīl* to address him in Urdu, which he does for a bit. Presently, however, English words begin to slip in, and after a time the *vakīl* is speaking a mixture of Urdu and English something like this: " Lower court *ne bahut achchha* decision *diya ki yeh* question *bilkul* irrelevant *hai*." (The lower court has very rightly decided that this question is quite irrelevant.) The *mukhtār* protests again, and Lawrence calls the *vakīl* to order once more, but by no means for the last time.

The *vakīl* tries to make capital out of the fact that the appellants made their complaint before the other side and argues that the complaint against his clients was merely lodged in order to weaken the force of the original complaint—a device much loved by Indian litigants. The *mukhtār* explains the delay by the fact that E and F were so badly injured that they had to be carried on a charpoy to the police-station. Both the *vakīl* and the *mukhtār* dwell at great length on inconsistencies in the evidence about such points as whether someone was looking north or south when he did a certain thing, and similar infinitely unimportant details; and both endeavour to show that the witnesses are old enemies of the persons against whom they have given evidence. How often has Lawrence heard these same old arguments before!

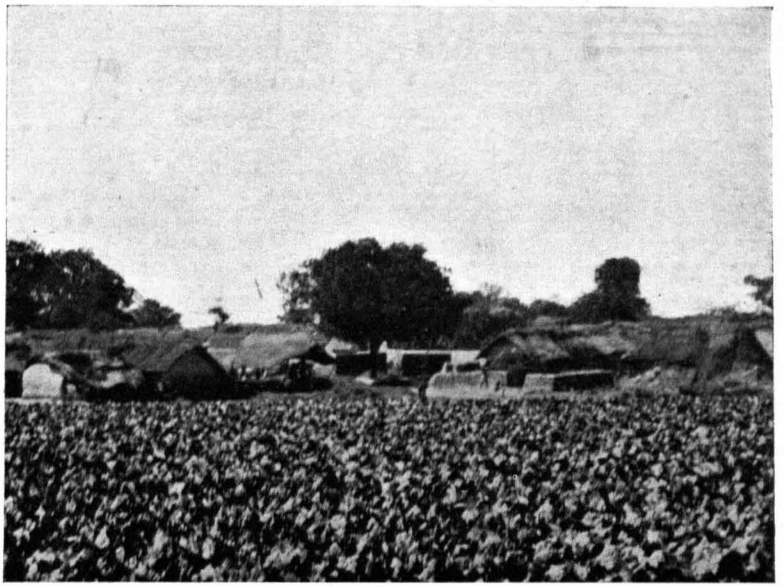
The oral evidence indeed on both sides is equally strong or weak, and if Lawrence had to decide on that basis alone the classic method of counting the flies on the ceiling and allowing or rejecting the appeal according to whether the number is odd or even would be as good as any. Lawrence, however, has what he considers a better method. Placing no reliance on the oral evidence of either side, he looks to see what facts are indisputable and what inference can be drawn from them. In the present case there is the medical report. From the number and nature of the injuries received by the two parties it is clear that the appellants' side must have been

the aggressors, and on that ground Lawrence decides against them. In one respect, however, Lawrence decides in their favour. In fixing the amount of the fines the magistrates, as so often happens, have apparently not realised that a rupee is a vastly larger sum for the accused persons than for themselves—at any rate Rs50 is quite beyond the means of any of the appellants, and Lawrence reduces each fine to Rs10. The appellants, who have been on bail, are placed under arrest; and a couple of constables tie a rope round their waists and lead them off.

By now it is well past tiffin-time, and Lawrence rises with relief at the prospect of a short interval of peace and quiet.

When he returns to court he is wondering whether he will be able to get through all his appeals, but a welcome surprise awaits him. In the remaining criminal case, in which A had been convicted of enticing B's wife away, the parties have come to an agreement, A keeping the woman but paying B some compensation for his loss—a wife, you see, having a marketable value, just like any other property. This is one of those cases that may be compounded. So Lawrence acquits A and passes on to his next case.

This is a revenue appeal. The appellant is a tenant whose ejectment has been ordered by the *tahsīldār* on the ground that he had failed to pay arrears of rent within the time required by a notice issued from the court. The tenant had actually appeared before the *tahsīldār* and proffered the money the day after the expiry of the notice, but the *tahsīldār* had already ordered his ejectment. Lawrence ascertains that the tenant has always paid his rent regularly with this one exception, and that on this occasion the crops, out of the proceeds of which the rent would have been paid, had been severely damaged by fire on the threshing-floor. After receiving the notice the tenant had borrowed money from a *banya*, but carelessly had brought it to the *tahsīldār* a day too late. About the legality of the *tahsīldār*'s order there can be no doubt, but Lawrence prefers justice to legality and considers ejectment a harsh penalty for mere carelessness. So he gets the tenant to deposit the rent in court, and after warning him not to be so careless again reinstates him in his tenancy. Mentally he prays that there may be no second appeal—the next court might pay more regard to law.



