


# INDIA

MONTHLY MAGAZINE





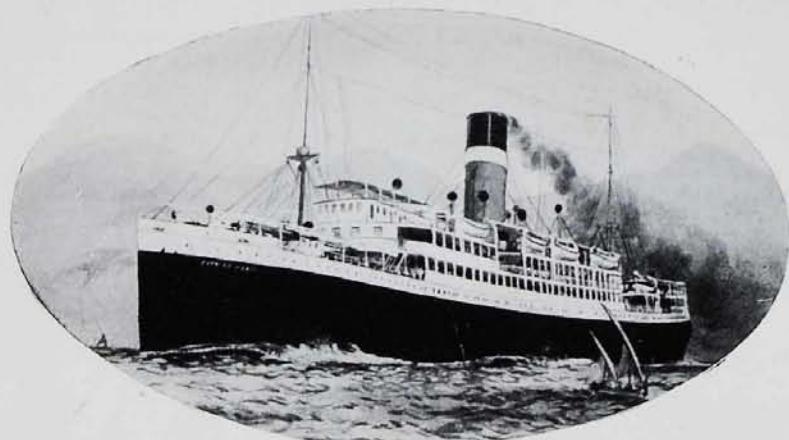
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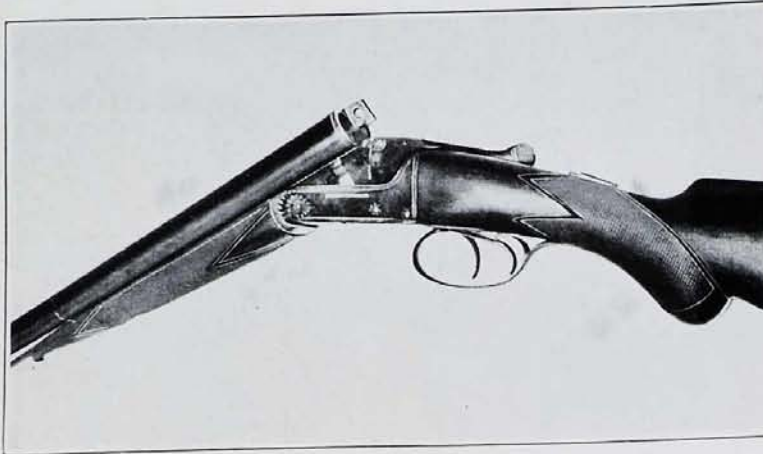
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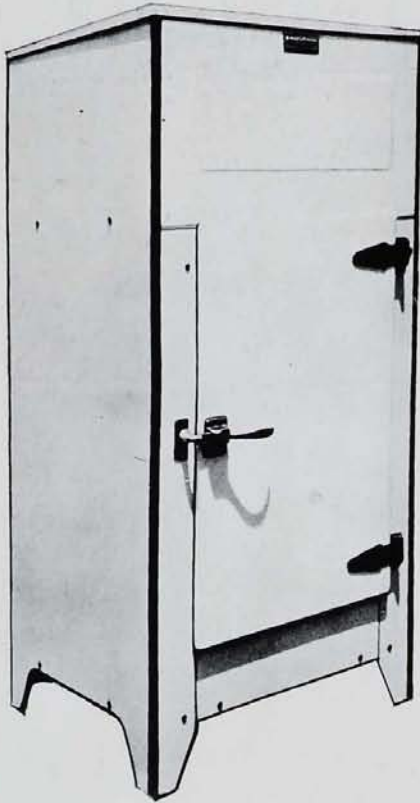
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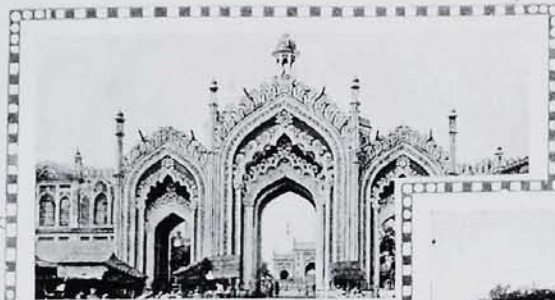
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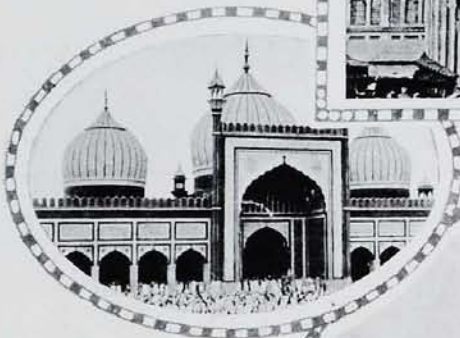
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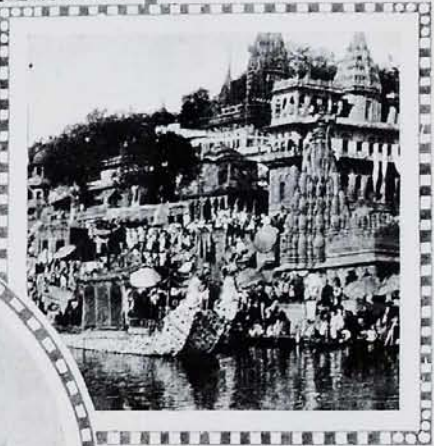
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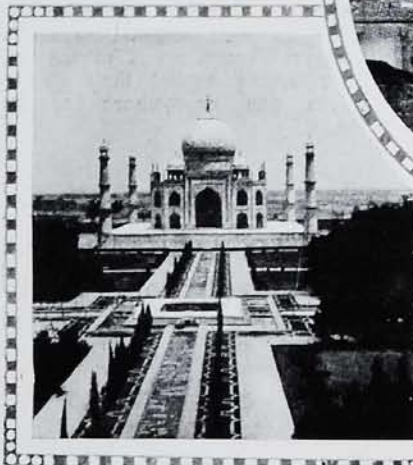
DELHI



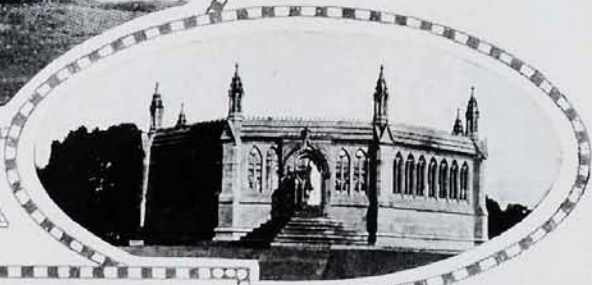
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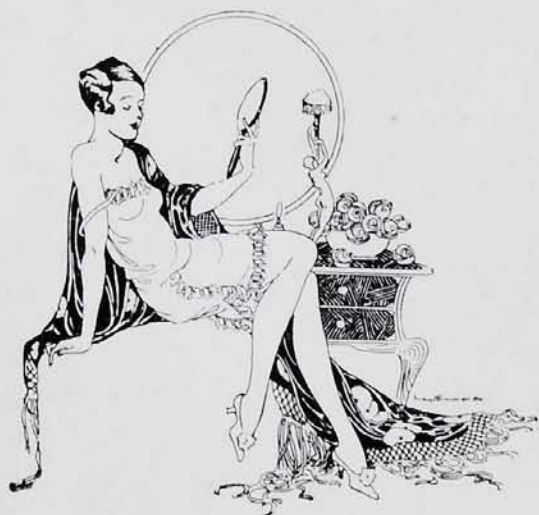
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## Wedding Bells

**STANFORD—WARREN**—At Christ Church, Shaw, Wilts., Capt. Henry Marrant Stanford, M.C., R.H.A., youngest son of the late Edward Stanford and of Mrs. Stanford, The Stone House, Aldringham, Suffolk, and Edith Hamilton, younger daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Warren and of Mrs. Warren, Shaw House, Melksham, Wilts.

\* \*

**FOX—PAGE**—At St. George's, Bickley, John Mortimer, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fox, of Bickley, to Ilma May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Page, of Auckland, New Zealand.

\* \*

**GEDDES—CUTLER**—At Calcutta, Trevor Ridgway, younger son of Mr. Samuel Geddes and the late Mrs. Geddes, of Indianapolis, Indiana, U.S.A., to Ethel Rachel, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. U. Cutler, of Calcutta.

\* \*

**WATSON—GREENE**—At the Parish Church, Frimley, James Christian Victor Kiero, only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. Kiero Watson, of Fleet, and Miriam Constance, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Greene, Coldrennick, Camberley.

\* \*

**RODWELL—CALLARD**—At Holbrook Parish Church, Douglas Hunter Rodwell to Mrs. Norman Callard, widow of Lieut.-Col. Callard.

\* \*

**HUMPHRY—GEDGE**—At Pewsey, John McNab Humphry, M.C., Sudan Political Service, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Humphry, Fleet, Hants., to Mary, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. S. Gedge, of Pewsey.

\* \*

**GRANVILLE—GLADWIN-ERRINGTON**—At the Chapel of the Savoy, Lieut.-Col. C. Granville, of Bridestowe, Devon, to Mrs. G. D. Gladwin-Errington, of Bacton, Norfolk.

\* \*

**BARNARD—TYE**—At Calcutta, on 15th September, 1928, George Harry, second surviving son of Mr. Ellis Barnard, of West Car, Attleborough, Norfolk, and the late Mrs. Barnard, to Mabel May, youngest daughter of Mrs. H. Tye, of Rushden, Northants, and the late Mr. Henry Tye.



## Welcome to our World

**FRAMPTON**—To Hilda Mary, the wife of H. J. Frampton, I.C.S., a daughter.

\* \*

**CANNING**—On 14th September, at Naini Tal, to Georgina May, wife of F. Canning, I.F.S., a son.

\* \*

**DORLING**—At Highfield, Shrewton, Wilts., to Hezel, wife of Major L. Dorling, Royal Artillery, a daughter.

\* \*

**MORGAN**—On 14th September, at Mussorie, to Eleanor, wife of D. L. Morgan, Indian Police, a son.

\* \*

**DOWSON**—At Yatiyantota, Ceylon, to Enid, wife of Wilfred C. Dowson, a son.

\* \*

**MURRAY**—On 14th September, in Paris, to Margaret Lyle, wife of Major L. G. Murray, The Gordon Highlanders, a son.

\* \*

**MAY**—At Newton, Elgin, to Myrtle, wife of Capt. C. W. May, 12th Frontier Force Regt., a son.

\* \*

**MALCOLM**—At Lexham Gardens, Kensington, to Doris, wife of C. A. Malcolm, I.F.S., a daughter.

\* \*

**KILBURN**—On 16th September, at Rupai Tea Estate, Assam, to Mary, wife of F. S. Kilburn, a daughter.

\* \*

**OWEN**—On 20th September, to Stella, wife of R. T. Owen, a daughter.

\* \*

**DODINGTON**—At Bangalore, to Jeanne, wife of Captain J. M. Dodington, The Wiltshire Regt., a daughter.

\* \*

**WEST**—On 17th September, at Karachi, to Mabelle Lyall, wife of Capt. A. C. Erskine West, The Baluch Regt., a son.

\* \*

**CAVENDISH-MOORE**—At Mussoorie, to Muriel, wife of W. G. Cavendish-Moore, a daughter.



# Topical to the Tropical

A review of the doings and interests of the people of India

## Lady Irwin

The recent operation on her youngest son, Richard, has delayed the departure of Lady Irwin and Miss Anne Wood by one week, and they will not now reach Viceregal Lodge until 14th October. This is a great disappointment, particularly as the next Black Hearts Revel had been arranged to coincide with their earlier arrival. Miss Anne Wood, who is a young lady with great charm of manner and appearance, as well as a vast capacity for enjoying life, has had a most pleasant season at home and is now looking forward to a busy and cheerful cold weather.



## Lives are cheap in India

We recently passed along a street lined with dust-bins awaiting the dust cart. This disease-spreading anachronism was already in the road, rubbish was being flung into it and the dust rose in clouds. Less than five yards away was a *dudh-wallah* with two large cans of milk uncovered and from which he was complacently ladling the contents.



## The Better Driver

Controversy has been stirred recently amongst our motoring organisations about the relative merits of men and women as drivers. The truth seems to be that men drive cars better than women, but women drive men better than cars.



A family affair.

## India's Parliament

A short session of the Legislative Assembly has come to a close. Admission to the galleries has been eagerly sought by those who are interested in wordy warfare and debate. It is unfortunate that the acoustics of the hall permit the Ladies Gallery—for the most part—to hear only speakers on the Government benches, and the Distinguished Strangers to hear only the Opposition. But practice improves the listening ear. On these occasions how blessed are those endowed with the heaven-sent gift of repartee, and how happy must be the moments such as that lately enjoyed by a distinguished Member, who, on being asked whether Government

intended giving compensation in some small Railway accident, was able to answer in the negative, as the only sufferer had been found to be travelling without a ticket.

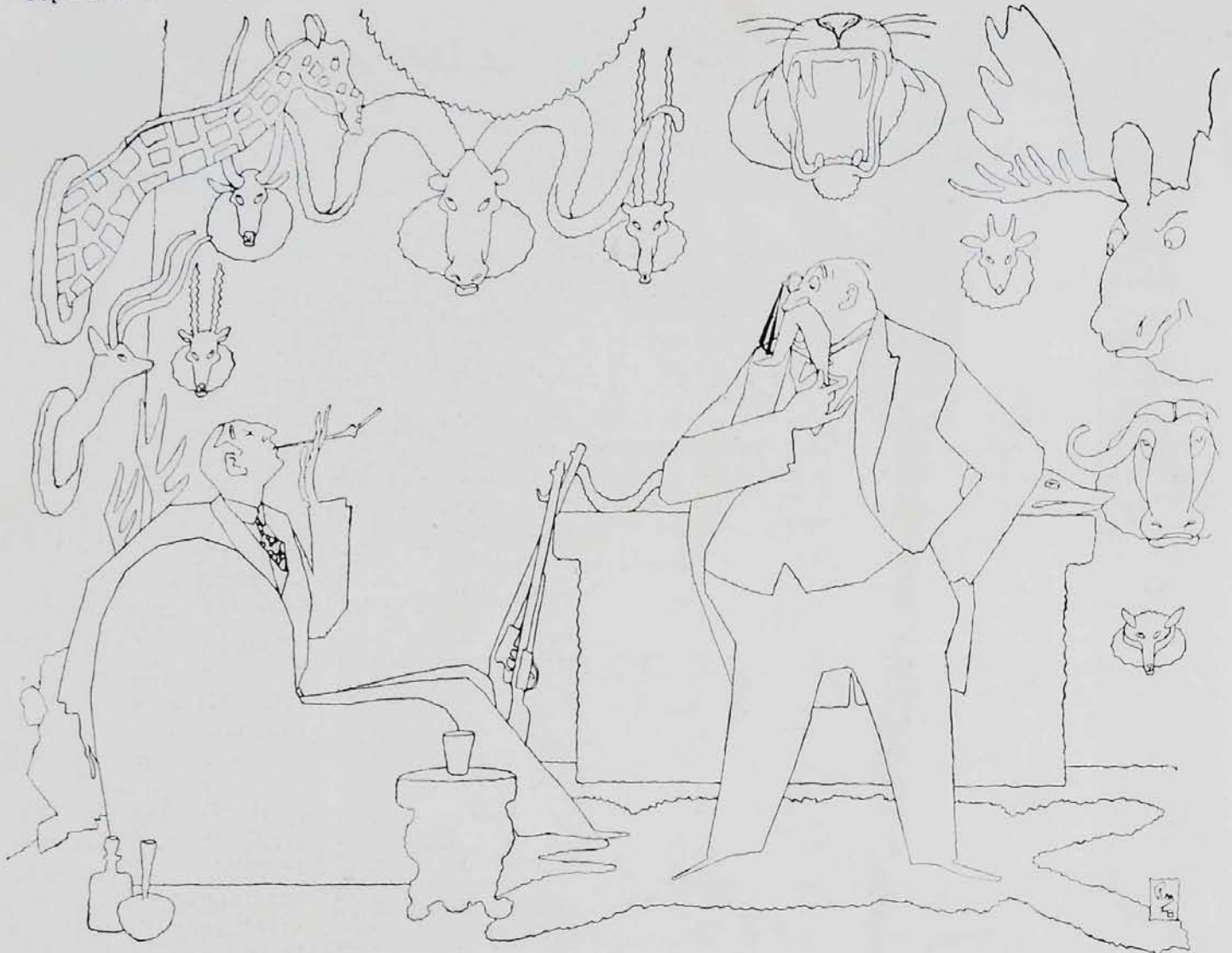


## Noses and Hats

Simla has had two particularly good entertainments to its credit this month. The first was a Hat and Nose party given at Snowden by the Personal Staff of H. E. the Commander-in-Chief. The feminine guests appeared in head-dresses, and the male members in false noses, and the general effect had to be seen to be believed. The second party was given to grown-up children by Sir Victor Sassoon. About sixty guests assembled, strangely attired in infantile garments, to find their host arrayed as a schoolmaster. There was also a Nannie,—a male impersonator with a passion for washing his charges' faces, and a doctor with a terrifying black bag and a bottle of enormous proportions, labelled Castor Oil. Each "child" found its bib waiting for it at the dinner table, and after a marvellous evening they kept early hours as children should.



Topical to the Tropical



Fed-up Listener: " Ah, yes; and the big fellow over your head? Yawned himself to death, what?"

*Indian Air Ports*

Great cities to-day are invariably great because they are sea-ports. Will the great cities of the future be great because they are great air ports? For instance, are Calcutta and Bombay likely in a hundred years to have given place to an inland metropolis—a large air junction?

Everybody believes that aviation is due for a tremendous advance but many people hold that it will not be for some time.

In the meantime wise cities will purchase land for airports just the same. Allahabad for instance might become an ideal air junction. Geographically it is well situated and it is adequately fed by the railways. The removal of Government offices to Lucknow has been a setback to its prestige and the installation of an air terminus would give this decaying city a fresh lease of life.



*Zoological*

An American friend sends us this story from New York:—

Up at the zoo one hot afternoon the bath water of one of the elephants was cut off when the pipe line broke. This was tough on the animal's keeper,

who had to keep the elephant supplied with water by carrying it in a pail. The tap was a good distance from the elephant, the trips were long, the buckets heavy, but doggedly the faithful keeper stuck to his task. Perspiring and gasping, he would stagger to the animal with a full pail only to see the contents instantly siphoned out and dissipated in spray. For hours this had kept up. The keeper was on his fortieth or perhaps his fiftieth trip, when, passing the cage in which was confined a hippopotamus, he was stopped by a lady.

*(Continued on page 18.)*





## Our Portrait Gallery



*Lady Wilson is the wife of H. E. Sir Leslie Wilson, Governor of Bombay. Sir Leslie and his wife leave the Presidency in December, when his term of office ends. By her great charm and tact Lady Wilson has endeared herself to all classes in Bombay.*

## Topical to the Tropical

She was a stoutish lady, firm of disposition.

"My man," she said, "can you tell me whether that is a male hippopotamus or a female hippopotamus?"

Then the worm turned. The keeper set down his pail. He regarded the lady coldly. His tone was metallic.

"Madam," he said, "I don't see how that could interest anyone but a hippopotamus."



## Bad to Worse

An Indian recently ran from Howrah to Chandernagore in less than two hours. This is probably a world's record for from bad to worse.

## Smuggling

It has for long been a complaint of the big shops that the professional dressmaker, who descends upon us in large numbers at this time of the year, brings many of the gowns she sells into the country as her own, thus avoiding the payment of duty.

*A modiste returning from Europe, they say,*

*Brought clothing and jewels, so rare*

*Which she tried to slip through, but*

*When caught in the act,*

*Said haughtily, "Well? I'll declare!"*

\* \* \*

## How Remarkable!

Beverly Nicholls, whose clever book "Are they the same at home?" which is having a vogue just now, relates the following story of an interview with Sir Edwin Lutyens, Chief Architect of the Empire, which took place on a walk from St. Anne's Gate to Trafalgar Square. Sir Edwin who was regaling the author with his usual fund of stories said, "When I was designing New Delhi they told me that in order to show sympathy with India, I must employ a pointed arch. So I sent the following reply: *When God created India, He did not show His wide sympathy by pointing the rainbow.*"



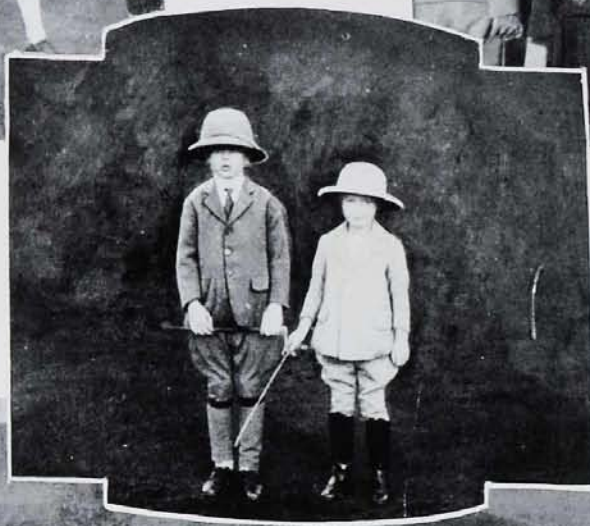
Golf at Gulmarg—a group of the players photographed after conclusion of the contest, Scotland vs. The World, which the former won by ten matches to eight.



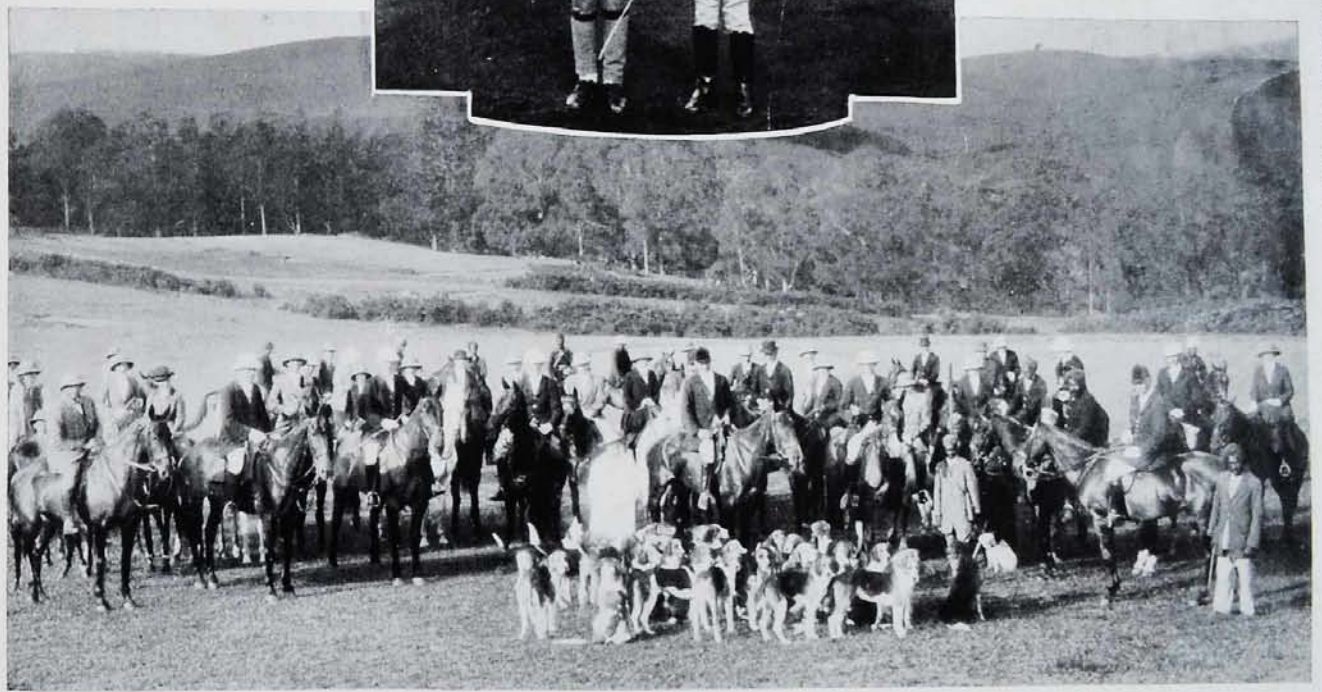
Lady Barton and friend.  
Lady Barton is the wife of the  
Resident in Mysore.



The M. F. H. receives  
Viscountess Goschen and the  
Hon. Mrs. Portal.



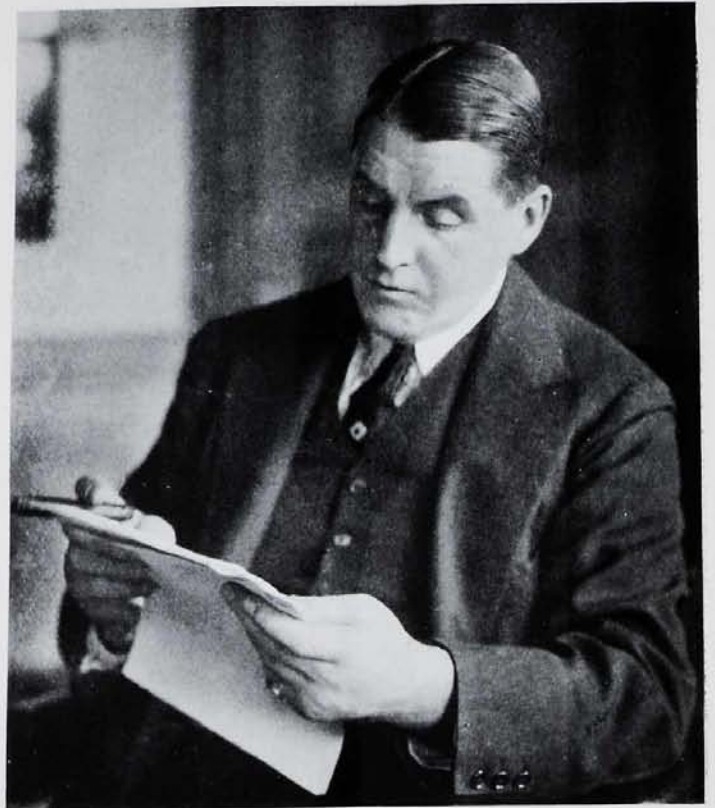
Centre: Eustace and Jeanette Balfour, grand-children of  
Lord and Lady Goschen.



H. E. Lord Goschen and Viscountess Goschen were "at Home" to the Ootacamund Hunt last month.



*Miss Muir Newson, daughter of Sir Percy Newson, formerly of Calcutta, whose marriage to the Master of Napier took place last month.*



*Lord Birkenhead, Secretary of State for India, is reported to be retiring from politics and entering the City.*



*A group of the officers of the 2nd Bn. Oxford & Bucks. Light Infantry, taken on the occasion of the retirement of the Officer Commanding, Lt.-Col. W. H. M. Freestun, C.M.G., D.S.O.*



The wedding of Capt. P. H. Denyer, of the Sikh Regiment, and Miss Alison B. Crow—the bride and bridegroom leaving the church after the ceremony.

## Muzzling

The Simla Municipal notices regarding the "marked increase of Rabies" were, for some time thought to be an eulogy on the increase of the infant population. A muzzling order has however shattered the fond illusion, and now the canine members of the community glare sadly forth from behind their vizors. Talking of Rabies, a good story comes to mind. A man was bitten by a mad dog and summoned medical aid too late. On being informed that his end was certain he drew towards him pen and paper. "My poor friend," said the doctor, "I am afraid you may not have time to make a will."

"What do you take me for?" snapped the patient, "This ain't no will. This is a list of people I want to bite before I die."



## After the Rugger Dinner

Rugger dinners are invariably spirited affairs, and the one held in Calcutta to mark the close of the All-India Tournament was no exception to the rule. It is a perfectly true story that is recorded below. The hero is a well-known member of a well-known team and in the early hours of the Sunday morning following the dinner was making his way home on foot—weak but as willing as ever after the night's proceedings.

"Gharry, saheb?" a veteran gharrywallah solicited.

"No; don't want to ride," said the sportsman, after solemn consideration. "Tell you what, though. Wrestle your horse for ten rupees. Give you the ten if I don't throw him in five minutes."

The gharrywallah pondered this strange proposal, and presently assented.

"Take his shoes off," the three-quarter commanded. But this point the jehu would not yield. His horse must remain shod, if there was to be a contest.

"Bout's off then," the swaying one pronounced. "Only professionals wrestle with shoes on. I'm 'n amateur. Bout's off."



H. E. Lord Goschen and Mrs. Sullivan at the Madras Police Sports.

*Ma'd not  
Marred*

"Looks like a wedding - c a k e fairy or a pantomime sprite, but what a pretty girl!" remarked a young man to a dance hostess recently. "Girl?" echoed the latter. "My dear man she has a daughter as tall as herself." "Don't care. She's charming and I'm going to dance with her if you'll introduce me," said he, and they moved away.

*Who shall say matrimony is ageing after that?*



Col. Dennistoun on "Miladi," winner of the Light-weight Plate.

