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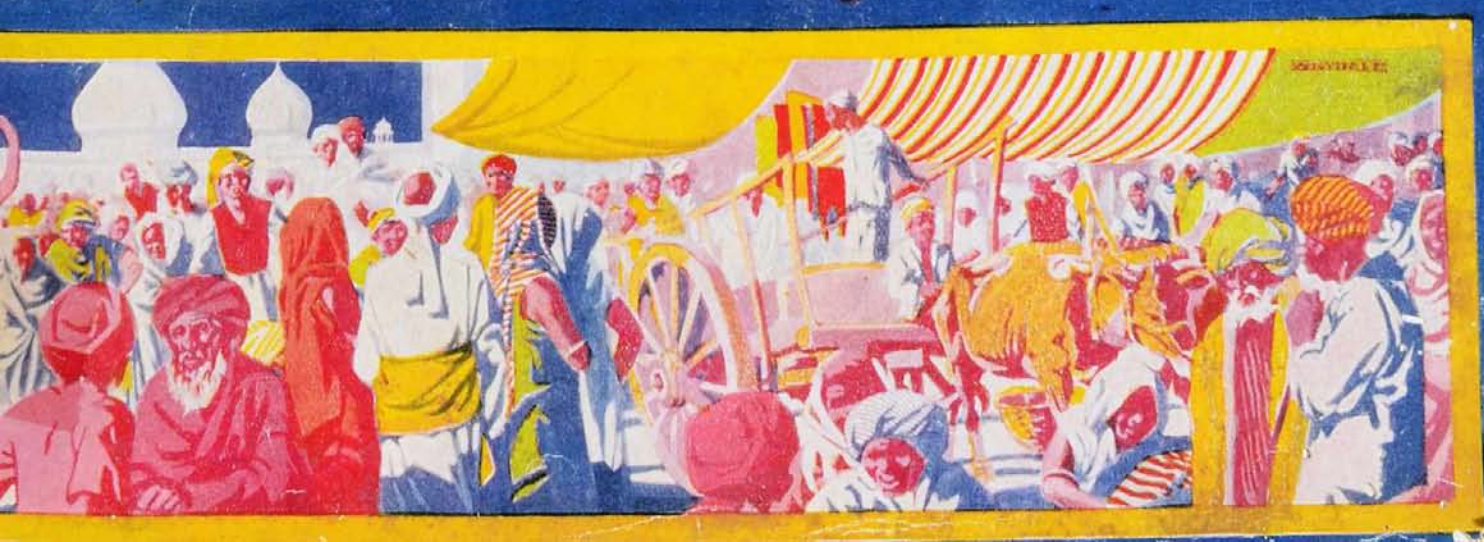
REG. NO. C 1670

INDIA

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1931

A KULU BELLE.



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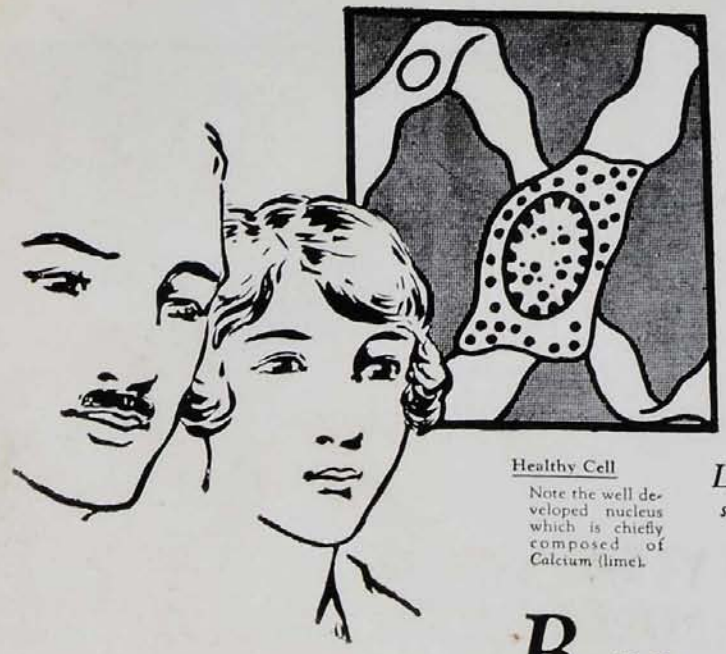
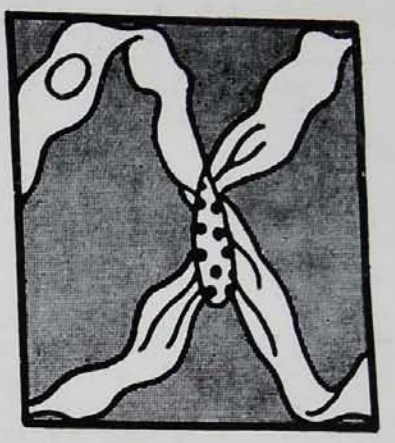


Healthy Cell

Note the well developed nucleus which is chiefly composed of *Calcium* (lime).

LIVING CELLS
seen through microscope



Unhealthy Cell ★

Same cell after the lime has been removed (artificially withdrawn). The nucleus is shrivelled up.

"Kalzana acts efficiently in all conditions in which a lime-food is required because Kalzana promotes Calcium retention."

The Medical Journal
"The Practitioner."

Build up a strong Constitution in this new, logical way— with KALZANA the Calcium-Food

BONES, blood, tissues, nerves—the whole of your body is built up of millions of living cells—and upon their health the health of your body entirely depends.

As the vital part of any cell—its nucleus—is entirely composed of *Calcium* (lime) it will be easily understood that a *deficiency of Calcium* (lime) immediately affects the health of your body-cells★ Lack of Calcium is now known to be at the root of such complaints as general weakness, chilblains, scrofula, weakness of the teeth, etc.

In any of the following complaints Kalzana will give gratifying results, because it removes the cause which underlies these troubles—a *Calcium* (lime) deficiency in your body.

- **Weak Teeth.**
- **Irregularities of the functions of womanhood.**
- **Loss of Hair.**
- **Skin troubles (Eczema).**
- **Unhealthy blood (Anaemia).**
- **Irritable nerves.**
- **Weakness during and after pregnancy (need of extra Calcium for the baby).**

Only by supplying your body with extra Calcium will you remove the cause of your complaint and thus secure a rapid and lasting return to Health. Give your body the Calcium needed by taking Kalzana, the Calcium food.

Kalzana contains Calcium in exactly that scientific combination—sodium lactate and calcium lactate—which, unlike other forms of Calcium, is readily taken up and retained by the body-cells.

Start taking KALZANA to-day—it will give you a strong and healthy constitution. Give Kalzana to your children as well—it will provide them with strong, healthy teeth, prevent rickets, and increase their power of resistance to disease.

Ask for this

Free Sample

Simply fill in your name and address and send us this coupon with a 2 anna stamp (for postage) and you will receive sample tube of Kalzana with interesting booklet entirely free.

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Address .....

Send to Dept.: C.M.9
Martin & Harris Ltd., Rowlette Bldg., Prinsep St., Calcutta.

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THE CALCIUM FOOD

Made by the manufacturers of Sanatogen and Formamint.

At all Chemists and Bazars in bottles containing 75 tablets.

Nervous Debility.

Benger's Food gives relief from the distress and nervous debility caused by indigestion. It soothes, comforts, and is exceptionally nourishing.

BENGER'S
Food

is untouched by hand and sold in sealed tins by Chemists, etc.

Booklet post free from Offices of this newspaper.

Sole Manufacturers :
BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., England.

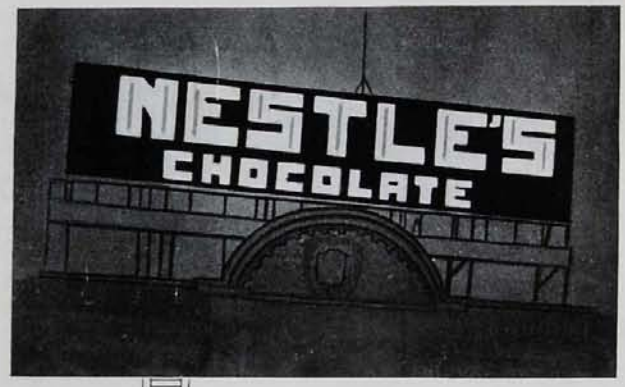
3 Days —*Teeth* 3 SHADES WHITER!

The Kolynos Dry-Brush Method Removes Yellow Stains

USE a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry tooth-brush. Try it for ten days and see the difference. Your teeth will be 3 shades whiter in 3 days and lustrously beautiful in 10!

Kolynos is a highly concentrated dental cream of unique germicidal and antiseptic properties. It foams in the mouth... Use it full strength on a dry brush. The brush bristles retain their stiffness to scrub the teeth properly. The antiseptic Kolynos foam penetrates between the teeth, destroys germs, mouth acids; and makes the whole mouth sweet and clean.

Though you may think that the dentifrice you are now using is satisfactory, we want you to give Kolynos a fair trial. You'll see and feel the difference.



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INDIA

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Founded by the late L. Taylor, Esq.

Volume 6 No. 32 FEBRUARY, 1931 Re. 1 Monthly

February in the Himalayas.

The Joyousness of Healthy Childhood

JOY and health are natural companions. Your children's happiness depends upon their health, and good health can only be assured by adequate and proper nourishment.

Local foods are notoriously deficient in nutritive value; they must be supplemented if you would give your children a good start, a chance to be healthy and strong, to enjoy physical well-being and mental alertness.

"Ovaltine," the supreme form of concentrated nourishment, is a complete Tonic Food Beverage. It supplies the growing child with every necessary nourishing element; its delicious flavour wins a child's eager approval.

"Ovaltine" children radiate the charm of glowing health, and no wonder! their regular cup of delicious "Ovaltine" is really a cup of Nature's best foods—malt, creamy cow's milk and cocoa—scientifically prepared, correctly balanced and in easily-digested form.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Agent: James Wright, 85a, Ripon Street, Calcutta; also at Bombay, Madras and Rangoon.

OE/24/A

Topical to the Tropical

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

A correspondent yesterday suggested that we are witnessing the rapid decay of the solemn forms in which the last generation made their proposals of marriage. Certainly the elaboration of gesture, the poetic and stately periphrases, with which the great novelists of the past set the standard of courtship, are remote enough from the present practice as exemplified in the various experiences that we record to-day.

But some sceptics will doubt whether the change is so great as it seems. Not all the characters of eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in real life commanded the magnificence of phrase, wherewith the masters of literature were able to endow their puppets; not every Victorian lover could kneel before his lady with the elegant deportment only to be learnt from Mr. Turveydrop. If we would make a fair comparison, we should set beside to-day's confessions the recorded proposals of some actual suitors of say, 1880. Perhaps some of the ladies now celebrating their golden weddings will take us into their confidence.

♔ ♔ ♔

A man who dined with us two nights ago has twice signed cheques for 35,000 rupees which must be unique. When we asked him how it felt he was somewhat non-committal. It was the country's money, and not his, which he was compelled to sign away.

One thing is certain. There was no fear that anyone would embezzle the cheque.

♔ ♔ ♔

A relentless Transatlantic statistican has worked out, a correspondent tells us, just what the national mosquito harvests. The answer is 7,283 gallons of blood a year.

Putting a good face on it.

Taking good bites with bad biters, he says, an average mosquito bite draws half-a-drop of blood. Four thousand seven hundred and twenty bites yield a gill. A quart is obtained by 37,760 'skeeters enjoying a simultaneous bite (37,532 of them bit us simultaneously in the Du Pont swamps across the Delaware while we were fishing there one evening in July, 1912).

There are 110,000,000 persons, including the President, in the States; the average person being well and truly bitten 10 times a year at least: a very moderate estimate doubtless made by a rural house agent or a tourist agency. The upshot of the matter is that 145 50-gallon casks of American blood are drawn by mosquitoes every year. Yet, if one cask were drawn by the Pathans, or the Abyssinians, or the Lapps, we should be in the thick of another world war.

♔ ♔ ♔

Suspicious

Lawyer: "Now, Mr. Fargo, will you have the goodness to answer me, directly and categorically, a few plain questions?"

Witness: "Yes, sir."

Lawyer: "Is there a female living at present with you who is known in the neighbourhood as Mrs. Fargo?"

Witness: "Yes, sir."

Lawyer: "State, on your oath, sir, do you maintain her?

Witness: "Yes, sir."

Lawyer: "Have you ever been married to her?"

Witness: "No, sir." (Here several jurors scowled gloomily at the witness.)

Lawyer: "That is all, Mr. Fargo; you may go down."

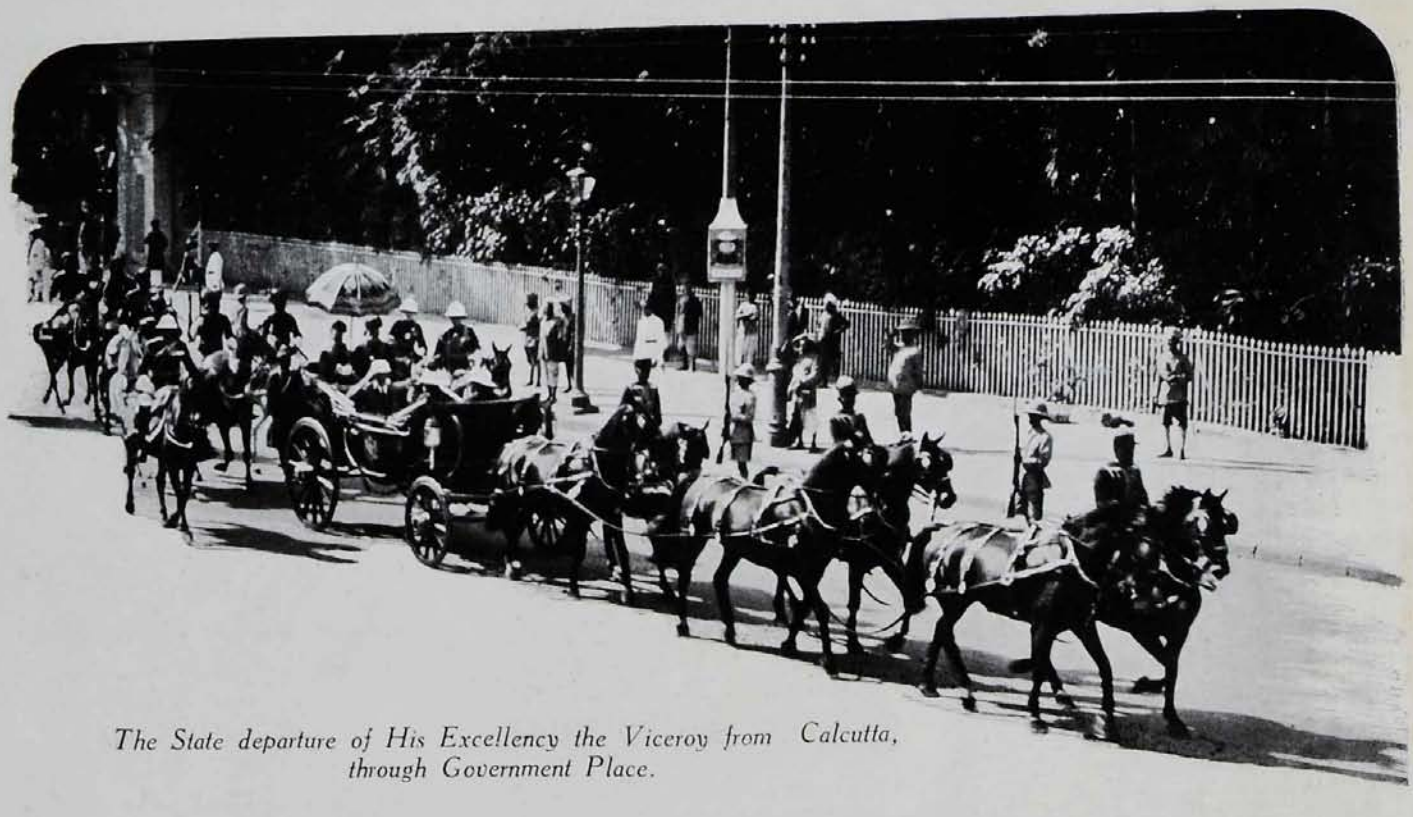
Opposite Lawyer: "One minute, Mr. Fargo, is the lady in question your grandmother?"

Witness: "Yes, sir."

♔ ♔ ♔

"Say, is your dog clever?"

"Clever! I should say so. When I say, 'Are you coming or aren't you?' He just comes or he doesn't."



The State departure of His Excellency the Viceroy from Calcutta, through Government Place.