TOBACCO BORDERING VILLAGE HOUSES

SUGAR-CANE

The last case concerns an entry in a *patwārī*'s papers. A man, who is described in them merely as a sub-tenant, claims to be the tenant-in-chief and consequently a statutory tenant with the right of life-occupancy, provided that he behaves like a good tenant. The man who is actually entered as the tenant-in-chief is, according to the claimant, merely the zemindar's puppet, and has never really been in possession at all. The sub-divisional officer found in the claimant's favour and the zemindar has appealed against the decision, but Lawrence dismisses the appeal without hesitation.

That brings Lawrence to the end of his prescribed court work, but before he can leave he has to attend to a few urgent papers and hear a few petitions from late-comers.

Soon he exchanges the law-court for the tennis-court, and when stern duty pursues him even there in the shape of a telegram from the Director of Statistics demanding the immediate despatch of form XYZ he continues his game scarcely more perturbed than was Drake at his bowls by the news of the Armada.

When he returns to his bungalow Lawrence finds a fresh dollop of files from his office and a few still left from the day before. Some are labelled 'immediate' or 'urgent' and receive Lawrence's first attention; others can wait indefinitely, and the stodgiest of these he puts aside for disposal on the next holiday, if he can spare no time for them before.

"Dinner is ready," announces the *khidmatgār*; and unless a catastrophe occurs Lawrence's work is done for the day.

. . . . .

And while Lawrence is at rest let us have a look at the code of practical maxims which he has drawn up for himself. There are eight of them.

I. Be Courteous and Tactful. Remember that in India it does not matter so much what you do as how you do it, and that nowhere are the people more sensitive to a slight or more appreciative of a kind word or a friendly gesture. The contentedness of a district depends more on the behaviour of its officers than all the logical reasons in the world.

II. Praise as Well as Blame. Censure your subordinate when he does badly by all means, but do not forget to praise him when he does well. Censure may check his faults but praise will stimulate his virtues.

III. Do Not Think that Yours is the Only Way. When you arrive in your new district do not assume that your predecessor was an idiot because his methods were different from yours. Leave his arrangements alone for at least three months. Do not thrust your views on your subordinates. They will do far better if allowed to develop their own. There are many ways of effecting the same thing, and yours is not the only way.

IV. Remember the Human Element. To be successful a scheme must be not only good in itself but within the comprehension and power of those who have to work it. An elaborate machine cannot be run by an unskilled mechanic. So when you make your plans, remember the kind of men who will have to carry them out. Do not credit the Rs5 man with a Rs1000 brain.

V. Get Things Done. Do not imagine that your orders will carry themselves out. When you have given the order you have only just begun. Call for a compliance report if necessary. If that is not enough, give the slacker no peace till he realizes that compliance with the original order will mean less trouble. Avoid too many general orders. Your subordinates will not remember them, and you will not have the time to enforce them.

VI. Do Not do Other People's Work. Do not pat yourself on the back for doing everybody else's work because you can do it so much better yourself. You will find you have no time left for your own. Your job is to make your subordinates work and not do their work for them. Why should you get a superior officer's pay for doing a subordinate's work?

VII. Keep the Rules as a Rule. Though great men are not the slaves of rules the mere breaking of rules does not constitute

greatness. The greatness consists in knowing when to break them. To break a rule unnecessarily is to cause unnecessary trouble for yourself and others.

VIII. HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOUR. This above all things. Nowhere do you need the saving grace so much. If superior Authority directs you to do what you consider moonshine, if your plans have the contrary effect to what you intended, if the worst motives are attributed to your finest deeds, laugh. If you do not, you will go mad.

CHAPTER IV

INSPECTIONS

The Jail—The Treasury—The Collectorate—City-houses—A Police-station—A *Tahsīl*—Effects of a Hail-storm—A Town, including a Branch Hospital and a Veterinary Hospital—A Village, including a *Panchayat*, School, Pound, and Shops for Fireworks, Liquor, Drugs and Opium—A *Patwārī*

INSPECTIONS form a most important part of the duties of a district officer. His main objects in making inspections are (*a*) to satisfy himself that his subordinate officers, the public bodies, and to some extent officers of other Government departments, are performing their duties properly; (*b*) to ascertain whether the holders of various kinds of licences are complying with the rules; (*c*) to acquaint himself with local conditions.

Inspections at headquarters are made throughout the year; the jail and the treasury, for instance, being inspected once a month, but the season most prolific of inspections is the period of two months or so in the cold weather which the district officer spends on tour.

