INDIA

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1929

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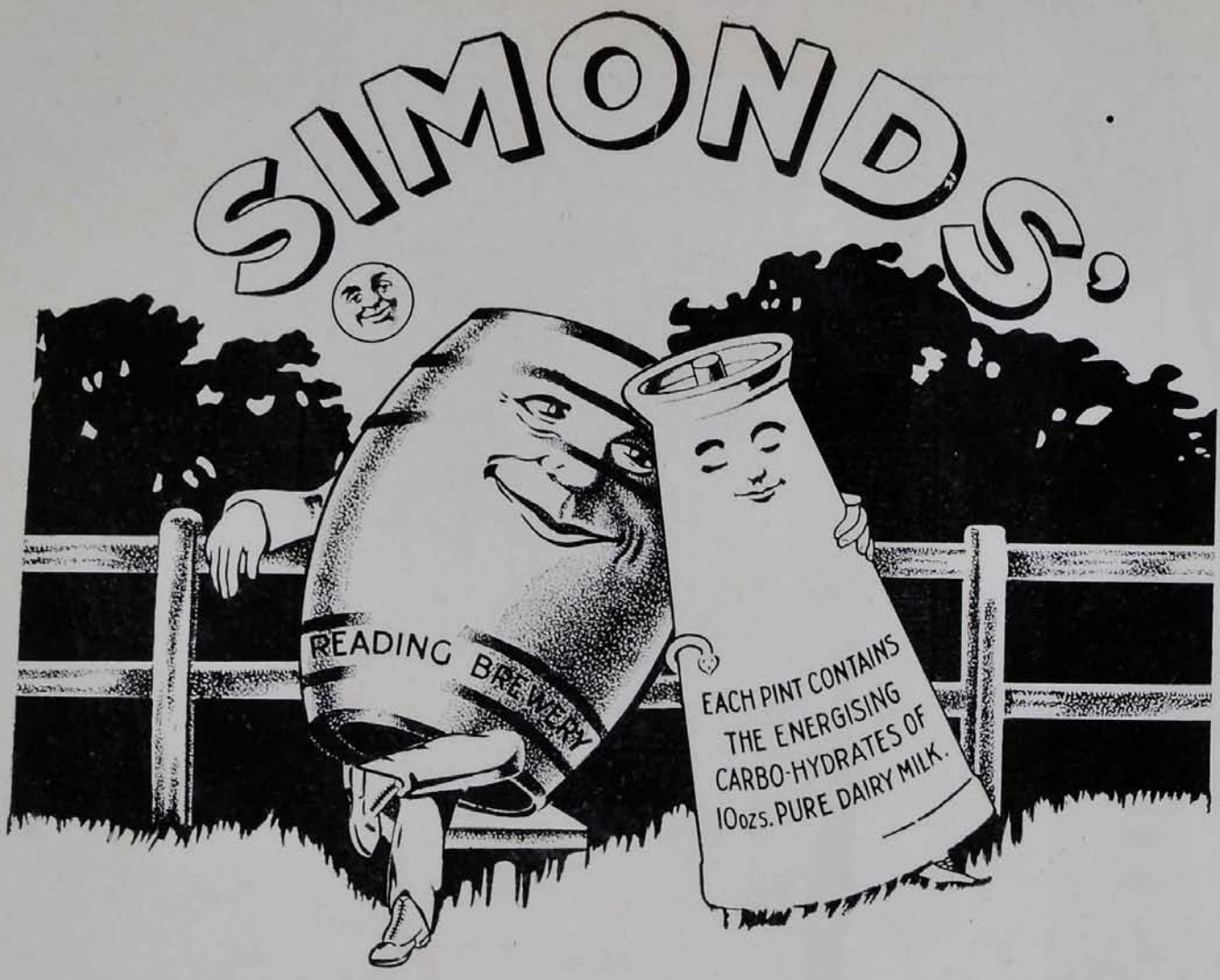

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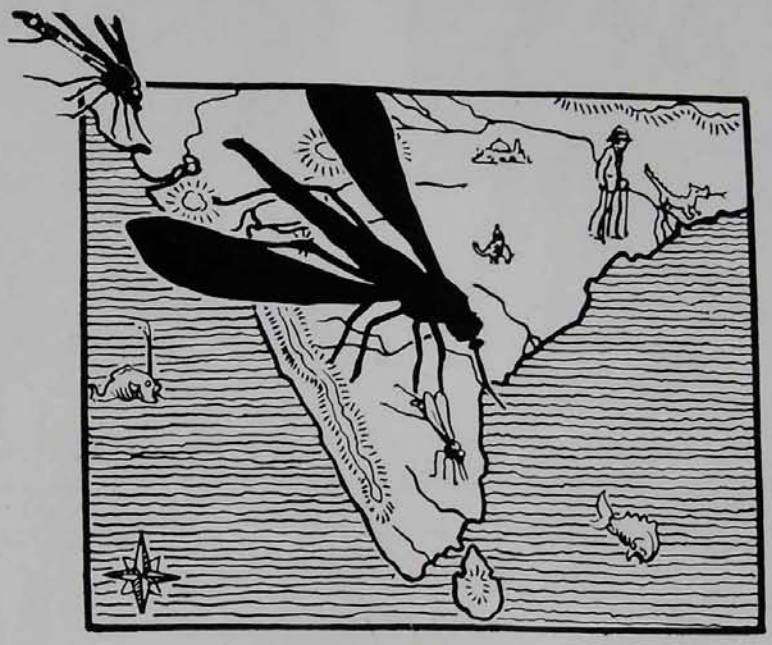

Banish
Malarial Debility

LIKE a shadow of menace malarial debility is hovering over every inhabitant of India.

Only too often this slow, unostentatious danger is overlooked; once the parasites have been conquered by quinine, the patient regards himself as cured, but the battle has only just started.

The ravages of the parasites in your blood cause anæmia, hence your weakness and apathy and only an abundance of new fresh blood will give you new strength and energy.

Then why not try Sanatogen. Sanatogen is *made* to increase the number of red blood cells, to strengthen the nervous system. It contains exactly those elements—phosphorus and albumin—from which new strength is derived, and thousands of times it has proved, in actual tests, that it does what it promises to do. (An average increase of 60% red blood cells was shown by Medical observations—see *Medical Echo*, March, 1924.)

Already after a few weeks' use of Sanatogen you will notice a remarkable increase in health and energy.

¶ **"If any remedy should find the widest appreciation in hot countries it is Sanatogen. No better tonic is known, and none more suitable to convalescents from tropical diseases,"**

writes Dr. B.B., of Colombo.

"Sanatogen is decidedly the most efficacious remedy in cases of malarial debility,"

writes Dr. H.W.S. a well-known physician.

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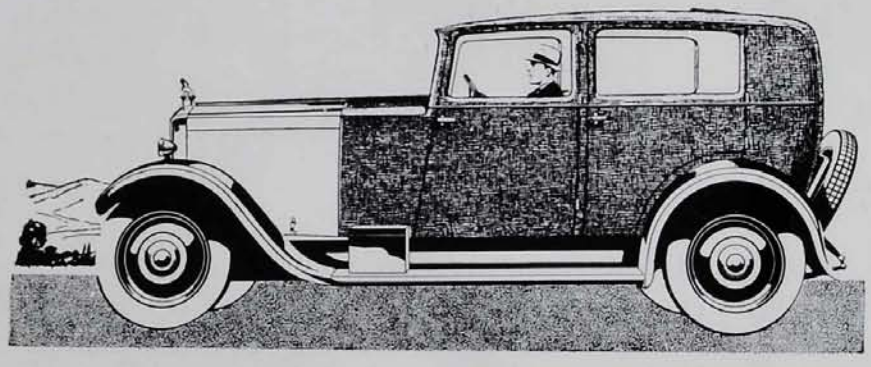
The True Tonic-Food.

At all Chemists and Bazars.

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

12 H.P. 6-Cylinder

A car built to high standards of quality and durability and having a fine and economical performance.



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ADJUSTABLE FRONT SEAT
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Ideal for the owner-driver, or for office use.

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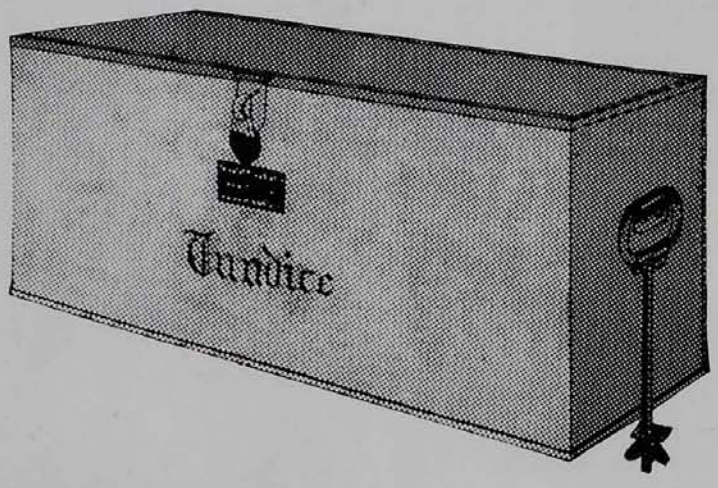
TUNDICE

Irrespective of Cost it is not possible to obtain a more Efficient Refrigerator than Tundice.

The Travelling Size
Rs. 30

THERE IS A TUNDICE MODEL FOR EVERY PURPOSE



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Complete with fittings for Running Board.
Suitable to any make of Car.

We invite you please to write for a catalogue illustrating the various models and their prices.

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Agents in all Important Towns.

Can you keep fit in any weather?

India is a land of extreme climates—intense heat, bitter cold, torrential rain—which tax the strongest constitutions.

Long months of heat, each day growing more unbearable, precede the first showers of the monsoon. But welcome as the cooling influence of the monsoon is, the danger from colds and chills, fevers and sickness, is relatively high during the ensuing period.

Protection from these dangers, as well as help for the heat-tired body and nerves, is adequately provided by WINCARNIS, the rich, stimulating tonic, which has proved such a boon to everybody "Out East."

WINCARNIS enriches the blood, builds up body and brain, soothes the nerves and gives the ability to resist the ill-effects of a climate of extremes.

Over 18,000 Doctors recommend WINCARNIS as a genuine tonic, restorative and preventive. They prescribe it as a remedy for anæmia, debility, neurasthenia, lowered vitality and all nerve disorders.

In hot season, cold season or monsoon, take WINCARNIS to keep fit. You will like it, not only for its valuable tonic properties, but as a refreshing, palatable wine.

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"The Wine of Life."

Recommended by more than 18,000 Doctors.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL BAZARS AND STORES.

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Home!—the name conjures up memories of the past-places we used to visit . . . friends we know . . . beauty spots we must see again. Let ROOTES solve the problem of your Home-coming visit. With their unrivalled Re-purchase Scheme you can have a new car at your service immediately you arrive, and it solves the question of disposal at the end of your leave. It's cheaper than hiring, too!

Write for full particulars.

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VERBENA, VIOLET, CARNATION, LAVENDER
BORACIC AND COLD CREAM
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LAVENDER AND COLD CREAM

Expressly made for the most fastidious. A creamy lather, which leaves the skin with that nice soft velvety feel so much desired. Specially suited to Baby's delicate skin.

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The NEW ESSEX
THE CHALLENGER

4-DOOR SALOON

Recognised throughout the world as the best performer and greatest car value ever offered at the price!

Compare it . . . In acceleration—against any car in any price—class. In speed—a proved 70 m.p.h. In endurance—correspondingly high speed all day long. In Hill-climbing—give it the hardest task you know. In size and roominess—with big cars of large passenger capacity. In appearance—with costly cars. In economy—original cost, running and maintenance expenses.

STANDARD EQUIPMENT includes:—Chromium Plating Bumpers (front and rear), Hydraulic Shock Absorbers, Alemite lubrication, 2 Shoe-type Four-wheel Brakes, Electro petrol and oil Indicator, New Carburettor with heat control, Radiator Shutters, Automatic Windscreen Wiper, Luggage Grid, Rear View Mirror, Electro-lock, etc. The new ESSEX is now more than ever the world's greatest value—altogether or Part by Part.

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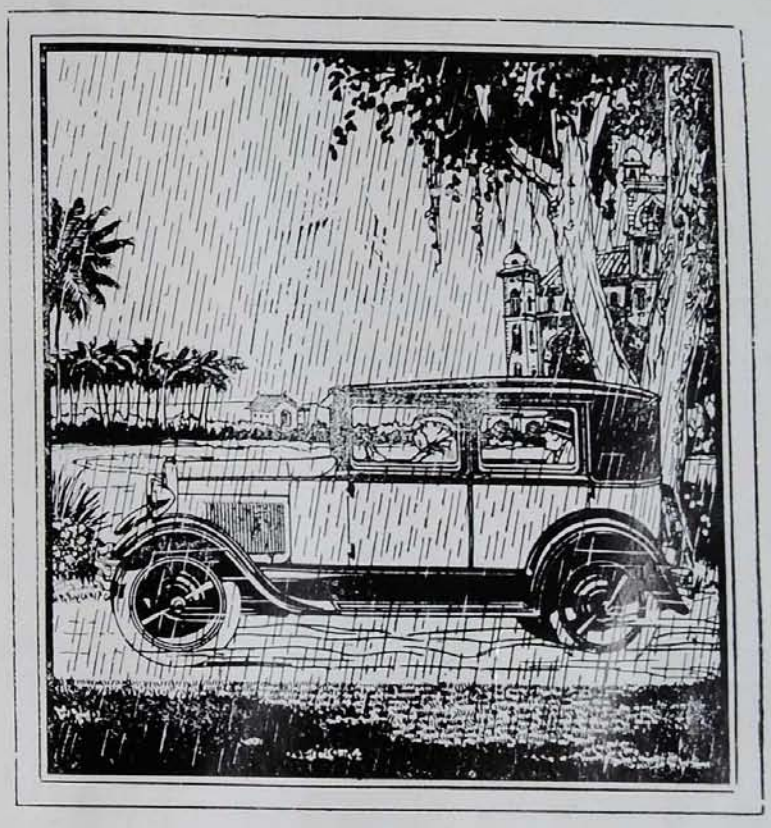
Protection from the rain during the Monsoon— drive a FORD SALOON



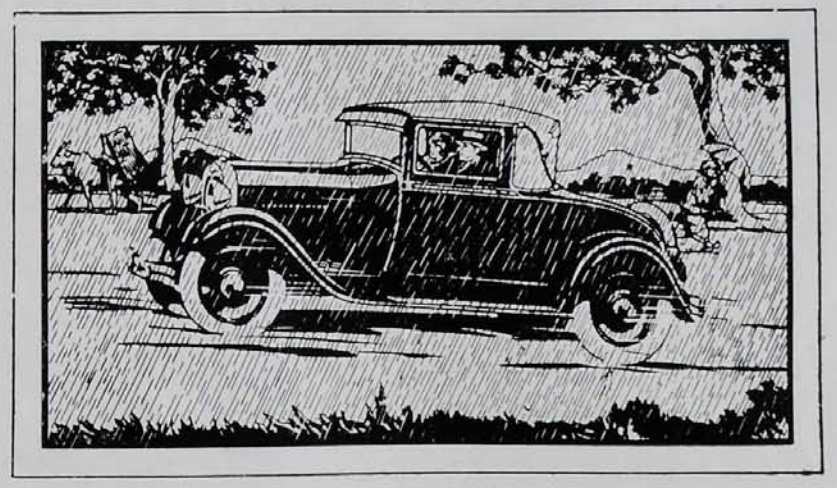
Closed to the rain—comfortable and dry are the saloon models during the hardest rain storms.

The windows open and close in a second's notice with a simple turn of the little handle.

Unlike open cars with side curtains the windows of saloon models may be closed only on the side from which the wind blows—leaving the other side open for ventilation.

The driver's vision is kept clear by the electric automatic windscreen wiper which sweeps the rain away as quickly as it hits the glass.

The six brakes—distributor and all other working parts are enclosed and waterproof.



IN 24

Advantages of the closed models :—

They are dry and comfortable during the rain.

Windows open and close quickly as the occasion requires.

Passengers are protected in an allsteel body.

Vision is clear on all sides through large windows.

The top construction is built in several layers and acts as a protection from both sun and rain.

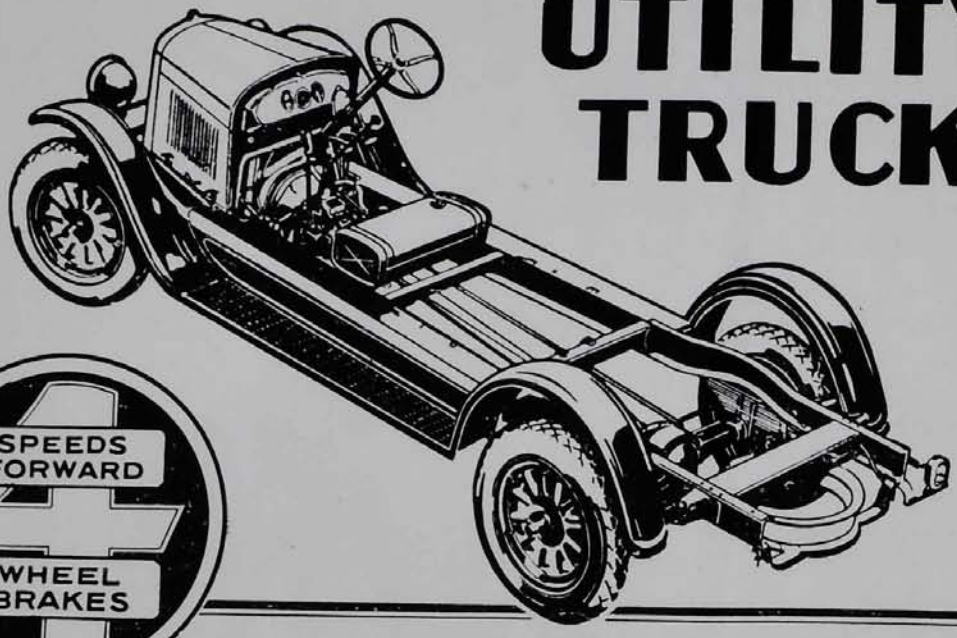
Ford saloon models may be securely locked up making safe any parcels or other property left inside.

Smart appearance.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF INDIA, LIMITED, BOMBAY

CHEVROLET

The NEW UTILITY TRUCK



SPEEDS FORWARD

4 WHEEL BRAKES

Powered by a valve-in-head motor that is famous the world over for its amazing endurance and efficiency . . . built with a margin of over strength in every unit . . . and incorporating the most advanced engineering design throughout—Chevrolet Trucks have repeatedly demonstrated their ability to deliver the world's lowest ton-mile cost. This matchless economy has been experienced by users in every line of business and under every condition of road and load. Merchants, manufacturers, contractors, planters and many other users have learned that no other haulage unit does its job so satisfactorily at such a low cost.

CHEVROLET SPARE PARTS AND EFFICIENT AFTER-SALES SERVICE ARE AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT INDIA.

12 CWT. CHASSIS

Rs. 1775

1½ TON CHASSIS

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Bodies built to order.

Quotations for any class or type of bodies will be gladly given on receipt of enquiries. All orders are expeditiously executed in strict rotation.

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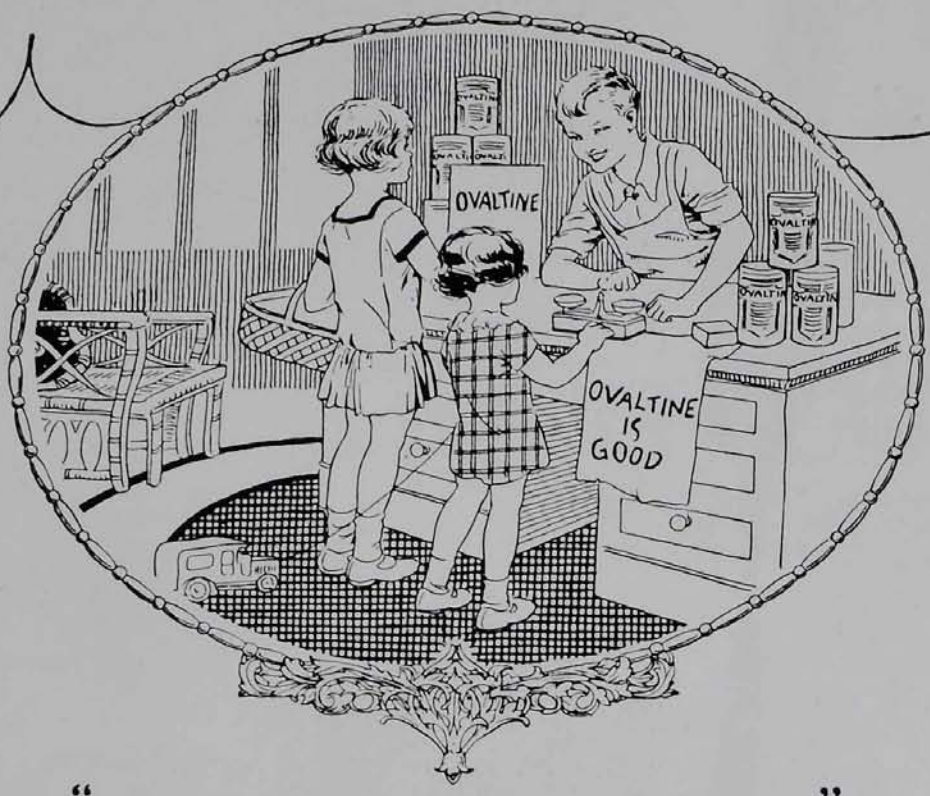
Contents

INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE:—*Editorial and Publishing Office*, 1, Waterloo St., Calcutta. *Advertising and Circulation Managers*:—The Publicity Society of India Ltd., Imperial House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2., and 1, Waterloo Street, Calcutta.



"A tin of Ovaltine please" -the Childrens Favourite

Children all the world over love to "Play Shops," and, on such occasions, the young shop-keepers must keep a good stock of "Ovaltine." For "Ovaltine," the delicious tonic food beverage, is a universal favourite and no home or shop would be complete without it.

There is nothing like "Ovaltine" for keeping the children strong and healthy under trying climatic conditions.

"Ovaltine" contains, in correct proportion, every element necessary for healthy development. Prepared from rich creamy milk, ripe barley malt and cocoa, it supplies in the form of a delightfully pleasant beverage, the nourishment so vital to growing children.

Give your children "Ovaltine" each day. It will build up sturdy bodies, sound nerves and alert minds, and keep them healthy and energetic throughout the year, despite climatic disadvantages.

"Ovaltine" is untouched by hand during the process of manufacture and is entirely free from preservatives.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout India and the East. Manufactured by A. WANDER, Ltd., London. England. Agent for India and Burma, James Wright, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Rangoon, etc.

Topical to the Tropical

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

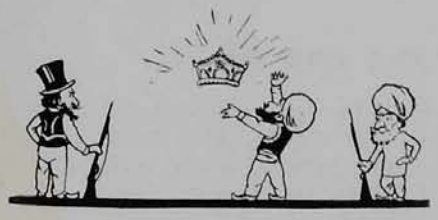
The King-Emperor

There is genuine pleasure in remarking the satisfactory convalescence which His Majesty the King-Emperor is making. Though it is obvious that so serious an illness must naturally leave permanent traces in anyone of His Majesty's age there are good grounds for believing that midsummer will see him restored to a full measure of health and strength. In no part of the Empire is there a more real feeling of personal attachment to the Crown than India and the Thanksgiving Fund which His Excellency the Viceroy has opened will bear ample testimony to this. Subscriptions to it should be sent to the Private Secretary to the Viceroy, Viceregal Lodge, Simla, and will be acknowledged individually. His Excellency Lord Irwin opened the contributions list with a donation of Rs. 1,000 and His Highness the Nawab of Bhawalpur came next with a gift of Rs. 10,000.

Grace.

The Great Spring Offensive

The great spring offensive that was to restore Amanullah to the Afghan throne has fizzled out like a damp squib and the tribal rising which was to set the North-West Frontier alight with disaffection has so far failed to materialise. Baccha-I-Sakau, the quondam water-carrier, has been acclaimed in Kabul as "Afghanistan's strong man" and the Mullahs, who are really responsible for the deep-rooted opposition to Amanullah, welcome him as a devout Mussulman. Kabul has not fallen and its assailants cut a sorry figure. The devotee of the top hat is in full flight to Europe Inayatullah meditates on one of the shortest terms of kingship recorded in history, and Nadir Khan, who travelled all the way from Paris to settle the matter, has been betrayed by his officers at Shamazar, his forces, hopelessly defeated and disappointed, have drifted away, leaving their commander with practically no support.



The Menace of Brickbats

"Brickbats were thrown . . !" Has it ever occurred to the newspaper reader in India how many times this expression is used by reporters in their graphic descriptions of a battle-royal against the police or a riot following the picketting of shops in a bazaar?

Where do these brickbats come from?

Do "prospective" rioters—or *anticipatory rioters* as a local pleader once described them—carry them in their pockets or slung about their persons *a la* Mills of Flanders fame, in case (we say, *in case*) of an emergency arising?

At a football match in Calcutta last month between two of the keenest teams that ever kicked an Indian turf to pieces, the enthusiastic supporters of the losing side became hot and bothered and then—as the papers put it next day, "Brickbats were thrown . . ."

It looked (this was a few minutes before the outbreak) as if the only available missile was the football, but nevertheless "Brickbats were thrown . . !"

This brickbat throwing tendency seems to be creeping over all shades of society as well, for only this morning among the one hundred and forty-seven applications received for the advertised position of assistant filing

clerk on our staff were no less than nineteen from men who stated, "*I will see that no stone is left unturned in the discharge of my duties.*" while one venerable claimant to the vacant stool —and he should have known better—wrote, "*I shall see that no stone is left unthrown . . .*" This has the merit of being true.

Darjeeling en Fete

The month of May is always particularly merry in Darjeeling but this year it opened with more verve than ever, the occasion being the celebration of the Centenary of this beautiful hill station. A large influx of visitors took place in the early days of the month, special trains being run from Calcutta, and the festivities proper commenced with the first day's racing at Lebong on Saturday, the 4th. Thereafter followed a hectic round of entertainment which embraced more racing, dances, concerts, receptions, fairs and the like and finally a parade of the hill people, in all the glory of their national costumes. His Excellency Sir Stanley Jackson and Lady Jackson were present at most of the principal functions and the thanks of a record crowd of visitors are due to hard-working club committees and other bodies who helped to make the festival such a success.

A Hundred Years Ago

Darjeeling derives its name from *Rdo-rje-gling*, the place of the *dorjee*, the mysterious thunderbolt of the Llamas. It first came to the notice of the East India Company in the Gurkha War of 1814-16, and for a period was the property of the Raja of Sikkim. Difficulties of access somewhat impeded its progress but records show that it was soon a favourite hot weather resort of the officials of Lower Bengal—and, of course, their wives. The earliest town planning was done by Lieutenant Napier of the Royal Engineers, later Lord Napier of Magdala. He also initiated the hill road to Siliguri, which was completed in 1866 at a cost of nearly fifteen lakhs of rupees. The coming of the railways made access easier and in 1877 a Calcutta firm began the construction of the Tramway from Siliguri to Darjeeling. The first engine to be used on the track was the *Tiny*, whose first passenger was Lord Lytton, then Viceroy, and father of the last Governor of Bengal, whose affection for Darjeeling is well known. The story of this first journey of the *Tiny* is not without excitement for the diminutive engine proved unequal to the task of hauling the extra luggage accompanying so distinguished a passenger as the Viceroy and an army of coolies had to be pressed into service to drag the train up the steeper gradients.

Ashwini Kumar of Jamnagar

This is not, as one might be led to believe from the heading, an aspirant to the *Guddee* of Jamnagar, which "Ranji" so fittingly adorns, nor is he a "prince of the blood," as the appendage *Kumar* to his name would suggest. He is but a horse.

Ashwini Kumar is one of the finest Kathiawar stallions that India has ever produced and, true to his breed, has the delicately curved little ears and is white with silver reflections—the result of careful selection in breeding by a house that knows good horse-flesh when it sees it. He has been on a long visit to Paris for the express purpose of posing for an equestrian statue representing the victorious entry of the first Jam Saheb who, in the 16th century, overran the territory now known as Nawanagar State.

This statue, by Mr. Herbert Haseltine, is now complete and is being escorted to India by the renowned artist, when it will be set up on an island in the middle of a lake that fronts the Royal Palace.

The Hog Hunters' Dinner

Last month "Snaffles," whose delightful pen and ink sketches of the Kadir and other pig-sticking functions are familiar to all readers of the Hog Hunters' Annual, held an exihibition of his pictures at the Sporting Gallery, King Street. The work on view is described by one critic as the best the artist has done and as

full of life as his war sketches. That is saying a good deal. He has also undertaken to decorate the menu card for the Hog Hunters' Dinner which takes place at the Savoy Hotel on the 13th of this month, at which H. R. H. the Prince of Wales hopes to be present. Now that this first annual dinner has taken definite shape it is to be hoped it will be made into an annual fixture under the ægis of a Hog Hunter Dinner Club or some such body in London. The scheme is a good one and will supply a long needed link between past and present pig-stickers.

A New Way Home

For those in search of a new way Home, and who do not wish to rush there, the Iraq Railways have issued brochures giving details of routes *via* Asia Minor which will give the traveller an opportunity to see most of the most famous cities of antiquity and will enable him to visit all the countries from India to England. He can take a month on the journey, and do the sights well, or he can do it in fourteen days from Karachi if he is in a hurry, and wants to get to England quickly.

By following the fourteen day route *via* Iraq those going Home only need have three days on the sea.

England to India without a Stop

In spite of the fact that they did not break the world's record for a non-stop flight, that was a very fine feat of the two young Air Force officers, Squadron-Leader Jones Williams and Flight-Lieutenant Jenkins, who made the first non-stop England-India flight on a Fairey Monoplane. It was the irony of fate that they should have been battling against terrific head winds at 6,000 feet whilst between 500 and 1,000 feet from the ground level there was a wind in their favour of thirty miles an hour.

