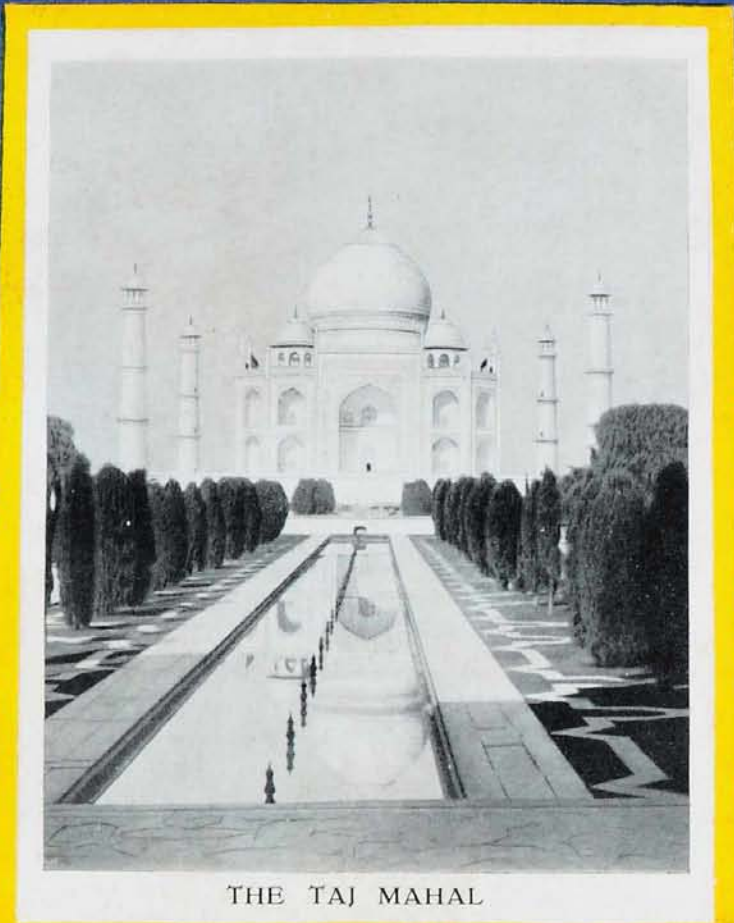


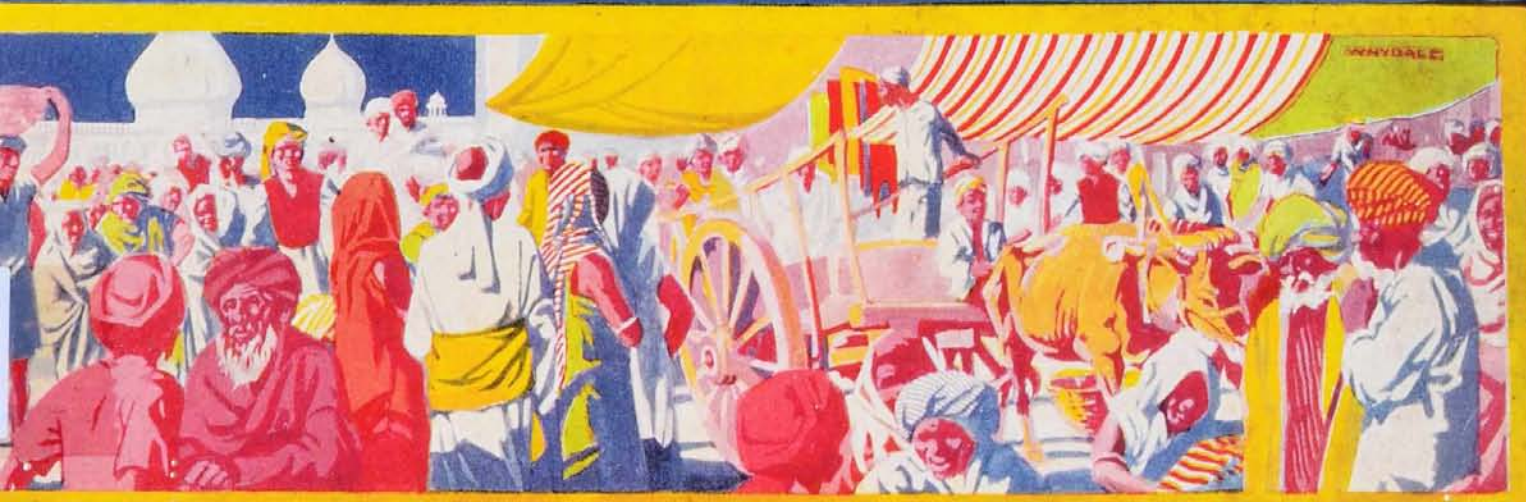
INDIA

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1930



THE TAJ MAHAL





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But it must be Kalzana, as only in this scientific form (a combination of sodium-lactate and calcium lactate) will the calcium be taken up and retained by your body.

Lose your dread—re-establish the functions on a normal basis by starting a course of Kalzana to-day.

“Poverty of Calcium in the blood is the root-cause of dysmenorrhœa, and menorrhagia” (irregularities of the functions).

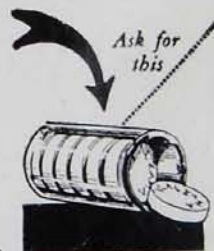
See “Medical Press & Circular.”

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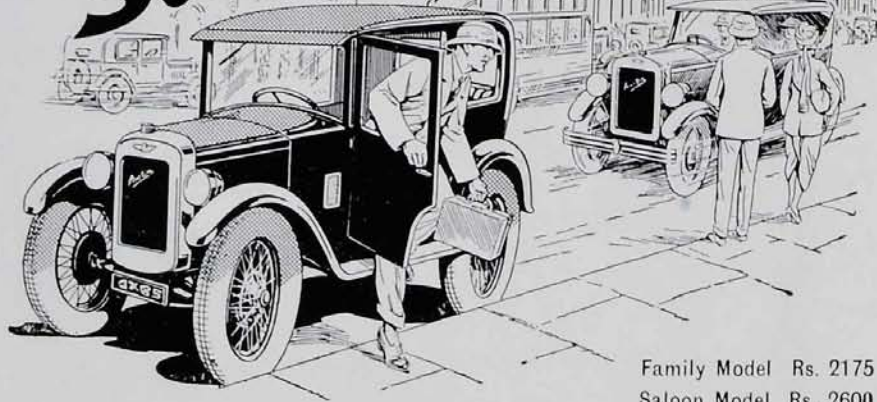
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but decide on an Austin Seven and you have the satisfaction of knowing that its upkeep and running costs is not more than ordinary tram-fare and its dependability—well, ask any Owner you chance to meet!

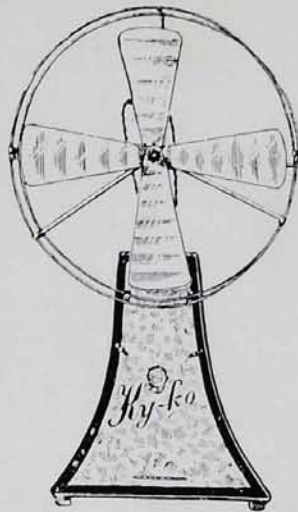
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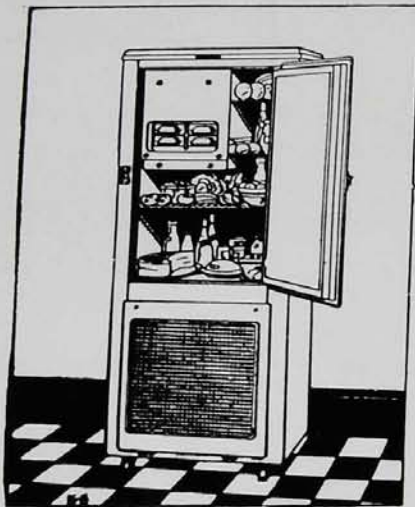
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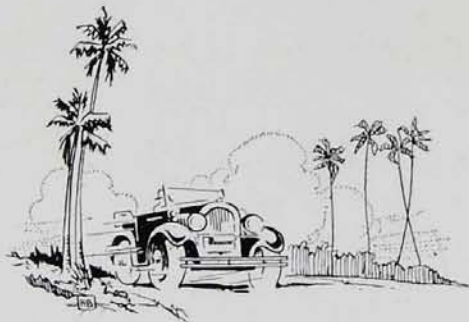
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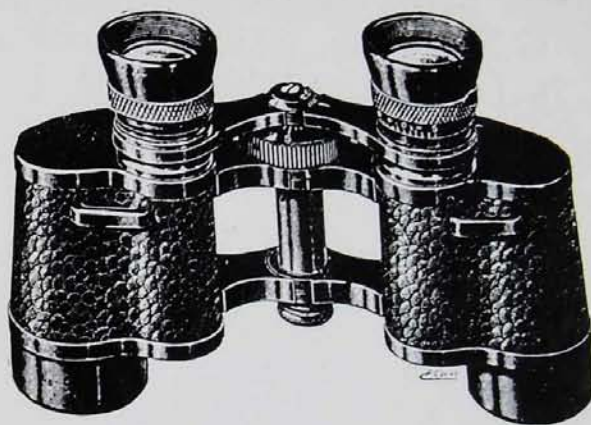
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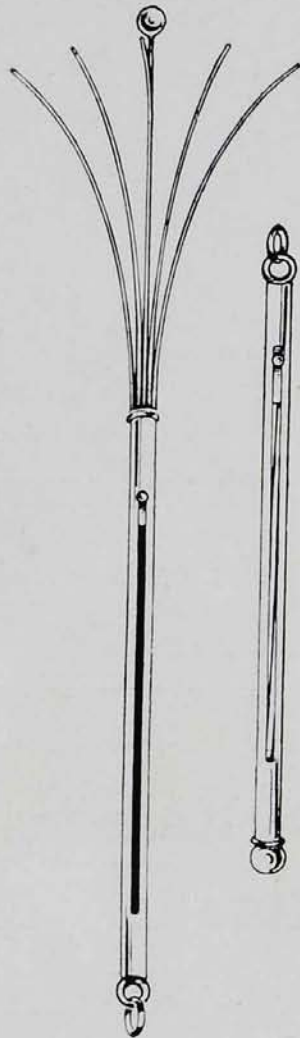
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Be in the fashion and use one of these—will be found excellent for stirring up the fizz in your drinks.

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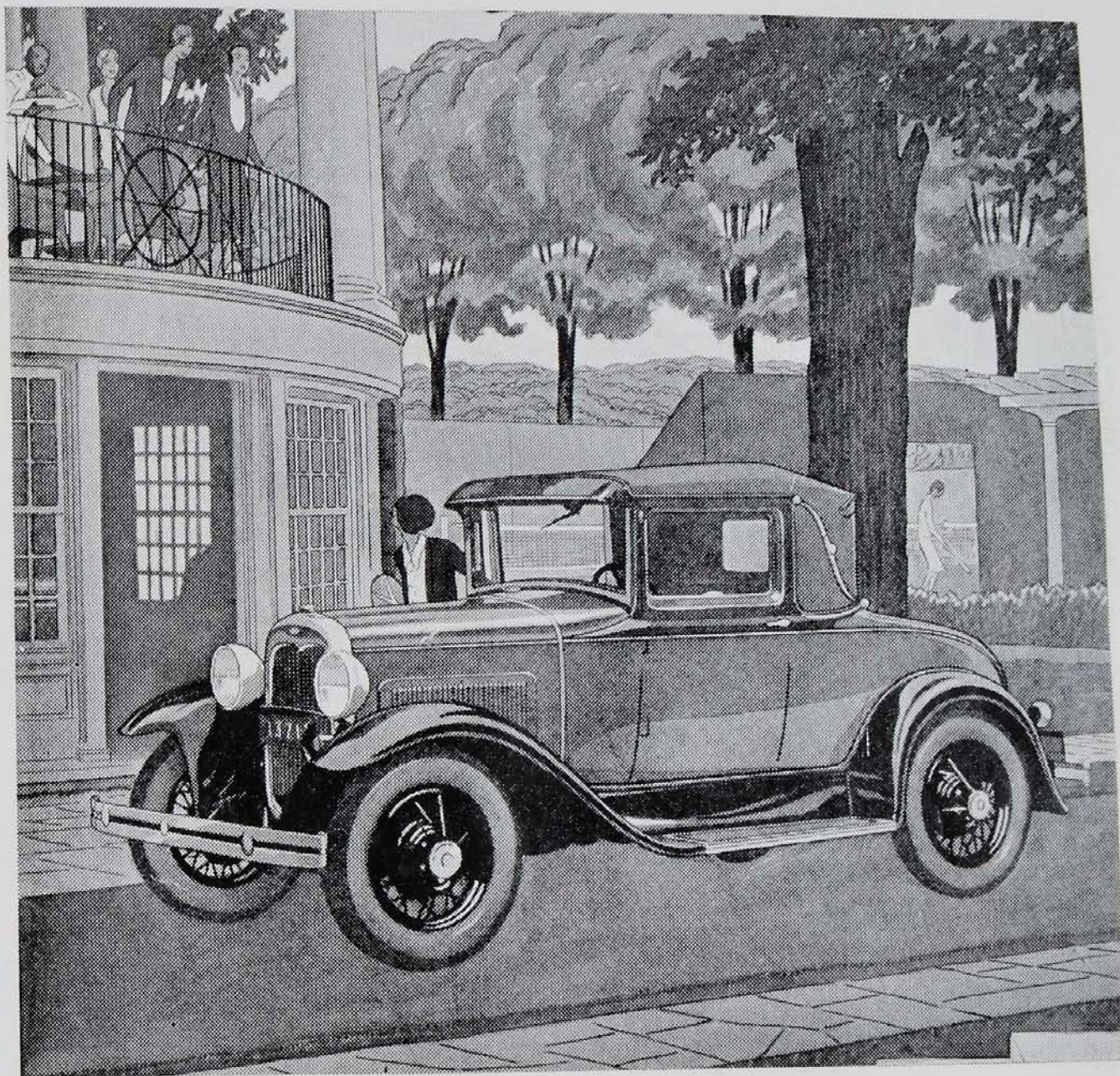
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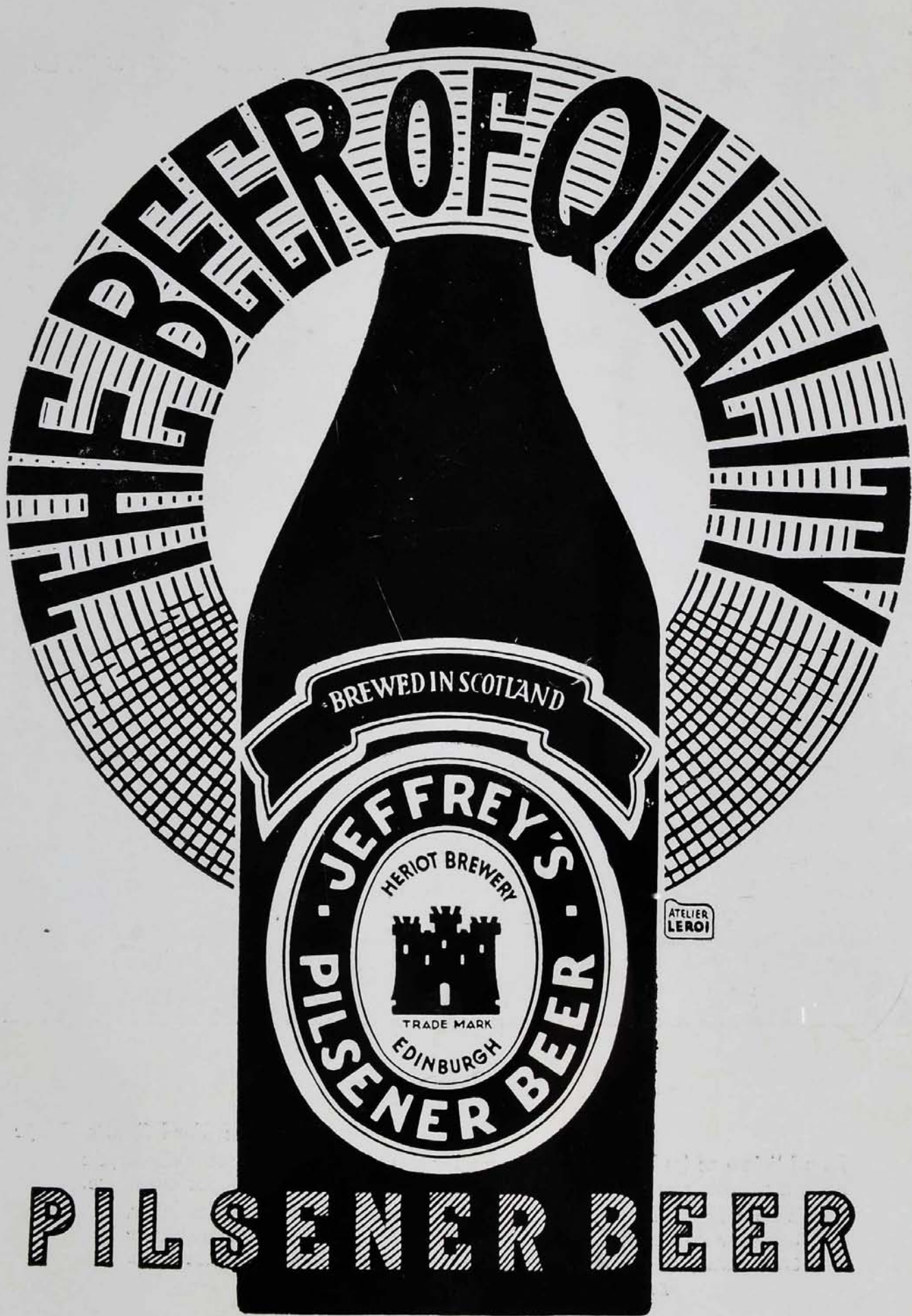


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INDIA

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Founded by the late L. Taylor, Esq.

Volume 5 No. 26

AUGUST, 1930

Re. 1 Monthly



Meet of the Foxhounds outside the "Cat and Custard Pot," Rumfiddlers Green, in the year 1830, given by the Southdown Hunt at Preston Park, Brighton, O.P.S. Lady Demetriadi, wife of Sir Stephen Demetriadi, formerly of Messrs. Ralli Bros., Calcutta, and now in Ralli Bros.' London Office, in old time riding kit, with Mr. Chas. Thorowgood as Major Goodgoer, a hardened snuff taker. Mr. Thorowgood is the Secretary of the Southdown Hunt.



A breast-fed child is a healthy child

NO mother will willingly withhold the inestimable benefits of breast-feeding from her child. The natural way is always the best way—natural feeding gives baby a sound start in life and freedom from mal-nutrition, rickets and other ailments.

It is, however, understandable that mothers in India, subject to the stress of an exacting climate, and, in consequence, often in a low state of health, feel incapable of undertaking the extra strain of nursing.

Under these conditions "Ovaltine," the delicious Tonic Food Beverage, prepared from Nature's finest products—ripe barley malt, rich creamy milk and cocoa—is of extreme value. Expectant and Nursing mothers will find in the regular cup of "Ovaltine" a complete food which maintains the fullness of health and strength and produces a rich supply of breast milk.

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Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Manufactured by: **A. WANDER, LTD., London, England.**



L. A. S.



Topical to the Tropical

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



Don't be always praising yourself ; it doesn't give anyone else a chance to do it.



"What," asks a literary critic, "is blank verse?" It's the stuff the editor means when he says to the poet: "Take your (blank) verse away."

A Capital Idea

Many a man is so busy going to the bank that he never gets the best interest out of life.



To-day's Proverb

Difficulties are the steep hills of life, but just think how dull it would be to live in a perfectly flat country.



Although our climate is very trying, people should remember that whining does not improve matters.

Then if not, whine not !



"Sailing ships cannot run to a timetable," writes a naval authority. They just get there schooner or later.



A beauty expert says that a walk in the monsoon rain is excellent for the complexion. But what of the old maxim: "Keep your powder dry?"

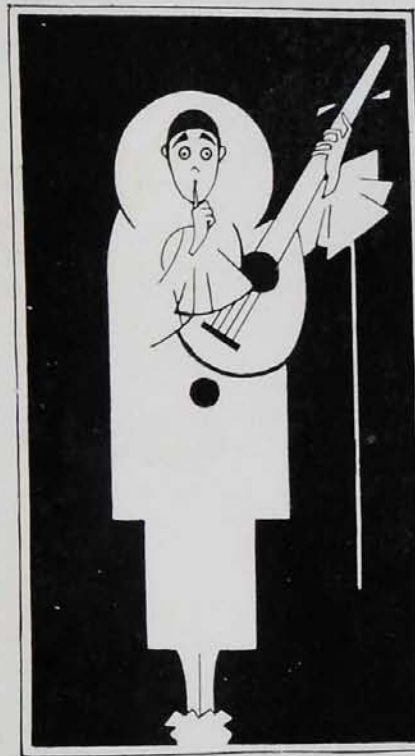


"It will take us some time to get used to the new red ten-shilling and green one-pound notes." But, whenever we get any, most of us won't take long to blue the lot.



A Busy Man

A surgeon, we read, plays for one of our leading football teams. We understand he operates on the left wing.



"Singing in the Rain."

If the present weather continues the football matches will be one long-drawn agony.



A sulky face makes the smartest hat look unfashionable. Some people so admire hearts of oak that they think they ought to have heads of the same material.