The Captains and Kings depart

With the Prime Minister's statement the Round Table Conference has been brought to a close. Though we have occasion almost every month to aver that politics are no concern of us (and with as much frequency disprove our own statement), recent events in London compel us to take notice of changes that must effect the daily lives of each one of us—Indian and European alike. India has gone forward with amazing leaps since the Conference first assembled last November and to-day we are on the threshold of a new era. That is, you will argue, as obvious as it can be and it is merely a piece of journalistic "demand iteration" to repeat it. We venture to suggest that perhaps our simple statement has more in it than would at first appear. For is it not true that up to the last few days we all felt that India was moving forward by slow but sure stages to Self-Government? But now the sensation is quite different. We repeat we are not politicians and nothing would upset us more than to be called upon to dissertate upon federalism, Dominion Status and the like. What we do know, however, is that in a mysterious way things have changed and, to use the comparison provided by an American leader writer, the spectacle of Lord Curzon in a sola topee riding up to his Durbar in a slightly late Victorian elephant does not give us quite the same thrill as the thought that British statesmanship has once again proved equal to a great Imperial necessity.

The London Atmosphere

What has particularly impressed us, political novitiates as we are, is what for want of a better term we will call the "London atmosphere." The Conference was the biggest gathering of its kind that has ever assembled in London and, next to the historic Versailles gathering, it probably holds a European record. There have been no delays, no "walk-outs," no silly bickering and, above all, a real appreciation of the serious purpose for which the gathering was called. In the main the credit for this must go to the Prime Minister and Lord Sankey, the ready manner in which the Conservative and Liberal delegates adapted themselves to the progress of the Conference and at no juncture where Indian unanimity was apparent did they oppose. Naturally, one's mind enquires who were the outstanding figures at the Conference, for in a body of more than eighty men two or three are bound to stand out. The Prime Minister (how far he has travelled since the salad days of the *Awakening of India!*) was unquestionably the outstanding figure and if he has not risen to the heights of eloquence in any of his Conference speeches they have always been compact and understandable and pleasant to read. The turning point in India's history was, appropriately enough, made by an ex-Viceroy, Lord Reading who, for sheer brilliance of achievement, towered head and shoulders above any other British delegate. Lord Reading's acceptance of the principle of responsibility at the Centre will go down into history as a great act of faith and statesmanship.

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru

The Indian side of the table has not been deficient in personalities as attractive as they are able. For instance, one of the most dynamic figures at the Conference was the late Moulana Mahomed Ali, whose political career was

appropriately brought to a close whilst the distinguished Mussalman leader was in harness. As the world knows he died serving his country and the leaders of all parties and communities united in paying him fitting tribute. If we were asked to single out one man, more than the others, who has displayed leadership and forethought we would unhesitatingly nominate Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, to whom probably more than any other man should go the honour and the thanks of his countrymen. Sir Tej for weeks on end has unthreaded the tangled skeins of communal interests and differences, racial prejudice, provincial jealousies and a hundred and one difficulties which would have baffled a less enthusiastic and experienced delegate. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru's name will rank high in the list of India's statesmen and we believe that when the time comes properly to appraise the work of the last few weeks Indians will be profoundly thankful to this Kashmiri Brahmin for the work he has done. Dr. Moonje, with one eye cocked watchfully on the army, has made another side of India's argument clear to those who did not know of it before. We could name a host of others, but space precludes and we can only conclude our comment on this historic event by echoing the fervent hope of every lover of India that this may prove the end of troublous days and the beginning of an era that will be blessed with peace and plenty.

Mr. Oscar de Glanville, Bar.-at-Law, a delegate from Burma to the Round Table Conference, is the recipient of a Knighthood in the New Year Honours list.

Newspaper Development

In these days of industrial depression and gathering gloom it is gratifying to be able to record at least one happy development in a branch of business which has felt the trade "flop" as keenly as any other. We refer to newspaper production. In the face of discouraging political and business conditions, the *Statesman* has carried out its project of simultaneous publication in Calcutta and Delhi and early last month the Delhi edition made its bow to the public. It is probably the first time in the history of journalism that dual production of a newspaper has been successfully carried through in centres so widely apart as Calcutta and Delhi, though, of course, it has been in vogue at Home for some time past. The management of the *Statesman* have shown both enterprise and foresight in taking this step which will give the reading public of India quicker presentation of the news of the world each day. Then comes the news of a new venture at Patna, which is to appear early this month. At first sight Patna would not appear to be an ideal place in which to publish an English daily newspaper but the province of Bihar and Orissa is growing in importance and there are big zemindary interests in and around the city which require publicity. Mr. G. Hardy, who was formerly editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore, is the editor of the new journal, which makes its appearance at a time when there is no scarcity of material to make and sustain a first class newspaper. Such a newspaper should prove extremely valuable as a medium of imparting knowledge about provincial and agrarian problems.

His Excellency Sir Stanley Jackson and party arriving at the Calcutta races on Governor's Cup day.

A Neglected Championship

The fact that a number of well-known players have notified their inability to attend the forthcoming All-India Tennis Championships, raises the question of whether Allahabad is the most convenient place to hold this important sporting function. Shorn of much of its former glory, the growing popularity of Lucknow, threatens Allahabad with the loss of a cold weather attraction. But the plain fact is that if the best players will not go to Allahabad the so-called All-India Tennis Championships held there will become unrepresentative. Miss Sandison, for instance, does not think it worth while to defend her title as the Ladies' Single Champion of India, but will play about the same time in the local tournament at Delhi. L. Brooke-Edwards is apparently of the same mind. What is the alternative choice to Allahabad? For ourselves, we believe that it would be better to change the venue of the tournament every year, as is done in the case of the All-India Rugger Tournament. Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Lahore and Allahabad would all get a turn then and the task of organisation would devolve on a different committee each year. The South Club in Calcutta and the Gymkhana in Bombay have plenty of experience of running big representative tournaments.

Royal Air Force, winner of the Governor's Cup, Calcutta Races.

Ahad Hussain's Progress

Talking, or rather writing, of tennis, reminds us of one or two matters we meant to touch on last month, but lack of space and the exigencies of going to press during the holidays prevented us. The visit of the International Club was a rare treat for tennis players and fans alike and the South Club are to be congratulated on their enterprise in bringing to India such fine players. The defeat of Austin by Andrews shows that the former, fine player as he is, can still be beaten. Ahad Hussain, the Lucknow player, handed out a hiding to Oliffe and had bad luck in not being able to meet Andrews in the final of the Delhi games. Whether his subsequent conduct was right or wrong it is not for us to say. What we are impelled to remark is Ahad Hussain's constantly improving form and his ability to rise to a big occasion. He was the first player in the Calcutta games to come anywhere near extending Austin and he was certainly the only Indian player to make Henri Cochet run about the court when the French tourists were here a year ago. Hussain may yet prove to be champion. We all hope India will one day turn out someone who can go Home and hold his own with the world's best at Wimbledon.

Mrs. Laird and Mrs. Duncan (winner) of the All-India Ladies' Golf Championship.

"Those Charming People"

His many friends in India will lament the fact that Col. F. C. Shelmerdine has left us to take up the post of Director of Civil Aviation in Britain in succession to the

late Sir Sefton Brancker, who lost his life in the R101 disaster. Col. Shelmerdine came to India in 1927 as Director of Civil Aviation and at that time there was not a single aeroplane on the register. That there are now sixty-five in regular use by the various flying clubs is, in itself, eloquent testimony to the success of Col. Shelmerdine's work. No less than eleven thousand flying hours have been completed by members of the flying clubs which have become social institutions in the principal cities of the country. Sir Victor Sassoon, who has given generous support to the movement, described Col. and Mrs. Shelmerdine (whose name figures in Michael Arlen's books) as "these charming people" at a farewell dinner which was given to them in Delhi last month and those who have been fortunate enough to meet them will agree that Sir Victor's description was both apt and correct.

Our Delightful Climate

Mr. Gurudas Roy states that he has discovered stone implements and other materials which prove that Bengal was connected with the Stone Age. In a week or two's time many of us who live in Bengal will wish that it was connected with the Ice Age.

A woman fashion writer predicts frocks of spun-glass in 1940. It appears what little the present styles leave to the imagination is to be robbed of us!

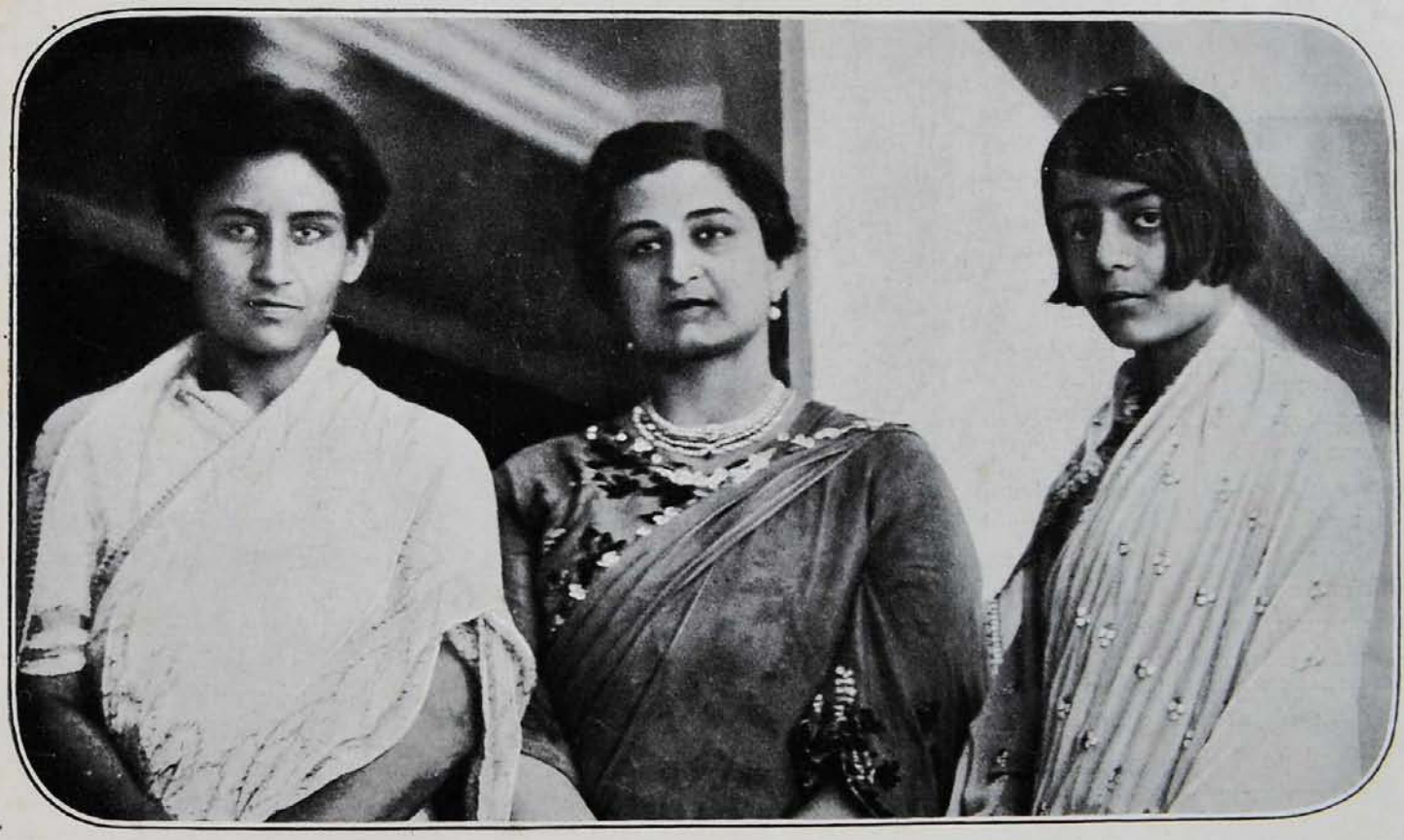
But what an unholy row when the "special-step" dancer kicks off half-a-yard of trimming from his partner's frock!

The Talkie Rival

The advent of the "talkies" to India has sounded the knell of those valiant and mostly accomplished actors and actresses who did their best to enliven us with mirth and melody, and sometimes real, blood-curdling drama, during the cold weather. Yes, gone are the Salisbury's of yesteryear, together with their cheery quips across the footlights regarding the latest scandal in Gymkhana circles. Instead, we have the 57 potted varieties of jokes (made in U.S.A.) droned out to us in a language we don't understand, by shadow people who appear to have no roofs to their mouths. And, even if we want to laugh, we can't—because the management kindly requests us to observe silence, with long prohibitory finger to fulsome Cleopatra mouth.

Amateur Dramatic Clubs

But there is a silver lining even to this dark cloud, for the usually very accomplished Amateur Dramatic Societies, which seem to be created out of the seemingly most unsuitable material in Indian stations, have now started the habit of "going on a tour of the provinces." The latest venture in this respect, was the visit of the Quetta Amateur Dramatic Club to Karachi, where they staged "Romance" during the latter half of January. Local critics say, that since Doris Keane won instant success in the part of Madame Cavillini, when Edward Sheldon brought the play from New York to London sixteen years ago, there has been no one to



The Begum Shaheb of Bhopal, with her two daughters, recently arrived from England. The daughters are at Oxford.

interpret this part as well as Mrs. Pearson, who occupied this *rôle* at Karachi. However it may be, it is certain that the "tour" of the Q.A.D.C. was a great success.

Children *vs.* Talkies

One other thing that the talkies have done, and which has been very noticeable this cold weather while the children are down in the plains from the hill-schools, is that they have "killed" the "children's matinees." Kiddies do not favour the talkies—there is too much of it from one side and not enough from the other, *their* side. When children go to see a film, they want to laugh and shout, to boo the villain, or to encourage the hero when he gets into a mix-up with a gang of roughs. They cannot do that at the talkies; they have to keep silent while some silly goof on the film bursts in on a really ripping scene with some sloppy cackle. And so the matinees have not been patronised—the youngsters prefer to be somewhere where they can laugh and shout just when they want to.

Hobbs and Sutcliffe

Hobbs and Sutcliffe before leaving for England by the *Ranpura,* were persuaded to give their views of the Indian players they had met. Both are full of praise for C. K. Naidu, who in their opinion would do honour to any team in the world. Ghulam Mahomed, the left-handed bowler, is the best of his kind in the whole of India. As a wicket-keeper Navle could, in their opinion, stand comparison with Oldfield of Australia or Duckworth of England. Both suggest that the Maharaj Kumar of Vizianagram would make an excellent captain to an Indian team visiting England. Of the enormous lunches in the intervals, Mr. Hobbs said that they had better be curtailed. But as he pointed it out the fault was not confined to Indian cricket alone. We hope next year will see an Indian team playing in England and drawing closer the ties that bind the sport-loving population of both the countries.

Sir Ibrahim Rahimtoola

The election of Sir Ibrahim Rahimtoola to the Presidential chair of the Legislative Assembly

The new Ruler of Tonk, Rajputana.

is highly satisfactory. Of the candidates who were in the field, Sir Ibrahim was undoubtedly the outstanding figure. A business magnate of Bombay, he was some time ago a member of the Executive Council of the Governor of Bombay and was also President of the Bombay Legislative Council in 1923. Recently he has been one of the most active members of the Labour Commission of which Mr. Whitley is the Chairman.

The high traditions of the chair in the Legislative Assembly, require in the President, a judicial temperament, a strict impartiality, a cool temper and a winning popularity. Sir Ibrahim is endowed with all these qualities and is an ideal choice reflecting the good sense of the Assembly.

Madam Anna Pavlova

The death of Anna Pavlova recalls to mind her Indian tour a couple of years ago. The premier danseuse of the world, she came to India not only to delight an admiring populace but also to study the niceties of Indian dancing. This she did to her satisfaction. Her representations of Indian dancing in Calcutta were so successful as to call forth a continuous round of applause in this city, and elsewhere.