The Imperial Airways liners, which are fitted with elaborate wireless installations, take advantage of every favourable wind on their journey, sometimes gaining as much as three hours on their schedule time by this means. "Tich,"—the nickname of one of the pilots—has to stand up and brace himself against the sides of the pilot's cockpit when taking off or landing, otherwise he cannot see the aerodrome. Yet he is the crack pilot on this run.

The Delhi Flying Club

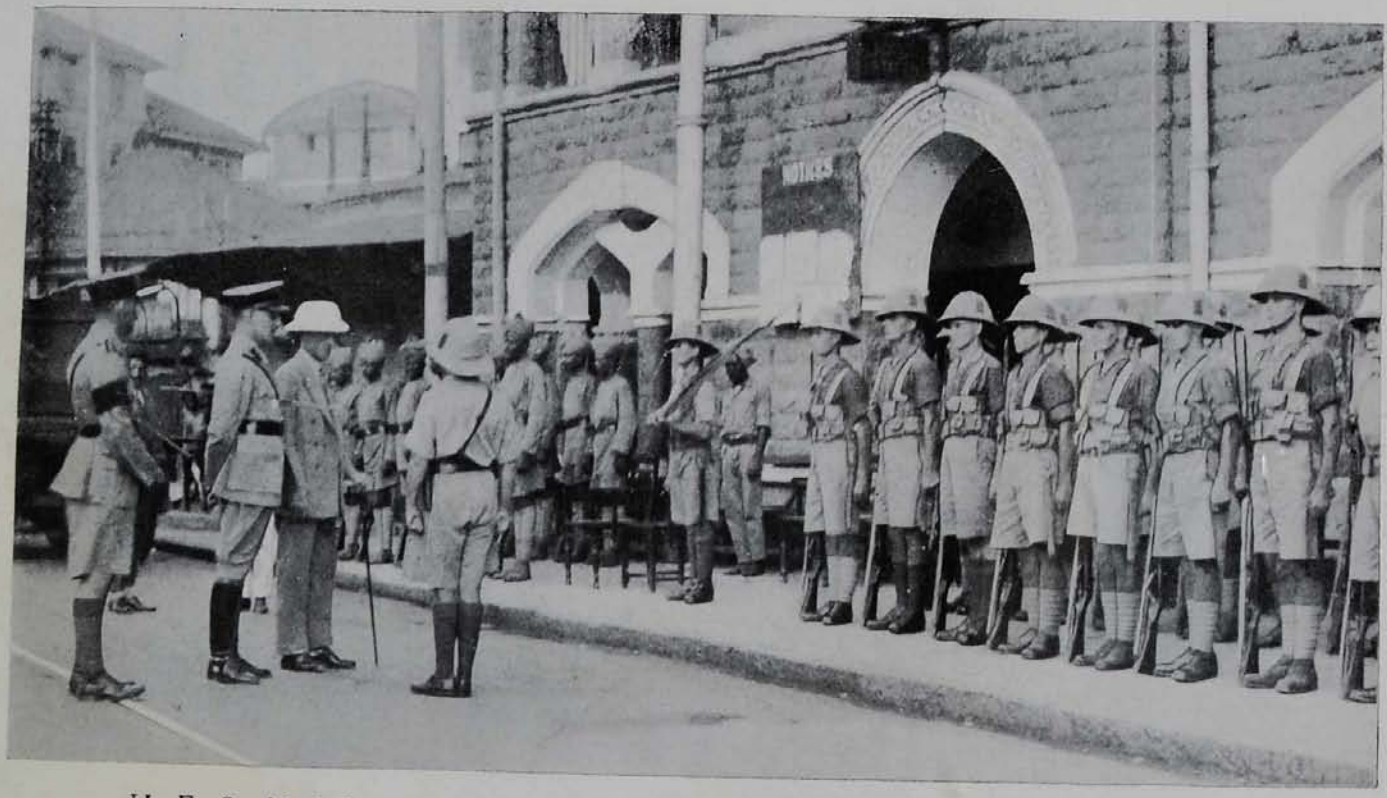
Aviation is making such strides amongst the members of the Delhi Flying Club that by next cold weather it is anticipated a considerable number of members will have obtained their own Pilot Certificates. At present the Club has two machines which were provided by Government and now they have received a very generous offer from Sir Victor

(Contd. on page 24).

"When you're dummy, Mother, will you come and hear my prayers?"

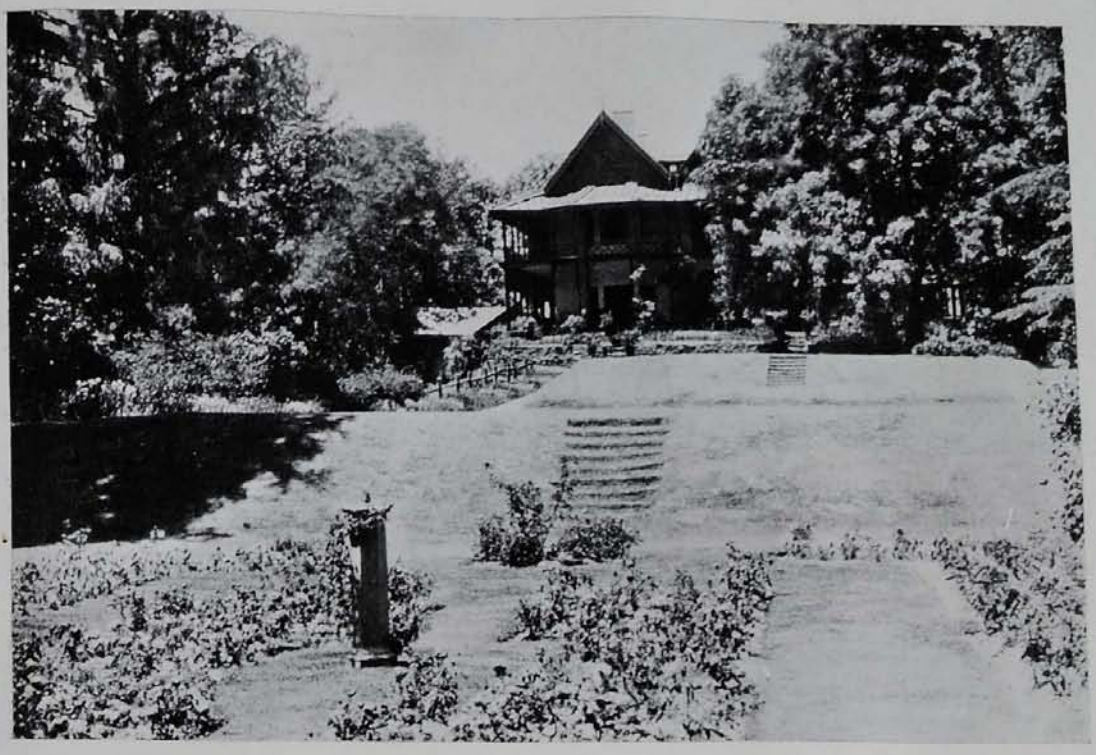
The late Sir Victor Coutts-Trotter, who was Chief Justice of the High Court of Madras since 1924, died at sea last month.

Commander A. M. King, D.S.C., R.N.R., has retired after 36 years' service with the P. & O. Steam Navigation Company.



H. E. Sir Mark Sykes is here seen inspecting military pickets during the recent Bombay riots.

CHARMING SUMMER QUARTERS



"The Retreat," at Mashobra, is situated in delightful surroundings in the Simla Hills and is a frequently used and popular week-end resort of the Viceroy and his Staff. These two pictures show this fascinating little place in an attractive setting.

Lt.-Col. G. F. Stanley, brother of Lord Derby, is Governor-designate of Madras.

Sassoon, whose interest in civil aviation needs no emphasis here, offering a donation of 25 per cent. of the cost of a Moth machine if the Club is able to defray the balance without resorting to borrowing money. The cost of a Moth is roughly about Rs. 11,000 and Sir Victor's offer amounts to a donation of Rs. 2,750. The demands which were made last cold weather for flights to other cities in Northern India indicate clearly that if the Club had more machines they could be kept fully employed and would be the means of building up its financial position.

The Month in Madras

May in Madras is not conducive to strenuous athletics. The majority of folk are lost in admiration of those sporting zealots who nightly may be seen hitting a hockey ball over more or less suitable fields. And when, wet but happy, they return to less strenuous pursuits, the indolent envy the tremendous thirst their activities have engendered. For the majority, tennis of a mild type, or the more comforting sea-bathing, constitute the principal forms of hot-weather exercising.

From the hills, whither the more fortunate have departed, comes news of activities as strenuous as any of those pursued in Madras in the cold weather. There, tennis tournaments are either in full swing, have lately been in full swing, or are about to begin. Polo tournaments and races keep the sports pages of the local papers full. Up on the invigorating Nilgiris, the Ootacamund hunt is in full cry. Twice or thrice a week it meets, and invariably finds good hunting. Ooty is a splendid place for those who hunt. It suits hounds, horses, and jack alike, to say nothing of those less important things, the humans who ride the horses. The meets are invariably large, and the going fast. This year's season opened with a meet at the Maharajah of Mysore's palace at Fernhill, one of the most delightful dwellings on the hills. It was attended by a large gathering of worthy sportsmen, including His Excellency the Governor and Ruling Princes, and, of course, the Master, Capt. Charles Greig, now in his third year. The Maharajah of Jaipur is in Ooty this year, and also the Maharajah of Bobbili, both good sportsmen. Hyderabad and Mysore have sent large contingents, including Sir William and Lady Barton, than whom no better companions can be found, whether at work or at play.

The Ootacamund Hunt held its opening Meet at Fernhill, the residence of H. H. The Maharajah of Mysore, last month. On the left are H. H. The Maharajah of Mysore with Captains Shah and Nabi Khan; in the centre is Capt. Charles Greig, M.F.H., and on the right are Lady Goschen with the Hon'ble Mrs. Portal and Master Portal.

Mrs. F. D. Petit, who is seen in both these photographs, is the first Indian lady to secure a license for solo flying. She is a daughter of the late Mr. R. D. Tata and married Mr. F. D. Petit, son of Sir Dinshaw Petit, the Parsi baronet and millionaire.

The engagement is announced of Mr. M. S. Waterstone, of Calcutta, and Miss Sylvia Sawday. The wedding will take place in England next year.

Ooty Races

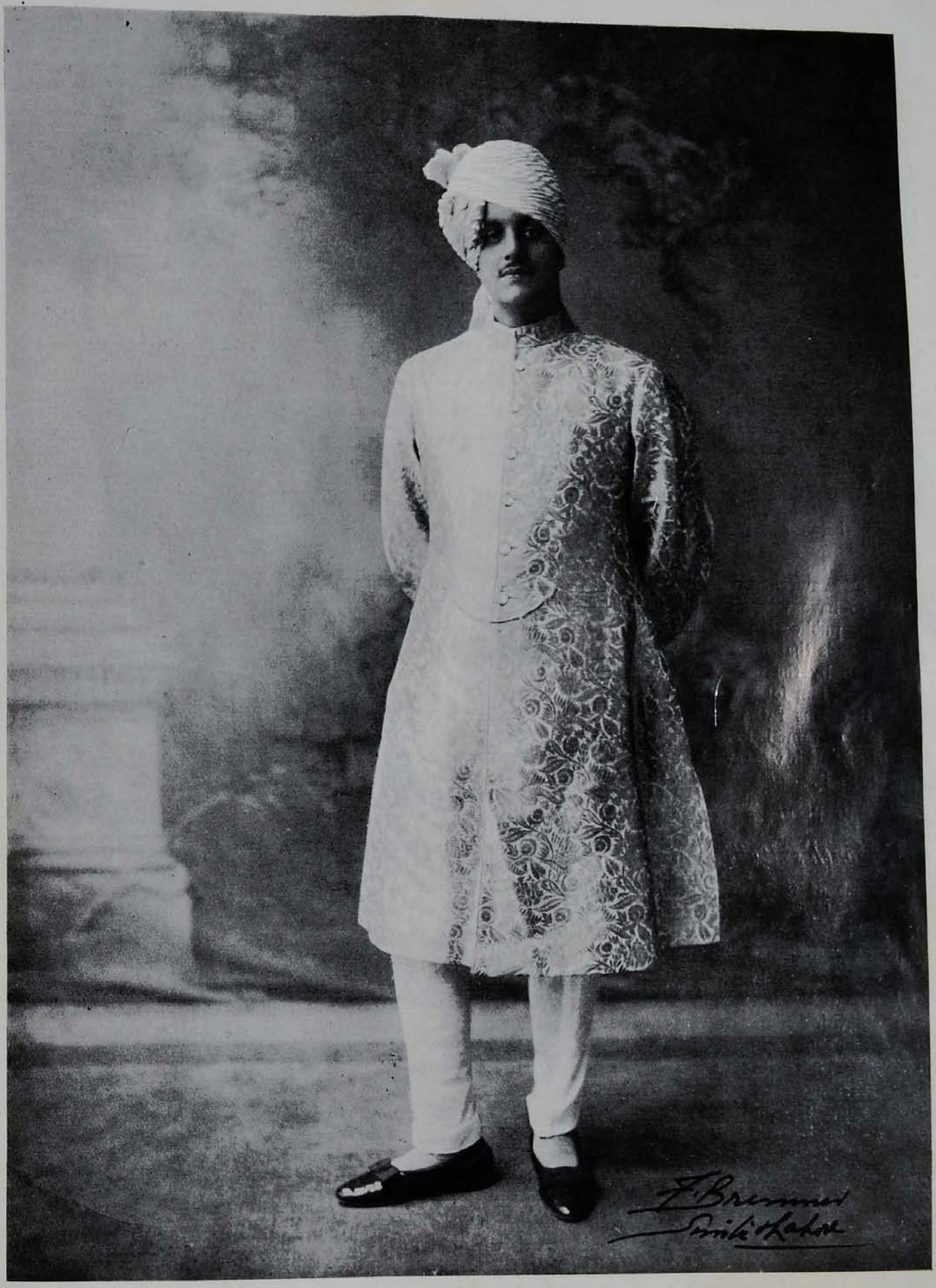
The Ooty Races this year have been marred somewhat by heavy showers so that we have not seen so many pretty frocks as would otherwise have been the case, but sport has been good, and that keen racing man, Mr. J. J. Murphy, has again collected many trophies, including The Governor's Cup. Another very successful owner is the Maharajah of Kolhapur, though the end of the season will doubtless show the Maharajah of Mysore, the most consistent supporter of racing in South India, among the first three winning owners. It would be difficult to assess the debt that racing in South India owes to Mysore. The Ruling House has always supported the sport and the proud position of racing in South India to-day is largely due to its backing.

Sir M. Coutts Trotter

Madras has suffered a sad loss. By the death of Sir Murray Coutts Trotter, social life in the city has lost one of its most attractive personalities. An ardent supporter of all artistic and philanthropic activities, Sir Murray was ever to be seen busy in good works. But his loss will be most seriously felt in musical circles. He was an exceptionally clever musician, and possessed a knowledge of composers and their works that few can aspire to. He was generally popular among Indians, especially among Indian members of the Bar he enjoyed a unique popularity, and their esteem of his high qualities has been abundantly proved by the warm testimonies to his high legal attainments and charming personality that have been uttered by representatives of all classes. Sir Murray was active to the last, and we cannot help thinking that the serious drain of an exceptionally heavy social season contributed to hasten his death.

Aircraftsman Shaw

Aircraftsman Shaw has, so it is said, joined the Royal Air Force for a further term of five years, and in this event we once more witness the last of Colonel Lawrence. It is reasonable to suppose that in five years time, unless we have another show like the recent Afghanistan affair, Aircraftsman Shaw as a figure known to the British public the world over will have disappeared into the dim mists of obscurity and only those who know him personally will ever think of



His Highness The Kumar Sahib of Jhalawar, whose father, the Maharajah, died at sea recently whilst on a voyage to Europe.

Mrs. Kamaladevi Chattopadhyaya, the well-known Kerala woman leader, represents Indian womanhood at the forthcoming session of the World Federation of Teachers at Geneva. She sailed for Europe last month.

Col. T. E. Lawrence. He is reported to have withdrawn his book from publication and has told his friends that he wants to be forgotten by the public. He is now more than forty years of age and it seems rather a pity that his fear of fame is to deprive the world of much wherewith he might benefit it.

Last Month's Eclipse

The eclipse of the sun which took place early last month, and which has for many Hindus a religious significance, drew enormous crowds of the faithful to the banks of the holy Ganges, where the bathing ghats presented a picturesque sight. The eclipse had other interests also, for in Malaya, where the shadow struck the earth in a narrow belt across the Peninsular, was located a most elaborately equipped scientific expedition. A party of British astrologers had been there since February getting in order the ten tons of scientific gear with which the expedition tested the Einstein theory of "bending light." The giant of the collection of instruments taken out was an astrographic telescope weighing four tons and costing more than £3,000. The scientific data recorded during the five minutes of complete eclipse is expected to take at least five months to collate.

City of Gardens

Lucknow, which is continually putting Allahabad's nose out of joint, is preening itself on the fact that the Viceroy is to spend Civil Service Week there next February. As we swelter in pre-monsoon days the excitement seems a little premature. The Oudh Taluqdars, however, are noted for their hospitality and are already putting their heads together to make Lord Irwin's visit a memorable one.

Lucknow has long been famed as a City of Gardens, and her energetic citizens have seen to it that her new modern buildings do not detract from the charm of her old Moghul architecture. Incidentally, the one thing in India that never fails to infuse life into the dry bones of history is a visit to the old Residency at Lucknow.

Major-General H. D. O. Ward, C.B., C.M.G., has relinquished command of the Presidency and Assam Division.

Revolutionary Finance

Commenting on Mr. Gandhi's recent appearance before the Chief Presidency Magistrate of Calcutta, a leading New York journal says:

"Gandhi, found guilty of inciting a riot in Calcutta, was fined thirty-six cents. Probably a revolution, would run to as much as five dollars."

The Woman who won the Latch-key

One of the most remarkable figures in modern Indian history is that of Mrs. Annie Besant. That she has monopolised a couple of dozen ordinarily interesting lives is made clear by Mr. Geoffrey West in a study of her career which has been issued by Howe at fifteen shillings. Mr. West starts out to prove and does it fairly successfully that Mrs. Besant belies the description contained in the couplet below which was once said to sum her up:

"Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was everything by starts and nothing long."

Mr. V. S. Subramania Iyer, Judge of the High Court of Travancore, has been appointed Dewan of that State in succession to Mr. E. Watts who is retiring shortly.

H. E. Lord Goschen, Governor of Madras, concludes his stay in this country with a term of service as Acting Governor-General and Viceroy of India. He leaves Ootacamund for Simla at the end of this month when H. E. Lord Irwin proceeds to England on four months' leave.

HOUSEHOLD HORRORS Nº 10

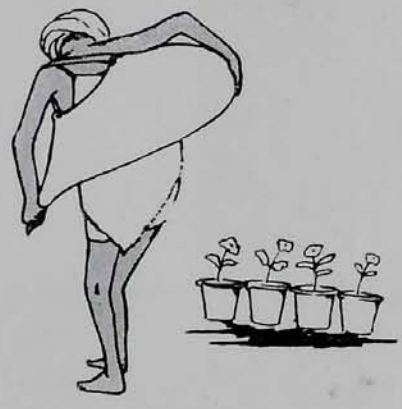
THE BHISTI

By

Maj. F. N. MACFARLANE

Undoubtedly there may have been
Such paragons as Gunga Din,
But as they've never come my way
I cannot really rightly say.
It seems a pity *he* was shot,
For I have met an awful lot
Of others who most certainly
Deserved a charge of number 3.

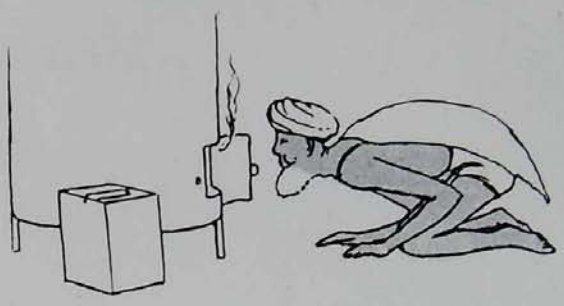
Our last incumbent wore a sack
To keep his mussack off his back.
All other clothing he eschewed;
In fact he seemed completely nude.
His frame was bent through years of toil,
His face was like a black gargoyle,
He was undoubtedly a quite
Uncommonly repulsive sight.

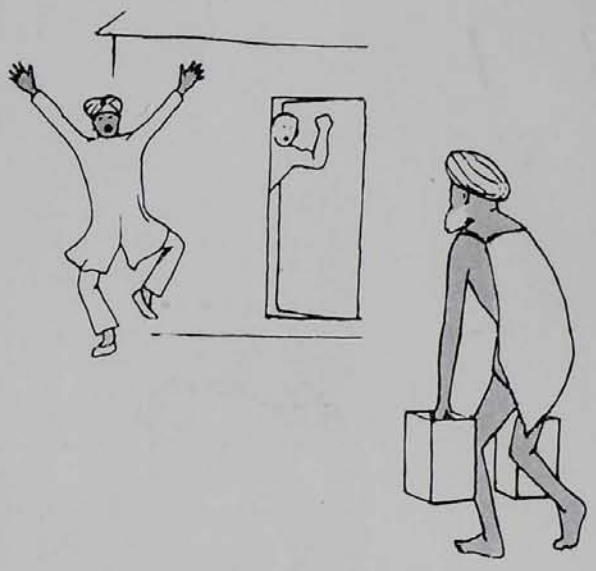


And yet we could not really grouse
About his work around the house.
There was no lack of H_2O
In compound or in bungalow.
He watered all the garden paths,
And filled the chatties and the baths,
While in the summer time he set
His heart on keeping Kus-Kus wet.

But though that all sounds very nice
Yet he had one besetting vice
Which we could not eradicate.
He was invariably late
In heating water for the tub
Which should precede one's evening grub.
And that is why he's had to go
And join poor Gunga Din and Co.

'Twas just a month ago to-day
That he, poor fellow, passed away.
For on the three preceding days
I'd suffered maddening delays
Before I finally got hold
Of water which was not stone cold.
While on this inauspicious date
I too, for once, was also late.





"Bhisti! Bhisti! Idher ao!
Garam pani jelde lao!
Ek dum gussel tyar karna!
Jitna jeld ho sake bharna!
Sahib ghussa hota hai!
Daurke lana! Dauro bhai!"

The bearer yelled like one possessed
What time I rapidly undressed.
But when into my bath I got,
The water, far from being hot,
Was barely tepid. So you see
The bhisti bought it properly.
Clad only in a Turkish towel
I rushed upon him with a howl.

I grabbed his beard and firmly led
The villain to the boiler shed,
And then, to purge him of his sin,
I raised the lid and pushed him in.
Regardless of my fuel bill
I piled on wood and coal until
I'd made a most enormous fire.
It was the bhisti's funeral pyre.

He shuffled off this mortal coil
As soon as he came on the boil.
And ere I close I'd like to say
That till that memorable day
I never had the least idea
That, though it may sound rather queer,
"Consomme Bhisti Naturel"
Makes quite a good hot bath as well.

K.W.M.

From West of Suez

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

London, May.

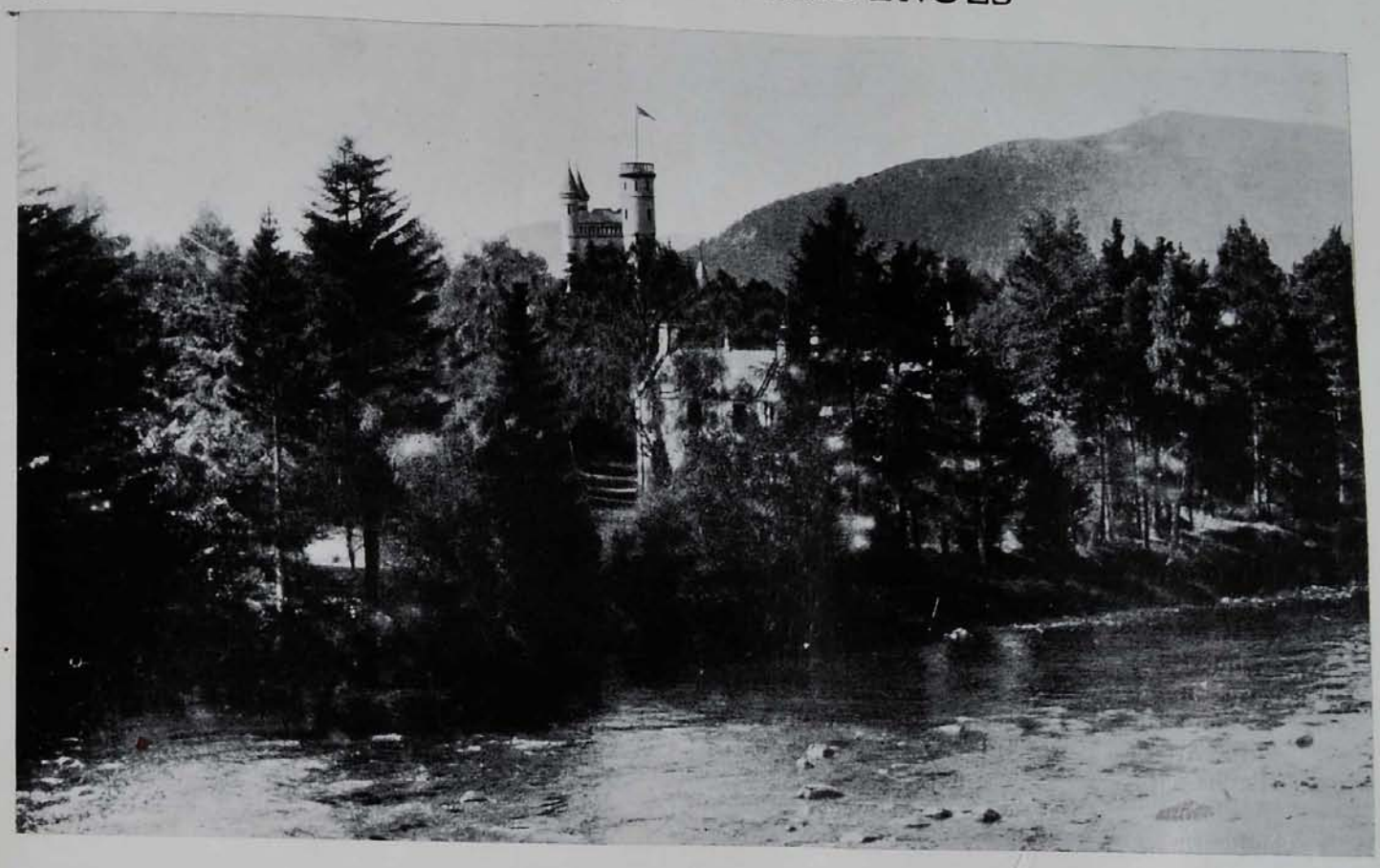
BY the time this is published in the ex-capital of India, I hope that we shall have passed through and left well behind us the present before-breakfast atmosphere in which we find ourselves at the moment, when I take this pen in hand hoping that it finds you *not* as it leaves me at present. I can find no better description for the pre-election period than the "before-breakfast atmosphere," and I feel certain that this will convey a wealth of meaning to many! How few of us there are who are fit for human consumption before breakfast—or in some cases *at* breakfast, that meal which the wise always insist upon eating in silence and at which only the tactless talk or crack jokes. The atmosphere in this land has been for three months past just like that surcharged with electricity and snappishness. The things the politicians, who, unfortunately for suffering humanity, have been allowed to use the B.B.C. to broadcast their views, have said about one another have been appalling and one prominent actor in this little melodrama has gone so far as to say that one of his political opponents was born with a tail. This is both rude and unkind—even if true. Mr. Lloyd George has not yet been waylaid on a dark night and painfully slain by Lord M————tt, but the announcement of such a happening would not surprise or even shock a good many of us.

So far as the plain man in the street can judge, whatever Government we get, it is going to be the wrong one, a Government which will deliberately wreck this Empire and bring it down with a crash alongside of which the noise made by the fall of Rome will be but the landing of a feather on a Turkey pile carpet. So that the Man in the Street ought not to care the hoot of a klaxon which loser it is he gets for *if* we believe all that we have been told so volubly all these last months, he is "for it" in any case and has not an earthly hope. Luckily, however, the man in the street knows that truth is not a thing which amounts to a disease with politicians and he carries on confident only in the fact that so long as he does not permit this Empire to be run by Moscow or any of her numerous agents it can be relied upon to weather almost any storm. It is a far too sturdy ship for it to be possible for any mosquito to punch a big enough hole in it to cause it to sink.

Polo Prospects

An election is almost as bad as the selection of the International Polo team and that, as I feel sure I need not tell India, is a pretty hectic matter arousing as it does, a desire upon so many people's part at once to start sharpening their knives upon their boots and licking their chops in the most sinister manner in their pleasurable anticipation of slitting the weazen of anyone who is preferred to them by the ill-starred Selection Committee. I am led to this paragraph quite naturally by the fact that the season of the stick and ball game is now opening at Polo G. H. Q. in London and elsewhere and by the fact that we have not so far heard one single word about any preparation at all for that overseas operation for which we are supposed to be due in 1930. The Americans believing that we still hate to take defeat lying down, are expecting us to challenge on a date which, under the Deed of Gift of the 21st November, 1911, must not be later "than January first of the year in which the competition is to be held," and last year even went so far as to make the sporting and very hospitable suggestion that our proposed team and its spares and ponies should be the guests of the Polo Association of America and go to somewhere in the Pacific slope, Del Monte probably, about January in the year of the contest (1930) and there get through the early practice. This would enable us to play for the Cup in June when the weather is more reliable than it is in September, when these matches have been played upon the last two occasions, 1924 and 1927, and would give the English teams as long a time as possible to get into trim. So far as I know, Hurlingham, whilst thanking America for this offer, has done nothing definite and the reason why it has not is not far to seek. It is this, that the people who were so indignant at Hurlingham's decision to let the Army in India team have a shy in 1927 have not got over it and have not done a hand's turn towards putting an International team together. In one of "Kipper's" stories, one of his soldiers talked about a beast he called "the 'aughty coot." Well, we have some of these here and they are not all in the Zoo.