Inspecting officers have their own little ways. Some subject work and officers to a microscopic examination for the detection of even the tiniest flaws, others are more on the look-out for special virtues, others are of opinion that no methods can be right except their own; some indulge in devastating criticism, others make suggestions intended to be helpful.

The district officer, not having risen from the ranks, is often handicapped by the fact that he is inspecting work with which he has no direct acquaintance and which is far more familiar to the inspected official than himself. The inspectee takes full advantage of the situation, and is ever ready to obscure the points at issue with the thickest clouds of dust.

The inspecting officer's work is not finished with the perform-

ance of his inspection and the recording of his note. The most difficult part of his task remains. He must see that effect is given to his remarks. Otherwise his note will serve no purpose beyond helping to fill the inspection-book. The experienced inspecting officer therefore has a copy made of his note and sends extracts from it to all concerned for necessary action, and when he next inspects the same department or institution, the first thing that he does is to see whether his previous orders have been carried out.

And now let us leave generalities for particulars once more, and —with a reader's and an author's privilege, unseen—observe our old friend Lawrence on some of his many inspections. In this way more than any other we shall get a glimpse of the working of the district machinery.

But one word of warning. As we go our way we shall meet various officials. People like these represented are to be found in real life, but do not take the people I describe as typical. If, for instance, I show you an official who suffers from some weakness, I do not mean to imply that the same weakness characterizes all or most members of his class.

The Jail. It is 6.58 on a June morning, and four warders with a fifth a little in advance, all in full khaki uniform and armed with muskets, are standing expectantly in front of and at right angles to a massive door, built into a frowning circle of brick-wall fifteen feet high and without a single projection or opening to relieve the monotony. The warders, however, are unconscious of the grim background and their attention is focused on the road in front along which the *Barē Sāhib* may appear at any moment. A little on one side stand the jailor and the superintendent, or—as we should say in England—the governor of the jail, both Indians.

A figure with a topi and riding on a horse suddenly appears from round a bend. The warders slope their rifles. A moment later the warder in front shouts " Present arms! " The muskets click, and Julia does her usual shy. Lawrence salutes the guard and dismounts with as much dignity as Julia's bobbering permits. He greets the superintendent and the jailor. The warders' guard breaks off, and the jailor produces a key. The huge door, however, is not thrown open in its entirety but merely a little wicket-

gate. As soon as the party have passed in, the jailor locks the gate again. Lawrence has perforce to wait, for he is confronted by another wall and another locked door. On the left-hand between the two walls is the office-room, but Lawrence is not interested in that and stands waiting for the jailor to open the second door.

During this rather awkward pause let us leave Lawrence for a moment and proceed in imagination to the spot where a kite is hovering overhead and take a bird's-eye view of the interior of the place we are about to visit—from the ground level there will be too many walls to see far ahead. Roughly the outline of the walls beneath us is like that of a gigantic tyred wheel. The tyre consists of the space between the outer and the main inner walls, the hub consists of an open space with a wall and doors all round, while between the tyre and the hub are the wards in which the prisoners are kept, the walls between each ward forming, so to speak, spokes radiating from the hub.

At one place, however, the outer wall bulges to make room between it and the inner wall for a vegetable garden, and within the great bulge of the outer wall there is a smaller bulge of the inner wall, within which there stands out a sinister object, consisting of two tall iron posts united on top by a girder and protruding through a wooden platform. Each of the wards consists partly of an open courtyard and partly of a barrack. Right in the centre of the hub appears a circular roof through which smoke is issuing.

By now, however, Lawrence and the others have passed through the inner door, and we must hasten down to earth to join them.

They are proceeding along a broad uncovered passage which the superintendent has endeavoured to brighten by a few pathetic flower-beds on either side: and presently the party emerge in the central space which from above looked like the wheel's hub. Lawrence stops before the first door on the right; and when it is opened, it reveals a yard with a floor of bare earth and walls and barracks of the same drab colour save for the red tiles of the roof. On the wall near the door is painted in black letters 'Non-habituals'. In the open yard are thirty or forty men, some engaged in beating fibre out of long prickly aloe-leaves whose pungent-smelling juice is carried off by drains, and some in twist-

ing the fibre into ropes, but as Lawrence enters, a warder sounds a bell and all the men cease work and stand.

The sun is already warm, and the convicts have discarded their coarse cotton shirts and are clad merely in loin cloths. One man, standing apart, wears a red lozenge-shaped hat bearing the letters 'C.O.', which is short for 'Convict Overseer'. He has been chosen for good behaviour to assist the warders, and in consideration of his duties is awarded certain privileges. They are a docile-looking crowd, and outside these surroundings might pass as ordinary members of society but for one distinctive mark. Around the neck of each man is a wire ring holding a wooden ticket, four inches by two, on which is stamped certain figures. One set of figures represents the number of the section of the Act or code under which the wearer has been convicted, and another the date on which he is to be released.