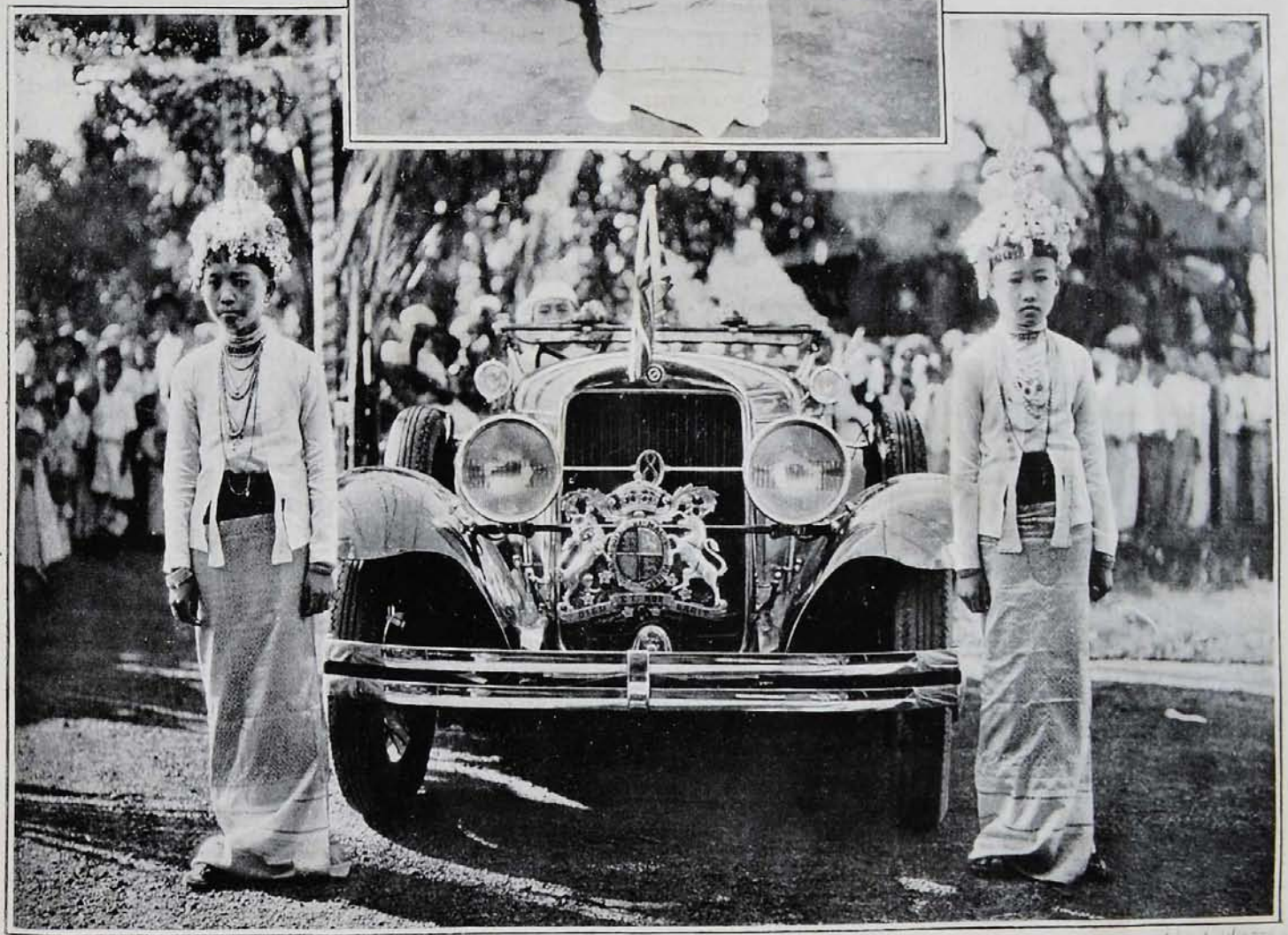
It was not only the fine technique in her art that captivated the spectator. She always could lend a touch, a colouring of her personality to her dancing, which rendered it a "music of the flesh."

In private life Madam Pavlova was an unassuming and cheerful soul. During her short stay in this country she made numerous friends, and many of them were students. It is with real regret we realise that we shall see her no more.

Siam, the land of White Elephants

The story goes that in Siam, when the king is not very pleased with any of his officers, he presents him with a white elephant. This really means untold hardship on the recipient. Apart from the fact that the animal is looked upon with reverence and awe by the people of Siam, the maintaining of so sacred an animal is a costly affair. The much used term, "a white elephant," meaning a costly burden, traces its origin from the above.

A diminutive dancing girl who performed at a breakfast party at Mudon, the occasion being the visit of H. E. Sir J. Maung Gai, acting Governor of Burma. She is only seven years old and very minute.



These photographs were taken when H. E. Sir Joseph Maung Gai motored to Amherst, Mudon. The two little dancing girls are eleven years old.

Lt.-Col. F. C. Shelmerdine, O.B.E., Director of Civil Aviation in India, has been transferred to the Air Ministry, London, in succession to the late Sir Sefton Brancker.

It is interesting to note that from the country of Siam H.R.H. Prince Purachatro of Kambeang, Bejra, who is the brother of the ruling king, is on a visit to Burma. H.R.H. is the Minister for Commerce and Communications in his country and has come to Burma to study conditions affecting the rice and paddy markets.

The Hon'ble Sir Ibrahim Rahimtoola, K.C.I.E., C.I.E., the new President of the Legislative Assembly, 1931.

The All-Asian Women's Conference

The opening ceremony of the All-Asian Women's Conference was held on the Town Hall grounds of Lahore recently. H.H. The Maharani of Kapurthala was to have presided but was unavoidably prevented from doing so. Her daughter, Rani Amirt Kaur, read out the presidential speech on behalf of her mother.

"We aim," ran the speech, "to promote cultural unity among the women of Asia, to place at the service of humanity those qualities which are peculiar to our oriental civilisation, to stamp out those which have crept into our civilisation through sins of omission or commission . . . In short, we desire not merely to regenerate ourselves but through that regeneration we mean to promote human progress and happiness at large." Such a meeting, unique of its kind, emphasises the growth of consciousness of the rights and duties of womanhood in India and Asia.

The late Professor A. A. Macdonell

Professor Macdonell, who died last December, will be remembered as one of those great savants of England who brought to light the hidden treasures of the Sanskrit language. A brilliant scholar in his youth, he won the Boden Sanskrit Scholarship of the Oxford University where later he was appointed Professor of Sanskrit. Among the many books on the Sanskrit language he has written the better known are, his "Vedic Grammar for Students," "Vedic Reader," and "Sanskrit Literature." Writing of his researches in Sanskrit the *Times* in the course of an article of appreciation on him says "His Vedic research redeems English scholarship from the charge of neglect of the most fundamental aspect of Indian life and thought."

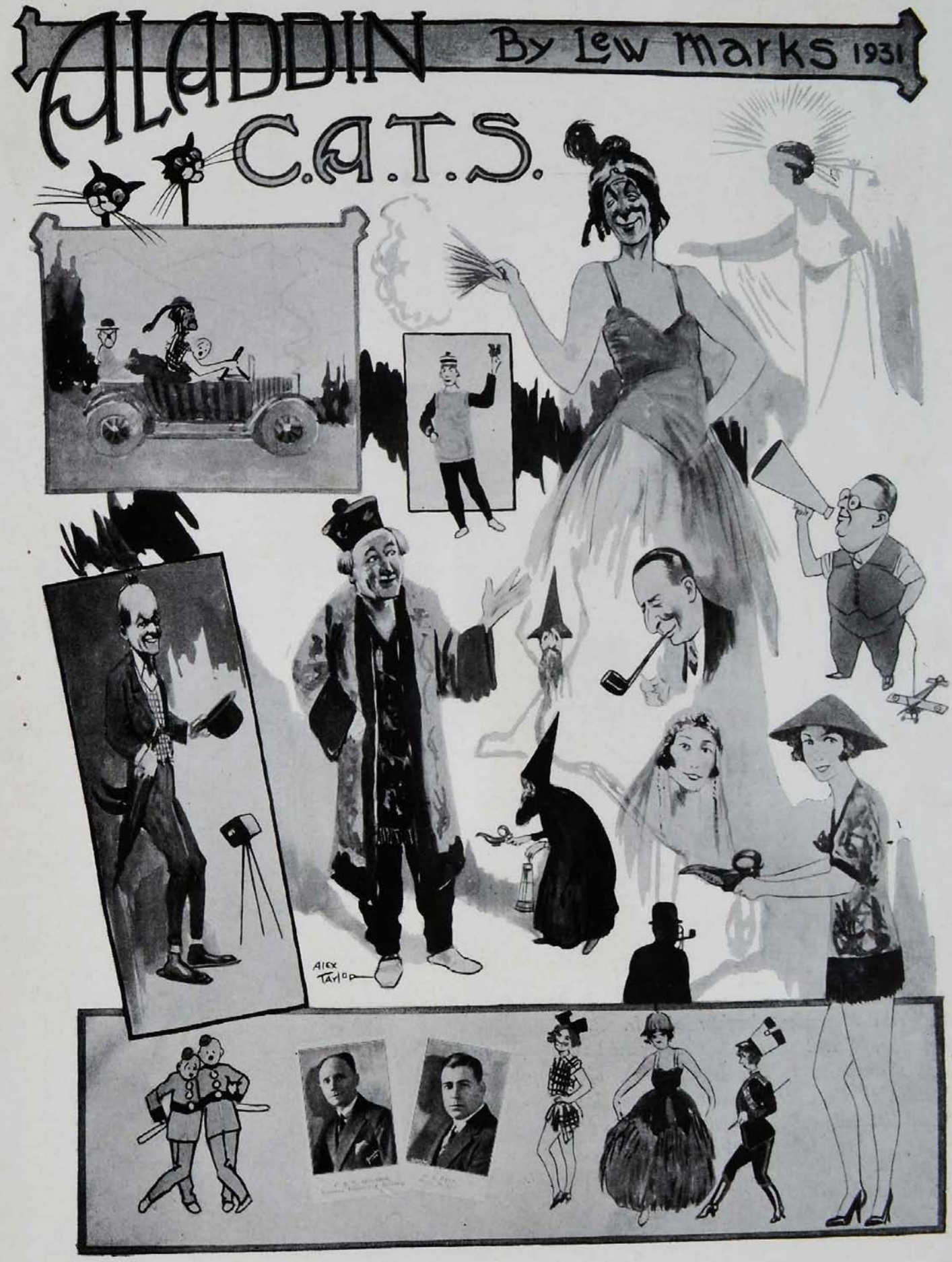
Sultan Khan, the brilliant Indian chess player who defeated Capablanca at the Hastings Chess Tournament at London.

A Memento of New Delhi

To those who desire to commemorate a visit to New Delhi the official opening of which takes place this month we can commend the special New Delhi number of *The Architectural Review* which is priced at two shillings and six pence. Beautifully printed by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode it is replete with historical and architectural data and photography which is of absorbing interest to the layman and architect alike. The new capital is seen in the correct perspective and reconciles those who feel that Calcutta has been wantonly deprived of much of her proper homage. However, that is merely a personal view. No doubt our readers hold diverse opinions on the subject and we will not resuscitate this hoary disputation.

Do not abuse these lengthening days by lengthening them at the wrong end. Those who make a habit of a before-breakfast walk and fill themselves with the good air of Spring, are the wise ones of the earth.

VALETE!



Before and behind the scenes on the last night of Calcutta's Pantomime.

Miss Tara Mazumdar, daughter of Mr. P. K. Mazumdar, Bar.-at-Law, whose engagement was recently announced to Mr. Jaypal Singh, of the Burmah-Shell Co. Mr. Singh is a hockey blue of Oxford University and a distinguished Olympic games and International player.

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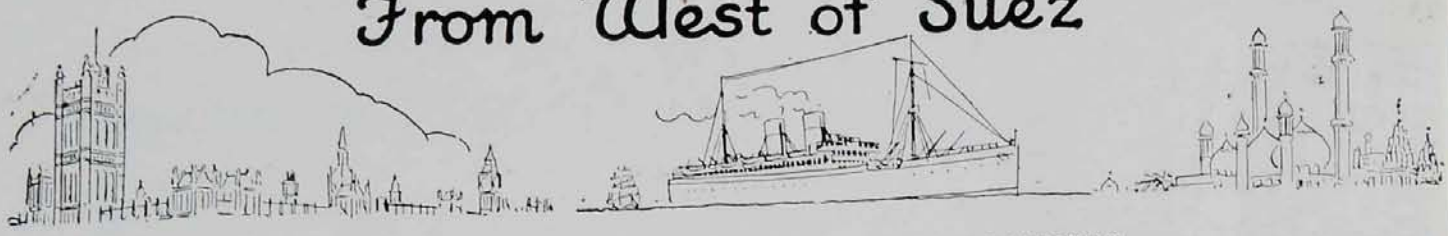
A DISTINGUISHED CIVILIAN

The Hon'ble Sir John Thompson, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., I.C.S., Chief Commissioner of Delhi.

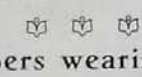
From West of Suez



Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

SOMEWHERE IN BLIGHTY, January, 1931

WITH a nose the colour of an over-ripe sloe, fingers too cold to hold this pen and not a hope of a hunt on the morrow and two of the best light-weight hunters in England at my disposal and the meet in the cream of the Cottesmore country (Leicestershire side) you cannot expect me to say that I think very much of the New Year, which was only born yesterday. The Old Year (as usual) departed unlamented, for he was a very bad old man indeed, and we drank the health of his Younger Brother with customary enthusiasm and also said something about Auld Lang Syne and how we would imbibe a "richt guid wully wacht," whatever that is, and I do not even know if I have spelt it right—and look what he has done for us! The last two months of 1930 perfectly poisonous—fog, frost snow, sleet, rain, hail and hardly a day when we could do anything out of doors on four legs or two with any comfort; racing stopped quite often by fog and a real penance even when it wasn't, and hardly a day out hunting when we didn't get wet to the teeth and the waist belt—and not a ha'porth of "smell" —and in spite of our saying that that sort of thing couldn't possibly last, it has rather more than less. And we drank the health of the New Year! I ask you! As I write, if it were not for the electric lights we couldn't have told whether we were having devilled kidneys or a bit of cold pheasant for breakfast—fog of course, making it as dark as a dog's mouth. All hunting clothes rapidly on the road to ruin and our two new pairs of tops looking like nothing on earth and our pink coats in a constant stream of Mr. Tautz's famous pink coat tonic —the only thing which seems to be capable of defying all that is being sent to try us. Even the brightest Jewels of the Shires, the very cream of Craven Lodge have felt the blight, and no lipstick or make up (they usually have a go with both when out hunting, preferably when some of the crowd is being held up in a gateway) have been able to stand up to it. I wonder why they do not get Tautz to invent something that would be impervious, even to fog. It might perhaps give them more time to attend to the serious business of the fox hunt and greatly relieve the tension caused by an outdoor toilette!



Tempers wearing thin!

It must be the weather I suppose, for no other cause could induce the most polite M. F. H. in all Leicestershire to put it across one of his fair, but entirely unruly field as he was compelled to do the other day. With scent as bad as it has been, hounds could hardly run at all and their efforts were not exactly aided by the operations of the customary Craven Lodge field, headed by its most beautiful buds. They had pressed on hounds most disgracefully—all of course, itching for a real go, but quite ignorant of the fact that their tactics were the very ones to prevent hounds running. One of the most beautiful at last managed to jump on a hound, having been asked frequently to hold hard. This tore it; and the M. F. H. sang out to his huntsman :—

"George, send that bitch home—she seems to be rather in the way of the lady on the grey horse!"

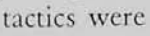
The Craven Lodge belles are pretty thick-skinned, but she of the grey horse had to take this little hint!

Another time this same long-suffering master, in similar circumstances and when he had completely exhausted all his powers of persuasion said :—

"All the good-looking ladies will pull up : the rest can go on!"

I think some masters of hounds, especially in the Shires where anything between 300 and 500 in the way of a field is possible, and the average is about 350, are perfect marvels of self-control, and why any foxes are ever killed (by hounds) at all I don't know. Their chief danger, as it was always presented itself to me, is to avoid being trampled to death by the people who openly declare that hunting would be such fun if it were not for the "beastly hounds which get in the way so."

If you have ever seen a cavalry division, plus the customary complement of Horse Gunners gallop past on a ceremonial parade and watched the anxiety of the officer leading the Show, you will know exactly how a Leicestershire huntsman of to-day feels when he has his hounds, perhaps half a field only in front of him and the rampaging mob of maniacs bang on his tail.



Crime

I feel that I cannot select any heading for a paragraph which can make the reader cock his ears quicker. Crime, particularly when it has anything to do with the kind of thing they show us so often on the flickers, has an almost irresistible lure for all of us, even if we have

no definite criminal instincts ourselves and would not wilfully steal even a book. I do not mean that people continue to be intrigued by cowboy and bandit battles or even by the "bumping off" of gangsters by other gangsters of the true Chicago breed, or by just a few stabbings and gurglings or a spatter of revolver shots. No! But what does get them is the turf crime, the nobbling of a Derby or Grand National favourite with stealthy crawling through the gorse bushes or the fog, according to the time of year, the collaring and doping of the head lad and several other lads, the murder, probably, of the trainer and the owner and the administration to the horse of some evil drug, which will make it impossible for him to run and win the following day.

The reason why this kind of thing absolutely "gets" our public over here, is because it has ceased to be merely a film fiction and is actually happening. The mysterious gang which is working it is still at large and is certain to do it again very soon! Of course, everyone has read all about the doping of so many horses during the past flat-racing season, and of how every trainer who has been warned off over the incidents, has insisted that he has had nothing to do with it and has spoken darkly and mysteriously of a desperate bunch of dope gangsters, and equally, of course, you will remember how the owner was convinced that Gregalach was got at shortly before the last Grand National and how Easter Hero, another fancied one, held, like Gregalach, in many Lincoln and National doubles went lame as a cat just before the big steeplechase and was made lame long enough to prevent his starting? Well, can you wonder that the criminologist, which is only another name for everyone from an office boy to a stockbroker, is absolutely thrilled to the marrow, the more so as we are told that we are up against something far cleverer than the old operator with either his bludgeon to procure a bowed tendon or his hypodermic to insert a deadly drug!