Losses in the Bombay stock-market slump, we are told, were largely confined to professional traders. There must be a lot of these who now have acquired an amateur standing.



We are interested in the fare which taxicabs charge only in so far as it bears on how fast they drive. Presumably, the less they charge the faster they will have to drive, in order to reap a full day's revenue. We would prefer to have cabs charge more, if necessary, and go slower. The average ride in a taxi costs about a rupee. It would be worth a rupee, so it seems to us, provided one could be driven through the streets at a normal, uncompetitive pace. There are, perhaps, certain people who prefer fast and brilliant driving, but we think most people don't. A solution might be for taxi-drivers to paint on the side of their car a legend: "I drive fast" or "I drive slow." The public could then take its choice. We will make a small bet with any taxi-driver in Calcutta that if he should hang out a sign, "I drive slow," he would get all the business he could handle.

Topical to the Tropical

India House

The opening of India House by His Majesty the King-Emperor last month provides a fitting home for those London activities of the Government of India which are not the business of the Secretary of State. Speaking with obvious feeling His Majesty made reference to his long and intimate association with the Indian Empire and his deep concern for the welfare of his subjects in this country. This was in the happiest vein and was a timely reminder of the genuine attachment that exists between the Royal House and the vast majority of India's peoples, our Congress friends notwithstanding.

The construction, equipping and occupation of India House has been no light job and much of the heat and burden of the day has fallen on Sir Atul Chatterjee, whose work was appropriately recognised by the conferment of a K.C.S.I. Sir Atul stood first in the I.C.S. competitive examination in 1896 and since the earliest days of his career has been an ornament of that very distinguished Service. His term of office as High Commissioner was extended

in order that he might see the Department installed in its new home and few will be found to gainsay the fact that Government were wise in their choice for this very important task.



Indigenous Horse Breeding

The sixth quarterly number of *Horse Breeding* has just come into our hands and it maintains the high standard of workmanship which has characterised the many activities of the National Horse Breeding and Show Society of India since its inception. Breeding, hunting, polo, racing and the forthcoming shows, are all dealt with in an interesting and informative manner and there is a comprehensive little sketch of the Indore Stud where much good work has been done during the two years of its existence.

His Highness The Maharaja is the possessor of one of the finest Arabs in India at the present day, Jan Timur, a beautiful rich dark bay standing about 15.1. He shows all the characteristics of his breed, is a lovely mover and is dog quiet.

He is now about 15 years old but he should certainly be given an opportunity of reproducing himself through some of the best mares at the Stud.



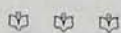
Sir Binode Mitter

The death of Sir Binode Mitter removes from legal and public life a truly remarkable figure. A life-long friend of the late Lord Sinha, he became a Member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council soon after the former's death, having previously been Advocate-General to the Government of Bengal and a Member of the Governor's Executive Council. He was a son of the late Sir Romesh Chunder Mitter and was thus steeped in the legal tradition from his earliest days. A staunch believer in the British connection, his politics were simple, direct and straightforward. As an exponent of "case" law he was unrivalled in his day at the Calcutta Bar and his elevation to the Judicial Committee in 1929 was a fitting conclusion to a career of more than ordinary eminence. His death removes one of the few



The Ooty Hunt is one of the chief attractions of that charming place and this photograph was taken at a recent meet at Primrose House, the resident of the Rajah of Kallikote.

survivors of a generation, alas! fast disappearing.



Hook and Mathews

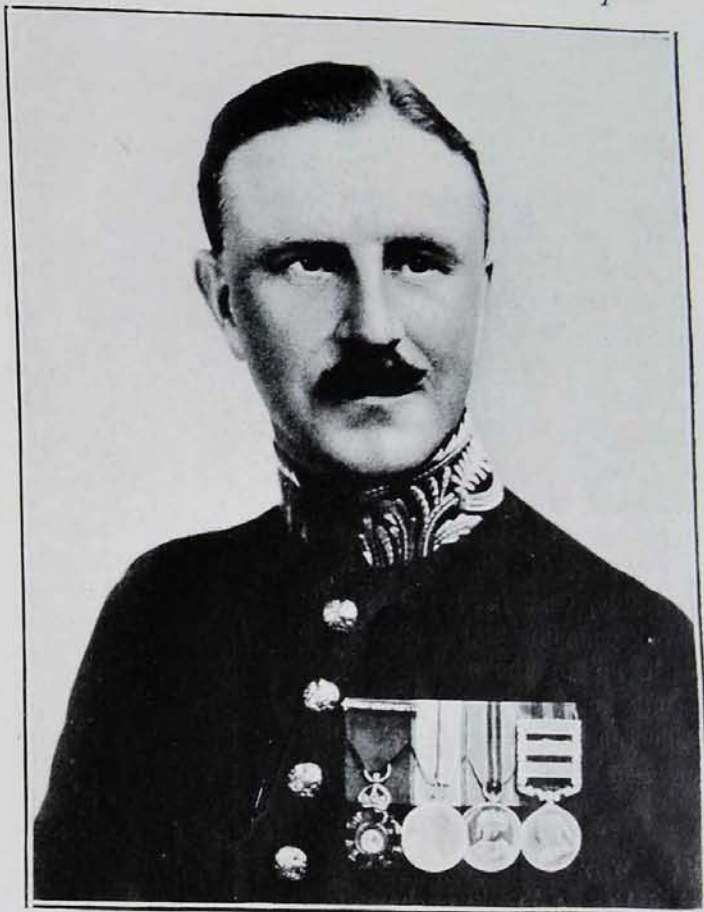
At the time of writing the full story of Messrs. Mathews and Hook's adventures in the Burmese jungle cannot be told. Mathews is still in hospital at Prome and so far has been able to give only an incomplete account of this grim tragedy. Unofficial reports state that Hook has been found and is being cared for in a remote village. No substantial importance can be attached to such rumours, but as hope is one of those rare qualities which are inexhaustible, there is still a chance, however remote, that he is alive. The sufferings of both men must have been terrible and when their tale comes to be told in full, it will surely constitute one of the most amazing stories in the history of aviation.



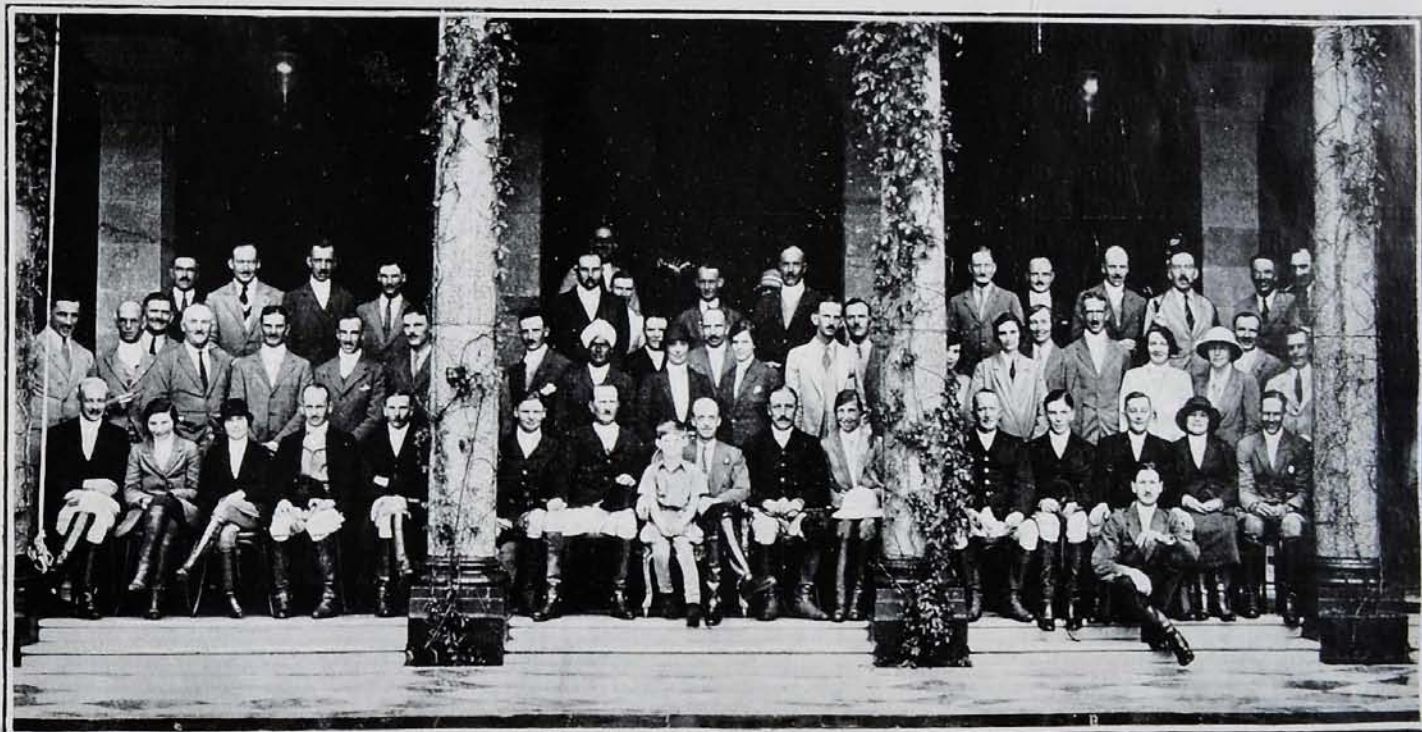
New Council Chambers

One of the problems which threaten to baffle our legislators in the near future is the question of

accommodation. It is not without a certain element of ironic humour, for it is only within the last year or so that most Provincial Legislative Councils have moved into the new and dignified homes provided for them as a concomitant to the fresh importance they acquired under the Montford Reforms. It is, for instance, either sheer bad luck or sheer bad management that the Assembly Chamber in New Delhi is



Retiring Chief Commissioner of Baluchistan The Hon. Lt.-Col. Sir Beauchamp St. John, K.C.S.I., C.B.E., Agent to the Governor and Chief Commissioner, Baluchistan, who is shortly retiring.



Another Hunt that is going strong despite the depression is the Poona and Kirkee Hounds in which H. E. Sir Frederick Sykes, like his predecessor Sir Leslie Wilson, takes a great interest. Lt.-Col. F. A. Hamilton is the Master and is seen on H. E.'s right hand.

Topical to the Tropical

quite unable to accommodate the number of Members of Assembly in the new constitution contemplated by the Simon Commission. Bengal's new Council House is nearly completed and is to be opened in November. There, we believe, provision has been made for possible extension, should the number of M.L.C.'s be increased. It will make a fine addition to the "city of palaces." The form of its exterior contour, whilst not so grand and imposing as the Victoria Memorial, is a good second to that beautiful monument. The interior is circular in shape, as is the Assembly Chamber; thirteen feet of oak panelling and blue grey tiles reach up to the galleries which include a Distinguished Visitors Gallery, a Ladies Gallery and a Box for His Excellency the Governor.



Brockway's Best

Mr. Fenner Brockway has always had a tendency to the serio-comic and his Gandhi cap incident in the House of Commons was in keeping with other solemn efforts, with which he has regaled the British public from time to time. Lest you think we are embarking on a political dissertation, let us assure you that nothing is further from our mind. We are merely commenting on a matter of public interest and amusement and that is our reply to those who have taken umbrage at remarks which have previously appeared in these columns. Mr. Brockway has always taken a deep interest in the country of his birth (he first saw the light of day in Calcutta some forty-two years ago) and to round off a really good week, he managed to get himself suspended along with the impetuous Mr. Beckett, who seeing that he but recently married the actress, Kyrle Bellew, should have known better.



Ross Institute for Assam

The good work of the Ross

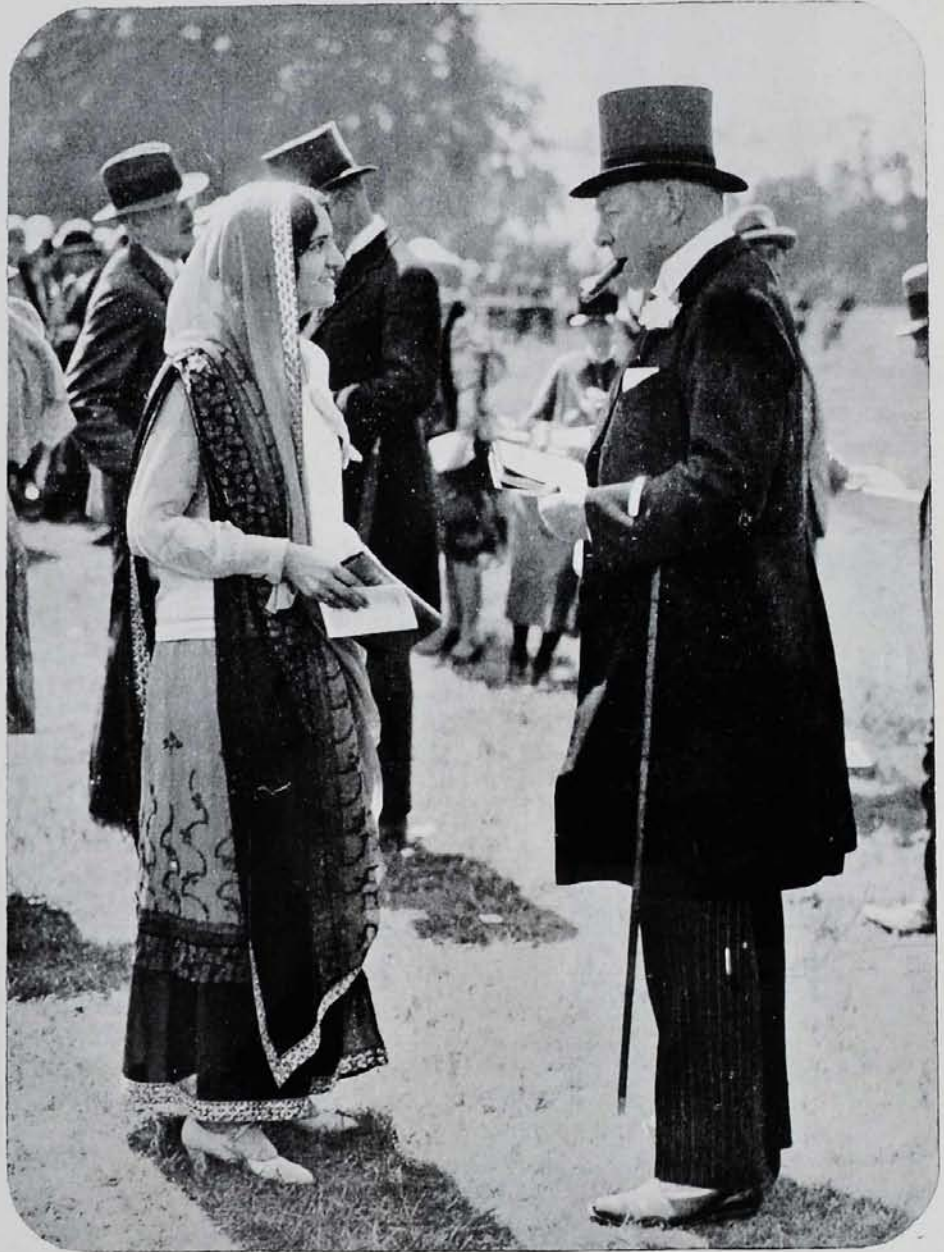
Institute is to be still further developed and a branch will open in Assam this month. This is the direct result of Sir Malcolm Watson's visit to India last cold weather, when he was asked why the Institute could not be of some practical value to the tea industry by having reliable malarialogists stationed in the field, to whom planters could go at all times of the year for information and help in order to improve health on their estates. Dr. Ramsay, who is well known in Cachar, is to take charge

and his headquarters will be in the Jorhat district and his opposite number will be located in Eastern Assam. We might mention that the Ross Institute is entirely independent, without permanent grants and with no endowment fund. It must, therefore, look continually to tea, rubber and mining concerns for the sinews of war. *Verb Sap.*



"Duleep" and others

There is not a sportsman in India who will not rejoice at "Duleep's"



Ascot, which was notable for new fashions and a storm of tropical intensity, attracted a large number of Indian visitors. On the left Miss Bapsy Pavry is seen talking to Lord Lonsdale. In the centre the Viceroy's daughter, the

extraordinary cricket successes this season. Whatever doubts may have been voiced as to his fitness for Test cricket, have been dispelled in the most effective and practical manner. "Duleep," like his famous uncle before him, has definitely come to stay and it is to be hoped that his health will permit him for many years to come to stimulate the game with his dashing tactics. His is the outstanding Indian sports achievement of the year. Meanwhile Miss Sandison has disappointed herself and her many friends by another failure at Wimbledon. What is

it that forsakes the All-India Champion as soon as she puts a foot on to a court at Wimbledon? In the ordinary way she can hold her own and sometimes beat England's best. The rest of the Indian contingent went down early on too, but that is another story and it forms the subject of an interesting article from the pen of Sir Gordon Lowe, which will be found on another page of this issue.



An Indian Hockey Tour

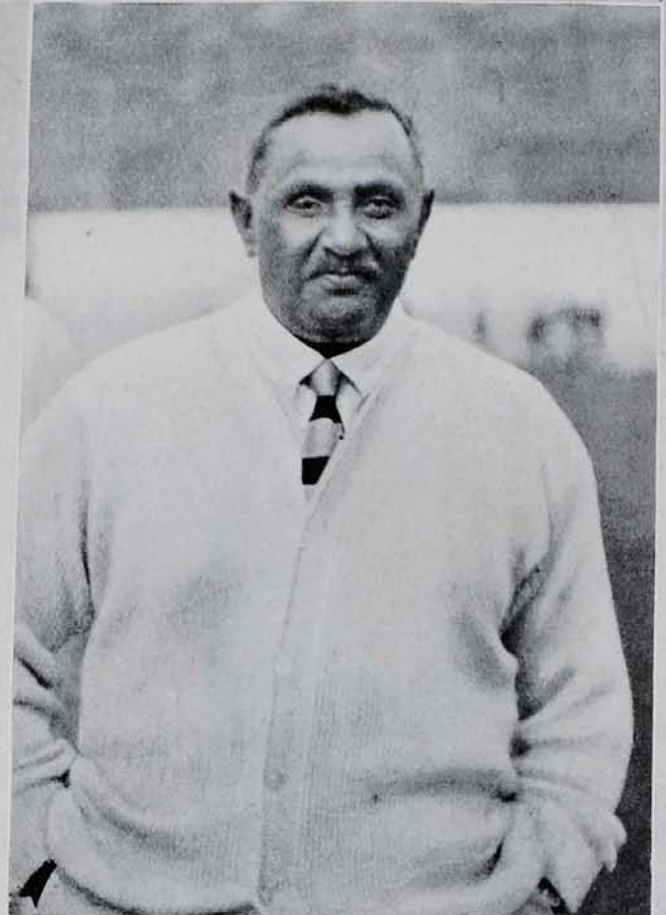
A welcome offset to the can-

Topical to the Tropical

cellation of the M.C.C. tour of India this cold weather is the announcement that an Indian hockey team is to visit Great Britain during the 1932 season. This is a step in the right direction and should have a beneficial influence on the game in both countries. The Olympic team which toured Europe two or three years ago, carried all before them and definitely did a great deal to consolidate the position of India in this branch of sport. The lightning pace and dexterous stick work of the Indian players came as a revelation to hockey



Hon'ble Anne Wood, and Sir Michael Assheton-Duff-Smith do a bit of racing in the rain. Sir Dhunjibhoy and Lady Bomanji are popular and familiar figures on any racecourse in England, and at Ascot have the much coveted entree to the Royal Enclosure.



Two great cricketers, uncle and nephew—the Jam Sahib of Nawanager and his nephew Kumar Duleepsinghi. “Duleep,” as he is known to the English cricketing public, is one of the finest bats in cricket to-day and his Test debut consisted of a brilliant innings which set Messrs. Grimmett & Co. at naught. “Ranji” retains a lively interest in the game (it is thirty-four years since he played in his first Test) and is President of the Sussex County Cricket Club.

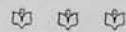
enthusiasts at Home and the projected new tour is the natural outcome thereof. From Home comes the news that negotiations for a visit of English tennis players this cold weather are proceeding satisfactorily. As previously indicated, the Calcutta South Club are the prime movers in this matter and they deserve our very real thanks.



Lord Goschen's New Post

Lord Goschen, who left Madras last cold weather after the usual term of office as Governor and as “acting” Viceroy, has not been long before being again roped in for public service. He has been

appointed Chairman of the Joint Committee to negotiate with Soviet representatives on claims and counter claims. This is a task for which Lord Goschen is admirably suited, for all who knew him in Madras agreed that he is well qualified for work which calls for the exercise of tact and patience.



To Lead European Delegation

It is more or less an open secret that the non-official delegation to the Round Table Conference is to be led by Sir Hubert Carr, formerly Managing Director of Balmer Lawrie and Co., and President of the European Association from 1922

to 1925. Sir Hubert commenced his career in India as a planter and rose to the head of one of the largest firms in that centre of very large firms, Clive Street. On his present tour of the country he has already visited Bombay, Simla and Calcutta and after a visit to Madras early this month will return to England.