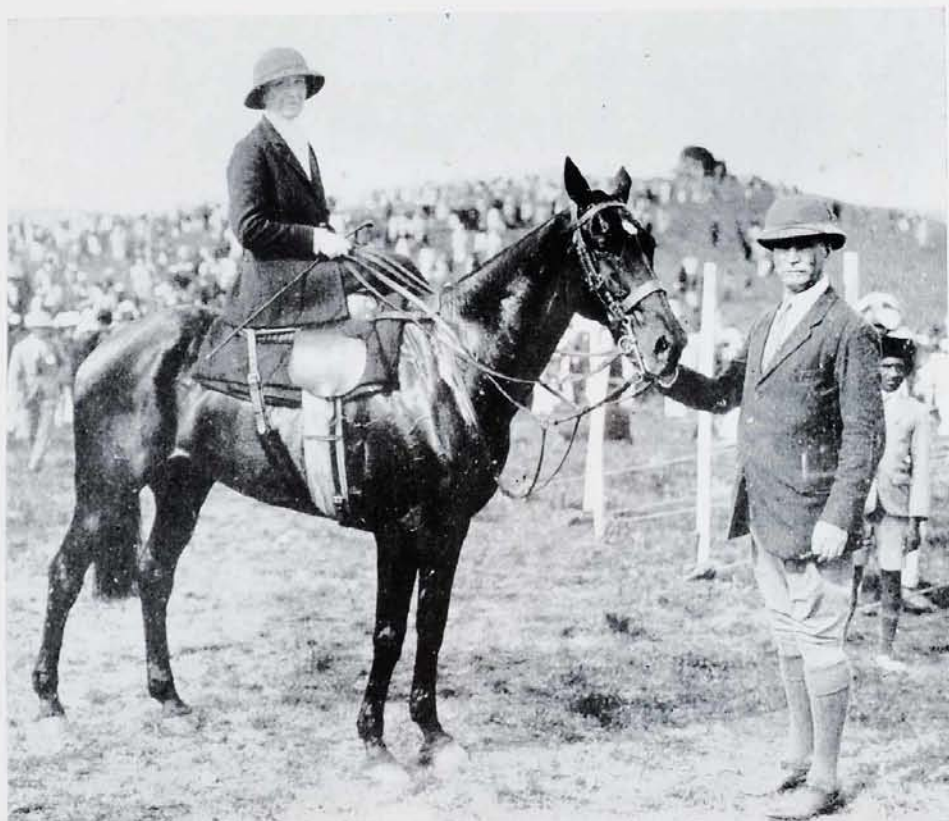
Motor-cars have been forbidden on most of the roads of our hill stations—probably because so many people who go there are run down.



The production of coal was evidently one of Nature's little errors. At the present time, it seems, nobody can afford to own a coal mine, to work in one, to sell the stuff or buy it.

*Changing Gibraltar*

All regular travellers to the East know something about Gibraltar, which is one of the "keys" of the journey. But few of them realise the changes which have taken place in this two hundred-year-old British possession in the last fifty years. The most rapid period of improvement began from the Governorship of Sir Archibald Hunter and continued with successive Governors up to the Governor who has just retired—Sir Charles Monro. The City Council, established by Sir Henry Smith-Dorrien, has inaugurated many improvements the latest of which, when completed, is to be a new road and tunnel (to be bored on the south side) completely encircling the rock for traffic.



Mrs. Hobbs on "Poker," winner of the Ladies Open Race at the Ootacamund Point to Point Races.

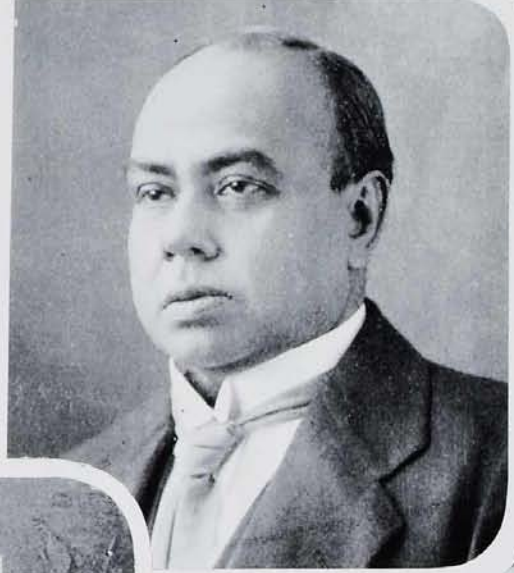


CHOICE

## CREATING INTEREST NOW—AND WHY



Sir Clement Hindley is the latest Indian administrator to resign in order to take up an important post at home. He has been appointed to the Totalisator Control Board to which duties he will bring valuable business experience acquired as Agent of the East Indian Railway, Chairman of the Calcutta Port Commissioners and Chief Commissioner for Railways successively.



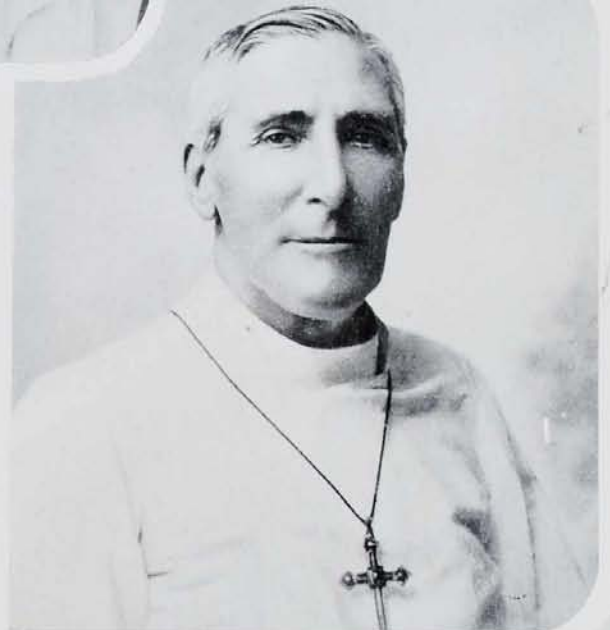
Sir P. C. Mitter has joined the Bengal Executive Council and thus adds to a long and distinguished record of public service. Some years ago he closed a successful career as a vakil at the Calcutta Bar and since then he has devoted himself to the service of the State.



Mr. V. J. Patel, President of the Legislative Assembly, was largely in the public eye last month. His recommendations to Government in regard to the President's office were the subject of a despatch to the Secretary of State, and his casting vote against the Public Safety Bill decided the fate of that measure so far as the Assembly is concerned.



Miss Me Khin is the first woman to be appointed a Sessions Judge in this country. She is a Bachelor of Laws and the daughter of a Burma Civil Servant. Prior to her new appointment she was Assistant Registrar of the Rangoon High Court.



Dr. Rolleston Sterritt Fyffe has just retired from the Bishopric of Rangoon in which diocese he has worked since 1894. Thirty-four years ago he came to Burmah as a missionary and was elevated to his late appointment in 1910.





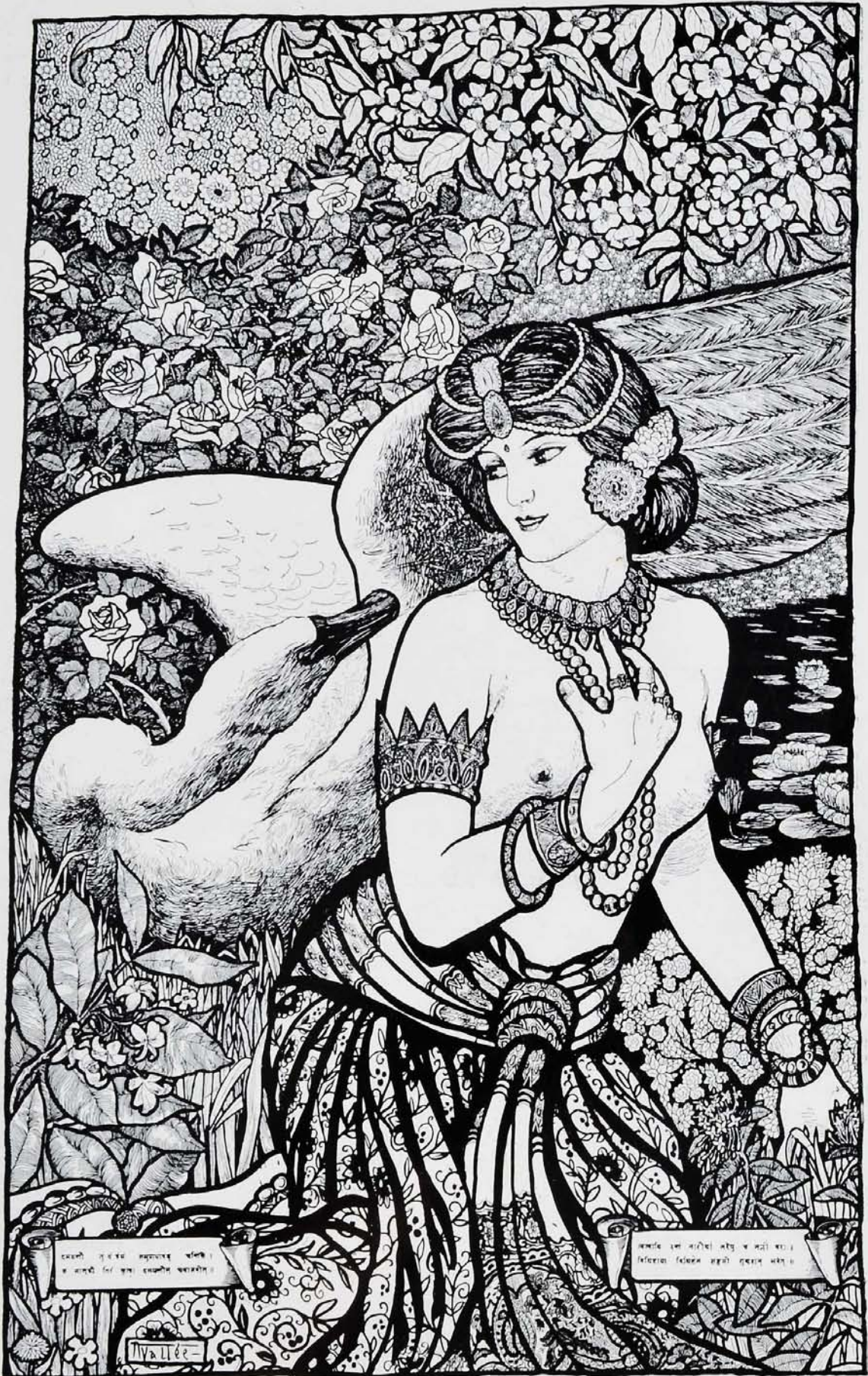
“My dear, I heard the funniest joke .....



oh, it was so comical !.....

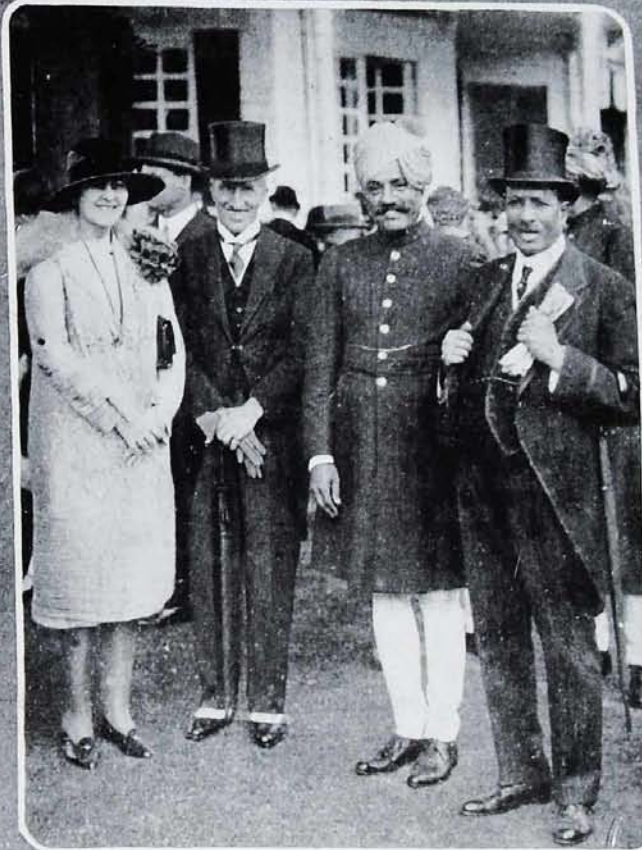


I do wish I could recall it !!”



DAMAYANTI AND THE SWAN

# DISTINGUISHED INDIANS IN LONDON



*H. H. the Maharajah of Palampur and Sir Ali Begh with friends at Ranelagh.*



*H. H. the Aga Khan's son on a recent visit to Harland and Wolfe's Works, Belfast.*



*H. H. the Maharajah of Burdwan and Lord Strathcona.*

# A DOG'S LIFE IN INDIA

By BEATRICE OLIVER

I HAVE always thought about writing a story. I feel I have the talent, and what is more, something to talk about, which, if it does not interest mere humans, will at least interest my friends in the canine world; anyhow the educated domestic members of the community.

I consider myself a dog of good pedigree, but I am a modest creature and will not dwell on the subject.

Master had me when I was quite a puppy, and although I do not remember the time, he tells me that he carried me in his pocket all over India. I was his constant companion in a place called Waziristan—a wild sort of place on the Frontier where they have wars. Of course my Mistress was not there, in fact I had no Mistress, for Master was what they call a bachelor in those days. They also call him a Captain Sahib, but people, I find, have many names, and they confuse me. Other Sahibs call him "Tiny"; now he is a very big man so why should they call him that? My Mistress calls him "David darling" and "Honey," and sometimes "Wretch" and other odd sounding names. Master calls her "Sweetheart" and "Ann-love," but I don't think I have ever heard him say anything odd like "Wretch." Even I am called by many names. "Ann-love" leaps at me and cuddling me will call me "Lovely hound" and "Boofulums," and I feel rather pleased till Master laughs at us and calls me "Pido" and "Ugly devil." But that is enough about names, I cannot understand them at all and so I do not expect you do either.

I always considered myself a man's dog until Master brought "Ann-love" to India; but women alter us somehow.

When Master went away he left me with his regiment, and I lived in a bungalow with three Sahibs and five dogs. He was away a very long time. Before he went he used to slap me on the back and point to a picture on his table, and say: "That's Ann, old man, that's Ann, and I am going home to marry her!"

So "Ann-love" came to India.

It took me some time to get used to her, but now I worship her like Master. I stay and look after her when Master is away. Sometimes the Sahibs all eat together in a place they call the Mess, and then I stay with the Mem-sahib. I do not know why they eat there. They make a great deal of noise; listen to a Band; play cards or billiards, and drink.

One hot weather we all went to a place called Kashmir. It may be a decent place, but not for dogs, at least not when you live on the water, as we did, in a house-boat. I could find no place to bury bones and I could not dash about after stones, both keen pastimes of mine.

I am very fond of swimming and Master used to throw sticks into the water for me to retrieve and bring back to him, but when I got on to the boat "Ann-love" would scream and run away while I shook my wet coat, and Master would laugh and call her "little goose."

Then one day something happened which I have never been able to understand.

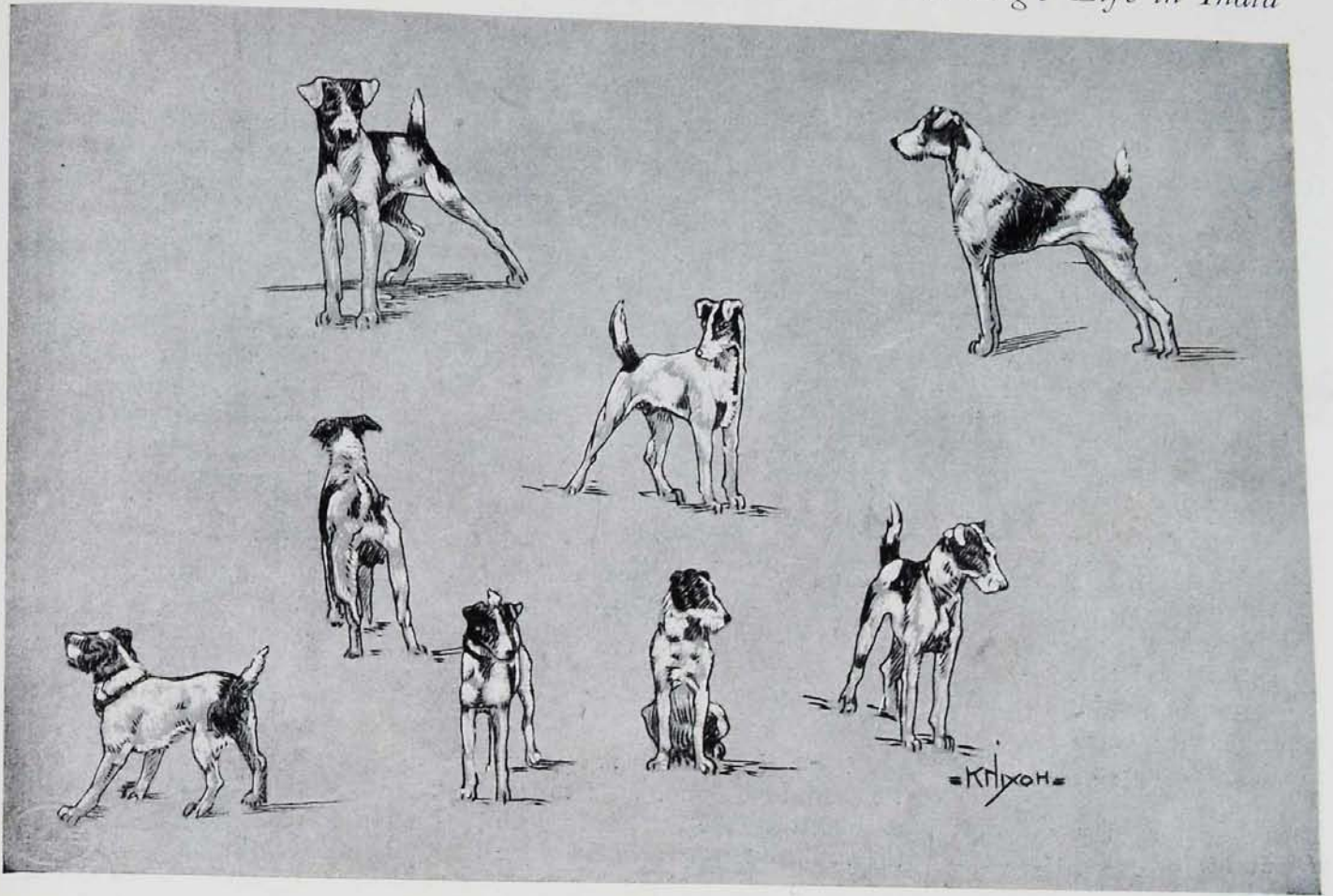
It was late in the evening and almost dark, and my Master and Mistress were standing together at the end of the boat. I heard



"Ann-love" say it was time for dinner and then, suddenly, she dived into the lake! I thought this was most extraordinary for Master did not throw a stick, and anyhow "Ann-love" never goes after them because she cannot swim. If they do go into the water they wear different clothes, "Ann-love" had never been in the lake at all, though Master had, and now she was wearing a lovely silvery thing, at least it was a lovely silvery thing before she went into the water.

There was tremendous excitement. Master cried out; "Curse those rotten boards! I knew this would happen!" and dived in after "Ann-love." I went in after Master, wondering what he meant, and servants came running with lanterns. I kept on barking to know what was the matter but no one took any notice of me at all. Master had "Ann-love" in his arm and she lay as if she were dead, while Master hung on to the boat with his other hand.

At last they got her on to the boat and the bearer brought a



Drawn by Miss Nixon for INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

flask and Master made "Ann-love" drink something out of it. She opened her eyes and said: "David," and then Master kissed her but she closed her eyes again and I thought she was dead. It was a terrible time! We got her into the shikara—that is a small boat you go about in—and took her over the water to dry land, then in a car till we got to a place called a Nursing Home.

I shall never forget that night with Master. Directly we were back on the boat he rushed to his room and threw himself on the bed and sobbed. It is terrible to hear anyone cry, and especially your Master. I jumped on the bed, licked his face, talked to him as best I could, and tried to pull his hands from his face, but it was no good. After a long time he patted me once or twice, and presently he got up and walked about. Up and down, up and down the narrow room, never

eating or drinking and still in his wet clothes.

Morning came at last and I heard Master order the shikara, then he had a bath and got into dry clothes. I stayed with him all the time and went with him in the shikara, but I had to stay in the car and wait for him while he went into the Nursing Home to "Ann-love."

He seemed to be gone a long time, but at last I heard him coming and leapt out of the car to meet him. As I jumped up at Master he caught me in his arms as he used to do when I was a puppy.

"It's alright, old man, at least it's going to be," he said. "She is going to get well and you're going to have a little Master when she comes back to us."

I did not know what Master meant, but I knew "Ann-love" was not dead. The funny part about it was that Master went

back to the boat and threw himself on the bed, just like he did the night before, and was all upset again. Men are strange creatures! I sat by the bed and waited, for I did not know what else to do, and presently Master got up and stroked my back, and said again that "Ann-love" would be alright and that he was an ass. "But a Baby boy, old fellow, think of that!" he said, and I did, but I was still foggy about what it meant.

And then "Ann-love" came back. She had been away a long time and I begged Master to take me with him to fetch her, but he would not let me go so I sat on the end of the boat and watched for them.

I barked a welcome as soon as I saw them coming and "Ann-love" called out: "My old Boofulums! Look what I've brought for you to take care of."

I looked down into the shikara

and there was Master and "Ann-love" a strange woman they called "Nurse," and there was an ayah, and in the Nurse's arms there was a bundle.

They all got out of the shikara and Master laid "Ann-love," very gently, on a long chair. The Nurse put the bundle into her arms and then Master held me up so that I could see what it really was.

I could not pretend to be very excited, but Master said it was the Baby, and he looked so happy, and as for "Ann-love" she looked quite beautiful. I tried to lick the tiny pink face, which made them all laugh, and Master put me down and said: "You're a jealous old pi!"

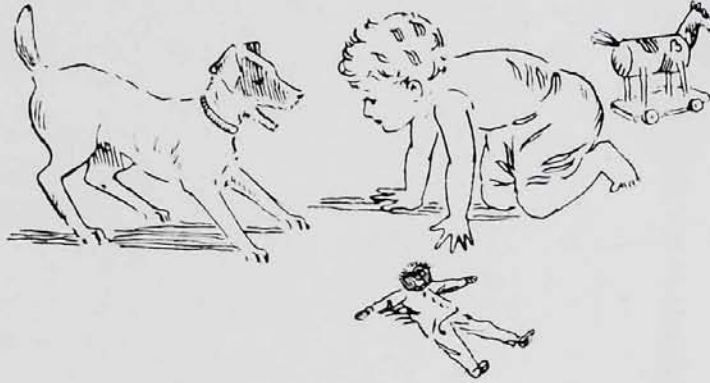
Then began such a different life that the early days seemed just a dream.

Everything was "Baby"—Master and Mistress simply worshipped that child. I often wished it had been a puppy so that I could get some fun out of it, but I really think they preferred it as it was.

The nights were disturbed with its crying and Master would carry it about till it was quiet again. The days were taken up with bathing it, feeding it, playing with it, and showing it to everyone who came to the boat. I never got a look in, but I am a wise creature and just bided my time. It is a good thing to remember the old saying: "Every dog has his day!" I used to lie near the cradle because I knew "Ann-love" liked me to, and one day when we were alone, she whispered to me: "You're still my lovely hound," she said, "and you are going to love little Master and take care of him."

Well, I did, it was extraordinary how I grew to love that child. Of course it altered,

After a time it stopped crying every five minutes and would lie and laugh and kick, and make weird noises. "Ann-love" would get so excited and cry out: "Oh! David, he smiled at me," and "David darling, look, he's found his fingers!" and "Quick, David, he's biting his toes!"



I began by getting mildly interested, and then I used to get excited too. We were back with the regiment now and everyone seemed to come and see the Baby. When it crawled, one day, after Master's cigarette case, I was as excited as "Ann-love," and when "Ann-love" put her finger in his mouth and called: "David, come quickly, Baby's got two teeth!" I rushed out too. "Ann-love" laughed and said: "Ooh! what a thrill!" and she hugged the Baby like she used to hug me.

After that there were endless thrills; a new word or movement, and then the first steps. Master was always clicking a thing they called a camera and they would spend hours trying to make that child do something particular for the camera, but of course he would not. I rather admired him for having a will of his own.

I could go on telling you a lot more about the

family, but I think you have had enough.

"Little David" grew into a fine big boy and we stopped calling him "Baby." He is much more like a puppy now and up to all sorts of mischief.

He loves to tease me. He kicks me, hits me, throws his toys at me, and falls on me, and "Ann-love" gets quite worried, but although I am getting old and I get cross very quickly, I would not hurt "Little David," and I am sure "Ann-love" and my Master know it.

The family go home to England soon.

That is the place where Master got "Ann-love." They will take "Little David" but they will leave me here.

"Ann-love" looks at Master and says: "I do hope the faithful hound will be here when we come back, he is so good with "Little David."

I open sleepy eyes and look at them. I think I shall be here with the rest of the regiment.

*There's life in the old dog yet!*



# HOUSEHOLD HORRORS. No 2

## THE COOK.

By Maj. F. N. MACFARLANE

Kansamaji was quite a normal cook,  
He had the usual drawbacks of his kind;  
We could not make him use a Cookery Book,  
And never knew our menu till we dined.

His lamentable love of Worcester sauce,  
And cloves, and every kind of eastern spice,  
Was counterbalanced by his *tour de force*:  
A grand *pilau* of *murgi*, eggs and rice.

The dear old man was desperately slow,  
I can't imagine anybody slower.  
But then I think you really ought to know  
His predecessor came from Marmagoa.

This villain often left us in the lurch;  
For frequently when sitting down to lunch  
We found that he had beetled off to church,  
And left us without anything to crunch.

And so we bore with old Kansamaji,  
Although his meals were nearly always late;  
Until at last—I'm sure you'll all agree—  
He met a just, if miserable, fate.

For one fine day I got a nasty shock  
When, glancing through the open kitchen door,  
I saw him stir his *degchi* full of stock  
And place another bowl upon the floor.

He then removed his ancient undervest  
And spread it over the bowl with tender care—  
An action which I hardly could have guessed  
Was going to help produce *consomme clair*.

But next I saw him raise the stock-pot high,  
And pour its contents through his old *camise*,  
Which latter when he'd wrung it fairly dry  
He draped upon our current Stilton cheese.

Two fingers next he dipped into the bowl  
And sucked them well, and dipped them in anew,  
And then, continuing his tasting role,  
He had another hearty suck or two.

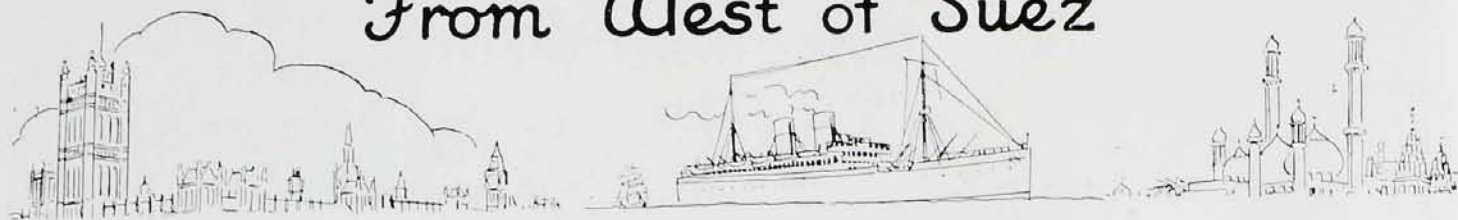
By this time I was feeling pretty queer;  
So sought my wife and had a double gin.  
I told my tale. She said, "I think, my dear,  
We'll change our cook, but first let's do him in."

We stalked the old Kansama from behind,  
And trussed him up—retrieving him *pro. tem.*  
While we commenced the rite we had in mind,  
By basting him with lard and cocogem.

We made a roaring furnace in the range,  
And shoved the poor old gentleman inside.  
It was not really altogether strange  
That when we took him out we found he'd died.



# From West of Suez



Specially contributed to "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

LONDON, 13th September.

**A**LTHOUGH grouse shooting, even here, is now an old story, I feel that I should be remiss if I did not retail for the benefit of the ardent "Gunner" in India, who, being mostly a Scot, knows all about expeditions of the kind in this land, the description given by one of our enthusiastic lady pen-men of the departure from London of those bound for the Moors. I think it quite deserves framing alongside that other ancient story about the "pop of the rifle," and here it is:—

"All the same, there was the usual jumble of gun cases, shooting-sticks, and other sporting tackle, golf-clubs and suit-cases on the platforms, the whole pervaded with the subtle odour of Harris tweeds and home-spuns.

"The women all wore stout leather shoes, or

even brogues, and the neatest of travelling suits, for modern fashion is now-a-days so influenced by common sense that the the veriest novice in sport

now goes off suitably dressed for the occasion, and Parisian confections are ruthlessly discarded in favour of the sporting clothes at which English tailors excel."