As Lawrence passes along the lines of men, he notices one bearing the number '110', which means that the convict has been found under Section 110 of the Criminal Procedure Code to be a man who commits burglary or some other serious offence habitually. Lawrence stops and makes inquiries of his escort. "Why has this man been classified as non-habitual?"

"A prisoner is non-habitual when he has not been convicted before," replies the jailor suavely.

"How can a man be classed as non-habitual when he's been sent to jail under 110?" retorts Lawrence.

"The magistrate is responsible for the classification," interposes the superintendent.

"But when the classification is obviously wrong, you might bring it to the notice of the convicting magistrate or myself," says Lawrence, a little weary at having to point out the obvious so often.

"Take his ticket," says the superintendent to the jailor, by way of announcing that the necessary action will be taken. The ticket will be produced before Lawrence in the office when the time comes for writing his inspection note.

The ticket, to which the superintendent referred, was not the wooden ticket, but a cardboard one. Each man has a ticket of this kind allotted to him on which are entered the essential facts

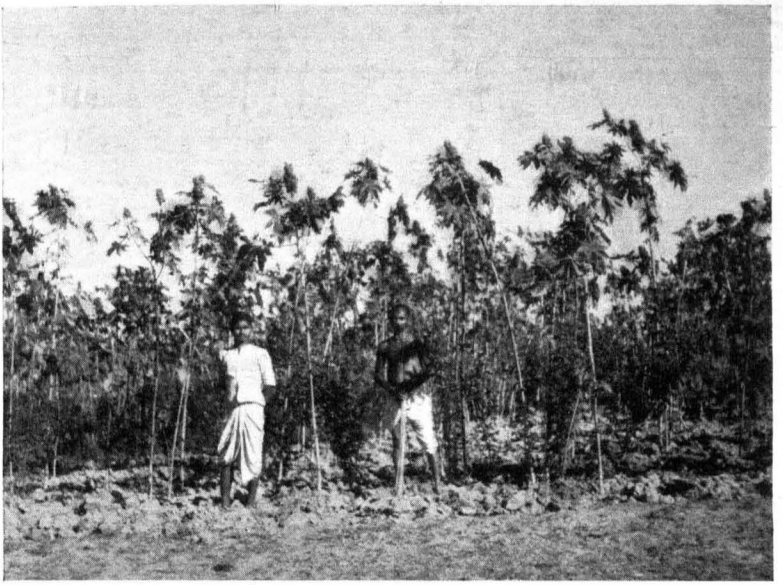
of his life in prison. Normally these tickets are kept in the office, but to-day they have been distributed among the prisoners for Lawrence's convenience. Lawrence examines two or three and notices that, as usual, each prisoner's weight has gone up since he came to jail, for the food supplied in jail is better and more plentiful than the ordinary prisoner can afford in his own home.

Before he leaves the ward Lawrence glances inside the barrack. Along each side of the bare walls is a row of what look like oblong earthen platforms erected on the floor. These are the beds. They are solid masonry with a clay-wash and must be uncommonly hard, but Lawrence has never heard anyone complain about them. Perhaps fatigue is a better soporific than a feather-bed. The place is spotlessly clean but so cheerless.

Lawrence passes on to the next ward. It is labelled 'Habituals'. Here the men are weaving *daris*. The loom is only a few inches above the ground, and for convenience a hole is dug in the ground in which the weaver sits. Lawrence watches one plying his shuttle. The pattern which is evolving is of a fantastic, gaudy kind. The superintendent points this out admiringly and informs Lawrence that the *dari* is being made for a local official. The weaver owes his skill to the training he has received during his frequent visits to jail. He appears to take as much pride in his art as if he were free, and evidently enjoys being selected for special commendation.

The next ward is also labelled 'Habituals'. It contains two barracks. The first is the smithy and in it a couple of men are busy forging fetters for their fellow-prisoners. In the other barrack a dozen men are grinding corn. The sweat is pouring down their bare chests, for theirs is the hardest of all jail tasks. One of the men has fetters on his legs. Lawrence asks the reason why. It is by way of punishment. The man repeatedly failed to do his quota of work and finally, when rebuked by the superintendent, became insolent and insubordinate.

The next ward bears the name 'Undertrials'. (What would Mr. Herbert think of that?) Here there are seventy or eighty men, more than in any other ward, but unlike the men elsewhere they are all idle, for they are still awaiting their fate at the hands of magistrate or judge. They are drawn up in two lines. They



Castor Oil Plants

Cattle Grazing

wear their own clothes, but some wear fetters too—these are the men accused of murder, dacoity, or some other specially heinous offence. Lawrence glances at the cards which each holds before him. Some of the cards are upside down, and their illiterate holders are sharply informed of this by the jailor. What Lawrence is on the look-out for particularly is undue delay in the hearing of cases by magistrates, and whenever a man has been kept in jail for over a month without some obviously good reason Lawrence takes his card with a view to making inquiries from the magistrate. The men who have been here longest of all are awaiting their trial before the judge. Lawrence can issue no orders to him, but if he notices any special delay in a case after committal to the sessions, he takes the card so that he may bring this to the judge's notice. Lubrication of the official wheels is one of Lawrence's most important and most exacting duties.