TWO ROYAL RESIDENCES



His Majesty the King-Emperor has entered on a further stage of convalescence at Windsor Castle, the North Terrace of which is seen in the lower photograph. Above is a characteristic view of Balmoral to which it is hoped His Majesty will be able to proceed in August.

A Season Lost

Last season we had a priceless opportunity for a bit of useful spadework because it was a hot and rainless summer. Nothing at all was done, because the people who were so cross over the Army in India business were still cross. I fancy that they are so still, and as the Hurlingham Polo Committee cannot start selecting until someone offers himself for election, I suppose we must accept the fact that we are at deadlock. To the mere onlooker, the thing which seems obvious is to mobilise the best in India and start playing them as A and B teams as the Americans do and then ship the whole shooting match off to California as soon in the coming new year as possible. It sounds easy enough on paper, but the practical difficulties are not small. For instance, there are still two players in the Army in India team whose claims are paramount, Major Atkinson and Captain George and there would have been three if poor Dening had not come by his tragic death: but both these officers are still serving soldiers and, the matter of £. s. d. quite apart, it is conceivable that it would be extremely difficult for them to get a whole year's leave to play polo. This is what it would mean, for anyone from India would have to be here by June, 1929, and could not be back in India before July 1930. The money side of it is not as great a bar as some of us may think, but if we are to mobilise the best we have in the Empire, as of course we must do, this other question is a problem and a thorny one. Personally, I have never believed that we have a full International team in England. At the moment I am quite certain of it, and that we cannot afford to disregard India and her sources of supply of the high-class article.

Here we have Captain C. T. I. Roark and Wing Commander P. K. Wise, but, bar Major J. F. Harrison who is a very heavy weight and not growing any younger, where are the rest? To do this job as it ought to be done, we ought to have at least two teams mobilised, more if possible; play them hard during this summer and then ship the best six or seven of them to California in January with the cream of the ponies. Nothing whatever has been done in this direction, and I doubt very much if anything will be. Unless it is, I think it will be a sheer waste of time and money to send a team out next year. That fight America had with the Argentine last season for the new North and South America Challenge Cup showed us quite plainly what is the strength of America's new Big Four—all boys, and better, so many people think, than that old Big Four or any other old Big Four, so that one cannot afford to treat this business at all lightly and have got to take it seriously, if we want to win.

Exit Tiffin

As to racing, unless my arithmetic is wrong, this little offering to India ought to manage to get into your June number, and so be in about four days before the Derby is run, on June 5th. I am gambling on the highly efficient air mail which I hope will land this in India. The calamity of the year is the disappearance of Lord Ellesmere's Tiffin, the flying filly which the handicapper justly rated the best of either sex on two year old form. She was undefeated and now she is amiss in the kidney department—and her appearance in the One Thousand is impossible and her appearance in the Oaks very problematical. She was not entered in either the Derby or the Leger and so this means that all classic honours are denied her. That she would have won either one or both of the fillies races is hardly arguable, if she had gone the right way: but, alas, she has not and everyone is full of sympathy for the noble owner.

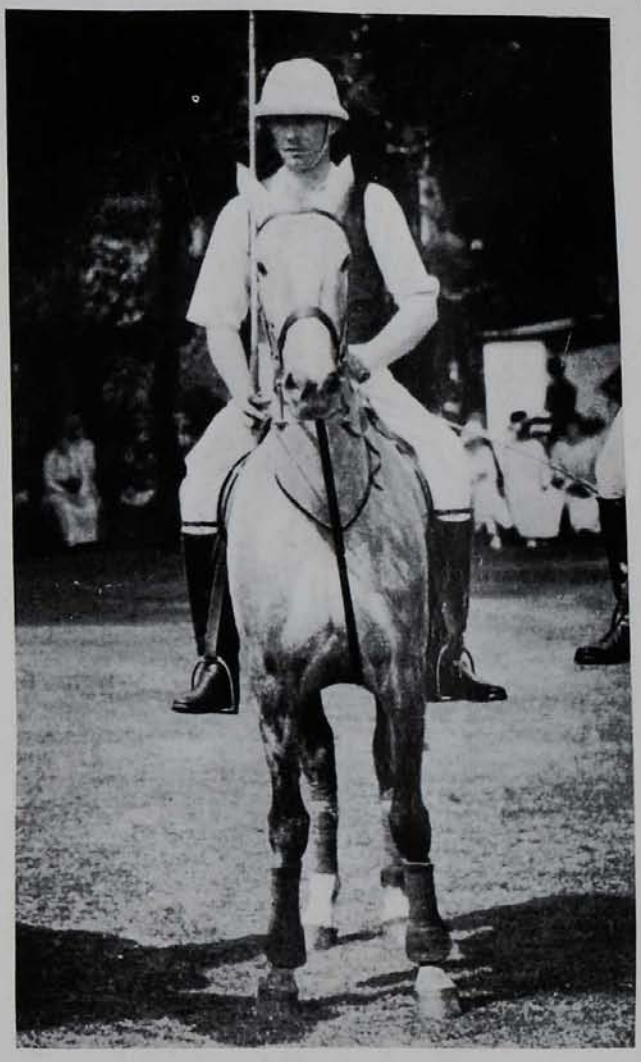
The situation where the rest are concerned has been much complicated by the Lingfield, Newbury and Newmarket (Craven) form and several idols have fallen from their pedestals and

Lord Astor's Cragadour is strongly fancied for the Derby.

made the two year old form look all upside down. We may be rash in jumping to any hasty conclusions where some of the leading characters are concerned, and not be making the allowance we should for the evil times through which they have had to come in our abnormal winter and the big hold-up which the Great Freeze caused, but here is the fact that some of them have been badly affected by it and are not what we hoped and believed they would be. To take things in order, Lingfield seems to make it fairly certain that we need not bother our heads about either Grand Terrace or The Black Abbot, for both were beaten pointless by the gelding Welcome Gift, who, as a two-year old, ran a good second at Hurst (6 furs. in November) to Mr. Jinks at the 3 lbs. allowance. Newbury told us that Costaki Pasha was not himself. I thought that both he and Grand Terrace, his stable companion, and both owned by the Aga, looked shrivelled. Neither of them has grown or thickened out and they both look ponies. Sidonia, a big gelding in the same ownership as little Reflector (Mr. Tony de Rothschild's), laid the Greenham Stakes field out stone cold. A useful line for Reflector, who is another pony, but who as a two-year old did beat the lusty Mr. Jinks and also put up a rare fight with him when Jinks beat him.

A Process of Elimination

Newbury also cast grave doubts on the gameness of Gay Day—another "Indian" owned one, as he is Sir Victor Sassoon's—as when Montclair beat him at a mile he finished none too generously, even though he ran perfectly straight, which he did not do last year in either the Champagne or the Middle Park Stakes. I am afraid that his heart is not in it. Newmarket cast further doubts and this time upon Brienz, for although he won the 1 mile Column Produce Stakes by half a length from the filly Buctouche, he resented being asked to win any farther and swished his tail and laid his ears back in a manner which is not encouraging. They say he is a lazy one, but this did not look like laziness; it was temper and nothing else. If a horse resents being asked to leave his field, as Brienz could have done, I feel certain he is not going to inspire much confidence. It is the jockey who has to decide the pace, not the horse. Personally, I think he ran like a rogue. He never would have been able to do as he did if Midlothian had been in the field, but Lord Rosebery's colt's starting declaration for that race went amiss somehow and they had to run him in the Wood Ditton instead. This he won in most attractive style and in a common trot. The only colt of any note behind him was Bosworth (Lord Derby's). Bosworth ran third to Mr. Jinks and Welcome Gift last back-end at Hurst, and Welcome Gift has just won at Newbury. Mr. Jinks romped home for the Severals at Newmarket. Bosworth probably is not as good as Lord Derby's other one, Hunters's Moon, who won the 1¼ mile Spring Stakes at Newmarket (April 16). Neither of these however, in my opinion, seem like classic class, in fact I am sure they are not. Then we had Cragadour's quite pleasing performance in the 1 mile Craven Stakes when he won comfortably but from a field whose qualifications do not tell us much. And the Astor luck in the Derby is not exactly encouraging. Cragadour is a very nice quality colt by Craig an Eran out of Pompadour by Bayardo. He has this touch of Amphion blood through Craig an Eran who is by Sunstar, but the rest of the pedigree from the staying point of view is as good as a Bank of England note. Another thing, Cragadour is a bay, as was Sunstar, and it is the chestnut descendants of Amphion that are the ones which make us think.



Capt. C. T. I. Roark.

Mr. Jink's Prospects

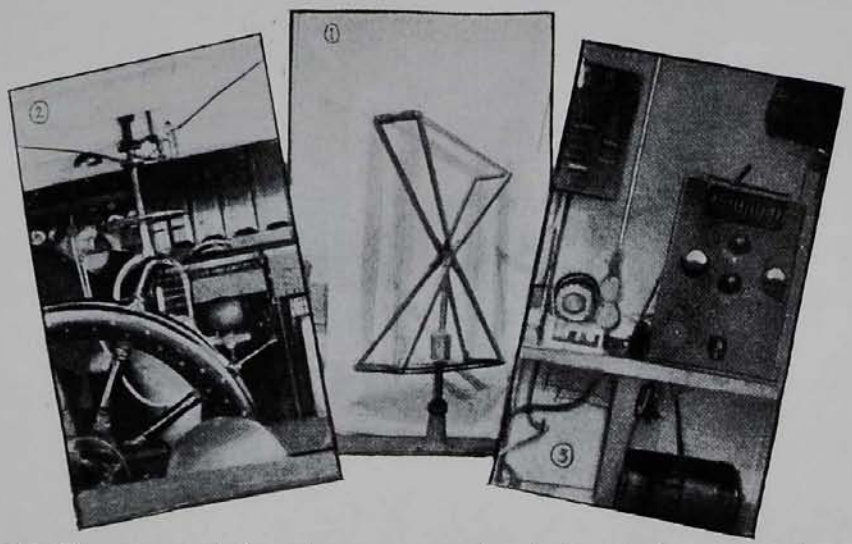
I suppose to sum up, we must take it that out of all this Mr. Jinks, Midlothian, Cragadour and Brienz come best. The "heads" are still doubtful about Mr. Jinks staying the Derby course. He looks better and bigger than any of the others and puts far the most heart into his work and so I should hesitate a bit before putting an Epsom victory beyond him. Atty Persse, who trains him, and Dermot McCalmont, who owns him, are both full of confidence.

THE VULP.

MARVELS OF THE RADIO COMPASS

By F. A. COLLINS

A GREAT 900-foot liner carrying the populace of a large town was speeding through the night towards Southampton. A thick fog had for hours rendered all shore light, even from the most powerful lighthouses, invisible. In the past a ship under such conditions would have been obliged to lie to or proceed very slowly until the shore signals could be picked up. The liner, however, never halted her pace, sure of her bearings to the fraction of a degree.



(1) The antenna of the radio compass on board gives the bearings to the fraction of one degree.
(2) Reading the radio compass on the bridge of an ocean liner, enabling the mariner to steer blindfolded.
(3) Mechanism of the radio compass on a modern ocean liner.

The crowded steamer was being steered "blindfolded" by an officer on the bridge, with the assistance of the magical radio compass which plays so important a part in modern nagivation. He stood with head phones clasped to both ears before a simple contrivance consisting of a small circular table, above which was a pointing arrow, which in turn revolved to the movement of an antenna above. With the aid of this simple instrument the navigation officer communicated with the shore stations from time to time and was enabled to hold the great ship on its course with perfect assurance.

For untold centuries men have attempted to warn ships off dangerous coasts by lighthouses, by bells, horns and whistles. Great sums have been expended in building lighthouses in exposed positions. Men have racked their brains to devise powerful lights which will carry through the storm and fog. In the earliest lighthouses the warning signal was made by burning fires of wood. In recent years lights have been devised of millions of candle power which were visible under favourable conditions for fifty miles or more. The loss of life and property through shipwreck has however been appalling.

The principle of the radio compass is fascinating in its simplicity. To the mariners of a century ago it would have been considered scarcely less than magical. We are so accustomed to the radio telephone, however, and the transmission of the voice across the Atlantic, that this newest marvel of wireless communication fails to excite us. In many respects it is the most amazing of all the applications of radio to modern life.

Visitors to many sea-coast resorts have noticed the inconspicuous little wooden houses which shelter the radio compass equipment. They have, of late, been standardized and all have the same appearance. The stations consist of small houses, perhaps fifteen feet square, with a tower rising some twenty feet. The tower shelters an antenna much like those on our radio telephones, only larger and more sensitive. The antenna is mounted on a rod and can be turned and spun about with a touch of the hand.

The rod supporting the antenna, which is marked off in degrees, passes through a circular table in the lower part of the station. An arrow is attached to the rod, so that as the antenna is moved around in a circle, the point of the arrow marks its position on the circumference of the table. In other words, the position of the antenna can thus be seen in relation to the points of the compass. A wireless sending station is located near by.

Now, when a ship many miles at sea is in doubt of its position or bearings, it uses its radio to call up the radio compass station ashore to ask for the information. It is all the work of a few seconds. The operator in charge of the radio compass, on receiving the call, swings the antenna about until it points directly towards the ship. From experience he can do this quickly and accurately by the sound, judging by the loudness and distinctness of the call when the antenna is in just the right position. He now glances at the table before him and finds that the arrow indicates the exact direction of the ship. A moment later he has radioed to the ship the exact angles at which she lies. The entire operation takes less than one minute.—*(Indian Copyright.)*

A FOOT-HILL STREAM

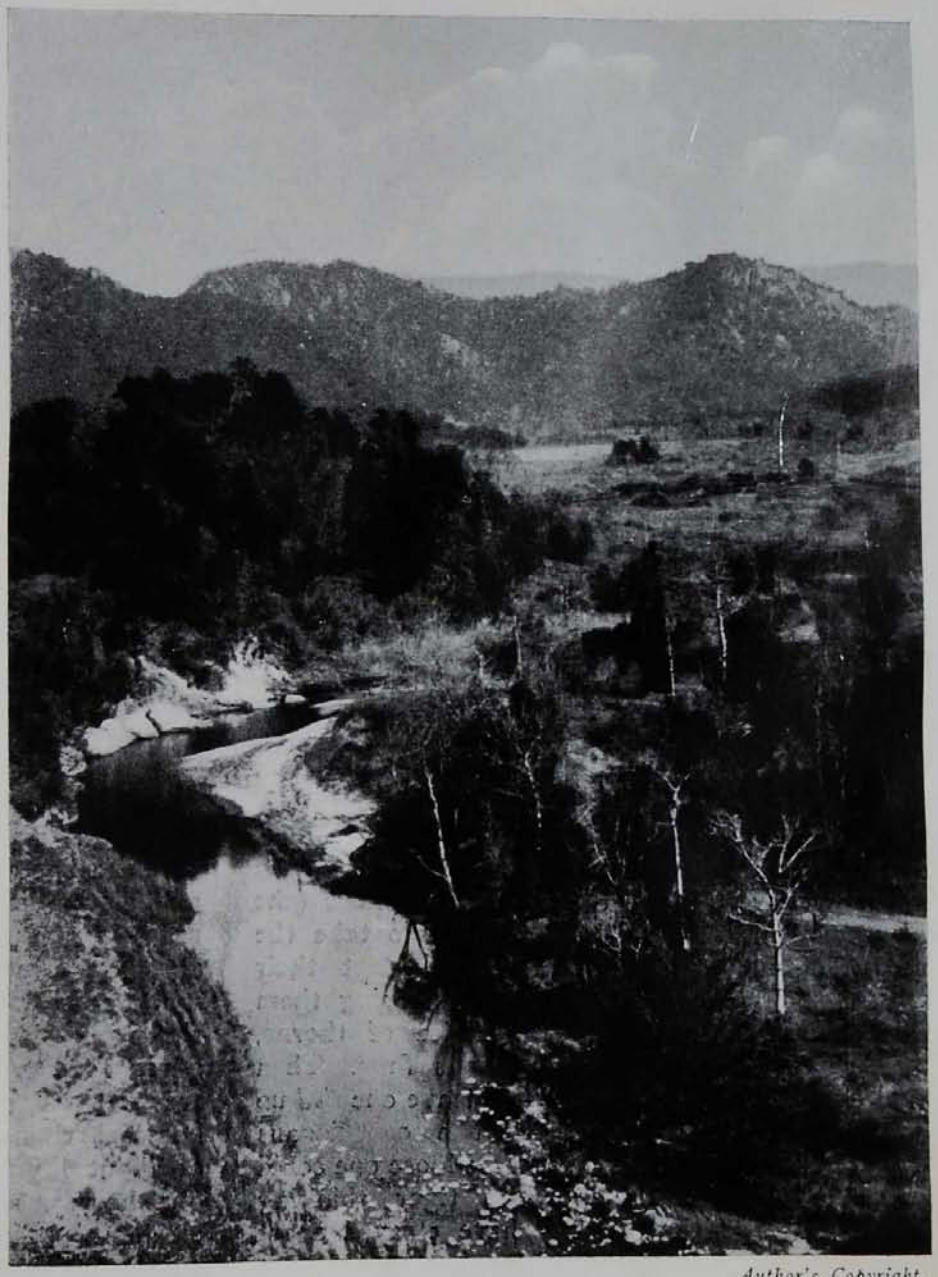
By F. W. CHAMPION, I.F.S.

"*. . . . The rivulet,*
Wanton and wild, through many a green ravine
Beneath the forest flowed. Sometimes it fell
Among the moss with hollow harmony,
Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones
It danced, like childhood, laughing as it went."

SHELLEY.

TO those who delight in the wild places of the earth, far removed from the toil and strife of every-day existence, few spots could be more fascinating than a secluded jungle stream where it winds its tortuous course through the rugged forest-clad foot-hills of the great Himalayan mountains. The particular stream which I will now describe has been a favourite haunt of mine for many years, so that I am now familiar with every bend and corner and feel more at home there, alone with God's wild creatures, than I can ever do in a big town.

The stream bed, or *sot* as it is called in Hindustani, is about forty or fifty feet wide, with very steep banks, which run up many feet above the level of the water to the surrounding hills. The actual stream itself varies in size with the season of the year, but from November until May it consists of a series of deep rocky pools with almost vertical sides. These are joined by shallow stretches, where the water flows more quickly over the rough bed of boulders which have been washed down from the mountains above and rounded, like pebbles on a shingley beach at home, by the continuous action of the water. Dotted among the boulders are willow bushes, strikingly beautiful when they throw out their new leaves in spring, and interspersed with the willows are large numbers of a shrub which botanists term *Nerium odorum*, whose sweet scented reddish flowers, set off by glossy green leaves appear in all their glory at the very hottest season of the year. The steep banks, in places where they are rocky and shaded



Author's Copyright.

A secluded jungle stream.

from the sun, are covered with ferns of various species, among which the beautiful maiden-hair fern predominates, and during the spring, wild violets and Doon primroses clothe the whole in a wonderful raiment of purple and gold. Elsewhere the sun strikes more fully and the soil is better owing to the gentler slopes. The result is that there is a dense undergrowth of grass, above which various jungle trees struggle for existence with each other and also against the scorching sun of summer and the bitter frost of winter, both of which take an almost annual toll of the weaker trees and leave their marks even on the strongest.

Such a spot seems almost made for tigers. Indeed, it is one of those places in the jungle which always contain a tiger and generally a big one. If the one in residence is shot, the news soon seems to spread round among the neighbouring tigers and the finest of these will be found to have filled the vacant place within a few weeks of the death of the last incumbent. Despite the innumerable stories which have been written about tigers, no writer has yet been able to explain quite why tigers are so fond of these particular spots or how they find out that they are vacant. Anyhow, the fact remains that they do find out, and big-game hunters who shoot year after year in the same forests have been known to kill tiger after tiger in the same spot—which may be, perhaps, an easy place to beat—whereas they would quite likely have gone away unsuccessful, were the tigers only to realise that, from their point of view, that particular spot is dangerous and should be left severely alone. Again why, oh why! are tigers so foolish as to kill buffalo-baits which are tied out in the jungle at nights? One would think that animals of the intelligence of the tiger would realise that there is something strangely suspicious about a young and juicy buffalo calf being left out, tied by the neck or leg, in the places they are most likely to pass at night. They must be familiar with the habits of *gujars* and *gothias* (the jungle herdsmen) who take the greatest care to protect their young cattle by enclosing them at night in a fence of thorns, aided by numerous fires. Then why should they leave one *tied* up all by itself in a conspicuous place? If it were loose one could understand the tiger thinking that it may have strayed apart from the others, but not when it is tied up! Yet nine out of ten tigers which men succeed in shooting owe their deaths directly to their having killed one of these tied-up calves; whereas, in most cases, the tigers could easily obtain enough food were they to leave the baits severely alone. Just occasionally, it is true, one comes across a tiger which has learnt wisdom and refuses to touch tied-up baits. Such a tiger probably dies of old age, but why he does not pass on his wisdom to his more foolish brethren is a problem which continues to intrigue those who are interested in the intimate lives of wild animals at home.

Author's Copyright.

A splendid Himalayan pied-kingfisher.

But we are wandering away from the subject of our story. Personally, I prefer to study and photograph wild animals rather than shoot them, so that the same tiger and his wife have been in possession of this mountain stream for a good many years now and are still there as photographic subjects for anyone who is clever enough to outwit them. The reader will now accompany me on one of my photographic expeditions up the stream bed, of whose charm it is to be hoped some idea has now been given.

It is a fine day in early March, and, as the distance is about four miles from our camp, we send on ahead our tame elephant, Balmati, which has carried me hundreds of times in pursuit of photographic adventures. After an early lunch we ride after the elephant on horses, arriving at the rendezvous at about 1 p.m. We then leave our horses, and, mounting the elephant, begin to stalk very quietly up the stream bed in the hope of catching a glimpse of the tigers or of some of the other

wild creatures which inhabit this delightful spot. At the mouth of the *sot* where it joins a larger stream is a deep clear pool, so full of small mahseer not exceeding a pound in weight that literally they form a dark cloud in the water, so dense that it is quite impossible to see the bottom owing to the intervening mass of fish, one floating above the other in apparent harmony. Such a great store-house of fish is bound to support fish-eating animals and we have not far to look for them. An osprey, that fine fisherman, which, when striking at a fish, often plunges so violently into the water as to be completely submerged, sails overhead to the accompaniment of a shrill scream of annoyance at finding his favourite haunt disturbed. On a branch above the pool is sitting a splendid Himalayan pied-kingfisher—aristocratic and far larger relative of the common pied-kingfisher of the plains. He is gazing down at the water waiting his chance, and, even as we watch, he darts almost vertically down from his perch and plunges into the pool, only to rise again on missing his mark. He then poises over the water preparatory to a second dive and hovers in the same spot, maintaining his position by means of the rapid beating of his wings; but he has not the skill of his smaller relative or of the English kestrel in this difficult feat and soon returns to his perch, where we will leave him gazing at the water as intently as ever. We next notice absolutely fresh otter tracks running up the stream bed, which tells us that the party of otters which we have so often seen here cannot be far away; so we creep cautiously on to the next bend, and, peeping round, are delighted to see three otters basking in the sun in a very favourable position for a photograph. Gradually and with the greatest care we bring the elephant nearer and nearer, making exposures as we approach, until, just as we are beginning to hope for an exceptional picture, the air is

Three otters basking in the sun. *Author's Copyright.*

suddenly rent by that common and nauseating sound of the East—the violent clearing of a man's throat preparatory to expectoration! The otters, thoroughly disgusted at the revolting noise, rush away as we turn to rend the unexpected arrival who has ruined so good a chance. It turns out to be the local forest guard, a man of particularly limited intellect and specially posted to this beat as he is incapable of doing the work elsewhere. His answer to a furious question as to what he thinks he is doing is to the effect that he has heard that the forest officer has entered his beat and he is now following to see what he is doing there! As though a forest officer cannot enter his own jungles without an escort! Words fail us, so, after cordially inviting him to visit a very much warmer place, we continue our progress.

A little later we notice the fresh tracks of the tigress. We follow these tracks for some distance and then lose them again; but shortly afterwards we are fortunate enough to find marks in the sand (called *gussait* in Hindustani) showing where she has dragged some animal which she has evidently succeeded in killing. Greatly excited, we now follow the *gussait* cautiously until we reach the steep bank on the other side of the stream. Then one solitary vulture suddenly flaps up from the dense grass in front of us, thereby denoting that the kill is there and that the tigress is not at home—otherwise the vulture would be perched in a tree waiting his chance to enjoy a meal in safety. We now inspect the kill and find that it is a sambar hind, which the tigress has left right at the mouth of the otters' den, after having eaten only one of the hind legs. On bringing our elephant up to the kill, her great weight shakes the ground and disturbs an otter which is resting in the den—so much so that he pops out like a Jack-in-the-box and rushes away between Balmati's legs, much to her discomfiture! After quieting the elephant, the next half hour is spent in searching the neighbourhood for the tigress, but there are no signs of her presence

. . . *A small crocodile fast asleep.*

and she has probably gone off in order to call her lord and master to the feast. We have not time to arrange a machan and sit perched in a tree to await her return, so we decide on a spot where we think the tigress is likely to pass in the night and arrange the automatic flashlight camera in such a way that, should she pass as we hope, she will inadvertently take her own photograph by flashlight. We then return to our camp, hoping that all will work out as we have planned and that the tigress will take a nice picture of herself during the night. On our way back we see a small crocodile, fast asleep in the sun and balanced in a most precarious position on an almost vertical rock. We make an exposure from across the pool, but he is only about four feet long and his back is covered with mud, which has dried almost white in the sun, thereby giving him rather an unusual appearance.

The next day sees us once more moving quietly up the stream bed to find out what has happened. The otters are not to be seen today and the place seems deserted except for a pair of white-capped redstarts, those characteristic birds of the foot-hill streams, which, dressed in their beautiful livery of chestnut and black, crowned with a shining white skull-cap, bow to us as they flit from boulder to boulder. On reaching the spot where the kill was lying we find that it has gone, which tells us that the tigress has been there and has taken the kill away to some other place to eat —perhaps because she did not care for the smell of the otters' offal lying at the mouth of the den! It now seems quite likely that the tigress has fallen into our photographic trap, so we push on eagerly, only to find that we have miscalculated the spot and that her tracks have passed within a few feet without actually touching the trip-wire. This is very disappointing but it is now worth while stalking the kill again, so we follow up the drag through the dense grass, keeping every sense alert for those numerous jungle signs which indicate the presence of a tiger. There are, at the moment, no monkeys in the neighbourhood, so it is no use relying on their assistance and we have heard no alarm cry of sambar or kakar since we have been in the *sot*. This means that the tigress is probably not moving about; but perhaps she is lying down resting after her meal and has thus not been seen by the numerous watchmen of the jungle. Ah! There are five or six vultures sitting patiently on a tree in front of us and looking longingly down on the ground beneath. Now why are they doing that? It is too early in the day for them to have eaten their fill and it can only mean that they are afraid to approach the carcase which they have located. This is a very strong indication of the presence of the tigress, so we hold the reflex camera all ready for action as we gradually approach nearer and nearer. At last we can see the kill, but there appears to be no sign of the tigress. What! have we misread the jungle signs and she is not here after all? No, surely not; we must look more carefully. With extreme care we bring the elephant right up to the kill and gaze among the thick grass and bushes in every direction. A minute or two's inspection shows that our optimism is justified, for there, only a few yards away, she lies, right in the middle of a dense thicket of bushes. She is watching us closely, opening and shutting her mouth in a mild snarl as she is doing so. The distance is only a few yards, but unfortunately—as so often happens—her position is impossible from a photographic point of view, since she is lying in very deep shade with many intervening branches and twigs. We focus the reflex on her, but she is hardly visible on the mirror owing to the lack of light and the blurred intervening twigs. Bitter experience tells us that it is quite useless to make an exposure in such circumstances, so we sit and watch the tigress making faces at us—so near that we could almost shoot her with a catapult, but as far off as the north pole so far as photography is concerned.

This mutual inspection goes on for some minutes until at last the tigress, preferring solitude, gets lazily up, stretches herself, and moves quietly off into some impenetrable scrub where it is quite useless to follow her. That being so, we decide to try once more to catch her during the night, so we set the automatic camera again in a slightly different position, arranging it in such a way that, should we succeed, we shall obtain a full-face picture of her wonderfully handsome head.

The next day we arrive early in the morning to find out if we have been successful and are delighted to find that everything has worked beautifully, in that she has posed exactly as we wanted her to do. She has fired the flashlight at a distance of some twelve feet from the camera and facing towards it, so that she should have given us exactly the picture we are seeking. Delighted with our good fortune, we proceed to dismantle the camera. On doing so, however, we receive a rude shock, for we find that, as has so often happened before, we have been counting our chickens before they are hatched. Certainly she has fired the flashlight exactly as we wanted her to do, but, alas! the intricate mechanism has failed to work satisfactorily and the shutter has not been released. The result is that we have disturbed her unnecessarily, wasted Rs. 10 worth of flash powder, and obtained nothing but disappointment for all our trouble! However, he whose hobby it is to photograph wild animals soon learns that "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," so, after nursing our disappointment for a day or two, we philosophically realise that, after all, no harm is done and we can always try again.

In this way, sometimes by stalking, sometimes by sitting in a machan, and sometimes by automatic flashlight, I have been hunting these two tigers with my cameras for years. The tigress I have never yet succeeded in photographing, but one day I secured a good picture of the tiger going down to have a drink in the stream. I also obtained a portrait of their grown-up son, who now occupies a neighbouring beat and sometimes, though rarely, ventures to intrude upon his parents' beautiful home—which I make a point of visiting every time I happen to be in that particular neighbourhood. The appeal of the place grows, if possible, greater every visit, and, despite years of failure, I still hope that some day I shall succeed in photographing the whole family of tigers which live there. Even if I do not, I shall always remember this fascinating mountain stream as one of the most charming places I know in the beautiful forests of India.

A portrait of their grown-up son.

H. G. D. ISMS

A pot pourri of Philtered Philosophy

Our loves are constant, but our subjects apt to change.

Happiness is chiefly a matter of unthinking complacence.

What the others are up to is our chief concern.

What everybody really wants is something else.