The new gang (so they say and I am sure we shall see it on the movies very soon) knows a trick worth a lot more than that. Poison gas projection: noiseless—tasteless—invisible, deadly—also deep rays which will go through the thickest stable wall and can be operated from miles away the moment the reception coil is installed—how do these ideas strike you for a race-course criminal drama in real life? Don't they make you begin to feel a but uncomfortable-like in case, when coming peacefully home o'nights anywhere in the vicinity of a famous racing establishment, you walk or motor into the path of either the death-ray or the poison gas? This all sounds fantastic and like an Edgar Wallace play, but unfortunately it is nothing of the sort and there is every reason to think that the clumsy methods of the old-time nobbler have been superseded by something far more subtle and ten times more deadly. I do not know who the clever sleuth is who has tumbled to this, but he is a mysterious creature they tell me, who is convinced that his own life would not be worth more than a few hours' purchase, if his identity were known. He would get the death-ray and a spot of poison gas on top of it to make a sure thing of it—at least so I am told, he thinks. Zoedone, who had won the Grand National in 1883 and loked like winning it again in 1885 was got at on the Aintree course by someone who put a hypodermic into her nostril. She was held in some terrifically heavy doubles with Bendigo, who had

(Continued on page 66.)

Lord and Lady Willingdon

IN MOGUL BYWAYS

By Lieut.-General Sir GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., D.S.O.

THERE are many things for which the Mogul Empire and dynasty are famous in India and there are many for which it is no less infamous. It has never been quite clear why it has called itself Mogul, since the Emperor Baber, its founder, was a Turk, a Jagatai or Chagatai Turk, a descendant of lame Timur, though it is true that his mother came of the family of Mogul or Mongol Chingis Khan. Possibly the fact that the Mongol name still "put the wind up" the Eastern whirl, counted and for that reason Babar encouraged the otherwise unimportant detail of his mother's descent. But whatever

Babar, the founder of the Mogul Dynasty.

Baber wished and did in the matter, to the world in general or certainly to the world as represented by Northern India, the dynasty and all their works and relics are known of the country folk and accurately known as Chagatai, with both a's short.

But great as was this Turkish dynasty in its heyday, the names of the great Emperors singing themselves as they succeed Babar, Humayoon, Akbar, Jehangir, Shah Jahan, Aurungzebe . . . it is not of their might that I would tell, but of their byways. They came of the Central Asia uplands, the Hills of Ferghana and the Zar-afshan, the gold scattering river. And with them they brought the love of hill gardens, of running water, and trills and rills and cascades, in which the wind whispered and the water murmured. Wild narcissi should border such with tulips and the Prophet's flower.

Tamarlane, from whom the Mogul Emperors were descended.

In the Punjab they taught their Indian gardeners the business so, that the Mogul garden is laid out in all their palaces almost of a set pattern, Agra and Delhi, Lahore and Pinjore and, in wilder and more natural lines, on the lake borders of Kashmir. They were people of taste, these Turkish Emperors and their wives, and their almond-eyed nobles, ruling with pride and pomp, and, as long as they could take the field themselves, sure of success. But they were a scanty community, and there rode in their train between Samarkand and Golconda, many an Afghan and Turk and Mongol,

Begum Zamila Khatoon.

wishful to acquire other folks' land. The Turks came to a land well salted with their own stock, for since at any rate from the earliest days of the Christian era pagan Mongols had been over-running India. The rise of Islam had brought Persian and Afghan, as well as Turk, and the days of Tudor Elizabeth saw Babar the Chagatai and every sort of Kazak come with him. For years at the courts of Delhi, the Lords of Iran and the Lords of Turan—Aryan and Turk—had struggled for mastery in the kingly councils.

But the long rule of Turkish dynasties at Delhi, before Chagatai or Mogul, or the story of the coming of Babar himself, fascinating though the record be, is not for telling now, but rather would I wander into the romance of the gardens and other byways, and the paths where

Amir Humayoon.

Emperors were human. Before however following them to the *anderun*, and before we poke our noses into the byways, let us try and see what sort of folk these Turkish invaders and conquerors were.

Tartar Folk

It is well to ask ourselves who and what were Turks and Tartars and Mogul. You won't get the idea quite right till you realize that all these folk have some common origin, an origin quite distinct from Aryan and Semite, and one that has yet to be explored. Perhaps the term Tartar, which is really spelt Tatar and pronounced like a postman's knock, is the best comprehensive term for all those of the almond eye which is more scientifically known as the "Mongol fold."

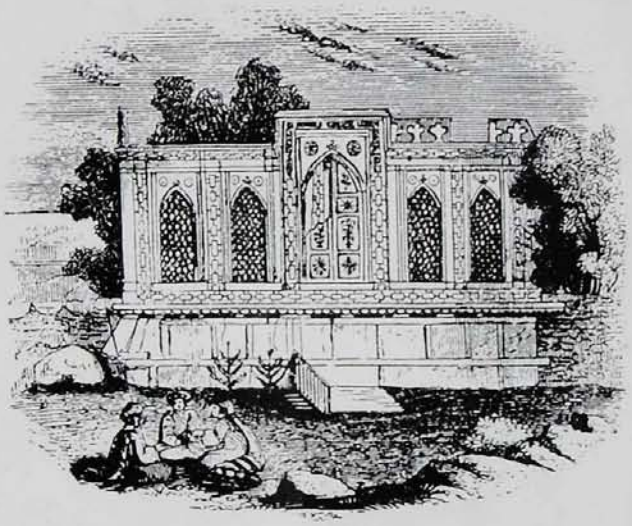
22/-

That is the curious twitch of the skin which brings the eyelid down . . . as you may see for yourself in the glass . . . which some men say is the brand of Cain and tells vaguely of some curious phase of development in the human race. Certain it is that the folk of the Mongol fold stretch as a barrier over the world from East Prussia to Manchu-land having come perhaps by the short cut of the Arctic circle. But if you

Akbar, the greatest of the Mogul Badshas.

would be quite irretrievably fogged on the matter, you should read some lunacy reports on "Mongolism" and that weird suggestive little work "Mongolism in our midst." And then if you realize a little of the cataclysms of the world and the great Mongol waves that the rotting smothering sandhills sent out from the desert of Gobi, you will know how different in every thought is Tatar from Aryan and Semite and, what is more, may have a headache for you pains. And you will also perhaps note what fertile culture can come when this strange blood of the Mongol fold is crossed with the other bloods and blossoms in poetry and learning, as it did of yore at Bokhara and Samarkand. It is also worth our while to notice that the whole of Asia for centuries has been quartered by four great Tatar kingdoms, which stood for might, majesty and dominion, Ottoman in Byzantium, Khajiar in Teheran, Mogul or Chagatai in Delhi and Manchu in Pekin, and how three of them only disappeared since the World War, and the third, that of Delhi, in the nineteenth century. It will also be noted how they fell through their own rottenness and the fact that the hand that wins an eastern crown, can rarely keep it when danger and conquest is past. It may also be noticed how the mixing of stock brought dire decay to the Mogul strain, and Tatar married to Rajpootni failed in fighting progeny.

How the Mogul tradition touched that of Manchu will be noticed if we glance at the miniatures of the Queens and Begums of Delhi painted on ivory and now suffering from mass production, copied mechanically yet faithfully from the originals,



Babar's remains lie in this tomb, in a beautiful garden in troubled Kabul.

for we shall find that the Begums, Nur Mahal and the like, are attired in Tatar head-dresses. The tradition lasted longer than the almond eye, which is now seldom to be seen even among those who claim descent from Mogul pillars of State. But if you go into the Salt Range of the Punjab, and its vicinity, there you will find Mogul clans claiming Mogul origin, and there, now and again, you may find the Mongol fold still in evidence, though nothing like so freely as among Anatolian Turk and Afghan Hazara. But round Delhi even, have I met uncouth shepherds, calling their sheep with the sheepcall of the Central Asian steppes, which is quite different from the call of the Indian plains, who

Sekundar Jahan, another Begum.

will tell you that they are Mogul, gutterally Mogul, and yet it will be many a hundred years since their forbears rode with kings to Delhi or herded the army's flocks. Incidentally, be it remarked, that shepherds retain ancient ways more than most, and the shepherds on the South Downs, it is said, still count, or did quite lately, their sheep into their pens with Celtic numerals.

So though the house of Timur, from which Mogul Babar sprang was, from Chagatai's province of Turkestan, and was Turk or Tatar, yet Mogul clans came with it, as they had been coming in some form or another since Alexander of Macedon showed the way, and the great Aryan barrier of Balk gave way, and they settled in the land under the Mogul dynasty, as Normans settled in Saxon England. Up and down the countryside in the land of the Five Rivers, you will come across many a Mogul Kot or

Alia Khatoon, a Mogul Empress.

Castle reminiscent sometimes of some Mogul clan or baron, or merely of the governing centre of

the Mogul regime, which the countryside in that case will more readily call Chagatai.

The Mogul Ways to Kashmir

The Mogul Emperors never broke from the nomad ways of their forbears and were too good hillmen to think of summering in the plains when mountains lay handy for the asking. They moved up-country with the seasons. From Agra or Futtehpur-Sikri to Delhi, from Delhi to Lahore, from Lahore to Kashmir, starting north in February and coming out of the mountains on the way back in October or November. At Agra, Delhi and Lahore the same things waited them. Their marble palaces still stand, the Halls of Public and Private audience, the inlaid walls, inlaid with flowers in the colours of the half-precious stones, lapis lazuli, and onyx, and garnet and the like, as may be seen to this day, save where Sikh and Mahratta soldiery have picked the inlay out. But to each and all of the palaces, likewise the gardens, belong the rows of cypress, the little *chatris* on the corners of the walls built bastion-wise, and then the water conduits and fountains, the rills and the trills and the trebles, as the water leaped over the cross-cut cascades in the sparkle of the sunlight.

But the glory and the beauty of it must go with them when they travelled, and at many a stage on their marching road, Imperial *serai* or staging house reproduced some of the features and you may see them still, the length and breadth of the land, crumbling to decay, with some toothless old watchmen in charge for no euphuist dare call him gardener. Just a buddha, to keep the impudent goats from doing serious damage, and if you are in the north the folk will say that the place is Chagatai, meaning of that period once so mighty and now so poor that none will do them reverence.

That great yearly move of the Moguls northward produced a moving city and all that appertain to its moving, a race of hereditary tent pitchers that is not yet dead, a horde of peripatetic traders who pack their booths each day. With the Emperors marched, too, their armies, and the ways of the Indian Army till quite recently were modelled on the same principles which, admirable in internal India, often failed outside it. Lord Lake's Army and staff had brought the system to a fine art, and the bazaars that followed the army took shape in an incredibly short time when the quartermaster-general had indicated the site for the bazaar-master's flag, from which all lines and roads took shape. The British Governors-General marched from Calcutta to the upper provinces with large military escorts and their camps were managed

Emperor Jahangir holding court.

by men from the Mogul establishments. How it was done is graphically told by Lord Auckland's sister, Miss Eden, in her book "Up the Country."

It is not however till we follow the Emperors and their *harems* to Kashmir from the palace at Lahore, that we get into the greatest romance of all, and yet to-day sees the ruins rarely visited. In May, when the capital at Lahore was getting hot, the cavalcades started by way of Wazirabad and Guzerat for Kashmir. If the days were still clear, and the heat and dust haze had not yet set in, the great line of the Pir Panjal, with the snow still low on the slopes, will have struck their gaze, as they got clear of the trees and buildings of the northern capital. The trees, too, will have been beautiful enough in their spring greenery, for that road and copse tree, the *sheesham*, the Punjab tree *par excellence*, and the lesser mulberry, will be as green as any linden.

Nurjahan—a Mistress of men, who ruled an empire in her husband, Jahangir's name.

From Guzerat the way will strike through the foothills for the *doon* of the Rajaoti Tawi, *via* Bhimber, and thence to the Pir Panjal route to Shapiyon and Srinagar. At every stage will be a small replica of one of the well known Lahore Gardens, a miniature Shalimar. The fountains will long be choked and dead, but some ancient fruit tree or its child may yet be bearing blossom, and the rippled waterfalls only wait for the water to come again. A few annas will persuade the toothless one to turn aside the water channel from the field above, and the column of water, pushing dead leaves before it, will make its way slowly till it splashes over the cascades and revives the music of long-parched rills, and strikes old broken strings to melody. On a grave outside the entrance, through the broken arch, the iris will be out in bloom and perhaps the pink mountain tulip. Hard by among the rugged stone of the hillside will be the little Prophet's flower aforesaid of the five yellow petals, the *Paighumba Gul*, that the holy fingers touched and made a mark on each petal thereby for all time. A peacock like enough will strut

through the pomegranate bushes, and a fat mulberry may fall into a pool where rainwater may still support a gold fish. They are beloved of fish, the mulberries especially, the great fat Shah-toot the King of Mulberries or, perhaps better, the Royal mulberry. In Kashmir we all eat mulberries in the mulberry season—*job mulberry hoega,* as they say in the deep old Ordu—the cows and the horses, the sheep and the dogs and the children, aye and men and women too, and the foolish old black bear must do the same greedily and sleepily, so that folk shoot him for his pelt.

Tomb of Jahangir, near Lahore.

And if you stand among the bushes and listen very hard to the ripple of the waters, who knows that you may hear a guitar that some fair lass be singing to an Emperor resting after his journey and, if you are lucky, see a little breastlet of kincob, which is really *Kamkwab,* or seldom seen, that braced the little breasts so round and low while a slavelet waves a yaktail fly-dispeller. Or even some village wedding gang will bring the sharp sense of colour among the greenery and let eye harp to imagination.

The Emperor Shajahan, who immortalised his love for his wife.

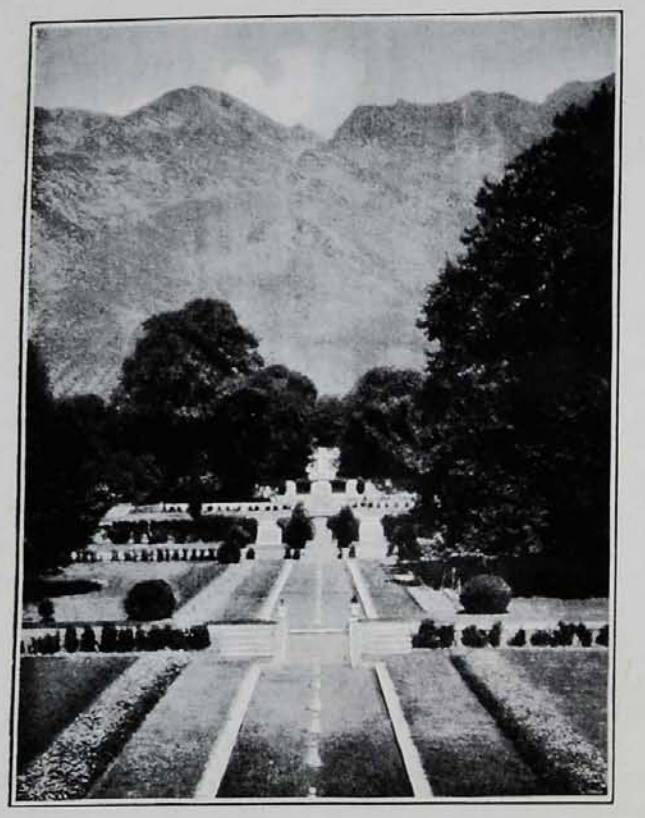
The Garden of Kashmir

It is however in the lake shores of Kashmir that the mountain garden, exotic in the plains of India, which the Mogul gardeners built, come into their own. Below the hills that so many of us know to our delight, which stand up behind the city of Srinagar, lies, deep in beauty, the famous Dhall Lake. On the lower foot slopes, where the hillside meets the water, stands one of the three famous gardens of the lakeside. It is known by a Persian name, the Nishat Bagh, the Garden of Happiness, and is as the Shalimar of Lahore or Agra, but, set on slopes, can display terraces and waterfalls for the arrangement thereof. The little garden houses at the corners of the terraces, the marble seats and grills over the cascades, the lines of cypress and the bosom-like fountains, have found their own setting of beauty and, if you are lucky, you may find a Kashmiri shepherd girl playing pan-pipes to her father's goats. Here the Emperors and their ladies would come out from the Lions castle in the city by barge to while away the evenings, and countless oil lamps would flicker along the conduits and the waterfalls. Indeed, perhaps they will do the same for you if you can make it worth the head gardener's while. Moguls and their girls are gone, but the ruling race of Kashmir still make heyday at times in the ancient places. Further along the lake you will come also to a Shalimar, from which no doubt the gardens in the plains were copied. Again marble grills and quaint little summer-houses, with more water than in the Garden of Happiness. But somehow to me the charm of the lakeside has been in yet another pleasure ground the Garden of Soft Breezes or the Nasim Bagh, which with its planted gnarled Plane trees, the Chenar of Eastern uplands, always reminds me hauntingly of Hampton Court and Bushey Park, as those places now equally hauntingly remind me of Kashmir and Mogul byways.