It is not only the clothes and idleness that distinguish the 'undertrials' from the convicts. The convicts might be dumb men—for the most part, as Lawrence passes, they never utter a word, as if the iron of discipline had eaten into their souls. The 'undertrials', though not talkative, are less reticent, and quite a number speak to Lawrence as he goes along the line. One protests his innocence, another complains of the length of his trial, a third asks permission to send a petition to the court, and so on.

The next ward is a small one. It contains the 'juvenile undertrials'. There are four youths here. One, Lawrence notices, is an *Ahēria*, a member of a criminal tribe. "Why," he asks, "is an *Ahēria* put here?"

"Because he's under twenty," says the jailor.

"But the object of keeping youths separate is to save them from contamination. This youth must have been contaminated long ago, and will only contaminate the others."

"That's the rule," mumbles the jailor, half apologetically, half obstinately.

And even the superintendent is inclined to side with the jailor. Lawrence will have to put down his orders in writing and thus shoulder the responsibility of breaking the letter of the rule.

The next enclosure which Lawrence visits appears to be deserted. Instead of being in the yard the occupants are all inside

the building which bears the label 'Hospital'. As Lawrence enters it his nose is repelled by a strong smell of phenyle and his eyes oppressed by a dismal sight. There are about twenty beds, like those we have already seen, six of which are occupied. There are no mattresses, the pillows are hard and only an inch or so thick, and the bedding consists entirely of rough blankets. There is nothing at all to brighten the dreary walls and floors. What discomfort it would be to live in such surroundings, even if one were in the best of health! Three of the patients are suffering from leg-ulcers caused by fetters, one has malaria, the fifth was injured when resisting arrest, and the last has pneumonia. Lawrence feels helpless in the presence of such misery. What is wanted is the human touch, and no orders of his will create that. For relief he turns to a couple of old men who are officially swatting flies. They are members of the infirm gang, too old and weak to perform the ordinary jail tasks. One of them has a long white beard and looks as if he might have stepped out of a stained-glass window. Lawrence learns that he is the brains of a murderous gang of dacoits.

The next enclosure contains nothing to cheer Lawrence up. Here too no prisoners are to be seen in the yard, but only a police sentry standing in front of what look like six iron cages. Four of the cages are empty. In each of the other two a man is standing, grasping a bar with both hands and staring out, the picture of despair. These are the condemned cells. One of the men is to be hanged to-morrow morning. He begs Lawrence to see that his fields pass to his son. Lawrence promises that this shall be done, and the doomed wretch seems resigned. The other man says nothing but folds his hands in supplication. Lawrence grinds his teeth and goes along the path which those two others will so soon have to tread. This leads him to an enclosed space. To the superintendent and the jailor it seems quite empty save for an erection in the middle, but Lawrence in imagination sees lining the walls the police guard armed with muskets and on the scaffold the ghosts of the poor wretches whom in his young days he saw launched to eternity.

The superintendent breaks in upon Lawrence's reverie. "There's nothing here for you to see." The spell is broken.

We pass from the gloomiest to the brightest place in the jail, the vegetable-garden, and except for the high walls one might imagine oneself in some fertile village field.

As Lawrence returns to the hub from which he started, he remembers that he failed to see one thing, the smoking building at the centre. Over an enormous fire half a dozen men are baking huge *chipātīs* which they divide up with iron rings. The men are Brahmins, for even in jail caste rules must be observed, and for this reason Lawrence is careful not to pollute any of the *chipātīs* with his touch.

A little distance from the kitchen two men are sitting on the ground, doing nothing and looking an absolute blank. One is a 'civil' prisoner who has been brought here by debt: the other could not pay his fine. They rise as Lawrence approaches, and he asks them whether they would not prefer to do some work and earn money or the right to a larger ration, but he knows before he hears the answer that it will be "No."

Before he writes his inspection note Lawrence leaves the main jail and proceeds to an annexe a little way beyond. This is the women's jail, and in place of the hundreds of occupants of the men's jail, here there are only four, for even in crime Indian women hardly count. One of the women has a baby with her. All are kept in one room under the charge of a hag-like wardress. As they stop winding their thread and stand up, they hang their heads, as if more ashamed of being forced to submit to the gaze of a strange man than of what has brought them here.

In his note Lawrence suggests that the lives of the prisoners might be brightened in some way. How deadening it all is! How do the prisoners spend their leisure? They have not even any books. No wonder that so many crimes are planned in jail.