Most inmates of prisons are not there so much for what they did as they are for the tactics they used.

Ninety-nine out of a hundred have brains, the odd one knows how to use them.

They are least critical who are most sure of themselves.

Nothing is quite so ill-fitting as a set of borrowed plumes.

The shortest step in this world is the one that leads into the next.

Love is a thing that all of us seek; some of us find; a few of us hold and most of us abuse.

The game of life gives everyone a seat but takes good care that nobody sits in too long.

It is better to destroy a monument of hope than undermine one atom of faith.

When certain people make you think there's something wrong about them, you're probably right.

The rudder of obligation steers the average human ship.

A man may often be too busy to scrutinize a business opportunity, but never too occupied to neglect analyzing a feminine one.

What appears to be an easy mark is something that most people fire at . . . and miss.

The first man to discover that the easiest way to make money was to look after the earnings of others became a banker.

We should all be careful about learning our piece before playing our part.

They are spendthrifts of words who are thrifty of pocket.

Jealousy is bred in the incubator of vanity.

One way of assisting yourself toward victory is to let the other fellow think he's winning.

The knack of making friends is easy, but to hold them . . . an art.

Man's first instinct is to create something; his second . . . to destroy it.

Love brands come wrapped in four containers: Curiosity, Possession, Jealousy and Pride.

What a man worships in a sweetheart he's apt to despise in a wife.

The most elusive of all times is the right time.

It requires a great deal of effort to achieve idleness.

The greatest of all brain specialists specialize in their own.

One sure way for a woman to manifest her apathy toward a man is her sincere promise to be His Friend.

A mistake is something that destroys a fool and enriches a wise man.

A keen trader accepts most reluctantly a deal that is easy to close.

When one strong voice begins to speak, a million squeals are silenced.

The most intriguing personality of all is possessed by the Devil himself.

A pair of eyes can often express what a tongue would only distort.

If more of us knew what we wanted, we'd probably want what we've got.

Upon a soul that has never been tried all of the virtues are lost.

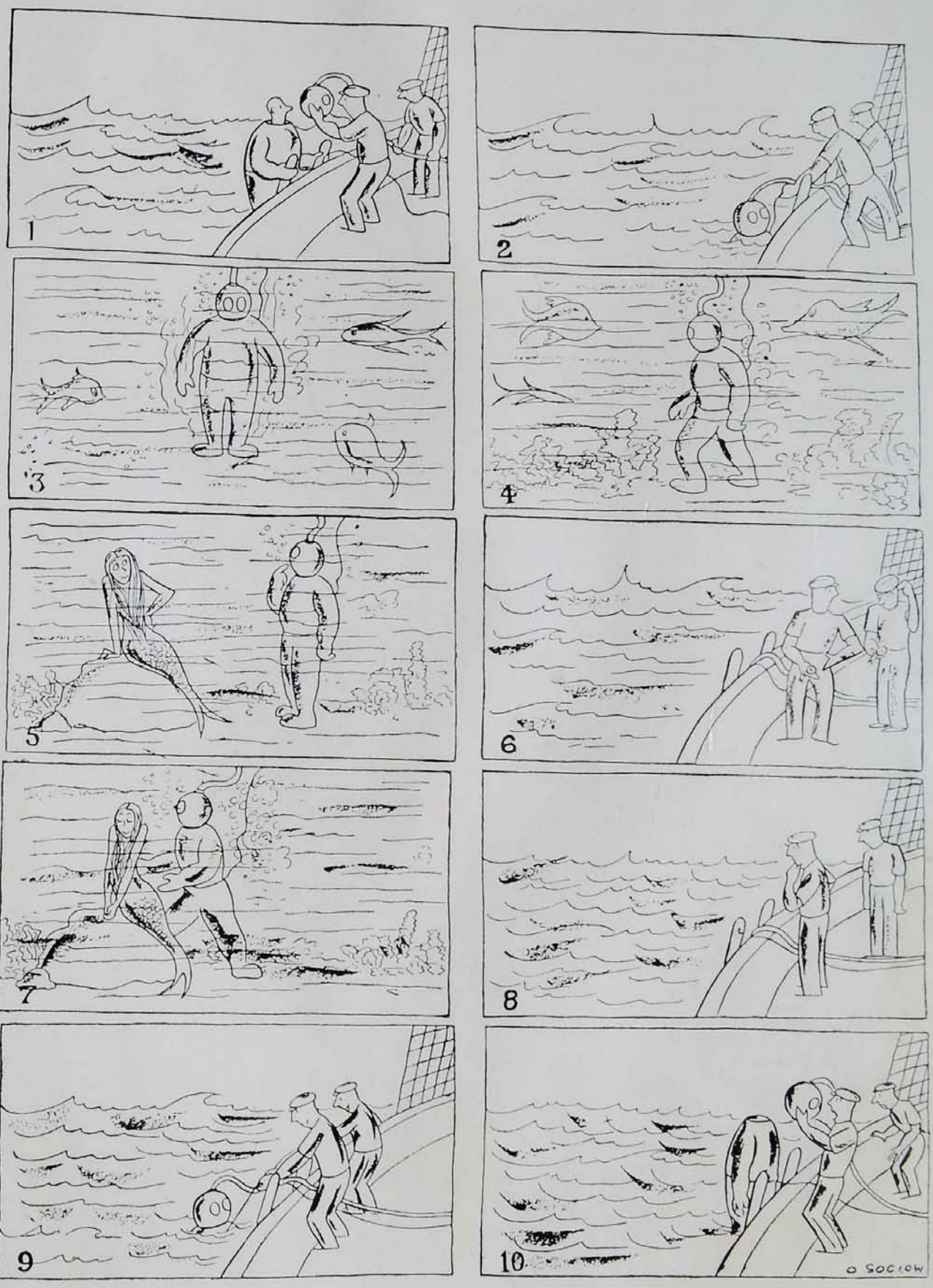
The front seats in Heaven's auditorium are reserved for deeds that stand for love.

The Mecca of Love is usually reached by three well trodden routes—Anticipation, Realization and . . . Glorification.

There is one important inventory that we should all frequently take . . . self inventory.

H. G. D.

A ROMANCE OF THE HIGH SEAS



THE INTERLOPER

By E. W. SAVI

Author of "The Great Gamble," "The Forlorn Hope," The Maker of Dreams," etc., etc.

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

I.

THERE was an air of expectancy at Mungalbari, for the magistrate was returning from England with a bride.

This bride! What heartburnings were awakened in the breasts of the Sahib's servants at the thought of the woman who was coming to rule in the bungalow and curtail their liberties! For it was always so when a wife arrived like a queen to be worshipped by her husband, and his entire household made to do her homage. A great deal of pessimism prevailed, since it was understood that English memsahibs were meticulous in matters of housekeeping, and had ideas respecting hygiene greatly at variance with methods familiar to the East.

"What-like will she be?" was murmured among the domestics, anxiously. "Will she be easy-going and indifferent, or prying, and with a nagging tongue?" The question was left to answer itself.

Allison's return from *Belait*, whither he had gone on short leave, would have been welcomed by his staff had he but remained single; but some evil fate had brought him in contact with the love of his boyhood's days, and forthwith he had married, then cabled the news with orders to prepare on a large scale for her reception. He had cabled to his friend Mr. Wigley of the Police, whose wife immediately supervised operations, creating with her feminine talent revolutionary changes in the magistrate's abode.

Spotlessly clean the bungalow had to be, and refurnished throughout. The stern asceticism of the Sahib's bed-room, particularly, was metamorphosed into a dainty apartment with futile ornamentation and flimsy decorations that were designed to increase instead of diminish labour, while the dining-room acquired additions which could only mean periods of unspeakable harassment for their upkeep. *Khansama-jee* gazed in consternation on the brilliance of the electro-plate and new silver, the cutglass, and the china, and shook his hoary head doubtfully. The assistant bearer regarded the highly polished surface of the dining table and sideboard, with dismay, thinking of the 'elbow grease' that would be entailed if beeswax and turpentine were the mediums necessary to preserve that mirror-like polish.

"Go to!" sneered the *khansama* contemptuously. "Who, in these enlightened times, uses *momerogun?* A dry *jharan* is all that will be necessary, for it is a polish that preserves itself. Think of the trouble in store for *me*—the sacrifice of my leisure to keep so much silver bright with plate-powder, otherwise there will be much abuse and fault finding. *Ai Khoda!* it's the devil's business, this marriage of our sahib."

"Why despair so soon?" remarked the sweeper in passing. "This one, peradventure, might be of the sort that is more concerned with her person than her house. Like many another, she might seek to make herself attractive in the eyes of her male friends and leave her husband and home to look after themselves. God grant that she be not too particular, for with these carpets and new mats, I shall be killed by over work. In my last place in Calcutta, there was a device that worked from a plug in the wall, in a manner none can explain, and with such a machine, was labour thus rendered amusement. Alas! but what can one do in a place like this, where there is naught but a broom of cocoanut-fibre with which to sweep?" and grumbling to himself, he passed on his way.

In the kitchen, which was situated apart from the bungalow after the manner of Indian kitchens and was little better than a glorified hut, there was a conference of servants to discuss the subject of the approaching trouble, in all its bearings. The last word, however, remained with the head bearer—a faithful follower of the Prophet—who had been longest in the service of the sahib and was privileged above his fellows because of his dignity and great self-esteem.

"You all set up a cawing like crows on the housetop," he growled lighting one of his master's cheroots imitatively and blowing a perfectly marvellous smoke-ring to the admiration of his friends. "Wait, first, and see for yourselves how it will be, and then talk! Who can tell what Fate has in store? Like as not, this woman he is bringing from across the Black Water, will have no tolerance for this land of ours. Many have I seen come and go," he shrugged, "and it's generally fear that turns their livers to water, for such have no stomach for difficulties. She will hear this and that. She will tremble when a thunderstorm breaks overhead with deafening crashes. The sight of a snake will paralyse initiative. Insects will be as pins in her flesh. She will be afraid to eat or drink lest she be seized with the Bad Sickness, and naught will content her but to sojourn in the mountains the moment the weather gets hot

and the sun blisters the skin. Then, when it is established beyond doubt that a child is on the way, of a truth, she will turn and flee. Our Sahib will escort her to the docks and breathe a sigh of satisfaction when the vessel departs, realising that freedom and contentment are only for the unwed, and that cursed is the man who yields his neck to the yoke of marriage when he is of the race that has ceased to uphold the supremacy of the male."

"You are unduly hopeful, Favoured One!" jeered the *khansama*.

"In my experience, I have found reason to doubt the success of these marriages made in *Belait*. But, let be! I advise patience in dealing with this period of the sahib's bewitchment. Be not *nimuk haram*, and all will yet be well."

But the cook eyed the array of shining aluminium pots and pans in dismay. If the sahib should expect him to keep them like silver, he would have to look elsewhere for a cook. "Just you wait, brother, when you learn that your day is finished and that no more authority is yours, what will be? Peradventure, you will retain your office by virtue of the fact that you will be useful as an interpreter! If so, be merciful when you interpret her insults, taking care to soften the edge of her disapproval."

"There is naught to fear," said Emamdin, expectorating into the sink which was built into a corner of the kitchen floor with a hole in the wall for drainage. "She will herself hold us in anxious distrust, and be afraid to open her lips to find fault till she has acquainted herself of our customs and the caste-limitations of the Hindus. Allah is merciful, and if we use tact and gently fan the flames of apprehension, she will not long trouble us here."

"Listen to him! he speaks true words!"

"Leave him to rid us of the interloper!" was chorussed.

"Of us all, he will be the greatest loser, for no more will he handle the sahib's money or speak with authority in the place. His position will be degradation, and his humiliation will be great."

"Get rid of her quickly, O friend and deliverer!" sighed the cook, feelingly, taking a pull at a *hookah*. "And on your head we'll invoke divine blessings."

II

A mild suggestion of winter was in the air when Raymond Allison arrived at Mungalbari, with his bride, and drove through the shady lanes to his bungalow. The duranta hedges were in full flower, the "gloriosa superba" on an arbour, was a shower of gold, the "poinsettia" blazed scarlet in gardens by the way, while the "morning glory" painted the landscape blue under a cerulean sky. Colour rioted everywhere, and it seemed that all nature shouted a welcome to the happy pair, with palms swaying in the gentle breeze, and the sunlight dancing for joy through the leaves of the trees on the road below.

Tactfully, Mrs. Wigley refrained from calling immediately. The newly wedded couple had enough of society on the boat, coming out, and would appreciate a little privacy while the bride grew accustomed to the strange conditions of her home. Presently, all the district would rush to pay their respects, for Ray Allison was too great a favourite for his wife to escape an ovation.

Raymond Allison pointed out the features of the station as he drove his wife through the rural scene, and his heart failed as he thought of the contrast of the life he was giving her to that which she had left, in order to belong to him. It made him feel very humble and grateful and a great many other things he could not put into words, while he wondered how she would bear the inevitable dullness of her days with only a club as the centre of diversion and recreation. Would she grow homesick and weary of it all, and shrink from the inconveniences and hardships that were unavoidable so far from town and city? He was ready to sacrifice anything to make her contented —the lovely little creature, with her sunny nature and clinging ways! But India was a hard school for one brought up in the midst of modern conveniences and luxury, and he had seen many fail.

However, his little Irma was a wonderful 'sport'—a 'game kid,' and knew how to take hard knocks, be it at hockey or in the natural order of things; and for that he had loved and married her.

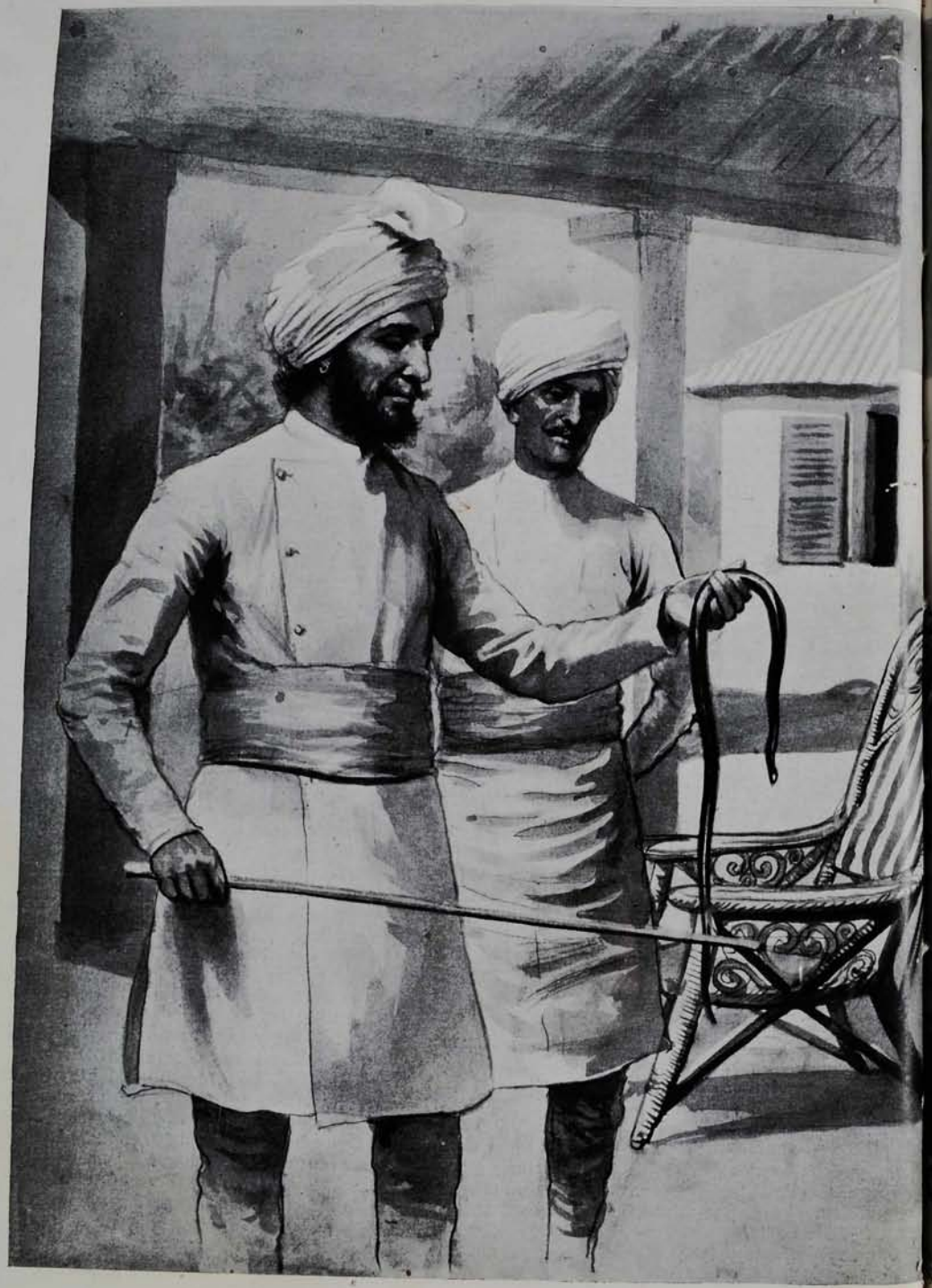
As they drove up to the bungalow steps, a file of apprehensive servants salaamed low and received an answering salute from the Sahib, who whispered encouragingly to his bride. Among them, stood Emamdin, tall, inscrutable, with a turban a foot high, and a look in his eyes that was almost a challenge; which immediately inspired Irma with fear and distrust.

"They seem a big crowd," said Ray, "but you will find them very useful. Surely, you are not scared?" This, when they had passed on.

"I *am*—frightfully! That tall man with a bushy beard and smouldering eyes, is truly alarming. He looks as if he'd like to stick a knife into me for intruding here." And she laughed to make it seem nonsensical. "Must there be so many to look after only you and me?"

"Well—they each have their special duties that don't clash, owing to caste restrictions. The man you noticed, however, is a Mohammedan and a topping good sort. He will interpret for you, and make housekeeping easy, so you mustn't imagine he's anything but helpful and trustworthy. How do you like your new home?" for she was looking eagerly about her and taking in the cool daintiness of her surroundings.

"I love it all! Why are you so anxious? Do you think I am fussy and hard to please? Any



The khansama had escaped by a miracle.

place that is good enough for you, is good enough for me. Remember that," and she snuggled closer, which encouraged him to indulge sentimental inclinations.

"I am tortured with the fear that you will find it slow and get homesick!" said he, in passionate apology.

"'Home' will always be where you are," said she, with a catch in her voice. "I shall never want any other. Why, Ray!" and she laughed to cover the tendency to an emotional break-down, "it is going to be a delightful picnic for us both till the time comes for us to retire home for good."

"Years hence! You will, by that time, be dyeing your hair, and I shall be bald."

"What matter, if we have a family of boys and girls to keep us young and optimistic?"

"But how you'll hate leaving them in England to come back, here, to me!" tentatively.

"I wonder!" she teased, then kissed him tenderly. "Put me to the test!"

What a little sport she was!

III

It was truly delightful to unpack their wedding presents and share the joy of making discoveries, which the excitement of a wedding and immediate travel had delayed. Even the preponderance of cruets, failed to damp their ardour; or the tragedy of splintered cutglass, to depress their high spirits.

To learn a new method of housekeeping, was in itself a joke, for it required the services of an interpreter whenever she had a wish to express. And calculating in rupees, annas, and pies, necessitated the overhauling of her arithmetic, which was, at least, something to the good. Best of all, for Ray, was the discovery that she refused to be horrified by dung-beetles that flew booming into the room, to crash against an opposite wall and fall with a whack to the floor.

"Poor little thing! what a headache it will have, to be sure!" was a new point of view with which to sympathise.

A bat circling round the room did not send her with a shriek of panic to hide under a mosquito-net in the bed-room, but she enjoyed tackling the situation from a corner with a carpet beater, and lunged at the giddy creature, while her husband did the same, at the other end of the apartment, with a walking cane, each competing against the other for first blood; and when it flopped to the carpet, after an accurate hit from the cane, she was all remorse and pity, wanting to restore the poor little thing—"The innocent, wee creature with a darling foxy face!"

"Oh, Ray! how cruel we are! I never knew a bat was like a mouse with wings. Can't I do something to make it well?"

That was Irma. And Ray had to console her for his wanton deed.

Another time, she saw a snake killed in the pantry. It had climbed on to the *jhilmil*, and the *khansama* had escaped certain death by a miracle, for he had nearly touched it with his hand as he was about to close the window. He stood shaking like an aspen leaf, while Emamdin killed it and laid it on the tiles for inspection—a deadly *karait*! To Ray's surprise, his beloved girl did not turn even pale, but took a lively interest in the specimen, and, thereafter, was particularly cautious in dealing with shutters and places likely to harbour reptiles, while Emamdin was instructed to warn the sweeper that a daily search for snakes under every piece of furniture was, henceforth, to be one of his additional duties.

To her husband's eternal gratitude, she made no complaints. If she had troubles over housekeeping, she was equal to them, and, very soon, had the reins of government firmly in her little hands. His only distress was her attitude towards Emamdin whom she failed to understand or like. It was her firm conviction that he resented her, and longed for a chance to do her an injury. "You can see the sullen look in his eyes," she confided to Ray. "They can't help giving him away."

"You are quite mistaken, darling. Emamdin is a tried servant, and I have reason to be really fond of him. I wish you would try to forget your prejudice."

"He is jealous, for I have come in his way."

"My dear, he is the most faithful blighter alive, and for my sake would be loyal to you. Once I nursed him through cholera and ever since, he has stuck to me like a burr. When I have been sick, he has slept across my threshold and done quite menial tasks, so long as no one has been at hand to see him defiled, proud devil that he is!"

"All the more reason why he hates *me*. You see, he has to play second fiddle in the house, and from being a confidential servant, is now just a medium through which I pass orders. I know he'd be glad if I got out, but I'm sorry for his hopes, as I have no intention of abandoning my post while I live. I do think I could get on much better if I hadn't the feeling of his antagonism always to contend against. Besides, I don't understand these people—they are so queer and silent and automatic. You never know what they are thinking of, and so many are treacherous. I remember hearing on the ship some truly awful stories of treachery among natives—"

"Don't you believe a word of it. I'd sooner trust my life to a staunch Mohammedan friend or a conscientious Hindu, than to many a European, I grieve to say."

"But how can you tell what they are? Their faces are expressionless."

Raymond laughed. "A self-respecting Indian servant makes a mask of his face, so don't worry about that. "But, if it will make you happier, I'll give him his *jawab*, old thing." Ray was ready to be unjust to all the world rather than leave a single wish of hers ungratified.

However, for the moment, there was too much

distraction to allow of his putting his promise into effect, and Irma was so taken-up with callers, and found Emamdin so useful, that nothing further was said on the subject of his dismissal. For several days she was thoroughly confused as to people and names, and without the friendly assistance of Mrs. Wigley, would have been greatly embarrassed.

After a giddy round of dinners and luncheons, afternoon teas, and introduction to Club evenings, Irma began to return the hospitality she had received, with shy enjoyment. Her first dinner party was a thrilling ordeal and her admiration for Ray increased a hundredfold when she found that there was nothing concerning the giving of such an entertainment he did not know, even to the assortment of their numerous guests and the question of social precedence. It was all delightful, and Ray's servants showed themselves the most wonderful robots in creation, for, in spite of their undying resentment towards the interloper, it was the *khansama's* pride that none should point the finger of scorn at his master and say that he had servants who did not know their jobs, while the cook's ambition was to challenge the neighbourhood to better his performance.

IV

The winter months flew and, with them, the nip in the air and all of the best that nature provides in Bengal. Fresh complexions faded, energy flagged, and amusements began to slump. Irma found that she could not play so many sets of tennis of an afternoon, and that dancing to the gramophone at the Club, made her feel sticky and tired. However, it was all in the day's expectations, and her husband rejoiced to see that her step was just as light, her laughter as ready as when she first made the acquaintance of Mungalbari. Presently, he meant to broach the subject of the hills. Indeed, already Mrs. Wigley and other friends of the feminine persuasion were discussing forthcoming plans with reference to Darjeeling.

Somehow, Emamdin was still head bearer at the bungalow, to his master's secret relief, for Irma had neglected to press for his dismissal. It seemed that, by degrees, she was beginning to understand the ways of her domestics and profit by peeps into their tortuous psychology. There were unending discoveries that led to mutual interests. She made friends with naked babies that sprawled about the back yard, and she learned, incidentally, that her servants had hosts of needy relatives quartered on them to their everlasting poverty and indebtedness. She made the acquaintance of shy-eyed wives who walked with a list sideways, as one hip was always at the service of a fat infant generally smeared from head to foot with mustard oil.

What did not appeal to her was the presence of innumerable pariah dogs that made a thoroughfare of the garden, and goats that stole every opportunity to nibble the rose leaves to the total destruction of the plants.

"What can do?" the *mali* remarked with resignation when reproached through the medium of the interpreter, "these pests are starved by their owners, and let loose to devour costly herbage. Truly, they are possessed with the cunning of the devil to work their will. Alas! If the sahib would but put the owners in gaol!"

"He can't do that, but I shall recommend him to keep a dog to chase the goats away. What about mending the gaps in the fence?"

"Gaps?" repeated the *mali*, helplessly, scratching the calf of one leg with the big toe of an expressive foot. Clearly, the idea was new to his imagination. "There are many gaps always coming in the long drought. Without rain, how can the hedges flourish?"

"Get you gone, *suar ki batcha!*" growled Emamdin, abusively. "Sharpen your wits, and the next time goats destroy aught in the Memsahib's garden, you will be fined a month's wages and feel the weight of the sahib's stick."

The *mali* gazed reproachfully at the autocrat and slunk away, to complain to his fellow servants in the kitchen of the conversion of Emamdin who was no longer on their side, but espousing the cause of the memsahib because of the softness of her voice and beguilement of her looks.

The next time Emamdin showed himself in the servants' common meeting ground of the kitchen, he was charged as a renegade, since he had personally taken upon himself the task of seeing that his mistress's orders were obeyed, even to a campaign against encroaching cobwebs, and the matter of garbage in the kitchen sink.

"Say what you like," said Emamdin, having the grace to blush under his natural pigmentation, "the memsahib must be humoured. What is she but a product of modern teachings with a passion for cleanliness? Let be. As a wife to our sahib, she is unsurpassed."

"This very day will I tender my resignation," said the cook; nevertheless, polishing with a final effort the bottom of an aluminium pan.

"I, also," said the *khansama* loyally, "for never have I been so hardworked in my life."

"I will venture to say that neither of you will give notice, for only this very day she said to me—and her voice sounded like a *busli*, so sweet was its music—Emamdin, I much appreciate my servants who have shown themselves capable and honest. As good servants need encouragement, I have suggested to the sahib that each gets a reasonable rise in wages so that none will feel discontented.' Now, to leave one so full of understanding and sympathy, would be madness and folly. Go, if you will, but I believe you will stay."

"It is good to see that one so new to the country has an understanding of our circumstances," put in a menial whose relations were devouring his resources.

Again and again it was repulsed with blows from the ruler.

"As for me," Emamdin continued, "I want no better service. My Sahib, at the risk of his life, looked after me in the sickness. Emamdin never forgets an obligation. He is no *nimuk haram!* . . . This young creature being as the sun, moon, and stars to him, she must be allowed freedom to please herself."

"Ho! listen to Emamdin! He is himself bewitched."

V.

The first real scare Mrs. Allison had at Mungalkoti, was over a mad dog. A mongrel bull-terrier belonging to one of the police boys, went "queer," and suddenly disappeared.

"I'm afraid it's rabies," said the young man, when he rode round to all his friends with a warning. "He was bitten by a pi-dog a month ago, and for the past two days has been off his feed. I had him chained up, but, this morning, he broke loose, bit all the dogs at the chummery, and vanished. The police constables and sundry others are out looking for the brute, and I hope will locate him and put an end, quickly, to the danger."

"That's hydrophobia?" asked Irma, fearfully. She had heard terrible tales of hydrophobia.

"Yes. Horrible idea! Be on the look out, and keep all your back doors shut. The peons can patrol the front of the house, and I wouldn't venture out alone, if I were you, till you know he's been killed—poor beggar! I was very fond of him."

The young man rode away and Irma sat down, immediately, to write a warning to her husband at the *kacharis*, telling him to take care of himself and be on his guard. "Don't worry for me, as I am taking all precautions," she concluded.

Hardly had the note been despatched, prior to the precautions she intended to take, when a peculiar sound drew her attention to the doorway of her bed-room, and she was paralysed to see a large bull-terrier on the threshold, foaming at the mouth and snapping at imaginary objects, right and left. It had evidently entered the bungalow by a back door and had not yet sensed her presence.

Irma felt glued to her seat in front of the desk, incapable of making a movement or crying aloud for help. She could only pray that the mad dog would pass out of the room without seeing her.

The horror of those moments will live in her memory for ever. It was her first experience of hydrophobia, and being perfectly aware of the danger of a bite from a mad dog, she was nerveless with fear. This was one of the things she was told she might have to guard against in the East, though, with some luck, she might never be actually, in personal danger. However, she was unlucky, and was now face to face with the horror of it, and powerless to defend herself. What could she do but remain motionless and pray?

Her fascinated gaze was fixed in deadly terror on the suffering brute as it stood uncertainly in the doorway, dripping saliva from its torn and bleeding mouth. Suddenly, two inflamed eyes met hers, wild with hallucinations; and as it bounded forward, Irma, with a piercing shriek, scrambled on to the top of the frail desk and, seizing a ruler, was battling the next moment with the infuriated creature.

Again and again, it leapt at her with deadly intent, and again and again, it was repulsed with blows from the ruler, while the desk rocked beneath her on its chippendale legs, threatening every minute to collapse under the onslaught. Indeed, nothing could have saved Irma from a bad mauling, had Emamdin not rushed to her rescue. He was in an adjoining room, valeting his master's clothes when he heard the commotion and the urgent cries for help. There was no time to look for a stick, so he came empty-handed, bursting upon the scene to grasp, on the instant, its peril. Though he had a full appreciation of his own danger, he did not hesitate an instant, but seized the raving dog in his vigorous hands and held it back, struggling manfully, though the blood dripped from his torn and bleeding wrists.