A Boon to the Mofussil

The advent of the talkies has placed an entirely new aspect on the business of entertainment in India. To a country situated as we are, they have come as a veritable boon. We have had the pleasure of seeing



In these troublous times the lot of a Governor in India is not a happy one. H. E. Sir Frederick Sykes is at the head of the sorely tried administration of Bombay which has been the storm centre of the present agitation. Lady Sykes is a daughter of the late Mr. Bonar Law.

during recent weeks, the "Desert Song," the "Hollywood Review," and "On with the Show!" all of them talkie productions of the musical comedy variety. The personal touch is, of course, missing, but all these shows were a revelation of what a combination of photography and sound reproduction can achieve. The talkie is, we believe, confined to the principal cities of India, but it obviously will not be long before the exiles in the mofussil insist upon it being brought within their reach. The development of the talkie has been an expensive business, and it is only likely that those who have sunk

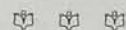
their money in it, should expect a fairly quick and substantial return. So for the moment only the wealthier renters can afford to take the Talkies up on a large scale. There is also special wiring and apparatus required and this is not as yet generally available in the mofussil.



Tommy Atkins' Health

"Tommy Atkins," is, on the whole, a very healthy fellow, and the report of the Public Health Commissioner with the Government of India shows that there has been

a marked improvement in the health of British Troops in India. The latest official report available which deals with the year 1928, shows that the largest number of deaths, 22, was due to the effects of heat. Malaria accounts for only 6 deaths and it is believed that this is due very largely to the introduction of mosquito-proofing in barracks. Stringent anti-mosquito measures are now carried out in every malarious station. Amongst the Indian troops, the total admission to hospitals increased in 1928. Yet all the more serious diseases showed a lower incidence with the exception of the enteric group of fevers. The admission of Indian soldiers for all forms of malaria total just over 11,000 cases, of which only 14 resulted in death, whilst 22 were invalided from their units. This is in marked contrast to the old and old days, when disease counted for quite as many officers and men as the sword.



A Church Crisis

One of the questions which is being debated by the Conference of Bishops at Lambourth Palace, to which a strong Indian contingent headed by the Metropolitan has gone, is the experiment in Church Union which is being tried in Southern India. A very warm controversy has raged round this subject at Home and the South Indian movement has been severely criticised by the Anglo-Catholic party in the Church of England. It is one of the anomalies of our life in India that we should know considerably less of this epoch-making step than do the people at Home, though it is going on in our very midst. Among a number of coloured Bishops now at Lambourth is the Bishop of Dornakal who is the mainspring of this re-union movement in the Madras Presidency.



The two Peace-makers

The lot of the peace-maker is con-



Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Neville, who were recently married at Christ Church, Mussoorie. Mr. Neville is in the Leicestershire Regiment.



A daughter of the Maharaja of Burdwan in her curio shop in Bond Street. The Maharaja has two daughters who are popular figures in London Society.

siderably more difficult than that of the king-maker. That being so, no one will envy the self-imposed task on which Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Mr. Jayakar have embarked. All, however, will wish them luck, for no man, whatever his political opinion, can desire a continuance of the present unhappy state of affairs which hangs like a pall over India. Both Sir Tej and Mr. Jayakar are lawyers, and as such are gifted with infinite patience. Sir Tej is a luminary of the United Provinces High Court and we believe we are correct in saying is leading the defence for the Maharaja of Patiala in the enquiry which is now in progress. Mr. Jayakar is a distinguished member of the Bombay Bar, and from being an out-and-out non-

co-operator has mellowed into a less uncompromising Nationalist. He is an able speaker and was the Leader of the Opposition in the last session of the Assembly. His present negotiations with Mr. Gandhi are being carried on at a time when he has suffered a great personal bereavement and he has the sympathy of all with whom he has come into contact.



Pundit Motilal Nehru

On another page we publish a cartoon of Pundit Motilal Nehru. Pundit Motilal succeeded the late Mr. C. R. Das as leader of the Swarajist party. In the last Assem-

bly there was probably no more popular figure, for his robust nationalism is couched in the most genial personality. The Pundit has lived a life of exceptional interest. For many years he was the outstanding figure at the Allahabad Bar and indeed conducted most of the legal business of the Government he now so bitterly opposes. Possessed of a fine presence, clean-cut features, he was the Beau Brummel of that place, and it is said, so great was his contempt for his humble countryman, the dhobie, that his washing was done in Paris and week by week despatched to him in India. This is as it may be. Pundit Motilal Nehru is probably destined to play a very important part in the future of India.

In these notes last week we made mention of the new way Home—*via* Iraq and Central Europe. We notice that a traveller who had re-

cently made the journey has been describing his experiences in a Karachi newspaper. They do not make bad reading. He arrived at Bagdad safely, after the adventurous journey by rail between Basrah and Bagdad—a most hectic experience, the train travels at the rate of roughly ten miles an hour, almost back to the "Rocket."



The Earthquake

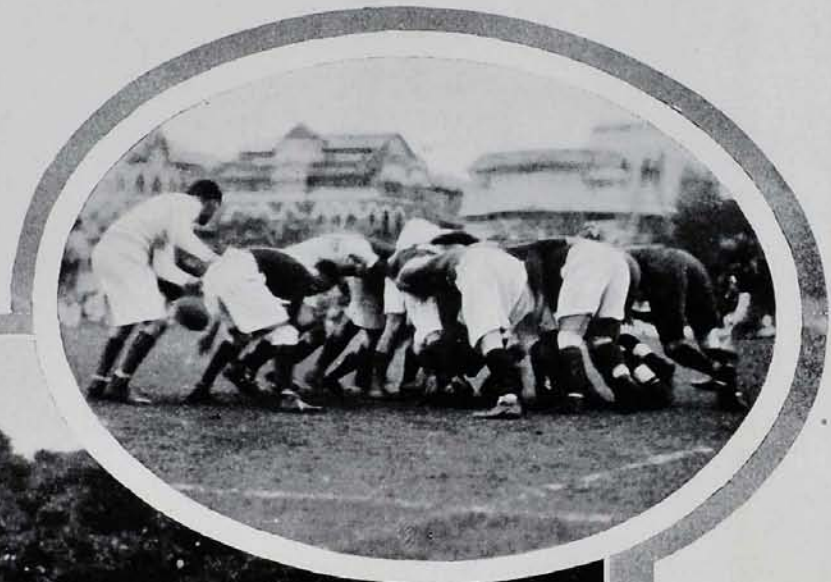
The earthquake which occurred early last month with fairly general severity throughout Bengal provided an unpleasant reminder that we live

and have our being in a zone which is definitely volcanic. Fortunately the damage was limited and no lives were lost, but for those like ourselves who inhabit a third storey flat in the residential quarter of Calcutta the experience was not a little alarming. For a couple of hours after the first severe tremor Chowringhee and the Maidan were thronged with people, in various states of undress, who preferred the open space until it was certain that there would be no return of the tremors. Which reminds us of a story. In the earthquake of 1897 Calcutta residents similarly fled from their houses. In those days the Chief Justice was an unbending

(Continued on page 26.)

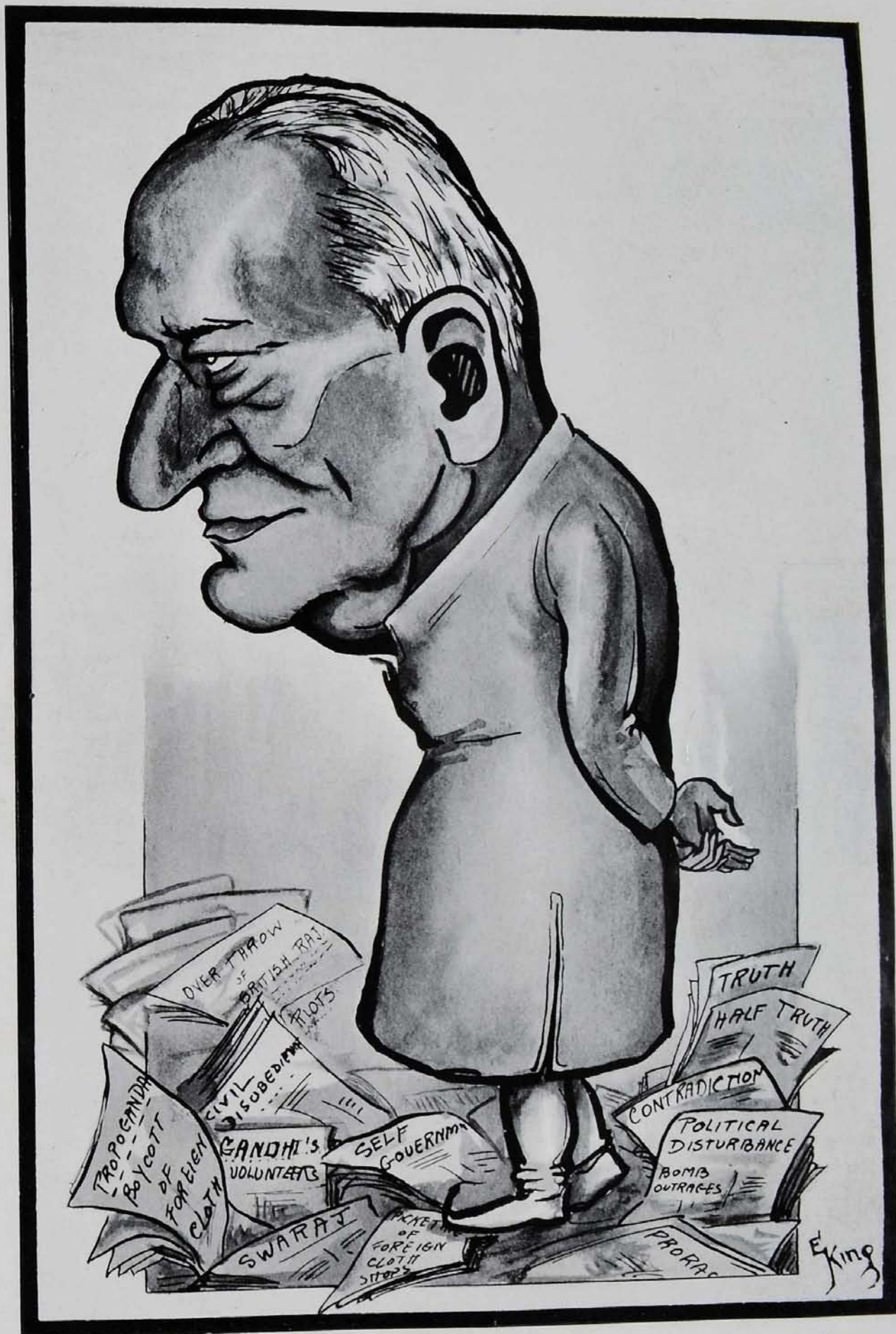


Indian champions in the opening ceremony of the 9th Far Eastern Olympic, Tokio.



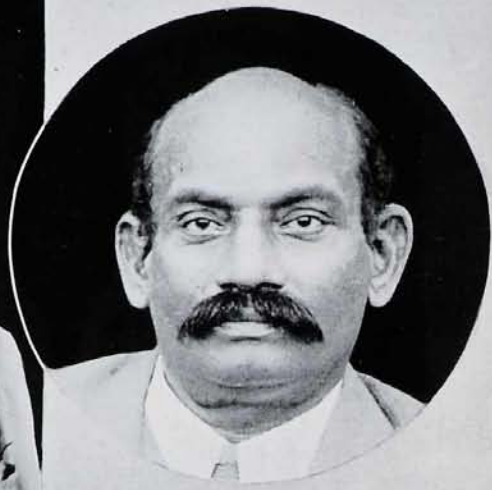
Despite wars and rumours of wars in Bombay, Ruggers goes on as usual. "Scotland" took the measure of "England" in a recent game on the Oval, which was watched by a large and interested crowd.

"IN DURANCE VILE"



The patrician, silver-haired Pundit Motilal Nehru is a close friend of Mr. Gandhi and is personally one of the most popular figures in the Assembly.

INDIA'S DELEGATION TO GENEVA

*The Maharajah of Bikaner**Sir Fazli Hussein.**Sir A. B. Patro.**Sir Cowasji Jehangir, Junr., and Mr. Bajpai, who is Secretary.*

(Continued from page 24.)
and pompous individual. But like the rest of his contemporaries he had to flee from his residence. Walking up Loudon Street in his night suit he encountered an obscure young attorney of the High Court in similar attire. The latter expressed his surprise and regret at meeting the Chief Justice in such circumstances. The great man,

whose pomposity nothing could reduce, replied "Yes, Mr. Blank, earthquakes are *great levellers*."

**Indian Lady Bankers**

To most of us it will come as no surprise to learn that the feminine movement is keeping steady pace with the times, in this country. A leading bank in Calcutta is employing young educated Indian ladies to

work in the various departments. The idea is a good one and ladies in charge of the savings bank departments, might well induce their kind to learn thrift and the benefits thereof. It is interesting to note that banking as a career was thrown open to English ladies only in the days of the Great War, when there was a scarcity of men to do the work.

From West of Suez

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

LONDON, July, 1930.

Autumn Tints!

IT is not autumn, of course, or anything like it, but personally by the time Ascot and Wimbledon are over and someone has won the Polo championship and I have had a wing of cold chicken with some cold ham with bits of aspic as garnishing, a glass or perhaps several of the *Veuve frappee*—at someone else's expense for choice—at one of those most attractive meetings Behind the Ditch, I begin to feel that autumn, cub-hunting and Cowes all spell the same thing: the other slope of the year's hill. One hates to be thought gluttonous but quite privately and relying upon its not going any further I regard "the Twelfth" and the 1st September as the two dates upon which really good eats commence. One struggles through from May to August without an oyster and tries to make up for no really good "feather" with Spey or Tay fish, a trout or two, the slender hen and the ox, the sheep and the deer; but no one with any real taste in food possibly could compare these things with what he can, and I hope does and will, get from 12th August onward. What vista can be more alluring than grouse, oysters, partridges and pheasants and, but I forget a bird called a "caper" (*cailzie* understood), a thing which, writing as I am to a land where certainly 90 per cent. of the civilian population comes from North of the Tweed and about 45 of it from North of the Grampians, will awaken a memory which may be almost painful. I have eaten a "caper" on his native heath and also being fond of Haggis

and a faithful eater of "parritch" in winter, and further a fairly proficient Scottish scholar, I claim to be an almost completely diluted Sassenach. I have got to go and see three Scottish packs killing a cub or two quite soon, early October to be precise, and my great fondness for "guid fu'd" makes my mouth water already at the prospect; for they may talk as they will of their French, their German, their Austrian (*Weiner-Schnitzel* not barred), their Spanish, their Greek, their Algerian, their Indian cooking, I will back the food you'll eat in Bonnie Scotland from August onwards to beat the lot—and I who speak a poor benighted Sassenach, and therefore as I think an unprejudiced witness of the truth. Any other Sassenach, who does not understand Scottish food, may not trouble to reply adversely to this because he will not matter and I strike out as boldly as this because I feel I have a very full house behind me. Scotland—I speak of the Buccleuch country in this instance—is the only place in which I feel really hungry for a pre-hunting breakfast. This meal I can cope with very nicely, all but acquiring the habit some of them have there of topping off with "parritch." I am usually so full by the time I have had some fin'on haddie, two eggs and some fried ham: one kidney on toast, two cups of coffee large, white, avec creamy milk, an assorted collection of things called cakes but which are not all sweet, and some marmalade that I haven't a lot of room—and yet the local experts say that you must have porridge last and

on top of all this, because, if you have it first, you won't be able to eat all you should before going to the fox-hunt. I have never been over-fond of doing in Rome as the Romans do, bar olives with some really mellow Chianti and an *osso bucco* (rather good with parmesan cheese and muck like that as a garnishing): but in Scotland I never try to do as the Scots don't. They are, I assert again, braw good judges and speaking as a man who can take his Haggis and drink his *quaich* as a man, I take my "bunnet" off to them and looks towards them—six to eight weeks hence.



Kilts!

And as we are talking about the Land of Good Food, I have it upon the best authority that the Rag-Bag Skirt which was so severely dealt with by an indignant Jupiter at Ascot has now vanished definitely in favour of the kilt. It is true that everyone has not got a knee that suits this kind of thing and that few know how to sit down properly in Scotland's national garb, but if you had been at Ascot the Hunt Cup day as I was, and seen that which I saw, you would not wonder at the definite decision to banish some of the ugliest and dowdiest efforts in female clothes that it has ever been my bad luck to see. In face of what the dress-makers compelled their unfortunate victims to wear, how dare they ever talk again about Early-Victorian freaks or even the times when ladies wore leg of mutton sleeves and the back seat of a dog-cart after-part adornment.

Even before that tempest swirled down upon us and converted these creations into a turgid morass of organdie and chiffon clinging round the legs of the unfortunate wearers like the tentacles of an octopus, most of the women looked as if they had been either dragged through a hedge backwards or had had an unlady-like interview with an ungentlemanly gentleman in a taxi. We who are old enough can remember the wreckage which was caused at a dance in the days when it took about five furlongs of stuff to make a ball-dress. Well Ascot was far worse than that ever was and not half as amusing. That is the catch about Goodwood which will be on shortly after this letter is published and at about the time when Calcutta is in the thick of those Monsoon races or Duck hunts at which some of us used to have some fun, for at Goodwood you need not go in silly clothes like grey topper's and white spats, and very dressy sponge-bags.



A Glance at the Future

Other facts which emerged from Ascot in the racing way are that Rustom Pasha is an arrant rogue. I never saw one turn it up worse than he did in the St. James' Palace Stakes (1 mile) which that quite ordinary colt of Giles Loder's Christopher Robin was allowed to win. Iliad, who was third and who ran second to Blenheim in the Derby, is also now under great suspicion and I do not think I should like to trust him in the Leger and I certainly will

not trust Rustom unless he mends his ways. He is such a nice racing-looking colt that it is a real calamity that he should have gone this way. On the other hand, Iliad may have been feeling that he was pulled out too soon after Epsom where he had been



The new statue of the Prince of Wales at Poona is a remarkably fine piece of sculpture.

ridden out to the last ounce. Parenthesis (Lord Woolavington's) who won the 1 mile 5 furlongs Prince of Wales' Stakes may be worth thinking about for the Leger, but the form behind him at Ascot was no great shakes and we shall want something more than this before we risk any of the pennies

which Mr. Winston Churchill's sparring partner, Mr. Frostyface, may leave us. But there are not many indications of stayers about so we cannot afford to disregard even a faint one. Parenthesis is bred to stay all right by Son-in-Law out of Bracket (by Cantilever). Diolite did not enrich his reputation when he ran over 5 furlongs—not his trip of course, but he seemed so strikingly lacking in that dash he showed in the Guineas. One we have got to have batting on our side in the Cambridgeshire, if he runs, is Lion-Hearted. He must have won the Hunt Cup if Harry Wragg had not come all across the course with him. He was drawn No. 19 and finished No. 1. You cannot do that sort of thing in a race like this in which the tap is turned on full all the way. Lion-Hearted would have won even then in another few yards. He is owned by Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen and trained by an old Calcutta friend of many of us, Oswald Marmaduke Dalby Bell who, you will remember, trained Felstead for Sir Hugo when he won the Derby of 1928. Oswald Marmaduke has been very ill and had a bad operation not so long ago, but he assured me he was all right again

and feeling better than ever. Anyway he looked well. Bosworth's win in the Gold Cup beating a never was good one in Hotweed, was most popular as everyone who knows him likes Lord Derby. It was his first Cup and I hope it will be followed by the Cesarewitch. Bosworth is about as fine-looking a



"Boo! You pretty creature."

horse as there is in training at the moment and has greatly improved in looks since I saw him as a three-year-old last season. I always liked him better than Fairway who was to have represented Lord Derby in the Cup if he had not broken down. If Fairway had run and the race had been run at the false pace it was, he might have won it and thus gained still further undeserved laurels.



The Polo Game—and America

The Americans have picked our team for the International for us—long ago—but we have not managed to pick it for ourselves so far and have been wasting such a lot of valuable time trying all sorts and conditions of people who are quite unsuitable. The team America picked for us, was (and is) this: Captain R. George (1), Mr. Gerald Balding (2), Captain C. T. I. Roark (3) and Mr. Aiden Roark (back). Instead of taking this very good advice, collecting these people and putting them on the International ponies at once, we have been muddling about trying people like Major G. H. Phipps-Hornby (never really International class) and Mr. L. L. Lacey No. 1, and Mr. H. P. Guinness back and Captain Tremayne No. 3. Mr. Lacey has never been a No. 1 and his pet place is back. He is a fine performer, but I am sure, too light for the kind of team we have got to meet at Meadowbrook on 6th September, as ever is, and he is also far too fond of flying off the handle and going away on an attack by himself. This is all right sometimes when your No. 3 is all that he should be, and Dev. Milburn was very fond of it, but he never stayed up in the game as Mr. Lacey is so fond of doing. He was doing this all the time in those 1924 matches in America and when he went to America again in 1928 as the Argentine back, he was also out of his place quite often and what is more important for us to consider at the moment, found the

“huskies” of that American team a sight too rough for him. If we play Lacey anywhere in our team—and some people think we ought not to play him at all because he has so identified himself with the Argentine, playing, as I have recorded, as one of their Nationals in 1928—he will find the same kind of “husky” against him as he did in 1928 and perhaps an even tougher lot, for this is almost certain to be the Yank team: Elmer J. Boeseke (1), Winston Guest (2), Tommy Hitchcock (3) and E. A. S. Hopping (back). The only change from the team that played the Argentine is Elmer Boeseke, for in 1928, America played Averill Harriman. Those chaps who have played against Elmer J. Boeseke in California and elsewhere tell me that he is just about as tough as they are made: he has a real tough behind him in Winston Guest and I suppose most people know how tough Tommy Hitchcock is and how tough young Hopping has been taught to be. All these fellows are a lot above Lacey's weight, but they are not so much above George, Balding, Roark and A. Roark. It is going to be a rough game, believe me, and we want all the toughs we can collect on our side. I think our side as America picks it for us, is the right one, but if we mess about playing Lacey or Guinness or Phipps-Hornby, we are going to get it where the bottle gets the cork, yet once more. We have had none of the luck where the weather is concerned and weeks in May were wiped out by wet weather and tempests in June have knocked divers spots out of our June timetable, so that we are very short of proper battle practice: yet we go on losing time, putting the wrong people on to the ponies and in some cases spoiling them for the right men. Neither Phipps-Hornby nor Guinness had the hands to play these ponies and yet they were allowed to be on them for quite a time. I believe that we have a chance this

year if we go ahead on the right lines and, go quick, but we shall deserve to lose if we do not sort things out at once and get down to work on business lines. One thing, however, can be said about this year's International Polo, that everyone has been quite the little gentleman to everyone else, even the discards being quite good tempered. It is almost possible to imagine the discarded No. 1 taking the elected No. 1 for a jolly day in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's with tea, bread and butter and fresh water-cress to follow. It was not always thus and I can remember one year when it seemed as if an emergency squad of strong men was necessary in the short drink and oyster bar at Bucks whenever any two International polo players either *in esse* or *in posse* came in. This year they all seem to be chirruping like dear little birds in the one nest. I say *seem*. It is only because the prize grouser and crabber who incidentally was one of the first they turfed out, has been told to hold his tongue or be put in that place in which all his tribe should be bestowed.