Lawrence has hardly reached his bungalow when a *dālī* of vegetables arrives from the jail. To refuse it would be churlish.

The Treasury. It is March 31, a red-letter day for Indian officialdom, for this is the last day of the financial year, and it will witness frantic last-minute efforts to spend grants that will otherwise lapse. But what concerns us at present is that it is one of the two days in the year when the collector has to count not

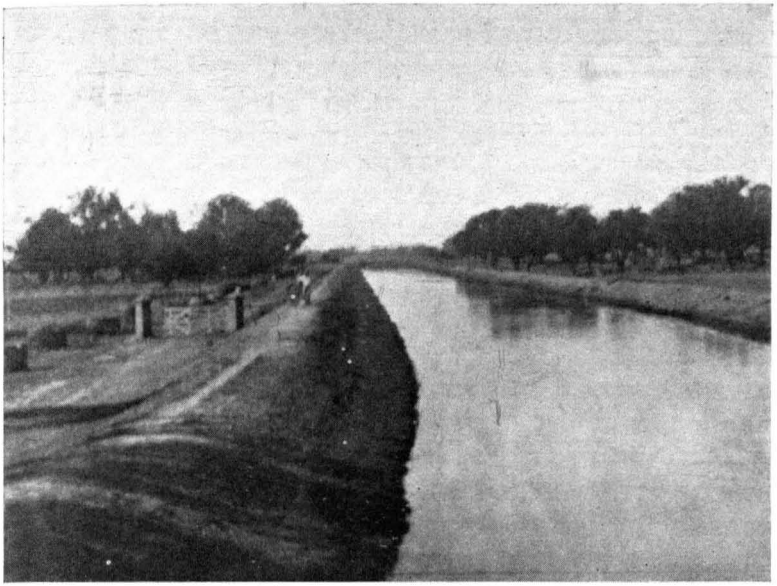
merely the cash—that has to be done once a month—but also the stamps. Lawrence is at work in his court-room, awaiting the summons, and presently a *chaprāsī* arrives and announces that all is ready. Lawrence sets off with a sinking heart to endure as tedious a couple of hours as ever falls to his lot.

At the entrance to the treasury he is received by the treasury officer and the treasurer's agent, while the police sentry presents arms (Lawrence arrives in an atmosphere of 'Present arms'). The door consists of a ponderous iron grating and is fitted with two padlocks of which one key remains with the treasurer or his agent and the other with the treasury officer, so that it cannot be opened except in the presence of both.

The treasury officer accompanies Lawrence inside the treasury, but the treasurer's agent stays outside to receive or pay money, as the case may be. The treasury-room is small and dark and stuffy, the only apertures consisting of the door and a little grated window. It is made for security, not comfort. The walls are lined with massive iron safes and on the floor there are several large, stout chests.

A clerk lays a register upon the table at which Lawrence sits. It shows that apart from the currency chest, to which we will come later, the treasury contains nearly three lakhs of rupees (about £22,500), most of it in notes or 'whole rupees', as rupee coins are styled.

First Lawrence gives his attention to the notes. There is one for Rs1,000 and two for Rs500 and there are thousands of notes varying from Rs100 to Rs1, though before the Great War no note was worth less than Rs5. The Rs100 notes must be counted by Lawrence one by one, but for the other notes Lawrence employs a more cursory method—he has not time to be more thorough. Those notes which have never been issued to the public are bound together in books from which they can be torn, but the rest are tied in bundles. Lawrence first assumes that the books and bundles contain the notes which they purport to and compares the total so obtained with the entries in the register. Then he hastily glances through the notes of a few books to see that no numbers are missing in the series. After that he examines the bundles. These consist mostly of a hundred notes. Some of them are



A Main Canal

Lifting Water from a Jhil with Baskets

divided into smaller bundles which make check easier, but the smaller notes are not so treated. Lawrence, however, does not attempt the tedious task of counting the hundred notes separately. Instead he turns back a few, the number of which he keeps secret, and gets a clerk, who aided by frequent application of his finger to his tongue is far quicker than Lawrence at the game, to count the rest in the bundle, and a little addition sum shows whether the total is correct.

Next come the coins. First the rupees. There are over 150 bags of them, each containing 1,000 rupees. The bags are of open net-work, so that the nature of the contents can be seen from outside. There is not room for all the bags in one safe. So they are distributed between two. Even so the bags have to be piled five high. Lawrence selects one bag and a man extracts it with an effort and drops, rather than puts, it on the ground. It weighs about 30 lb. avoirdupois. The treasurer's agent squats on the floor, opens the bag, and pours the contents out. Lawrence picks up a handful of the coins and counts them to himself. The agent assisted by a clerk heaps the rest of the coins in piles of twenty. The piles grow steadily till there are forty-eight of them. The agent counts the odd coins left. "Twenty-three," he announces as the number held by Lawrence. Lawrence nods assent and hands back the coins, but the agent takes no risk and recounts them before he adds them to his piles.