"Run, memsahib!" he cried. "Save yourself!"

This Irma did, speedily, calling loudly for help as she fled, with the result that many servants responded armed with lethal weapons, so that the animal was speedily despatched.

But Emamdin? . . .

When Irma saw the tragic state of his hands and realised what it might possibly mean, she broke down and wept.

"Oh, Emamdin! You saved me, but at what a terrible cost to yourself!"

"Don't cry, memsahib," said the heroic fellow. "Within me is a great uplifting. By this act I have proved my loyalty to my sahib, and the thought will support me, whatever may befall. We die but once; what matter, sooner or later, so long as we acquire Merit? This is *kismet*."

VI.

Emamdin, however, did not die, for Raymond sent him, without delay, to an Institute where he was given the anti-toxins necessary for the elimination of the poison of rabies from his blood.

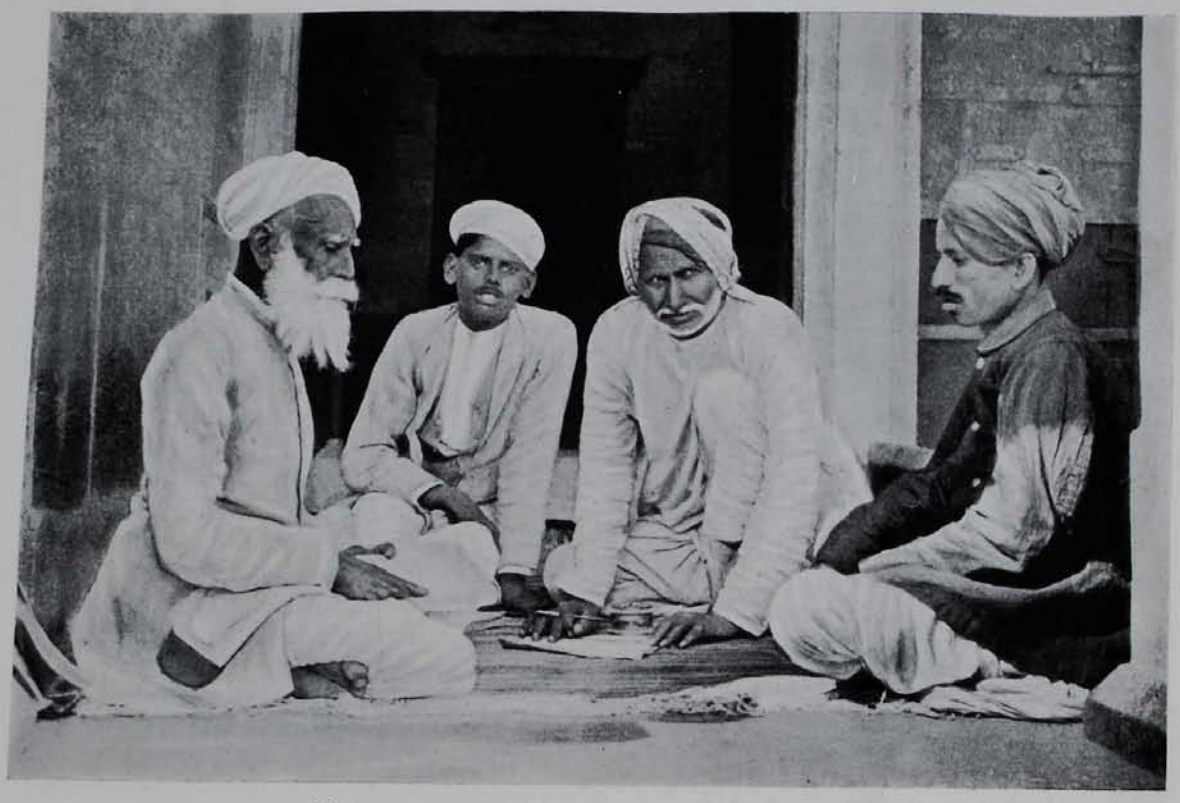
When he returned as protected and no longer in danger, he became a very much indulged and pampered servant, which would have thoroughly spoiled his magnificent nature had he not truly loved his master and mistress with a devotion that was faithful unto death.

THE END.

N.B.—The final episode of this story is founded on fact. Unhappily, the heroic Indian died of hydrophobia, there being no Pasteur Institutes at that time, in India, to give him a chance, though everything else was done that was humanly possible.

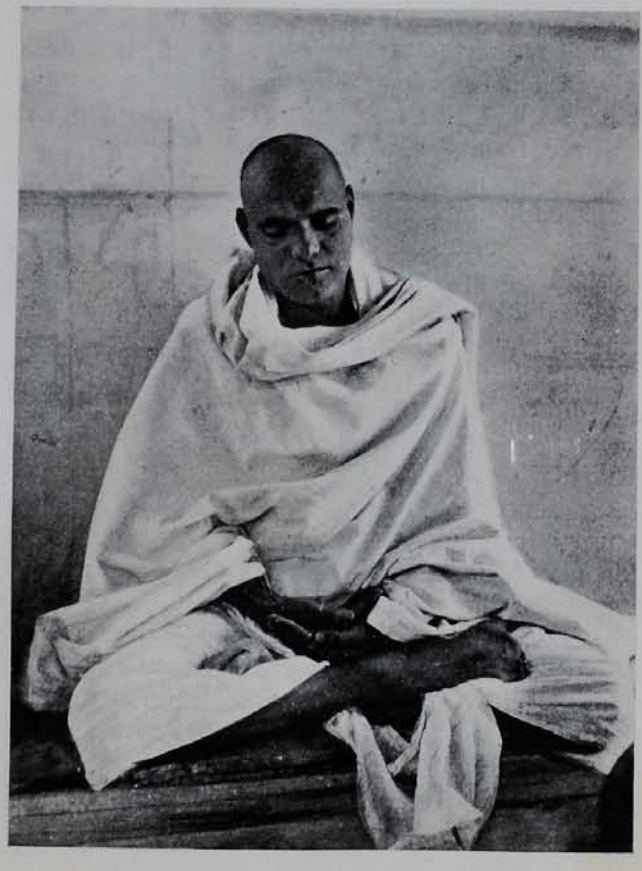
E. W. S.

FACES AND



Transacting business in the bazaar at Chitorgarh.

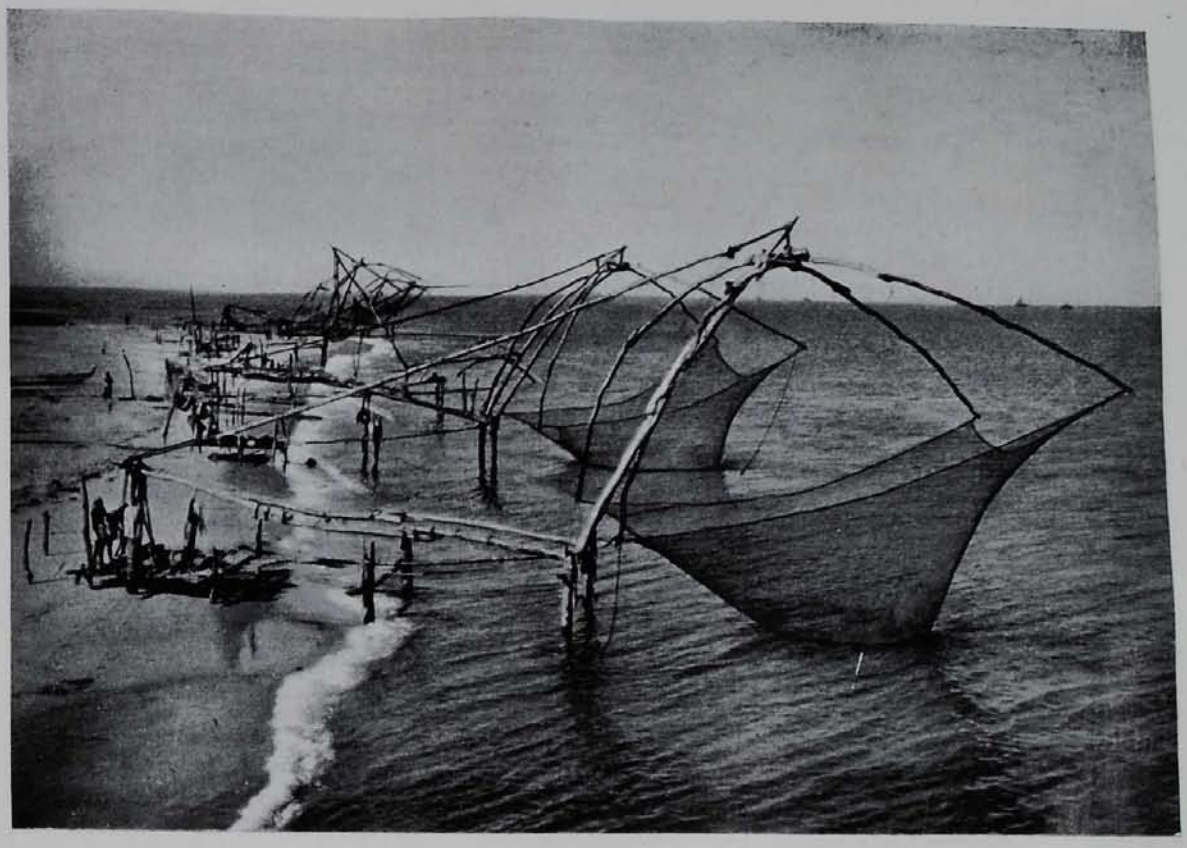
A flower seller in Hyderabad weaving a garland.



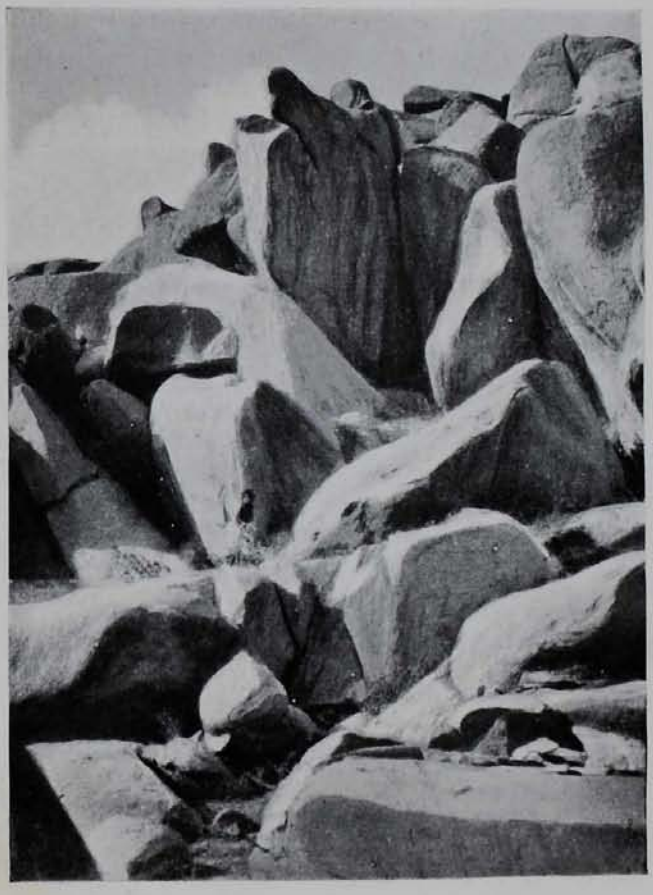
A Jain monk in meditation.

PLACES

Reproduced, under arrangement, from "Picturesque India."



Simple fishing structures on the Cochin coast.



Gaunt granite rocks in the Deccan.

The South Tower of the Great Temple at Madura.

LA MODE FAIT LA FEMME

By— Mlle. Nagène

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

WITH the coming of the summer modes, we find the divine lady clad in flattering, becoming materials, as soft and delicately coloured as modern ingenuity can fashion them. Chiffon and mousselines vie with tulles of pastel tints for afternoon and evening wear, while the cool, cotton voile, so scorned a few seasons ago has attained a beauty quite remarkable!

A practical ensemble in beige and brown. The hat is the same tone as the light stripe of the scarf, the bag of lizard with blond tortoiseshell frame matches the dark stripe.

The silhouette remains slender to thinness, of course, with the waistline definitely finding its normal level again. This detail is important because the elegante have been harassed these many moons concerning this illusive whim of the mode to place it now on the hips, now very high, and some models eschew it altogether. The turning point has been reached, however, and especially in the plain sports costumes, the belt is where nature intended it to be.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

The tailored suit has proved popular again. One does wonder at that, for when was madame more entrancingly chic than when she sallied forth for her morning promenade, faultlessly turned out in jacket and skirt? The length of the jacket allows much room for individuality, for some of the smartest *tailleurs* have short coats, while others reach well below the hips. Both are smart.

We have never thought of the thin materials, such as crêpe-de-Chine, as suitable for a "costume" in the proper sense of the word; but the great Paris houses are making adorable jacket suits, beguiling in their semi-severity. One wears, with these thin *tailleurs*, the plain Bangkok hat, with perhaps a little fantaisie at the side, while the blouse may have a jabot or a cascade of lace. The skirt pleatings, if any, will be in front, but some of the most successful models have plain "wrap-around" skirts, with the three-quarter coat, unlined, of course. For very elegant occasions one finds a costume made of crepe satin very smart indeed, carried out with a combination of the shiny and dull side of the material.

A colourful ensemble done in printed crepê de Chine. The bag is very soft and has a cabuchon clasp. This idea may be further marked if one's parasol is of the same material. The shoes are exquisite, very cool and comfortable.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

An amusing detail about materials is the popularity of the "cravat" designs. Apparently, the really charming motifs of monsieur's neckties had hitherto escaped the eagle eyes of the couturier, but they have been detected at last, and here is madame choosing—with infinite discretion, of course—a frock made of cravat silk! The small designs are charming, often colourful, and if there are any pitfalls in the new mode; well, milady, that is your look-out!

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

Many of the newest designs for printed frocks have pictorial motifs, ranging anywhere from the conventional trees and leaves to little scenes that recall *toile de Jouy*. Some are Oriental in inspiration, with little figures and pagodas; others have sail boats and so on, *ad infinitum*. The range of colours is broad, the new nasturtium and sun-burnt shades being specially smart. Autumn brown and deep, rich yellows as well as certain tones of green are in demand. Of course, if you are choosing a frock with a purple or lavender background, you must take care madame, for while these colours are good, they must

A page of June modes. The hats of Bangkok are variations of the same shape; at the top, the sun-burnt tone is enhanced by white gardenias and ribbons of the two shades. Cherries give a gay touch to the lower version. The gold brocade jacket may be worn either with afternoon or evening gown. Lower left, a mousseline ensemble entirely untrimmed, with soft, chic lines.

be selected for becomingness rather than for chic, because of their power to make or unmake the complexion!

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

Speaking of complexion, there is a new green powder for evening—ghastly idea, isn't it? But when cleverly applied to a fair skin, the result is amazingly lovely. Well, well, why not green, since mauve has been madame's stand-by for so long? All these new departures in make-up can be of great service to the woman who understands her own colouring, but she must be wary and experiment with care . . .

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

The sports costume has become the smart woman's greatest treasure. The mode gives her many moods from which to choose—the severe classical type which may be worn when indulging in her favorite pastime—tennis or golf, for example. Then, her outfit will be chic and simple, with perhaps a two or three colour effect, carefully detailed in the shoes, hat and scarf. If she wishes to wear the less "practical" costume, she may appear in any of the really charming models, done in various materials from crêpe-de-Chine to the thinnest of tweeds. These costumes, with their slender lines, their smartly cut jackets, their pleats, knowingly set in, are correct for every hour of the day, in spite of the growing tendency to divide the hours of the day—a thing we have not known for many seasons.

Every *accessoire* must be right in order that the sports costume may attain its full effect. The jewellery will be distinctly different from that worn with the afternoon gown, the modernistic, plain necklace and the sports rings are very charming. Then the question of shoes and stockings is very important, too. Many of the sports models of various new materials are distinctive, while the burnt tones of the stockings studiously imitate one's exact degree of tan. Hats, too, are more ravishing than ever for sports, and the uneven brims of the cloches, the satisfactory suppleness of the light felts, make the costume more or less important, as madame wishes. The season has ushered in a new epoch, it would seem, and the woman who is slender and smart will possess at least several perfect toilettes of the kind that even the French call "*costumes de sports.*"

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

After many seasons of abandon, Paris rumours that the *long* white glove for evening will be very smart; indeed, the correct thing in the very near future. Of course, one is more or less pleased with its return. It is true that in the "olden days" one never dreamed of attending the opera or even the theatre without being beautifully gloved, and now it seems that much more formal toilettes are to be *de rigeur*. This bit of news is indicative of the trend of the mode and we may look for many innovations with the autumn season. However, it is really too soon to worry about these details, however important they may be, for the heat of summer permits a respite from the too formal affairs and milady may proudly display her beautifully tanned arms with perfect equanimity, only taking care that they are dark enough to be truly chic!

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

The sequined jacket, glittering, and designed to be worn with an air, accompany many evening gowns and it is amusing to

Musette, ma chère petit amie :

Votre lettre m'a remplie de joie! Qu'est-ce que je fais. Je viens de passer une semaine a bord un yacht. Vous ne pouvez pas vous imaginer combien la vie y e st agréable! D'ailleurs, on peut porter, pour ce sport élégant, les toilettes tout-à-fait ravissantes, à condition de rester toujours dans la note sport, c'est à dire, pendent le jour. Le soir, on s'habille d'une façon très élégante; on porte ses bijoux les plus beaux et comme manteau, le châle brodé ou une cape en mousseline de soie, car meme en pleine mer, il est des soirées chaudes.

Avez-vous procuré vos costumes de sport? Mon Dieu, quelle angoisse et de difficulté de choisir parmi tant de jolies modèles.... Toujours la ligne reste svelte et nette, et puis, la taille est revenue à sa place, enfin!

En ce moment, vous etes jolie, sans doute, dans une robe de dentelle de couleur? Vous etes si élégante, Musette, je suis certaine que cette mode si flatteuse ne vous a pas echappée. Moi, je trouve, parmi tous les tons que nous offrent les couturiers, que le beige est bien charmant; qu'en pensez vous? Puis, avec des perles ou des émeraudes, on peut produire un effet recherché et gracieux.

Je pars presque tout-de-suite pour Biarritz où je resterai quelque semaines pour me reposer. Je vous vois sourire, Amie, on ne s'est jamais reposé à Biarritz! Quand même, j'y vais pour cela. Il est vrai fu'il n'y a que des fetes, soirées de gala et de bal, mais le ciel turquoise, la lumière si douce, me feront du bien.

Un petit manteau est très chic avec vos robes de mousseline, cet eté, mais vous savez cela dèja, je pense.

Je vous embrasse affectueusement, petit lapin!

Nagère.

watch the development of this jacket idea, for even the little chiffon dresses have their thin coats, many of which are pleated. The range of this mode has broadened week by week until every costume in one's wardrobe has its matching coat. Some are simple, with straight lines and even pockets; some are most elaborately embroidered in soft colors; some have no sleeves; but no matter how they are made, they are chic, even more than that, they have become necessary!

Of course people marry in other months besides June, but one can never envisage this lovely month without thinking about the June bride. Her wedding gown and veil and the toilettes of the bridesmaids are the endless theme of fashion designers, and the smartest shop windows, as well as the collections from the great Paris houses, show ravishing wedding gowns.

One remarks that the wedding gowns have somewhat changed in feeling, and a new dignity, even an ecclesiastical, nun-like beauty seems to pervade the mode. For example, the sleeves are very tight and so long that they cover the hand in mitt fashion. The gown is not cut low, and the throat is covered with some precious lace. Satin, of course, remains the material most favoured, but the off-whites, like ivory, for instance, are lovely. The train may be of tulle, or perhaps an heirloom of lace, but it must be full and very long.

As for the attendants, they will be the very theme of a spring song, with their broad-brimmed

hats with flowing ribbons of satin, their chiffon frocks made in the manner of 1880, with tight bodices and very ample skirts which dip towards the back. Many modern brides prefer to carry a prayer-book instead of flowers and the effect of this simplicity has something very demure, very . . . solemn.

As to the trousseau, one would require a volume to describe all the ensembles, the different types of frocks which fill to overflowing the chic wardrobe trunks. These toilettes will be the bride's summer wardrobe, of course, and reflect the mode in advance—if that is possible!

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

As to summer evening wraps, there are many good models from which to choose and it will be good news to the cosmopolitan woman to see that the cape (so much beloved by the wisely smart one), is to be very smart. One lovely model is done in chiffon, quite full, with a dipping, uneven hemline. There is a touch of ermine at the collar but not enough to be uncomfortably warm.

For afternoon wear, too, the cape is charming, worn over the chiffon dress; it gives a femininity and grace, I think, that no other type of wrap can achieve. A sheer georgette cape in beige or even black is a most useful garment to have in the *garderobe*.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

The moment for permanent waves is here. But, heaven be thanked, no longer does one dread the heat and discomfort of it, for strides of progress have been made and madame can have almost any kind of wave she likes. The very broad wave, now so much in vogue, does not stay in more than three months, but many women are having it done, nevertheless. The narrow, tight wave is less smart but is more "permanent." Most operators will make a test curl so that no woman need have her hair unbecomingly dressed. There is much latitude at present about the manner of wearing one's hair, for we are in a transition period between the simple and the complicated. We must wait and see, as the politicians say!

BOOKS for ALL MOODS

TIGER AND OTHER GAME: By COLONEL A. E. STEWART,—Longmans, Green & Co. 16s. Colonel Stewart writes straight to the point, with a style befitting a soldier shikari—even if he aims no higher than "Again, I say, neglect the ordinary principles and precautions and the chances are you are for it. It is ten to one on the tiger every time" . . . *et cetera.* But, perhaps, this is precisely what is wanted, in a book written to instruct the griffin and to assist the oldest hand at the game. There is very little of jungle lore which is not dealt with: from treatment of jungle bug bites (one supposes the Colonel has painful memories of the forest *ticks* of Southern India) to hawking: from "Arrival at your Block" to notes on nursing cubs. Cubs, we learn, should have the vitamin content of their food apportioned out in the form of half a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil per diem. The whole art of tiger shikar, to the point of execution of the tiger, is admirably expounded; but it is a pity that the author does not do more to dispel the popular illusion that it is useless to "sit up" for tiger. The short chapter devoted to this subject lays insufficient stress upon the necessity of tying up the machan silently at midday; nor does it mention the tiger's habit of returning to lie within ear-shot of his kill, from early afternoon to sunset. If these facts were better known and considered, and if the sitter would but commence his vigil at 3-30 p.m., maintaining absolute silence *and* immobility, there would be less heard about the invariable necessity for organising an expensive beat.

Where the author comes to grief, is in his advice upon treatment of skins. The instructions to leave the animal cartilages inside the ears and nose, are rank heresy; and curing with wood ash, is sheer laziness on the part of a shikari, otherwise energetic who has neglected to provide himself with ample stocks of salt and alum. The advice to wash a newly flayed skin, is utterly wrong. The urgent need is to draw all moisture out of the skin, as quickly as possible.

With these exceptions, the book is sound wisdom from cover to cover, despite one entry of unconscious humour in dealing with snipe shooting: "In snipe shooting through a jheel, where quick work is required, I always advanced with left leg leading?"

If the Colonel makes but short reference to the life and duties of a D.F.O. it is because he has less knowledge of that subject. Otherwise, he would not recommend licensees to expect the Range Forest Officer of the locality to obtain for them their supplies of young buffaloes and goats; or to spend so much time in assisting them, as he suggests. Forest Officers have multitudinous duties to perform, and their relations to visiting sportsmen, though cordial, are more in the nature of policemen than assistants. As for that long suffering and courteous gentleman, the D.F.O., he gets many quaint letters from shikaris, both young *and* old.

"NIGHT FALLS ON SIVA'S HILL"—Heinneman 7s. 6d.—is a delightful story of an India fast disappearing and is written with the charm and grace which one has grown accustomed to in the work of Mr. EDWARD THOMPSON. Mr. Thompson has given us many intimate glimpses of life in India but it is doubtful whether any of his previous work so faithfully portrays his subject. The book is the story of a young subaltern in a crack regiment and its opening scenes are laid in a small military station in the late years of last century. He marries a girl who, despite her great beauty or possibly because of it, is not accepted by the ladies of the regiment. Slights and unpleasantness are common for years and culminate in a scene with a senior officer and the soldier turns planter in an effort to start life anew. The story of Siva's Hill is the story of the later years of that life after the destruction of all his hopes and aspirations. With the death of the wife he goes steadily downhill but the study of his two young daughters, entirely different types, amply compensates for this somewhat commonplace recital. The story of Nicolette and her horse "Diamond" make an absorbing tale which is told with delicacy and sympathy.

"SWANSEA DAN" is a forcefully written story from the pen of ARTHUR MASON and is published by Benn at 7s. 6d. To all who love a tale of the high seas, and to whom ships are living creatures, this book must carry an irrestible appeal. Dan, coarse and brutal though he is, cannot fail to earn one's sympathy in his bitter disappointment over the moral lapse of Peggy after the infinite courage he has shown to return to her and then finally the ghastly knowledge that a terrible disease has him in its grip.

Brigadier-General JOHN CHARTERIS, D.S.O., M.P., has written a comprehensive study of FIELD MARSHAL EARL HAIG which Cassell publish at 25s. Mr. John Buchan contributes a foreword and the whole review, if it is not likely to be the final and classic life of the great Field Marshal, is an honest and penetrating volume. A curious feature of Haig's life which is worth pointing out in a short notice is the unusually long time he waited at the bottom rungs of the ladder only to clear the middle ones at a stride in his progress to the top. At 35 years of age he was still a captain; at 41 a colonel and A.D.C. to the King; a year after he was Inspector-General of of Cavalry in India and at the age of 57 he was C.—in—C. in France.

Our Children's Corner

BILLY AND THE BALL BABIES

By LILLIAN A. STELLE

No. V—A Jolly Giraffe

IT seemed to Billy Bradford as if Ayah was always tidying up. If he stopped playing with his toy motor car for even a minute, she was sure to put it back in the toy chest or on top of the highest almirah. No doubt, the inside of an almirah is a good place for clothes, but the top of one is a discouraging place, in which a very little boy can find his favourite car . . . especially if Ayah has gone away and left him for his nap and that little boy has a very good reason for wanting a toy motor car in bed with him.

But it did not do any good to fret. Billy gave a long sigh and closed his eyes.

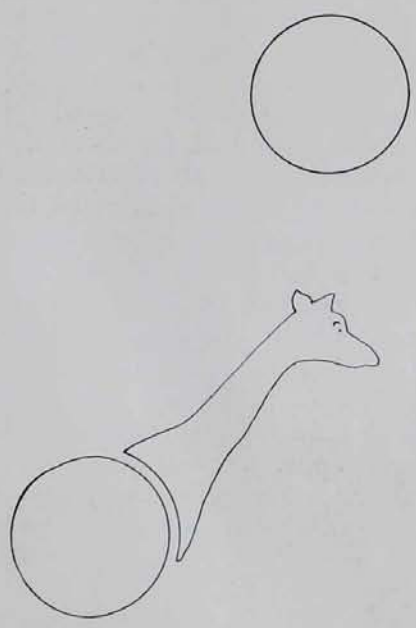
"Good afternoon," said a little voice very close to his ear. Billy sat up. He was not surprised to see Whitey, the brownie who had to be white in India because the hot sun has burned everybody else there brown. The little elf was sitting on the edge of the pillow smiling in his usual cheerful manner.

"Oh, Whitey!" cried Billy. "I had the nicest surprise for you, and just look what Ayah has done with it!" And he pointed to the top of the almirah where they could just see the red paint of Billy's newest toy. "It is so big, I thought you could take a ride in it," the little boy explained.

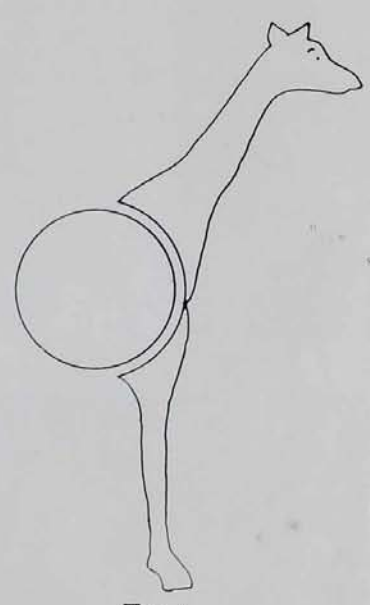
"That I could," said Whitey, "but how are we going to get it down?"

"I don't know," Billy answered. "I have already stood on a chair but I wasn't tall enough to reach."

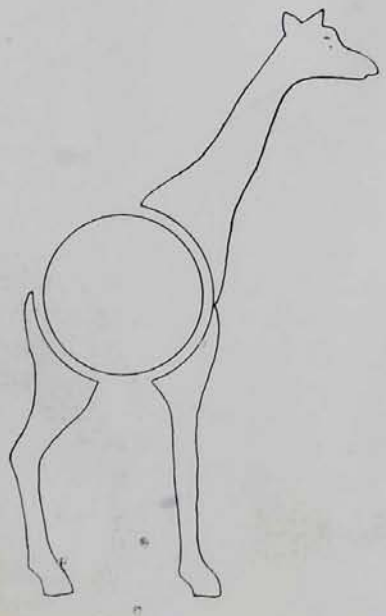
"Let me try standing on your head," suggested Whitey. But even then they could not reach the top of that very high chest. It was much, much too tall.



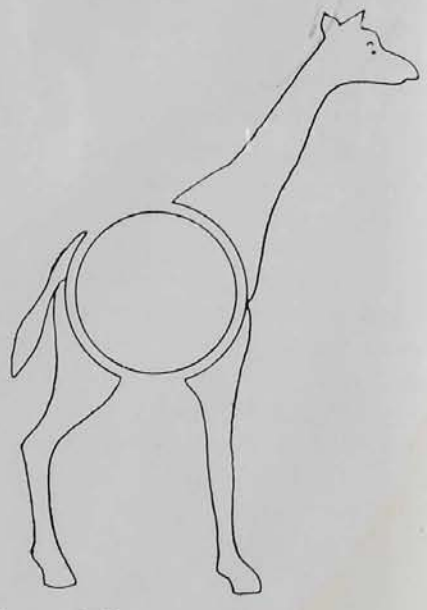
Pop!