The "veriest novice in sport" of another kind does not, as he should, go off in a pink coat, a top hat, boots, breeches and spurs with a long railway journey before him to the scenes of operations! This "subtle odour of Harris tweed" is a very neat bit of atmosphere, but as most people get into the northern trains with but one idea in their heads, namely, to get straight into their "bye-byes" they are not, as you know of course, dressed so that they can step straight out of the train on to the heathery moor. I am all for "atmosphere" but this Harris tweed smell is what might be called "one over the eight!"



*A typical grouse-moor scene.*



Other Society news of the instant is the arrival of Mr. Tunney of America. He is a millionaire, also a boxer. He is not staying at Buckingham Palace but at the Savoy, and he has already said to each of the 500 press reporters who have interviewed him that he likes London and thinks it is "bully." Contrary to current rumour, Mr. Tunney's arrival in Southampton did not synchronise with the departure of all English heavy-weight boxers for unknown addresses. That is surely the way in which some people try to be funny. In the meanwhile, I see that Mr. Phil Scott, who is taking a course of sun baths on the Cornish Rivera, says that he claims a battle for the world's heavy-weight championship and thinks that he should be given Mr. Heeney as his first victim and then work up through Risko, Sharkey (real name Cuckooski—a Russian name I understand equivalent to our name "Bird"), and a few more. But work up to what? Tunney is the index number, and next to him surely Dempsey, but as Tunney is giving up being a "champ" and going in for

marriage, literature and harp playing, and Dempsey has got a speaking or growling part in an American play, what, I repeat, is there to work up to? None of these other gentlemen have been able to do more than dive or fly through the ropes on to the heads



*Sir John and Lady Simon.*

of the press reporters when they have met either Mr. Tunney or Mr. Dempsey, so how are we to arrive at any kind of standard? Tunney resigns his title, so he says, but can we then put Heeney in as the next wicket? I rather doubt it. Mr. Heeney is, I hear, convalescing quite satisfactorily.

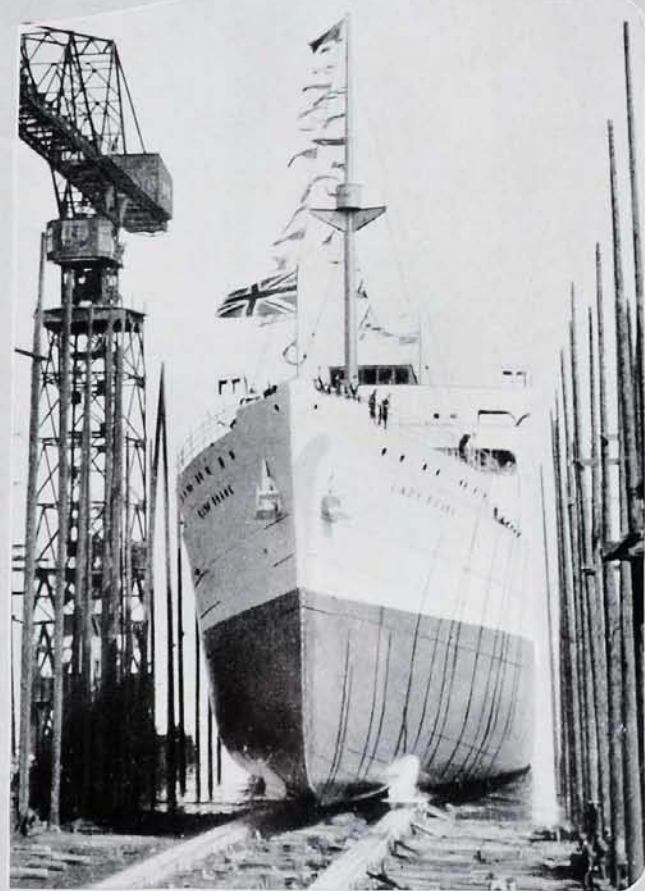
An American author, who travelled over with Gene Tunney, told me at lunch at one of my Clubs yesterday that he also liked London, but that he thinks we are only half civilised, and that he is afraid of us and particularly so after dark. He has been

dining at the Embassy recently. I am not so sure that he is not right. We are getting more primitive every day, I think. I have indicated in a previous budget of news somewhere West of Suez what they do at our Dance-and-Dip or Give-'Em-A-Lido-Parties, so you can perhaps sympathise with this Yankee gentleman who hails from the old-fashioned State of South Carolina.

\* \* \*

In the meanwhile the so-called Little Season, that is to say, the period between the time when people come dribbling back from the north and start getting themselves and their

horses fit for hunting campaign by going out cubbing, is not to pass without its little scandals and rumpuses. The worst of it is that it is not possible to give the really funny stories names, and all because in two cases, at any rate, the law has already started to work. In one case, however, the names



*Above: Lord Cushendun, who as Acting Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs signed the Kellogg Peace Pact in Paris last month on behalf of India.*

*Below (left): Interest in coaching has been resuscitated in England. The photo shows a coach passing Hyde Park Corner; (right) The "Lady Drake," designed for Canadian service, is launched at Birkenhead.*

which I feel it is hardly necessary to mention, as they will spring to the mind of the observant quite readily, the people who will insist upon gambling upon anything have won money. The winners are the people who said that this particular marriage would not last two years have won by three months almost to the day. In another case "they," that is, the Destroying Angels of people's reputations, say that the trouble is that She invited her He to the shoot and that He invited his She and that that touched off the magazine finally. Rather apt, too, I should think, and I cannot



Mr. O. M. D. Bell, Felstead's trainer.

imagine how people can be so reckless.

\* \* \*

By the time this is printed in India, the Leger will be stale news, and we shall have known the worst or the best about Felstead, Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen's Derby winner, which colt at the moment is rather under a cloud because a splint has been giving trouble. The erudite gents who write about horses in the London press have explained to a doubtless breathless public that a splint is "a little bone which grows between the two bones in the

lower part of a horse's front leg." This is good. It is the human not the horse who has now-a-days two bones in the lower leg! The horse originally, as most ordinary people and all vets. know, had three bones in the lower part of his leg—the present cannon-bone, plus two others, but that went out of fashion a few thousand years ago—perhaps even I might say in the palæolithic age—and the splint bones as we know still remain, and do not carry on down to a toe as they used to do when the horse was a three-toed animal: so the erudite gents are shy one in any case. However, Felstead, like many another horse, has splints, and one of them has been giving trouble. The hard ground has not encouraged Oswald Marmaduke Dalby Bell (Felstead's trainer, one time so well known in Calcutta) to risk bustling him along, and hence he is short of an orthodox Leger preparation. Flamingo, the only other stayer of any class in the race, is, I hear, recovering from that disastrous expedition in search of the Grand Prix, and the training reports are distinctly more encouraging than they have been for some time past. He is an amazingly nice colt—small, only 15.2, but all over quality and full of substance. If there is anything wrong with Felstead, he is the automatic next choice. Fairway will only have won this Leger if Felstead and Flamingo are not Felstead and Flamingo.

\* \* \*

And, apropos this racing business, I wonder if this little, personal experience at Stockton the other day will appeal to your sense of humour. The actors were the racing tipster clad in jockey cap and jacket *avec* a natty pair of trousers, stuffed into gum boots, and his assistant. The audience, the customary one to which these gentlemen sell priceless information for a humble bob. As the principal came to the end of his fervid oration,

## From West of Suez

he suddenly grabbed his partner, an unoffensive little Yiddish boy, by the scruff of his neck and thrusting him forward shouted: "And, ladies and gentlemen, if I'm not tellin' yer the truth may Gord strike 'im dead!" He seemed to me to be on a winner anyway himself.

\* \* \*

As to the Cesarewitch (12th October), I suppose no one in India is greatly interested, because in my time the only races that really made us prick our ears were the National, the Derby and the Leger, but it might easily be won this year by



Sir Philip Sassoon, who visits India this month.

Arctic Star (Goodwood Stakes winner) owned by Sir "Scatters" Wilson, who was only Colonel "Scatters" Wilson when he was Military Secretary to that blunt and bluff old soldier, Mike O'Moore Creagh, at that time Commander-in-Chief in India. Calcutta, at any rate, has some indirect interest, and India in another distinct possibility, Kinchinjunga, because of his name only. He won the Goodwood Cup and is over 17 hands: hence his name, but whereas Arctic Star is not a boy's horse and a

most tiring one for a little chap like Smirke to ride, Kinchinjunga I am assured bridle like a polo pony and is as handy as a lady's maid. The Cesarewitch course, as you know, of course, is a dead slog, no turns to speak of, and so handiness will not come in as much as it would at, say, Epsom, in the Great Metrop, or on a course that is more or less all on the turn. I like Arctic Star immensely myself, and I think a bit better than the other one. The Cesarewitch is to the flat race horse what the National is to the jumper—a thing quite apart.

\* \* \*

*The Hog-Hunter's Annual*, I am sure, will have interested all India. It is well edited by Captain Nugent Head and Captain Scott-Cockburn, both 4th Hussars, who have been so much to the fore in the Kadir of recent years, but badly turned out by the *Pioneer* press. I mention this annual because next year it is proposed to hold a Pigsticking Dinner on the lines of the Calcutta Paperchase one held some years ago with such *éclat*, and the proposers are busy beating up people like General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Lord Kensington,

Sir "Mahout" Mahon, Lt.-Colonel Medlicott (late 3rd Skinner's Horse), General John Vaughan, who still is as good a man over Leicestershire as any one in the land, "Tich" Dunbar, who hunts down in the V.W.H. country, all winners of the Kadir, and General Sir E. Locke-Elliot, Colonel Hewlett, late Central India Horse—both winners of the Guzerat Cup—our old friend Malcolm Crawford, Claud Ismay, and a few more to get busy on it. I think it will be a very good thing if it can be brought off, and there is no reason why it should not be. As H.R.H. the Prince of Wales rode the winner of the Hog-Hunters' Cup when he was in India, I am sure he also would be interested.

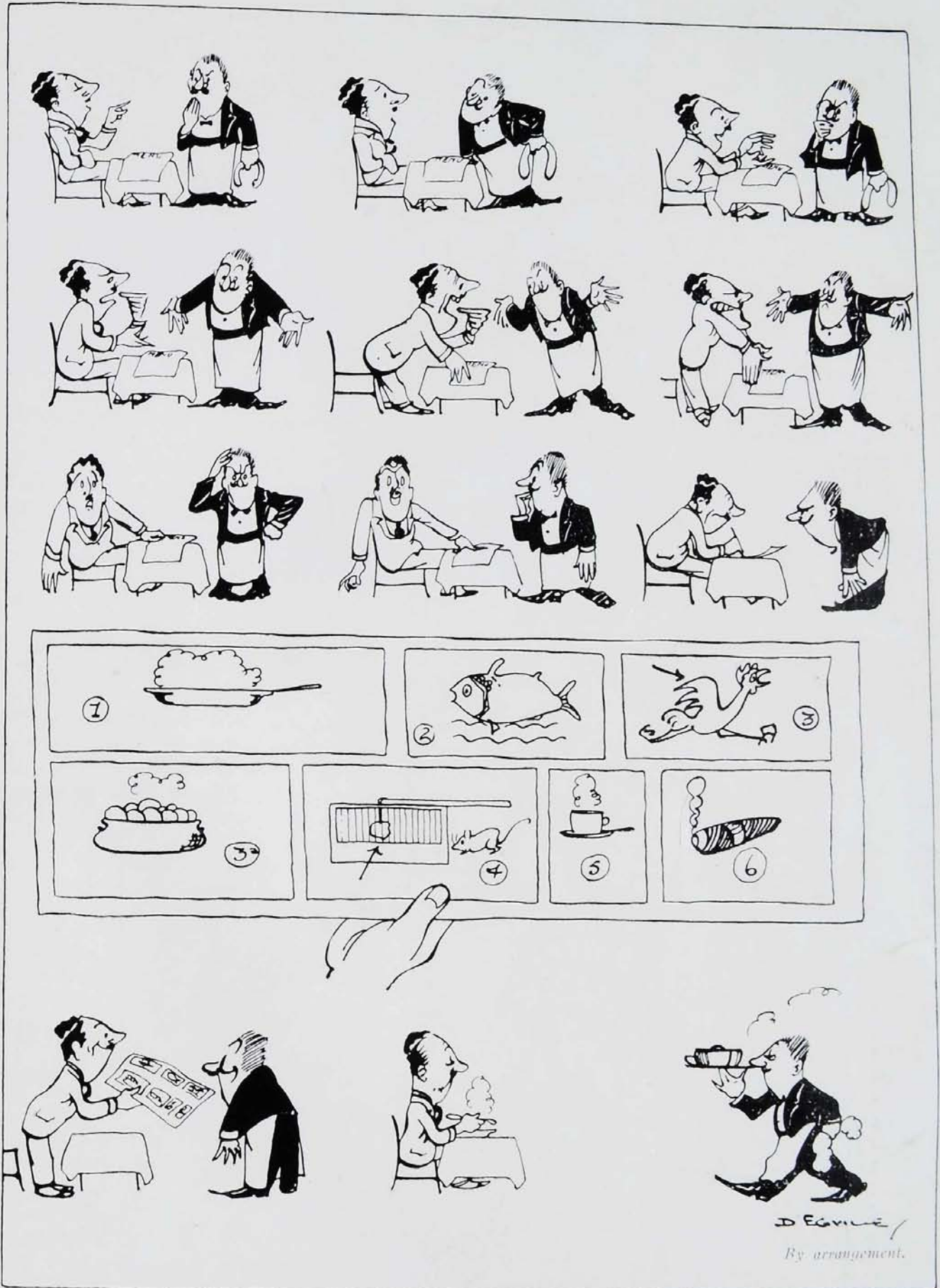
\* \* \*

It is a bit early for any hunting news, save that Major Algy Burnaby is going on with the Quorn alone, and is not taking "The Admiral" as a partner, as some of us thought he might. Mrs. Algy, who is very charming and is an American, has, I hear, come in for some more money and that may have something to do with this decision. The hunt gives the Masters £3,000 a year

for horses alone, plus the rest—hounds, wire fund, etc., but even so, it costs quite a bit for wear and tear are considerable in a galloping grass country four days a week. The proposal that the Belvoir hounds should accept the invitation of the Warwickshire Master to have a day in Warwickshire has, so I hear, been frowned on by the Duke. The hounds are not called The Duke of Rutland's for nothing and they have quite as much as they want in their own country. Peter Ackroyd, one of the new joint Masters of the Belvoir, is the Warwickshire Master's brother-in-law. This, I suppose, is how this invitation originated. Anyway, I hear that it is not going to happen. The Belvoir kennel needs a good deal of overhauling, as there have been far too many hounds allowed to go on hunting without deigning to say much about the fox. Of all hounds your mute gentleman is to my mind the world's worst. The wicked gossips, of course, do say that there is every reason why the Belvoir should be almost silent! However, I will *not* talk scandal.

THE VULP.





J. E. H.  
By arrangement.

RETURNING OVERLAND—THE MAN WHO COULDN'T SPEAK FRENCH.

# THE MONGOL PEOPLES AT INDIA'S DOORS

By PUTNAM WEALE

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

**H**OW does it happen that at India's doors, occupying three quarters of the mountainous land approaches, there are numerous peoples of Mongol stock, Tibetans, Bhutias, Lepchas, and others, who differ so fundamentally from the rest of the adjacent races? Where do these men come from, and how long have they occupied their present territories? Shut in by enormous mountain ranges they have lingered at India's gates, strangers from afar who have never been assimilated, people perpetuating their type in ignorance of their past. Distinguished by straight black hair, a yellow skin, a bridgeless nose and the curious shape of the eye, due to the epicanthus, their racial similarity to the Chinese is undoubted.

But how did they wander so far afield? No subject is more intricate; for their exile, although enforced during historic times has been mainly due to a varying racial pressure which commenced in remote periods when the only records were priestly writings and the chronicles of dynasties, and the movement of peoples was passed by. Still, there are enough



*A beauty from the Kokonor district.*

fragments discoverable to build up a picture and reveal the secret.

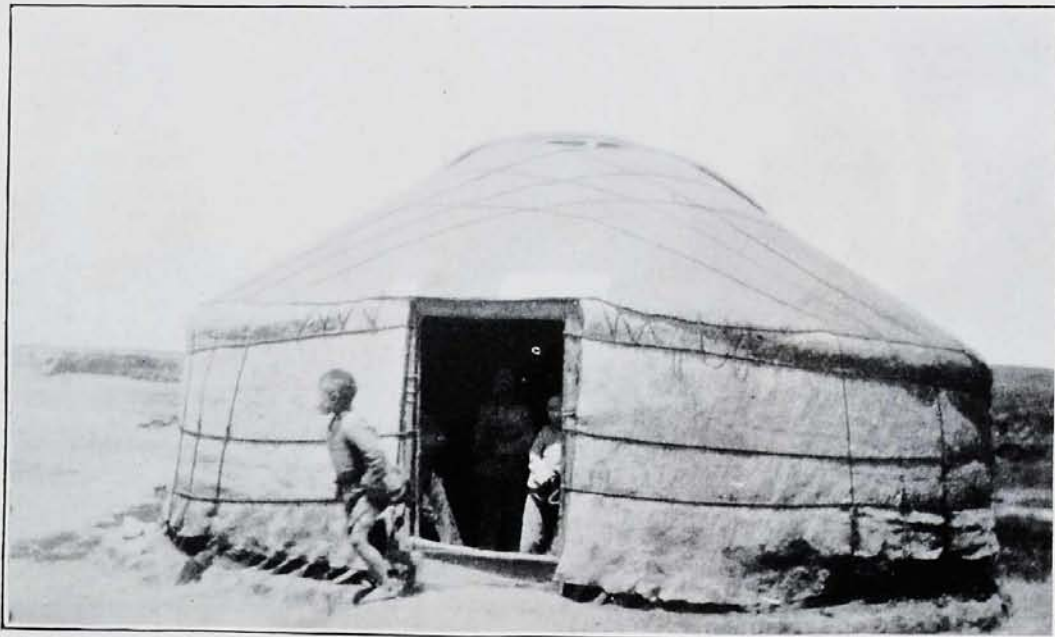
The key is in China.

China as an organized nation is not as old as is believed. The early Pharaohs, and the great days of Babylon and Assyria had passed before she had any importance. Even when Rome

commenced to rule the *Classical* world, the Chinese still formed a very small nation, painfully changing from a pastoral to an agricultural life. Twenty-three centuries ago China did not occupy one-twentieth of her present area and little progress had been made in extending beyond the Yellow River Valleys. But in her conflict with the aborigines, who sparsely inhabited the areas she was intent on colonizing, she was assisted by the existence of a kingship, which brought with it a culture far superior to the life around it.

Perhaps five hundred years before Christ she began to drive trade routes down towards the Yangtse, seeking to win empire by the extension of her culture and by conferring titles on the barbarians. But even in the days of Confucius the aborigines were still so thick on the ground that in Shantung itself (the home of

the Sage) they entirely controlled all the mountainous eastern portion reaching to the sea. Sinologists, who have made a study of the character for *tide*, believe that the Chinese were unacquainted with tides up to the



*A yurt felt tent used from the Great Wall sheer across Asia to the borders of Turkestan.*



*Nomads of mixed blood—partially Chinese, beyond the north-west boundary of China.*

Christian era, proof enough that they had no contact with, or knowledge of the sea, and were expanding by moving South, keeping to the rich soil of the Yangtse drainage area.

Then came the first great military emperor, Ch'in Shih-huang, who built the Great Wall in the North to guard the country from raiding by warlike, horse-riding barbarians, and unified the nation by breaking up and destroying the little feudal states which till then had existed. This emperor sent armed expeditions in many directions. One such expedition penetrated farther south than the Chinese had ever gone before. It marched down from the Yangtse Valley into the Annamese Kingdoms which centered round Canton, coming out into Indo-China and reaching a point which French archaeologists have identified as Cape Varella, 200 miles North of the Mekong river.

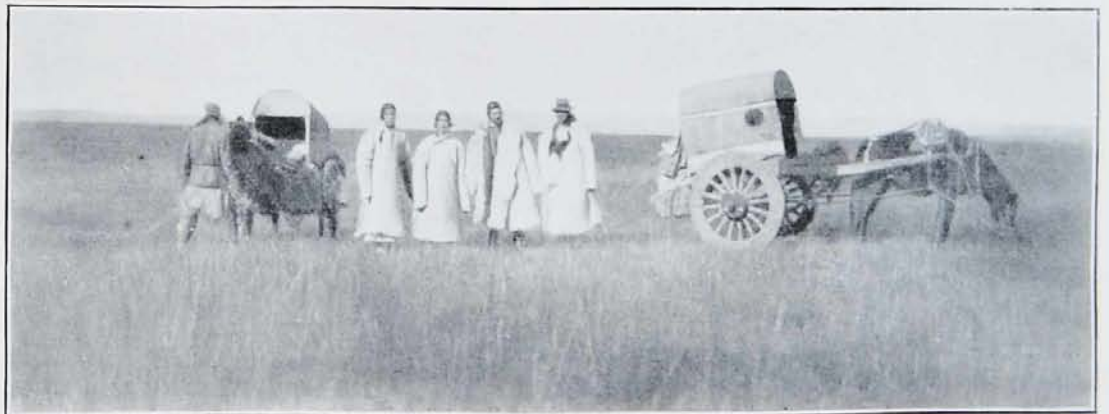
Here it was stopped. An extraordinary thing had happened. The yellow men had come in contact with races

with an Indian origin, who were too powerful to be pushed aside. The Chinese retraced their footsteps to the country where the aborigines were racially allied to them and weaker, besides possessing the same distinguishing marks.

Two hundred years later, under the Han dynasty at the beginning of the Christian era, a renewed attempt was made to expand the boundaries of the empire to the South. The early Han emperors had not only consolidated the empire laid by Ch'in Shih-huang, but were relieved of the pressure of the Scythians and Huns who had moved out of Central Asia. It was now that the famous silk route, leading to Bactria across 2,000 miles of desert, was traced and garrisoned, establishing in-

direct intercourse with the Roman Orient. The tradition of the great expedition which had been made by Ch'in Shih-huang to the countries of the South still lived, and now another was organized to this region called *Je-nan* ("South of the Sun"), only to fail after years of endeavour.

Szechuan and Hunan were then inhabited by the forebears of the Tibetans, the *Miaotzu*, whose great mastiffs which are still found in Tibet, have a place in Chinese folk-lore. The Han dynasty historian Ssu-ma-ch'ien gives in detail the story of the attacks launched on the *Sun-miao*, as these various tribes were called, attacks which gradually dislodged them from Hunan and a part of Szechuan, and began pushing them inland in two great streams—one going due West, and the second North. It was the Northern one which was destined to become the more important. It moved steadily ever farther afield, skirting what are now the North West provinces of China and becoming mixed with Turkish tribes from the region of the Kokonor. The Kingdom of Tangut, which was eventually founded by these men and still flourished when Marco Polo passed to Peking in the Thirteenth Century, is a monument to this migration. The main body, however, continued to move West and by the Sixth or Seventh Century had established numerous principalities throughout Tibet, subjugat-



*On the Great Northern Grass-land beyond the Chinese Frontier.*

## The Mongol Peoples at India's Doors

ing the still more primitive Kiang peoples who had been in occupation of the fertile land, and civilizing themselves by the acquisition of that form of Buddhism called Lamaism.

Meanwhile in Szechuan the coming of the Chinese drove in a great wedge, and pushed kindred Mongol peoples, who inhabited river valleys South of the Yangtse in the direction of the South West. We know from authentic records that numerous races, including the forebears of the Siamese, passed out of what is now Chinese territory to escape from the oppression practised on them. That the routes leading both South and West from Szechuan and Yunnan to the limits of Indian civilization were well-known in very remote periods is proved by two circumstances. Rice was certainly not indigenous to China; it was introduced from the countries of the South from its original home in Bengal, the cultivation slowly passing from tribe to tribe until it was made known to the Chinese in the Han dynasty. That there was a constant exchange along these routes is proved by the remarkable reports of a Chinese



Men of the Khalka tribe.

Imperial Envoy during the Han dynasty who reached the confines of Bactria to discover there Chinese products which had

and was not banished until the great Tang dynasty of the Seventh Century. During this interval Chinese colonies in



Two Mongol girls from the Great Plateau.

passed across the South Western routes to India and had then ascended to the North West to find new markets. Thus it would seem that the ancestors of the inhabitants of Bhutan and Nepal were driven in a South-Western stream out of the present confines of Chinese territory, and that the Tibetans reached their present home after a grand trek lasting for centuries which carried them first to the North, and then after racial intermixture with Turkish tribes, due West.

The movement of peoples in these distant times could not have been very considerable and was constantly arrested. Not only were the natural difficulties very great, but Chinese pressure was spasmodic. With the fall of the Han dynasty a period of disorder began which lasted for five hundred years

and was not banished until the great Tang dynasty of the Seventh Century. During this interval Chinese colonies in outlying regions were swept away, nothing remaining except the stone monuments they had raised to their dead. Although China had touched hands with early Indian civilization



*The Mongol Peoples at India's Doors*

through the medium of frontier tribes, the traces of that are few and far between. It seems, however, tolerably certain that just as China owes rice, and Buddhism, and the deep-sea junk to India, so did she borrow the dragon from the Naga or serpent-god of frontier-tribes who had carried it up from the Trans-Gangetic region, the pri-

zone China was annexing and definitely planted as separate kingdoms in the valleys North and East of the Himalayas. The distances between the Chinese border and such states is not great—never more than a thousand miles—and that the natural difficulties can be overcome has been proved again and again by large Chinese armies. Tibetan

The series of wars which have raged between Tibetans and Chinese down to our own times commenced in this T'ang dynasty, —and are nothing but a continuation of the pre-Christian struggle in Hunan and Szechuan.

It is in the record of war in the Chinese Annals that many gaps in the picture can be filled in. The Chinese state, claiming to be



*The gods in a Tibetan temple.*



*Lama priests outside a temple.*

mitive Chinese form of the dragon being really only a river-crocodile. And in the same way the simple pheasant, which had hitherto figured on carvings, became enriched to a phoenix.

It was at this period of the T'ang dynasty that the last of the Tibetans and the Bhutias were definitely expelled from the

chronicles date from this time and the linguistic affinities in the Tibeto-Burmese group of languages prove that a vast zone then must have been in close contact. In the crude demonology, which still plays such a part, allied to Lamaism, can be seen the remains of the ancient animism which all such peoples originally practised.

the Central State in a world it was pleased to call barbarian, never abated its pretensions or withdrew its claim to overlordship over all peoples of which it had any knowledge whatsoever. Discretion sometimes tempered these claims; but there is hardly any people to the East of the Oxus which at one time or

another has not been counted as a vassal or subordinate nation by China. In this category stand Japan, Korea, Tonkin, Annam, Cambodia, Siam, Burmah, the Malayan kingdoms, Tibet, Nepal, Mongolia, Turkestan and the tribes of Siberia, even the kings of Bengal and Ceylon under the reign of the Ming emperors receiving seals from China. While that claim to suzerainty was largely ceremonial, China never hesitated to use arms to enforce obedience, particularly when the people belonged to the Mongol family, or to give protection to those who had any claims on her. It was to free Lhasa from the Gurkhas that her generals made that amazing march across the Himalayas into Nepal, looking down on the plains of India and learning for the first time that there they would have to deal with the English. It was this news, brought back to Peking in 1792, which stultified Lord Macartney's mission to China.

The boast of the Chinese that they were the undeniable masters of all the black-haired, yellow-skinned race,—even those who like the Tibetans had become so greatly mixed with Turkish elements, or, the Gurkhas who were descendants of conquering Rajputs, was never abated in the days of the Empire. Under the Republic the idea of fraternity has nominally replaced this conception, but underlying it is the ancient pride which would treat the peoples scattered South and West from their original homes by their pressure as subordinates, lacking that essential culture which establishes supremacy.

An essential point to remember is that until the fall of the Tang dynasty the Capital of the Chinese Empire was much farther inland than to-day,—Hsianfu being 600 miles South West of Peking, and 1,000 miles from the coast. It was therefore in a favourable position to exert pressure on all the races grouped to the South and the West,—it could drive

them inland and cut them off for ever from returning. Nor must it be forgotten that the populations were then so light that according to the historian Ssu-ma-ch'ien, four or five thousand armed men was a great field force.

Such then is the origin of these exiles at India's doors, such the strange story of how they were driven away.

To-day in Peking, when armies have come in from North-Western China, many dark faces can be seen with a cast of features not at all Chinese. These are men from the broken fragments of the Kingdom of Tangkut, which Marco Polo knew, men who are racially almost exactly the same as the Tibetans and the Bhutias.

They point a finger to the past; they testify that chance alone ruled who was to linger in the back-blocks of China, and who to wander to the watershed of India, and the roof of the world.

## INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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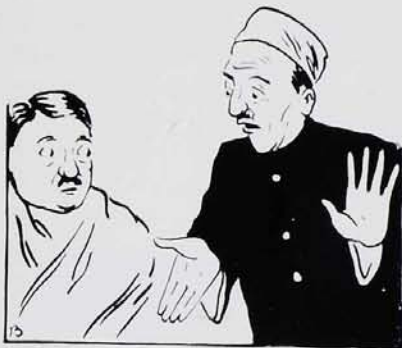
# THE VERDICT

By GORDON SUSSEX.