The agent, however, does not replace the coins in the bags at once. Instead he puts them in the pan of a huge pair of scales. Lawrence then selects others bags and their contents are weighed, each in turn, against the thousand rupees already counted. In no case is the difference in weight more than three rupees, so all the bags are passed, for up to that weight the difference can be accounted for by wear and tear.

Then come all sorts of coins of lower value, made of silver, nickel, or copper. Lawrence checks a few bags of silver and nickel coins, but the copper coins he takes for granted, merely opening one of the gunny bags, in which they are kept, to satisfy himself that the contents are really coins and not iron filings. The smallest coin of all is a pie, which is worth about a third of a farthing. A single bag of these coins contains 9,600 coins, of which the total

value is only Rs50; and Lawrence would rather risk having to pay their value than count them or wait long enough for someone else to do so.

Lawrence next examines various kinds of rupees marked for withdrawal from circulation. Some are light-weight, others are defaced, others belong to the years 1835 or 1840. What the objection is to the last kind Lawrence could never discover. Can it be that they contain too much silver?

Even this does not exhaust the coins. For there remains what is known as the currency chest; which surely has been named on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo*, for this chest contains notes and coins which cannot be made current without the orders of superior authority. The total value is over two lakhs, but Lawrence soon disposes of the lot, for it is made up entirely of notes and ' whole rupees ', and the notes are all in books and the chest has not been opened since his last inspection a month ago.

Now for the most wearisome part of all—the stamps. To the layman ' stamps ' mean postage-stamps, and those only of a few denominations, but to one who is unfortunate enough to have to inspect an Indian treasury, it means something vastly different. There are stamps for postage, for court-fees, for official copies of judgments and other documents, for deeds, for bills of exchange and for lawyers' certificates; and under most of these heads there are endless sorts and denominations. Take postage for instance. There is ordinary postage, postage on Government service, postage for the air-mail, ' labels ' as adhesive stamps are called, postcards and reply postcards, registered and unregistered envelopes of all shapes and sizes. Luckily Lawrence is required to count only 10 per cent. Stamps in constant demand are kept in scores of sheets, others are so rarely needed that only one or two specimens are kept which have grown soiled with age and are familiar to Lawrence as old enemies. Some stamps meant for documents are printed on sheets of paper and these for convenience sake are divided into hundreds by placing the stamp-end of the paper different ways for alternate lots. These Lawrence counts in the same way as the notes, turning back a few and getting a clerk to count the balance. So he wades through one register after another, calling out each denomination that he desires to be produced.

At last the stamps are done and Lawrence rises to inspect the opium which is kept in the treasury for security. First he peers into a chest, where twenty cakes are packed, each weighing a seer (about 2 lb.) and looking like a monstrous caramel wrapped in grease-paper. As Lawrence handles one or two, he becomes more conscious of the rather sickening smell which he always associates with the treasury. Then a *chaprāsī* lifts a lid from a pit in the floor and, letting himself down, brings out another maund or so of cakes for Lawrence's inspection.

That ends the ' double-lock '. But Lawrence still has to count the non-postage stamps under ' single-lock ' which have been issued to the clerk for sale to the public. And after that the *nāzir*, who keeps the petty cash of the collector's office, appears, and Lawrence proceeds to check his balance of cash and stamps.

Finally Lawrence signs various statements, embodying the results of his inspection. Of course he has not found a single shortage—that is the justification of the system. Then he looks anxiously around to see whether anyone else has a register to produce. No, thank goodness! He is free!

The Collectorate. To-day we will accompany Lawrence on a tour of his office, not on his annual inspection, for that is a thorough business occupying several days, but on a general look-round which he makes from time to time.

Before entering the building Lawrence walks around the spacious but unattractive compound, with no adornment except a few large trees. On one side there are rows of pitches for the satellites of the courts. Some of the pitches are bare plots of earth, most of them, however, have a wooden platform for the occupant to sit on, while the more magnificent ones boast a temporary shed of wooden posts and corrugated iron roof. Some of the occupants are lawyers of various grades—*mukhtārs*, pleaders, *vakīls*, and even one or two full-fledged barristers: others are petition-writers who for a few annas turn the villager's unsophisticated tale into legal jargon; others are stamp vendors, licensed to sell, not postage-stamps but stamps required for judicial and legal purposes. The lawyers call their pitches ' chambers ' and sit on chairs, but for all that many of them are hardly better off than the humbler occu-

pants of the other pitches. Around the pitches are knots of litigants and witnesses, prepared to make a day of it. Other groups are scattered all over the compound, but specially under the shade of the trees. Under one tree squats a group of men, ready, so malicious rumour says, to give evidence for anyone who will pay for it. There is nothing, however, to detain Lawrence in the compound to-day beyond a few pot-holes in the roads, and after telling the *nāzir* to arrange for their repair, he goes inside the building.