Tap!



Tap!



Tap! and there stood the strangest beast with the longest neck and the longest legs you ever saw.

"I know what we'll do!" Whitey exclaimed after he had thought for a moment. "Where is the big ball that we made into a camel?"

"Just here," said Billy, and he picked up the ball from beside his pillow where he always kept it.

"Good!" said Whitey, and he pulled out his wand and rapped it sharply on the side of the ball and pop! Out jumped a long neck with a head on the end of it. Tap, went the wand and out shot a leg. Tap, tap, tap, and there stood the strangest beast with the longest neck and the longest legs you ever saw. It was the funniest creature imaginable.

"I'm a giraffe and I have long legs and a long neck, so I can eat leaves off the trees in the jungle. I couldn't reach them if I weren't so tall," the strange beast announced.

"Oh!" cried Billy, clapping his hands, "then maybe you are tall enough to browse our toy motor car off of the highest almirah. Do you think you could?"

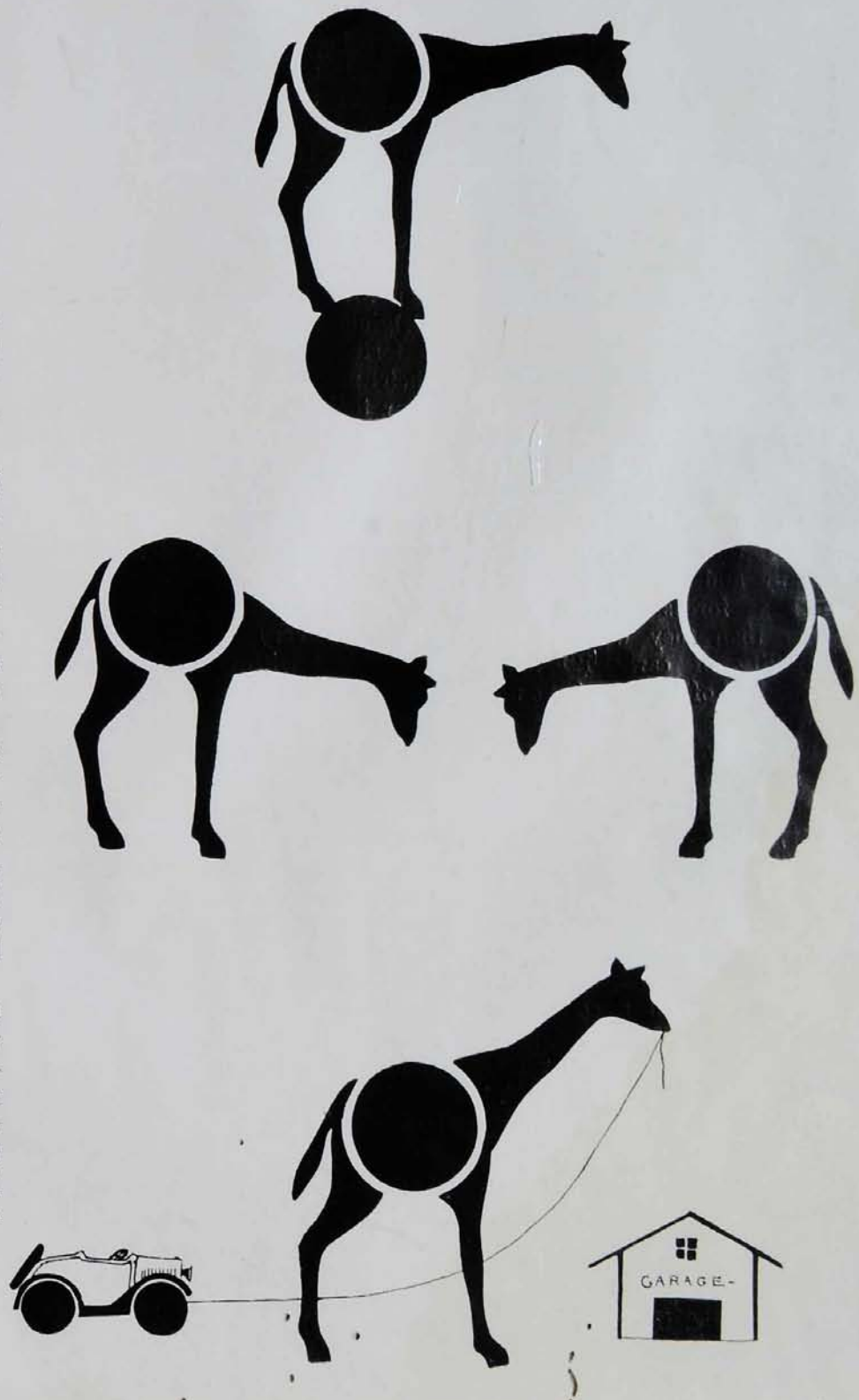
"Not *browse*," said the giraffe. "Browse means to eat twigs and leaves. That red motor car doesn't look to me as if it were made of leaves. Perhaps I can reach it though." So Billy climbed back on the chair and the ball-baby giraffe climbed on his shoulders and easily lifted the car down in his teeth.

Then what a fine ride little Whitey had in it. But even a toy motor car can have engine trouble. This one stopped in a corner under the nursery table, and it was the giraffe who hauled it back to the toy garage in Billy's toy chest where it could be repaired.

When Ayah found it there an hour later, she was deeply puzzled. She distinctly remembered having put it on top of the almirah. She never learned how it got down because Whitey and the Jolly Giraffe had disappeared and Billy was sound asleep in his little bed.

THE GIRAFFE

Behold the giraffe Whitey made from a ball.
He is almost all neck, which explains why he's tall.
But I would be a nervous wreck,
I'd want to scream and cry,
If Ayah began to wash my neck,
And it was five feet high?



SERVICE NEWS AND VIEWS

By Our Military Correspondent

FOR those who live in India, much closer to the realities of warfare than are the chancelleries of Western Europe, it is difficult to view the sustained debates of the Disarmament Committee with anything but indulgent cynicism. Nor is the idea groundless. Whilst the abolition of war is one of the highest ideals, no sane man will deny that it remains impossible until human nature is miraculously changed at the core. It is dangerously easy to create a false atmosphere of pacifism in the polished security of Geneva, but the road to secure peace does not lie in the crippling of the armaments of those few nations which stand pre-eminently for law and order.

The Disarmament Committee

As regards our own Empire in particular, the word "disarmament" has, of course, lost a good deal of its force. We have already disarmed to a far greater degree than anyone save Germany and Austria, our land and sea forces are notably smaller than they were in the tranquillity of early 1914: by the standard of 1918, we have not an army or an air force at all, and very little of a navy. Our sweeping reductions may have been a fine idealistic lead to set; they may have been somewhat imperative from the point of view of finance, although there is room for dry doubt whether a confirmed and useless dole-eater costs less in the long run than a contented and efficient soldier. There thus does seem to be, after all, something a little foolish in parleying further disarmament to such nations as France and Czecho-Slovakia with their enormous forces, or even with the amiable Bolsheviks and Chinese, to say nothing of the little nations with the funny names who have little, if any, material influence on the world's peace. It seems time that some folk remembered how only the strictly honest nations carry out their bargains in full, and how the efficient forces of those nations are a better guarantee against wars than any quantity of verbiage and pacts.

Continental Reserve Systems

Passing to details, it is not without humour to find Germany proposing the limitation of trained reserves equally with that of active forces. Trained reserves have for long been the chief part of her military machine. Even in 1914, enormous as her field army was, it was those Reserve Corps of hers which completely turned the scale in her first great sweep through Belgium into France, and it is unfortunately true that both their numbers and their efficiency took us by surprise no less than the French. The relative merits of the long-service and the reserve systems have occupied every big nation ever since war began to become a really technical affair. Long service and the big peace-time army mean, of course, a very heavy drain on the budget with the certainty of first-class efficiency: short service gives a much smaller annual bill, and a big reserve of definitely less efficiency. So long, however, as the standing army is large enough to hold out whilst the reserves are mobilizing, equipping, and pulling themselves together, the "short service and big reserve" system seems the only solution nowadays; and it is significant that France, at heart amongst the world's most militarist nations, has steadily reduced the period of conscript service ever since 1918.

Germany, were she free in matters military, would probably follow suit. The terms of the Versailles Treaty, however, do not allow her to build up a great reserve by means of short service. Naturally she has one at present, so long as the millions of survivors trained in 1914-18 remain young enough and fit enough to fight. When they are gone her trained reserves will be extremely few, an even greater handicap than the limited size of her standing army. Small wonder, then, that she invites other nations to share that disability which was imposed on her in 1919. Luckily, no one important except Russia and China supported her proposal, and they for obvious reasons, of course; so the thing is not to be. Well, it is such stuff that we must expect from Geneva; and it remains only to hope that our idealists will be equally wary on future occasions. At the present time, the Empire is the greatest factor for peace in the world: if it disarms further, all that immense influence will be gone, and probably gone for ever.

Poison Warfare

Another subject of endless discussion at Home, the question of gas and poison warfare, received a very definite contribution in Sir Berkeley Moynihan's recent speech at the Authors' Club. His was perhaps the first authoritative announcement that Germany had used plague bacilli in bombs, although apparently only for a very short time; and his authority is beyond question. What Germany did yesterday, will unquestionably be done by unscrupulous nations to-morrow. The employment of plague as a weapon appears unspeakable, and in all probability will always be regarded so.

The use of gas, however, is on a very different footing. It has been proved, again and again and beyond all question, that non-lethal gas is a far more humanitarian weapon than are shells and bullets: those who retain doubts or disbelief in the matter, should read the British Official Medical History of the last War. There was, perhaps very naturally, a tremendous outcry when Germany used it at the Second Battle of Ypres, just fourteen years ago; but looking back in

clearer perspective one wonders just how much that outcry was due to the idea that gas was "unsporting," and an unclean weapon? British ideas are the healthiest in the world, but they have at times to be modified. It is curious to recall an illustrative detail. Very early in the War, a short news paragraph reported that some German princeling had been killed or captured in a suit of concealed body-armour. Well does the writer remember the indignation of the Frontier Mess in which he then lived, at the cowardly device! It would have been something of a revelation to look forward so little as a couple of years, when all front line troops had their shrapnel helmets; and a well known firm of London sword-makers produced a very useful and effective splinterproof tunic lined with chain mail, of which the only disadvantage was the extra weight and heat on hot days. Fourteen years ago gas seemed an unclean device, to-day we have learnt better. A main point in its use is the tremendous advantage which it affords to the belligerent who first employs a new and and effective kind of gas, particularly against an opponent indifferently equipped with gas protection. In India's future wars she will encounter gas as an utter certainty, one wonders how far her protective measures have yet advanced.

A Matter of Triviality

One unique feature of 1914-18, by comparison with earlier wars, was the broadcasting of showers of foreign decorations! In view of the way in which the bulk of them were distributed, it seems quaint to read not once but repeatedly, in the military "personal pars" of the Press to-day, how so-and-so "earned the Legion of Honour," or "gained three high foreign decorations." "Secured" would be a much better word. There were, of course, individual awards by the nations, particularly to the great generals of the day, and in rarer cases for outstanding bravery or international liaison. At one time the Cross of St. George of Russia, a high distinction rarely bestowed, was allocated by many of our commanders as a direct reward for bravery. The fact remains nevertheless that hundreds of foreign decorations were bestowed "out of the basket," beginning at the top, and what fell through the sieve descended to the regimental soldier. Quoting at random, one recalls a minor staff officer who never left the staff, adorned with no less than twelve foreign orders; and a more exalted dignitary who never heard a shot fired but sports five such to gladden his retirement. The things were no doubt all right in their way as an international courtesy, and inside the Regiment they could be very useful to reward a deserving case which just failed to secure a British decoration. It is, however, perfectly absurd to refer to them consistently as the automatic reward of distinguished service, and one is tempted to recall the sentiments of Good Queen Bess, when a foreign nation desired to decorate Drake for having scored off another foreign nation. She replied that she preferred her pigs branded with her own brand.

OVERHEAD

(Speaking time one-half hour)

"HELLO."

"Hello."

"Is that you, May?"

"Yes, it's me."

"What?"

"I said, yes, it's me."

"Oh. It's you? Well, can you come over to-day?"

"Can I come over?"

"Yes, can you come over?"

"You mean, to-day?"

"Yes. Can you come over to-day?"

"Do you want to see me?"

"What?"

"I said, do you want to see me?"

"Yes. Can you come over?"

"Well, perhaps I can."

"Perhaps you can?"

"Yes, perhaps I can. What time do you want me to come over?"

"Can you come over about three?"

"About tea?"

"No. I said, about three."

"Oh, I see. About three."

"Yes, about three. Can you come over about then?"

"No, I can't. Dave's coming."

"Dave's coming?"

"Yes, Dave's coming about three, but I can come about four."

"Well, I won't be in then."

"Oh, that's too bad."

"What did you say?"

"What?"

"I said, what did you say?"

"Oh, I said, that's too bad."

"Yes, it is too bad, isn't it?"

"Yes. It's too bad."

"Well, goodbye."

"Goodbye, dear."

"What?"

"I said, goodbye."

"Oh, I see. Goodbye."

"Goodbye.",

(Continued from last column.)

at him is enough to convince you of that."

"Yes, they are a popular breed now, aren't they? Funny how the taste changes almost overnight, isn't it?"

SOCIAL EVASIONS

Ways in which to conceal Your Acute Distaste for a Friend's New Dog

"BIG husky fellow, isn't he? I guess he can take care of himself in case of trouble, all right."

"What kind of a dog is he, exactly?"

"I suppose he growls like that because he's a fine watchdog, doesn't he? Yes, I know he's good-natured. You can see it in his face."

"Oh, let him jump up—this is an old suit and he can't possibly hurt it. He's shedding his coat now, isn't he?"

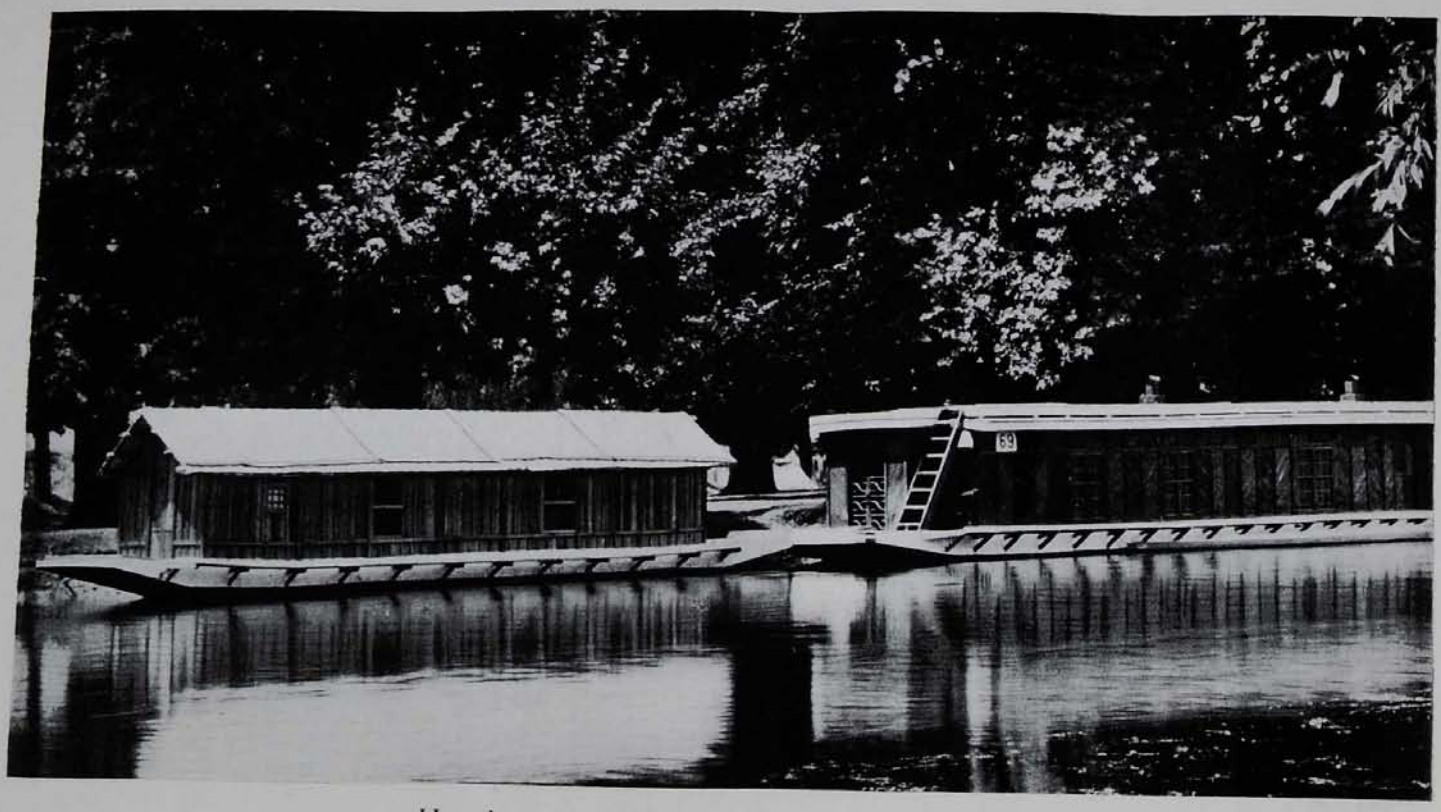
"Why don't you start to discipline him? Are you afraid it will kill his spirit?"

"He certainly is unusual looking. You could pick him out of a hundred—if you ever wanted to, couldn't you?"

"Yes, you're right—blood will tell, every time. A single glance

(Continued in previous column.)

A KASHMIR HOUSE-BOAT



Houseboats on a quiet stretch of the Jhelum River.

These two photographs show how spacious and comfortable a house-boat is and why they are such an important factor in a holiday in Kashmir.

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE?

By MEA

WELL, Uncle, the train will be starting in a minute, so you had better kiss me now."

Thus spoke my distinctly attractive and fascinating niece of some eighteen summers.

I had promised her mother to take her to the station and see her safely on the first stage of her journey to the Continent. Being of a somewhat shy and reserved temperament and with a decided objection to affectionate demonstrations in public, I had come armed with what I believed were convincing arguments against this particular sign of affection which I feared would be expected of me. My fear had been only too well founded, and now the time had come for me to defend myself.

"My dear," I began, "are you aware that Cato, when he was censor in Rome, prohibited kissing in public because he thought it was immoral?"

"Don't be silly," she replied, with that lack of respect for age which betokens the modern young lady. "This isn't Rome, and anyhow I'm not immoral."

That shot having failed I brought my next gun into action.

"I understand there have been so many complaints about the kissing that goes on in the railway stations in Paris, that the police have now authority to take into custody those whom they consider are offending the susceptibilities of others."

"My dear Uncle," she exclaimed, "if we were at Waterloo I might forgive you for thinking you were on the Continent, but this station has the good old English name of Victoria, and, thank God, England is a free country with the exception, perhaps, of a certain London park, so I am afraid you have no further excuse for not showing, in the usual way, the devotion which I feel sure you have for me."

I was acquainted with the little minx well enough to know that it was simply because she was well aware of my dislike of making public exhibitions of one's feelings, whether real or feigned, and not for any other reason that she insisted on my kissing her. She was a confirmed tease and was evidently enjoying my obvious discomfiture.

"I understand that neither the Chinese nor Japanese kiss their children," I ventured.

"We are neither Chinese nor Japanese, nor am I your child," she rejoined promptly.

I made another effort.

"You may have read in the papers recently," I said, "that the Austrian Federal Railways issued a notice condemning platform embraces and saying that sentiment is out of place on a railway platform, they also drew attention to the danger of imparting a farewell kiss through the open window of a compartment."

"Well, we are quite safe, anyhow, as I haven't entered the compartment," said she, ignoring the first portion of my remark.

"In four of the world's big cities," I said, "New York, Paris, Vienna, and Denver, a movement has been started against kissing."

"In dear old England," she replied, "not even 'Dora' limits the time or place in which you may indulge in this pleasant and harmless pastime."

I now brought my reserve battery into action and fired a final salvo at her.

"I am told," I said, impressively, "that doctors say that kissing causes the spreading of disease, especially diptheria, and that in America they have tried to get the practice prohibited by law. Quite recently a lady doctor stated that kissing babies should be prohibited."

"I am not a baby," said my niece with dignity, and womanlike, replying to the latter portion of my statement first. "And as for diptheria, I never felt better in my life, and you know, Uncle, you look indecently healthy, so I think we can take the risk."

I had come to the end of my arguments, my guns were silent and defeat was staring me in the face. I was trying to think of some means of escape when the blessed cry of "Take your seats, please," sounded like the rumble of reinforcements galloping to my rescue.

"Now, Uncle, what about it?" came from my niece. "Perhaps there will be an accident, I might be killed and then you wouldn't get another chance."

I remarked before that my niece is distinctly attractive and fascinating, I might add that she is always remarkably well dressed and would never pass unnoticed. I was painfully aware of this and conscious of many pairs of eyes turned in our direction as she raised herself on her toes, and placing a hand on each of my shoulders, she put her fair young face within a few inches of mine, at the same time pursing the most perfect "buds of temptation" that would have satisfied even that strict connoisseur, Dionysius Lambinus, and looked into my eyes with those soul-destroying orbs of hers as though beseeching a favour.

Well, I ask you, as man to man, what would you have done?

CURRENT CINEMA COMMENT

A Problem Motion Picture

THE educational value of the film has always been a subject provocative of considerable differences of opinion. Some old fashioned critics have held, and often with good reason, that the cinema does not portray life as it is—which after all is a primary function of true art. Others, more discerning, hold that the motion picture is too brief and too crude in its appeal to the human senses to leave any lasting and valuable impression. Finally, a small band of cynics maintain that the average picture-goer does not go to his cinema to be educated but merely to be amused. There is a certain amount of truth in all these statements but as they are in the nature of generalisations it is difficult to separate the truths from the fallacies.

Companionate Marriage

The problem play is not a new feature of the legitimate stage, but the problem film is something of an innovation on the screen, for which the output of stories is considerably greater than its conservative forefather. And it has yet to be seen whether any of the really vital problems of human activities and personal relationships can be adequately explored through such a transitory medium as the film. For instance, the distinguished American jurist, Judge B. Lindsey, who has gained an almost world-wide reputation as an authority on juvenile courts, recently wrote a very comprehensive study of the problems of modern marriage in a book which bears the somewhat startling title of "Companionate Marriage." It is now announced that the story has been adapted to the film and is shortly to be exhibited under First National ægis and bears the same title as the book. Betty Bronson leads a cast of no mean accomplishments and all the resources that modern film production possess have been employed to make this picture a classic of its kind.

Changing Times

There is nothing greatly daring in the theory of companionate marriage. Indeed it was a hoary subject that had been well nigh talked out by the intellectuals of the nineteenth century before Judge B. Lindsey or even Hollywood were heard of. But it had always been one of the delicacies of academic discussion which long-haired young men and short-haired young women reserved for their own special mental uplift. Since those days, however, public opinion has changed radically and subjects, a mere reference to which would have moved our grandparents to an apopleptic fit or a swoon according to their sex, are now openly discussed with a thoroughness and frankness which is sometimes not a little alarming. Modern literature, modern art and as a result ninety per cent. of modern thought have felt the effect of this new stimulus. And so it is not unnatural that the film should come into line also.

The Producer's Responsibility

Many people hold that the film is one of the greatest influences for good in modern civilisation. It certainly reaches many people to whom the newspapers, Press and other communicative agencies are mere names. This is particularly true of a country like India. It is clear, therefore, that considerable responsibility rests upon producers, exhibitors and all concerned in the cinema business in this country. That responsibility is increased ten times when it comes to the showing of a picture which goes to the very foundations of western civilisation, namely, the marriage institution. This implies no criticism of the film which is the subject matter of these notes. Primarily one supposes the producers set out to create a film that would interest, entertain and amuse the public. The instruction which it affords is presumably a secondary consideration and is to be found in a colourful and exciting story.

A Passing Phase

If Betty Bronson's performance is anything like as good as her "Peter Pan" it will be light and natural and free from the morbid sentimentality which, alas, pervades so many of Hollywood's allegedly great lovers. The title is a trifle threatening and no doubt there will be many people who will sharply disagree with the theme of the film. America is rather over-rating the sex complex at the moment—as perhaps is only to be expected after the long, dark era of Puritanism through which the country has passed. Companionate marriage is probably a fad which has only one real enthusiast, who is to be found dispensing justice in the Juvenile Court at Denver, and it is likely to be a considerably less useful feature of American life than, say, the soda fountain. But it will be interesting to see how the film producer treats this alternative to the marriage contract.

A Cinema Enquiry

The Colonial Office have announced that a committee has been set up with following terms of reference:

"To examine the arrangements existing for the supply and censorship of cinematograph films for public exhibition in the Colonies, Protectorates and Mandated Territories, and to consider in what way these arrangements could be improved, with special reference to the following points:

"The desirability of developing the use of the cinematograph as an instrument of education (in the widest sense).

"The desirability, on political as well as economic grounds, of encouraging the exhibition of British films."

Captain W. Bass, M.P., will act as chairman of the Committee.

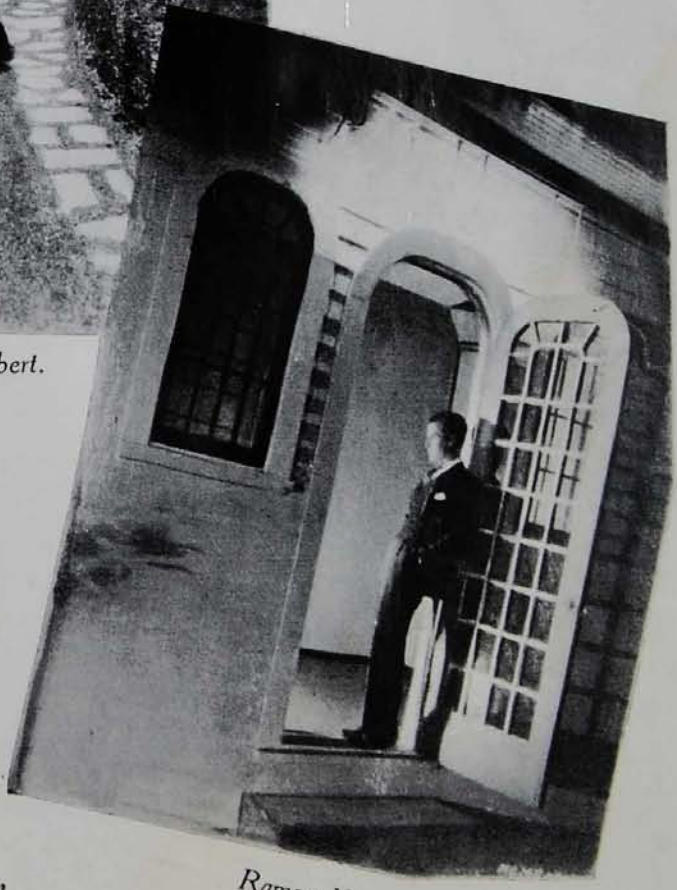
SOME CINEMA STARS AT HOME

Joan Crawford.

Marion Davies.

John Gilbert.

Norma Shearer.



Ramon Novarro.

THE CALCUTTA FOOTBALL CRISIS

REAL ISSUES AT STAKE

THE outstanding event in the world of sport during last month was the split in the Calcutta Football League and its repercussion on the Indian Football Association. Partisans on both sides plunged into the fray with surprising energy and enthusiasm for the time of year and the Press of all denominations seized upon the topic as manna sent from heaven at a season which is usually characterised by a famine in live news subjects.

I propose to deal with the matter at some length, even at the risk of appearing a little redundant, for it is one that goes to the root of all forms of sport in this country. The prime factors of the situation have to some extent been lost in a maze of loose thinking which has been fostered rather than suppressed by the responsible daily Press. Of the attitude of the leading papers towards the matter the less said the better. To describe it as k n o c k - k n e e d, is being charitable.

The Spoilt Game

The facts of the incident leading up to this *cause celebre* need little recapitulation. Dalhousie, last year's League champions, and Mohan Bagan, the leading Indian side, met on the former's ground and up to less than a minute before time the European team were leading by one goal to nil. At this point Dutt, the Mohan Bagan goal-keeper, in clearing a Dalhousie attack somehow hit Williams and succeeded in fracturing his jaw. Having had his attention drawn to the matter the referee cautioned Dutt—surely a very mild reprimand for so grave an offence. It was, however, more than a section of the Indian spectators were prepared to stand for and they rushed on to the ground, where an ugly demonstration took place which was not quelled until it had lasted over an hour and the area of operations had extended as far as Chowringhee and Esplanade. Players and European spectators were treated with an impartiality which showed the real spirit animating the proceedings and at the end of the fracas sufficient evidence was found on the ground to prove that the demonstrators had not come unprepared for the possibility of trouble.

Mr. T. Lamb, President of the Indian Football Association.

The next step was a full dress meeting of the Committee of the Calcutta Football League which decided that as the match had been stopped, some thirty-five seconds before time, it should be re-played—a decision apparently permissible under the rules of the League, but nevertheless a thoroughly bad one putting as it did a premium on disorder and creating a precedent of which full advantage would have been taken in the future. At this stage the Council of the Indian Football Association held an emergency meeting at which the decision of the League Committee was over-ruled, the replay cancelled and Dutt, the offending goal-keeper, suspended for a period of two years. In these two latter points are contained the elements of the dispute though every effort has been made to minimise them in the controversy which has since raged so vigorously.

False Issues

The critics of the Indian Football Association have, with an astuteness which does them credit, cleverly manoeuvred the issue round from the injury done to Williams and the riot on the Dalhousie ground to a challenge of the right of the I. F. A. Council to intervene in the matter and an analysis of the constitution of that body. That they have been allowed to obtain a hearing for such an obviously specious case is in no small measure due to the supine attitude adopted by the Press. On the one hand the newspapers of a certain political persuasion have infused as much racial bitterness into the matter as possible, and on the other, the threat of the Indian clubs to withdraw from the Calcutta Football League has been treated as though it were an international diplomatic crisis. The comings and goings of obscure club secretaries have been recorded with boring faithfulness, round table conferences and the like have been as seriously mooted as if the fate of Empire hung upon them and the whole matter has been allowed to assume proportions flattering to the handful of malcontents responsible for its genesis.