But not only round their home lake did the Emperors set their gardens. Far up the valley, at Achibal, on one of the sources of the Jhelum, lies another fountain and cascade pleasure resort, more beautiful perhaps if that be possible

Mumtaz, the beautiful lady of the Taj.

than any other, and along the Jhelum itself, by the way of the barges, will be found here and there a rest garden, where Cæsar might lounge while his boatmen and bargees rested in the noonday sun. But we today who enter the Happy Valley in our summer holidays come in by the luxury of the motor road, and thereby we miss the charm of the old elephant pavé that rises to 13,000 feet on the Pir Panjal, and climbs through *Longifolia* forest to *Excelsa* and deodar and thence by way of silver birch to juniper. Those who are very wise go still by the old ruined *serais,* of which I have spoken, and will perhaps notice as they see the trees of the forest how wise in tree craft was old Isaiah, knowing exactly how trees group themselves in the mountains, "the cedar, the pine and the box," *Cedrus deodaris, Pinus excelsa, Taxus bocata,* that grow by the ways along which those Mogul cavalcades wound. Also do they miss the defiling by Shapiyon and the first Imperial halt when the valley had been reached and the wives, bundled in the khajawas, stretched their jumbled legs and shook out their silk pyjamas, amd sat under a deodar like Carlsbad plums in a tasselled box, and twanged the zithar for their lord. Perhaps, too, if they know Lala Rookh, they will wonder how Tommy Moore came to sing so well of Kashmir and an East that he never had seen. But whether it be Tommy Moore or anything else, all is delight and wonder if you will poke your nose into Mogul byways, especially in the spring-time, when nature's sweet familiar things are to be seen among some little hillside shrine that "hides its storm stained wooden walls, under the boughs of writhen pine."



The Mogul garden of Shalimar-bagh, near Srinagar, Kashmir.

Shalimar garden in Lahore, a favourite spot of Jahangir.

LORD CAMSHAFT

By "SABRETACHE"

THEY said Hilda never hadn't oughtn't to marry 'im because Uncle Alf said he was chemically unfit and she that masterful and 'igh 'anded that if ever it come to a turn-up, it was certain to end in an un'oly emu, but Hilda said it fair give 'er the sick to hear all this arguing and barney and that she was going to chance her arm with Fred Mangles and anyway hadn't they never heard of the man as lost an ear because he always would argue and anyway if 'er family didn't like Fred they could go to 'Alifax because he was a gentleman as worked in a bank when 'e was young and had been edicated at a public school at Southend-on-Sea, and as for Bert 'Opkins having the neck to say as Fred was over the odde of an evening, a nice one 'e was to talk, after 'ow 'e was seen coming out of the Swan 'eld up by Arthur Pallsey and Elbert Addick, a policeman off duty.

Mr. Scratchley, who is a perfessional gentleman and has romans, says as Hilda should let 'er 'eart dictate and that lots more better men than what Mr. Mangles is has had one over the eight and done no 'arm and that if more people minded their own interference and wasn't such nosey Parkers, the world would get along a lot faster than what it used to done when he was a boy.

Hilda said she always liked Mr. Scratchley because he was rich and knew 'ow to take care of 'is money which is more than Bert 'Opkins and them knew and to 'ear 'im sing "Out in the Snow with 'Eaven's Light Above Me" on a wet day in Bayswater, which was the only days excepting snowing days as Mr. Scratchley went to business, made you realise as the world 'ad some good in it and wasn't only perpetrated by tripe 'ounds.

Mr. Emley, that is Hilda's Pa, said as he 'adn't nothing perticular against Fred excepting that 'e was too fond of throwing 'is weight about and that 'e was tired of 'earing 'ow 'is school didn't 'ave a regatta with 'Arrow because 'Arrow wasn't good enough but as for Bert 'Opkins saying that Fred looked like a donkey looking over a whitewash wall, that was Bert's jealousy and it would be a good thing if 'e washed 'is neck or wore a collar same as Fred done sometimes. Besides 'igh collars was refined and 'e was all for being dignified and 'ated pot'ouse be'aviour which he never couldn't abide having always been brought up religious and gone to Sunday School when he was a nipper.

And 'oo was Bert 'Opkins to talk after that time when he said 'e'd take a man 'ome from The Feathers and when they got out of the taxi set about 'im cruel and give 'im the most unmerciful 'iding and might 'ave done 'im in if the policeman on point duty 'earin' the man screamin' 'adn't interfered, and then Bert says as 'e 'ad made a mistake and it wasn't the bookmaker as owed 'im two dollars at 'Urst Park and forgot to pay.

No, said Hilda's Pa, you never oughtn't to be too stuck up with the upper classes and as for Fred's being a double-faced under-'anded rouey, no one with a face like 'is could get away with being one of the chase me girls brigade, or one of the fast lot from the West End, 'e couldn't believe it, and 'e wouldn't. Mrs. Emley—'Ilda's Ma—a lady whatever 'er enemies said, said as Fred 'ad never tried any of 'is Bright Young People tricks with 'er and 'ad always been the gentleman never offering her anything but port wine, which showed as 'e 'ad been brought up genteel and know 'ow to behave to a lady.

But Bert 'Opkins would 'ave it that Fred was a deceitful black-'earted 'ound, and 'e said that as for

". . . . . and as for Bert 'Opkins . . . . . to say . . . . . Fred was over the odds . . . . . after 'ow 'e was seen coming out of the Swan 'eld up by Arthur Pallsey and Elbert Addick, a policeman off duty."

Ma sayin' 'e was a gentleman, it gave 'im the Willies because Ma was no lady and when she 'ad 'ad a couple, down right vulgar. Of course she couldn't abide Bert after that and said as if Hilda married 'im she deserved all that was coming to 'er, because it was a good old saying that once a mongrel always a dirty dog, and that was Bert down to the soles of 'is patent leather boots which was never clean, and that she couldn't 'ave 'er daughter marrying some one as was 'ardly 'uman and 'arf monkey and 'arf dacks 'ound. Bert's legs are bandy and 'e 'as a nasty 'abit of clearin' 'is throat which Ma says is due to 'is drinkin' 'abits and 'e says is asthma.

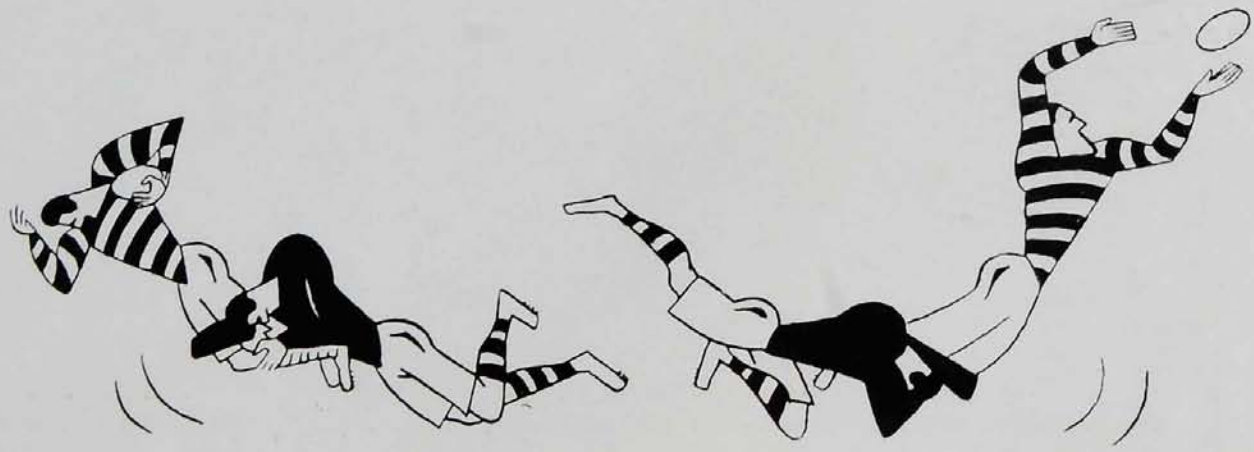
Mrs. Scratchley who tells what people have done and is going to do by tea leaves and has been parlour maid in one of the best families and is rich because of the money Mr. Scratchley makes with his perfessional singing, told Mrs. Emley as Hilda shouldn't never marry a man with glasses and a mole on his left cheek. That's Fred to a tee. Mrs. Emley said as moles didn't pay the 'ouse rent and that Mrs. Scratchley didn't know everything and that as Hilda had a nice bit of money of her own and was born to be a lady, Mrs. Scratchley could keep 'er tea leaves to 'erself. Mrs. Scratchley said that when she was living with the Hon'ble Mrs. Taillight, one of her daughters run off with Lord Camshaft and 'e 'ad a mole on 'is left cheek and wore glasses, anyway one, in 'is right eye, and no good come of it, because six months after the marriage 'e run off with someone else and six months after that 'e run off with someone else and that for all she knew he was still running, but that if Mrs. Emley thought she knew better than what she done, 'er blood would be on 'er own 'ead. At that Mrs. Emley fires up and said she wouldn't be swore at and who did Mrs. Scratchley think she was an' all, and Mrs. Scratchley went off in an 'uff and said as it was useless tryin' to make such a cow as Mrs. Emley understand plain English and she 'oped 'er next cup of tea would choke 'er —if she ever drank tea.

Well the real trouble came on the day of the wedding when Bert 'Opkins marches into Mrs. Emley's parlour just as she and Pa and Hilda was about to leave for the Church, and says as he wanted to speak to Mr. Emley very perticular and would 'e step outside for 'arf a minute. Mr. Emley went with 'im to a taxi as was waiting two doors down and Bert says as Mr. Emley must be prepared for a bit of a surprise. Bert opens the door and says "Mrs. Mangles 'ere is a gent as you might like to meet" and then out 'ops a dark-'aired woman in a grey felt 'elmet 'at and a pair of gun-metal stockings over a pair of the most vulgar legs as ever you saw. She grabs 'old of Mr. Emley and says he 'ad a kind face and she couldn't believe it of 'im, letting 'is daughter marry a married man, and that she 'ad come to save a innocent lamb from the 'ands of a despickerable 'ound as was planning 'er ruin.

Mr. Emley who 'ad 'ad some to steady 'is nerves and couldn't see 'er plainly, for the way she was shakin' 'im up, at last stands back at 'er and says "Don't you come none of that with me Ermeen 'Athaway. I know your pore 'usband *and* you for more 'ears than I care to remember, and when Jim comes out I'll learn you to try to blackmail a honest British publican and as for you Bert 'Opkins . . . " 'e says—but Bert 'ad popped off—and so Mr. Elbert Addick, the policeman who was in Mr. Emley's bar parlour seeing that the wedding got off all right, came out and takes 'old of Ermeen and says enough of 'er sauce and if 'e wasn't busy 'e'd pinch 'er for interfering with a constable in the execution of his duty.

In the church, Fred was all dolled up and no one knew whether 'e was supposed to be a bridegroom or a undertaker—I never see a man so fond of black clothes as what 'e is, someone said as he looked lonely without one of them wreathes of white lilies as they put on coffins—but there.

As 'e and Hilda was coming out, Mrs. Scratchley 'as 'adn't been asked, says quite loud as she reckernised 'im as Lord Camshaft, and she'd like to know 'ow some people 'ad the cheek to say as there wasn't nothing in tea leaves.



Drawings 3/-

A Whole Page of Good Shots

Professor : (at registration) : "How many more in your family ?"
Frosh : "Seven, sir."
Prof : "All together ?"
Frosh : "No, sir, one at a time."

Herto : "Can you think of anything more disgusting than marrying a woman for her money ?"
Genius : "Yes, that old Indian custom of marry'n 'em for beads."

"Looks like it's going to be a rough party—remind me to go to the psychoanalyst's to-morrow.

Willing to take the risk.

An Irishman, a German, and a Negro were found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hung.

The Judge said, "Now, how would you like to be hung ?"

The German said, "Vell, I believe dot I chooses to be hung on a tree."

The Negro said, "I sutinly takes mine de quickest way, and dat's on de gallows."

The Irishman said, "If it plase yer honor, Oi'd rather be hung on the bridge over the river."

The Judge said, "The rope might break and you would fall into the river and drown."

The Irishman brightening up, said, "Begorra, that would be my look-out. Oi'm willing to take the risk."

He : Did you make these biscuits with your own little hands ?"
She : "Yes. Why ?"
He : "I just wondered who the hell lifted them off the stove for you."

Jack : "A few words mumbled over your head and you're married."
Jake : "A few words mumbled in your sleep and you're divorced."

During the grouse hunt, two sportsmen were potting the birds from butts situated very close together.

Suddenly a red face showed over the top of the butt, the occupant said, "Curse you, sir, you almost hit my wife just now."

"Did I ?" said the man, aghast, "I'm terribly sorry ; er—have a shot at mine over there."

The Retort courteous.

The demure young bride, a trifle pale, her lips set in a tremulous smile, slowly stepped down the long church aisle, clinging to the arm of her father.

As she reached the low platform before the altar she slipped and her foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the spilled dirt gravely, and then raised her child-like eyes to the sedate face of the old minister, "That's a hell of a place to put a lily," she said.

There was once a young man named Young,
Who, when his nerves were unstrung,
Put his wife's ma, unseen,
In the chopping machine,
Then canned her and labelled her "Tongue."

If you don't feel just right ;
If you can't sleep at night ;
If your throat is dry ;
If you moan and sigh ;
If you can't smoke or chew ;
If your grub tastes like glue ;
If your heart doesn't beat ;
If your head's in a whirl ;
For heaven's sake, marry the girl.

"There ain't going to have lamp-posts any longer."
"Why not ?"
"Because they are long enough now."

"Can you tell me why a bull-dog is like a pair of corsets ?"
"No, why is he ?"
"Well, they're both tied tight in the day-time, and they're both let loose at night."

SIMPLER CONTRACT

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

MANY players who have tried Contract Bridge have raised serious objections to it on account of its complications.

They find the scoring difficult to remember. No less than twenty-five different values have to be taken into account depending upon three situations—when neither side has won a game; when one side has won a game; when both sides have won a game.

It is true that the scoring is generally available, in clubs at any rate, in handy form either on cards or on markers or in books.

But players do not like to have to refer to printed matter in the course of play.

They prefer an easy system that imposes no tax upon the memory.

Further it is urged that the present method of scoring at Contract is entirely arbitrary and based upon no logical scheme. If, for instance, you fail in a doubled contract when not vulnerable you lose at the rate of 100 per trick for the first two tricks and then at the rate of 200 for the third and fourth tricks and 400 for subsequent tricks.

But if you are vulnerable while you lose 200 for the first trick, you lose 400 for the second and all subsequent tricks, which seems a big jump for the second trick.

And there are other points in the scoring which are rather puzzling.

Apart from the scoring, the main objection is to the numerous conventions and bidding fads recommended by some American authorities, where a player bids a suit he has not got to show, he has something else.

The veteran American writer, Mr. R. F. Foster, has invented a new system of simplified scoring which abolishes all purely imaginary and illogical values for over-tricks and under-tricks and which, he claims, is equitable and easy to remember.

The vulnerable and invulnerable zones are done away with, and the player knows the limit of his possible losses or gains.

It has been discovered that the scoring under the new system results as a rule in totals similar to

those obtained under the old system, the difference being too trifling for consideration.

But the player has much less to remember.

Game is 100 points and the suits rank as before. Spades and Hearts 30 points a trick, Diamonds and Clubs 20 points a trick. But No Trumps score 40 points a trick instead of 35. This does away at once with the odd 5. Everything in the new system of scoring is in tens and a rubber can be added up by ignoring the unit column entirely.

The honours score are—for four honours in one hand 100 points, for five in one hand or four Aces 150 points. Little slam, bid and made, 500 points. Grand slam, bid and made, 750. Penalty for revoke two tricks for each revoke.

The novelties are the addition of a bonus of 400 points for each game and the scoring by opponents when Declarer fails in his contract the same number of points as he would have won if successful. If successful the Declarer scores below the line the actual points he makes.

Both these features seem to me to have advantages.

The score of 400 points for each game when won, brings home to players the value of a game as such, a matter which may be lost sight of on the present system. The fixing of the figure at 400 has not been made arbitrarily.

As I pointed out—

"If the average rubber is worth 1,000 points, and the odds are 3 to 1 in favour of the side that wins the first game winning the rubber, its equity on that game would apparently be 750 points. But this is an error, because a large number of those 1,000 points are made up of trick and honour scores, bonuses and penalties.

"A careful examination of available statistics seems to show that this equity should be about 400 points, and in the new scheme that amount would be added to any game bid, to be won or lost. If the bid is Four Hearts, it is to win or lose 520 points. This improvement was found to put a crimp on keeping the game in by incurring small penalties. A two-game rubber would win 800 : a three-game rubber 400."

WHY INDIANS FAIL AT TENNIS IN ENGLAND

By MADAN MOHAN

Being a frank, unedited letter from a young Indian player.

AN Indian tennis player, who has never been to England, thinks of England as the Mecca of Tennis and usually conjures up before his mind's eye, ideal tennis, complete with beautiful green grass courts, glorious weather and first-rate players. But when he really comes over to England he is disillusioned in many respects. While there is an abundance of good players, he finds so many difficulties in his way that he can seldom stand up to them, and finds his heart sinking with disappointment. At home in India, he is seldom, if at all, told of the unfavourable climatic conditions which he finds in England. He rarely comes prepared to meet all the odds that stare him in the face. The large number of difficulties and their unexpectedness take his breath away and he finds himself going down under their weight.

Full of pleasant dreams and glowing with ambition, he arrives in England. The English climate takes only a week to damp his ardour and he finds it very hard to cope with its vagaries. Where he expected a glorious sun, as in India, he finds it usually dull and damp, thick black clouds enveloping the whole sky. Perhaps England is the most picturesque country in the world when the sun smiles and its vast green rolling fields bask in that smile. But when it is raining and the wind blowing, as it does in England, even the Garden of Eden would be depressing.