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**B**HOWANI DAS, the great and wealthy merchant of Sagoramuk or some such place, had committed murder most foul. I don't know what kind of murder can be regarded as most fair. But that is by the way.

He had been caught red-handed, nor would the police accept



... left him to talk with the prisoner."

lessly removed with a scimitar, the police and the magistrate for refusing to believe in his innocence, and his attorney for failing to secure his acquittal at the first hearing.

"Had I not paid you in advance," he spat out, "you would have bethought yourself of a way. I was a fool to pay you first."

"But, Bhowani Das," put in the attorney, "if the case had not looked so black against you I would not have asked for payment in advance. If you were to hang, who would pay me?"

The blood of Bhowani Das ran cold, and moisture beaded on his oily brow. In a frenzy he turned upon the attorney.

"Have I paid you to tell me that I am to die?" he demanded. "Get you gone, dog. I will defend myself!"

And sadly the attorney, after promising to send a wreath, departed.

Now the gaoler, who, like the rest of us, had to live, overheard this conversation, and at high noon, when he took the distinguished prisoner his curry and Bang Bang chutney, he bade Bhowani Das listen, and said:

"In the bazaar this very morn I chanced upon one Khashi Din. I hear it said that he will be foreman of the jury at your trial to-morrow."

"So!" exclaimed Bhowani Das, "bring this fellow to me, and I will pay thee one hundred rupees!"

"Two hundred—these are hard times!"

Bhowani Das agreed, and, later in the day, the gaoler brought

Khashi Din into the cell disguised as a bundle of washing, and left him to talk with the prisoner.

Bhowani Das drew his visitor into a corner.

"You are to be foreman of the jury on the morrow?"

Khashi Din bowed low.

"That distinguished task has fallen upon my unworthy head," he replied, modestly.

"Then listen, Khashi Din," whispered the merchant, "if you were in my place, and I in yours, and you besought me to spare your life, should I turn a deaf ear, think you?"

"My deaf ear is toward you now," answered Khashi Din, "but it could hear the jingle of many rupees..."

"Of five hundred rupees?"

"They would make but little noise."

"Of a thousand?"



The trial lasted the whole of the day.

"Perchance I should hear them," said Khashi Din, "but remember that there be twelve of us. The remaining eleven are likewise hard of hearing."

"They, too, shall hear the same tune," answered Bhowani Das. "Now, listen again. To you, and

## The Verdict

each of you I will pay one thousand rupees if you bring in a verdict of manslaughter against me."

Khashi Din rubbed his nose.

"You *promise*, Bhowani Das," he said. "But how are we to know that you will *keep* your promise. Take no offence; I trust you, oh! But the others—they are disbelieving dogs! They will want to see your promise in writing."

"Then," said Bhowani Das, "they shall have it."

And, taking up pen and paper, he wrote out the agreement, which he handed to Khashi Din with a heavy sigh.

"Here," he said, "is the contract. I will keep my part. See to it that you keep yours!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The trial lasted the whole of the day following, and the case looked black against Bhowani Das, who cast anxious glances towards the jurymen as they filed out of court to consider their verdict.

His heart thumped when they came back. Would they stick to their agreement? The foreman, Khashi Din, was called upon to announce the verdict.

"The jury," he said, "find the prisoner guilty of—manslaughter!"

And joy welled in the heart of Bhowani Das, joy which even the sentence of ten years' imprisonment failed to suppress. Ten years. What did they matter? Life was sweet . . . Prison were better than death . . . Ten years would soon pass!

He was almost jubilant when Khashi Din visited him later in his cell to conclude the bargain; chuckled as he wrote out an order to his cashier to pay each of the jurymen the sum of one thousand rupees. Then, as Khashi Din took the paper from him, Bhowani Das spoke:

"You have done well, Khashi Din, by keeping your promise," he said. "Tell me, did you have any difficulty to persuade your fellow jurymen to return a verdict of manslaughter?"

"I did, indeed," said Khashi Din. "But I reminded them that a contract was a contract."

Bhowani Das smiled.

"Well spoken! But *why* did you have this difficulty?"

"Because," answered Khashi Din, "they all wanted to return a verdict of 'Not Guilty'?"



An assembly of five King Vultures.

# THE INSIDE OF TRUMPINGTON

By E. V. KNOX

Illustrated by GEORGE MORROW

Written and Illustrated specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

FOR many years the inside of Trumpington was an open book to me. I could have drawn a map of it blindfold, and I often wondered why Trumpington did not print a little chart of his inside at the top of his notepaper, as some people do with the roads and

were one-sided. I never talked about my own anatomy to Trumpington, though there was much, I often felt, that might have been said. But it is always so with friendships. There is one who gives and one who receives, one who merely listens or sympathises and one whose inner

but it was to the new hope that Trumpington had about some lately revealed diet, and to the general condition of his pancreas, that we always eventually returned.

Little by little I began to feel to the inside of Trumpington as a foster-parent might feel



streets through which one must pass to get to their houses.

The inside of Trumpington was what schoolboys would describe as "very wonky," and the rumour of a new diet recommended by a doctor sounded in his ears like a clarion call. We used to pass many happy hours together talking of new systems and what they had done for Trumpington, and what they might yet do for him in the days to come.

The confidences, you will note,

heart is revealed. Only of course it was not merely his heart that Trumpington revealed to me. I became more familiar with his minor digestive processes than with my own.

"How is the lining to-day?" I would say. And he would settle comfortably into one of my armchairs, and tell me how the lining was.

We would discuss other things of course,—philosophy, art, religion, the future of the world:

towards an adopted child, and I could never be happy for long without knowing how it was reacting to the latest inspiration from Harley Street in the way of food.

In the course of twelve years Trumpington went through an Odyssey of foods. Before a fresh diet from a doctor, previously unexplored, he would stand—  
*"Like some watcher of the skies  
When some new planet swims  
into his ken"*

## The Inside of Trumpington

and what perhaps was stranger, every fresh diet, every altered regime, did him good. He would come to me full of peace and tell me about them. Sometimes it would be nothing but meat and mud-baths, and sometimes nothing but fish and deep-breathing, and sometimes nothing but eggs and long runs. With a look in his eyes as of a man who after days of toiling on a stormy deep has come at least to haven, he would wave his right hand and say:

"I've cut vegetables entirely out," or "I'm feeding on nothing but marl."

Yes, reader. Do not let that surprise you. There was a time when, to the best of my recollection, Trumpington was feeding on marl and marl alone. Like a hard tennis court. It did some kind of strange good, this marl, to the inside of Trumpington, as it does to the insides of ostriches and hens, and he was very, very happy while this geological revolution went on.

There was a time, too, when he subsisted almost entirely upon orange juice: and another delirious fortnight when he lived, so far as I could make out, upon nothing at all. This was one of his most expensive cures. He went to a place in the country (the grounds were very beautiful), and in this place were collected a number of persons who met convivially together and lived riotously upon nothing at all. Electrical treatment was applied to them, and there were baths and exercises, tennis and long walks, skipping and wrestling and dancing, bouts of pugilism, music and cards. But nothing whatever of any kind to eat or drink.

It was an ideal existence, so I gathered from Trumpington, while it lasted, though I daresay the local butcher and baker, when they met of an evening at the Rose and Crown, would have used different words when they talked about it.



But like other systems, it came to an end, and Trumpington was obliged to seek "fresh woods and pastures new."

He found them in nuts and beans. Nuts and beans, I remember, with lying on the floor and kicking alternate legs, marked a period of great beauty and calm in Trumpington's life, and we talked a great deal of what nuts and beans meant to him. It was not long after the message of nuts and beans had been superseded by a greater (I think it was petrol and shrimps) that Trumpington passed for a long time out of my ken. Then he came round to see me one day, and made the usual announcement, "I've been seeing a new doctor."

"Well?" I asked, hoping for a moment that it might be something as romantic as cucumbers and curry powder, but fearing that he might only have reverted to goat's milk cheese.

"I'm going to live perfectly normally," he said. I'm not going to have any diet at all.

I'm going to eat and drink exactly what I please!"

The words fell on me like a thunderbolt. I shuddered. Trumpington seemed to turn shadowy as I looked at him, to diminish in warmth and reality. Trumpington with his pancreas I knew, Trumpington with his dietetic vicissitudes, Trumpington with the delicate lining to his interior machine. But this other Trumpington, who was to live normally, who was he? Half a stranger already, I feared.

And so it proved. I saw less and less of him. He scarcely ever came round to plump himself happily in my armchair and bring me the latest bulletin of the great battle for good that was being waged within. Now

and again I would meet him elsewhere, lunching at a restaurant or a club,—(and what lunches!)—at a reception, or coming away from a dance. Once I even beheld him, late at night waving a coloured balloon. Trumpington waving a coloured balloon! In the old days, if he had come round to my rooms and said: "I have a new diet now. I am to eat nothing but coloured balloons," I should have been less surprised.

But when I did meet him during this period, there was something strained, I noticed, and unnatural, about his gaiety. There was a feverish glitter in his eyes. And then one day, in the foyer of a theatre, he introduced me to a girl. Beautiful she was, with bright hair and eager laughing eyes.

I gathered that she had given her heart to Trumpington, and he his to her.

His heart. Ah, yes; but what about the rest of Trumpington, that I knew so well? Had he told her of his sufferings and triumphs in the past, or had he refrained? And if he had told her, would she understand?

I saw them once again together, eating pink ices (pink ices!) in a tea shop near the Strand. I noticed—I could not help noticing—that Trumpington looked haggard and restless, that his hands moved nervously, that the unnatural brilliancy in his eyes had increased, and I thought that the girl looked at him in a wistful puzzled sort of way between spoonfuls every now and then.

Sensible as I was of the loss of our old friendship, I felt that some catastrophe was imminent, and I was sorry for Trumpington's sake, and sorry for the girl's. Had he been letting her, perhaps, into some of the closed chapters of the past? laying bare to her a strange self at which he had never hinted before?

He had. A week later the

whole truth was revealed. Trumpington came round to see me as of old. There was a look of intense happiness and security in his face as he sank back into the familiar chair.

I did not speak to him. I waited for him to begin.

"Well that's over!" he said at last.

I made a murmur of questioning surprise.

"A mad, mad episode!" he went on, "I don't know what I can have been thinking of. She had no knowledge, poor Muriel, of the deeper things. I was not feeling thoroughly satisfied with myself, and I went to a new Harley Street man for some sound advice."

"Some sound advice." How well I knew the words! What a glow of comfort they seemed to bring into the already cosy room!

"And he recommended?" I enquired.

"Sawdust," said Trumpington, "Sawdust, impregnated with vitamins. That and skipping in the bathroom for three hours a day."

There was the old ringing note of conviction in his voice as he spoke.

"The very first time I tried it," he went on, "the ducts—"

## The Inside of Trumpington

"And Muriel?"—I interrupted.

"As I told you," he said impatiently, "Muriel is quite incapable of understanding the inner life. We broke it off the day before yesterday."

So Trumpington began to realise himself again, and little by little I pieced together the experiences that his inside had undergone during the wild and stormy period when he allowed himself to put into it whatever there happened to be on the table, one of the most interesting and dramatic passages of his inner career, and one of the last, I should imagine, that he is likely to forget.

He did not cling long to sawdust and vitamins. He is living now, I gather, after one or two minor changes, mainly on tinned pineapples and yeast. And every day he exercises himself on a kind of rack, like that used by the Spanish Inquisition.

But he never makes any variation now-a-days so violent as the one that seemed likely to wreck our friendship for ever, and I feel fairly confident that the vivid story of his œsophagus will never pass out of my keeping again.



# AMID THE SHEIKS AND PALMS!

By MAY CHRISTIE

May Christie here describes in her inimitable style experiences which are not unfamiliar to those of us who break our homeward journey to obtain a brief glimpse of the land of the Pharaohs. She shows us the sheik and the palm in a less romantic setting than that affected by some modern writers.

**A** HOLIDAY in Egypt!  
Sheiks! Pyramids! Hot sunshine!  
Palms! Romance!  
Ah, yes! *ROMANCE!*

"Who Drinks of the Waters of the Nile Will Drink Again" the crest upon the hotel notepaper informs me.

Which is poetic—but misleading.

For, believe me, Nile's green water is the last thing one would dare to ask for in this haunt of millionaires. To order anything cheaper than the Widow Cliquot or a bottle of 1914 Delbec gets what you might call a cold hand from the staff!

Indeed, from the moment one sets foot among the Pharaohs, money flows (from you) far faster than their dear old Nile.

But why worry? Aquatically speaking, best be in the swim, or just as well stay home.

And you must admit it isn't given to everyone (however young or charming) to be serenaded on arrival by a hundred night-gowned gentlemen upon a floating raft!

Nor to be rowed ashore by a couple of ear-ringed brigands who keep up a volley of crackling repartee in Arabic each time we hit another craft!

Speaking of brigands, an even heartier welcome awaited me in Cairo. The frenzied scum that kicked and fought over who would take my luggage made a rigger scum look like a children's birthday treat! Flattered but uneasy, I watched the victor—bearded and patriarchal—bear off upon his person my three suit cases, trunk and dressing case. Upon his turban perched my small typewriter—indeed,

nothing human could be seen of Father Abraham except his bare brown feet!

Alas! such gaiety, such trust were quite misplaced. For a policeman with a bamboo cane bore down upon us in that railway station, snatched the "noiseless portable" from off the head of Father Abraham, and with his open palm upon that face (which emitted loud, startled whinnings) he dealt a series of resounding smacks! Trunks, Paris

frocks and unmentionables flew right and left! Cries! Imprecations! Curses!

I intervened, rebuking the minion of the law, who, flourishing the bamboo cane, vociferated: "I save you, lady! He bad fellow! He robber! I teach him no steal your trunks!"

(Well...well! We live and learn, don't we?)

And now to tell of Gingerbread, my close companion in these parts. I am quite fond of him by now, although—at our first introduction, when he screamed loud and furiously at the mere sight of me—I was terrified of him.

A big creature, auburn in coloring, flat-nosed, with wicked eyes, we have an almost daily session, he and I. His legs are

long and thin, his gait is ambling, and he has four feet. Humps, too. Several kinds of humps—for Gingerbread is temperamental.

The start-off, right on the edge of the desert, with all the sheiks and sons of the sheiks and camel boys clamoring around for their piastres is what might be called a sporting event. In order to delicately engage your attention, without being too obtrusive, as it were, these gentry of the desert



*A characteristic portrait of May Christie, who is to contribute short stories to INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE.*



form a ring of squawking camels round you, forcing the protesting animals to their knees so that (unless you are the high jumper of the local athletic club back home) you can only be released by mounting atop of such a one as Gingerbread!

A cute device!

The noise is indescribable. The sand flies up in clouds. The wails of the rejected rend the air. Gingerbread, bored with the daily scene, gives tongue to highest heaven.

Then you are off at a breath-taking trot, and all the sheiks come following, their heelless bedroom slippers galumphing along the sand behind you. Beautiful, distinguished, dignified—perhaps! But proud? Oh, no! Not royally proud! They will follow you to the Sphinx and back for ten cents—yes, a whole troop of them! Who am I to contradict the Misses Hull and Dell, and dare to state that if you go right on thinking of the sheiks as haughty, arrogant fellows, you were never so mistaken in your life? Far be it... The sheiks, even

as you and I, must turn an honest penny—or piastre, to be accurate. They do their job. And well done, too. We're all well done, when the day's over.

Which is as it should be—from the sheiks' point of view.

But in this land of palms (and you can take it from me that though their income tax is based on the number and height of their date palms, the ever-open palm is the most fruitful source of income to these Pharaohs!) I give the palm to one Moses, master and owner of Gingerbread!

He is young and handsome, and he has a tongue

that—metaphorically—drips with honey. Possessed of no fewer than five mothers (one genuine, and four "steps"), he is in the unique position of knowing the "ne plus ultra" of feminine psychology. Indeed, at the risk of being trite, one might definitely state that, no matter what one may find on Gingerbread, there are no flies on Moses, and the time-honored ditty is correct for once!

"Beautiful and charming lady, for two shillings I will tell your fortune," he murmurs, as he "Chassés" along the sand beside you. "Put your hand down and I will read it as I walk."

You do so—and without being exactly flinty, realize that the Moses who drew water from a rock some thousands of years ago (somewhere around this very spot, wasn't it?) has a fitting descendant here in this, his great-great-and-etc.-grandson.

"You will have three sons," says Moses, bringing to a close some rather startling news items which need not be detailed, as time is valuable. "and these three sons will make much,

much money for you." Then, briskly: "Now as I have been a very good boy, and given you a fine fortune, and these three sons to make much money for you, you must pay me *three* shillings for the three sons, instead of the two shillings that you promised!"

Clever Moses! Trailing between the Sphinx and Pyramids in your long white night-gown, with a sort of Scotch scone on your head, you are far from being simple! You are as old and wise as Egypt—land of sunsets, deserts, date palms, bak-sheesh, and—the EVER OPEN PALM!



Miss May Christie, who in private life is Mrs. John Mazzavini, wife of a Wall Street, New York, broker, mounted upon "Gingerbread" beside the great Pyramid and the Sphinx, which is in the hands of local beauty specialists.



# THE RED PENCIL

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This was the last story written by the late Mr. William Le Queux and the British Empire rights have been purchased by "India Monthly Magazine."

THE little white steamer had brought me from Lausanne over the blue Lake of Geneva to Evian-les-Bains in the sunset of the previous evening.

I had watched the pale rose-green-and-gold of the afterglow fade over the peaks of the Savoy Alps and the distant Jura, and at the great Hotel Royal, on the shady hill-side above the the gay little lake-side town, I had dined and slept excellently, cosmopolitan traveller that I am.

The list of visitors gave no clue to any friend or acquaintance, and next morning I took my *café au lait* out under the trees at such an early hour, that the birds were in full song in the grounds sloping to the lake-side.

The golden sun of morning shimmered upon the waters which lay hazy and indistinct away towards Geneva, but in the opposite direction the great mountains, bereft of snow during the summer months, rose well-defined behind the well-known Swiss resorts Montreux and Territet.

Alone, away from the maze and fret of London—from that tangled mass which so many look upon with scorn and horror because they do not know it—I was idling over a letter which I had received on my arrival the previous night, and which had been awaiting me for many days.

Lonely wanderer that I am, it recalled to me receptions, restaurants, concerts, cabarets in Paris, London and New York, in the company of one who was most dear to me, but who had married and gone out of my life not so very long ago. That letter aroused within me the sound of her golden voice, the remembrance of that sweet smile she used to give me in the days when she threw her bare arms around me and loved me. But that love-look had been given to another, and now-a-days I only live a life crowded with bitter memories—just a gipsy across Europe. She wore the golden bond given to her by another more fortunate than myself, better endowed with this world's goods, the possessor of those two necessities of life, a Rolls Royce and a rent-roll, yet after all I envied neither.

I had put away the letter, not without a sigh, and sipping my coffee, was enjoying the wonderful bracing air of the *Haute Savoie*, with the glorious panorama of lake and mountains before me, when, of a sudden I heard voices raised in discussion

in Italian, a language of which I possessed some little knowledge.

Close by, yet half-hidden by some tall rose-bushes, I noticed for the first time two elderly men. One was typically English about sixty, half-bald, and of distinctly aristocratic bearing whose face I fancied I had seen somewhere before; the other stouter, round-faced, clean-shaven with well-trimmed black hair was evidently a foreigner. The Englishman wore a light grey suit, while the other was in neat black with a crimson-and-white button in his lapel. That they were both educated and well-bred, and that the foreigner held the title of Marchese I realised at once. Notwithstanding the fact that I had no interest in their conversation, I could not help overhearing a somewhat heated argument concerning international politics, which disclosed the attitude of the stouter man in the Senate in Rome, of which he was evidently an important member. I say this, because I heard his friend remark in Italian:—

"Well, Excellency, if you are actually against us, how can we possibly succeed? I saw the Duce only the day before yesterday. He came to Lausanne, *incognito*, and stayed the night with his friend Baroni. No one knew that he had left Rome. He instructed me to see you in secret and explain his views. I have done so, and there my mission ends."

And he threw out his slim hands and exhibited both his palms.

Just then, there appeared in merry mood, a tall dark, extremely handsome young girl in a fresh summer gown of apricot *crêpe-de-chine*, hatless and full of the energy born of that perfect morning.

"Why, my dear Uncle Philip!" she cried, addressing the grey-faced Englishman. "How early you are! You were still watching baccarat at the Rooms when I left at two—and here you are already over your coffee!"

"I had a conference out here with the Marchese," he replied in English, laughing. "But come and sit down, my dear Marigold," and he clapped his hands for the waiter, who instantly appeared and bowed to his order to bring another *café-complet*.

World-traveller that I am, I, as an onlooker, see most of the game, and here I would fain confess that a pretty face always intrigues me, and Marigold was certainly pretty. Living as I do, year in

and year out, in big hotels on the Continent, where dancing takes place each afternoon as well as by night, I see youth in all its varying phases, and I consider it a somewhat rash thing for middle-age to pronounce verdicts about what youth is thinking. Our young people nevertheless, whatever the kill-joys may say, are not really fundamentally less immoral than in the forgotten days of the "Blue Danube" waltz, and the old smelly horse-busses. The latter were all very well in their way, but men and women now lead freer and less constrained lives than they did. To-day girls are not fools, and know their own minds before taking the drastic step of matrimony—even though their critics may misread them by their slang vocabulary,—or their lack of it.

While the sprightly dark-eyed Marigold took her coffee and ate her roll and honey, her uncle and the Marchese continued their discussion, rather guardedly. They spoke together concerning Great Britain's rupture with Moscow, but this girl whom the Marchese had addressed as Lady Marigold was, like myself, quite uninterested, and after finishing her *déjeuner* she took out a beautiful cigarette-case in Geneva enamel of peacock-blue and smoked serenely, her eyes gazing over the vast expanse of sapphire waters.

Hidden as I was behind those bushes of sweet-smelling roses at a *table à deux* that was, no doubt, often occupied by honey-mooning couples, I watched her.

Though she could have no possible interest in the political discussion which bore considerably upon the attitude of Italy towards the Soviets, she sat there with knit brows, while the blue smoke curled from her pretty lips. I saw, however, that she weighed every argument between the pair.

After a rather heated discussion, the two men laughed heartily—apparently in entire agreement.

"Mussolini is a genius, my dear Marchese," declared the girl's uncle in very good Italian. "Think what he has done for your country! At my private audience with His Majesty at San Rassore, a fortnight ago, he told me that he agreed entirely with Great Britain's policy towards Russia. Yet with you in Italy there is a terrible danger—as you know—eh, *caro mio!*"

The round-faced man pursed his lips at the Englishman's words.

The girl suddenly put out her hand across the table to grasp that of her uncle.

"Take care of your dear old self, Uncle Phillip," she said in a low voice full of deep earnestness. "Let me warn you. I know—through Benvenuto!"

"Benvenuto! Bosh, my dear Marigold!" cried the Englishman. "He is only one of your silly dancing admirers. What can he know—a submarine lieutenant?"

"Well, we shall see you at the League of

Nations to-morrow," remarked the Marchese, disregarding the discussion between the Englishman and his niece. "If you would save Italy you must support our party! I know how terribly difficult it is, for at once you will have the French against you. But if you will support the Duce, then we shall be able to combat underground Russia in Rome."

"That you can never do," interrupted the girl boldly. "You all go to the meetings of the League doped and blindfolded—and like ostriches bury your heads in the sand! It is really pathetic!"

"My dear Marigold!" exclaimed her elderly uncle reprovingly. "Whatever do you mean? How dare you criticise our politics when you know nothing whatever about them?"

"Dare! Why, my dear uncle, you are just playing into the hands of Italy's worst enemy, Russia. They all know it at Geneva. You should compel the Duce to strike against Moscow, as we have done. Italy should follow our example."

"Exactly my view, Lady Marigold, Brava!" cried the Marchese enthusiastically.

At those words, the elderly well-bred Englishman rose abruptly saying:

"I am in no mood for further discussion, my dear Marchese. Let us all take a walk in the woods, and let's talk of something else!"

Then they turned and disappeared down a narrow-winding path into the delightful shade of the whispering pines.

My pleasant room overlooking the lake—now sapphire in the sunshine with the white town of Lausanne on the hill-side of the opposite shore—was delightful, and I sat down to my daily work, the writing of a new novel. The latter was nearly complete and I longed to get back to my summer quarters by the sea at Knocke, on the Belgian sand-dunes.

That evening, amid the gay crowd at the Casino, I saw Lady Marigold beautifully gowned, dancing with a well-dressed young Italian whom I took to be Benvenuto, for the smart world at Evian is nothing if not cosmopolitan. Her name, I had ascertained, was Lady Marigold Cargill, daughter of the popular Countess of Wrafton, one of the leaders of London Society. In her uncle's identity I had not been mistaken, for he was none other than Viscount Ulverscroft, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, while his companion had been the Marchese di Pontedera, the Italian Minister of Finance.

For the next two days I saw nothing of either man. At lunch and dinner Lady Marigold sat alone, for her uncle and his colleague were over at Geneva, attending the Conference.

On the third morning, however, I noticed the two men breakfasting together upon the terrace, deep in conversation, while Marigold and the

## The Red Pencil

young fellow, who seemed constantly to dance attendance upon her, took their coffee in a secluded little arbour near by.

Later that morning as I was writing by the open window, a waiter entered with a note upon a salver. It was addressed to me in a firm feminine hand, and on tearing it open, I was surprised to find the following written in English upon the hotel paper.

"DEAR SIR—I beg that you will excuse my addressing you, as I am a complete stranger. I am, however, in greatest distress, and knowing you by reputation I would beg of you to spare me two minutes of your time, in order to speak with you in strictest confidence upon a subject which is of intense interest to us both.

"Will you kindly give a reply to the waiter?"—

"Yours obediently—GLADYS POYNTER."

The note was a mysterious one. I re-read it, then, turning to the man who awaited a reply, asked him in French:

"What sort of young lady is Mademoiselle who gave you this?"

"Mademoiselle is English, and alone, monsieur. She arrived here the day before yesterday, and has a room on the sixth floor," was his reply.

Now as an old traveller I scent suspicion of any woman in distress, yet somehow the earnest unsophisticated tone of her letter attracted me, and I said:

"Tell Mademoiselle, that I will see her now."

"*Très bien, m'sieur*," replied the man bowing, and he retired and closed the door.

I rose, glanced around to see that my sitting-room was tidy and then walked to the open window. Upon the centre table the hotel management had placed a great bowl of yellow roses, the fragrance of which filled the room.

A few moments later the door re-opened, and a demurely-dressed and extremely modest girl of perhaps twenty-three was ushered in. Though not bad-looking she would perhaps have been voted plain by most men, possibly because her dark hair was brushed severely back and she was dressed entirely in rather rusty black. She wore a close-fitting little felt hat and a blouse of black *crêpe-de-chine* which had lost its freshness, she evidently being in mourning.

Her shyness was apparent, but as soon as the waiter left us and I bade her take a chair, she came quickly towards me, and with a strange intense look upon her pale countenance, exclaimed:

"It is very good of you to see me. You don't know how deeply I appreciate it. I have something—something urgent to tell you," she added

in a whisper, glancing around as though in fear of eavesdroppers.

"About what?" I inquired in surprise, still somewhat suspicious of my mysterious visitor.

"About a certain well-known person in this hotel. I have come here from London alone. I am a London business girl—a City typist. But I drew money from the Savings Bank, and came out here to watch—and try to avert a—a most terrible catastrophe! I saw your name in the visitors' list, so I determined to try and see you and tell you!"

Her deep earnestness impressed me instantly.

"My dear Miss Poynter, I will, of course, respect your confidence. In what manner can I assist you? What catastrophe do you fear?"

For a few seconds she remained silent, then she picked nervously at her skirt, drew a long breath and looked at me with big-grey frightened eyes.

"They mean to kill Lord Ulverscroft to-night," she blurted forth. "I—I can't prevent it, as nobody would believe me. But you can save him. His life is in your hand!"

"What do you mean, Miss Poynter?" I cried, staring at her. "Who are you?"

"Only a typist," was her reply. "A year ago I made the acquaintance of Nicholas, my friend. He was a young Russian, an officer who got me employment in the offices of Arcos. He was a son of the Bolshevik Governor of Minsk, but a week after I got my job he was taken mysteriously ill, and died in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He was poisoned! I was forced to take the oath to the Soviets on entering upon my duties, and remained there until the police raided our offices. Before being expelled, I dealt with some secret correspondence in the Finnish language which I happen to know, for my father was a Finn and my mother English, I being born at Tammerfors. My father changed his name before the war. The documents concerned plots against the British Home Secretary and Foreign Minister who, in the event of a raid expected upon the Soviet Offices in London, were both to be secretly assassinated."

"You actually know the details of the conspiracy!" I cried starting up in alarm.

"I know everything," was her excited reply. "Except that I do not yet know who has been chosen to effect the *coup*! The Bolsheviks are now desperate, as you are well aware."

"What are their intentions? Tell me all that you know?" I urged. Her words of warning staggered me. The girl with inborn patriotism had withdrawn her savings, and had come out to Evian upon a desperate adventure, to save the life of one of Britain's greatest statesmen.