Current News

To wind off with a little current news of the kind that will not date, you will be interested to hear that a fund has been opened to buy Max Schmeling, the new World Heavy Weight Champ, a dozen outside cambric handkerchiefs, and the ex-champ Cuckooski (Sharkey) a dozen strong cotton ones. They are both so fond of weeping, that is why. Another item may not interest you so much, though it does us—tremendously—the East Anglia strawberry trains, 200 per day, bringing 5,000 tons of this necessary adjunct for the Eton and Harrow match, have been running regularly and most punctually. Strawberries have fallen in price from 1s. 6d. each to 1s. 6d. a lb. C.O.D. F.O.B.

THE VULP.

ON THE ART OF SHAKING A WICKED SPAT

By "Mr. GRABBITT, Senr."

Illustrated by "HENRI"

IT is surprising to note that there are still quite a number of able-bodied men in India, who have not, as yet, seriously taken up dancing as a hobby. Possibly this is due to a natural diffidence to performing in public, for it is certainly true that the act of dancing is apt to excite vigorous criticism from the onlookers. From the earliest days in history it has been customary to express opinion of terpsichorean performance in the most candid manner. It is, for instance, recorded, that on one occasion King Nebhucadnezzar was watching some of his dancing-girls throwing a State Hoochy-Koochy, when they had partaken somewhat too freely of the Juice of the Pomegranite. Turning to his High Priest, old Nebby remarked, "Say, Bish, some of those girls can can-can, and some of 'em can't can-can, but they none of 'em can can-can when they're canned, can they?" Later in history we hear of King Henry the Eighth watching his wives performing in an Eightsome Reel. Turning to Cardinal Wolsey (the inventor of tickley underwear), Bluff King Hal observed: "Chilprufe, my lad, when it comes to elevating a natty limb, the rest of the troupe have sure got nothing over Anne Boleyn;" to which the red-hatted old prelate sagely replied, "Too true, Oh King, but she loses her head very easily"—which as a matter of fact the unfortunate little lady very shortly afterwards did—completely. So from these historical facts there is every justification to desire to avoid criticism when appearing upon the public dance floor.

It is, in fact, by no means sufficient to float up to a flapper, hand her your flipper, and merely flop. If non-violence is to be observed in our dance halls, a severe course of discipline and training is necessary. Nothing is more apt to let loose the uncontrolled forces of hate and passion, than to receive a neat kick on the back of the ankle, just above the shoe, from somebody who does not understand this dancing business, no matter how soulful his motives may be.

In Calcutta this cult of non-violent

dancing should not be difficult to acquire, for there are quite a number of academies and schools entirely devoted to instruction in dancing and correct ballroom deportment. It has been suggested, in fact, that the number of such academies is actually greater than that of all the universities, colleges, and schools, devoted to higher education generally. It has been roughly computed, that if all the instructors and instructresses of dancing were placed end to end, they would reach from the Bengal Club to the Bristol Grill, but owing to the congestion of traffic, it is not, of course, possible to put this theory to the acid test of practice. It is very advisable to undergo a full course of study at one of these academies, and during the period of training the utmost concentration should be observed, for it is only too obvious, from the expression upon the face of a star dancing-fan in action, that the 100 per cent. ace at Firpo's has not reached that position without enduring considerable pain and tribulation.

Possibly another deterrent to the would-be dancer is the difficulty of obtaining a partner. It is difficult to give advice upon this subject, but it is occasionally possible to pick up quite a good secondhand partner in the New Market. They are mostly re-paints and probably a bit chipped, but quite good enough to stand the knocking about which they will receive from the inexperienced novice at the tee-shot, that is to say Tea Dance.

Yet another method is to insert an advertisement in the personal column of the local paper. Some-



The ace of Firpo's



King Nebhucadnezzar and his High Priest.



And watch the question of lubrication.....

thing like this should be effective :—

Gent, failed Club Member, would like to meet slim young party opposite sex with view to escorting her to Tea Dances. Blue eyes and golden hair desirable, but not essential. Expenses 50/50.

Occasionally, indeed, ladies advertise for partners, either in the personal column, or under the heading of "flats wanted." Such advertisements should, however, be approached with all caution, as they are frequently inserted by chota-sahibs desirous of catching their burra-sahibs bending. In the case

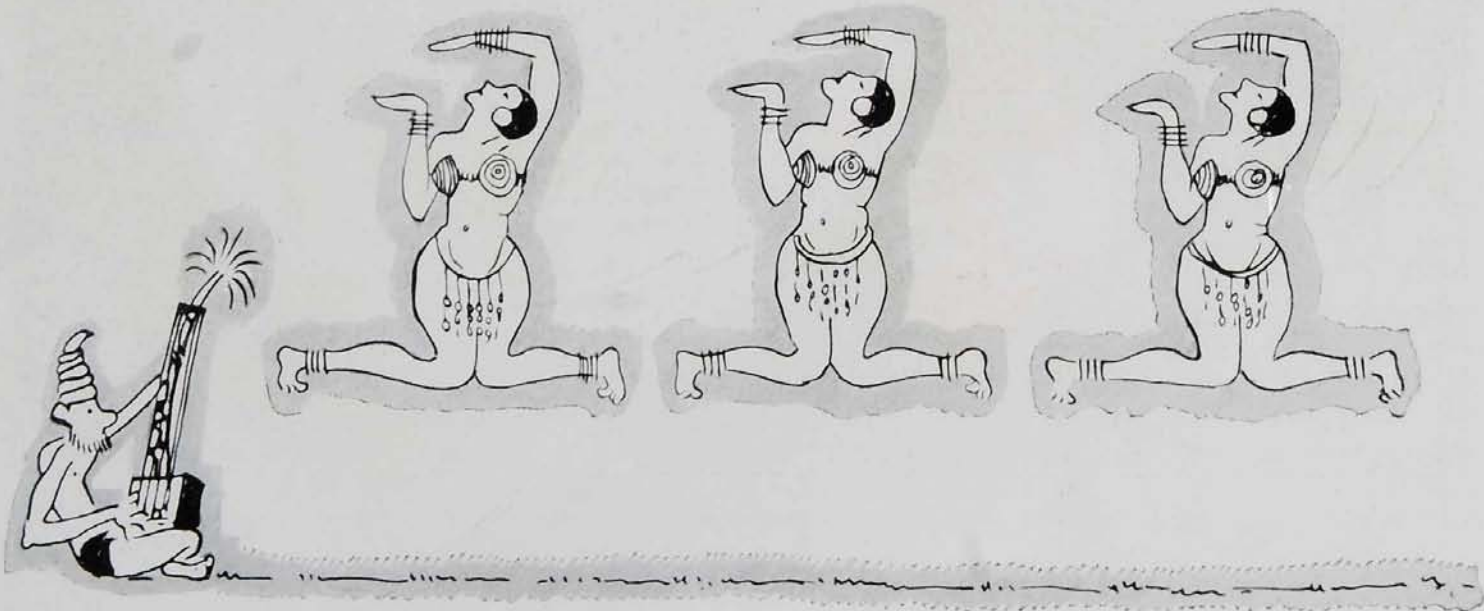
of one advertisement which recently appeared :—

"Young lady would like to teach Highland fling to elderly gent," enquiring applicants merely received a circular extolling the merits of a patent medicine health rejuvenator.

Having secured a partner, it is advisable to treat her very gently for the first five hundred miles until she is run in. Don't go all-out to see what she can do the moment you take delivery, and above all watch the question of lubrication very carefully until you thoroughly understand her consumption. No-

thing is more conducive to skidding on corners, and popping in the carburettor, than excessive over-oiling during a long evening.

It is hoped that these few useful hints will induce those bashful males who have hitherto avoided the dance floor, to now make a determined effort to join the heated throng, and finally, to those who have refrained from dancing upon moral grounds, we would quote the old motto which the Norman Knights wore emblazoned upon their sock-suspenders—"Honi Soit qui Palais Danse."



The Nebhucadnezzar follies !

RAMPUR'S NEW RULER



Col. Nawab Syed Raza Ali Khan Bahadur succeeds to the State of Rampur on the death of His Highness Nawab Sir Sayed Mohammed Hamid Ali Khan Bahadur Muslaid Jung, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O. The Rampur State is 892 square miles in extent and has a population of 453,607 people. The new Nawab is a member of the Marlborough Club, and receives a salute of 15 guns. The income of the State is over 50 lakhs of rupees.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE 1930 WIMBLEDON

U. S. Players Pre-eminent at Lawn Tennis

By Sir F. GORDON LOWE, Bart.

UNLIKE last year, the first week at Wimbledon did not produce any major surprises, most of the matches going as expected. Quite interesting was the fact that several new-comers to the championships from England and America were to be seen and it would seem, to judge from the matches in which they have thus far engaged, that the youth of America is slightly—but only slightly better—than the youth of England. I cannot help thinking that the French players have gone back a little and there does not seem to be anybody among the younger players of France who can take the place of the big three—Borotra, Lacoste and Cochet. On the other hand, some of the young Americans, and particularly G. S. Mangin, are very promising and of the English players from whom we can expect great things, F. J. Perry stands out. He has a variety of shots and uses magnificent judgment. I think we shall hear a great deal more of young Perry.

The players representing India have met with moderate success so far.

Miss J. Sandison does not seem able to overcome her nervousness as is evidenced by the fact that though she had done uncommonly well in previous tournaments, she failed to do herself justice at Wimbledon. She got beaten by Miss M. Slaney, who is an international hockey player, in the first round, at 6-0, 2-6, 6-1. Miss Slaney is an honest driver but she has not the versatility of Miss Sandison, and anywhere but Wimbledon I should

have expected India's representative to have beaten her. Miss Sandison has some lovely strokes but her present form is in-and-out. She seemed to me to be a little careless but perhaps this was due to over-anxiety.



Miss Sandison and Mrs. Simon at Wimbledon.

Miss Jacobs made short work of her conqueror in the second round winning in straight sets.

In the doubles, Miss Sandison and Mrs. E. C. Simon, with whom she is familiar as a partner in India, got through the first round beating Miss G. K. Osborne and Mrs. B. C. Windle, though it took fourteen games before the second set could be decided.

I watched the whole of the match

between Madan Mohan, the India Davis Cup player, and Jack Crawford, the young Australian captain, which took place on the Centre Court on Wimbledon's opening day. Mohan put up quite a good show but Crawford always had the measure of his man. The Indian reminded me a little of Rene Lacoste in his general style and movement about the court but I thought he was rather inclined to press some of his ground strokes and he was rather in too much of a hurry to play everything. What he really needs is experience.

He did well to take the second set during which he won some very fine rallies with good length drives to the baseline.

I saw A. A. Fyzee playing W. T. Tilden but Fyzee is getting into the veteran stage and it was not to be expected of him that he could overcome the redoubtable Tilden. The favourite for the title gave no quarter at all and gave us a delightful exhibition of the game.

A. H. Fyzee, who is really more versatile than his brother, fell in the first round rather tragically to Jimmy Nuthall, brother of Betty. Nuthall was the Junior Champion last year and was making his first appearance at Wimbledon.

In the men's doubles, both India's pairs managed to survive the first round. J. Charanjiva and H. L. Soni, India's Davis Cup pair who combine very well when they get into their stride and have the advantage of long reach, won smartly from the young English

pair, E. R. Avory and C. S. Higgins after losing the first two sets. Their recovery was a superb one for they were in grave danger of losing the match in the third set, but snatched it at 6-4, went on to win a love set and then took the decider at 6-3. They were able to stand up to the gruelling work better than their opponents.

In the match in which Mohan and H. C. Dhanda beat C. A. Magrane and D. O. Porter, another close fight was seen. It was an entertaining match and though the Indian pair were slow to get off the mark, they had the upper hand after losing the first set. Obviously, the Indian players have great powers of endurance and can fight well when in difficulties.

I have just seen one of the best matches which Wimbledon has provided for years. The principals were Bunny Austin and G. S. Mangin. It is true that it tailed off badly in that the American concluded with a love set, but those first two sets which went to Mangin at nine-seven and ten-eight respectively were really fine. Austin gave a good start to the English players by bringing off an excellent win against the Frenchman P. Landry and his compatriots followed suit to such good purpose that there were six home players in the last sixteen. Austin's match with Mangin was a masterpiece and he was rather unlucky to lose both of the first two sets for he was at set point in each of them.

The young American players—all six of them—have done very well and I think that they form the best national team of youngsters which we have seen for some years.

The lilies of France have been trampled beneath the heel of America for at Wimbledon, the United States players have not merely broken the spell which France has exercised for several years, but have achieved the greatest national triumph ever scored at Wimbledon.

Poor France whose representatives have won the Men's Championship for six years did not have one solitary player in any of the finals whereas the United States were represented in every one and in the two singles events and the Men's Doubles, had excluded all the other Nations before the ultimate rounds were reached.

Henri Cochet fought gamely till the last and Jean Borotra, left to fight a lone hand in the singles championship thrilled us with his desperate effort to break through the American ranks on his way to the final.

He beat G. M. Lott, one of the most promising of the young Americans and then faced the great W. T. Tilden—and what a match that was. Borotra went very near to triumph, so close in fact that there was a time when it seemed that his mighty effort would succeed but the Tilden cannon-balls played havoc with his chances and he went out after a very game fight.

Tilden has played superbly throughout the championships and though his great match with Borotra will long be remembered because of all that attached to it, yet I think that he gave the greatest display of his career when partnered by H. Timmer, the Dutch player against the young Americans B. Bell and G. S. Mangin. I was reminded of an old lion fighting against cubs. Here was the younger generation of America opposed to the man who, relatively, was an old-timer. Tilden played as though he were at bay and with Timmer out of form he literally smashed his way through the combined power of those ambitious young men. He poached daringly but successfully; he volleyed and thundered with untakeable shots and gave us an astounding display of his great prowess. Later he and Timmer were to fall before the French pair Brugnon and Cochet but that great hearted fight of his was an epic.

There are many things which I

shall treasure in my memory about this Wimbledon. There was the last standard of France against America when Cochet and Brugnon fell before Doeg and Lott in spite of Cochet's superb play. There was the other last fight in which Gregory and Collins, the British Davis Cup pair gave battle to the American holders of the title, Allison and van Ryn and very nearly won the second set after a great rally, when they had already secured the first.

Another episode which I shall remember was the very regrettable elimination of Fraulein Aussem, a greatly improved German player. She was engaged in the semi-final of the Ladies' Singles against Miss Ryan.

It was set-all and the decider was being very keenly fought. Fraulein Aussem slipped in trying to get to a drive from her opponent. She limped to the baseline to serve; the Umpire called "Are you alright" and her answer was to fall like a log in a dead faint. She lay there inert for some time and eventually had to be taken away on an ambulance.

Later it was stated that she had badly strained an ankle and doubtless the pain of it caused her to faint. But it was a tragic picture. Five thousand closely packed spectators were hushed in awe as poor Fraulein Aussem fell full length on that famous arena.

Another lady player who impressed me was Mdm. Mathieu of France and it was not until she came up against Mrs. Wills Moody that she succumbed.

I had a chat with Miss J. Sandison and she told me how disappointed she was when she went down to Miss M. Slaney.

She had beaten her twice previously and when I asked her how it had happened she said "Oh, it's Wimbledon, I suppose." Asked if she would come again next year, she seemed doubtful and said that it just depended on whether she would be

(Continued on page 88.)

ON THE USE OF PERFUMES

By MEA

*"Such fragrant flowers do give most odorous smell;
But her sweet odour did them all excel."*

EDMUND SPENSER.

SHAKESPEARE placed the attractions of odour on a level with that of sight. All men and women are odorous. The natural odours of the human body vary from strong musk-like exhalations in some women, to fainter violet-like odours in other women. Casanova remarks that he always found the odour of women he loved "sweet as an intimate balsamic and voluptuous emanation," and Herric declared that hands and bosom and thighs and legs are all richly perfumed.

Among Europeans, a musky odour is said to be characteristic of blonds. Persian and Arabic literature contain many references to musk as being an attractive body odour. Firdusi alludes to a woman's hair as a "Crown of musk." In one of the songs of the Ghilanis we read: "Your plaited hair smells like violets," and in a song of the Mazenderanis the man sings to his lady love "Your hair is like a fragrant bush," while Montannabi, the Arabian poet, pays the tribute to his mistress that her "hyacinthine hair smells sweeter than Scythian musk."

Plutarch stated that "the soul of a man in love is full of perfumes and sweet odours." In a love song of the Persian Turks the man sings to his sweetheart: "You smell like amber, dear." And in one of the songs of the Rudbar Highlanders of Persia the man says: "The scent of thy citrons has intoxicated me." And again "I am intoxicated with the fragrance thou exhaledst." The fragrant bosom of Andromachê, and of Aphrodîtê, finds a place in Homer's poetry, and a mediæval Latin song contains the following

line: "Thy bare bosom breathes of myrr." Rufinus informs us that from every limb of his darling, ambrosial fragrance breathes. Another lover says of his mistress:—
*Her neck ambrosial sweets ex-
hales;*

*Her kisses like Arabian gales,
The scent of musky flowers impart.*

Smelling the head is a mode of expressing intense affection and parental yearning still common in India, and it is a very ancient Oriental practice. It was perhaps the result of this practice more than chance that Isaac noticed the smell of Jacob's person. "And he came near, and kissed him; and smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him, and said, 'see, the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed.'"

This shows that different persons, even members of the same family, were perceived by the Hebrews to have their specific odours. And that perception of the odour possessed by one who is loved, yields pleasure, proof is given by another Asiatic race. Of a Mongol father, Timkowski writes: "He smelt from time to time the head of his youngest son, a mark of paternal tenderness usual among the Mongols, instead of embracing."

In the Philippine Islands the sense of smell is developed to so great a degree that they are able, by smelling at the pocket-handkerchiefs to tell to which person they belong; and lovers at parting exchange pieces of linen they may be wearing, and during their separation inhale the odour of the beloved being.

Jager's researches show that some people have the power of differentiating relatively insignifi-

cant odours of individuals as well as family odours, and even the peculiar scent attaching to the inhabitants of the same village. Travellers and anthropologists have thought characteristic national odours so marked that Negroes, Chinese, and even Irish, Germans and others can be distinguished by the aroma of their sleeping rooms, underwear, etc. It is recorded of some people, as of Alexander the Great, that their sweat emitted a sweet odour.

Indian literature is full of references to the attractions of the body odours. In the Rati-Ratna-Pradipika, a Sanskrit work of the 17th century, we read: "The best among mistresses is that class known as 'Padmini' by reason of her body being as soft and sweet-smelling as the lotus-bud."

Hagen is of opinion that perfumes were primitively used by women, not as is sometimes the case in civilisation, with the idea of disguising any possible natural odour, but with the object of heightening and fortifying the natural odour.

Thus, if primitive man was inclined to disparage a woman whose odour was slight or imperceptible—turning away from her with contempt, as the Polynesian turned away from the ladies of Sydney: "they have no smell," women would inevitably seek to supplement any natural defects in this respect, and to accentuate their odourous qualities.

The art of the perfumer has been known since time immemorial. The Book of Exodus—about 1490 B.C.—gives directions for making
(Continued on page 80.)

A Whole Page of Good Shots



First Taxi Man : "I met my wife in a funny way—ran over 'er with m' car, n' later I married 'er."

Second Yellow Peril : "If that happened very often there wouldn't be so much reckless drivin'."

Business Man : "Well, Miss Smith, how would you like to take a business trip with me next week?"

Miss Smith : "Say, I may be your typewriter, but I'm not your portable."



His Honour : "Get the prisoner's name, so we can tell his mother."

Rooky : "He says his mother already knows his name."



A prominent manufacturer of soap, shaving cream, perfume, etc., tells this one on himself :

"We once announced a contest for the best slogan advertising our product. Some chap submitted the following, 'If you don't use our soap, for heaven's sake use our perfume.'"



They had just returned from their honeymoon abroad. He had planned a pleasant surprise for her—had bought a cosy little cottage with a pretty little garden, a perfect paradise for a perfect bride. "My dear," he had whispered into her ear, "this is a little world for you and me."