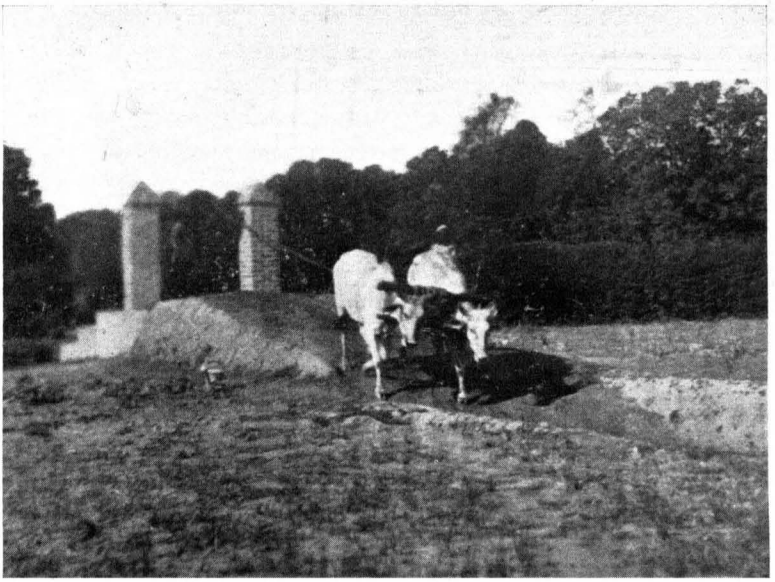
But before following him let us have a glance at the building from outside. It is long, one-storied, two rooms deep. The roof is flat and the walls are made of white-plastered brick. A verandah runs all round with frequent doors opening into it, and there are lofty porches to afford protection against sun and rain. There is no apparent architectural design, and you could add a bit or take a bit away without altering the general effect.

In the compound are other smaller buildings of the same dull, mass-production type. These are the offices of the superintendent of police, the special manager of the Court of Wards, and the combined police-guard quarters and prisoners' lock-up, not to mention numerous out-houses—all dumped down anyhow, a higgledy-piggledy collection.

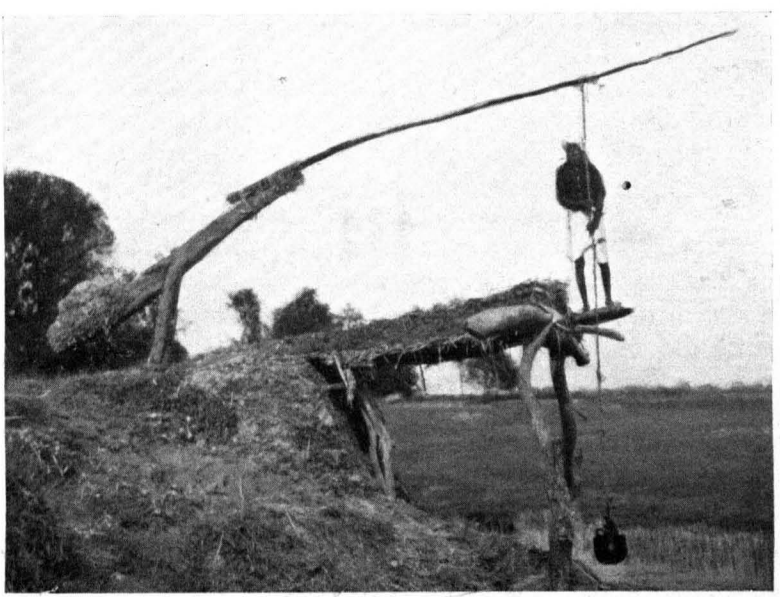
By the time we have entered the main building, Lawrence has reached the English office. Here are the chief clerks, for the most important matters are now dealt with in English. They are seated at a long table and before each clerk is a jumble of papers. All seem deeply engrossed in their work—abnormally so, thinks Lawrence cynically, as he considers how long it usually takes him to get the simplest order carried out. He glances at one or two files to see that they have not been left untouched unduly long according to Indian standards and then departs.

Meanwhile the office superintendent, the chief clerk of all, has appeared from his little private room, ingratiating and anxious. He attaches himself to Lawrence for the rest of his inspection, ready to produce the appropriate reply whenever a subordinate clerk's imagination proves unequal to the task.

Adjoining is the 'English record room' where English non-judicial records are kept. Lawrence opens the register at random



Bullocks Drawing Water from a Well



The Dhenkli Method of Raising Water