My demure little visitor with her well-worn dark-green handbag, glanced anxiously around the room and then, in a gasping voice asked:

"Can anyone overhear us? I fear I may have been followed from London! The spies of Moscow are everywhere. Ah! you cannot ever believe the subtle underground work going on in every phase of life in England, from Battersea to Belgravia or from end to end of Britain, in order to further the ends of those murderers of the Kremlin. I was sent out six months ago from Arcos to Moscow as shorthand typist, with a mission of 'labour men,' and I have seen Moscow under the Reds. It was they who killed my Nicholas!" She added bitterly.

"Well, Miss Poynter, what can we do to unite our forces?" I asked her, utterly bewildered by the maelstrom of international politics into which I had so suddenly been flung. "What is your suggestion?"

"What can I suggest?" she demanded despairingly. "A catastrophe will, I am certain, occur to-night—both here, and in London at the private house of the Home Secretary. It is all arranged to take place to-night—the night of the twentieth."

The grey-eyed girl's statements were sensational, it was true, yet, somehow, I remained rather unconvinced. In a certain sense her attitude was genuine, but her story of Finnish parentage seemed a little vague, and further, how could I know that she had really drawn her savings from the Post

Office to follow the Foreign Minister to the Continent?

What my unexpected visitor had alleged, however, held me in expectation.

"How is the attempt to be made?" I asked her quickly, offering, if necessary, to introduce her to the British Foreign Secretary.

"Oh! no!" she cried. "He would surely not want to see me after my employment at Arcos. No, I cannot possibly meet him!"

"But I feel sure he would be interested in what you can tell him," I said, "at least he would compliment you upon being sufficiently patriotic and daring to divulge the plot."

She, however, shyly declined. I pressed her, but she asked for time to consider, and presently left me pondering deeply.

What the girl had revealed was in strictest confidence, yet was it not my duty to take some steps to avert the attempt?

After some inquiries I found that upon the door of Lord Ulverscroft's private suite of rooms a new and secure lock had been placed, as there were often private papers there. Only the Cabinet Minister and his private secretary possessed keys. I had noticed a well-dressed, middle-aged Englishman lounging about the hotel, and it struck me that



"I had a conference out here with the Marchese."

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he was a man from Scotland Yard specially detailed to keep surveillance upon his lordship.

As the day wore on I had my suspicions further aroused by discovering Lady Marigold's young Italian friend—Benvenuto Giordoni—as he appeared in the list of guests, in serious whispered conversation with a dark-haired, undersized little man, who was evidently a Russian. Indeed I caught them together twice, the first time in the hotel-garden, and on the second occasion soon after lunch, I saw them strolling together in the narrow main street of the delightful little village.

Of Miss Poynter I saw nothing. She had apparently gone to her room and there had eaten her meal alone. No doubt she was considering whether or not she should disclose the plot to Lord Ulverscroft himself.

That proved a most anxious day. The desperate attempt at reprisal was to be made that night—the night of the twentieth—yet in what manner I knew not. I felt that my proper course was to seek the Foreign Secretary, and urge him to leave Evian suddenly for some unknown destination, and thus thwart the plotters, whoever they might be. Yet, without Miss Poynter's statement, my story might not receive credence.

Should I take the detective into my confidence? I could, however, hardly do that without obtaining the girl's permission, and in her excited and agitated state I knew it was of no use to approach her further, until she had made up her mind whether or not to make a clean breast of all she knew.

As the hours wore on I felt certain that the young Italian was keeping a watchful eye upon my movements, and in this he was joined by Lady Marigold, who once or twice eyed me with suspicion as I sat alone smoking in the great hotel lounge.

Her uncle, I learned from the *concierge*, had gone with the Marchese di Pontedera over to Lausanne and would return in time for dinner. Once Lady Marigold glanced furtively across at me through her cigarette smoke, and then bending towards her companion whispered something at which he nodded slowly. I grew annoyed at this surveillance upon me, the more so because, if I met the young typist, our acquaintanceship would certainly be noticed.

Apparently the young man Benvenuto entertained suspicion that some evil was intended against Lady Marigold's uncle, and having warned her, believed me to be one of the conspirators. As far as I knew, the young typist had not been seen by any of those interested, for she certainly had not taken her meals in the great *salle-à-manger*, nor had she betrayed her presence in the lounge.

In the late afternoon, Lady Marigold with her young Italian friend sauntered down to the landing-

stage to meet the steamer crossing from Lausanne, by which the Foreign Secretary and the Marchese were travelling, while I took a stroll in the woods around the hotels, trying to decide upon the most judicious course to pursue.

At any hour the attempt might be made—and I might be late!

Such a thought was appalling. I knew the death of his lordship was intended, and if the plot were successful then the blame would certainly be upon my head.

I was seated upon a bench beneath a great tree a little back from the winding woodland path, smoking a cigarette and much perturbed, when, suddenly, I espied a neat figure in black, whom I at once recognized as Miss Poynter strolling pensively along in the direction of the hotel.

I sprang to my feet to rush towards her, for at that unfrequented spot our meeting would be a clandestine one, when, at the same instant, I saw a man following her noiselessly, evidently watching her every movement.

In a moment I drew back, for I recognized him as the little, stocky, dark-haired man whom I took to be a Russian.

And he was following her!

My first impulse was to shout, and give her warning. But I held my tongue and hid behind the tree. As I watched, the man approached her, ordering her angrily in Russian to halt, which she did, whereupon a brief altercation ensued in which the man's threatening attitude greatly frightened her.

She was discovered!

Seeing this, I left my hiding-place and ran down to where they stood.

Hearing sounds behind them, both turned. It was an exciting moment, for the girl recognizing me, shrieked:

"Oh! save me from these terrible people! They have found me, and will kill me because I have told you the truth!"

"Who are you?" I demanded fiercely of the short, black-haired fellow. "Why do you molest this lady?"

"He is Ivan Vieff, the man who has been chosen to kill Lord Ulverscroft to-night!" declared the ex-typist of Arcos vehemently. "Let him deny it, if he can! I told you the truth this morning—and here is the man!"

For a few seconds he faced me in silence, his dark eyes flashing hatred into mine. Then, turning to her, he said in broken English:

"Very well, mademoiselle, you have betrayed our secret! The Loubianka will remember this! It has a very long arm, and a deadly one! You have been in Moscow—and you know. The Tcheka will await you, if not to-day—then to-morrow!"



*Then dashing to the window, he flung it out.*

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Then, bowing mockingly to us, a moment later he strode down a narrow side-path which led through the trees to the lake, but followed quickly by the man from Scotland Yard, who seemed to have sprung from nowhere.

"In any case, Miss Poynter, you have prevented the *coup* from being effected!" I cried, congratulating her. "That man is in evident fear of you! You have behaved magnificently," I declared. "You must see Lord Ulverscroft, and he will personally thank you."

"I have, I am certain, brought upon myself the vengeance of the O.G.P.U.—the secret terrorist police!" she said despairingly.

"Our police will protect you, never fear," I assured her. "But how did you recognize him?"

"Because he is chief of the espionage department of the Tcheka attached to Arcos. It was his archives which were hidden behind the thick steel and concrete walls which the detectives broke through, the details of plots intended against members of the British Government and prominent politicians. Ivan Vieff is the son of a Czarist official, and at Kharkov joined the Bolshevik group who began to exercise terrorist power in 1918. He was one of the organisers of the "torture sections" of the Tcheka, for the activities of which Chinese torturers are employed, and is a commissar and a fierce Anglophobe," she explained, as we walked back together to the hotel.

"I will arrange for Lord Ulverscroft to see you after dinner," I said.

But she still hesitated.

"No," she replied. "I will return to London. You can explain to him what I have done to avert disaster. Or, perhaps, the English police-officer who has gone after Vieff will tell him?"

We were back in the hotel, and sat together in the big palm court.

"But really Miss Poynter I must insist upon your seeing Lord Ulverscroft yourself," I said. "It is only due to you that he should thank you. I will see to it. Say at ten o'clock—eh? I will find you here in the lounge and take you up to his rooms."

She looked at me very strangely, I thought.

"To-night is the night of the twentieth—the night of the intended *coup*!" she remarked reflectively, as from her green hand-bag she took out a neat somewhat thick silver pencil, and was about to write some memorandum upon a little ivory tablet.

Suddenly she hesitated, and was on the point of replacing it in her bag, when I remarked:

"What a handsome pencil?"

"Yes," she laughed. "They are made in Russia, and used by Arcos. It is the only one I have, otherwise I would give it to you as a souvenir."

And she replaced it, closing her bag with a snap. "You will meet me here at ten o'clock?" I asked, returning to the subject of our discussion.

Yet she still hesitated. At last, with great reluctance, she replied:

"I have to go down to the village to meet a friend, and I may be delayed."

"I thought you had no friends here," I remarked.

"A man I know is coming over from Lausanne to-night to play baccarat at the Casino. He has wired me to meet him," she answered. "So I cannot meet you at ten, but I'll be here at eleven."

"Very well," I said. "I'll meet you."

And we parted.

That the deliberate attempt to murder Lord Ulverscroft had been thwarted, naturally gave me the greatest gratification, and on finding his secretary I was at once introduced to the great statesman, whose photograph appeared in the papers so constantly.

Both heard me with considerable surprise, and when I had concluded, his lordship turned to his companion and said:

"Lady Marigold was right, after all! There is a plot against me! Yet, Charlesworth, supposed to be one of the shrewdest men of the Special Branch of Scotland Yard expressed the opinion only yesterday that the suspicions had no foundation in fact. I shall be most delighted to meet this interesting young employée of Arcos, and thank her for her efforts on my behalf. I also thank you," he said. "I will be in my room at eleven to-night."

Half-an-hour later when I entered the great *table d'hôte* for dinner, I gazed eagerly around, but the young English girl who had behaved so nobly was not there. She was still bent upon keeping out of the way, due in all probability to the fact that she had no evening gown.

Lord Ulverscroft who as usual sat at table with the Marchese and his niece Lady Marigold, nodded familiarly to me when I caught his eye. Afterwards I saw Lady Marigold dancing with the young Italian while her uncle and the Italian Minister took their coffee together in the palm-court. I wondered whether the Foreign Secretary had told his colleague of his narrow escape, and I also wondered whom it could be that Miss Poynter was meeting at the Casino.

I wandered down there, and from nine till nearly half-past ten o'clock strolled about the handsome salons, but saw nothing of her. Therefore, I returned to the hotel and waited until eleven.

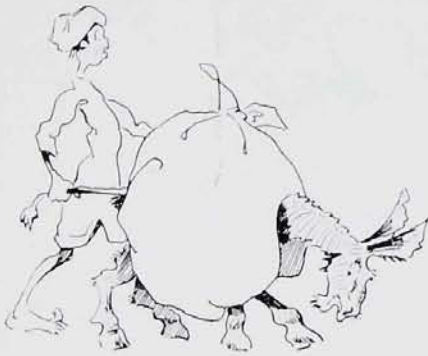
So shy was she, and so reluctant to meet the famous statesman that I feared lest she should fail to keep the appointment.

Nevertheless quite punctually she entered the lounge, a neat demure little figure still in deep

(Continued on page 87.)

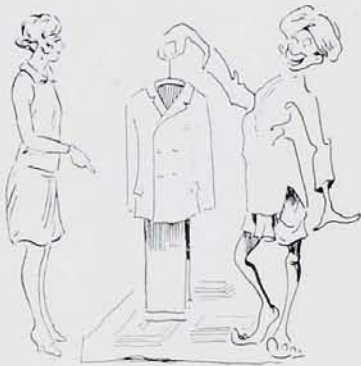


# Getting things done in India



Can he dry-clean a winter suit?

Yes —



He'll make it like new.

A little washing —

Few hours beating —



And here

it is —

like NEW

# H.G.D.'S

## A pot pourri of Philtered Philosophy



The best sort of a break is obtained by giving somebody else one.

The easiest way to discover a good quality in somebody else is to look for it.

People who *forget to remember* are more often than not those who *remember to forget*.

If only we humans possessed one-tenth the eager friendliness of an average stray dog, the world would be a pleasanter place to live in.

Those who like to hear themselves speak enjoy listening to a fool.

The greatest sense of satisfaction obtainable is the thrill experienced in satisfying somebody else.

When recently married couples begin to favour the modern idea of *giving each other vacations*, one of our eyes looks toward Reno and the other focuses Paris.

A force more uplifting than law itself is the ever-present fear of *what other people think*.

The thought is always present where the inclination lurks.

The most difficult to convince is he who listens while the other fellow talks.

A prejudiced viewpoint is what we see at the other end of a reversed telescope.

The most deadly antithesis to the first law of nature is an uncontrollable tongue.

### HOW SMALL A THING

The other night I dream't a dream  
Which took me up on high;  
And down below I watched, like ants,  
We humans from the sky.  
And by my side these ticked a clock;  
Each minute marked a year.  
And every hundred years it struck  
A toll upon my ear.

At first I looked in vain to find  
Some people great of name.  
But tiny specks were all I saw  
And each one looked the same.  
And every score of years or so  
A change I searched to find,  
For well I knew that people die  
And leave a gap behind.

But, strange to say, no gaps I found,  
The specks moved on apace,  
And for each one that faded out  
Were two to take its place.  
I thought of changing fashions,  
Of wars and plagues and such;  
And yet, though such things happened,  
From thence they meant not much.

And as each century came and passed  
The thought flashed through my mind,  
That of the specks I'd seen at first  
Not one remained behind.  
And as the herded mass seethed on  
In interwoven strife,  
It came to me how small a thing  
Was any single life.

H.G.D.

"Old Masters" are divided into three categories:—Paintings, Sea Captains and Perennial Bachelors.

The biggest obstacle of any is usually born of imagination.

The easiest thing to keep is something we want to lose.

A pretty woman's inner mind is like an intriguing novel—full of fascinating possibilities.

A strong personality is what makes the other chap apologize when you bump against him.

Money may not be a passport to the kingdom of happiness, but it's an excellent letter of introduction to the king.

About ninety per cent. of human ambition is the desire to be loved.

The simplest of human traits are those most difficult to acquire.

There's a lot to be said for these modernist married couples, who live together but entertain apart, but let's not say it here.

The term "Rubber" as applied to Bridge probably came into common usage on account of the length of time some people take to play a hand.

If he's not a liar he's not a weakling.

Every human heart is a broadcasting station, and searching for wave lengths makes the world go round.

Things that last longest are sparingly used.

## The Ninth Olympiad

53.25 seconds a new Olympic record. The British Empire had an excellent series of successes, Great Britain gaining 2 victories, Canada 2, South Africa 1 and Ireland 1. Altogether Dominion and Home country athletes gained 20 places in track and 2 in field events. The little Indian contingent of 7 strong certainly looked one of the most attractive in the parade of 40 nations in the March past, but in athletic prowess there was no one who possessed any ability within yards and yards of Olympic class. One would have thought that India with its population of so many millions would be able to discover a score of athletes of outstanding ability. There must be a wealth of material available—there must be material wealth with which to construct running

tracks and employ coaches to mould this material.

The exhibition of the hockey team in the early part of the year filled with admiration all who witnessed their skill and prowess. They were certainly in a class by themselves. The athletes, too, were almost in a class by themselves, but a class which stands no chance in strenuous competition. I do not know on what principle and by what means this gallant little band was selected, but I cannot believe they were representative of the athletic strength of India. Let us hope that by the next Olympiad a formidable if compact section of Indian athletes will be present wherever the games are held.

The general arrangements at Amsterdam were good, but there is a lot of room for improvement.

The programme spread out over eight days was excellent in parts, but rather tended to drag towards the end for the majority of the best events were over before the week was half through. Some drastic rearrangement is necessary and the International Amateur Athletic Federation—the body controlling the athletic section—must be made to realise that a programme of a few events spread over a long time is not more attractive because it takes a long time. What one may term a sheltering presentation of events should be avoided. The general atmosphere was excellent and there were no "incidents" of any magnitude—in fact far fewer and less serious than what are encountered at an ordinary Saturday afternoon sports meeting in the Mother Country.



*J. Wright (Jr.) who, in winning the third heat of the Single Sculls, created a new record—his time being 7 mins. 56 4-5th secs.*



*H. E. Sir MALCOLM HAILEY,  
Formerly Governor of the Punjab, now Governor of the United Provinces.*

# LA MODE FAIT LA FEMME

By ~



Mlle. NAGÈNE

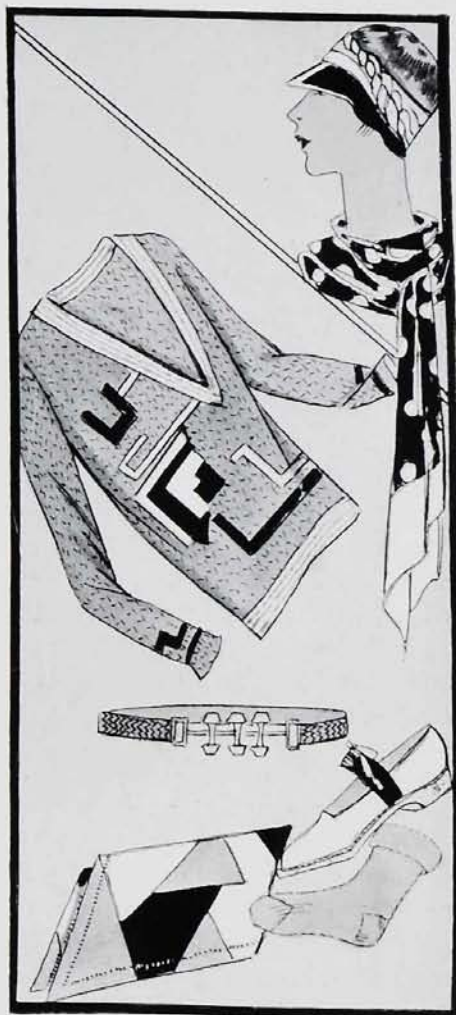
Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

ANY woman who really cares for the texture of the skin—and, after all, it is one's most vital consideration—will be wise about its care. There are a few simple rules which are essential. Every night the skin should be thoroughly cleansed with a good and not necessarily expensive cleansing cream. This is one of the fundamental rules of every beauty specialist throughout the world. The make-up worn during the day and evening should be carefully and gently massaged away. There are any number of good creams for this purpose, and I know many smart women who carry a tiny jar of it in their purses for that refreshing moment after luncheon when they repair the ravages of a luncheon party. All powder and rouge makes a much greater effect when the skin is perfectly cleansed. To apply them over make-up or upon a tired face is a serious mistake.



The use of a good nourishing cream is, naturally, very important, and should be a habit; the last gesture before retiring, as a matter of fact. The cream should not be applied thickly—that is not necessary, but a thin film should remain so that during sleep the tissues may be restored and vitalized.

The treatment in the morning may take five minutes. First, cleanse the skin with the cleansing cream. Then, with the



*Sports accessories give the smartness to sports outfits. For tennis, the eye-shield is in favor; the large handkerchief scarf is always chic. With sports shoes the short socks are worn over the stockings and rolled at the ankle. Futuristic designs in bright colors are featured for Bags and Sweaters.*

massage or nourishing cream or oil, gently massage the face. The movements must be always upwards and outwards. Begin

by the jaw bone; with the thumb under and the first finger on the upper side. Start the movement at the middle of the chin, then rub gently outward towards the ear. The cream will be absorbed into the skin. For treatment of the eyes, be very certain to rub gently outwards over the eyelids, make a tiny circle at the corner and bring the finger back under the eye until you can pinch the bridge of the nose. All professional treatments give this method. Do it about twenty times, taking care to use a light touch. A circular motion, when done outwards, is beneficial. The central point is the chin, of course. Madame, do you begin to understand how to give yourself a real beauty treatment?



A youthful neck is the loveliest feature, perhaps, that one can possess. The care of the neck is very simple. A very young woman should know the correct way to preserve its contours, the older woman, how to preserve it against sagging muscles. The massage movement starts at the throat. Both hands should encircle the neck, moving towards the back, with the hands flat. This should be done at least twenty times every morning. The clothes we wear, as well as the jewels,—and is it not extraordinary the numbers of pearl strings one wears?—all tend to push forward; the weight of the fur collar, or almost any other collar, rests upon the back

## La Mode Fait la Femme

of the neck. For this reason it is absolutely necessary to protect the slenderness of the column by the daily exercise I have given.



As to make-up, there is much advice to be given. For example, the brunette never uses the same shade of powder as the blonde. So many beautiful women spoil their effect with the wrong powder! The perfectly white powder is almost impossible; only the whitest of skins could support its crudeness, and one would wish that the misguided one would lean towards the *naturelle* or *rachel* shades. As to rouge, for very dry skins the powder rouge is never a good thing for the skin; the cream is much better, and when softened by the powder is infinitely more lovely and natural.

For evening wear, when one will be subjected to artificial lights, the make-up will be quite different from that used in the daytime. There is a mauve powder which is very beautiful for evening wear. In the crude light of day it has a sickly tinge that seems too impossible, but under the electric light it softens and whitens the skin adorably and brings out the rouge of the cheeks.

As to the injudicious use of the lip-stick there is much to be said. Of course, the modern woman never appears without her lips well rouged, but here, again, discretion must govern the choice of shade. A blonde with a deep red is obviously ill-advised. The coral shades are much more brilliant. Many of the best lip-sticks are indelible and will last for many hours. In short, the make-up of the smart modern woman is a work of art and approaches as nearly as possible the natural beauty which she enhances with artifice, but never to the point of appearing artificial. Rather a large order, madame, but you know perfectly what I mean.

Among the compacts which Paris sponsors for the purse, there are charming combinations of powder, rouge and lip-stick, which are all contained in a thin enamelled or golden box. They are the last word in *chic* and so convenient! A certain shop in Paris is showing also very charming small combs, encased in a coloured leather case, to be used discreetly, of course, especially if the hair is bobbed. A flat mirror and the comb in its sheath, a narrow strap with a jewelled clasp—that is it, and all as thin as a *Louis d'or*.



Another source of preoccupation to madame, especially if the summer has been strenuous, is her hands. Some very wise ladies have kept them white and soft with lotion, but many others, perhaps, from laziness—oh, forgive me, gentle reader,—have neglected them. A good lotion, almost any one, should be used each time after washing the hands. If you would like to make your own, take equal parts of rose water and glycerine, mix them well and you have an excellent lotion. It all seems very simple, doesn't it, but one must be very thorough, friend Lady Beautiful.



The greatest bore of all, perhaps, is the care of the nails. Ah, that daily manicure! Yet, if one would do the nails every morning, quite regularly, the result would be ravishing. Then, too, with some time bestowed upon them each day, the nails will require less time in the end.

If the nails are inclined to be brittle, hot olive oil will be found very beneficial. Soak the fingertips for ten minutes twice a week. This treatment keeps the cuticle soft and helps the nails quite incredibly. If there are ridges on the nails, they can be filed off with the fine side of the card-board file. The amateur mani-

curist should never use the steel file. A splendid preparation to whiten the nails is now available everywhere. Instead of the old-fashioned cream bleach, there are short cords intended to be drawn under the nail when wet; they leave the nail cleansed and whitened, and, for the busy woman at any rate, are a time saver most precious.

As to polish, the liquid is satisfactory and lasting, but the deep red tone is not in the best taste; the pink, natural color is best. Powder polish, when used with a buffer, thins the nails and dries the cuticle. Some women use no polish at all, but they are rare.

So much for beauty. But in all departments of the *toilette*, regularity is the only watchword. As the French say, "One must suffer in order to be beautiful."



The most effective astringent for the skin is cold water. Dash or spray it upon the face and neck as often as you like, madame. It keeps the tissues healthy and fresh and is much better than the tonic which one buys, for almost all have a base of alcohol, which stimulates but also dries the skin very badly.



If I have spoken at length about the care of the face and hands it is because the season is important, particularly when the ravages of the very hot weather require special remedies and one knows that a busy season is just ahead. Sunburn is to be avoided at all costs, you know, for the after effects are lasting and difficult to erase. Only the very young may indulge, and even then, it is not wise. . . .



The vogue of white has strengthened and will be *chic* until the autumn proper. Among the modes which this season, so rich in innovations, has brought to the fore, is the revival of the white shoe. Kid is a favorite



Two Sports Dresses which show the modern trend of combining colours. On the left, a soft Jersey jumper costume in beige, blue and brown. Geometric lines are chic. At the right, a knitted sweater with gold threads woven in. Bindings of plain color, and the popular monogram. Both Hats are very small.

## La Mode Fait la Femme

material, although the *crêpe-de-Chine* and linen are smart. Frequently the printed silk will match—if not in motif, then in coloring—the gown one wears. All this brilliance is quite new. Only a few seasons ago the most conservative attitude was taken about footwear, but that has passed with the severity of line once so cherished among Couturiers. A certain tone of blue, not navy, neither royal blue, but a neutral, charming tone, is most new and smart. And this, remark well, madame, is for street wear!



Necklaces become longer and longer. Some of the newest ones, if not wound about the neck, might easily reach to the hem of your rather abbreviated garment, *fair élégante*.

On the other hand, the short choker with quite large stones is very smart with more tailored styles and even for sports wear. The pearl is, as ever, the favorite.

The Chanel crystals are charming, as are the necklaces of aquamarines and amethysts, but they are only for afternoon or evening.

At last, at last, my friends, a way has been found to use all the hair which has suffered from the scissors of the barber. A most cruel thing. Wigs, you will say? But not at all. There are two new ways of disposing of the remains of one's vanished glory. One is new to this generation at least, the other has never been heard of, I am sure.

The first is the medallion made with locks of hair, the same medallion that enchanted our ancestors; the difference will be, madame, that your medallion will carry a *devise* or a *motif*, very modern and perfectly *chic*.

The other manner of disposing of the ringlets of yesterday is more original and decorative. It consists of charming embroidery done on *tulle*. Sometimes the strands of hair are combined with threads of gold or silver with

much delicacy and beauty. Perhaps this item will make you recall a song in English—something about "Silver threads among the gold." But you do not remember.



A little glass of lemon juice in the morning before you take your *café au lait*, madame, will prove very beneficial to your health, not to speak of your beauty.



If you are very tired and cannot spend that quiet hour of repose before dressing for dinner, you will find that if you will bathe your eyes in quite hot water they will be unbelievably refreshed.



Walk upon your tip-toes every morning for several minutes. After you have done it a few times you will appreciate why. It is a wonderful exercise for poise, and is especially good for the limbs.

*Musette, bien charmante Amie :*

*Voici belle saison-belle parce qu'elle laisse entrevoir les premières surprises de la grande saison d'Automne. Nous allons vers une élégance remplie de détails, de somptueux riens, de luxueuses étoffes ; bref, vers mille folies adorables! D'ailleurs, cet été nous a introduit des penchants, infiniment discrettes, certes, mais assez souslignés, qui indiquent la mode. Les grandes collections nous apporteront, un peu plus tard, les models. Les lignes semblent devenir de plus en plus compliquées; on se croirait au XIII siècle! Mon Dieu, Musette, les robes de cette époque là furent designées pour réchauffer les genoux des Messieurs... Le Palais de Versailles était mal chauffé, les courtiers portaient des bas bien minces... Quelle vision!*

*J'ai passé un mois à Biarritz. Vous connaissez la vie là-bas. Quel jolis costumes de bain, quelles toilettes de soir! Les robes drapées continuent à être chic, surtout celles drapées et agrémentées d'un gros pouf bien placé, ou bien un noeud énorme. Heureusement, on voit la taille encore libre et souple, mais peu à peu les contours du corps se laissent deviner d'avantage... Où allons nous? Etes-vous mince? Je parie que oui.*

*Les manteaux croisent largement, montrant une jolie ligne toute droite, tenue par une ceinture quelconque. Les manches sont toujours très larges aux poignets et c'est charmant, n'est-ce pas?*

*Il y a toujours un ou deux models de chez les grand couturiers qui ont plus de succes que les autres. L'autre soir, je suis allée à un grand diner; figurez-vous combien j'étais étonnée de trouver trois dames qui portaient des robes pareilles! C'est amusant, quand même. La model exclusif est bien difficile à trouver... Elles étaient furieuses, ces dames, toutes trois.*

*Quand pensez-vous venir à Paris? Bientot, j'espère. En attendant, je vous envoie un mouchoir du soir en Mousseline, avec des coloris en vogue. Ne vous étonnez pas de son grandeur, on les porte énormes.*

*Bien affectueusement,*

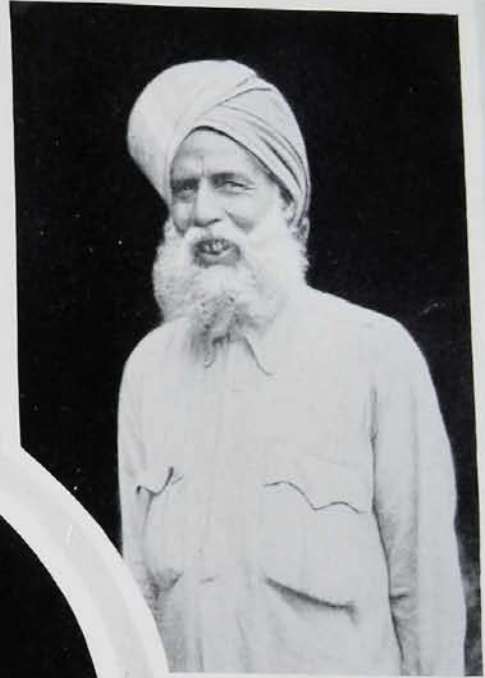
*Nagène.*



WOMEN OF THE HILLS AND MEN OF THE PUNJAB.