The climate is the chief adversary of an Indian player in England. While in India it is usually hot and sometimes awfully hot, in England it is sometimes cold and usually beastly cold. Northern India can be very cold, but that cold is quite different from the cold one has to face in England. It is wet and is made worse by a piercing

Madan Mohan.

wind which enters one's bones and paralyses quickness. The last English summer was a very disappointing one. Except for two weeks or so it was all through foul weather. Most of the time it was raining and when it was not doing so it was drizzling, which was equally bad. Unless very lucky the Indian player usually finds this kind of weather in England. Small wonder then that he is unable to produce his best form, or even his ordinary form. Even when in his warmest clothes he feels the cold; and he finds his limbs pretty nearly paralysed when he takes his position on the tennis court in light tennis attire. The cold wind enters his head and benumbs his brain. He finds it impossible to grip his racket firmly and his maximum effort at running results in creeping, for his feet feel like lead. No wonder he plays a rotten game to start with and by the time he warms up to his work, he finds it too late to achieve success.

I have played in few tournaments in this country, in which the wind did not do its worst to put me off. I specially remember one match in Scotland in which the wind made it impossible for me to do anything right. I was playing against a player reputed for his volleying and attack. On each stroke, short or deep, hard or soft, he rushed up to the net and I found it impossible to pass him. The wind was blowing hard across the court from left to right. My shot, which would ordinarily, be always bracing the side-line was pushed a yard or more into the court or out of it. Lobbing was futile, because the ball would be either too short and get killed without any mercy, or it would land yards out of the court.

All important championships in India are held on grass. But in England, in spite of the fact that there are more courts here than perhaps, in all other countries put together, a player seldom gets a chance to start and finish a tournament on grass. The weather takes a malicious interest in spoiling the sport. The World Championship at Wimbledon is one of the very few tournaments which is usually spared by rain. Bad weather is the despair of most other clubs in this country. A tournament is often started on grass under good conditions, but on account of the disgusting interference of rain it has to be continued on hard courts. Many a match is played in a drizzle on grass, the players slipping and falling. Many a match is stopped time after time, by sharp showers of rain and becomes more like a game of musical chairs than of tennis. In India a player is seldom required to use "spike-shoes." In England his tennis accoutrement is not complete without a pair of good "spikes." It is a pitiable sight when the courts are gashed and cut mercilessly by spikes, but it is a necessary evil, if a player wishes to avoid injury to his limbs.

It fills me with wonder to see that in spite of all these odds, the tennis

standard in England is so high. The average English player has a spirit which is difficult to damp. The coldest and the strongest wind, the wettest and the most treacherous court, do not daunt him. He is always brave to the last. The uncertainty of weather, the various surfaces on which he has to play and many other factors make him resourceful. He is usually equipped with a variety of strokes. But it is a pity that he has to face so many difficulties. He has to give up tennis for nearly six months in the year. If the English player were not hampered in his progress by weather conditions, I believe he would be head and shoulders above players from other countries. The obstacles which hamper the English player, born and bred in England prove more annoying to a visitor from India, who is not used to them. It takes him time to get acclimatised before he can do justice to himself.

Another thing which worries an Indian player in England is the lack of screens, those high blue-black screens behind the back line which in India make the possibility of losing sight of the ball very remote. With high, dark screens in front, visibility is improved ten-fold. The white ball is easily discernible in its flight against the dark background. In England, except at Wimbledon and at Queen's club, high dark back-screens are a rarity. More often than not a player has to content himself with wire or gauze screens, which are quite transparent. Any thing passing behind his opponent's back catches his eye and ruins his concentration.

The light in which lawn tennis is played in this country is totally different from that in India. While in India it is bright, and sometimes dazzling, in England it is dull and sometimes insufficient. Visibility at times becomes extremely bad because of the thick clouds that cover the sky.

Again, a visitor from India feels the want of good practice. England is covered with tennis clubs all over. But except at the very best clubs, like the Queen's Club and the All England Club, it is very difficult to get consistently good practice at other places. The reason is that there are too many tournaments going on in the country. Every week there is a tournament. Sometimes there are two or three running in the same week. These tournaments tend to take players away from their clubs, with the result that club tennis becomes dull and bad. Too much match play is in my opinion, bad for improvement. Firstly, a player's chief object in a match is to beat his opponent by hiding his own weakness and attacking that of his opponent. Hence he does not have a sporting chance to rectify his own weak points. Secondly, he is likely to get stale. Practice is very important—good, long, strenuous practice. This the Indian player in England seldom gets in an ordinary club. The best clubs have very good professionals but they are expensive.

All these difficulties should certainly go towards making a player patient, hard-working, and resourceful, but it needs time and a good deal of it, to overcome them.

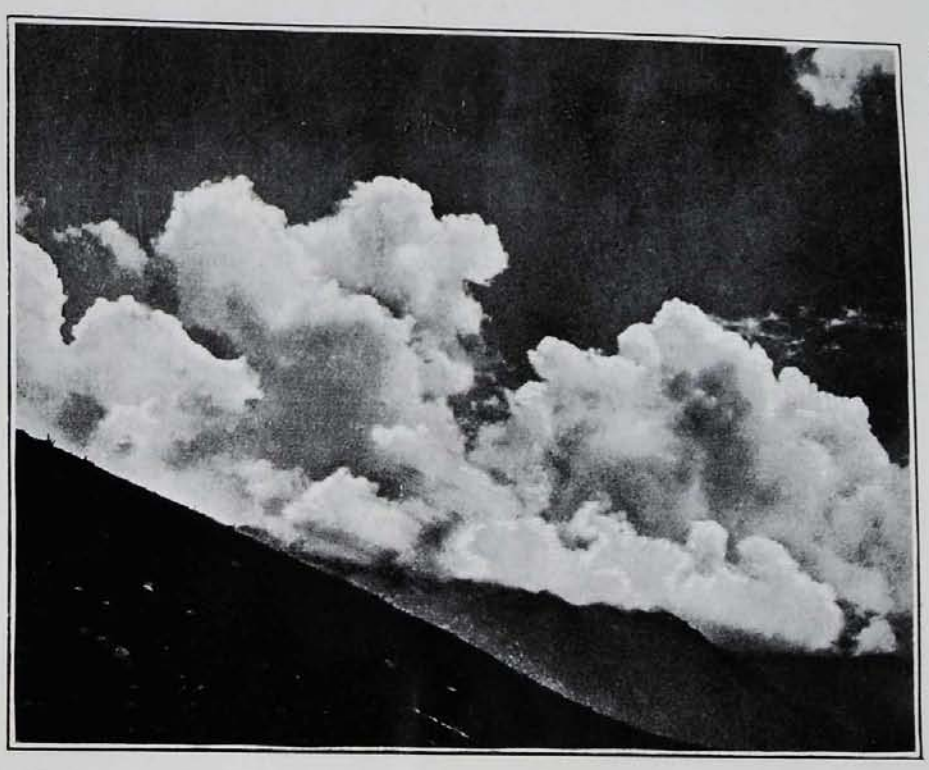
My object in writing this article and in detailing all these difficulties is not to run down English tennis. It is foolish to speak ill of a country's tennis, which has as its exponents Austin, Gregory and Collins, all players of world fame and of fine calibre. My idea is to warn Indian players of the various factors in English tennis which are likely to put them off. Forewarned is to be forearmed. It is no use coming over from India with an idea that all will be plain-sailing. Confidence is good, but ignorance is dangerous. Many an Indian player has found his mistake too late. When a player comes over from India he should be armed with a determination to fight against odds. He should be prepared to forget the Indian conditions, which he probably thinks to be ideal, and to conquer the difficulties around him. He should be determined to rise, if he falls, for fall he must. He should keep his spirits up and refuse to be disappointed and beaten. Unavoidable delays on the court, rain, wind, lack of ball-boys, slippery courts, all will try his patience to the utmost and will provoke him to lose his temper. He will do well to keep a cool head. Of one thing he may rest assured. He will meet a great deal of sportsmanship. He will find crowds applauding him ; he will find people sympathetic and sporting. The many manifestations of good feeling should be his inspiration. It will be wisdom on his part to emulate being patient, industrious, silent and sporting. There are few countries in which these qualities are more admired.

THE BIRTH OF THE HIMALAYAS

By V. S. La PERSONNE

IT is almost impossible to believe that that mighty range the Himalayas was if not below at least at the level of the Indian Ocean at one period of this Earth's history.

It is believed that the Indian Ocean (or Ancient Tethys) stretched over the flat sandy areas of Afghanistan, Baluchistan, Sind, Rajputana, the Punjab, and it is probable that the Gangetic Plain was also the Ocean bed. We have evidence of an arm of the sea extending into Kashmir and Ladakh. With such evidence we may safely conclude that the area now occupied by Himalayan and Tibetan regions was adaptable for animal life in its many forms.



The barriers thrown up by the folding of the Earth's surface checked the clouds in their northerly course.

What of the climate? We have first hand evidence from the recent discoveries made in the Mongolian and Gobi deserts of the existence of the monster Dinosaurus and kindred reptiles which roamed the great swamps and luxuriant forests of Central Asia. These monsters belonged to an age of tropical climates. Not only from this do we glean our knowledge but also from the fact that the moisture-laden clouds from the south passed unchecked into Central Asia and caused considerable precipitation, thus rendering those areas fertile and warm.

This happy state of affairs flourished a few hundred million years ago but nature commenced to change the face of the earth.

Gradual pressure of the earth's crust from the north against the then existing highlands of Assam and the Salt range caused an uplift, giving birth to the Himalayan and Tibetan plateaux. As the plateaux rose, so the sea drained away, but still continued to cover the sandy tracts of Sind, Rajputana, Afghanistan, Baluchistan and the Punjab.

Elevation by pressure and thrusts continued steadily through early Pliocene, and may still be at work. The many rivers which intersected the Himalayan plateau now found an obstacle in their placid course and sought their own level in the Mongolian and Gobi deserts, turning these areas into mighty swamps; a veritable paradise for the pre-historic Giant Shovel-tusker which appears to have been especially adapted for uprooting the bulbous plants that grew in the shallow lakes of the Gobi.

The Middle Pliocene is responsible for the main upheaval, which determined the trend of ranges and the lines of watersheds. With this rise in the earth's surface came a changed climate. The moisture-laden clouds were being gradually checked in their northerly course, and as each succeeding year the plateaux rose, so the great wastes of the Gobi plain received less and less rainfall, resulting in a slow process of desiccation, which perhaps is still at work. The mighty reptilian monsters, having reached their zenith in evolution, had gone for ever, having succumbed to the changed climatic conditions which at that period was not favourable to those cold-blooded creatures which roamed the swamps and forests of Central Asia.

But this does not mean that the Himalayan region was rendered uninhabitable. "As environment changes throughout the ages, so do the different forms of organic life adapt themselves to their new environment." In place of the Dinosaurian monsters, the Mammoth, the Woolly Rhinoceros and the Long-haired Tigers roamed the semi-arctic region beyond the Himalayas, even as far north as the New Siberian Islands, where these animals have been found in a frozen condition with their wool still adhering. It is believed that with the advent of the warm-blooded animals, man made his appearance and contested his right to a place on the earth.

The third uplift, and one which was responsible for the Siwalik Range, took place in the Upper Pliocene, followed by a mighty thrust from the north, which pushed the Himalayas to approximately their present height. Now followed another phase of climatic conditions. The moisture-laden clouds from the south were completely checked in their advance over the Himalayas, and with the total absence of rainfall came a drought over the lands of Siberia and Mongolia, changing those fertile areas into deserts.

What of the animals? They were left with the alternatives of either changing with their new environment or migrating into more suitable areas. To do neither was to perish and many must have perished.

The fourth phase, and one which had a profound effect on the earth's history, followed soon after the catastrope related to above. I refer to the Glacial or Refrigeration period.

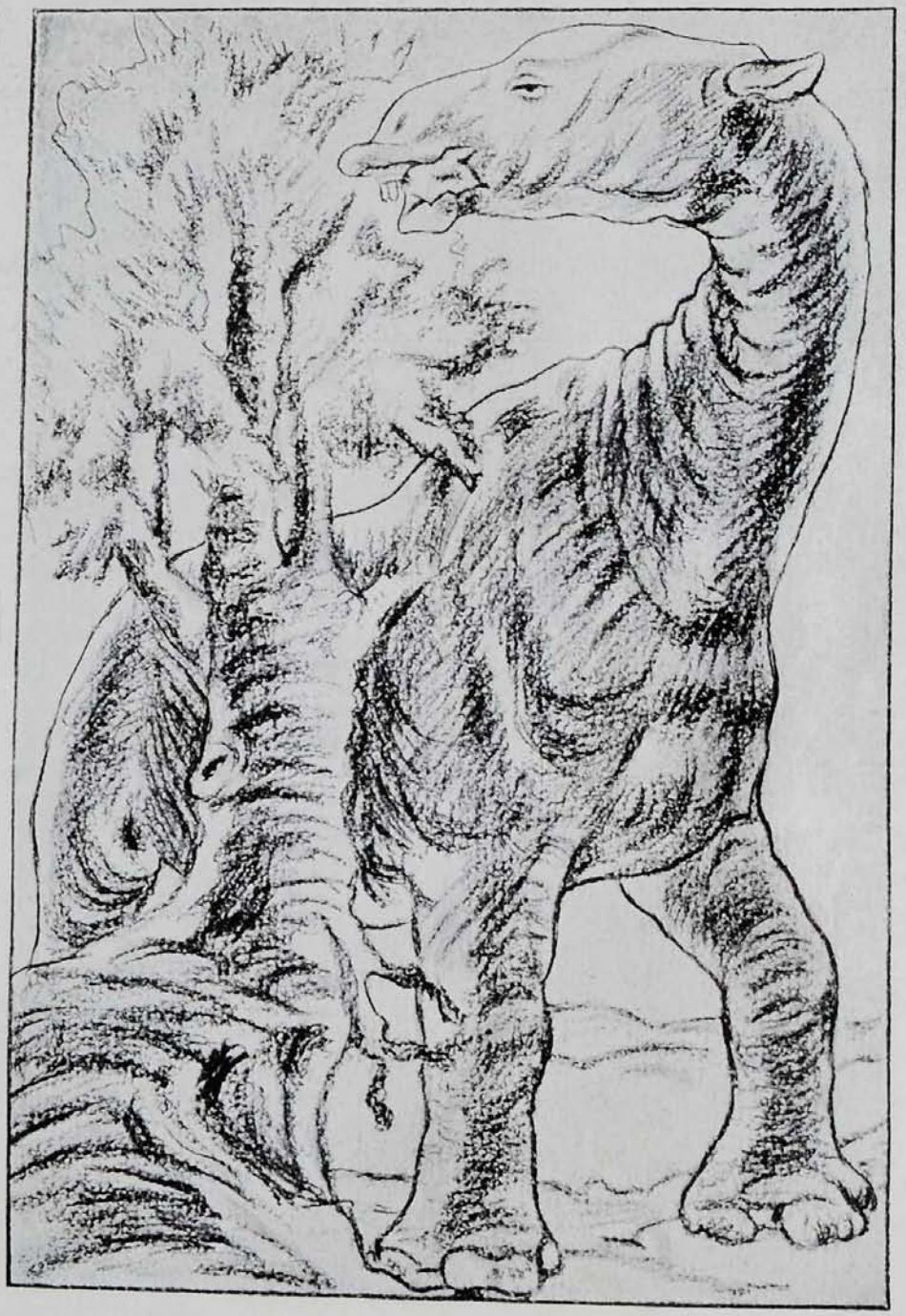
Whether the entire Indian Peninsular was affected by this refrigeration is a matter of argument, but it is of significance that the fauna of the Siwaliks disappeared during the refrigeration. Perhaps these conditions were responsible for the distribution of the more hardier animals to the south lands. We find an instance of this in a goat-like animal called the Tahr, which occurs in the high Himalayas and again in the Nilgiris.

A few thousand years pass and the climate again changes. The Himalayas are becoming warmer in temperature till we arrive at the present period.

Much use has been made of the evidence of the existing fauna in the various periods. This alone at times, if not always, supply the links in this earth's history and allow us to arrive at comprehensive conclusions as to the great age of the world. "The distribution of animal and bird life is almost entirely dependent on the changing of the land-surface of the globe," and subsequent competition completes the picture.