The next week they were fighting for the championship of the world.



Doctor : "Getting pretty tired of laying on the flat of your back, aren't you? Let me see; it's been about six weeks now, hasn't it? Well, cheer up, I have good news for you."

Impatient (eagerly) : "What's that, Doctor?"

Doctor : "If you're still improving to-morrow, you can lie on your left side."



"I'm afraid I shall always be just a great, big boy."

Bill : "Didn't I see you wearing a bathing suit at the Fancy Dress Ball last night?"

Doris : "Gee, but you must have left awfully early."



There was a man of Bombay Who went without topee in May.

He succumbed and no wonder, The sun isn't "Tunda."

But now he is hotter they say.

Jew and Scotsman outside a bar, neither had money to go in and get a drink.

Jew says : "Watch me, I'll get a drink somehow." He walks inside and orders a whisky, the girl brings it to him and he starts talking to her and after about five minutes he says : "Oh well, I'll be going." The girl says : "What about paying for the whisky?" "Oh," says the Jew, "I gave you the money first!" "Oh, did you?" says the girl, "sorry!" Jew then walks out to the Scotsman, tells what he did, and in goes the Scotsman.

He walks up to the bar, orders the whisky, gets it, chats to the girl and when she asks for the money, he says :

"I gave it to you, lass, before I had my drink. And, by the way, what about my change?"



He slept beneath the moon.

He basked beneath the sun.

He lived a life of going to do.

And died with nothing done.



Small Son : "I shall be jolly glad when I'm a man like daddy."

Mother : "Why, darling?"

Small Son : "So that I can be finished with this 'please' and 'thank you' business."



"I have articed my son to be a solicitor. By the way, what's yours?"

"A whisky and soda."

WHAT IS THE USE OF LEOPARDS?

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

A QUESTION often put to the naturalist and student of wild life is "What is the use of creatures like the leopard, the scorpion, the cobra, or the malarious mosquito: what is their place in the general scheme of life and would not the world be a much better place if they did not exist?" Such a question is not an easy one to answer, for many complicated factors are involved including one's religious beliefs as to the respective influences of creation and evolution in the formation of wild life as we see it to-day. In any case, hard though it may be to convince the man who has just been stung by a scorpion, or whose dog was taken yesterday by a leopard, there can be little doubt but that every living creature has some definite place in the general scheme of life on this earth. The inter-relationship between animal and animal, or the "balance of nature," as it is termed by naturalists, is the guiding principle upon which the whole scheme of life is built up, and it is perhaps the most marvellous organization that it is possible to imagine. The numbers of each kind of animal must be kept within reasonable bounds, and Nature does this by limiting the food-supply, by providing most animals with others which prey upon them, by variations in the rate of breeding, and by means of epidemic diseases when other methods have failed. The man who cannot see the use of creatures like cobras and scorpions, if he thinks a little, will come to realise that, perhaps, after all, he is a little short-sighted and is considering mankind only, forgetting that there are myriads of other creatures which are also fellow-inhabitants of the earth with him. Suppose we consider cobras first. Now rats, since they carry plague,



Photo. Author's Copyright.

Portrait of a leopard's head.

which is possibly man's most dreaded disease, apart from destroying enormous quantities of the cereals which provide the chief food of mankind and other creatures, are really far more serious enemies than cobras and the chief food of cobras is rats. In other words, the cobra's place in the balance of nature is to act as a check on the undue increase of rats—not necessarily so that man alone shall benefit, but because, in the general interest, the number of rats must be kept within bounds. True it is that this terrifying snake sometimes kills man as well in self-defence, but that is not his normal function, and, provided one keeps well out of his way, it is possible to look upon even the dreaded cobra as a friend of man. The same argument can be applied to the scorpion, which preys upon certain types of insects whose numbers might otherwise become excessive. The venom in his sting is there to enable him to do this effectually, and, however unfortunate it may be that this venom is extremely painful when injected—in self-defence only, be it noted—into one's arm or leg, it is not quite fair to claim that the scorpion serves no purpose. The mala-

rious mosquito is a more difficult creature to justify. One may regard it in the light of one of the curses cast upon the world consequent upon the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden; or another school of thought will say that the food-supply of mankind also is distinctly limited, in the same way as that of other animals, and some check must be put upon an excessive increase in his numbers or there would soon be insufficient food to go round. Actually, modern medical science is making such rapid strides that it is possible to imagine even now the day when the population of the earth may exceed the limits of the food-supply, and one dreads to think what must happen, should that terrible calamity ever befall mankind. Those of us who believe in the balance of nature, however, doubt whether the human population of the earth will ever increase to such an extent, for Nature has her own ways of dealing with excessive numbers of any particular species. Giant earthquakes are always a possibility; new epidemic diseases, such as the terrible influenza plague of 1919, may spring upon us at any time; and, in any case, the abolition of war and such Utopian ideas will soon disappear when men's stomachs are empty.

So much for other creatures: now let us see if we can justify the existence of the leopard, or panther, as he is more commonly called in India. Some people—sportsmen, these—will, of course, claim that the leopard was specially created in order to provide the exile with good sport; others will state that such a marvellously beautiful creature requires no justification for its existence; another class of thinkers will vehemently uphold the idea that the leopard, like the tiger, is an anachronism which should be wiped out

at the very earliest opportunity; but the real fact is that the leopard is a very important unit in the general scheme of animal life in India. Deer and wild pigs are extremely prolific and voracious animals, which, if allowed to breed and increase without any check, would soon become so numerous that they would consume all the available food inside the forests which they at present mainly inhabit. When this food had become exhausted, they would scatter in all directions and would thus become a very serious menace to the vegetable and cereal food supply of man and other creatures. No. Nature knows better than that, so she arranges a balance between the ungulates and the carnivora which works in an astonishingly efficient manner. A concrete example will make the position clearer. There is a certain forest division in the foot-hills of the United Provinces, with which the writer is intimately acquainted. The area of this tract of forest is about 300 square miles, and there are usually roughly about 50 tigers and 50 leopards permanently in residence. It is a safe estimate to say that each of these leopards and tigers kills at least one deer a week or 50 in the year. Hence the tigers and leopards check the increase in the deer population in this small forest alone to the extent of 5,000 annually! Now, supposing the tigers and leopards were all to be removed, what would happen? Inevitably, in a very short time, the deer would increase beyond the food-supply. Many would scatter elsewhere and the remainder, enfeebled by insufficient food, would, in all probability, be attacked by rinderpest until the numbers were again reduced to normal. In the meantime, other wandering tigers and leopards, finding plenty of food and no rivals, would settle down in comfort and breed rapidly until the normal balance was once more restored.

In India, sportsmen are constantly shooting the carnivora, and, consi-

dering the extreme efficiency of modern fire-arms and the great facilities afforded by the advent of the motor car, it is remarkable that they have managed to keep up their numbers, although tigers are undoubtedly far less common than, say, a century ago. For this reason many forest officers are of the opinion that it is high time that the greater carnivora were afforded some measure of protection.

Now let us take the case of ungulates and carnivora in places where man has not appeared to interfere with the normal working of Nature's rules. At first sight it would appear that the carnivora, having no enemies, must breed so rapidly and increase to such an extent as to eat out their own food supply, and thereby destroy their own means of existence. Yet, in actual fact, this does not happen, as has been observed many times by explorers penetrating into wild and uninhabited parts of Africa. These explorers have found places totally uninhabited by man where the relative numbers of lions and ungulates always seem to be correctly adjusted, and it is difficult to explain how

this is done. Probably Nature arranges that the lions breed more slowly when they suffer no casualties, and certainly the larger and more powerful males drive others away from their hunting grounds as soon as they find that there are too many of their tribe in the neighbourhood.

Times without number has man interfered with the normal balance of nature with disastrous results, and the commonest way that this has been done is by introducing some animal into another country where its normal check may be absent. The classic example is, of course, the introduction of rabbits into Australia, where they have been an unmitigated nuisance ever since. In one case, Tasmania I think it was, an effort was made to get rid of the rabbits again by introducing weasels, but unfortunately the weasels themselves increased so rapidly that they soon consumed all the rabbits and then became almost as much of a nuisance as the rabbits were before them!

India, so far, has escaped evil results following upon the introduction of exotic animals, which luckily

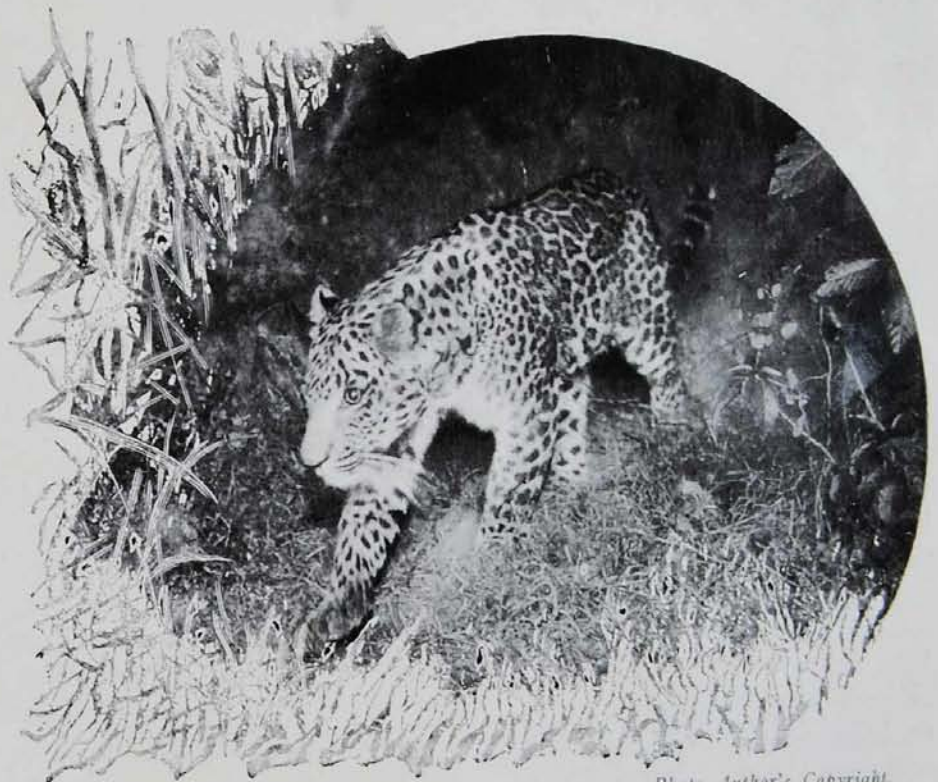


Photo Author's Copyright.

On the hunt.

has never been done upon a large scale; but she is suffering severely from the introduction of foreign plants, which, having no competitors, have, in some cases, increased to an appalling extent. The two best-known examples are the water-hyacinth in Bengal and the lantana in the United Provinces (Haldwani), both of which were originally introduced by misguided individuals as ornamental plants. The water-hyacinth in Bengal has become a provincial problem and has very seriously interfered with navigation upon the numerous waterways of that country, vast sums having to be spent annually in unsuccessful attempts to check its further spreads. The lantana also is rapidly spreading over some of the forests of Upper India and is totally preventing the regeneration of the valuable tree species under which it forms such a dense undergrowth.

Enough has been said to show that, so far as we know, every creature has its definite place in Nature's great balanced scheme of wild life, and even the leopard, despite his numerous detractors, has ample justification for his existence. What else can be said in his favour? He is certainly not a popular inhabitant of the jungle, where he is, apparently, even more feared and disliked than the larger and more renowned tiger. This is possibly because he is, if anything, more destructive, for he often kills an animal like a chital, makes one meal, and then abandons the carcase. The tiger, on the other hand, provided he is not disturbed, generally completely consumes the whole of every animal he kills, and thus is not quite so feared by the jungle population, particularly the monkeys, who never feel safe from leopards, morning, noon or night. I remember one occasion, late in the afternoon, when I followed a leopard down a jungle path for a mile or two. I was mounted on an elephant and maintained a constant



Photo. Author's Copyright.

Dinner-time—leopard and chital Hind.

distance of about a hundred yards, the leopard remaining totally unaware of my presence. Every fifty yards or so some sambar or kakar or monkey saw the dreaded feline calmly strolling down the path, and the chorus of abuse which accompanied the leopard's progress vividly reminded me of the shouts of "Simon, go back" which were such a familiar accompaniment of the progress of the Simon Commission in India! The leopard, like Sir John Simon, realised that the only thing to do was to maintain a calm demeanour and to continue his progress unperturbed; but the denizens of the jungle were wiser than the non-co-operators, for, once the object of their hate had passed out of their sight, they promptly forgot all about him and continued their happy life in the jungle without brooding upon their supposed wrongs, or longing for a swaraj of the jungle where all, from the chital to the leopard, from the kakar to the tiger, should stand on an equal footing and have equal rights!

No, the leopard is certainly no more popular in the Indian jungle than is the policeman in the Indian

village, but he is there for the definite reason that, unless deer, pigs and monkeys, can be taught the principles of birth-control, some check must be put upon their unlimited increase if the jungle is to continue to be able to support them all. And the leopard, like the Indian policeman, has some very fine qualities. He is generally courageous to a degree and his physical fitness would put the ordinary human athlete to shame. He can climb trees with the greatest ease; he has marvellous patience when hunting; he can live for days at a stretch without water; and he can conceal himself, thanks largely to the extremely useful spotted coat with which a kindly Nature has endowed him, in a way which is the constant envy of the human hunter, scout or soldier. In addition to all these qualities, the mother leopardess shows great devotion to her cubs, for whom she will fight until the last gasp, and the whole leopard race would take a very high place in a beauty competition for animals.

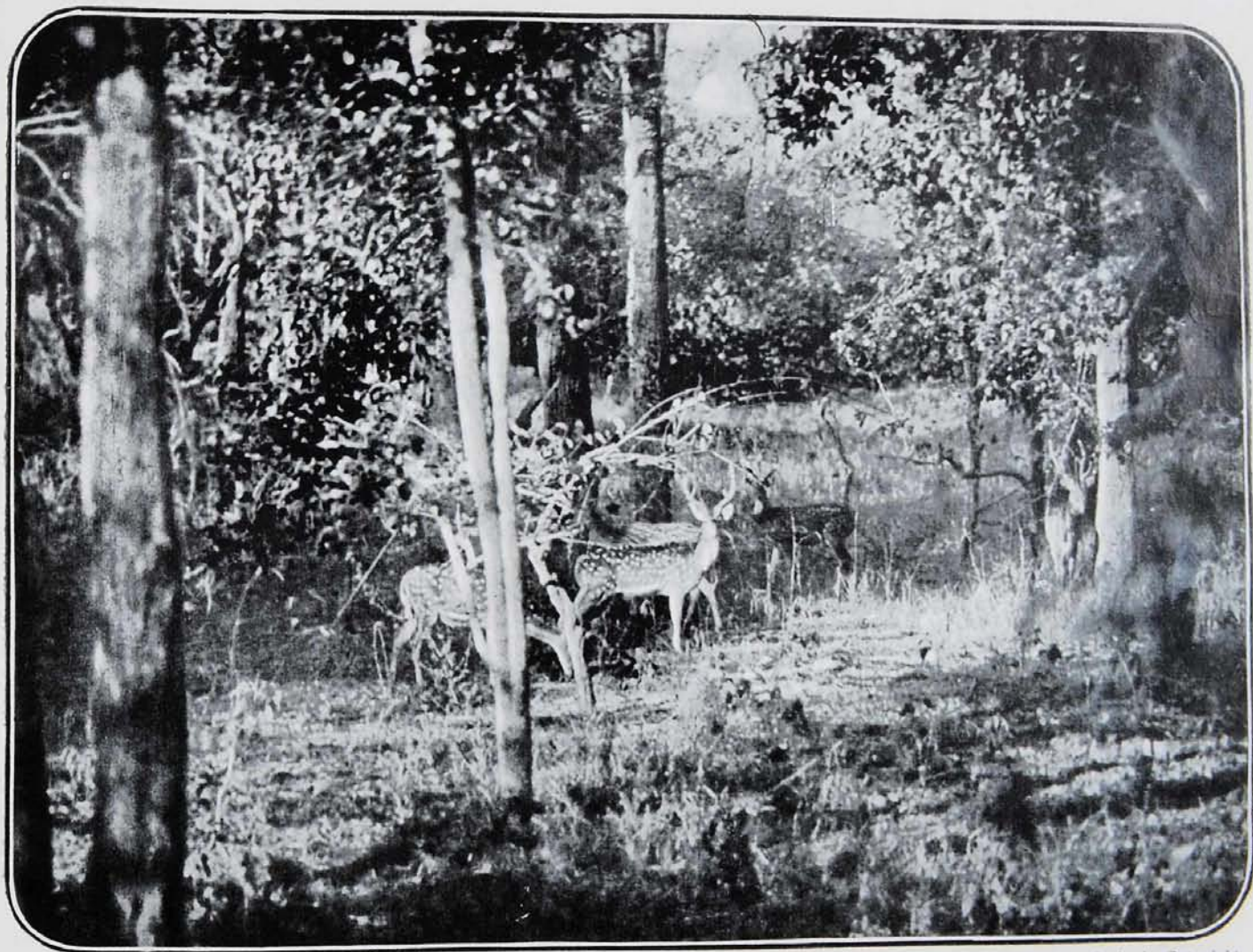
To counteract this long list of qualities there must, of course, be

corresponding vices, but at least one can claim that the latter list is shorter. Leopards are undoubtedly unnecessarily destructive on occasions, and cases have been known of a leopard entering a goat-pen and killing the whole of the thirty or forty animals which it contained. The leopard is also much less scientific in his killing than the tiger, so that he frequently inflicts far more pain in the process than is necessary, although it goes without saying that he does not do this with the object of being deliberately cruel, for it is my firm belief that man alone practices the debased vice of cruelty for cruelty's sake. From man's point of view, also, the leopard has his bad qualities. He is particularly fond of dog-flesh, and many is the trusted and loyal canine friend of man which has ended his career in the

stomach of a prowling leopard. Again, some leopards, generally of a lazy and debased type, discover that in preference to the comparatively hard work of stalking alert wild animals, it is much easier to catch and eat the numerous cattle which are so carelessly left about in the neighbourhood of Indian villages. They undoubtedly do a great deal of harm in this way, although the fault is not entirely theirs, but often lies at the door of those cattle-owners who place temptation in the leopard's way by carelessly leaving their cattle unattended at night in places where they know perfectly well that there is considerable risk from a wandering leopard. Then there are the fatal accidents which frequently occur when men hunt leopards for the sake of sport. Lastly, there is the leopard man-

What is the use of Leopards?

eater, who from man's point of view, is a terrible foe capable of paralysing a whole country-side, and, owing to his exceptional cunning, one often extremely difficult to bring to book. Man is not the normal food of leopards, and the man-eating leopard is, therefore, an abnormality without a word to be said in his favour. Probably not one leopard in ten thousand, however, develops into a man-eater, and the average representative of the race, as has been shown in this article, is an animal with many good qualities, and full of interest to the sportsman and naturalist. May the day be far distant—as it undoubtedly will be—when the name of the leopard will have to be added to the long list of wild animals that have been exterminated by the hand of man!



A herd of chital—the leopard's chief food.

Photo Author's Copyright.

THE STATE OF KAPURTHALA

By Major-General Sir HARRY WATSON, K.B.E., C.B., C.I.E.

SOME 300 years or more ago, one Sadhu Singh, an enterprising zemindar, owned, or perhaps I should say, founded, three or four villages in the vicinity of Lahore, and from him is descended the ruling family of Kapurthala, who through Sadhu Singh are of Jaisulmer Rajput origin. The clan of the family is known as Ahluwalia, from Ahlu, one of the above-mentioned villages. The real founder of the State, however, was Sardar Jassa Singh, a contemporary of Nadir Shah, who by his bravery and intelligence became the leading Sikh of the day. He it was who, taking advantage of the troublous times of the period (about 1740 A.D.), annexed large territories to himself, the remnant of which now form the Kapurthala State. The State proper is a narrow strip of territory some 650 square miles in area on the left bank of the Beas River, south of Amritsar. There are outlying portions of the State at Phagwara and near Hoshiarpur, and the Ruler himself has personal property of several villages near Lahore, besides territory in Oudh, of which more anon. Sardar Jassa Singh, who as a boy had been, with his mother, placed under the charge of the wife of Guru Govind Singh, did more than any contemporary to consolidate the power of the Khalsa. He was a man of great strength and

simple habits, and a truly "valiant warrior." His death in 1783 was a sad blow to the Khalsa, but his place was taken by Maharaja Ranjit Singh,

proved himself a loyal friend, so much so that at the end of the war he received the title of Raja from the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie.