*The Nepalese Avah in pensive mood.*



*Mussalman of the Punjab—  
physically strong—mentally  
happy.*



*A popular  
vendor of  
popular wares.*



*The Punjabi Hindu—a class who make excellent  
durwans.*



*A village belle photographed on the way to Tibet.*



# Our Children's Corner



## THE INDIAN ALPHABET.

By  
THE MUNSHI.

Illustrated by  
Mrs. L. L. STROVER.



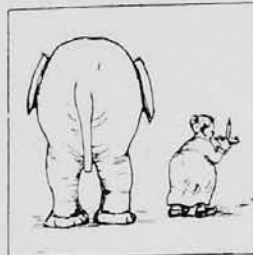
**A** is my AYAH. It is such a pity  
That though she's a dear she is  
not very pretty.



**H** is his HORSE, and it's terribly  
small;  
When loaded with hay you can't  
see it at all.



**B** is the BHISTL. He's really a  
porter  
Who fills all the chatties and  
bath tubs with water.



**E** is the ELEPHANT. Bear this  
in mind,  
He has one tail in front and  
another behind.



**I** is the ICE-CHEST and in it, I'm  
told  
They put all the butter and milk  
to keep cold.



**C** is our CHOKRA and his home is  
in Goa,  
He is not a good cook but a  
splendid churchgoer.



**F** is my FIRE-FLY, and every  
night  
My own private Fairy lights up  
his wee light.



**J** is the JACKAL. He sings to the  
moon.  
He's got a fine voice but it's  
seldom in tune.



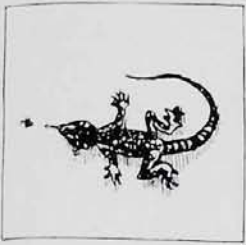
**D** is the DARZI who makes  
Mummy's frocks.  
And sews on my buttons and  
darns Daddy's socks.



**G** is the GRASSCUT. He never  
wears boots  
As he sits on the ground scratch-  
ing up mud and roots.



**K** is the KHITMAGAR, always  
called "Khit."  
He is dressed all in white but his  
clothes never fit.



**L** is the LIZARD who sits on the wall  
Catching flies with his tongue,  
without moving at all.



**Q** is QUININE which I don't like  
a bit,  
But I do like the jam which goes  
down after it.



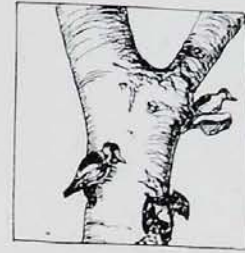
**V** is the VICEROY. It must be  
grand  
To dine off gold plate to the  
strains of a band.



**M** is my MONGOOSE. He's  
always called "Rikki."  
He loves eating jam but it makes  
him so sticky.



**R** are the RATS who inhabit the  
thatch,  
All night you can hear them  
squeak, scamper and scratch.



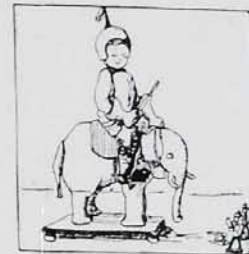
**W** stands for the WOODPECKER  
gay,  
Who taps with his beak at the  
tree trunks all day.



**N** is my NANNIE. I do love her  
so,  
But I'm hoping that some day  
she'll stop saying "No."



**S** are the SQUIRRELS. How  
often I've tried  
To catch one, but always they  
skip to one side.



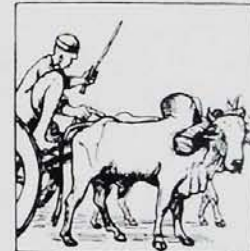
**X** is His EX. the Commander-in-  
Chief  
Of Military India, the "Army"  
in Brief.



**O** are the OWLS, with their funny  
round eyes,  
They live in our "bagh," and  
look awfully wise.



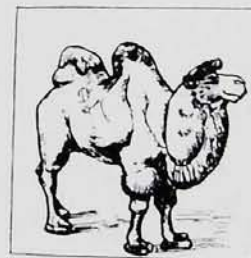
**T** are the TATS in the Bunya's  
Tonga,  
They don't get much food or  
they'd look rather stronger.



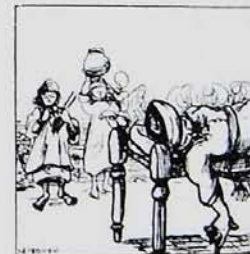
**Y** is our YOKE of curly horned  
"bails."  
On watering days they walk  
hundreds of miles.



**P** are the PORCUPINES, likewise  
the PIG  
Who visit our compound each  
night for a dig.



**U** is the UNT and I don't like the  
way  
That he gurgles and burbles  
when chewing his hay.



**Z** is a ZAMINDAR taking his ease,  
While his wives and relations  
are weeding his peas!

# THE GOLDEN BIRD

PUZZLE—

FIND THE FRIENDLY FOX AND THE  
TWO WICKED BROTHERS

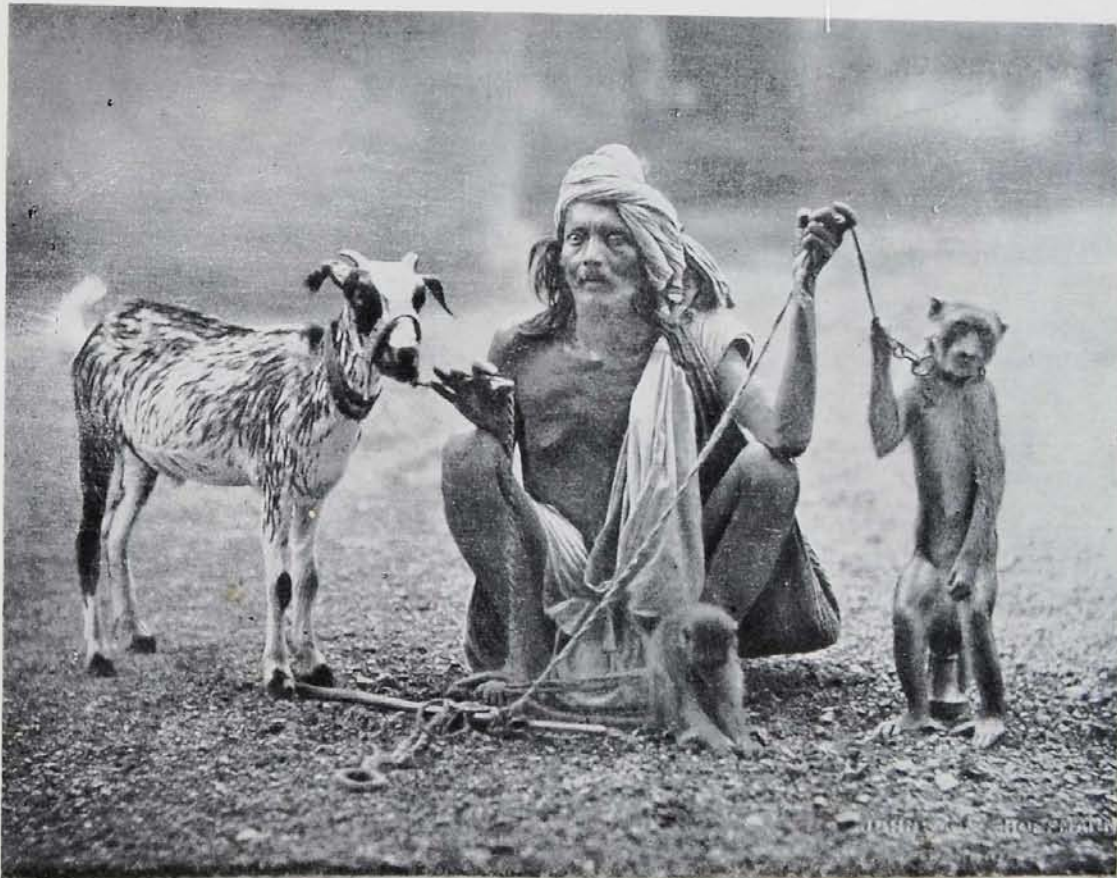
By HELEN HUDSON



ITINERANT ENTERTAINERS.



*The Bhalook Wallah.*



*The Bandar Wallah.*



JUST COY



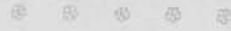
# A Whole Page of Good Shots



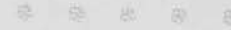
"I'm going out," said the light as the lovers entered.



"We shall never meet," said the flapper's skirt to the dimpled knee.



"That means nothing to me," said the backer of the fourth horse.



## The Operation

An old soldier had been run over by a motor car. An instant operation was imperative. On coming to, the patient noticed that although it was still daylight all the blinds were drawn.

He asked the reason.

"Feel all right?" asked the nurse.

"Right as rain," replied he. "But why are the blinds drawn?"

"Well," replied the nurse, "there's been a big fire across the road, and we thought that if you awoke too soon you might think the operation had been unsuccessful."



*Innocent:* "You should have seen the hands I held last night."

*Catty:* "In bridge, love or self-defence?"

## Ignorance is Bliss

Mistakes are sometimes merely a matter of opinion, and excusable.

There was the fair co-ed at her first football match, and the young man with her explaining the points of the game.

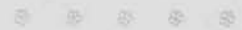
"Why did they stop that man from running with the ball?" she inquired as the players piled on top of him. She was gently told that they did not want him to score a try, and she came with another question.

"But isn't the object of the game to make tries?"

"Yes, Helen," he explained, "but he

was running toward the wrong goal. He's on the other side."

The fair Helen pouted: "Well, I can't see why they have to knock him down to tell him about it. Everybody makes mistakes."



Burra Sahib to Lady Typist: "Are you doing anything on Sunday night, Miss Blank?"

Typist (hopefully): "No, not a thing."

Burra Sahib: "Then try to be at office earlier on Monday morning, will you."

## The Blushing Bride

Then tell us of the blushing bride,  
Who to the altar goes,  
Down the centre of the church,  
Between the friend-filled rows.

There's Billy, whom she motored with;  
And George, of Naini Tal;  
There's Jack, she used to golf with him;  
And Ted, her Simla pal;

There's Dick, the Bombay man she know;  
And Bob, of tennis days;  
There's Monte; yes, and blonde Eugene,  
Who had such ducky ways;

And Harry, too, the heavy-weight,  
Whose arms used her to  
No wonder she's a blushing bride—  
Ye gods, she ought to blush!

# AN ADVENTURE WITH A MUSTH WILD ELEPHANT

By F. W. CHAMPION, I.F.S.

Author of "With a Camera in Tiger-land."

**D**AWN, the usher of a new day's work and pleasure in the Indian jungle, arrived at least an hour ago. Normally we should already be up and about, but to-day we are luxuriating in that pleasure—or vice if you like—which we exiles call a "Europe morning;" so we are lying in bed for an hour or two longer than is our usual custom. We are camped in an old thatched Forest Rest-house, built in the shadow of a great jungle-clad cliff and on the edge of a mountain stream, which continuously warbles a delightful melody as it rumbles and tumbles along its stony bed on its journey through the jungle to join Mother Ganga—perhaps twenty miles away, on the edge of the great forest which surrounds us.

The windows of our bedroom are wide open, and from every direction comes the morning anthem of the many shy, wild creatures who delight in these solitudes, where they are disturbed only by the occasional visit of a Forest Officer and his wife, both of whom have far too much sympathy with them to derive any pleasure whatever from attempting to steal the lives which they live with such obvious zest. A few yards away a magpie-robin, that delightful pied songster of the East, is serenading us from his perch on a *kusam* tree, and tempts us to believe that his song is, in truth, a paean of appreciation of the beautiful red colour of the newly-formed leaves surrounding him. Across the stream a number of



*On the cliff above a gurul is standing.*

peafowl are mewing like cats that are disagreeing among themselves, and from above the

hungalow come the piercing screams of one or two kites, that appeared from apparently nowhere as soon as our camp arrived the day before.

On the cliff above, not a hundred yards away, a gurul is standing, revelling in the warmth of the newly risen sun as he looks nervously down from his dizzy perch at the signs of the presence of man below him. He need not fear: we are still in bed, and in any case we would not shoot him—easy mark though he is—unless we were desperately pressed for meat, which is not the case at the moment. A jungle-fowl has been shouting reveillé in vain for at least an hour, and we are thinking of those lines of Shakespeare—

*"The cock, that is the trumpet  
of the morn,*

*Doth with his lofty and shrill-  
sounding throat,*

*Awake the god of day!"*

when our meditations are rudely disturbed by a sharp rapping on the door of our bedroom. None too pleased at this intrusion on our lazy enjoyment of a jungle morning, we enquire sharply as to what is the matter. The answer, given in the gruff voice of Karim Baksh, our head mahout, at once drives all laziness and annoyance away and we are out of bed in a flash, hastily donning our simple jungle attire. The cause of this sudden activity is the report of the mahout, which is to the effect that a herd of wild elephants is feeding in the open forest below the hills a mile or two away; that the light is good; and that this



## An Adventure with a Musth Wild Elephant

is obviously an excellent opportunity to obtain some interesting pictures.

Barely five minutes have passed before we are dressed and mounted on Balmati, that placid tame elephant that has carried us so many hundred miles through these beloved jungles and that has so often helped us to obtain photographs which otherwise would never have fallen to our lot. As we pass the old stone wall which borders the bungalow compound a small rounded head, set with a pair of sparkingly intelligent eyes, pops up and a striped-squirrel, that follower of mankind and charming companion in both town and jungle, subjects us to a careful scrutiny as he wonders what is causing us to leave in such a hurry. A moment afterwards we are buried in the depth of the jungle as we advance rapidly towards the spot where our quarry was located a short time before. Even though our thoughts are naturally centred on the prospect of the coming encounter with the most magnificent animal of the East, we cannot help pausing to admire the beauty of the scenery, familiar though it be to us. All around are trees of numerous different colours and shapes. Here a *dhak*, that "Flame of the Forest," which, in mass, is possibly the world's most striking flowering tree; there a *shisam*, covered with its leafy vesture of most vivid green; at intervals a giant *simal*, towering above its neighbours and decked with scarlet blossom, which will later carpet the jungle floor with soft

white cotton; beneath, a luscious crop of *dhoo* grass, so beloved of half-starved village cattle and wild deer alike; and, above all, the wonderfully blue dome of the spring sky, which has not yet taken on the brazen copper tint of the hot weather. In the distance we can hear a chorus of alarm cries of chital, which tells us that a leopard is on the prowl, and a few yards to one side, standing half in the shade, is a fine chital stag, whose graceful horns are still covered with their

photography is quite impossible. A little later we come upon signs of the herd, for the jungle floor is littered with the debris of bamboos and broken branches of trees. Here a fine young *sal* tree has been snapped off a foot or two above the ground and portions of the juicy bark have been prized off with a mighty tusk in order to form a delectable tid-bit, despite the fact that the obtaining of such a mouthful has involved the complete destruction of what might, in time, have

become a very valuable tree; there a flourishing bamboo clump has been pushed bodily over, and its roots are now standing up in the air, announcing to all that the clump can live no more. But what does this wholesale destruction matter to the elephants? Are they not the lords of the jungle, whose forefathers have fed in this wasteful manner for untold ages, and yet the forest still survives? But, if only they knew it, conditions have changed. In the old days men were few and the jungles were vast, so that the destruction of a few trees and

bamboos was of no account; but now most of the forests have been ruined by mankind and it is the duty of the Forest Officers to preserve what little remains. So we notice these signs of destruction with dismay, for we know that there are some amongst us who regard wild elephants as a constant source of damage to the forests in their charge, and we fear lest some day the fiat be issued for their annihilation in the interests of forestry. Even as these



We see a young elephant standing all by himself.

downy film of velvet. Truly, the whole effect is such as to make us capture the spirit of Browning, when he penned those beautiful lines—

"Round us the wild creatures,  
overhead the trees,

Underfoot the moss-track—  
live and love with these."

But we must push on as it is already getting late, and wild elephants are so intolerant of the heat of even the March sun that they will soon depart to the dark cool depths of the forest, where

## *An Adventure with a Musth Wild Elephant*

thoughts pass through our minds, we see a young elephant, standing all by himself and gazing at us from among the bushes to one side. He has a fine pair of tusks, which gleam in the subdued light under the trees, but he is young and evidently a straggler on the edge of the herd. On a different occasion he would form an admirable subject for the animal-photographer; but to-day we have hopes of encountering the lord of the herd and his harem, so, after exposing one plate, we pass on, first making sure that there is no wind, for wild elephants have a wonderful sense of smell, and one has to be particularly careful to approach them up-wind, should there be any breeze blowing.

Not five minutes later we catch our first glimpse of the herd, and how the sight makes our pulses throb with excitement at

the thought of the coming encounter. We pause for a moment to study the position, and we see several of the mighty beasts, standing in a half-dried pool and throwing dust and muddy water over their bodies before retiring to the denser jungles for the heat of the day. We are half hidden under a tree and we are considering the best method of approaching without being observed when suddenly a magnificent bull, followed by a large cow and the most delightful little calf imaginable, strolls across our front at quite close range. The bull stops, with never a glance in our direction, and commences to feed on the green shoots of a bamboo clump as we realise, with a thrill of joy, that at long last we are almost within photographic range of the mighty elephant who rules the herd which we have followed so many times

in vain. Then Karim Baksh, the mahout, who has vast experience of elephants, sniffs the air, studies the monster's cheeks, and whispers, "Take care: he is *musth*: I can see and smell the oily secretion from his glands." Normally we should hesitate before attempting to approach too close to a *musth* elephant, since such elephants, even if tame, are proverbially dangerous, but we have been searching for this particular beast for years and we are now far too excited to heed his timely word of warning, so we cautiously approach, keeping Balmati under cover of the intervening trees as far as possible. As we are doing this, the calf wanders on by himself into a patch of extremely dense shade and is followed almost at once by the bull. We have the reflex camera focussed on the spot, but it is useless attempting



*Father starts to tear off great mouthfuls of the delicate foliage.*

## *An Adventure with a Musth Wild Elephant*

an exposure with such lighting, so we eagerly await the developments which are not long in coming. The calf stands for a moment in the shade and then his massive father, walking up behind him, lifts his mighty trunk and gently bringing it down again caresses the back of his offspring, the trunk making a curious rasping sound as it slides along. What a wonderful picture, and how bitterly we regret that the limitations of photography prevent us from making a permanent record of what must be almost an unique case of a *musth* wild elephant exhibiting affection for its young. But it is no use sighing after the impossible, so we eagerly await a better opportunity. Presently the family party moves on. Mother and baby disappear from view behind some dense bushes, while father crosses

over to a bamboo clump sufficiently lighted for our purpose, and starts to tear off great mouthfuls of the delicate foliage which forms his favourite food, coils them round in his trunk, and then pushes them with gusto into his great soft mouth.

For a moment we hesitate: we can see the *musth* discharge, and the monstrous muscles of the shoulder proclaim him to be a veritable Samson among the wild elephants of these forests. But, "Nothing venture, nothing win," so we push Balmati a little further forward and make a number of exposures in this position. Then, suddenly, something warns our quarry that all is not well—perhaps he catches a whiff of our scent, or maybe he hears the noise of the shutter of the camera. In any case he turns quickly, and, seeing us, his whole body gives a start, his

ears turn back like those of an angry dog, his trunk begins to curl and we realise, too late, that we have ventured closer than is wise. There is a tense moment of indecision and we have a terrifying vision of little pig-like eyes, vicious and angry; of a great menacing head covered with the scars of many a battle for the mastery of the herd; and of a broken tusk, probably from the same cause. Trouble seems absolutely certain, and I continue mechanically to make exposures as the thought flashes through my mind, "How shall I justify to my father-in-law (an Indian Army general) having brought to her death his only child in this foolish manner," quite forgetting that whatever happens to my wife will certainly also happen to me, so that I shall not be called upon to give any explanation in this world! My



*The great beast lifts one foreleg . . . and charges straight at us.*

## An Adventure with a Musth Wild Elephant

wife thinks of our little daughter and what will happen to her after we have gone, whereas Karim, on the spur of the moment and as the result of a lifetime spent among tame elephants, shouts out, "*Hat jao, piche*" ("Get out; go back.") This is probably the worst thing to do, as the moment the great beast hears a human voice his worst suspicions are confirmed, and he knows for certain that that hated creature, man, has come to interfere with him and his family. A moment later, however, Karim covers his initial mistake by firing one barrel of a 12-bore shot-gun—our only weapon—just over the monster's head. Nothing daunted, the great beast lifts one foreleg as I expose my last plate and charges straight at us, looking for all the world like a great lumbering motor-omnibus bearing down upon us. It seems that nothing can save us, and we are holding our breath for the shock of the impact, which will surely knock us and our mount over just like nine-pins, when Karim providentially fires his second barrel at a few feet range, with the result that the tusker swerves and crashes past at a distance of

only a yard or two on one side of a small *rohini* tree, while Balmati turns and flees for her life on the other. We continue our flight, fully routed, for a hundred yards or so, expecting the huge beast to follow and make more certain of his second charge, when we realise that he is not



*A striped squirrel subjects us to a careful scrutiny.*

pursuing us. By the mercy of God we have escaped, thoroughly scared, but with no more damage than the loss of my topee and the valuable lens out of the reflex-camera. When the mahout at last manages to stop his terrified steed we hear a shrill trumpeting, and, turning round, we see that the herd has gathered together and is even now departing at a rapid pace to some distant jungle

—far away from the risk of further interference by man.

We now breathe a deep sigh of relief, and, retracing our steps, succeed in recovering both my topee and also the lens, which, by great good fortune, has fallen into a patch of dense grass and is quite uninjured. We have had a very narrow escape, indeed, so feeling that we have had quite enough excitement for one day, we return back to our camp. We are somewhat silent on the return journey, for we realise what a very different ending our adventure might easily have had, and inwardly I register a vow that if ever I have the courage to face a *musth*, wild elephant again—which I doubt—I certainly shall not allow my wife to accompany me!

The same evening we develop the exposures we have made, and although several have been spoilt by the shaking of Balmati in her excitement, some two or three are fairly satisfactory and now remain to us as far more valuable trophies than would be the tusks if we had killed this magnificent elephant, which had every justification in showing annoyance and which charged us only in defence of his family.

---

Ambition is a stimulating little quality that prompts one to want anything they haven't so far been able to possess.

The fault you detect in another is usually a trait of your own.

It takes a whole lifetime to learn of the things you could have done without.

Most people think they are missing a lot by exaggerating what they might have had.

The only three words that count in this competitive age are: "I did it."

By carefully weeding the mind you'll probably strengthen the muscle.

With Beauty Nature gives a guarantee . . . against loneliness.

Logic seldom ties a knot that impulse cannot undo.

The chief shortcoming of most married people is an inability to act as well bred toward each other as though they were not married.



*H. H. THE RANI OF MANDI.*

*H. H. The Rani Sahiba of Mandi is the daughter of H. H. The Maharaja of Kapurthala and was married in 1924.*



# Sports Searchlight

By E. H. D. SEWELL

## Madras Racing Prospects

Arrangements for the forthcoming Madras Racing Season are in the capable hands of Major H. H. A. Hildebrand, Secretary of the Madras Club, and the season, which opens on December 1st, promises well. There will be in all nineteen days racing, divided into a first extra meeting, a winter meeting, a spring meeting, and a summer meeting. The stake money totals just under three and-a-half lakhs beside cups to the value of nearly fourteen thousand rupees. The Governor's Cup, the blue riband of Madras racing, will be run on New Year's Day, while the other star events are the Stewards' Cup, the Trades Cup and the Merchants' Cup. A good season's sport is confidently anticipated.



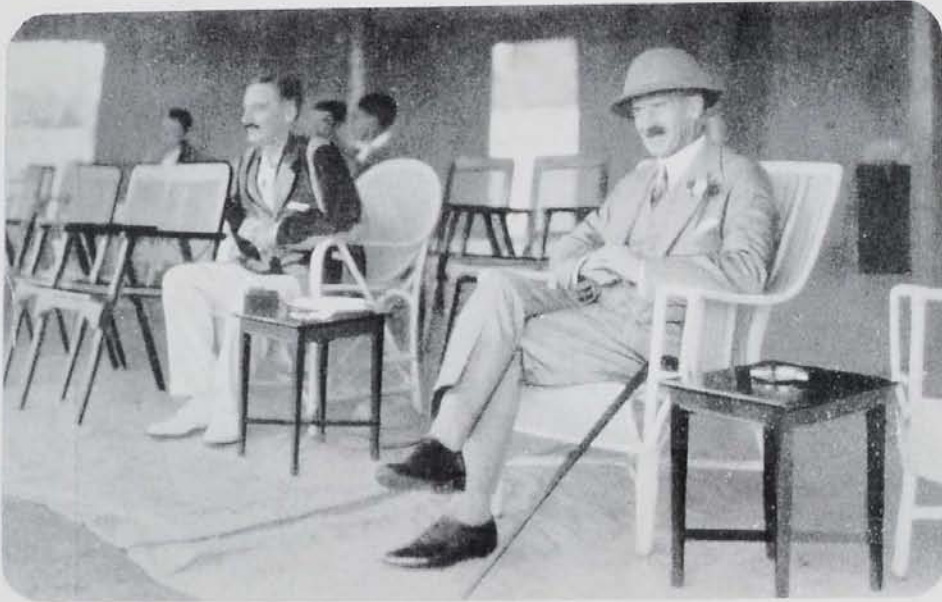
## Golf Optimism

The latest description of an optimist is the golfer who commenced a round on "B" links at Tollygunge with only eleven balls in his bag.

## Two Thirties!!

Quite apart from running into a really tough side (the Cheshires) the Bombay Rugger team, when winning the Poona Cup at Poona, had to toil longer than was expected.

"Suppose it's two twenty-fives?" said Bombay's skipper to



*Cricketer Governors: Their Excellencies Sir Leslie Wilson and Sir Stanley Jackson watching a match at Ganeshkhind.*

the Irish international, Major J. C. Dowse, who was guardian of the whistle.

"No, always thirties in the final" said the referee.

"Just as well my chaps didn't hear this," observed Hopkins, when telling the story, "as with the thermometer then at 89° there'd have been mutiny; so they started thinking they were having the usual twenty-fives." Captain and diplomat!

It has often been contended that thirty minutes is too long for forwards in this country.

## Stragglers of Asia

The stragglers of Asia is the cognomen under which a team of cricketers composed of players at home on leave has been having a successful season. The Club has been in existence some years and, whilst its members are mainly recruited from the

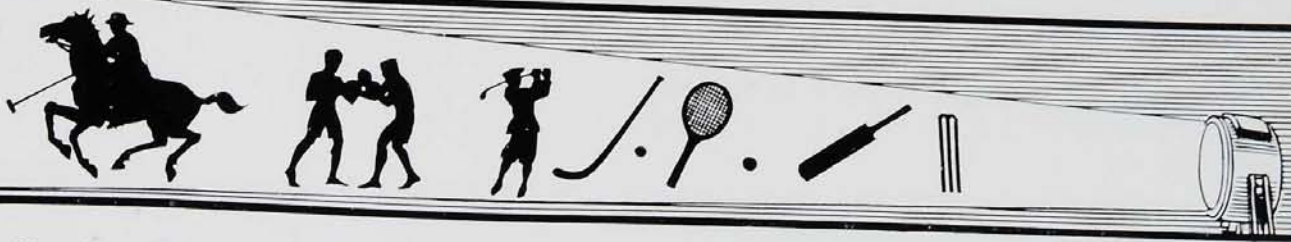
services or business in India, includes players from Ceylon and the Straits. Amongst the team which played in a recent match are the names of Hosie, Lagden, Leslie, Goward Bignell, Lee and Aste. Aste and Leslie, both Ballygunge players, have had a particularly good season with this team. Another cricket club which keeps

the flag flying in London club cricket is the Indian Gymkhana. Nasir Ali, who so favourably impressed A. E. R. Gilligan when he brought the last M.C.C. side to India, is qualifying through this club for Sussex.



## Generous Indeed

The National Playing Fields Association (England) has received from an anonymous donor, the munificent gift of £10,000 to be used for the provision of playing fields.



### *A Double Event*

A reader writes from Kashmir informing us of his unusual experience of landing two fish at a time, on one hook.

A small fish seized the artificial fly bait and as it was being landed a 2½ lb. trout went for it and both were successfully got ashore, the larger fish maintaining its hold on the smaller.



### *Bravo Jai*

His Excellency Sir Stanley Jackson whilst a guest of His Excellency Sir Leslie Wilson at Government House, Ganeshkhind, last month, had the pleasure of seeing that capable batsman L. P. Jai score a century.

Jai is possessed of keen eye and timely footwork and a variety of scoring strokes which many overseas cricketers would welcome.