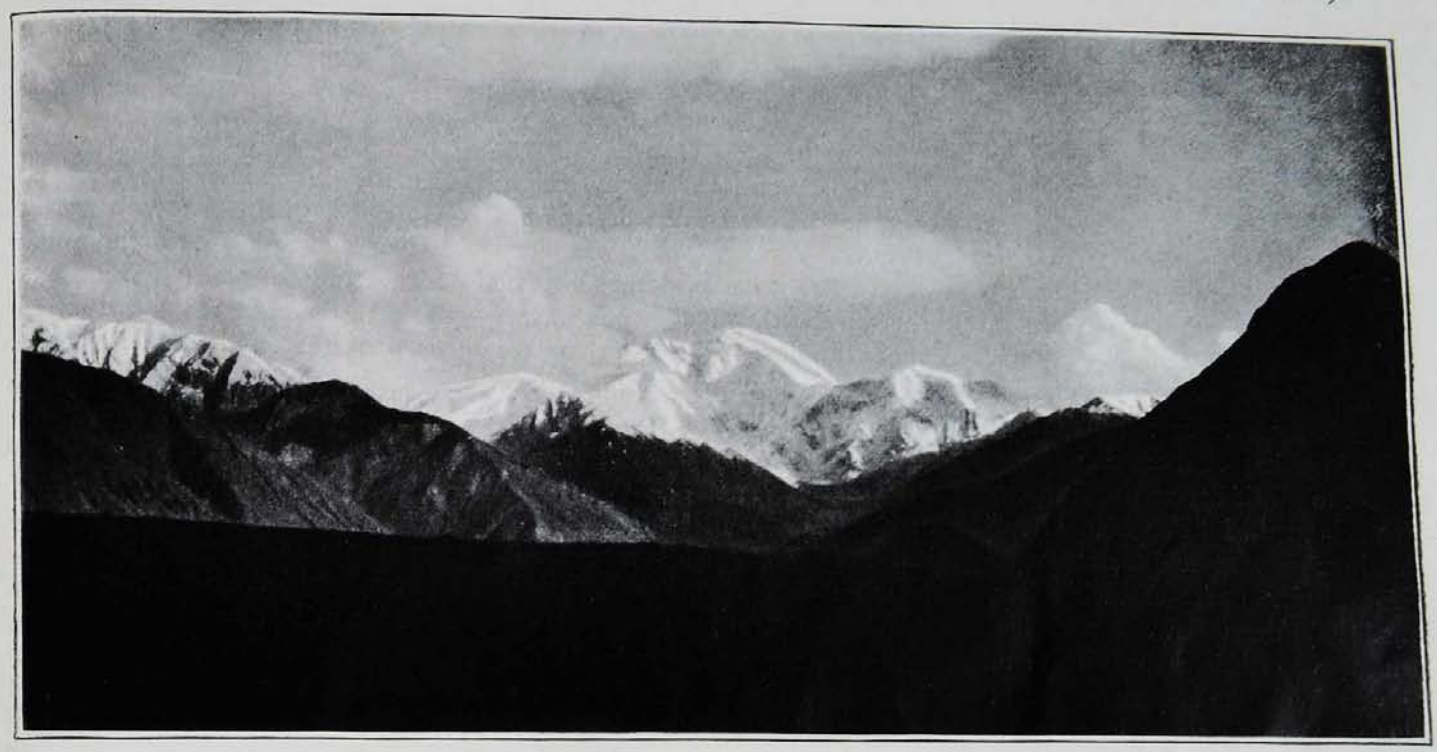
We have not made any remarks concerning the birds during this lapse of time. When the Himalayas and Tibet were at sea level, birds exhibited much the same form they do to-day, but, being gifted with flight, were able to migrate to distant suitable areas when forced to do so by sudden climatic changes. Here we enter into another avenue of thought. Did birds migrate when the Himalayas were at sea level? We think not. The annual migratory flight of millions of birds from the south to the north point to but one cause: the homing instinct. Countless years back these birds lived and bred in their semi-arctic or tropical regions north of the Himalayas, but as each period brought forth colder environments these little creatures migrated to warmer lands, returning each year to their original homes during the favourable seasons.

Are the Himalayas increasing in height? There seems to be some controversy on this point. Mount Everest had been "measured" many years ago



With apologies to A.M.N.H.

"The Monster Dinosaurus . . . . . which roamed the swamps of Central Asia."



Gradual pressure from the north . . . . . caused the uplift now known as the Himalayas.

and stood then at 29,002 feet above sea level. To-day we believe this peak is registered at 30,000 feet. But no two barometers will register similar results when put to the test, and even I have found that the height of a mountain "increases" during the warmer hours of the day to nearly 500 feet beyond the registered height taken in the morning. This is, of course, due to atmospherics, but may often lead to much misunderstanding.

The formation of anything is a lengthy process in nature, and one which may occupy an indefinite number of generations before something sensible is evolved.

A veritable Paradise for the giant shovel-tusker, adapted for uprooting the bulbous plants from the Gobi Lakes.

DAWN AND NIGHT

The sky, a pearl-pale canopy, lifts from
The verdant breasts of dreaming paddy-fields
Where white birds wake to flit like silent ghosts;
Now in the wan light comes a little breeze
To stir the pliant palms that lean above
A lotus-pool, whisp'ring that Dawn is here!
A swirl of cawing crows in sudden flight
Shatters the dying day in shrill discord;
Then silence comes, and heavy evening mists
Rise from the river's rim; the acrid smoke
From cooking-fires drifts on the vagrant breeze;
Long shadows fall, and mute the scene of day's
Hot pageantry as night unveils her face.

LILY S. ANDERSON.

STORIES CONCERNING AN ANCIENT ART

By MEA

POSSIBLY more jokes have been made and stories told about kissing than any other subject. The following are some of the best stories about osculation that I have come across.

A sudden demonstration of affection is liable to be misunderstood, for instance; A bookmaker once went to a mid-day service in a city church marked "For Men Only" and the preacher told his congregation to take notice of their wives, and buy them flowers, and kiss them upon their arrival home at night. Well, the bookmaker found his wife mending stockings, so he put a bunch of daffodils into her basket, and pecked her cheek. Whereupon the poor lady burst into tears and wailed: "Its been an awful day, the sweep made the carpet black, a pipe burst, the man called for the rent, and now you've come home drunk."

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A bricklayer fared no better. When he arrived home and saw his wife at the wash tub he crept up, put his arms round her from the back, and then kissed her in the nape of the neck.

And then . . . then he slapped her across the face as hard as he could.

"What's that for?" she demanded with indignation.

"For not turning round to see who it was," replied the irate bricklayer.

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It is related that during the revolution in Mexico a train was held up by the insurgents. Among the passengers was an English spinster aunt and her two pretty nieces. When the bandits had relieved them of their valuables, the leader said, gallantly, "And now, I think we shall kiss the ladies."

"Don't you dare," said one of the girls indignantly.

"Sybil," said the aunt sharply, "mind your own business."

The lady of a certain city Knight was once presented to the old Princess Amelia, who was very deaf. The Princess, not aware that she was merely a Knight's lady, was about to salute her as if a daughter of a Peer, to the great horror of the Gentleman Usher in Waiting, who, shocked at such a violation of etiquette, exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by all present, "Don't kiss her, Your Royal Highness; she is *not a real Lady!*"

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A well-known Irish judge in the Bankruptcy Court once detected a witness kissing his thumb instead of the book in taking the oath, and in rebuking him sternly said, "You may think to deceive God, sir, but you won't deceive me."

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The old-time practice of kissing the bride received a jolt at a Rowan County wedding when an awkward-looking guest was asked if he had kissed the bride, and replied "Not lately."

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There are many stories in connection with the use of lipstick: A teacher, on upbraiding a girl for coming to school with her lips reddened with lipstick, received the reply "Well, I have to kiss mother before I come to school."

A man remarked to a friend at a dance that it was strange how his wife's lipstick always tasted different to other women's. Wiping his mouth as he did so.

"Yes," replied the friend absent-mindedly, "tastes like orange juice, doesn't it?"

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Of course, there is the inevitable Aberdeen story:

A Scottish father and his stalwart son were attending a bazaar at which a pretty actress was selling kisses at half-a-crown a time. "Go on," said the father, nudging his son and handing him the required sum. "When I was your age I used to kiss the girls and make them scream. Go and have half-a-crown's worth."

Not at all dismayed, the young man complied, and a few minutes later there came the sound of an uproar from the actress's stand. The young man returned, grinning. The father said: "Well, and did you kiss her, my lad?"

"Yes, father."

"And what did you do to make her scream?"

"Oh," said the young man, "I kept the half-crown."

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A certain commercial traveller gained a reputation for devotion to his wife by taking her with him wherever he travelled, notwithstanding the fact that his wife sported features of the variety known as homely. One evening he was with two of his friends, both of whom had married beautiful girls.

"How is it," said one of them, "that we, who have married beautiful girls, always leave them at home, while you insist upon taking your wife wherever you go?"

The hero of the tale turned to his companions and replied, with a sigh: "Boys, to tell you the truth, I just can't seem to pluck up the courage to kiss her good-bye."

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Travelling in the Tube a young man noticed that the pearl necklace worn by a pretty girl opposite had become unclasped. He pointed out this fact to the wearer. The girl exclaimed, "Heavens above!"

"No doubt," said the man, with gravity, "but my wife objects to my kissing strange young women."

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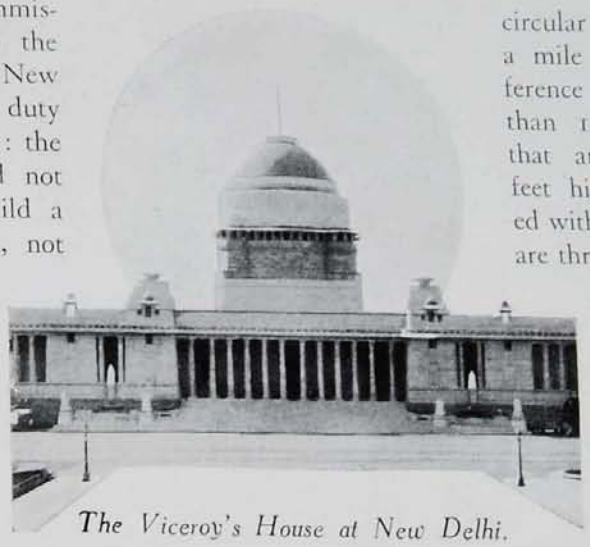
The late T. W. H. Crosland, once working as a scene-shifter, had his revenge on the manager who drank beer brought for Crosland. During an interval he saw the manager kissing a chorus-girl on the stage. Crosland ran up the curtain and exposed the embracing pair to the house, and for this he was dismissed.

WAS LORD HARDINGE WRONG?

By HUGH A. BRINKWORTH

IT would indeed be bad taste to invite a man to one's house and then ask the others present, to pronounce judgment on his qualities or actions. But every rule has its exceptions; and to-day we have an exception in the case of one who is at present India's guest. Our guest is Lord Hardinge, who has come to India to inaugurate the new capital. We may recall those memorable words of Lord Hardinge, when, at the historic Delhi Durbar of 1911, he said of the change of capital, "... there have been few changes so important which have been so much to the benefit of the many and so little injurious to the interests of the few; that the injury which the few may anticipate will be merely temporary, and within no long time will be greatly outweighed, by the benefits which will ensue." Has time proved this to be true? Yes. We may say at once that Lord Hardinge envisaged twenty years ago the benefits of a new capital which many only now see. But a large measure of credit must be allowed not only to the originator of the idea of a new capital, but also the designers and builders of the new city.

In the commission given to the designers of New Delhi a high duty was indicated: the architects had not merely to build a beautiful city, not merely to construct buildings that would be of practical utility, but to weave into their architectural expressions something of the spirit of the country and its ancient traditions. That they have faithfully and truly fulfilled their mission is to-day abundantly clear. They have created in their buildings a wonderful symbolism; they have given us a history of India in sandstone and marble. Their task has been a difficult one, for Indian Art has in the past been influenced more by spiritual ideals than by a desire for the beautiful and temporal only.



The Viceroy's House at New Delhi.

In Sir Herbert Baker's Council Chamber we have a completely circular edifice half a mile in circumference with no less than 144 columns that are each 27 feet high. Enclosed within the circle are three chambers, one for the Council of State, one for the Legislative Assembly and one for the Chamber of Princes adjoining the Central Library Hall which is large enough to accommodate a durbar of the members of all the three chambers. We see signified here "the unity not of British India only, but of all India under the Imperial Crown" to quote the words of His Excellency the Viceroy.

In the Secretariat we have a dome surmounted by a crown, the emblem of power and protection, rising from a lotus flower which is unofficially considered as the official badge of India. At the base of the dome we have an array of elephant heads. The elephant, it will be observed, is the principal symbol on Delhi's Coat of Arms, and signifies that Delhi has been the ceremonial centre of India. Then there is the open canopied turret, a symbol of royalty; the chajja or cornice of stone slabs which is a typically Hindu creation just as the high-arched and domed porches, seen at the main entrances to the Secretariat, bring to one's mind the creations of Moghul builders. Then there are richly-carved pillars like those in Hindu temples, while the jaali (pierced stone-work) which frequently forms beautiful window screens, takes one back to very ancient architectural history. The four Dominion Columns, which stand in front of the main entrances,

A portion of the Durbar Hall in the Viceroy's House. The floor is of the best marble throughout.

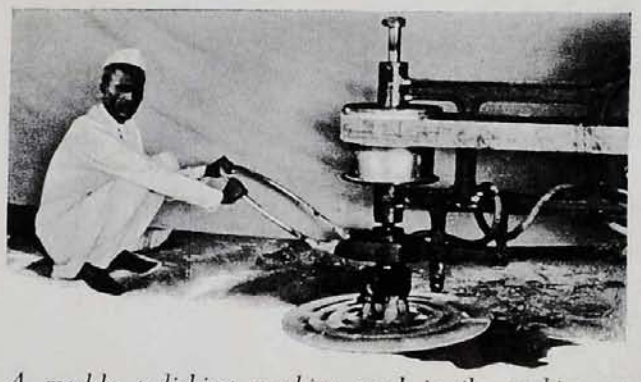
bring to one's mind the pillars of that early Buddhist ruler, Asoka. These columns which are to be unveiled on the 14th February, 1931, are each surmounted with a bronze ship as the symbol of the Empire of the Sea. Several of the domes and walls in the Secretariat have been painted and most of them have a mythological origin. The great size of the Secretariat, which is another of Sir Herbert Baker's designs, can be gathered by the fact that it contains no less than eight miles of corridors.

The Viceroy's House is Sir Edwin Lutyens' work—a most imposing building with no less than 340 rooms, 227 columns, 35 loggie, 37 fountains and 14 lifts. It stands on an estate whose total area is 330 acres, which includes 12 acres of the most interesting gardens. There is a sunken garden and a Mogul Garden, which have taken years of experimenting, to produce the most delightful colour effects.

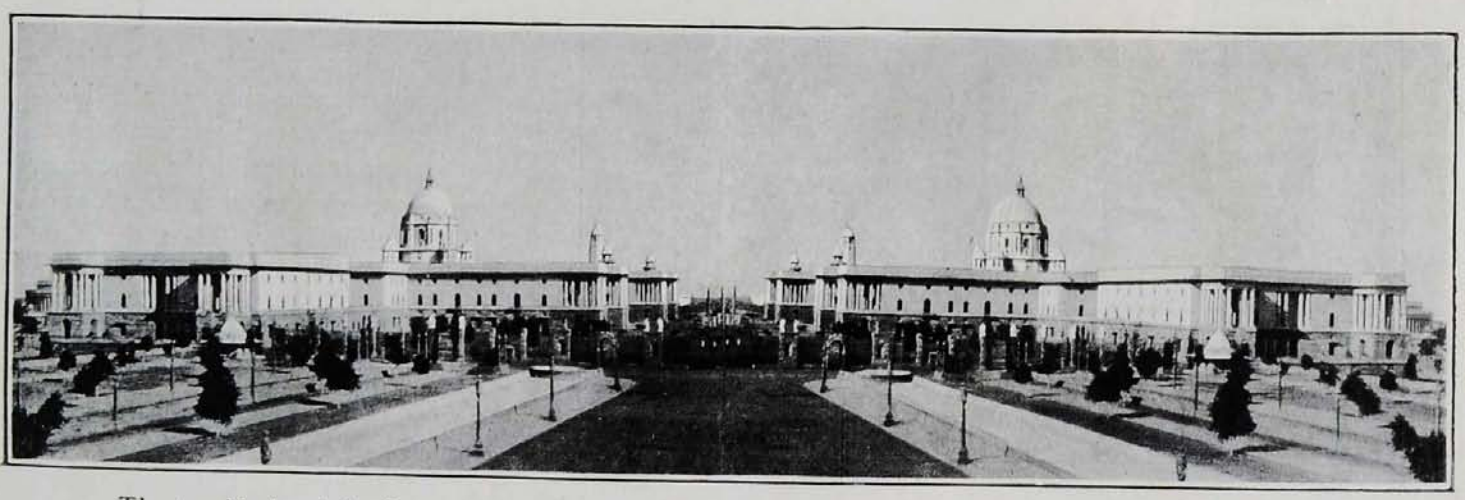
A piece of stone work in the Viceroy's House.

" Knowledge " as depicted by Mr. Fyzee Rahamin, in one of the domes of the Secretariat.

But it is not in her principal buildings that the main advantages of this new capital lie ; but in her perfect system of drainage, sanitation and other civic amenities. The once dreaded malady, for which Delhi was notorious, has practically disappeared thanks to the excellent filtered water ; and the babies from the new capital area invariably take the most and the best prizes during baby week. Then there is the lamentable case of the poorer paid staff of the Government of India who now live in comfortable and clean houses ; and it is not difficult to imagine the dreadful localities in which men, who have little to spend on house rent, would have been obliged to live had Calcutta, whose



A marble polishing machine used in the making up of New Delhi.