In 1857 the Ruler was Raja Randhir Singh, who, without hesitation and without consultation with neighbouring Chiefs, came forward at once to help the Government and did splendid service by keeping open the roads to Delhi, holding the neighbouring cantonment of Jullundur and by sending troops to Hoshiarpur. Later on, after the capture of Delhi, he led in person a contingent of his troops for the Oudh campaign, and in recognition of his services was granted two confiscated estates in Oudh, then yielding a rental of some 8 or 9 lakhs. In addition, his annual tribute of Rs. 1,38,000 was remitted for one year and permanently reduced by Rs. 25,000. He died in 1870 and was succeeded by his eldest son, Raja Kharak Singh, who died in 1877 and was succeeded by son the present

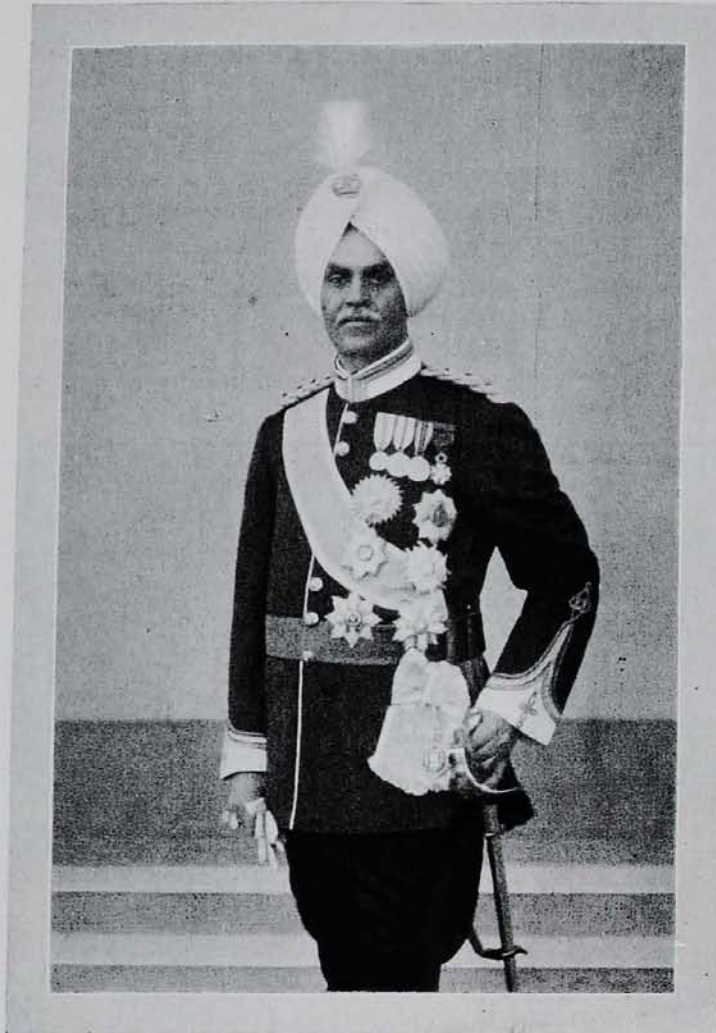


Photo by F. Bremner, Simla & Lahore.

Maharaja Sir Jagatjit Singh of Kapurthala, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.B.E.

the great Ruler of the Punjab. When the first Sikh war broke out the Ruler Sardar Nihal Singh, great-grandson of Jassa Singh, who had hitherto shewn goodwill to the British and who had sent troops to take part in the Kabul Expedition of 1842, withheld his help at a time when it would have been invaluable. In the second Sikh war, Nihal Singh retrieved his good name and

Ruler, Colonel His Highness Maharaja Sir Jagatjit Singh, G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.B.E., born 24th November, 1872, who has now reigned for some 43 years. The Heir Apparent is His Highness's eldest son, Sri Tikka Raja Paramjit Singh, known now by the title of "Yuvraj."

The State is essentially an agricultural country, well cultivated, and during the present Ruler's reign a

great deal has been done in reclaiming waste lands, by improvement of irrigation, improvement of roads and communications, educational facilities, and the general condition of the population, some 284,000, has been considerably bettered. Fifty-five per cent. of the population are Mahommedans. The average revenue has increased from 21 lakhs in the last 30 years of His Highness's administration to 37 lakhs.

The administration of the State is carried on by a Council, the President of which is the Yuvraj, very closely supervised by His Highness himself. This last remark reminds me that in days gone by, say 100 years ago, the Rulers of Indian States were most particular in the choice of a Minister who would act for them with justice and sympathy during the Ruler's absence at the head of his troops in the many campaigns and forays of those days, and it was most important that the Minister should be such a man as to keep the subjects in a happy and contented condition, so that they might flock to the Ruler's standard at his beck and call. Now, the days of keeping "the sword loose in its scabbard" are gone, and the Rulers of Indian States are much more closely identified with the details of the Administration, and yet without an able Diwan the Ruler would be unable to visit foreign countries and gain that wide experience of the World that His Highness has. The Chief Minister of the State for some years past has been Khan Bahadur Diwan Abdul Hamid, C.I.E., and from personal experience I should judge that His Highness could have made no better selection.

The Capital of the State is Kapurthala, on the River Bejn, which has a barrage, and which for some four or five miles is very much like an English river, beautifully wooded on both banks and affording first-class boating facilities. The city itself is well laid out, well lighted and has its public gardens, and many quaint old buildings. Out-

side the city, to the south, is the old Palace where His Highness used to live before the present Palace (about one mile from the city) was completed. In the same vicinity are the Jubilee Hall, built as a memorial of His Highness's 25th year of reign, and the houses of State officials and residents. But the "gem" of Kapurthala is the magnificent Palace in which His Highness resides, a massive building somewhat on the lines of Versailles, in the midst of well laid out gardens. The Palace contains beside many suites of artistically furnished rooms, a fine Durbar Hall, a Banqueting Hall, and Reception Room. The Palace, both inside and out, is certainly one of the finest to be found in Indian States. Between the Palace gardens and the city is another large garden in which lies the very comfortable Guest House.

About a mile to the West of the Palace is the Cantonment and parade grounds, while some three miles further on is the "Villa Buona Vista" on the river, where the Yuvraj resides. A charming building with gardens leading down to the river itself. Close by are the marshes along the river where excellent duck and snipe shooting is to be had in the winter months.

There are two other buildings which are of considerable interest, *viz.*, the Sikh Temple and the Mosque, built recently by the Maharaja on the lines of a Moorish Mosque, and at the consecration of which many thousands gathered. It is an inherited principle of the Rulers of Indian States to be tolerant to all religions of their subjects, to assist their religious edifices with grants of money and to give all facilities for practising their religions. In this case a Sikh Ruler builds a magnificent Mosque for his Mahommedan subjects. I have personally seen a Hindu Ruler attend a service in a Christian Church in his State and put a 500-rupee note in the offertory. The same Ruler built a Mosque for his people.

The State of Kapurthala

I have mentioned above that the general condition of the people has been bettered during His Highness's reign, and it is worthy of note that the Maharaja inaugurated in 1915 a Representative Assembly, elected from the five Tehsils or Districts of the State. Educational matters have been carefully watched, and the State now possesses a College, three High Schools and some sixty Primary Schools in which education is free. Agriculture, too, receives attention, and co-operative credit banks have been instituted. In Kapurthala itself there are two good hospitals, one for men and one for women, while each Tehsil has its State Dispensary. The three principal towns, Kapurthala, Phagwara and Sultanpur have their Municipalities.

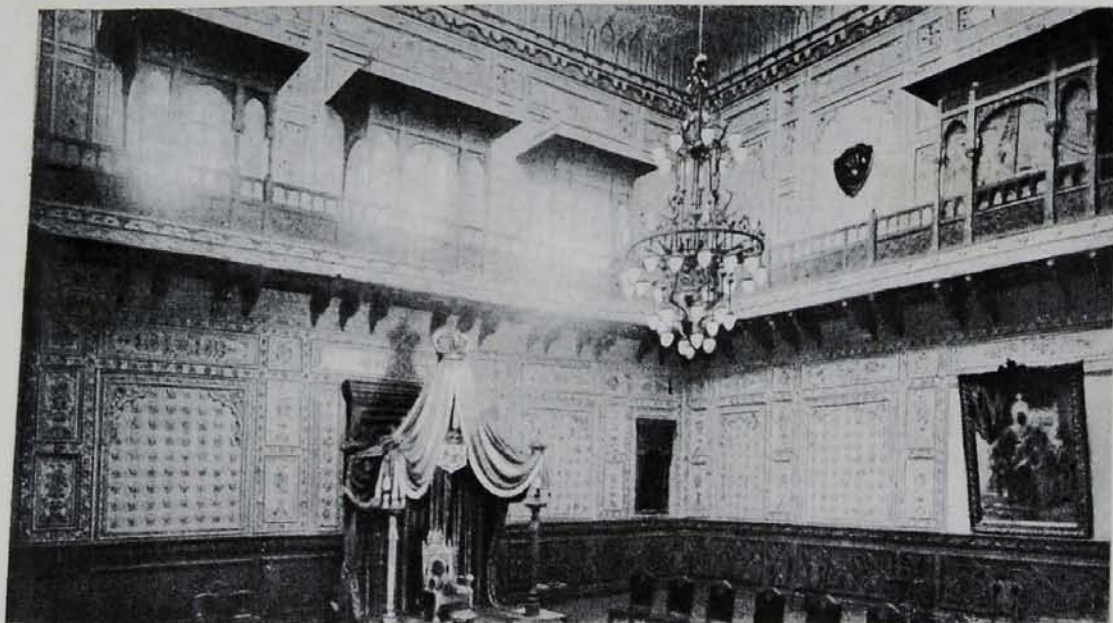
The Police Force is well organised and efficient, for of recent years it has been under the superintendence of His Highness's third son, Maharaj Kumar Amarjit Singh (M.A., Oxon.), who served with the Indian Contingent in France and is now Honorary Captain Indian Army, and A.D.C. to His Excellency the C-in-C. The Maharaj Kumar is also Army Secretary in the Council of Kapurthala. It is worthy of note that when the scheme of "Imperial Service Troops" was inaugurated (1887), the Kapurthala State came forward at once and offered to maintain a battalion of Infantry and squadron of Cavalry for "Imperial Defence," and this, too, when the State was paying an annual contribution of over a lakh of rupees in lieu of military service. By the help given by His Highness to the Empire during the Great War and the good services rendered by his troops, this contribution has been remitted. The troops consist of:—

Kapurthala Body Guard, one troop.

Kapurthala Jagatjit Infantry, H. Q., H. Q. Wing and two companies with training company.

Kapurthala Paramjit Infantry, 200.

THE P
M
AT KA



Durbar Hall in the Palace.



The Maharaja's Palace, Kapurthala.



A dainty floral frock, a shadow printed taffeta in shades of blue, green and mauve, with the prevailing wide shoulder line. The fullness of the skirt springs from a low hip line and a narrow yoke of georgette in blue is tied in a flat bow.



A black satin evening gown out on First Empire lines and made suitable for informal occasions by a long sleeved coatee of chiffon trimmed with heavy string coloured guipure.



A modified bustle for afternoon wear.

A becoming frock in heavy bottle green crepe, the skirt giving a slight bustle effect. The neck and wrists are trimmed with Irish crochet lace in ecru—an effective finish.

THE ROUNDED FIGURE RETURNS

By JOSEPHINE HUDDLESTON

Curves, not angles, are style now, and here are some "Developing" exercises.

UNDoubtedly the return of the feminine figure with its rounded outlines plainly visible is responsible for the sudden interest in the development of the bosom, a long suppressed part of the feminine body when the angles were the fashion.

And, I might add now, that many of the flat-chested figures which now need rebuilding if they are to conform to the re-established contours of the true womanly figure, are doomed to failure. Too many excessively tight brassieres were worn during that period of flat-chested, angular femininity; brassieres which weakened the breast muscles to a dangerous degree. To me this is

one of the saddest examples of feminine foolishness, where fashions are concerned, for so many women have learned too late the seriousness of such assaults upon the natural formation of the body.

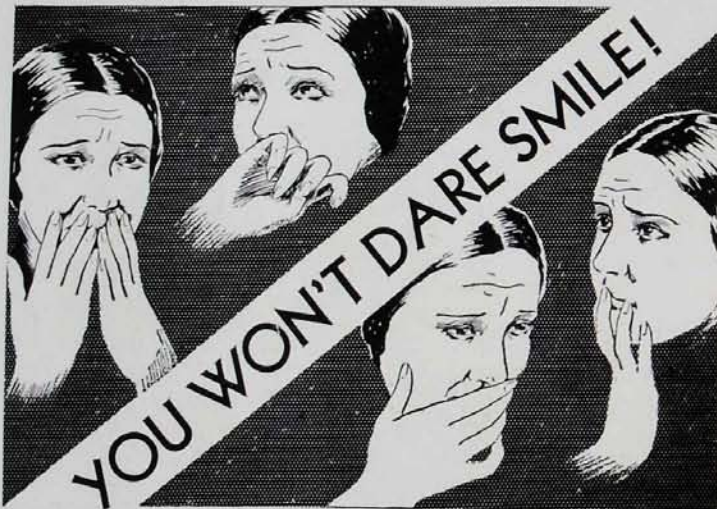
Some of these weakened muscles can be made firmer, the success of the exercises to be taken depending upon the degree of damage done the muscles. Those who merely want to encourage a more rounded outline than the one now present will find these exercises helpful.

Exercise No. 1—Stand erect with the torso stretched to its full height, the head up, heels together with the toes pointing straight ahead and the arms hanging relaxed at the sides.

Without moving any other part of the body, make your hands into tight fists, and then thrust the arms out in front of the body, then thrust them upward, then downward, repeating as rapidly as you can for two or three minutes.

Exercise No. 2—Still retaining the same position, hold the arms, hands clenched, out at the sides on a level with the shoulders. Twirl the clenched hands twenty times forward and twenty times backward, keeping the action in the shoulders, which is done by keeping the elbows and wrists rigid.

Exercise No. 3—Hold the right arm straight out in front of the body, clench the fist tightly, then



If PYORRHEA attacks your teeth

THAT natural, happy smile of yours, so admired now—may be gone in a few years if you neglect your teeth. Pyorrhea, dreaded disease of the gums, is the price of neglect.

At first the gums bleed when you brush your teeth. Next they become spongy, tender. They hurt! They lose their healthy pink. The teeth loosen, and eventually may drop out entirely, or have to be pulled out!

Keep your smile, and the health and happiness that go with it, by protecting your teeth and gums now, while they are sound. Use the one dentifrice scientifically designed to prevent this ugly disease.

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Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary tooth paste; it cleans and whitens your teeth, keeps gums firm and healthy, and when used regularly, prevents pyorrhea.

Start to-day. Just brush your teeth every morning and night with Forhan's for the Gums. It will save your smile for years to come and insure your health, too!

Don't gamble with Pyorrhea; 4 out of 5 past 40, and thousands younger, are its victims.

Forhan's for the Gums is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S., specialist in mouth diseases. It contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent developed by Dr. Forhan and used by dentists throughout the world in the treatment of pyorrhea.

MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE - IT PREVENTS PYORRHEA

F1.

FIVE STARS IN THE TALKIES



Karen Morley in an attractive setting.



Greta Garbo, wistful and inimitable



Dorothy Sebastian, pretty Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, breaks through the paper hoop.



Madge Evans symbolises the spirit of Spring.



Dorothy Jordan, sophisticated when the occasion demands.

rotate the fist, turning it from the wrist, for as long as you can. Repeat with the left arm.

Simple Exercises help to Straighten Bow-Legs

A great many odd and interesting-side-lights develop in the editing of a beauty column such as this one. Weeks and even months may go by without a single inquiry upon certain phases of physical beauty. Then, suddenly, literally dozen of requests for articles based on some specific, long neglected point of beauty culture will reach me within a few days.

I've just had another example of this and as always it causes me to wonder about the situation without being able to find a satisfactory answer. I can't remember when I've had a letter asking for information regarding the straightening of bow-legs or for developing the chest into the rounded outlines which accentuate femininity until the last week, when I've had a few letters bearing on one, or the other of these subjects.

About the only solution for bow-legs is the prolonged indulgence in an exercise which will be set down here. During the early, formative years the bones can be straightened much quicker and with far greater success than is possible after a mature bone development has been attained. Still, improvement can be made to some extent, and frequently some really satisfactory results are gained, although the success of the treatment is never swift, weeks and months of painstaking adherence to

the plan being necessary before any improvement at all is seen.

A Successful Routine

The exercise was given to me some years ago by a retired army officer who encouraged me to add it to my list of beauty aids by telling me of some remarkable benefits gained by its use in straightening the legs of our soldiers.

To take the exercise :—

Stand erect with the torso or upper part of the body drawn to its full height, the head should be held up and the arms should hang at the sides, completely relaxed. Place the feet so that the heels are about an inch apart, the toes pointing out at an angle.

Without moving the feet at all, tense the muscles of the legs and thighs and slowly push the knees together.

And that, dear readers, is a far greater job than you imagine : The feet must remain on the floor with not the slightest rising of the heels or the sides of the feet to make pushing the knees together easier.

It will be weeks before you can make your knees span the distance but if you keep at it you'll approach your goal as you persist.

When the knees have been pushed as close together as possible, hold the position for a second, relax, tense the muscles again, repeat the pushing effort, hold and relax. Repeat twenty times. Rest for two minutes and repeat the routine.

Do the exercise at least twice each day, more often when you can.

RIGOLEZ

Come ! laugh with me, brother, oh, laugh to-day,
It is the only thing as you go on your way.
Neither home, nor clothes, nor money have I,
Yet, striding through life, none richer than I !
Some bread, and a drink by a wayside stream ;
A peaceful smoke, and an hour to dream.
Then up with my load, and again on my way.
Come ! laugh with me, brother, oh, laugh to-day !
What will I find at the end of the road ?
God knows ! but I'll laugh, and lay down my load.

MOLLY K. YOUNG.

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Write to-day to The Oatine Co., 17, Prinsep Street, Calcutta.



Our Children's Corner



LITTLE FLUFFY-FELLOW A FAIRY TALE

By CHRISTINE CHAUNDLER

IT was evening in the forest. Away over the hills in the west the sun was setting. His dying rays were filling the valleys of the forest with purple mist, turning the tops of the tall trees rosy and golden and setting the yellow gorse bushes afire with flaming light. But although it had been such a lovely day, and although the sunset was giving promise of yet more lovely days to come, the forest was full of mourning and weeping and sighing.

For little Fluffy-Fellow was dead.

Only that morning he had been twittering and singing, and darting hither and thither from tree-top to tree-top with all his little feathered friends. And now he was lying, silent and still, at the foot of a tall tree, upon the boughs of which he had been used to sit and sing.

It was Nibble-Nose, the baby rabbit, who first found him—Nibble-Nose, who was one of Fluffy-Fellow's chief friends, so far as a baby bunny can be friends with a bird. The two had often played at games of "I Spy" together, Nibble-Nose scuttling from one gorse bush to another, or whisking in and out of the roots of some big tree, while Fluffy-Fellow flew from bough to bough overhead, uttering little shrill peeps and cheeps whenever he caught a glimpse of Nibble-Nose. Poor Nibble-Nose was dreadfully unhappy, when he found the little bird lying at the foot of the tree. He couldn't think what had happened to Fluffy-Fellow to make him lie so quiet and still, and after trying vainly to arouse him, he had hurried away to tell the sad news to his brothers and sisters. Very soon everybody in the forest knew of the dreadful thing that had happened.

"We must dig him a grave," said the burrowing beetles.

"We must make him a shroud," said the pixie men, who lived amongst the pine trees in the highest part of the forest.

"We must cover him with leaves," said the little brown elves, hurrying out from their tiny heather-thatched houses amongst the bracken. And they all made their way to the place where little Fluffy-Fellow lay, feeling ever so sorrowful and sad because he had been such a dear, happy little bird, and they had all of them loved him so much.

And then, in the midst of all the mourning and sighing the Butterfly Fairy came along.

"Oh dear, oh dear! Poor little Fluffy-Fellow! What has happened to him?" she cried in distress.

"He is dead," said the brown heather elves.

"He is dead," said the beetles.

"He is dead," said the glow-worms, who, with their lamps all lit, had gathered round the little bird's head.

"Little Fluffy-Fellow dead? Oh dear! Oh dear! I am so sorry!" said the Butterfly Fairy. And, sinking down on the ground beside the little bird, she began to cry.

Then the forest grew still more sad and sorrowful, for though it is dreadful to have a little bird die in the summertime, it is almost worse—if anything can be worse—to have a fairy cry. The trees swayed and moaned and sighed, the elves and pixies sobbed and groaned, and two great tears came out of Nibble-Nose's eyes and splashed down on to his whiskers.

And still the Butterfly Fairy cried and cried and cried.



Everybody in the forest knew of the dreadful thing.

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Then, all at once a wonderful thing happened. Some of the fairy's tears trickled through her fingers, and dropped down on to Fluffy-Fellow's breast. And, as they touched his feathers, Fluffy-Fellow suddenly breathed and stirred. A little quiver of life ran through him. He stretched out his claws, he opened his eyes, he moved his head, he tried to move his wings.

"Oh! He has come to life again! Little Fluffy-Fellow has come to life!" cried all the forest people in delight. And they all ran and helped him to get up. Then little Fluffy-Fellow spread his wings and rose up into the air and broke into a song—a song more wonderful and glorious than any song he had ever sung before. The Butterfly Fairy stood and looked up at him for a moment. Then she gave a glad little laugh.

"Little Fluffy-Fellow is a fairy bird!" she cried, and she flew up into the air beside him, and put her arms round his neck, and they flew off together, both of them, into the heart of the setting sun.

"What has happened? Why did they fly away? What made Fluffy-Fellow get well so quickly? Why didn't he stay and speak to me?" asked Nibble-Nose, feeling a little hurt that his friend should have gone from him without even one word of good-bye. "I never heard him sing like that before. He didn't sound a bit like an ordinary bird."

"He isn't an ordinary bird any longer," said the oldest of the pixies, with a wise shake of his head. "He died and was brought back to life again by fairy tears. Fluffy-Fellow is a fairy bird now. He will live in fairyland and never die again."