Most good batsmen have some particular weakness and in the case of Jai it is that he does not force the short ball for runs in the way a player of his calibre in other respects should do.



### *The "Tote" in England*

Reports from London state that Lord Ellesmere and Lord Dalzell will represent the Jockey Club on the Race-course Betting Control Board which is to supervise the introduction of the totalisator on English race-courses.

Throughout its reign the Jockey Club has hitherto kept aloof from the betting aspect of racing and it is to be hoped that

this departure from traditional usage will not affect the prestige of a body whose conduct of racing has earned the unqualified respect and admiration of all who have the true interests of the sport at heart.



*L. P. Jai, who scored a Century.*

### *Calcutta Clubs*

No Rugger League was run in Calcutta in August on account of the All-India Tournament being held this month. There have, however, been regular and spirited games on the Calcutta and Police grounds, which have provided some interesting fare. The surprise of the month's work was the rapid improvement of the United Services' side, who gained an unexpected victory over Calcutta. Macdonald, the old Fettes captain, has been the main stay of the Scottish side,

which, with the exception of Bissett and McLeod, is practically a new combination.

Calcutta have a steady record, and by virtue of their experience, if nothing else, are a formidable team. The Griffins have tailed off badly, particularly since the illness of their captain, Smith, an Oxford Blue. The two Regimental teams, the D. C. L. I and the 52nd L. I., lack experience, but will develop into good, useful sides, and the B.-N. Rly. team have probably the best pair of club halves in the Presidency.



### *England vs. Scotland*

England *versus* Scotland furnished one of the best games of the season. The score of six points to nil in favour of the Scotsmen hardly represents the margin of superiority displayed by the northerners, who had their opponents beaten both inside and outside the scrum. The going was heavy (in keeping, in fact, with the best traditions of Calcutta rugger) and a consequently greasy ball made things difficult for the back divisions of both sides. It was here that the difference between the two teams was most marked. Macdonald and Melnes kept their line well fed and constantly on the attack. The Calcutta selectors might do very much worse than make this pair of halves their first choice when picking their team for the All-India Tournament. The English backs tried hard enough but were obviously outclassed, and had it not been for the sterling defence put up by Ransford, their full-back, the score must have been larger.

## ENGLAND vs. SCOTLAND

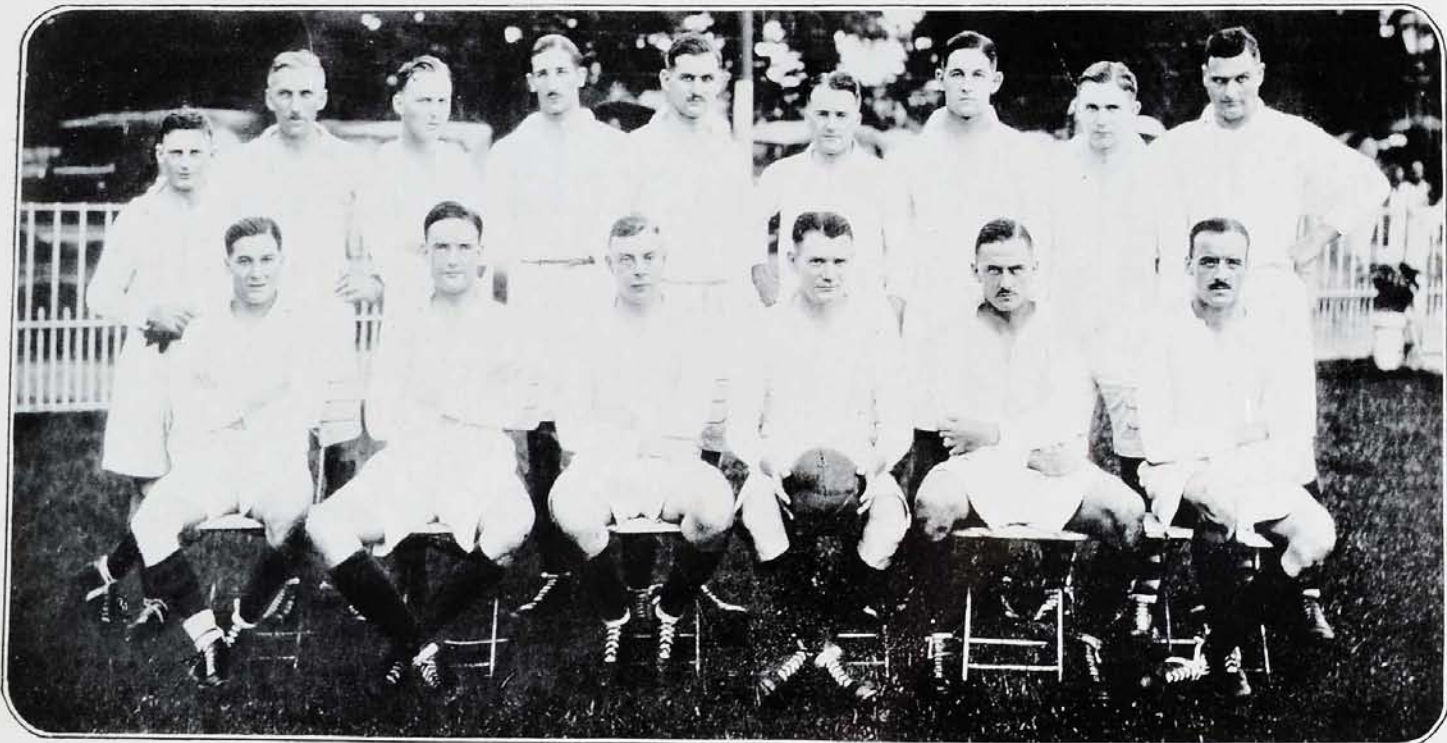
Played at Calcutta on Saturday, 25th August, and resulting in a win for Scotland by six points to nil.



### SCOTLAND :

*Standing : Ellis (Touch judge), Macdonald, Arthur, Duncan, Harris, Anderson, Heriott, Mackenzie, McInnes, Taylor and Major Deedes (Touch judge).*

*Sitting : Donald, Bissett, Officer (Captain), Corsan, Gordon and Hills.*



### ENGLAND :

*Standing : Knowles, Ransford, Ridsdale, Swales, Bywater, Patterson-Fox, Sawday, Grossman and Phillips.*

*Sitting : Johnstone, Herberts, Pryor, Battye (Captain), Cook and Stanton.*



## THE BOMBAY TOURNAMENT

### Bombay

Bombay has a fine Rucker tradition and the tournament last month was the occasion for a number of keen, hard games. Bombay Gymkhana, who have as good a side as they have had for many years won the Cup for the first time since 1893 and if they can take the same XV to Calcutta it will be a very good team which will beat them in the All-India Tournament.

Of the qualifying rounds, the game on Saturday, 18th, produced the best exhibition of Rucker up to that point seen in the Tournament. The Loyal Regiment from Secunderabad, and the Bombay Gymkhana "A," aided by a sunny day and dry ball, gave a fast, open exhibition resulting in a win for the latter by 28 points to 0. As on Tuesday, Bombay started slowly, and the zeal and fitness of the soldiers gave them a dangerous appearance. Hopkins, however, turned the balance decisively with a fine solo run, ending in a 5 point score, and from that moment Bombay never looked back.

Poona R.F.C. and the Cheshire Regiment provided a terrific struggle on the second Monday night, both sides relying chiefly on their forwards as a means both of attack and defence. Poona had several good players in their back division, Burke, Jackson and Langlands to mention only three, and these playing behind a reliable pack should have been given more opportunities.

The deciding factor was, however, the forwards, and the Cheshires proving unable to hold their weighty opponents, were finally defeated by 18—10, after extra time.

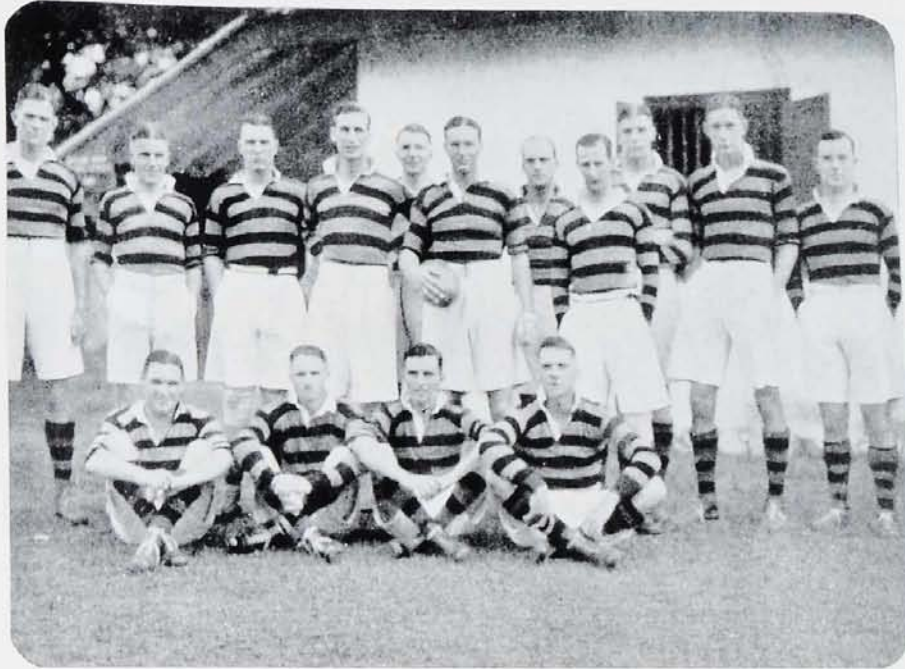


### Volunteers off Colour

The P.W.V.'s gave a very uninspiring show when qualifying to

### The Semi-Finals

Wednesday saw the Gymkhana "A" easily dispose of the West Yorkshire Regiment in the first of the semi-finals by 19—0. Bombay did not give quite such a sparkling display as on Saturday, though there were several really first class movements, in particular the combined backs and forwards efforts, which are becoming a feature of their play. The West Yorks put up a good hard fight, and never slackened till the very end, but their pack must have been nearly two stone a man lighter than the Bombay eight, and thus rarely got possession. Bramble has now developed into a really good hooker, and was very noticeable in this match, as



*Bombay Gymkhana "A," winners of the Bombay Tournament.*

also Elkins, the outside forward, and Jackson. meet Poona R.F.C. in the semi-final round, and were considered fortunate in beating the Sappers by 6—0. There are, it is said, thirteen out of fifteen of last year's All-India, winning team in the Prince of Wales' team, but the difference in their standard of play is most remarkable. Their captain, Liddersdale Palmer, shows just as much ingenuity and energy as of old and McQuade is as slippery a customer as ever, but the rest of the side lacks all the pep which distinguished them last year.

Mackinlay at fly half, and Reed in the centre, were in fine form for the Sappers and with a little more support would certainly have scored.

also Elkins, the outside forward, and Jackson.

The second semi-final between Poona R.F.C. and the Prince of Wales' Volunteers was not productive of such good football, as Poona had apparently determined to outdo the P.W.V.'s at their own game, and keep the ball exclusively forward. The game resolved itself into a grim battle, from which three incidents alone strike one's memory: Else's brilliant run to score the winning try for Poona; Proes' gallant tackle which saved an almost certain equaliser; and the clever movement which enabled the P.W.V.'s to score their solitary try. Poona thus emerged victorious by the small margin of 5—3.

### Bombay Win the Cup

Saturday, August 25th saw the final, and to the disappointment of the huge crowd which came to watch, the day was pouring wet throughout. It had been hoped that spectators would be treated to a three-quarters' game, but this was not to be, and the ball, being unhandleable after the first five minutes, was kept forward for the remainder of the game. But enough had occurred in those precious five minutes. A scrum in the Poona half, a well executed wheel by the Bombay pack, a fine dribble by Boyle, resulted in Trevor-Robinson putting the ball over the line for the only score of the match.

The rest was a ding-dong struggle between two good packs, with Bombay usually just on top. The backs did have one fine run, which almost resulted in a score, but Douglas was forced into touch by the corner flag.

Bombay thoroughly deserved their win. They fielded a side as strong as any obtainable in India and the many visitors to the tournament, though rivals, agreed that a good side and a good club regained its own Cup.



### Come on, Steve!

Avoidupois or rather the inconvenience of regulating it, is said to be the cause of Steve Donoghue's intention to cease riding from the close of this season, but his son Pat, an apprentice still in his teens, turns the scales heavier than his father. There may be no connection between Steve's decision and the offer to him by a prominent owner in India to act as trainer-cum-importer.



### Hockey Finance

The Indian Hockey Federation have issued a statement of accounts of the All-India Olympic Hockey Team whose triumphs

in Europe are too well known to need repetition. At one time, however, it was feared that the venture would involve its sponsors in financial loss. Gate receipts in Europe did not come up to expectations and the interprovincial matches at Calcutta were not budgeted for in the original estimate of Rs. 40,000

That the enterprise should finish up with a credit balance of over Rs. 200 is most satisfactory. Major Ian Burn-Murdoch, the energetic President of the Federation, proposes that this should be reserved for future requirements, possibly in connection with the visit of a foreign team to India.



### Golf Galleries

In response to an invitation from the Golfing Unions of the British Isles, the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews has published particulars of the receipts and expenditure of the Open and Amateur Golf Championships. The statement covers the period of 1920 to 1927 inclusive. In golfing circles it was generally assumed that there was



*"lasts till  
it's lost"*



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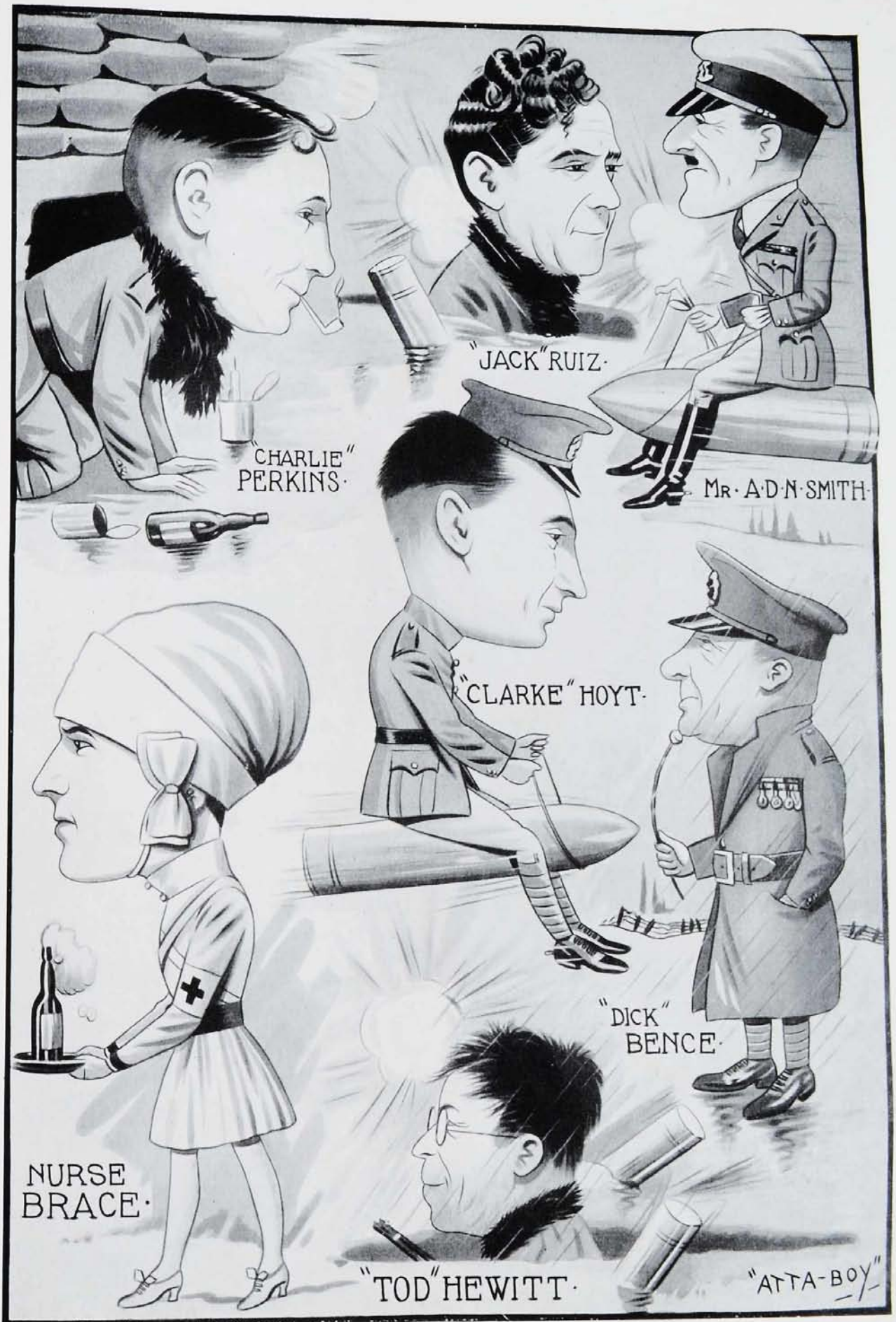
a substantial annual surplus on the Open Championship, but in point of fact there was a deficit of £306. The Amateur Championship shows a total surplus for the eight years of £2,013.



### The Tests

Next month's issue of "India Monthly Magazine" will contain a particularly interesting series of action photographs of England's team for the Australian Tour, and well informed reading matter concerning each player's cricketing qualities and failings. By the way, it is interesting to note that nine of the men chosen to defend The Ashes are making their first trip to Australia; four their second; two their third; and one his fifth. The last is Jack Hobbs.

# TURF PERSONALITIES



## The Tomb in the Compound

(Continued from page 34.)

Leta encouraged the plan; no question of her going with them, the accommodation in Mr. Smith's bungalow was too limited. She knew the sort of hateful little quarters, just what she and George had been obliged to put up with for so many years.

But it would be good for George to get away, if only for twenty-four hours, away from all reminder of the horrible incident that was poisoning his existence. She knew that every time he left the bungalow he winced, and turned his eyes from the direction of the tomb; he had taken to avoiding that side of the compound, going out of his way to do so. His nerves were still on edge, the least thing made him jump, and he was not sleeping.

He could not go on like this without a breakdown, and if he were forced to leave Kadumka on account of ill-health it might be all up with their prospects; a dozen other men, just as capable, had coveted the post, some had even intrigued to obtain it! She packed a generous supply of eatables, enough to stock young Smith's larder for the week following George's brief visit—the poor boy would enjoy the good things. And she saw the pair of them drive off with a measure of relief in her brave heart. Now she could think more freely, make up her mind what was to be done. Sometimes she almost decided that it would be best if George made a clean breast of the whole affair, accepting the consequences; then again, if time went on and nothing happened surely they might feel that the secret was safe?—but would George ever feel that it was safe—always the tomb would be there to remind him and rasp his nerves, and of course it couldn't be removed now!

She slept that afternoon, when her solitary mid-day meal was over; she was badly in need of undisturbed rest herself, and she awoke more or less refreshed. Oh! if only this horrible thing hadn't happened that cast its sinister shadow over their days and nights!

She sighed wearily as she drank her tea and turned over the pages of an illustrated weekly paper. They could afford papers now; she had ordered them to be sent out before she left England, but even such little pleasures had lost their savour. She put on her hat and wandered out; no, she wouldn't look in the direction of the tomb, and she turned deliberately in the opposite direction. . . . Here they could have a vegetable garden; there would be an excellent place for a new fowl house, the fowls were wretchedly housed at present; and the cows—plenty of room for a good dairy.

She strolled round to the back of the bungalow and had visions of an ice machine, electric fans, a thermantidote, all that would rob the next hot weather of its trials.

Then, blowing all her plans to pieces, came the devastating remembrance of the tomb, and poor George's state of mind, not to speak of her own.

How could they ever enjoy anything again? Setting her teeth, she found herself marching in a sort of frenzy towards the tomb, she felt like beating the horrible old ruin with her stick; she meant to look at it, force herself to examine it at close quarters—why, she could not have told, and as she neared the spot she saw, in the slanting evening sunlight, something that made her stand still and gasp. A fakir was sitting cross-legged, Buddha-wise, beside the tomb. She crept behind a tree and stared, petrified, at the revolting object. The sight was so utterly unexpected, she could hardly believe that her eyes were not deceiving her. Was it a ghost!—the ghost of the creature that George had killed? Her reason rejected the notion, and a dread explanation supplanted it. Another fakir, of the same disgusting brand, had taken the place of his colleague; and perhaps he knew, with the uncanny intuition, perception, whatever it could be called of these beings, knew what lay within the tomb, and meant to sit there until the truth came out—drive them both mad, she and George, with the fear of exposure. She had heard enough about their persistence, how they could work upon the feelings, doggedly, silently, until they had achieved their purpose.

Weak, sickened with alarm and despair, she stole back to the house; the shock had been more than she felt she could endure with fortitude. For an hour she sat helplessly fighting with her fears, while dusk fell heavily; the half light seemed to be charged with some evil influence; she had to keep her hand on her mouth to prevent herself from screaming aloud. Somehow she got through the evening, managed to behave as usual before the servants, forced herself to eat the excellent little dinner provided by the cook, even went so far as to send the cook a complimentary message by Nathu, who hung about afterwards in the irritating fashion of native servants when they have anything to impart, always reluctant to go straight to the point. Nathu coughed and fidgeted, came in and out on unnecessary little doings, moving a chair, a lamp into a different position. . . . What was it he wanted to say; she dare not ask him!

At last he said something; she did not catch what until he repeated it. "Would the sahib be returning next morning or in the evening?"

The reaction was intolerable. "I do not know," she replied faintly. The man hesitated again. Then at last he spoke out.

"Because the fakir hath returned, and it is against the sahib's order, and the sahib will be angered. But it be a difficult matter for this slave. Maybe," he added doubtfully, "Hera Lal—" He broke off and she knew he was trying to say that Hera Lal would find the matter equally difficult.

"Is it the same fakir?" she asked; and went on hastily: "The sahib told me—"

"Huzoor, it is the same fakir," said Nathu, evidently surprised at the question. "During the

sahib's previous absence he did not come, now he hath returned." Nathu rubbed one foot against the other. "Concerning the tomb, maybe if the sahib would graciously permit the tomb to remain? It is said that a holy man, a *sanayasi*, lies buried there, but who knows? It is possible, were the fakir told that the tomb might remain, he would depart once more."

"You want me to persuade the sahib to leave the tomb standing?"

"Huzoor!" agreed Nathu, eagerly.

"Is the fakir sitting there now? Go and see. If he is, tell him—yes, you can tell him that if he will go away nothing shall be done to disturb the tomb."

As in a dream she heard Nathu put on his shoes in the verandah and clatter down the steps. She had little hope that the fakir would take himself off. The same fakir,—of course Nathu had taken it for granted that it was the same, they all looked much alike, that kind. Then, with a qualm, she wondered if Nathu would notice any difference! She had forgotten about the scar! George had said something about a scar on the dead fakir's forehead, an old deep scar. . . . It seemed hours before Nathu came back; came back, smiling, complacent.

"It is well," he reported pompously. "The holy one was there, he said no word, being of those who take the vow of silence, but when I, Nathu, told him with all civility that the tomb should remain untouched, did he rise and go forth in peace. Now, without doubt, we shall see him no more."

For the time being Leta Lamont breathed again, but she felt puzzled, mystified; and all that night she lay thinking deeply, going over in her mind the things that she had heard and read about psychic powers these strange ascetics were supposed to possess. At one time, more from curiosity than interest, she had read a good deal on the subject but the study had left her cold: to her practical mind it seemed nonsense. Now she endeavoured to recollect all she had read and been told; it did not take her much further, only she did begin to wonder—was it possible?—could there be just the chance?

Next day, when George returned, she decided to say nothing to him, for the moment, of what had happened during his absence. He seemed brighter, less depressed, and was full of the schemes he and young Smith had been working for the improvement of the property; moreover, the boundary trouble had been settled satisfactorily. But when, later in the day, they went out for their evening stroll, she saw him glance nervously in the direction of the tomb, and turn away.

Then she felt it was time to speak, to tell him of the idea that had become almost a certainty in her mind—if only there was proof, if only she could convince him that her theory was right!

"George," she began.

He started. (How jumpy he still was, poor darling.)

"What?" he asked, abruptly.

"George, I feel quite sure you dreamt you had killed the fakir!"

"I dreamt? Leta, how can you be so silly. I only wish to God I had dreamt it!"

"Last evening—listen, last evening I saw the fakir myself, he was sitting by the tomb."

"My dear girl, the whole blasted thing has got on your nerves as it has on mine. You couldn't have seen him. Another of the brutes must have come to take the place of the one I—the one I—" He swallowed the word on his tongue.

"That's just what I thought had happened, but Nathu saw him. Nathu said it was the same fakir, and that the creature would go away if I promised that the tomb shouldn't be touched."

He heard her quietly describe what had passed, told him how she had arrived at her belief; but at the end of it all he sighed and looked incredulous.

"Too good to be true," he said, hopelessly.

"Well, ask Nathu," she urged. "Nathu hadn't any doubt that it was the same."

"It wouldn't have occurred to him that it wasn't," he argued. "And I can't suggest to him that he was mistaken. Now, can I?"

It certainly would seem unwise, but she felt so certain, so positive, that she was right—it was worth the risk—there was no risk—

"I suppose," he went on, a note of derision in his voice, "you didn't think of asking Nathu whether the fakir had a deep scar across his forehead?"

"No, I didn't," she admitted ruefully. "I only remembered about the scar afterwards. But I will ask him."

"No, no, leave it. For goodness don't put the least doubt into his head, it might lead to anything."

Drops of sweat had broken out on his temples; he sat down on a tree stump, shaking.

She laid a soothing hand on his shoulder. "Very well, dear, I won't. But do try to believe me. I tell you nothing will happen, unless it's to convince you beyond doubt. Now, just think for a moment. You weren't well to begin with, you had fever coming on, you were irritated by the fakir and the tomb in a way that you wouldn't have been irritated had you been quite yourself. You went to bed to sleep with a fixed idea in your mind, and, though it might seem impossible to some people, I firmly believe the fakir used his powers to make you dream you had killed him, in order that you should be forced to leave the tomb undisturbed—"

George shook his head impatiently. "All that stuff you used to read about," he interrupted. "What sane person believes in it!"

"Who can prove that there's nothing in it? I ask you—is it likely that the watchman and the peon should have deserted their posts the very night before you were going away? and have you ever known the servants to make no sound of any

## The Tomb in the Compound

sort during the night? Have you ever known the village dogs to stop barking, especially when the moon was full?"

He was obliged to admit that it did seem unnatural; his commonsense weakened.

"And," she went on, "could you have lifted those heavy stones and filled up the hole by yourself? George, come with me and look. If there are no stones filling up the hole, then you surely must realise that you dreamt the whole thing, whether under the influence of the fakir or not, doesn't matter."

Unwillingly, he rose. In silence they approached the tomb, stood and peered together into a black cavity through which the roots of the pipal tree had pushed their way.

A few heavy broken slabs of stone lay where they had fallen years ago.

"But I lifted those slabs!" said George Lamont.

"No, you didn't," contradicted his wife triumphantly, "you only dreamt you did."

He turned away, doubtfully. "Oh! I'm damned if I know what to think!"

"Well, now will you let me ask Nathu if the fakir had a scar across his forehead? May I ask the watchman and peon if they were on duty the night before you left or not? I should know at once if they were lying!"

"Ask anything you like," he yielded.

"I shan't ask this minute. I'll wait till tomorrow morning. Perhaps the fakir will come back and then we could see for ourselves."

But there was no need, as it happened, to make any enquiries, because late that night, just as the Lamonts were going to bed, Hera Lal demanded the audience of the sahib.

The whole compound seemed to have followed

in his wake, servants and coolies, women and children, hangers-on of every description. Something had happened; they were all buzzing and chattering. Lamont went out on to the verandah.

"Sahib," said Hera Lal, "the fakir—"

"Oh, damn the fakir!" shouted Lamont, beside himself with rage and alarm. "Send him away, send him off at once, tell him to go to hell!"

Hera Lal salaamed politely. "That be impossible, sahib. The fakir lies dead beside the tomb. What orders?"

"George, we must go and see!" cried Leta firmly.

They went, with Hera Lal and Nathu carrying lanterns, the rabble swarming at their heels; and there, stretched lifeless in front of the tomb, they found the ash-smear'd body of a fakir, a bit of leopard skin about the shoulders, one skeleton hand clutching a pair of tongs, a begging bowl grasped in the other. The mask-like visage was set, the hollow eyes glazed in death; across the forehead ran a long, deep scar.

\* \* \* \* \*

The tomb in the compound is still standing. I saw it myself when I last stayed with my friends, the Lamonts, at Kadumka, last year.

They told me the whole story; it all happened a long time ago, but George Lamont still maintained that fever had been at the bottom of that dreadful dream. Nothing would persuade him to agree with Mrs. Lamont and myself that the fakir had caused the dream in order to preserve the tomb, but what did it matter? Kadumka is prospering prodigiously; the Lamonts are happy; they look forward to a comfortable retirement before long. But will they ever forget the tomb in the compound? Not likely!

THE END.