The Case of the Critics

Let us examine the case of the critics of the Indian Football Association. Their first conten-

tion is a bald denial that the injury done to Williams was intentional. It is seriously put forward that Dutt fractured this unfortunate man's jaw in fair play. If they really believe this, one can only assume that they are invested with powers of self-deception which are not conferred on the ordinary man. As an outcome of this fallacious premise they maintain that the sentence of two years' suspension passed upon Dutt is harsh and unreasonable. They further contend that the League Committee's decision in ordering a replay of the match is correct and in strict accordance with the rules of the League. What they apparently overlook is the fact that the Indian Football Association is invested with general powers of supervision of all matters affecting association football in this country and that in over-riding the League Committee they were merely exercising the good sense which any supervisory body is called upon to display on occasions of this kind. They complain that the speech with which Mr. Lamb, the President of the Association, opened the proceedings of the Council was censorious and unjust and reflected upon Indian clubs in general. It is conceivable there is some ground for complaint here—though purely in the matter of procedure. Mr. Lamb made a mistake in opening the proceedings with a speech of such a nature. Nothing that he said overstated the case but it would have been better if he had deferred a statement so definite in its terms until the conclusion of the proceedings and after all the evidence had been heard. That, however, is a minor criticism and does not really affect the principal points of the controversy.

The League and the I. F. A.

Their succeeding arguments advance far from the unfortunate Dalhousie-Mohan Bagan match. The facts of that unseemly brawl are passed over lightly and they then proceed to attack the relationship between the League Committee and the I. F. A. Council and the constitution of the latter body. Whether this is a deliberate attempt to obscure the ugly facts of the demonstration on the Dalhousie ground one cannot say. One can only point out that there have been dozens of occasions on which the subject of Indian representation on the I. F. A. Council could have been raised and there will undoubtedly be many more. They could hardly expect the Council to be in its most receptive and sympathetic frame of mind at this juncture and if their demands met with scant consideration they need not be surprised.

Discipline Necessary

What is the point of view of the I. F. A. Council and the European clubs generally? It is simply that if matches between Indians and Europeans are to continue, *and one cannot but believe that it is in the best interests of both communities that they should*, they must be divested of this constant possibility of trouble from a not unimportant section of the Indian spectators. The play as a whole is of a high standard of football and sportsmanship. No one condemns wholesale the Mohan Bagan team because its goalkeeper was the principal figure in an incident ill-becoming sport of any kind. Clubs of all denominations suffer from time to time for the delinquencies of individual members. But if they fail to take cognisance of conduct such as Dutt has been proved to be guilty of, they must expect to be criticised. It is in order to enforce discipline in cases of this kind that the I. F. A. exist. And that they decided that a repetition of such incidents as characterised the Dalhousie-Mohan Bagan match would lead to a stoppage of all mixed games is not surprising. After all, the intervals between these incidents have been growing shorter and shorter and if association football is to survive them the position has to be made clear once and for all. Apart from purely football considerations there are civic reasons why these games between the two communities have got to be purged of this ever present element of danger. The police of Calcutta have enough to do without having to prepare for the possibility of a riot on the maidan every Saturday afternoon during the football season. Then there is the very ordinary point of view of the average club member who prefers to view his football in relative peace and comfort without the prospect of himself or his family being involved in a riot with which he has no concern and with which he desires none. These are a few very elementary considerations which the critics of the Indian Football Association have lost sight of. For the moment they are far more important than the constitution of the Council or the proportion of Indian representation thereon.

The Future

What of the future? At the moment of writing the final step has not been taken but it cannot long be deferred. The Indian clubs are still members of the Calcutta Football League but are not fulfilling their engagements under the League programme. The *impasse* cannot last longer than a few days and must be ended either by a reconciliation between the I. F. A. and the dissatisfied Indian clubs on the latter's terms (and these, let it be said, do not err on the side of sweet reasonableness) or by a breakaway of these clubs. It seems likely that the latter course will be taken. If it is, I venture to suggest that it will have put back progress in association football amongst Indians at least ten years. They will be deprived at once of the chief influences that have enabled them to make such rapid progress in the game. Half its attractiveness will have gone for both Indian player and Indian spectator. The European clubs can get along well enough. The Shield tournament will be played but entries will not be accepted from clubs who do not own allegiance to the Indian Football Association. And, as has just been mentioned, the prime sufferers will be Indian football players and Indian football spectators—and if they are, one cannot help repeating, even at the risk of appearing unsympathetic, it will be entirely their own fault.

CENTRE.

INDIAN BOXING MEMOIRS

Heavy-weights who have won British Championships

THERE are many who will join in expressions of regret that the art of self defence amongst civilians is passing through a period of inertia, and that there are no signs of a revival being attempted in the near future. In Bombay, the formation of an Amateur Boxing Association has scarcely met with the success anticipated and in Calcutta the only real activity is that engendered by the encouragement of sport amongst the railways and schools.

Much as one may applaud efforts to insist upon the strict letter of the law where amateurs are concerned and to keep them on a level with those in England, the application of these rules may be said to be the main cause of the falling off. The stumbling block is the rule which prohibits an amateur appearing on the same programme as a professional, irrespective of whether he is pitted against one or not. More than one promoter has found out to his cost that a purely amateur programme is a losing proposition, though such an event as the railway finals may prove profitable for obvious reasons—their own supporters suffice.

The slump came at a time when all classes and communities were taking to the game, and when the Bengali was beginning to hold his own against some of the experienced boxers. A remarkable number of our most competent exponents are now in railway employment, and they are in much the same position as the soldier in regard to the preservation of amateur status. For either loss of amateur status would mean exclusion from their own particular competitions and incidentally bring them into disfavour with the powers that be.

Nevertheless, the field is still open for a promoter who plays the game for the good of the game, and himself courts control. This would allow of the establishment of recognised champions at the various weights and would exclude the billing of unknown visitors with colourable imitations of famous fighters for names and the appointment of champions at the whim of promoters who desire to make their programmes as attractive as possible at all costs. Not only that, but it would bring professionals back to favour by doing away with parodies such as we have seen unfortunately, where boxers have either been impressed with the necessity of making the contest go all the way or with the prospect of another profitable meeting.

It was in 1924 that the ban on soldiers taking part in civilian promotions was raised, the military lending a hand both in management and officiating, and taking a share of the proceeds. The matching of the two departments was ideal, and made for a great deal that was good both in the way of genuine fighting and in establishing proper championships, but it only lasted till the old order gave way to the new in 1926. The slump has been a lengthy one.

Old timers will remember a very different state of affairs to that existing at the present moment, when men of no other calling, professionals in the real sense of the word, were pitted against one another or vied with the military and civilian elements. Brophy, Tully, Lamping, Weeday, who was to have met Tiger Smith but could not stand the climate. Newman, who fought both in Bombay and Calcutta, an American, Jack McAuliffe, not the great Australian champion though, and the big American Billy Sinclair, are names that many of my readers will remember.

It may not be known generally that the Army in India has produced heavy-weight champions of England. I believe that "Iron" Hague was in India at one time, and it is certain that both Gunner Moir and Bombardier Billy Wells were, the latter being attached to the Mountain Battery at Quetta before Maloney bought him out and took him Home. It was from Moir that Wells took the belt, after the former had successfully defended the title against "Tiger" Smith, who was in the 10th Hussars out here.

The Bombardier's great rival was another soldier, Clohessy, who was a couple of stone the heavier and a far more aggressive fighter of the old school. When they first met, people were dumbfounded and thought that the knocking out of

George Duncan, captain of the victorious British Ryder Cup Team, receiving the cup from the donor.

Clohessy must be nothing less than a fluke, but at their next meeting the result was identical. Wells was even less robust in those days than he was when he was making a name for himself in England, but he went right through the Poona tournament with ease, and that event was regarded as the championship of the country then. He was one of the speediest heavyweights I have ever seen, with a quick left and a snappy short right which carried with it more power than appeared to be the case. As we discovered subsequently, Wells was weak about the middle piece and had insufficient devil in him, but no boxer has ever remained such a drawing card after his defeats—a question of personality backed by too soft a heart.

Gunner Moir and "Tiger" Smith were of a different type altogether, and asked for nothing better than a toe to toe scrap. Powell and Sergeant Henry were two of the greatest rivals of both of them. The former left the Army for civilian life, but the latter served out his time with the Musketry class at Satara, near Poona. After Sergeant Smith's departure, these two met for the championship on the Oval in Bombay, and Henry won on a knock-out in the sixth round.

Kirk was another great rival of Smith's, and many thought that he would have been the better man could he be induced to train. There were tales of an excuse having been found to put him in cells for some four days before he met Smith, and that fight was memorable for the fact that the Black Watch champion hopped over the ropes and made for the dressing tent as soon as the sixth round was over. I may add that the betting concerned Kirk's ability to stay six rounds with the champion rather than the actual result! Captain Ben Houston, probably the best referee of the present time in the country, was a contemporary of and a rival in the ring of Kirk.

It was to Sir William Bass that "Tiger" Smith owed the framing of most of his big fights, as his officer was always ready to cover any side-stake his challengers cared to put up. Smith stood about 5 ft. 8 in., and was perhaps the most remarkable boxer the country ever saw. He was well named, and very seldom did his fights in military tournaments go the full distance of even three rounds. I remember him going through both the middles and heavies at Poona, more than once taking part in four contests a day. He settled his claim to the championship of India from middle-weight upwards when he went to Bombay and, after being dropped in the first round, knocked "Gipsy" Smith out. Later, the latter went to the final at Poona, and was to have met Bombardier Wells, but contracted fever, and I believe that they were never in a ring together.

The fight which caused the greatest stir, however, was the one between Jack McAuliffe and "Tiger" Smith in Calcutta,

when the late Charlie Harding, then one of the big men in the bookmakers' ring, was behind the civilian professional. This was a case of a fighter against a boxer, but McAuliffe stopped one of the "Tiger's" famous rights with his jaw in about the sixth round, and when he came to he found that a fracture had resulted. Subsequently Jack confined his activities to exhibitions of ball-punching and to the conduct of a school for boxing and physical development in Bombay, but these did not bring him a fortune.

Considerable interest was also taken when a match was arranged between Smith and an American, Billy Sinclair, who came from the Far East with a wonderful reputation, a great deal of which must have arisen in his own imagination. Possibly Sinclair had heard about McAuliffe's jaw, and on the night of the fight he had obviously made up his mind to go quickly. Subsequently he was found to be hidden away on a steamer in the docks, with some of the advance booking. "Tiger" was all for a settlement but he never got the satisfaction.

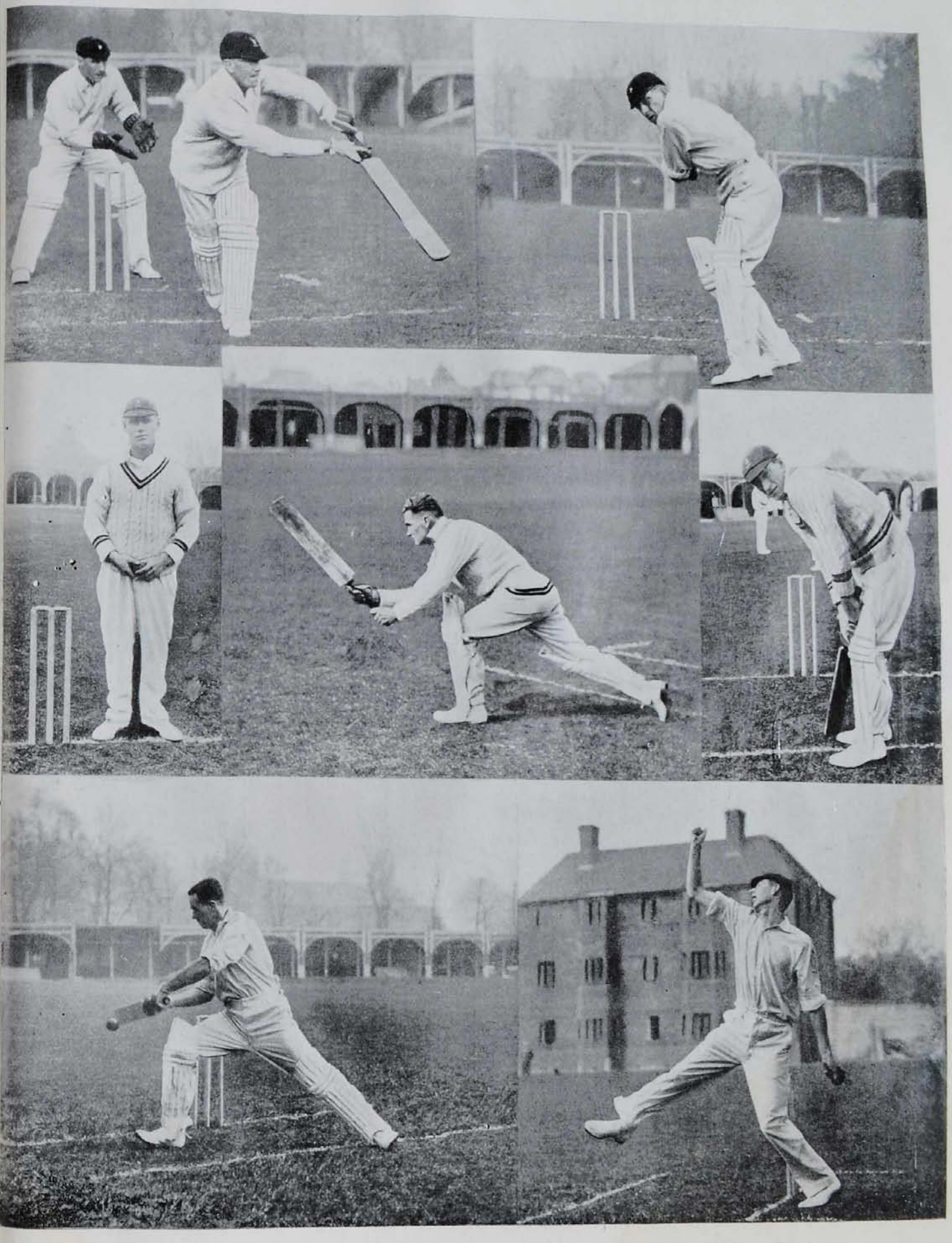
Smith would have been wiser to remain in India, where there was a good and steady income for him apart from his service in the Army, where he always managed to get plenty of time for training. But he elected to go after Gunner Moir and the title. Where two men of the same style meet, it is odds on the bigger and heavier, and after a few more contests in less pretentious class with varying fortune, Smith went back to his old calling in the coal mines in Wales. The last I heard of him was when a subscription was being raised for his benefit after a fall in which he broke a leg.

Billy Wells was the most fortunate of them all, though he never rose to the heights he promised to at one time. A good example of his unwillingness to hit an opponent who only needed the *coup de grace*, was provided in his first meeting with Gunner Moir. He had Moir well beaten and hanging on the ropes, but he allowed the champion time to recover and suddenly to launch out a body punch which floored the Bombardier for the count. At their next meeting, the title changed hands and Wells came into such favour that he eventually made for the States, but he was not a success there. He had Al Palzer at sea where science was concerned and dropped him for a long count with a short right which is still spoken of, but he did not follow up the advantage, and once more a blow to the mark spelt his undoing.

Those were good days for boxing in India, when professionals could always be accommodated and soldiers never found difficulty in getting permission or leave, but control had to come eventually. At present the game is suffering as a result but the time must come when good will come of a proper understanding of and insistence on the rules governing the amateur.

FLYING FOX.

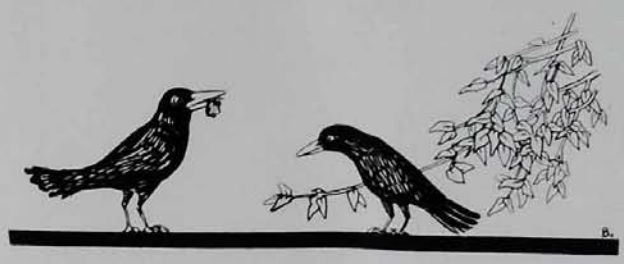
THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKET TEAM



Left to right (top)—H. Owen-Smith (batting), H. B. Cameron (at wicket), H. D. Taylor.
Left to right (centre)—A. L. Ochse, R. H. Catterall, H. G. Deane (Captain).
Left to right (bottom)—I. J. Siedle, N. A. Quinn.

OTHELLO, DESDEMONA AND ANOTHER

The Story of a Crow



I HAVE sought in vain for a parallel to this story in history or mythology, but although I have heard of instances in the lives of common people they are not quite similar to this singular animal epic.

It happened in early spring, when the feathery white blossoms of the date palm are just beginning to appear and the chill moist air of the Bengal winter is faintly tinged with warmth; when twigs and twine and building materials of every conceivable description are being woven with infinite care into cosy nests against the advent of the coming generation of Indian birdlife. A fierce-eyed kite had built her nest high up in the tossing fronds of a 60-foot cocoanut palm, while Othello and Desdemona with other wary crows had chosen the less perilous shelter of the sturdy date.

I don't really know why I called him Othello, except that he was very big and very black and looked distinctly warlike when he perched on my window every morning just about chota-hazri time. Desdemona, on the other hand, while not exactly fair and fragile, was as delicate and dainty as it is possible for a crow to be. Her limbs were clean, her wings a beautiful glossy blue-black (so unlike the ink which glories under that description) and her well-shaped head as sleek and shiny as that of a well-groomed ultra-modern brunette of forty. Then there was the other. A common looking little woman obviously mateless owing to the overproduction of female the previous season, but to all appearances an honest, hardworking wench with one passion in life—Othello! Whether this passion was reciprocated is, of course, not for me to say, but it is common knowledge that the males of certain species are not averse to philandering with birds of gaudy plumage what time some drab but doting little bird eats her heart away with love and longing.

Well, things appear to have gone on quite satisfactorily for a while. The nest grew apace and the little white blossoms of the date palm almost completely encircled it, so that it certainly seemed as if nature was lending a hand in the general scheme of house decoration. In the meanwhile with so many similar habitations in course of construction it was becoming increasingly difficult to obtain suitable material in the locality; so that the builders were compelled to forage further afield.

Not unmindful of her charms, perhaps, Desdemona appeared to take a particular delight in these journeys. Or, it may only have been that peculiar enthusiasm so common to young wives—who can say! The fact remains that she frequently did two trips to Othello's one. Some reader may remark that there is nothing very remarkable about this, and that woman from the days of our apple-eating ancestors has always done more than her fair share of toil. It may be so—my knowledge of these social questions is very limited. Anyway, Othello did not quite seem to appreciate these long and frequent absences, partly because the love for this slender mate was strong upon him and partly because tit-bits obtained at some risk from the kitchen quarters for her special delectation could not be kept for indefinite periods, especially in full view of a keen-eyed kite.

Then came stark tragedy!

I was standing at my window one stuffy morning when I saw Desdemona rise from the nest and fly due East into the blazing summer sun. Her course lay partly over a large open balcony whereon lounged a red haired youth clad in a striped pyjama suit, and armed with what appeared to me at the time to be, a Rook rifle. He had no chance of using it, however, Desdemona flew swift and low, and before he was quite aware of it she had vanished into the blue. But red haired youths, apparently, are not to be deterred by little disappointments of this kind. He knew she would return, or some other in her stead, and as he was out on this Sabbath morn to kill something, it did not matter in the slightest what it was. He accordingly prepared himself.

I knew it was Desdemona the moment I saw the little black speck topping a clump of cotton trees. She was flying low and slowly—very slowly. As she came nearer I saw that she was carrying a dry twig, twice as big as herself, which was impeding her flight. Now she was coming over the ambush—it was impossible to warn her—and then came a dull "plop." The little bird wavered but flew right on for home. She never reached the nest, however. Just within touch of the sheltering date palm she crumpled up and dropped, the twig she had sacrificed so much for still gripped tight in her beak.

Othello saw her a minute later. He cawed an enquiry from a neighbouring lime tree, cawed again, then hopped down, cawed once more, and plucked at her, but got no response. How could he? Desdemona's spirit had passed into that section of shadowland specially reserved for the wraiths of the humblest of God's creatures.

* * * *

I am inclined to think that it was merely a matter of expediency that compelled Othello to seek out the little woman crow; he could not possibly

have forgotten Desdemona in the brief hiatus indicated by the above asterisks. At least one would not expect that sort of thing even from a carrion crow. But, ornithologically speaking, there were quite a lot of objections to leaving a beautifully finished nest for some other bird, like the indolent and usurping "koel" of the cuckoo family, for instance, to deposit its dirty yellowish green eggs in. So that apart from any sentimental reasons there were ample grounds for preserving the sanctity of the nest which had cost so much to build. Having soothed his conscience, as it were, by establishing sufficient cause of action, Othello went in search of the lonely spinster left over from the season's mating. He found her in company with several other crows watching with longing the dismemberment of a choice looking repast. I think I have mentioned somewhere in this narrative that Othello was a big crow. It was not long, therefore, before he was in the thick of the melee from which he presently emerged carrying a choice tit-bit to the woman crow. She was coy at first. A sense of her wrongs probably was still strong upon her. But Othello, like most males who lead double and treble lives, knew how to woo. With a grace inherited from a long line of scavengers, he fluttered his wings, whisked his tail in the orthodox manner and strutted round that hungry she-crow till her senses reeled. Hastily snatching the coveted morsel she flew swiftly to Othello's nest, her new mate in her wake, just as the great westering sun dipped over the river in a sea of scarlet flame.

* * *

It was early May before I became aware that there was something more than eggs in Othello's nest. I think I can safely say without fear of contradiction that the climate of an Indian city during the month of May is not conducive to observation: but one sultry morning something prompted me to look out of my window at the familiar date palm and lo! Gaping over the rim of the next—Desdemona's nest, really—were three large red mouths!

R. D.

O.J.W.

This fine photographic study was taken on the Matlab River.

THE KADIR CUP, 1929

The Week at Shujmana Bagh

ANY would-be competitor for the famous Kadir Cup who is fond of the comforts of this life, need not be put off by the statement in the directions, awe-inspiring to the newcomer, that Shujmana is 27 miles "pucka" and 17 miles "kucha" from Meerut. Let him rest assured that when these 44 miles both "pucka" and "kucha" are behind him, he will not be expected to rough it, but will find himself in a colony of comfort.

Competitors and spectators arriving at Shujmana Bagh, that time-honoured meeting place, on the evening of 20th March, found the long street of small tents, each placarded with its owner's name, an ante-room in the form of a circle of comfortable arm-chairs under the mangoe trees, and, last but not least, a most inviting bar, all ready for them.

His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief honoured the meeting with his presence on the first day, and everyone was delighted that Mr. Percy Marsh, I.C.S., was after all able to attend and lend his valuable services in his usual capacity of field master. Among other previous Kadir Cup winners (for Mr. Marsh was victorious in 1919 on "Lady Kate") were present Captains Scott-Cockburn and Catto of the 4th Hussars, and Captain Richards, R.A., last year's winner, with his horse "Centaur;" there was also Major Mason MacFarlane and his fine Chestnut Lovelace, who was runner-up for 1928. General Ironside came to see the finals; and it was a pleasure to see Brigadier Jackson out again. A tribute must also be paid to Mr. W. Cotton, I.C.S., for the sporting spirit he displayed throughout the meeting; he will be a great loss to Eta now that he has retired.

The arrangements throughout, thanks to the efforts of Mr. Benson, R.A., and his staff, were excellent and Major J. Clune, R.A.V.C., is to be thanked for his attention in the horse bagh.

The comparatively small entries, 33 first nominations and 24 second, were due to the fact that the Muttra Cup meeting was not held this year, owing to lack of cover.

Mr. Benson drew the heats after dinner on the Wednesday and next day, 21st March, the elephants, which numbered no less than 49, thanks to the courtesy of the various owners who lent them, left the bagh at about 7-15.

The line commenced to move at 8 o'clock and started beating south; almost at once a pig was put up by the left heat—this was however "No heat" owing to a fall, and the pig was taken up by the centre heat and, I believe, subsequently killed by the right heat. Mr. Akroyd Hunt got the spear and thus secured first blood in the Kadir of 1929. Then for a while pig were scarce and the line swung west towards the Ganges, eventually wheeling right again and making northwards for the tiffin bagh.

Later in the morning, to everyone's surprise, saw the famous Cardew defeated (that's the beauty of pig-sticking, you never know). A satisfactory number of pig were found, which reflected much credit on the Hon: Secretary, the babu, and his underlings, because cover being low and patchy owing to the failure of the rain last year, it was feared that many pig would not be found in the Kadir.

After a long morning the Fakir's Hut was reached, where a well earned tiffin awaited us.

Three heats were disposed of in the afternoon; pig were numerous and several were lost. Mr. Nelson, R.A., had bad luck for, although he won his heat, his horse Julius was too lame to continue; this also happened later not only to Mr. Moulton Barrett, 4/7th Dragoon Guards, but also to Mr. Ferguson, R.A. The second day started well with several runs in quick succession on the right and centre, Captain Scott-Cockburn having better luck with his second nomination "Orange Blossoms," but the left heat, which included Captain Nugent-Head of the 5th Hussars, seemed ill-fated, and were on the line the whole morning without success. About 10-30 some very thick Kadir grass was beaten out but no pig were killed though several were lost in almost unhuntable country. After tiffin there was a great scarcity of pig; a panther was seen but not hunted. Eventually enough pig were forthcoming to finish the heats required.

Saturday morning found every heat finished with the exception of the semi-finals. The first heat on the line consisted of:—

1. Captain Nugent-Head: First Chance;
2. Mr. Akroyd Hunt: Golden Syrup;
3. Captain Richards: Manifest.

We had not long to wait before a good boar was put up, and off he went right handed, hotly pursued.

Captain Richards was unfortunate enough to take a fairly severe toss, his second this meeting, and, though almost unhurt, this put him out of it and left Nugent Head and Akroyd Hunt to deal with the boar. The former then took up the pig and did most of the work; but he missed his opportunity and let in Akroyd Hunt who got the spear.

The next heat consisted of:—

1. Mr. Hill: March Brown;
2. Captain Richards: Centaur;
3. Captain Head: Bullet Head.

This heat had only been on the line a short while when a fair pig was put up and Major MacFarlane slipped them on to him. Many people wondered if Centaur would repeat his last year's performance, but Captain Richards was still a bit shaken and was still feeling his shoulder after his fall.

Mr. Hill looked as though he was going to uphold Muttra

traditions but after doing most of the work missed his spear, and Captain Nugent-Head made up for his last failure by showing blood.

Thus Captain Richard's Golden Syrup and Captain Nugent-Head's Bullet Head were left to decide who should be winner and who runner-up of the great Kadir Cup. After a short interval to allow the competitors to rest, the long line of men, elephants, and horses once more advanced. Everybody was anxiously watching the "Big Two" in front, when a holloa from the A.D.C. on the right brought Captain Scott-Cockburn, the umpire, over with the finalists and he stopped them on to a fair boar as he went away right handed. Cover was thin and spectators on the elephants had a wonderful view of the hunt from start to finish.

The pig jinked right again with Bullet Head on his line. Slowly the distance between horse and boar diminished. Golden Syrup drew almost level once, only to fall back again, and after a typical hunt Captain Nugent-Head won the Kadir Cup with a very heavy spear that could be seen from the foremost elephant. There could not have been a more popular win, and everyone felt that the Kadir had been as well deserved as it was won.

After a short space of ordinary hog hunting, in which Captain Benyon killed a good boar, and another gentleman, who shall be nameless, earned a fine of Rs. 16, every one adjourned for lunch at Sherpur Bagh.

After the Kadir photo had been taken, the Hog Hunters' Cup, heavy and light-weight, were run, over a somewhat different course to the usual one. Captain Bomford, 2nd Lancers, won the heavy-weight from eight starters on his Beau Geste, after Mr. Moulton Banett had had the ill fortune to fall when he seemed certain to win.

The light-weight was won by "Vista," with Captain Catto, 4th Hussars, up.

Dinner that night was the scene of speeches, songs, and many other forms of amusement, into which came elephants, cars, tables, and chairs in an inseparable muddle. Captain Head complied with tradition by singing the Hog Hunters' anthem, "The Boar," and Major Mason MacFarlane gave a spirited display of trick driving in his motor car.

One gentleman was seen at about midnight, standing on one leg with his eyes shut—just to see if he could. He could'nt.

A.G.

POLO IN THE BUNGALOW

THE adaptation of the game of polo to the Bungalow would seem, on first thought, out of the question. But no sport is worth while and no progress possible if the player is not willing and eager to be at some pains to overcome obstacles. It will be said, first of all, that the Bungalow is no place for a horse, particularly a highly strung animal such as the polo pony invariably is. Naturally, one cannot take a horse directly into a room and begin riding him to polo balls. He should first be led, slowly, several times, through that portion of the bungalow which is to serve as the playing floor, and allowed to familiarize himself with the little nooks and corners, the doorways and closets. A quivering, bright-eyed horse, backed suddenly, during the height of play, into a bath-room which he has never seen before, is quite likely to become so frightened by the shining tops and the glistening tub that he may get altogether out of hand. This strangeness would soon wear off, however, with a little care and foresight.

Wear and tear on the home must be considered, of course, but how simple it is to remove all breakable furniture and to pad the heavier pieces that cannot readily be shifted. A thick, durable durrie is also recommended, and some form of stout wire netting to protect windows, punkahs and chandeliers from mallets and hoofs. Indoor polo, in armories and the like, serves a limited purpose, but lacks the intimate charm of polo in one's own home. In low-ceilinged buildings, play is inclined to be awkward and unless the ceiling can be removed without embarrassment, it is better not to play. A good sized moffusil bungalow is of course the ideal ground, but the small houses and flats of large towns will be found adaptable if one is careful to select sides of two, rather than four. Eight horses in the combined drawing and dining-room, plus bed-room and bath arrangement are altogether too many. The game of indoor polo will be a boon to many a virile host who suddenly finds guests producing pencils, and himself, before long, passing around paper for another four or five rounds of "Guess what it is" or "Where Does a Penguin Keep His Ears?"