"Won't he come back to the forest ever any more?" asked Nibble-Nose wistfully.

"Oh, yes, he will come back, though you may not always be able to see him. But you'll hear him singing, often and often, singing more beautifully than any ordinary bird," the pixie told him. "It's a fine thing for little Fluffy-Fellow to have been changed into a fairy bird."

"But still I don't understand," persisted Nibble-Nose, staring at the pixie with big, wondering eyes. "Do all birds get changed into fairy birds when they die? Do all dead things change into fairy things? Do rabbits? Shall I change into a fairy rabbit one day?"

"You want to know too much, little Nibble-Nose," smiled the pixie. "I can't answer all those questions. I'm not a fairy from fairyland like the Butterfly Fairy. I'm only an earth fairy, and I don't know everything. All I know is, that fairy tears have a wonderful magic about them. Perhaps if you're a good little bunny, good enough to have a fairy cry over you when you die, you may change into a fairy rabbit one day."

"Then I suppose it's a good thing to die," said Nibble-Nose thoughtfully.

But the pixie gave another wise shake of his head.

"Ah, I don't know enough to say that," he said. "There might not be a fairy at hand to shed tears over you, you know. But anyway, little Fluffy-Fellow's all right. There's no need to be sorry any longer for him."

So Nibble-Nose ran away, feeling quite happy about his little feathered friend, and had a fine game of hide-and-seek in the brushwood with his brothers and sisters before it was time to go to bed. And all the other creatures in the forest were happy, too, and they made haste to laugh and dance and play and sing again before the red sun went down behind the hills in the west.

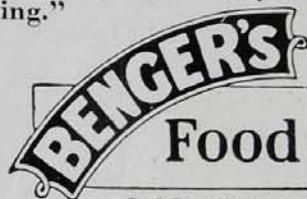
And daily Nibble-Nose would run round and round the tall tree, upon the boughs of which Fluffy-Fellow used to sit and sing. The baby rabbit grew to be a big and strong fellow and he would tell his little ones the story of how Fluffy-Fellow flew off with the Butterfly Fairy into the heart of the setting sun. When the beautiful notes would pour forth from an unknown source in the forest, all the baby rabbits would run to Nibble-Nose to tell him of the arrival of Fluffy-Fellow. His voice they could hear but they could not see him.

If ever you're wandering in the forest in the evening and you hear a bird singing more wonderfully and beautifully than you've ever heard a bird sing before, then stop and listen very quietly until the song is done. For it may be one of the fairy birds from fairyland, maybe even little Fluffy-Fellow himself, come back to visit his friends in the forest, and to tell them some of the fairy secrets that he knows. And though you mayn't be able to see him, or to understand quite exactly what he is saying, yet maybe you'll come away with a little song of fairyland in your heart which will ring there all your life through.



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OSTRICH: "EXCUSE ME. WHY DON'T YOU BURY YOUR HEAD IN THE SAND? IT WOULD IMPROVE YOUR LOOKS."

FACING DEATH OVER A RIFLE SIGHT

By DIANA STRICKLAND (The famous Traveller and Writer).

Author of "Through the Belgian Congo."

DURING my recent motor-ing trip across the heart of Africa, the authorities having said a very firm "No" to my request for permission to take my fourteen-horse power car through Gold Coast territory, I was obliged to spend a few days at the hill post of Po in the Volta Colony. It was not long, however, before the enforced rest began to tell on me and I yearned for more adventure. Thus I was overjoyed when one evening my host proposed a shooting expedition for the morrow. The country round about was teeming with game, and he promised us good sport.

The distant horizon was greying when we rose, but by the time we had stowed away our baggage and got the car ready, the sky was ablaze with multi-coloured clouds. Our goal was the Pic de Nauori, a mountain a few miles from Po, reached by the roughest track I have ever experienced. The car rattled and groaned over the terrible surface, protesting loudly against such treatment, while the showers of small stones thrown up by the wheels kept up an incessant din on the mud-guards. Ruts and boulders almost wrenched the steering-wheel from my hands, and it was only by the greatest good luck that I managed to keep the car on the "road" at all. But at that moment nothing short of an earthquake would have made us turn back.

At last we arrived and climbed stiffly out of the car. Above us rose the Pic, a barren hillside covered with thorn bushes and boulders, but possessing all the appearance of very promising big game country.

Full of hope we started the steep climb, but before we had ascended even half way, it was plain that our mountain had deceived us. Beyond a leopard far out of range, and a few troops of baboons, we saw nothing at all. To add to our disappointment, the going was appalling. At each step, boulders tripped us and our clothes and skin were



Diana Strickland.

torn by the wicked spikes of giant thorns. With frayed tempers we reached the top, and it was with very jaundiced eyes that we surveyed the magnificent panorama that spread itself beneath.

The return journey was certainly easier than the ascent, but the scrub and the loose rocks had lost none of their skill in hindering us. Foot-sore and weary, we stood round the

car talking, when suddenly drama swooped upon us. Above the hum of conversation I heard a sound, a faint thudding which rapidly increased to a roar. For a moment we all stood listening. Then I realised with horror what it meant—buffalo, the most dangerous of all big game, and by the sound, a large herd of them.

Yelling to my companions, I leapt for the driving seat and pressed the starter. Then came a horrible moment. The car would not start. Was she avenging herself for that terrible ride from Po? Looking frantically over the side, I saw the front wheels inches deep in sand.

"Push!" I shouted. "And for God's sake hurry."

My friends leaped out, straining to help the roaring engine, and all the while that mighty stampeding herd was charging nearer. At the very last moment the car gave a lurch, burst free of the sand, and shot away as my companions scrambled abroad. I was too intent on getting every mile out of her to see what happened, but at the back they were firing wildly and cheering each hit. Within one minute we were out of danger, but it had been a very close call.

The Congo jungle was the scene of one of the most amazing sights I have ever come across in the course of my travels. We had been out after elephant, and one of my friends had the luck to bring one down—a mighty beast, with fine tusks. As we stood there in the midst of the forest, everything seemed still. An eerie silence existed among the trunks of those
(Continued on page 56.)

IS "PSYCHOLOGY" A MENACE OF YOUTH?

By The Hon. Mrs. FRANCIS LASCELLES,
Aunt of the Earl of Harewood.

MODERN parents are so eager to do their best for their children that their very anxiety is apt to lead to trouble. They are well aware that the old idea that education is a process of filling an empty young mind with facts is quite out of date. They know that self-development is the recognised aim of the modern educationalist. They are definitely determined to work with the schools rather than against them, and the result is that they no longer trust in the instinctive and age-long methods of parenthood. They are sometimes a little over-anxious to devise some more scientific way of training the young.

A century ago the child was in the hands of two positive authorities. Both the parents and the schools were assured that they knew all that was necessary about education, and were comfortably certain that their ways were right ways. Then the teacher, becoming more highly specialised, began to be distrustful of his own methods, and the age of the theory of teaching began.

Now came the era of complete home authority, but of varying school methods. The child of that generation grew up, and the new methods in vogue in the schools proved themselves. No longer were parents sure that their ways were invulnerable, the theories of child training had penetrated to the home. And so no longer are children treated as so many empty sacks to be filled with knowledge, they are recognised as individualities, each deserving differential treatment.

This new conception of child training has brought with it many advantages. The child of to-day must be saved many repressions and threats that were the everyday lot of

a few generations ago, but inseparable from new advantages come fresh disabilities. The modern mother, trained in psychological theory, is in danger of watching her child so closely that she comes to regard it as abnormal.

Now normality is a virtue in the young, and it is best encouraged by taking it for granted. Every mother is in danger of thinking, even though she has too much sense to say, "My child is different from the ordinary child," which is, of course, perfectly true, for individuals differ so much that there is no real average to be struck, though for the sake of convenience we imagine one.

The doctor's danger is that he tends to look upon all bodies as deceased or as likely recipients of disease. The risk run by all psychologists is that they may adopt a similar attitude towards minds. The amateur doctor or psychologist possesses that little knowledge that is always dangerous, and good parents are over-apt to throw away the advantages of their certain knowledge to dabble in the sciences of which they can know but little.

Parenthood is not always recognised as a profession, yet it is perhaps the most important profession in the world, and despite the mistakes that they undoubtedly make, the professional parents of the past seemed

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—an entirely new cleansing and polishing material that is twice as soft as polishing materials commonly used in tooth pastes. Gives teeth a higher polish, brighter lustre—FILM stains disappear completely.

THE Pepsodent Laboratories announce a revolutionary discovery—a new cleansing and polishing material for tooth paste. For six months Pepsodent Tooth Paste has contained this remarkable new material. It possesses three exclusive virtues:

1. It stands unexcelled in removing dull, destructive FILM.
2. Its texture is invisibly fine. Thus, it imparts a higher polish to enamel—a brilliant glaze or lustre.
3. It is safe because it is soft—yes, twice as soft—as polishing materials in common use.

Yet in *taste and appearance*

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Pepsodent—special FILM-removing tooth paste

Removing FILM is, and always will be, Pepsodent's chief duty. Today's Pepsodent performs that duty better than ever before. Its new cleansing and polishing material brings a change in teeth's appearance within a few days' time.

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Pepsodent

Use Pepsodent Tooth Paste twice a day—

see your dentist at least twice a year

to do well on a basis of common-sense, self-control and a careful study of the individual. Perhaps the parents of large families in former days had an easier task than their successors of to-day, when the small family is fashionable. For group education is generally easier than individual training.

The modern mother with one child, or possibly two, has time to study her family as never have families been studied before. Now human beings, young or old, always know when they are watched. We all have experienced scores of times, in tram, train, or any public place, that sudden uneasiness that makes us glance hastily up to meet an intent pair of eyes that is furtively turned away on meeting ours. Animals have the instinct very strongly developed, a dozing cat on the hearth can be made to turn round and blink at you by simply staring at it.

Children being nearer to the animal than adults are supersensitive on this point. The parent who has adopted psychological theory as the basis of her child's training is apt to watch the child too closely, with the result that the child, well aware that he is being watched, becomes introspective. "What is there in this me that is so interesting?"—he not unnaturally asks, and so acquires self-consciousness long before it should be developed. A juvenile amateur psychologist is an evil every sane parent should strive to avoid.

The one fact the psychological mother of to-day overlooks is that development cannot be forced along particular lines. It used to be considered the child's province to develop, the parent's to draw the rigid lines within which that development should take place. Possibly those lines were drawn too rigidly. Indeed it is certain that they were. Yet the mere fact that limitations were present led to a steady training in self-control.

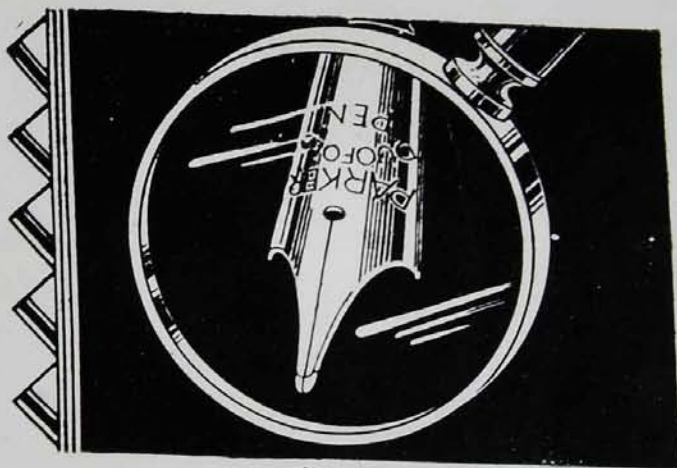
Self-control is not a popular virtue to-day, the psychologists prefer to call it self-repression, and under that name it seems antagonistic to self-

development. Theorisers are apt to overlook the fact that licence is the worst form of slavery, and that one cannot have freedom without law. Indeed, if one studies the matter carefully it is soon found that self-expression is only possible after self-control is learnt.

The one desire of the anxious modern mother is to bring up her child on the latest theories of psychological science, but her danger is of over-training, which is a sure source of much of the nerve trouble which is becoming so sadly common among young people to-day.

"What is my principle of child training?" said a very successful mother lately. "Why, I try to give a child an honest outlook, and teach it self-control—after that give it room to grow in, and leave it well alone."

It sounds a simple method, but children thrive on simplicity, most of them also respond more gladly to a firm rule than to a weak one. Possibly nothing so disturbs a young mind as indication on the part of its elders, and the mother who bases her theory of training on psychology rather than on plain commonsense is in danger of adopting a vacillating policy.



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AIRPLANES OF STAINLESS STEEL

AN entirely new type of aircraft, a stainless steel amphibian plane, is the result of more than three years of intensive research and experiment by metallurgists and welding technicians. It marks an epoch in aircraft construction and promises to be the solution to many of the most perplexing problems confronting builders of aircraft.

The new stainless steel aircraft which has already completed its test flights, owes its existence to the perfection of a new method of electric welding, known as "shot" welding. Ordinary welding of stainless steel for aircraft construction was impossible, engineers explain, because it upset the consistency of the metal and reduced its strength to a point where it was scarcely any stronger than ordinary steel and left it subject to corrosion. Shot welding permits the uniting of the stainless steel parts without destroying the peculiar and desirable characteristics of the metal. Riveting weakens the metal and offers a number of practical difficulties.

The advantages of this type of construction are obvious, aeronautical experts point out. Stainless steel, unlike duralumin, or ordinary high tensile steels, will not corrode, and

is not subject to deterioration from engine vibration. High tensile steel must necessarily be very thin and the slightest corrosion weakens it. Another feature of this metal is the fact that it is non-magnetic. This is particularly desirable for airplanes because of the non-interference of the metal with the proper functioning of aircraft instruments.

The new stainless steel amphibian is of the open cockpit type, powered by a motor developing 210 horsepower. It has a wing spread of approximately 34 feet, a cruising speed of 100 miles an hour, and a cruising radius of about 400 miles. It weighs empty 1,749 pounds and with pilot alone climbs 1,250 feet a minute.

The use of stainless steel recommends itself to the users of aircraft for a variety of reasons, not the least of which is its additional strength and reduced weight. Tests already made by Government laboratories indicate that stainless steel aircraft built under this process may be of standard weight and have an excess of from 12 to 20 per cent. additional strength. It is also claimed that repairs are more easily effected with stainless steel than in any other material.

FACING DEATH OVER A RIFLE SIGHT.

(Continued from page 52.)

great trees. It seemed to hang like a cloak round the trailing vines and almost muffled our voices as we talked. Then a strange sound filled the air. Hastily we reloaded our rifles, for in Africa a strange sound often means a strange death. It was a faint rustling as of a soft wind blowing through the undergrowth, yet not a leaf stirred, and the sound seemed to come from all around us. Nearer and nearer it came until it seemed as if it must leave the forest and come out into the open clearing where we stood. Come it did. Without a spoken word the bushes opened in fifty different places to disclose hundreds of natives. My heart stood still. Then one of my companions whispered, "Don't worry. They are after the elephant, not us."

He was right. One of the natives approached and by means of signs sought permission to cut up the mighty beast. We nodded our heads, and then began the most incredible orgy I have ever witnessed. The whole of that silent, ebony crowd threw themselves upon the yet warm carcass. The silence was broken now by yells of triumph as they swarmed over the elephant like flies upon a rotting carcass. Knives flashed as they hacked off huge chunks of meat, throwing it to right and left in their excitement, until in a short time nothing remained but the massive bones of the great beast.

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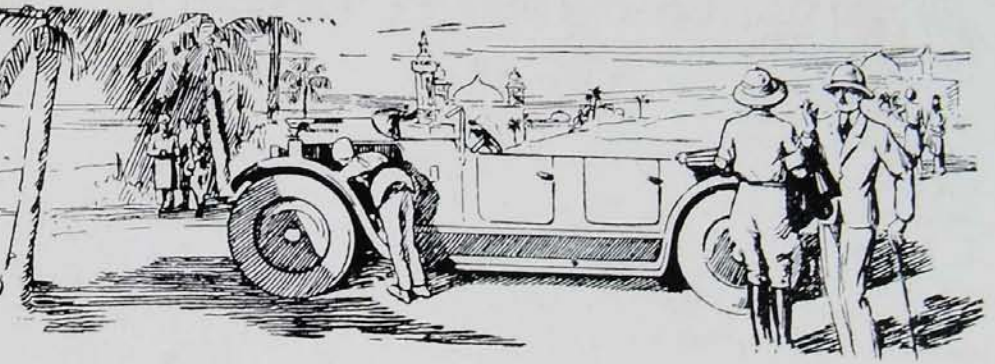
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Talking about Cars



By VINCENT VIVIAN

Present

"Times of depression, are times when people must do without the things their parents never had."—Letter in the *London Times*.

AN aphorism being a short cut to an argument, it is not surprising that one so good as the above should have caught the eye of the editor of *The Times*, and furnished him with the basis of a witty leader in which he points out that this definition of the present depression is as refreshing and stimulating as a nip of frost. But I disagree with that august authority's rather too obvious conclusions on the matter. There are two sides to an argument, and the reverse (and I think the saner side) to this one is, that the present economic blizzard was brought about by nations which hoarded bullion: and neither you nor I will be able to send it back to Iceland or wherever such depressions arise, by doing the same thing. As a gem of wit the definition is well worth repeating, but it conveys, besides the sparkle of frost, the aroma of unripe grapes. It is refreshing to the extent that the answer to it is another simile of refreshing fruit—a lemon. For the fact of the matter is that every generation has its luxuries, and if we in our generation are compelled to do without the things our parents never had, we shall not be compensated by the amenities of life which they enjoyed.

The challenge is against motor cars, the major items we possess that were once the luxuries of our parents. But retarding the development of motor cars will not assist the world back to prosperity. The present depression is not unlike that which overtook Britain after the long period of the Napoleonic wars, and which was finally cured by the development of railways constructed under the direction of the British Railway Engineer. The age of rail transport has declined, but economic and rapid transport is even more essential to the prosperity of industry, individual and nation, than ever it was. It is to the highway engineer and the vehicle manufacturer that the world now turns to provide its requirements; and in this respect the future development of India offers the widest possible scope.

To look no further than the present, it is impossible to conceive how we could cope with the business of modern life, deprived of motor cars. Nor is it a matter of conscience, that we should voluntarily forego the

most profitable amenity of life. We at least lose no sleep in groaning beneath a burden of guilt for the conditions leading up to the world war, for which our fathers were responsible. It is they who ate of the sour grapes, and their children's teeth are now on edge.

The symptoms are transient. The best prescription for the present is to practise wise spending, selecting the goods of that particular country for which speediest prosperity is desired. There never was such a time as the present, in which a man living within his income is still respected, but a man living beyond his income is adored.

Future

As a general rule people are more interested in the present than in the past, but it is by no means exceptional to find folk who are most interested in the future. Of these I confess that I am one, my excuse being that by the time this article is in print I shall be utilising the invaluable services of the W.I.A.A. to ship my car home. My car has the not-unhappy destiny of alternating 10,000 miles in Europe with 40,000 miles in India, and being a Buick, and this being merely its third voyage, its destiny is as yet far from closing with the epitaph "R.I.P." Yet lest this should be ascribed to the eccentricity of its owner, I should explain that we are investigating the economics of our own peculiar contention, which is that good cars are built to last and not to be exchanged bi-annually for current models. It may cheer some readers who may in these hard times have been forced to disappoint themselves in their intention to get a new car, to know that hitherto I have found no reason to regret this particular bee in my bonnet. A good car intelligently driven—preferably by one person only—and well maintained—particularly with regard to the periodic replacement of engine oil—will continue to provide almost exactly the same standard of transport, long after its outward appearance has become shabby and its market value fallen to a tenth of the cost of a new car. The purchase of a car is *mainly* purchase of transport; and while finances are restricted and economy is forced upon us, it may well be considered whether expenditure to the extent of the odd nine-tenths of a car's replacement cost can be justified as a means of acquiring a little more luxury and a lot more expensive appearance?

The great difficulty of translating this theory into practice, is with regard to expenditure which comes under the head of "renovation" rather than "maintenance." So far as I am aware, there are no facilities in this country offered by firms which advertise the *renovation* of cars as a speciality, either with regard to the conversion of existing coachwork, or as regards rebuilding engines. India is a country of destructive climatic conditions and even more destructive roads, and we are all familiar with the inevitable stage in the life of a car when some expenditure under "renovation" is called for, if the owner intends to retain it in service. Nor is it entirely vanity that prompts a man to desire a conveyance within which he would be content to be seen dead. On the contrary, it is in most cases an intuitive knowledge that a car in whose appearance he has ceased to take pride, will not continue in future to receive the same careful maintenance to which its unfailing reliability has hitherto been due.

I think it is fair to opine that in India the expense entailed by actual renovation would be prohibitive to the object to be served, even if the work could be executed as well as could be desired. But perusal of the motoring press reveals that there are firms in England that specialise in just these things; so presumably they have their clientèle who find it pays to patronise them. Anyway, the sea fare for a car is not prohibitive, and I hope to afford my readers the result of my experience with them in due course: for be it noted that while the Home Country is in a difficult way, the next best

thing to buying British cars, tyres and other products, is to give any order involving employment in any form. Which having been accomplished according to my present intention, I trust, *Deus et Editor nobis volens*, that I shall be in a position to contribute to this Magazine a series of travel articles illustrated, covering the seductive touring routes and some of the mediæval cities of Europe, and extending to remote Algiers and that land of modern motoring paradise, Morocco. Albeit to revert to the sub-title from which I have wandered far, it is borne upon me that the literary philosopher Homer has remarked concerning the future ... *But truly these things rest on the knees of the gods.*

Steam Cooling for R.A.F. Aeroplanes

It will be news to most motorists that for the last three years the R.A.F. have been experimenting with steam or evaporative cooling instead of water-cooling for aero engines, and that apparatus has been perfected to the extent that steam cooling will probably be adopted for the new military aeroplanes with which the Force is being re-equipped. Any new departure in aero engineering interests the whole world of motors, from the people who design cars to the people who drive them; for it is a well recognised fact that the perfection of the modern motor car, and that even more perfect thing—the modern motorcycle—are both very largely due to the scientific research that has been devoted to the ever present necessity of getting more power out of less engine weight.