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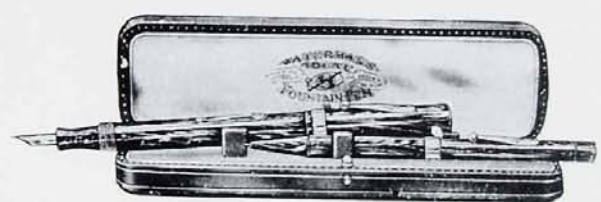
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# BOOKS for ALL MOODS

Reviews & Notes On Current Literature

Reviewed by MARY HUNTINGTON.

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

WHO'S HOOVER? By WILLIAM HARD. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. This book is a sympathetic biography of the Republican candidate for Presidency of the United States. While its timeliness would tend to throw suspicion of a political nature upon the work, it is nevertheless an excellent account of Mr. Hoover's career, from his first job as a day labourer in a mine in the Sierras to the important work he executed so admirably as American Food Administrator and lastly as Secretary of Commerce. Although one feels that Mr. Hard presents his subject at all times in a favourable light, there is a fund of material concerning the possible next President which has been hitherto unpublished.

SHORT CIRCUITS. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2. All those who are familiar with Mr. Leacock's manner of being funny will surely welcome another volume from his versatile pen. "Short Circuits" does not measure up to "Moonbeams from the Larger Lunacy," for example, and there are long stretches in which the reader looks in vain for the bubbling laughter he expects. After all, the role of being a humorist at all costs must be somewhat difficult to sustain. The book will bring many a twinkle to the eye, however, and there are bits that



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linger pleasantly long after one has closed the book.

SPOKESMEN, MODERN WRITERS AND AMERICAN LIFE. By T. K. WHIPPLE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. \$2.50. One of the most delightful lines in this book reads: "Again and again, in reading books by Americans, one is amazed to find how much can be done with how little." Mr. Whipple's work concerns such writers as Henry Adams, Dreiser, Robert Frost, Eugene O'Neill, Sandburg, and should prove absorbing to those interested in American letters.

AMERICAN YEAR BOOK. A RECORD OF EVENTS AND PROGRESS. YEAR 1927. Edited by ALBERT BUSHNELL HART.

Garden City: Doubleday, Doran. An interesting as well as an invaluable record of the events in the year 1927, the scope it covers being surprisingly broad. Included in this compilation are international relations, business and industry, science, and the humanities as well as government. The "American Year Book" is a reference book of importance.



An original conception of Dan Streeter, author of "Camels" and "Denatured Africa."

WHAT WOMEN FEAR. By FLORENCE RIDDELL. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. \$2.00. In spite of the title which nevertheless explains at least one woman's disenchantment, this novel is entertaining and is helped by some scenes quite beautifully drawn, of the African jungle. It is the tale of one Dickie Bannister who, handsome and slightly foppish, espouses a woman older than himself—a woman explorer—only to become



entangled with Miss Avondale, a modern exotic.

**CAPTAIN JACK: HIS STORY, AS TOLD TO HENRY OUTERBRIDGE.** New York: The Century Company. \$2.00. When an "incredible super-sleuth" begins to unveil his activities in the United States Secret Service, one may be assured of some exciting disclosures. Something does happen every moment and always "Captain Jack" is the central figure of hair-raising adventures covering about twenty years as well as many countries—the Philippines, China, Mexico, Nicaragua and Europe.

**IN THE BEGINNING.** By NORMAN DOUGLAS. New York:

The John Day Company. Delightfully reminiscent of Anatole France, Cabell or Voltaire, "In the Beginning" frolics naughtily into the literary world to stimulate the jaded spirits of the tired book-worm. As colorful as satirical, imaginative fiction could be.

#### BOOK NOTES FROM PARIS.

In France, as in America, the return to popularity of the biography is extremely marked. One finds, among the new works, some fascinating subjects. These are treated in the modern manner, although it is problematical whether or not the authors have introduced much new material.

M. Louis Barthou, a member of the French Academy, tells the "Vie Amoureuse" of Richard Wagner.

#### Books for All Moods

M. Maurice Donnay also an Academician, has chosen—indeed, he reveals in some finely written prose—the life of de Musset.

The Duc de la Force undertakes something new about the "Grande Mademoiselle," while M. Franc-Nohain writes very fully upon the love life of Jean de la Fontaine, whose fables remain verdantly fresh.

M. Rene Fauchois has done an admirable "Vie d'Amour de Beethoven." Indeed, this biography is most beautifully told, for M. Rene Fauchois is a poet. The tormented, twisted life of Beethoven is lifted into a realm of grandeur which ranks among recent French literary achievements.



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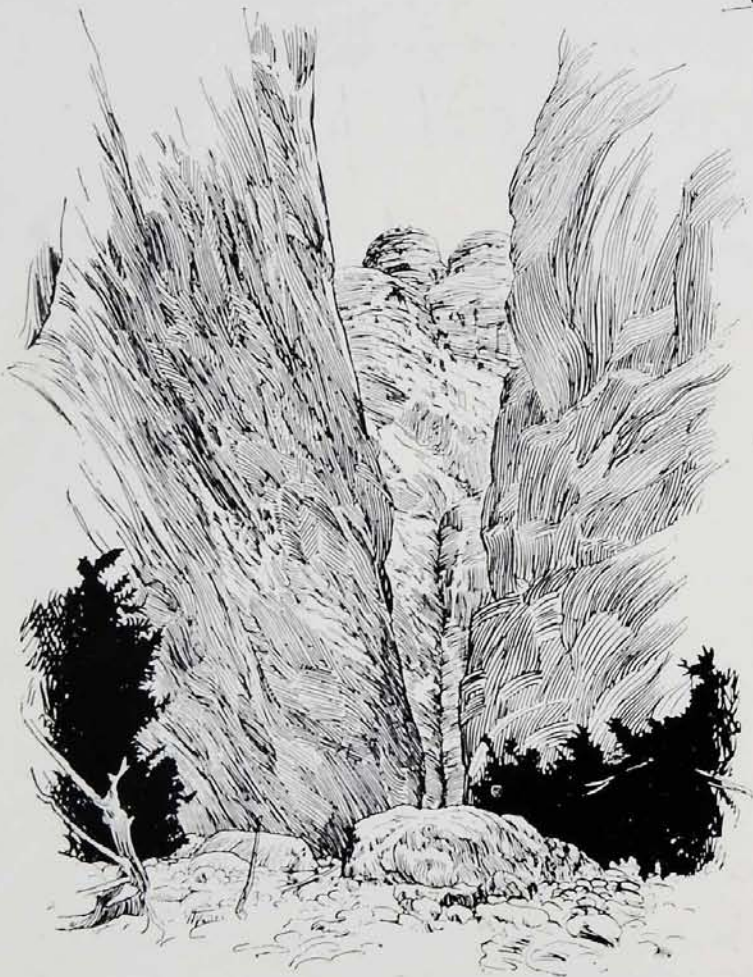
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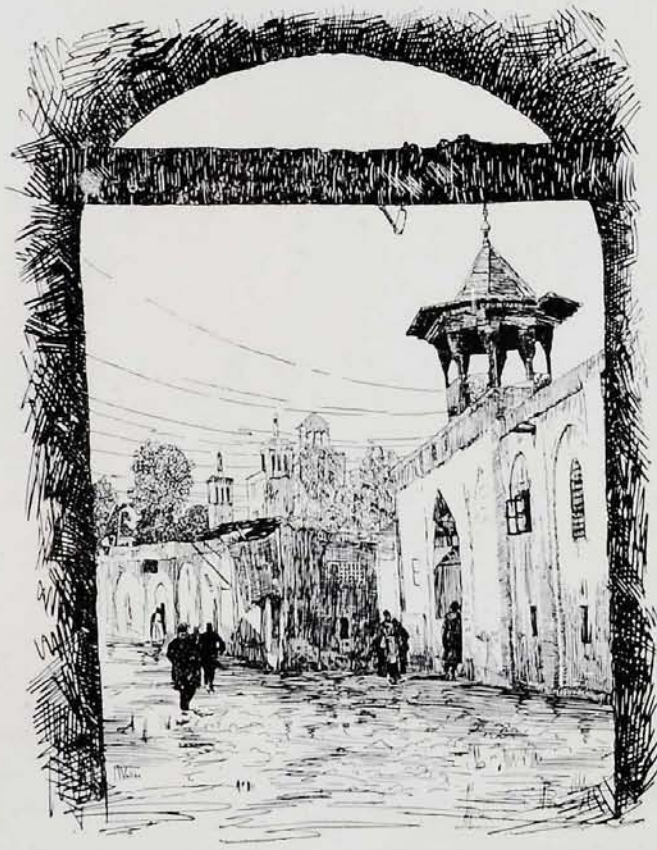
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1. *The Gateway of Aleppo Fort.*
2. *The Entrance to Peha.*
3. *Cool Drink Sellers at Damascus.*
4. *A by-way in Teheran.*
5. *Washing day at a village in Anatolia.*
6. *Typical Persian Gentlemen.*
7. *Ruins at Baalbeck, Syria.*
8. *A Street in Jerusalem.*
9. *Father and Child of the Holy City.*



7



5



8



6



9

## The Double Tryst

(Continued from page 52.)

to help me. Dusk overtook me. The moon got up, and we grew tired. Then your house blazoned its lights across the moor, and I came in."

They watched her with odd homage and astonishment. No man spoke as yet, because words were meaningless.

"Derwentwater has gone, and Widdrington. We cannot save them. But the gentry there at Blackshaw Rigg—they're with us yet. Some are marked for execution, the rest for prison. Can we leave them to it?"

Lorrimer spoke now. He seemed to be in his cups again. The merriment in his voice, the light in his eyes, jarred on the mood of high expectancy that had captured all his fellows.

"Six of us against a company of troopers and a house sentried everywhere—I always relished long odds. Ponsonby, you know my love of odds? There was a horse named Jaimie Stuart ran a week since—a rank outsider—and I backed him heavily. That's why I'm here to-day. I liked the name, and he won. I paid my creditors."

"Oh, be damned to you, Guy," snapped Ponsonby. "We're sober now."

"Sober, to tackle a company of dragoons, because a lady pleads? We're drunk, my lads—and we ride to Blackshaw Rigg."

Nance's restlessness increased, now that their will to serve her showed so plainly. She must take quick advantage of their mood, lest they repented.

"There are seven of us," she said sharply, "and we shall need as many horses. My own mare is too tired to carry me."

\* \* \* \*

A half hour later they were out on the moorland track, a silent cavalcade threading a silent, moonlit wilderness. Nance and Lorrimer rode together, a little ahead of the rest, and the man was tortured by the medley of his warring impulses.

The moonlight lay like day on rise and hollow. It was a night borrowed by November from warm April, and little odours were abroad, of bog and heath and wayside coppice, that stirred the pulse of old romance. Still silent, they came to a branching of the roads, with a derelict farm at the corner.

"How far?" she asked, with gusty petulance.

Lorrimer was startled. The question, abrupt and practical, shattered the dream he nursed. If she had been free—if he could open his random heart, once for all, and tell her what she meant. He shook fancies off, and pointed to a belt of firs, dark against a patch of sky.

"Blackshaw Rigg lies there. We've only a little way to go."

For a mile further they rode in silence, broken again by Nance. "Have you a plan?" she asked impatiently. "My husband lies there, wounded,

and many gentry with him. And there are seven of us, against a company of Dragoons."

Lorrimer had not known how surely, through this storm of grief and wayward fancies, he had been planning all the while. Something Nance had said, of Derwentwater and the tempestuous love he claimed from Lancashire, had been busy with him, and now, as they reached another branching of the roads, he checked his horse.

"Ponsonby," he said, as the others reined up in turn, "I've a journey to take. Will you five stay on the road here with our guest?"

They glanced at him with half-doubting question. Lorrimer spoke—coolly, almost indifferently—as if he had every detail of the enterprize in hand.

"What are you at, Guy?" asked Ponsonby gruffly.

"It is no long ride to Preston. I shall bring friends of mine to Blackshaw Rigg—in overwhelming numbers."

"Mad Lorrimer is riding the wind again," laughed young Will Stevens. "He has friends in the town, of course—but what could a handful do against an armed company? And would they ride on such a wild-goose chase?"

Lorrimer turned to Nance. "Your husband lies under the pine-wood there, wounded and a prisoner. There's only one hope of escape. Will you tell these chatterers that I lead?"

She was aware of the man's new power, his strange absorption in the venture—aware, too, of something she had not faintly guessed till now. Intuition thrives on hazard, and she knew that he rode, not for the Stuart, but for herself. It was dismaying—fine, with a selfless pathos of its own—but there was no time to dwell on that. Her whole heart was at Blackshaw, with her husband and his peril.

"You lead," she said—"and luck ride with you."

Lorrimer halted only to draw Ponsonby aside. "Take her no nearer Blackshaw. Our friends from the town may be a rabble by and by. If the time seems long, tell her my word is pledged to bring her husband to this place."

"Are you fey, Lorrimer?"

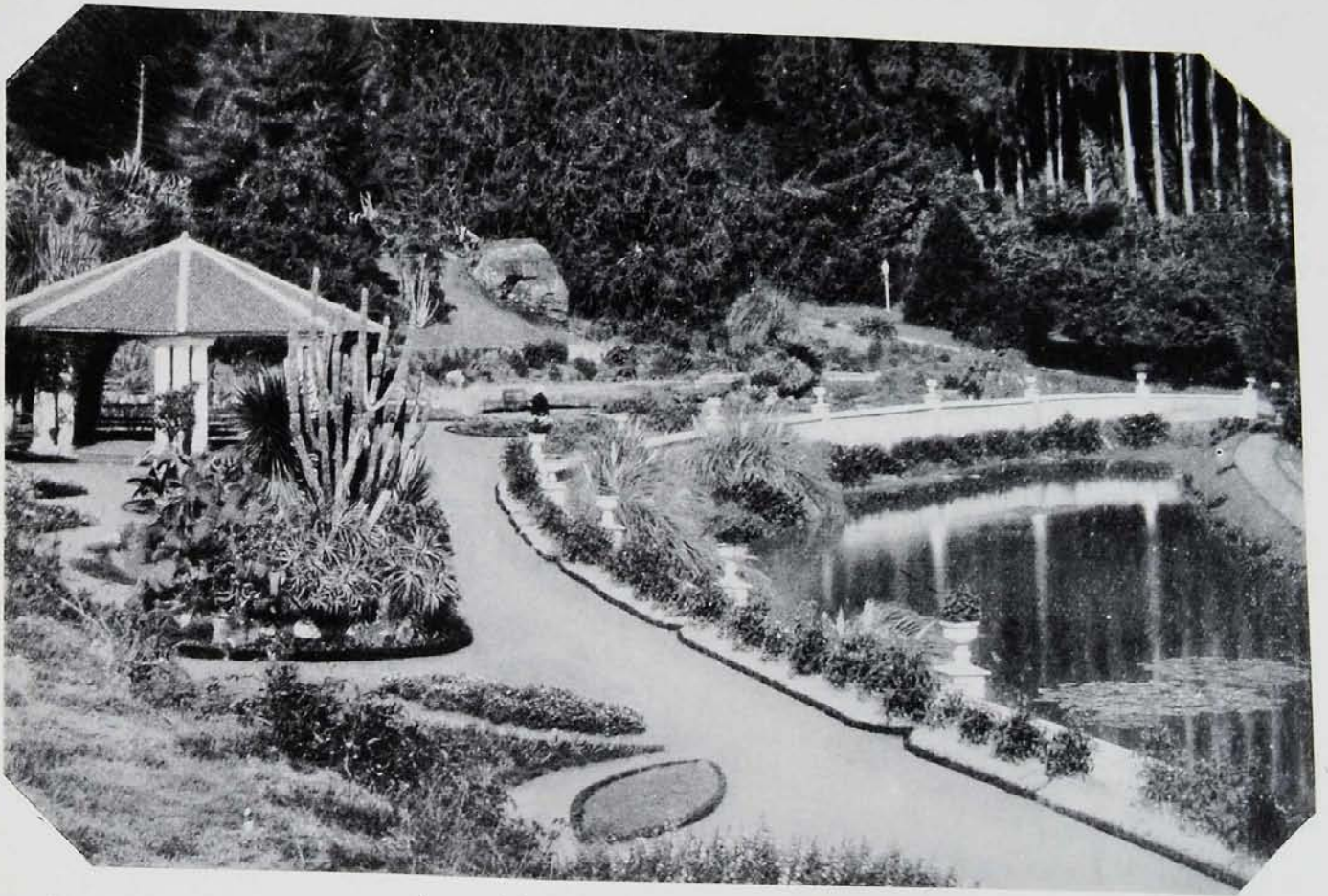
"Likely as not. I see far at times."

With that he rode out, by rutty tracks, till presently he came into a better highway. Soon he was on the outskirts of Preston Town, with a nipping sea-wind to brace his pluck. The moonlight, keen and eager, showed him a little knot of men, talking together of their lost idol Derwentwater.

Guy Lorrimer halted for a moment. "Friends," he said, "follow me to the Market-place."

With that he rode forward, into busier haunts. Everywhere the townsfolk were abroad, talking of Derwentwater. Their loathing of the usurping army was bitter, a thing to be played with by a skilled tongue.

(Continued on page 94.)



*A peaceful corner in the Ootacamund Gardens.*



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## The Double Tryst

(Continued from page 92.)

"Room for a Derwentwater man," he kept crying, as he pushed his way through the crowded Market-Square.

The crowd was agog on the instant, ready to take fire. All that evening they had waited for some outlet to their passions. No soldiers were within the town. General Wills knew Preston's temper far too well to risk collisions, and only a distant hum of revelry from the camp outside the town bore witness to the presence of the armies.

"I need you," cried Lorrimer—"need every able-bodied man in Preston to follow where I lead. My Lord Derwentwater—ay, no wonder you grow quiet, for we're all mourners here—Derwentwater has gone the long road to Tower Hill. He'll never ride again through Preston Streets. I hear women sobbing. Tears are his due. The men here would shed them if their manhood dared."

Lorrimer did not know himself. The fire of a single purpose kindled eloquence. Instinct had not erred when it brought him here into the town-folk's midst. Already he had them at command.

"Derwentwater has gone. Shall we have no revenge?"

"Show us the road to it," came the blunt answer from a man in the forefront of the jostling crowd.

"There's a house up the moors known as Blackshaw Rigg. General Wills—"

A storm of execration drowned his voice.

"General Wills," he went on by and by, "feared you would rescue Derwentwater. Then he fancied lesser prisoners were not safe in Preston. They lie at Blackshaw, with only a company of troopers for guard. Shall we steal them, men of Preston? We are strong enough. Snatch what arms you can, and follow me."

They made a way for him. That was their silent answer. He rode through a lane beset on either hand by eager folk who fell grimly into step behind his horse. He had known it would be so. He was fey to-night, as Ponsonby had said. And something else he knew. What most men dreaded he was soon to meet; and its face had a strange comeliness, reminding him of Nance Wyllard and the draughty hall where he had met her first.

Meanwhile there was the stubborn joy of leadership, as they went up and up into the moor. The very silence of the men behind him augured well. They had not been lightly moved. Grim and taciturn, they asked only to be led straight to their goal. It was as if Derwentwater's spirit paced filmy up and down their lines, bidding them have faith in their new leader.

They came to a spur of rising ground, and Lorrimer called a halt while he dismounted and tethered his horse to a wayside gate.

"We're all foot-soldiers now, men of Preston," he said quietly; "and Blackshaw lies just over the hill. Are you ready?"

A slow, deep murmur answered him. The moon-

light showed him a multitude of up-turned faces, ghostly against the swart background of the moor.

"We're ill-armed, but we out-number them over and over again. Trust to your numbers, not your weapons."

There, in the hollow under the hill, he planned it for them, with swift, amazing accuracy. The sentries would be dozing, likely, ripe with liquor and security. They took equal chances, all of them. The light was so clear that every man would be a target if one sentry happened to be sober and alert. As soon as they topped the hill, they must rush Blackshaw Rigg on all four sides. If a shot was fired, that was the signal—either a trooper's carbine, or his own pistol. Whichever weapon barked, they were to gather at the courtyard gate and go through at flood.

"Bear them down at close quarters. Are you ready?"

They crept up the hill, and out into the wide common that stretched to the gates of Blackshaw. One thing only marred Lorrimer's plan, quickly conceived and carried through with speed. The officer in command had been warned that Preston was hot for the Stuart, and especially for Derwentwater. He was prepared for an aftermath of the town's fury. Within doors and without the troopers were watchful and reasonably sober. The guard outside was at treble strength.

The sentries in front of Blackshaw saw a dark host come up in to the moonlight. Chilled and weary—half-soldiers at the best, like most of General Wills' rough levies—they took panic and fired point-blank into the advancing menace.

A man of Preston cried in anguish. Another sent up a gasping protest that he died for Derwentwater. Lorrimer paused for a moment. He had need to. Then his voice rang out.

"Into them, lads. Smother them by numbers."

The check served only to increase the mob's fury. He led them quickly across the strip of moonlit open, and the sentries, striving to reload, were trampled underfoot. In the doorway, when he reached it, Lorrimer encountered the officer in command, running out with a lifted pistol in his hand. A flick of his rapier knocked up the barrel, a quick thrust followed, and he was in the big hall, carried forward by the tempestuous weight of those behind.

The troopers hurrying from all quarters of the house had neither space nor time in which to use their carbines. There was a mad conflict, man grappling with man, till the mob's fury had its will. The broken remnants of what had been a company of Dragoons jostled each other in flight along the passages that led to doors opening on the heath behind.

Most of the Preston men followed them out into the open, mad for the chase; but enough remained to get to the true business of the night. They found the prisoners housed like beasts in barns and cattle-mows and draughty outbuildings. They

brought them into the courtyard; and when diligent search could find no more of Derwentwater's gentlemen, Guy Lorrimer asked one sharp question.

"Is Captain Wyllard here?"

A lean man, his face haggard in the moonlight, came stiffly to attention. "At your service."

"I have a tryst for you on a road not far from here. But, man, you're desperately wounded."

Humour stirred about Wyllard's bloodless lips.

"Why, damn, so are you!"

"I had forgotten."

Lorrimer turned to the Preston men who thronged the roomy courtyard. They remembered afterwards how gay his voice was, how easily he handled them. He was like Derwentwater come back among his folk.

"Take these gentlemen indoors, and give them food and drink. There'll be plenty, if I know the dragoons. But hurry them. They need to get out to moorland farms—loyal farms, where they can shelter till the storm goes by. Two armies will be seeking them before dawn breaks."

A great aloofness came to him, a surrender that broadened quietly into peace. He turned to Wyllard with a courtesy heart-whole and complete.

"By your leave," he said, "we two have a tryst to keep."

On the moorland road beyond Blackshaw, the five men left to guard Nance Wyllard had no light task. The time dragged on intolerably, and she was wild to throw off this weary, dull inaction. But Ponsonby recalled Guy's warning that a mob might be abroad.

"When Lorrimer's fey," he snapped, "he rides in earnest. Trust him to keep faith."

"He lingers. My husband is no further off than the pine-wood there, and I must get to him."

They humoured her fretfulness, coerced it, and half persuaded her at last to endure the do-nothing silence. Then suddenly the night's emptiness was broken. A rattle of musketry came echoing over every rise and hollow of the moor. It woke cock-grouse from their lairs among the heather and sent them clacking out across the waste, their pinions black against the reddening sky.

The long shafts of crimson broadened up the heavens, spreading with fantastic speed. Ponsonby's first thought was that Blackshaw Rigg

was ablaze, that Lorrimer and his friends from Preston had answered the musketry by an attack in force and fired the house. Then he remembered the Aurora, that had flamed with unwonted brilliance on more than one of these November nights.

"It is only the Northern Lights," he said, his right hand firm on Nance's bridle.

"I heard the Preston folk name them the Derwentwater Lights. They strode the sky, they said, to light him to what lay beyond Tower Hill and the axe. But what does Derwentwater matter now? We cannot save him."

She fell silent, and Ponsonby's grip of her rein relaxed. He fancied she was weary and submissive. It was the moment she had waited for. Before he could guess her purpose, she had flicked her horse with the whip and was riding, fast as the rutty track allowed, for Blackshaw Rigg.

The five pursued. Already in imagination Ponsonby could hear the roaring tumult of a mob gone mad. He had given his word to hold her safe, and she was riding into the worst of what a mob could do.

Then Nance drew rein, as suddenly as she had galloped forward. They almost over-rode her in their hot pursuit, and reined back, and watched with awed astonishment the end of Nance Wyllard's long ride from Northumberland.

She was out of saddle, running to greet two men who came slowly up the road. They moved slowly. It was not sure which was helping the other in their common weariness. The Aurora, flaming across red-gold moonlight, lit their steps.

They saw Nance come to her husband's side, saw his strength return as if by magic. It seemed long before she found time to think of Lorrimer.

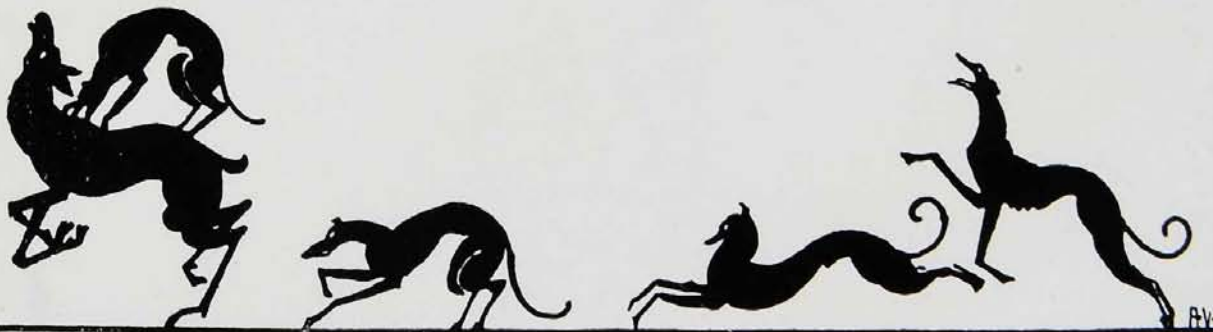
"But for you, he'd not be here."

Lorrimer straightened himself. He made a lean, good figure of a man, saluting the best of this world and what followed.

"Madam," he said, whimsical and gay, "but for you, I should not be treading the way that Derwentwater goes. When we meet soon, I shall tell him how I found the lady of my life."

For a moment he stood at attention, then fell prone. And all across the moor was the flaming crimson of the Northern Lights.

THE END.





# India Monthly Magazine's Directory of Schools in Gt. Britain



## WALDERNHEATH.

CORNWALL ROAD, HARROGATE.

SCHOOL FOR THE DAUGHTERS OF GENTLEMEN. RESIDENT PUPILS ONLY.

*Principal:*

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A thorough modern education is given. Special attention is paid to the study of Music, Modern Languages, Drawing, and Painting.

The domestic arrangements are under the direct supervision of the Principal, who takes a personal interest in the health of each pupil.

## "THORNBANK."

COLLINGTON AVENUE, BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

HOME SCHOOL FOR GENTLEMEN'S DAUGHTERS.

*Principals:*

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The pupils enjoy much open-air life. Games include tennis, hockey, goal-ball, and net ball. Cycling, sea bathing, and swimming in the seasons.

Particulars as to fees, etc., on application.



## BICKLEY HALL, BICKLEY, KENT, ENGLAND.

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B. S. FARNFIELD, B.A., Queens' College, Cambridge.

Boys between the ages of 7 and 14½ years are prepared for the Public Schools, and for the Royal Naval College.

Bickley Hall is situated 300 feet above sea level, in the centre of a beautiful park (of about 25 acres), on gravel soil, and in a locality renowned as both healthy and bracing. There is a gymnasium, boys' library, rifle range, and a magnificent covered-in and heated swimming bath. In addition to large cricket and football grounds, there is a gravelled playground and a covered playground for use in wet weather.

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Marlborough and Trinity College, Cambridge.

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*Principal:* MRS. JACOBY.

Supported by an exceptionally highly qualified  
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(Bodelwyddan Castle)

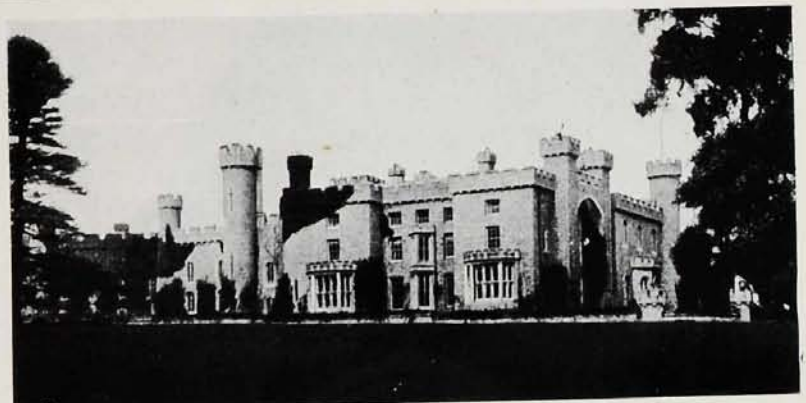
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*Principal:* MRS. LINDLEY. *Fees:* 40 Guineas.

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