"What do you say, I go and fetch the ponies?" boomed in a bluff, hearty voice by the host, is almost sure to set the less undesirable elements of a party to looking at their wrist watches, and, with the advent of the animals, the evening is certain to be left to those vigorous souls who make an evening worth while.

J. G. T.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

By DONALD FERGUSSON.

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

I THINK I am right when I say that not more than three plays (if we except "Funny Face," which had to transfer) that were running on New Year's Day were still running on 1st May. Many West-end theatres have had two, three or even four productions in the past four months. If you ask ten people the reason you will in all probability get ten different answers.

I believe—rightly or wrongly—it is due to a combination of half-a-dozen circumstances. You may refute each circumstance but the combination is too powerful and is ever growing stronger. The first is the competition of the films, which speaks for itself. Again, there is a lack of new playwrights of distinction and *star salaries* are excessive. The discomfort of the auditorium is the last but not the least of these contributory circumstances. We have of course playwrights of distinction, but they seem to have written themselves out. We do occasionally come across a new playwright—the author of "Journey's End" for example—but such is the craze for box office receipts in the theatre to-day, such is the pitiful lack of art for art's sake, the moment an author makes a success with a certain type of play, all the managers tumble over themselves to be the first to put on another like it and all the so-called playwrights spend their energies in writing one.

Casting to Type

Hannen Swaffer said, in his notice of "Journey's End," that he doubted if Mr. Sherriff would write another play. It appears that the playwright took that as a challenge and to heart and has another play well "on the stocks." This is good news indeed.

We have the films to thank for casting to type—an iniquitous practice that is ruining the acting of to-day. It is another innovation of the commercial manager and has produced a type of young man and young woman with only a modicum of brains—with no experience and an absolute lack of all technique except that he or she "looks" the part. The actor (in the real and true sense of the word) is gradually being ousted out of his profession, which is also his very life, by a parasite that looks upon the stage as an amusing pastime.

And here I must mention that this to my mind accounts to a great extent for the sophistication of the audience. Nowadays a great number of regular theatre-goers know personally the majority of the leading actors and actresses. The illusion of the stage is rapidly disappearing and in place of the wrapt attention you get a bored, blase, coughing audience. I have never heard so much coughing in the theatre as there has been lately and it is entirely due to sophistication.

A New Wallace Thriller

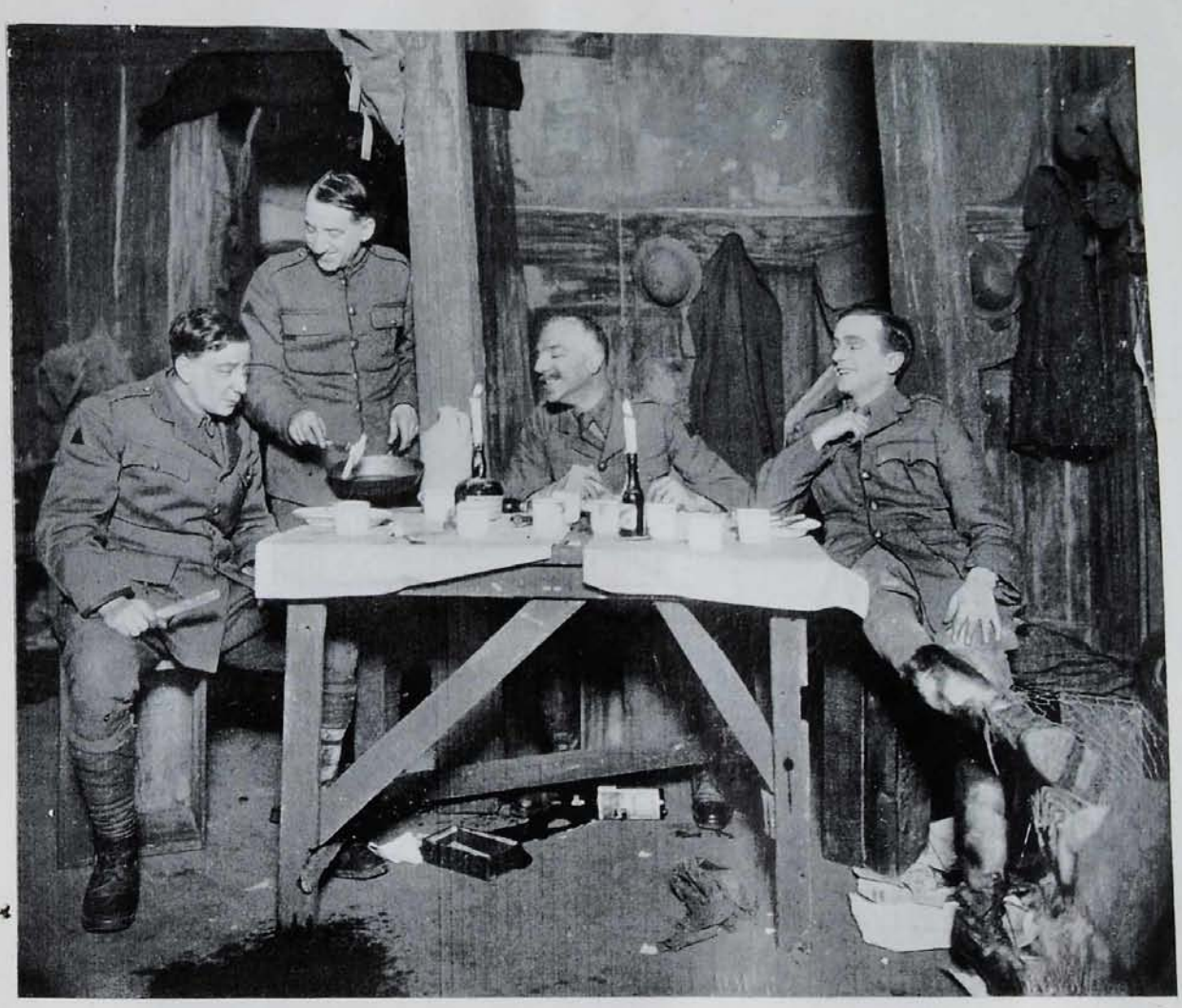
Edgar Wallace has a new thriller in rehearsal. This time the audience will be asked to view a crime from the police point of view. Edgar Wallace must always be interesting if nothing else and the merely moderate success of some of his later efforts may have resulted in better work.

We are promised another season of Gilbert & Sullivan Opera. I last saw the Doyly Carte Co., in Edinburgh shortly after its return from Canada. To my mind it was far better than ever before so if there have been any further improvements the season should be longer and more successful than the last three, which sounds almost impossible. "Craig's Wife" lasted ten nights and "Afraid of the Dark" about the same length of time. One would have thought Violet Melnotte, with all her experience at The Duke of York's, too clever to have been twice trapped so badly: but then she always had her own opinions.

Seymour Hicks has not been a success at the Lyceum and "Merry Merry," which has been tottering along at the Carlton, is moving there, where a larger house with plenty of cheap seats may lengthen its life considerable. "Plunder" is to be withdrawn at last and "A Cup of Kindness," yet another Ben Travers farce, will take its place at the Aldwych and I hope doubtless do as well as the other Walls-Lynn laughter makers. "The Circle of Chalk" was a failure. It struck me that Basil Dean never quite made up his mind how to handle the play—and "Baa Baa Black Sheep," another Ian Hay and P. G. Wodehouse creation, has taken its place. As there are unlimited laughs in this farce-comedy it should prove a Winner.

The Shadow of the East

Harry Welchmann, despite a gallant struggle with "The White Camellia," had to bow to public opinion and replaced that piece with a revival of "The Lady of the Rose." I am afraid this will prove a mistake, as the late James White ran its popularity right out, I fancy. "The Patsy" didn't survive its removal to the Vaudeville for long and "Coo-ee" took its place. This is the Melville Gideon production "Charivaria" (renamed by Sir George Tallis of the J. C. Williamson firm who have taken over the play and the theatre) which Julian Wyllie has been at work upon and should run for months despite the lack of a single singing voice worth mentioning in the whole show. Stanley Bell's production of "The Shadow of the East," in which a feature is made of the dancing of a number of *nautch* girls with Sylvia White at their head, caused enough comment to make it a success.



Above is a scene from the highly successful play "The Journey's End" at the Savoy and below is part of the company who helps to make "Mr. Cinders" so attractive.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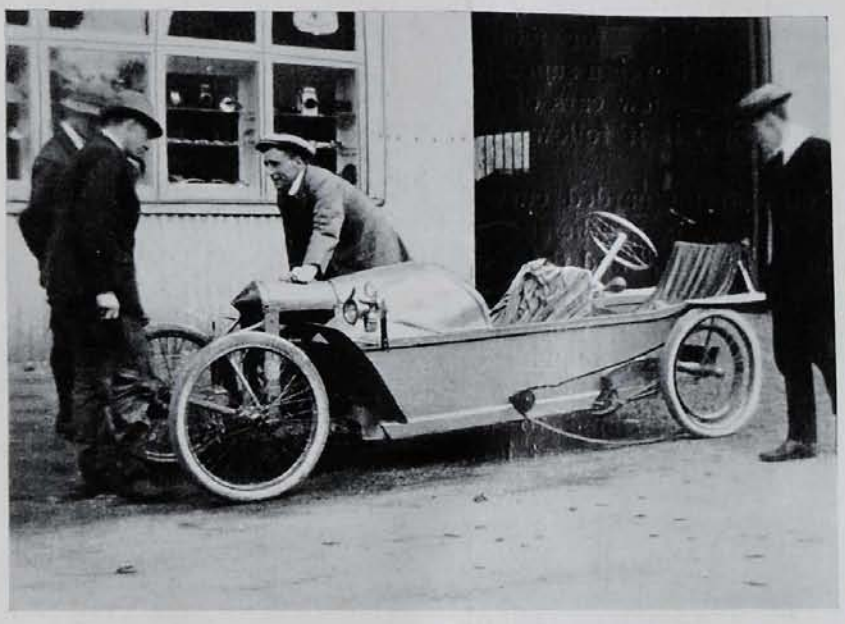
TALKING ABOUT CARS

By VINCENT VIVIAN

Old Prints

MOTORING and photography are twin sciences which have developed side by side. For most of us, the car and camera have played a mutual part—the car carrying us to scenes and places where we would be; the camera recording these for our memory. Now that the old order of the road is changing—indeed it has already passed—our earliest pictures may prove more valuable to us and to our children, than we could ever have foreseen. For though the open road continues to exert its call, that road to-day is less picturesque than it was when cars were uncertain and few. Motor cars are twice as cheap and many times better than they used to be, but something has been lost from motoring, which can never be regained.

We were the lucky pioneers. The dawn of the motor age revealed to us a little of the romance and beauty of the old coaching roads; but future generations of motorists will inherit arterial speedways, with little enough to divert monotony save the thrilling uncertainty of what other pilots of the wheel may encompass for their trouble. Since the price that Britons pay for (technically) perfect roads, extends even further than crushing horse-power taxation and petrol duties, we should not grumble too loudly about the dust and the bumps while we tour India—for the most part, on prosaic duty! This (generally!) sunny land of sojourn, provides a fascinating field for the motorist and photographer. Pictures taken *en route* to-day, are the best insurance policy for recollection in a colder clime, of genial warmth and scenes. Avoid the painful error of subordinating every study on tour to the inclusion of your car; remember that the *subject* of a photograph should be uppermost. And, if you are one of those who "think there should be some old collections of negatives put away somewhere"—search them out, and guard them with something more than a magpie habit of accumulating old junk. Go through them, one afternoon, and you will find small negatives long since forgotten, which will bring out a wealth of detail if set aside for enlargement.



1912-13 Bedelia Cyclecar.

Early Days

I was engaged on a search of this nature, when I came across a photograph taken with a ten shilling camera, which is reproduced here. The snapshot shows a 1912—1913 Bedelia cyclecar, and though it seems almost incredible, this type was the forerunner of the efficient and orthodox light car of to-day. Regard the pride with which the garage proprietor displayed its points! Steering was effected from the rear deck-chair by a wire cable fixed to each end of the pivoted front axle being wound round a bobbin at the base of a rakish steering column. The effect was far from being irreversible, more especially so since the driver of this terrifying contraption had to steer with his arms up in the air, and his head craned round the body of the passenger seated in the front deck-chair seat. A 10-h.p. air-cooled V twin supplied drive by chain to the countershaft, and from thence by long flapping belts. The photograph shows the car standing in "neutral" with "clutch out," clutch action taking the form of sliding the rear axle backwards, tightening the belt, and taking up the drive! Of brakes, I have no recollection; none are visible in the illustration. Presumably there would be a brake on the countershaft: decidedly there would always be an interesting possibility of the driver or passenger (or both!) applying an unexpected friction brake along the road surface—should the canvas of the deck-chairs give way.

Seventeen years ago, how far away it seems! Yet what strides light car production has made, since the Bedelia was the cynosure of interest: laugh at the old cyclecar if you will, but remember that in efficiency the Bedelia was as far ahead of the early Benz, as the modern 9-h.p. Riley (for instance) surpasses the Bedelia.

The Changing Melody

When cyclecars took the road, the first practical aeroplanes were taking the air, their conception being furthered by knowledge gained in the development of internal combustion engines for road usage. To-day the position is reversed, and car

designers are quick to take lessons from aeroplane practice. Perhaps in time to come, the aeroplane will be the complement of the car; but ever the camera will remain the complement to both. While you drive to-day, take records of the present. The melody changes, and is gone: the camera alone has power to record it—that music of the spheres which is *time*.

The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

Lo, yet another page has turned in the history of automobilism, and we record with deep regret the passing of a great English gentleman—Lord Montague of Beaulieu; a pioneer and a doughty champion of motoring, who helped to initiate King Edward VII into the joys that a motor car can provide.

Fan-Belt Troubles

Happily the days of flat-belt driven fans are now definitely numered; though even the V belt which is still commoner than direct drive, is a relic of cyclecar construction at its crudest and worst. As a form of transmission for motor-cycles, it is extinct where it used to reign supreme; and as a form of fan belt on the new cars of the future, it will be no bad thing if it follows the flat belt into oblivion.

A flat belt running on the unguarded curved plane of rimless engine pulley, is anathema. It cannot be relied upon to "stay put," and the first intimation you may get of its having jumped the pulley, is half-way up the next ghat—when the mercury of the radiator thermometer mounts to boiling. Replace it, and if it is not actually off again within three miles, you continue to be irritated by the uncertainty! But I have at last vanquished the *bête noir* by the following means. A foot-rest clip of steel wire was taken from a motor-cycle tyre pump, and used as a guide around the belt, to draw it inwards at the point where it approaches the engine pulley on its downward course. The other (open) end of the clip is wired together, and the guide bolted down in the correct position (using large washers, and bending where necessary) under the head of a dynamo housing bolt. But any convenient bolt in the neighbourhood will do. The belt being drawn back by this guide until it almost rubs the crankcase, *cannot* jump its drive; and the position of the fan pulley is adjusted accordingly. The pressure of the belt against the guide, seems to be insufficient to cause wear to either; it is, however, better to have a mochie-made leather belt for the job. I don't like the canvas and rubber things stocked as standard nowadays. If the fan bearings get the frequent oiling that they deserve, the excess oil thrown on this type of belt rapidly ruins it.

Belt tension should be just tight enough to permit smooth action, without slip or flap. Anything more than this, throws an unfair load on the fan pulley bearings, and should be studiously avoided.

Night Runs

From time to time, one sees unkind comment written concerning people who shoot from cars; and because it is—unhappily—so frequently *deserved*, I crave indulgence to lay down a certain law for the better understanding of sportsmen and motorists who go out after panther by night. For it is a fascinating pursuit, combining as it does, the delightful fantasy of gliding mile after mile through the coolness of the night: with the added anticipation of bagging a panther at any moment. All the more pity then if the pursuit is foregone, for want of recognition of the fact that there is a *rightful* way of doing it. With all the best intentions in the world, thoughtless people persist in ignoring the main principle—with the result that this form of shikar is in danger of being banned. The principle is well known to all shikaris who go for big game. Never fire at anything you are not prepared to follow up. And of course, firing by night *must* mean, as often as not, a return to the spot the next morning; to take up the trail and recover the beast, dead or alive. The fact that you may be in a car, miles out of your daily way, is no excuse for forgetting this salient rule. You have no right to pull trigger on a panther unless you can return to look for him—if you fail to drop him dead. That is the Law and the Prophets on the matter; and by the same token, it is *not* sporting to take pot-shots at tiger or panther encountered on the road, when you are travelling on a long tour which brooks no return or delay. Granted the respect due to this principle, there is little to be said against the practice; and quite a lot to be said for it. Those who have tried, know that it is not too easy, despite the fact that the glare of powerful lamps enables you to see the animal without yourself being seen. That advantage is legitimate, for without some adventitious aid for human vision, most forms of big game shooting would be impossible. Your exalted perch on ladder or *machan* by day, is but a means to the same end. And though your panther by night is dazzled, he is also suspicious and aware; you will be lucky if he is in view for longer than would be the case during a beat; and he will not afford you the easy mark that he offers the machan-sitter over his kill.

Most sportsmen are motorists—and we trust, *vice versa!* So let us sally forth by night, with a light conscience and a heavy rifle. If *both* are properly employed, none should decry good sport. Have a good spotlight mounted each side of the car, so that the rifle foresight can enter either beam, in every likely position. A dark night after rain has fallen is ideal, for then the great cats are likely to be pacing the roads in preference to the dripping undergrowth. However, since panthers are not so common as hares, you may go many nights before you will see one. At least you will get the smell of the wet earth, and feel glad to be alive and seated at the wheel of a purring friend.

A Heat-Resisting Oil

Because there are so many good brands of lubricant advertised and on the market, the ordinary motorist—let us say 'the man in the car' is often perplexed in the search after perfection.

Talking About Cars

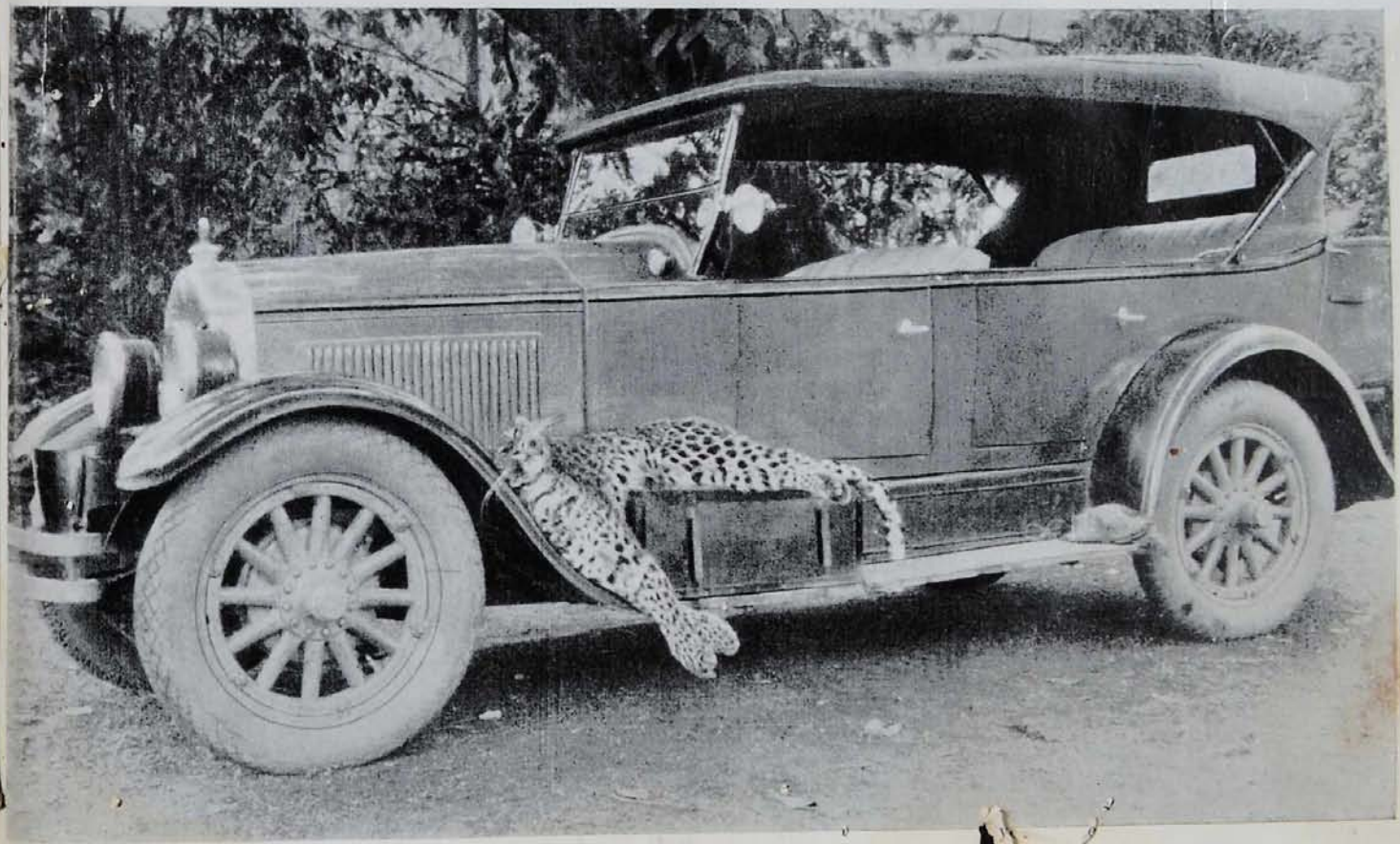
Just as in choosing a car, so in selecting the lubricating oil—an attempt should be made to choose the best for the particular purpose required. That which is admittedly best for speed work, is not invariably most suited to touring conditions and general use. Even the brands of oils are each classified into different grades, from which the grade recommended for your particular engine must be selected. Lately I have been testing Veedol, an oil slightly more expensive than other brands, but well worth the additional price. It is a tough-bodied lubricant with especially fine heat-resisting properties, rendering it equally suitable for engines which are brand new and stiff, or for cars which have borne the brunt of many thousands of miles. The capacity of an oil for withstanding heat, may be ascertained by the following test: Into a clean medicine bottle, pour a little of the oil next time you evacuate the contents of the crankcase after a recognised number of miles running. Fill up and run on Veedol for the next similar distance by speedometer; and incidentally, do *not* flush the crankcase clean with paraffin, since it is generally impossible to drain every drop from the sumps without removing the crankcase.

When the time has come to change the Veedol, fill a second medicine bottle with a little of the used oil. Meanwhile the carbon contained in your first sample will have formed a layer of sediment at the bottom of the bottle. Let both bottles stand side by side in a cupboard, until you are satisfied that the sediment contents of each are finally settled. Now note the respective depths of the sludge deposits, and the appearance of the oil above. Heat darkens the colour of all lubricating oils, but while a good oil darkens and remains quite clear, an inferior oil will darken to a much greater extent; and may even become completely opaque by transmitted light in thicknesses above ¼ inch. Therefore the oil which retains its clean colour longest, is best fitted to resist the heat of your engine.

As a result of this test, I have definitely adopted Veedol for my Buick car; my attention having been drawn to this brand by a press report stating that this make of oil is selected by German engineers for exclusive use in the engines of the *Graf Zeppelin*.

I would urge every car-respecting motorist to keep an eye on his speedometer's total mileage readings; and religiously to empty out his crankcase every time three zeros pop up to indicate another 1,000 miles reeled off. *I know no finer economy in connection with car upkeep.* Furthermore, in the case of a brand new car, this complete change of oil should be made after the first 500 miles, and again after 1,000 miles; and thereafter, at each successive thousand. Do not be misled by supposing that because the level shown on the dip-stick remains constant, your engine is using no oil. If every joint is oil-tight and nothing is lost by leakage, the level may even rise; until it appears that the engine is extraordinary in that it actually generates oil rather than consumes it! This is due to water and fuel vapours condensing to increase the total bulk, and so far from being a favourable condition, it is dangerous if left to continue indefinitely.

Do not mix different brands of oil. This rule is rather similar to the edict against going out in the sun without your *topi*; no harm may result from occasional neglect—but it is safer not to.



The rest of a night run.

THE PROBLEMS OF NORTH, SOUTH, EAST AND WEST

No. 1

NORTH and South have been having a run of luck and have twenty points toward rubber, according to the unreliable score card which South is keeping. West, the dealer, feels that the time for action has come if disaster in the final score is to be averted.

"Partner," says West, gritting his teeth, "it's now or never. We mustn't let 'em have it. Two clubs!"

North bids two spades as East moans, "Oh, not clubs, partner!" East says, "God hates a coward," and bids three diamonds. South grins amiably and says, "Three spades." West, shaking his head violently at his partner's diamond bid, pushes it to four clubs—he likes to play the hands and can't stand being dummy—but North counters with a four spades bid. East lacks the fortitude of his partner and passes, as does South, but West takes the bit in his teeth and shouts, "Five clubs!" He is promptly doubled by North and all pass.

North leads the ace and king of spades in rapid succession and

NORTH
♠–A-K-10-9-4
♡–A-10-5-3
◇–8-7-5
♣–10

WEST
♠–7-6
♡–J-6-4
◇–9
♣–A-Q-J-9-8-6-2

EAST
♠–J-5
♡–K-9-7-2
◇–A-Q-10-4-3-2
♣–7

SOUTH
♠–Q-8-3-2
♡–Q-8
◇–K-J-6
♣–K-5-4-3

packs his book, which he raps on the table significantly and with wicked leer. Flushed with success, North essays another spade lead which West takes with the seven of the clubs from dummy, discarding the four of hearts from his own hand. He then takes a trick in diamonds with his ace from dummy, leading another round of diamonds and trumping with his deuce.

Breathing hard, West leads out trumps, taking the first trick with his ace but losing his queen to South's king. South, forgetting that West has already trumped a diamond lead, throws his king on the board, West scooping it up in a marked manner with his six of trumps. Two more trump leads on the part of West clear the hands against him, but he has long since lost track and leads his eight of clubs. North discards a spade, West throws off the guard of his king of hearts—even he knows that his queen of diamonds is good, the point that he does not consider being how to get into his dummy's hand—and South discards a small heart. West, with two cards left to play, leads his six of hearts, his king in dummy falling under North's ace. South's queen likewise falls, to the accompaniment of a dirty look from North, whose last heart goes to West's jack.

"Well, we're set only two tricks, partner," West remarks. "That's better than having them get a rubber from us." This would be somewhat more sound reasoning if West didn't proceed to go down three tricks doubled on the next hand, and five doubled on the second.

THE HUSBAND'S DAY

(As imagined by his wife)

GETS to office at 9-30 a.m. Finds his desk and letters opened by beautiful blonde typist and a vase of flowers on it—the desk.

9-45 a.m.—The burra sahib calls him in to congratulate him on the fine work he has been doing.

10 a.m.—Dictates letter to beautiful blonde typist; she asks him if it is true that he is unhappily married. He sighs. She sighs.

11 a.m.—Conference with heads of departments; his opinions are listened to with respect.

12-30 p.m.—A business acquaintance telephones and they go out to tiffin together. They toss for who pays and *hubby loses.*

2-30 p.m.—Returns to office; signs letters that have been typed in his absence.

3-30 p.m.—Receives a letter from rival firm offering him position at twice his present salary; shows it to beautiful blonde typist; she says how much she will miss him.

4 p.m.—Decides to stay if the Firm will give both him and the blonde typist a rise in their salaries.

4-30 p.m.—Burra sahib raises his salary and dismisses the beautiful blonde typist.

5 p.m.—Home with a box of chocolates for a beautiful brunette wife.

THREE TRIPS AFTER TROUT IN KASHMIR

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

By Major-General Sir BERNARD JAMES, C.B., C.I.E., M.V.O.

(Concluded.)

FOR my next trip before the closing of the season, I was allotted four days on the lowest Bringhi, of which I had heard excellent accounts earlier in the year, and two days on the Nowboog, tributary of the upper Bringhi; two days for each rod being the limit on this small stream. I did not tempt Providence again by taking the car more than three miles beyond Acchabal, but did the rest of the journey of seven miles by tonga. On arrival in camp, which was pitched under the willows on the bank of the river, I was disgusted to find that the river was a mere trickle. There had been no rain for some time and most of the water had been taken off for irrigating the rice-fields. My shikari informed me that most, if not all, of the trout had run up. I spent a long time the next morning fishing up stream with the finest tackle and small flies, but saw nothing but chush. In the evening I went up stream and in a short time, caught three chirroo, or Kashmir trout; one of them being over three pounds. He gave great sport on 4x gut. Then just before dusk I managed to inveigle two trout, two pounds and one pound respectively. The prospects on this stretch were, however, so bad that I decided to move camp to the Nowboog the next morning, obtaining sanction for an extra day on that stream and a day on the Desoo instead. A quiet ride of about eight miles over some awkward hill paths brought me into the lovely Nowboo valley, and my camp was pitched on a little gras plateau within a few yards of the stream, close a small and very thick walnut tree which afford welcome shade during the heat of the day. I spe the whole of the next day on the Desoo, walking about one-and-half miles and fishing quietly do The Desoo is really the upper waters of the Bring It is very rocky and rapid, with hardly any poo and the fishing, or perhaps more correctly speaki the walking, is rather difficult except for the co paratively young. The water was extremely l and clear, and the big fish had evidently not y run up so far. At first there was little doing b about midday the fish came on the feed, and befo sundown I caught twenty-five trout ranging fr one pound to two-and-a-half pounds. This fish this stream vary a good deal, some being mo brilliantly coloured while others are rather bla and ugly. I lost one good fish in a particularly stup and aggravating manner. I spotted this fish cru ing about in a tiny pot-hole behind a large ro He came at once and, after a very strenuous fig was duly landed. He was a splendid specime admiring his proportions and colouring, I sli the tape roughly over him while the shikari w removing the fly. It showed twenty inches. that moment he slipped from the shikari's han

This is the h[illegible] a big fish who seems t[illegible] a charmed [illegible]e on the river Arrah.

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