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THROUGHOUT INDIA



Present progress is along the line of steam cooling, the immediate importance of which consists chiefly of a reduction in weight and vulnerability. The ultimate result will almost certainly be a reduction of wind resistance by the accommodation of condensers in the wings. One type of condenser already produced and fully tested by the Fairey Aviation Company lies flat on the centre section of the upper wing, and from this stage to building it into the structure of the wing should not mean difficult development work. The condenser is both smaller and lighter than the radiator, and the water needed for engine cooling in the evaporative process is reduced to a very small quantity.

In the ordinary radiator the water itself is passed over the honeycomb cooling surfaces; in the condenser, steam alone delivers the heat to the surfaces from which it is dissipated. The heat dissipation of course condenses the steam, and water in small quantities is returned to the engine's water jacket. In a military machine the saving of water weight is important, and on active service the present danger of being brought down by a bullet-hole in the radiator would be almost wholly removed. The leakage of steam from a bullet-hole in the condenser has been shown to have so small an effect on engine temperature that escape and an ordinary landing might be possible.

Lesser advantages are the elimination of the need for the pilot to wind his radiator up or down according to the temperature, the removal of the risk of freezing in cold climate, and quicker warming up of engines—a matter of some concern in a fighter which may have to get quickly into the air on a raid warning. Already a number of new military aeroplanes which use the Rolls Royce Kestrel engine have been fitted experimentally with evaporative cooling. They include the Hart day bomber, two new fast night bombers, and a new powerful flying-boat. The results in every case have been most satisfactory and the system is now to be given a most rigorous trial. For the present honeycomb type condensers are being used. The next step will be to develop or adopt condensers shaped so as to offer the least possible air resistance. It will not be long, I fancy, before we find steam-cooling increasing the power-to-eight ratio of racing cars, and possibly even of midget sports models.

New Zealand's Natural Speedway

Mention of racing cars brings me to the announcement published lately that an early attempt to wrest the World Speed Record (245.73 miles per hour) from Sir Malcolm Campbell, will be undertaken by Mr. Norman ("Wizard") Smith of Sydney; and that in view of the difficulty of obtaining ideal conditions at Daytona, a new venue for the attempt has been selected on a famous beach of New Zealand. Famous locally, I should say, as "Ninety-Mile Beach," this natural speedway is likely to become famous the world over if the "Wizard" lives up to his title. Meanwhile I have been to some pains to collect information concerning the spot;



Map of the Ninety-Mile Beach.

for the bare idea of mile on unending mile of firm level sea beach stretching into and beyond the horizon, fired my imagination and what facts I have ascertained have but whetted my curiosity concerning this remarkable place.

The Ninety-Mile Beach is about a hundred miles north of Auckland (see sketch map shown). Only a few years ago to reach it required an adventurous journey on horseback; now trains from Auckland run within a few miles of its southern end, and it is the objective of many motor car owners bent on a summer camping holiday a little off the beaten track. In actual mileage the beach is only sixty-five miles, but for forty of those miles it runs level, smooth and unbroken; as hard at low tide as a concrete highway, wheels leaving scarcely a mark on its surface. There are no pebbles, no surface shells.

The region is rich in interest, and it has the added charm of having been, until the advent of the motor car, almost unknown territory to the rest of New Zealand. Even now, there are few people who can claim to have set foot on the land's ends of Cape Maria Van Diemen, Spirits' Bay—what a setting it would offer J. M. Barrie for a play—or the North Cape. The latter is not the most northerly point of New Zealand; that distinction belongs to the Reinga, the Maori gateway to the hereafter. According to tradition the souls of the departed collect in the adjoining Spirits' Bay, a long, shining, scimitar-like curve of ivory sand. From here they climb the forbidding scarp of the Reinga to cast themselves off into space by a gnarled tree which juts out from the rock. This tree is distorted, twisted, and broken: "Damaged by the strong winds which sweep the cape," say the prosaic. "Worn out by the weight of the souls it has helped to the hereafter," say the poetic Maori.

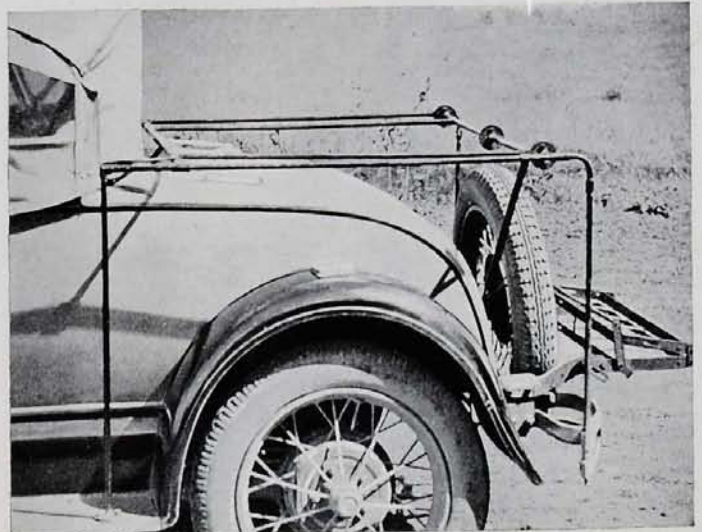
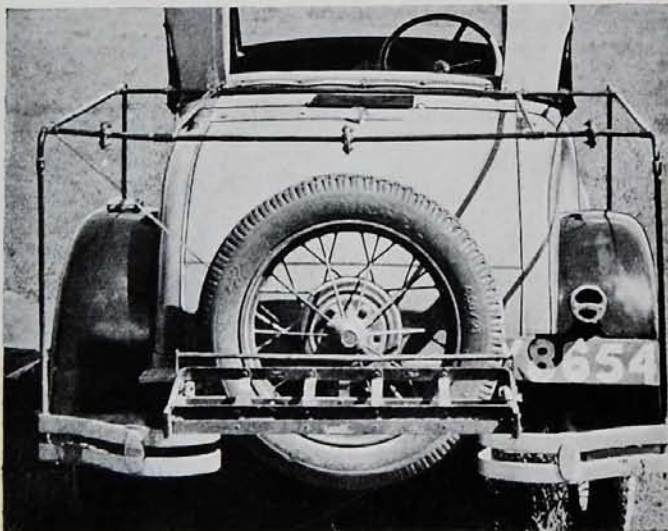
Talking About Cars

There are few white settlers in the vicinity of Ninety-Mile Beach. Many Maoris have their homes in the locality, the mainstay of their support being the toheroa shellfish for which the beach is noted. The toheroa is a species of clam, with a smooth flat shell about 4 inches in diameter. It is an elusive creature to gather. Coming up to the surface when the coast is clear, it can dig its way down again at a greater speed than the inexperienced human digger can compass. In any case it is too tough a morsel to be acceptable to the settler's palate in its natural state. The Maori digestion is more robust. When the toheroa does become a valuable article of commerce is after it is canned; the cooking it receives under high pressure steam in this process reduces its tough integuments to a workable consistency. In this state it is used to make a soup of delectable flavour which was highly commended by the Prince of Wales, and which successive Governors have introduced to the gourmets of London clubs.

The toheroa played an important part in the negotiations for the use of the beach as a speed track. Under the treaty of Waitangi the right to such shellfish was reserved to the Maori people. The area being poor in natural foodstuffs, the toheroa is an important item in their support. Consequently they raised protests against the holding of speed trials on the sands on account of possible damage to the shellfish beds. The rights of the canning factory established there had also to be considered. All this was taken into consideration in giving permission to motorists to use the beach, and fixing the area where the speed trials will be held.

Kit Carrying on a Two-seater

This month the space usually reserved for new accessories and ideas, is worthily filled by two photographs sent to me by a friend in the 9th Armoured Car Company, who has solved one of the greatest problems of motoring in India—how to transport bulky rolls of bedding and kit too large for the dickey of a small two-seater car. The tip should be of the greatest possible benefit to owners of similar cars who have come to



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grief over this ever present problem. My friend who is an expert photographer besides being a brainy member of the Tank Corps, has consented to the publication of these photographs of his car, which clearly indicate the problem's immediate solution. The luggage-carrying trellis is simply constructed of steel tubing, firmly bolted and braced, and designed not to interfere with the use of the dickey seat for parcels or human freight. A bed, a bath tub, and a Queen Anne commode, can be accommodated on the framework when moving camp. Like all great ideas it is essentially simple in its conception, and it can be built and fitted to any two-seater car.

The particulars of construction are as follows:—The carrier fitted to the Ford car is constructed of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch gas pipe, and it is detachable in 5 minutes. Two $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch holes are drilled—one in each running board—and three $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch holes are drilled in the body panel in front of the dickey seat and behind the driving seat. The rear bumper pins are removed, and substitution made of the rear uprights of the carrier. Bedding rolls can then be carried one on each side of the dickey seat. In actual test, two valises, each of 80 lb. weight, were carried 2,000 miles. The weight is carried slightly in front of the back axle and within the wheelbase of the car, and a practical advantage found was that by reason of the air space all round the rolled bedding, dust eddies are not caused to the same extent as if the bedding was strapped to the car body. Consequently the kit arrives less covered with dust, and its carriage does not interfere with the use of the dickey seat.



A Whole Page of Good Shots



A judge threatened to fine a lawyer for contempt of court.

"I have expressed no contempt for court," said the lawyer; "on the contrary, I have carefully concealed my feelings."

She: "I don't want to be too easily won."

He: "Naturally."

She: "So if I say 'no' now, you won't get angry and never ask me again, will you?"

"Did Abe win the race?"

"Oy, py a nose."

"Oy, vat a runner dat poy is."

It happened in a small country hotel. The night clerk, who was dozing, felt a soft tap on his elbow. Turning, he was confronted with one of the women guests in charming disarray. "Pardon me," she said in a soft voice, "could I trouble you for a glass of water?"

The clerk drew a glass of water from the tap, gave it to the woman, and resumed his pose of meditation. Scarcely had he dozed off, when again he felt a tap on his elbow. "I'm sorry to trouble you again," said the same soft voice, "but could you give me another glass of water?" In wonderment the clerk did so, and then prepared himself for his evening's slumber. But he was ill-fated. Scarce ten minutes had passed before he was tapped again.

"I'm so sorry," she breathed, "but I really must have another glass of water."

"Madam," said the astonished clerk, "may I ask why you need so much water?"

"Well, I rather hate to tell you, because I am afraid you will scream. But if you really must know, I'm trying to put out a fire in my room."

Insulting: "Say, you've never danced before!"

Insulted: "All right; you're good enough to practise on."



"Look! Isn't that marvellous for five rupees?"

A married man may have his better half, but a bachelor has better quarters.

"Hello!"

"I beg your pardon! You've made a mistake."

"Aren't you the little girl I kissed last night?"

"Must have been my sister. She's sick."

Dolly: "I wonder if Jack loves me?"

Mary: "Of course, *mon ami*. Why should he make you an exception."

The height of misfortune—a young man in a car, stalled on a country road, with his girl's mother in the back seat.

Sonny Finkelstein: "Fadder, was your peeples vell-to-do?"

Fadder Finkelstein: "Nein, son; dey vas hard to do."

Pretty Girl: "I live at 414, Elliot Road—now don't you dare follow me."

"A familiar place," said the girl, looking at the sofa.

Bobby: "Father, is it correct to say that a storm is brewing?"

Colonel: "No, my son; it never rains anything but water."

"You n-never seem to t-take any interest in anything I do," sobbed the bride.

"Don't be unreasonable, my dear," remonstrated her husband.

"I remained awake all last night and wondered what you had put in that cake you made."

"Papa, is there really honour among thieves?"

"No, Mary, thieves are just as bad as other people."

Judge: "You admit then that this signature is a forgery?"

Convict: "Yes, sir, I'm sorry, but I copied it as closely as I could."

A Garden in the Plains

MARCH is here again and with its return I notice the annuals in the flower beds are already looking poorly.

This year Carnations have been excellent, so also have Asters, wild Cinerarias and Anchusa. Begonias, too, have flowered well though I have known better seasons.

These Begonias are easily raised from seed sown in September and are very useful for shady beds, "a desideratum" in all hot weather gardens. Sow hot weather seeds within the next two weeks, if possible, but do not delay too long thereafter, otherwise the results obtained will be rather disappointing.

Chrysanthemum runners must be potted off at once if they have recovered from their first separation from the parent plant. Use just an ordinary garden soil mixture and give plenty of sun. A good plan is to half bury the pot in mud and thus conserve moisture. Be careful of the water you use. During the next three months or so it has a tendency to become brackish and if given in large quantities to Chrysanthemums, ferns and other delicate plants will either kill or considerably damage them.

March is the month in which you must study your garden if you desire to see a splash of colour throughout the coming year. Vinca, the "Old Maid," as it is commonly called, is a perennial that is very useful during the "Dog Days," especially the white with a red eye variety. Then Euphorbia Heterophylla, the annual Poinsettia with half red and half green leaves will also supply a most arresting colour scheme to the beds.

Hibiscus Cannabinus, resembling a Hollyhock will flower at any time of the year but it is best put

in at the commencement of the rains, when it blooms beautifully towards the end of September.

Cannas are a gorgeous sight just now, the heat is not intense enough to dry off the flowers everyday and very full bunches are the result. Another flowering shrub, the *Grislea*, which is considered a weed in the foothills, looks like a burning bush with thousands of small tubular red flowers produced all along the drooping branches; then again Oleanders, Plumeria, Allamanda and Cerbera, all true hot



weather forerunners, are now to be seen coming on.

It is rather too late at the moment to undertake the pruning of shrubs, as sap is rapidly ascending and the plant making growth, but one or two of the stragglers in your garden, if they do not appear to look healthy, may be stimulated if shortened a little.

In conclusion a word of warning regarding the care of pot plants. Many an amateur possessing a collection of palms and ferns keeps these in a verandah exposed to the south and after the hot weather finds the plants in a very bad way.

Watering should be carried out thoroughly at least once a day and

during the very dry period twice. Also keep the floor damp to supply moisture. By the way, the drainage hole at the bottom of the pot should be kept open and if full of roots, remove the ball of earth and transfer the whole plant to a larger sized pot filling in the spaces with fresh earth.

Cement floors heat up very rapidly and when the pot rests direct on this surface, the plants in most cases get damaged.

If the pots can be transferred to the north or east side of the Bungalow so much the better, but direct contact with hot cement should be carefully avoided whatever their position in the house.

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The Indian Kennel.

MRS. BRIDGE, of the Rockdale Kennels, Calcutta, sends me a photo of her Wire Fox Terrier *Rocket o' the Farnes* (by *Austral Agent ex Foxtrot Flapper*). The photograph most certainly does not do him justice, it is seemingly taken from an angle which makes him appear deficient in neck, whereas this is not the case at all. He is an exceedingly smart little dog and did very well at last Calcutta Show. He is undoubtedly bred "in the purple" and amongst other famous dogs he boasts as his ancestors Champion *Conqueror of Curree*, Champion *Clonmel Horseshoes Attraction*, Int. Champion *Crackley Sensational*, Champion *Talavera Simon*, Champion



"Rhadamanthus."

He is still very young, barely a year old, whelped 21st February, 1931. He has a huge head, with marvellous wrinkle, correct ears and wonderful expression.

His grandsire is that famous dog Champion *Tweed-side Red Chief* (by Champion *Dunscar Draftsman*), and on his dam's side Champion *Diomed* (by *Crewe So White Man*). In all a complete five-generation pedigree



"Rocket o' the Farnes."

Watteau Roberts, etc., too numerous to mention. He is now at stud and should prove a great asset to the breed.

Miss R. Yule (at present residing at Ellenborough House, Rajpur, near Dehra Dun) has sent me various snapshots of her newly imported Bulldog *Rhadamanthus* (by *Newington Chief ex Beauty of Jenolar*). None of the snapshots are good but I am publishing the one I consider will reproduce best. *Rhadamanthus*, or *Solly* to give him his kennel name, arrived in very bad condition and is still out of coat and nothing like he should be, which is very unfortunate for his owner as she had to show him out of condition at Calcutta. Nevertheless he did well and when acclimatised should trouble the best.

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Letters and Photos to Mrs. Bavin, Stein Mal Tea Estate, Peace Valley, Darjeeling.



"Fullery of Ware."

containing 12 Champions, Champion *Caulfield Monarch* and *Irish Aulant* bred, on both sides. I also publish a beautiful photo of Major and Mrs. Morbey's grand Cocker Spaniel dog *Fullery of Ware* imported from the "of Ware" Kennels in England, the most famous kennel of Cockers in the world. So far I have not received notes regarding him, merely his photo, which is sufficient in itself. Glorious deep muzzle, the



"Pauline," the property of Mrs. R. W. Clayton.

desired "stop," beautifully placed ears, wonderful body, he is hard to fault. Major Morbey, who is the famous gun-dog judge, resides at Patwa Dangar, Naini Tal District, and both he and Mrs. Morbey are keen Cocker fanciers and have one of the finest kennels of Cockers out here.

M. S. B.



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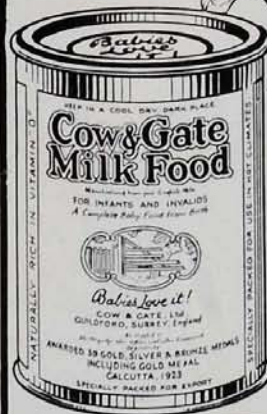
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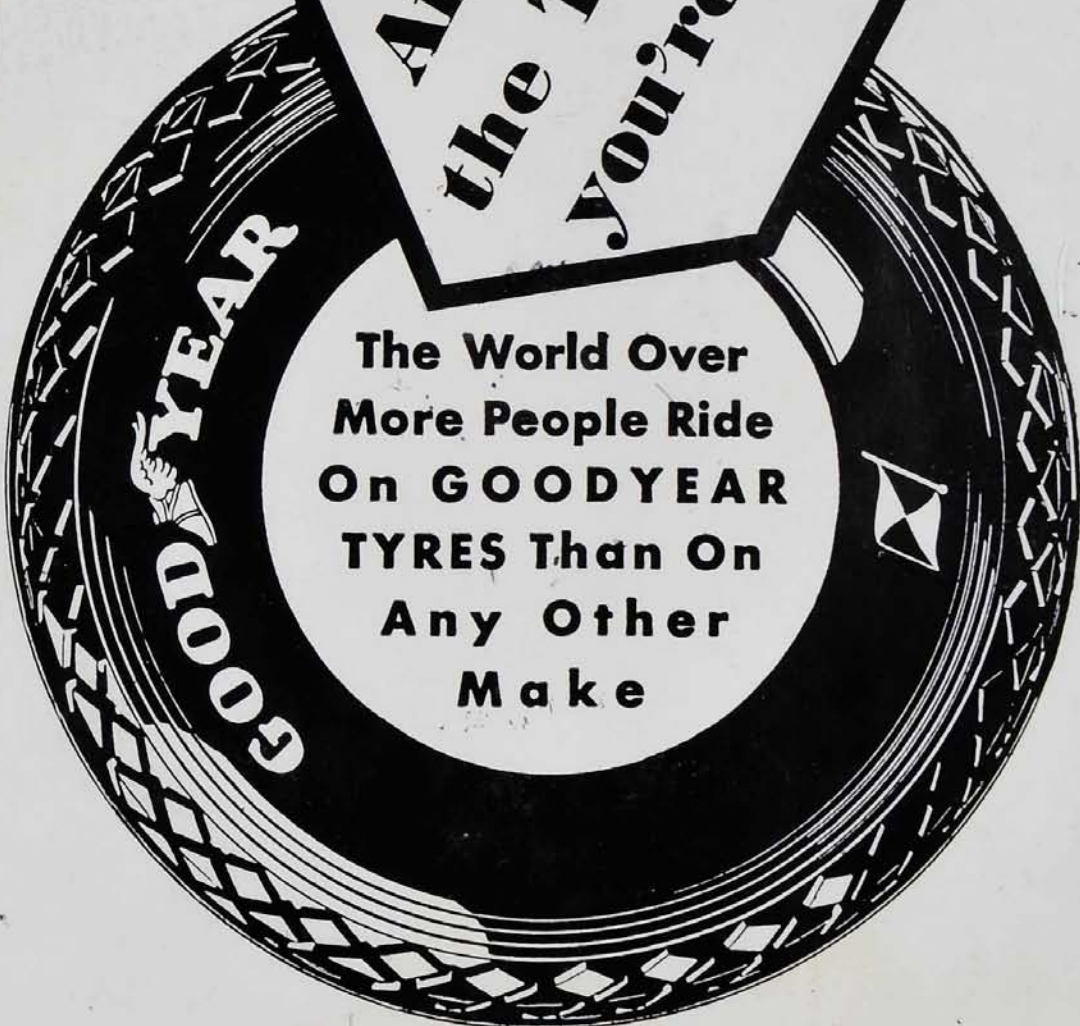


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