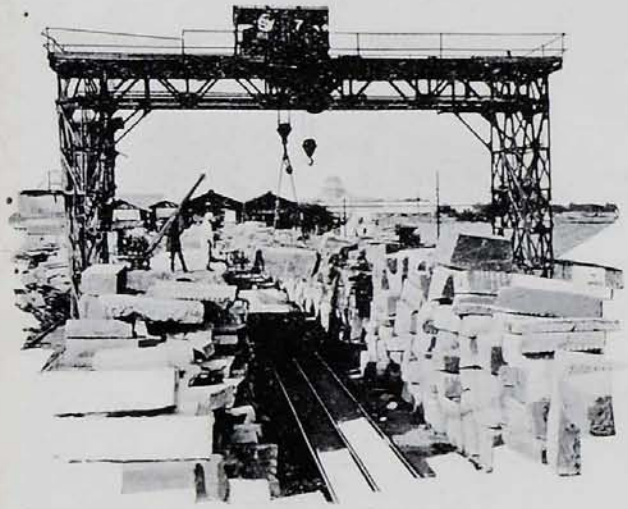


The two blocks of the Secretariat are identical and by " the reverse print trick," a true effect is obtained.

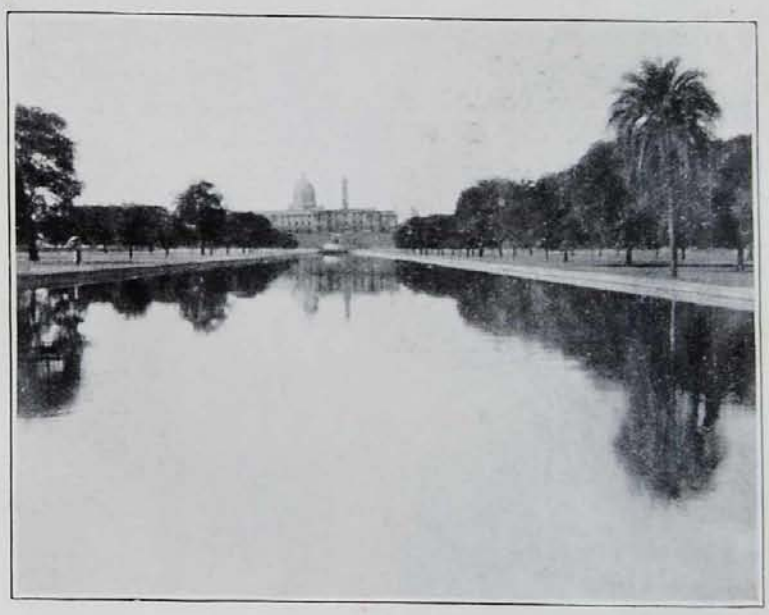
Was Lord Hardinge Wrong?

The Imperial Secretariat—a front view.

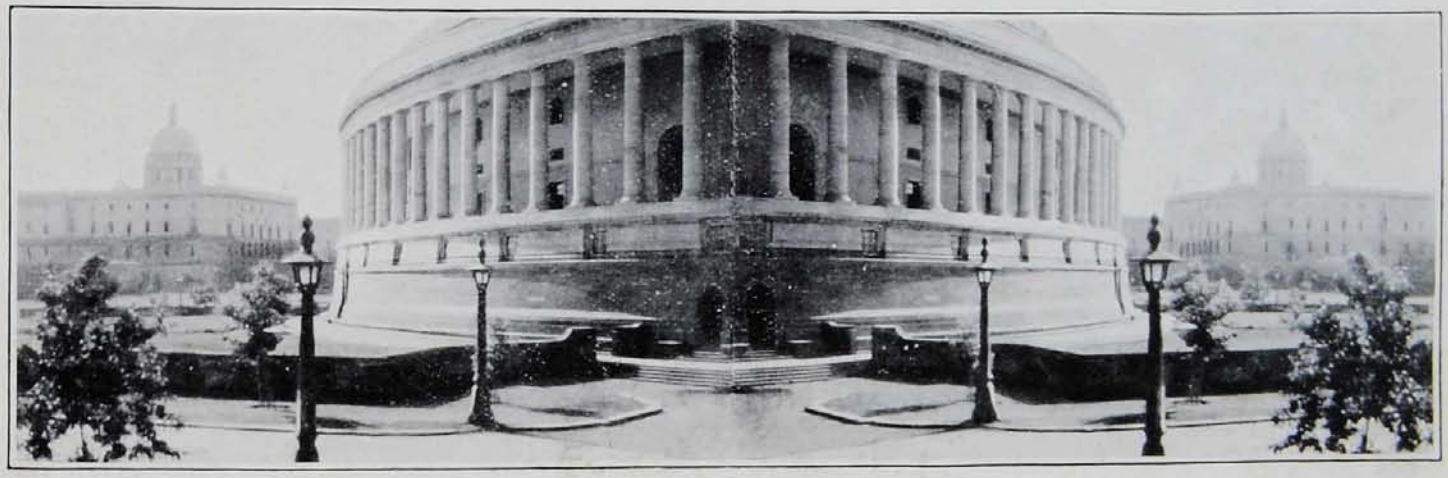
population has greatly increased, remained the winter capital of India. And our legislators. They cannot fail to appreciate, the recurring saving in travelling and other allowances, which the change of capital has resulted in. Further, the labourers, sometimes numbering no less than 29,000 men and women, and artisans that have helped in the building of the new city, have learnt much in the last twenty years that will be of great benefit to the country. There can be little doubt therefore that these last twenty years have proved Lord Hardinge's prophecy about the future benefits of a new capital for India to be abundantly true. Not only is the new capital a perfect model, from which India's city builders may learn much, but there are also political advantages in having India's Central Government situated in a place, where it will be removed from the association and influence of any particular Local Government —facts which have been realised not only in India, but in the United States, Canada and Australia.



Stone used in the buildings of New Delhi.



The Central Avenue, New Delhi.



A camera lie! Half the picture is a reverse print. The Council House Chamber with the Secretariat in the background.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF
HIS MAJESTY THE KING-EMPEROR

THE LISTENING HOUSEWIFE

arrangement with The Fine Arts
ublication "The King's Pictures."

FROM THE COLLECTION OF
HIS MAJESTY THE KING-EMPEROR

A CALM SEA WITH A ROYAL YACHT

THE PICTURE on the left is one of the domestic paintings of Nicholaes Maes (1632-1693). Like other Dutch Artists, Maes was a successful painter of interiors. The Dutch in the seventeenth century were still living near enough to the heroic days of their contest for freedom to retain a vivid memory of the struggle and a keen delight in the homes and country they had won. Prosperity followed the victory. The great blossoming time of Dutch civilisation was enjoyed by the folk with a conscious thrill. Hence the many landscape paintings of Holland which painters were never tired of producing or the public purchasing.

It was purchased at Christie's in January, 1811, for the Prince Regent and is now at Buckingham Palace.

THE ADMIRABLE painting reproduced on the right must delight the eye of every lover of ships. Here, as in several other of the works of Willem Van de Velde (1633-1707), a wonderful sense of calm and peace is infused throughout the whole. The Dutch were great sea-fighters and adventurers. From the arctic coasts of Spitzbergen and Greenland to the tropical regions of the East Indies, Dutch sailors were pioneers and often fighting traders. All Dutchmen were proud of their fleets, and often liked the sea to be depicted in storm and battle; but after toil comes peace, as it came to Holland after its wars of liberation. It is this sense of peace following labour that is so well expressed in the picture here reproduced.

It was acquired for the Prince Regent in 1814 from the Baring Collection.

BLACK BEARS

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

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

"Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in prayer
Making his supplication, rose Adam-zad, the Bear!
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch's swag and swing,
And my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous pleading thing.
Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire then.
I have looked no more on women—I have walked no more with men, ...
Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands that pray—
From brow to jaw that steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away!"
—KIPLING.

THOSE of us in this country whose knowledge of black bears is confined to the begging animals seen in Zoos or the miserable maimed beasts that are dragged about the country-side and made to perform in the compound for our amusement, tend to think that bears are harmless amusing animals specially provided by Nature for the entertainment of children—not to mention their parents!

But to the hillman collecting firewood or grass near his home or the forest-guard patrolling his beat in the dense foothill jungles, black bears are a constant menace and every year there is a long list of casualties among those unfortunates who have happened to stumble upon a sleeping or unwary bear. Bears very rarely, if ever, become man-eaters like tigers or leopards, but they are possibly more dangerous in their own way. They have poor hearing and poorer eyesight and they generally sleep heavily during the day time, so that it quite often happens that they fail to hear men approaching, with the result that they tend to get surprised at the last moment. Then, in their confusion, they lose their heads, and before they know what they are doing they have attacked and horribly mauled the unfortunate and unintentional cause of their annoyance. Tigers and leopards, on the other hand, sleep with one eye and both ears open, so that they almost always hear anything approaching, and, for reasons best known to themselves, they get out of they way in good time, thereby avoiding sudden and unexpected meetings. Hence, unless there happens to be a

A Himalayan Black Bear.

man-eater in the neighbourhood, it is far safer to wander about unarmed in jungles teeming with these big felines than is the case in bear-infested country. To the armed man, or shikari, of course, the position is reversed, for a wounded bear rarely charges home, whereas a tiger or leopard fighting for his life is a very different proposition indeed from an unwounded animal, who nearly always wishes to avoid encounters with human beings.

Three species of black bears occur in India—the Himalayan, the Sloth, and the Malayan. Firstly, let us consider the big black Himalayan bear, the terror of the hill-man, which steals the maize and fruit from his fields and sends numbers to the hospitals annually, nearly always with face wounds and often with the loss of eyesight. This species of bear, although it normally lives in the hills and is found right up in the snow, has a comparatively short coat, whereas the sloth-bear of the hot foot-hills and plains has long shaggy fur. Surely Nature must have made a mistake here, for the long hair of a sloth-bear suggests wearing a big fleecy overcoat in the hot-weather—an overcoat which would be much more useful to his cousin when wandering about on the snow-clad hillsides.

Sloth-bears are more or less the same size as the hill bears, but they are much more ungainly animals with bare snouts and a more shuffling gait, apart from their long shaggy hair. Actually the two species are sometimes found in the same forests in the foot-hills in the United Provinces and the photograph of a hill bear, illustrating this article, was taken some miles below the foot of the Himalayan range. These hill bears, however, only make short excursions into the plains in search of some article of food and soon return to the fastnesses of their hill homes. Sloth-bears, on the other hand, hardly ever ascend any distance into the hills.

Nobody knows quite why sloth-bears have been labelled with a name which suggests sluggishness. True it is that they are short of hearing and weak in eyesight, but they are actually very active animals which travel long distances in search of food, climb trees even without branches with ease, and dig great holes in the ground in search of white-ants or grubs. Probably the name arose from the fact that casual and unexpected meetings constantly occur with this species, suggesting that the animals are too lazy or slothful to get out of the way ; but the real fact is that their senses of sight and hearing are poor in comparison with that of smell, so that they are much more liable to be surprised than is the case with those creatures which are endowed with more sensitive ears and stronger eyes. In any case, whatever the origin of the name, it is an unfair one which casts an unjustified slur on the species.

At one time sloth-bears must have been among the commonest larger animals in India, but their numbers have been greatly reduced during the last fifty years although they are still common in some forests and occur sparsely in many more. Although Himalayan bears do a good deal of damage to forest trees, particularly deodar, steal village crops and sometimes even kill domestic animals, sloth-bears are pure forest animals which do little or no harm beyond digging occasional holes in roads. Unfortunately, however, the risk of an unexpected meeting with a short tempered bear is a constant menace to forest officials and employees and so many people have been mauled in recent years in the forests of Oudh that Government has been forced to place the large reward of Rs. 25 on their heads. It is a pity that this has had to be done for it will certainly result in a great diminution in numbers, but there seems to be no other remedy. If one could only enforce an order that all sloth-bears were to wear a bell round their necks with which to warn people to give them a wide berth the difficulty would be solved, but the writer for one is not prepared to undertake the fixing of the bells !

Sloth-bears are really most interesting animals with characteristics peculiar to themselves. They have wonderful powers of suction and draw white-ants out of their homes by digging a hole in an ant-hill and then sucking for all they are worth ; they have an extraordinary knowledge of the times of fruiting of jungle trees and travel long distances so as to arrive at particular places where some favourite fruit is just fit for their somewhat specialized palates ; they carry their babies about on their backs like miniature jockeys ; they cry out like human beings when wounded ; and they are said sometimes to get violently drunk by imbibing large quantities of fermented toddy from the vessels placed beneath the wild date palms by villagers. Except small creatures like wasps and moths they are probably the only wild animals which indulge in this particular vice of the human race—in any case they have the excuse unaware that palm toddy will reduce them to a state of glorious intoxication !

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LA MODE FAIT LA FEMME

BY — MLLE. NAGÈNE

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

THE mid-season is here and we can look back upon the winter openings somewhat more dispassionately than we did some weeks ago; at the same time, the privileges and promises which we discerned will have a fuller and more delightful range within a short time. Have you not revelled, Madame, in the new-found opportunity to dress more completely according to your own sense of individuality? I think we all have done that! The one adorable fact which stands out amid the rather confused jumble of every sort of style, is that we can now be individual, different, from our neighbour and still be superlatively chic. Every woman of taste will be able to study the mode in relation to her own personal type and find a version of 1931 especially suited to her. That is the marvel of this season. And the charming thing about it all, is the knowledge that this quite unprecedented situation will endure for a long time. The whole trend of fashion shows us that we may really be ourselves . .

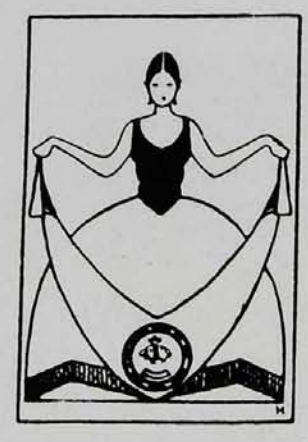
There persists, of course, and quite rightly, too, a definite line of demarcation between the formal and informal toilette, both for afternoon and evening wear. The "petites robes," so dear to womankind some years ago (no, you don't remember), are here; and beside these creations of becoming lines and *ingénue* charm, one sees the most formal of toilettes with every effect, every colour, even, designed to heighten the impression of elegance. Ah, Madame, certainly Dame Fashion has at last come to the conclusion that we are creatures of caprice and allure and that we deserve a better fate than that to which we have submitted in the past, when we all looked alike . . well, didn't we?

Charmingly graceful is this evening gown of soft French crêpe with the lines reminiscent of another epoch.

The informal "little" dresses for dinner and evening wear are the delight of one's life—they are easy to wear and how infinitely becoming! For these dresses the favourite materials are chiffon, often combined with tulle, and the crêpes. Lace too, is extensively used. As to the general effect, there is the broken line, usually expressed in the skirt, with sweeping tiers and flowing fullness and there is the fitted, sheath-like mode so lovely when the figure is youthful. Of course, everything is belted and many of the prettiest gowns will have a handsome buckle in front. It is rather a foible to wear necklace and bracelets to match this buckle. Costume jewellery is especially clever this season and if the buckle of your favourite gown has a touch of green, then you will choose your jewels accordingly. Of course, for formal wear, you will wear your genuine stones and leave the simulated ones for the smaller occasion.

Thick ropes of very tiny beads, or if you fancy it, seed pearls, are woven to make Madame's girdle and these rope-like effects are seen in necklaces, too. The only disadvantage is the contour of one's neck. In order to "carry" a necklace of the thickness demanded by the mode, one must resemble the proverbial swan! Rather exotic ensembles are chic and they remind one of the primitive jewellery worn

by natives of Africa or savages from some unknown country. For example, graduated discs of turquoise matrix or jade will be strung together on a thin gold chain or silken thread of sturdy texture and worn as a "choker." Then ivory, polished like the teeth of some animal of dubious species will grace the throat of the super-civilized lady of the season. Turquoise matrix is very smart, indeed. For daytime, it grows in popularity and is usually heavily set in silver. Broad bracelets set in baroc fashion, reminiscent of the North American Indian work, has proved to be Madame's smartest adornment. Rose quartz, too, is seen though it is not as striking as the jade or the turquoise.



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CALCUTTA

Evening slippers have become objects of elegance and delicately shod young women who dance will be very careful when choosing their partners,—so fragile, so precious are these new shoes. Usually the shanks are open or cut out in various designs to show as much of the foot as possible. Sandals of glazed faille, of satin and gold kid or thin brocade with gold threads are the most lovely materials and the cut will depend upon the cleverness of one's boot-maker, of course. The ankle strap, very narrow, is usually found fastening with a small buckle of brilliants at the side. "Cut-out" effects are popular, especially for formal wear and the heels—Madame, they are high, high! For daytime, the pump is most seen, but then, it always is, among the *élite* of fashion. The passion of the season for dull effects is reflected in day-time footwear, suede, being the smartest leather; our stockings have grown dull both in colour (they are definitely darker and this will be comforting news to many ladies whose calves lack the slenderness—I nearly said thinness—required to be chic), and in sheen. One's ankles no longer glisten; they are delightfully inconspicuous, indeed they are beginning to hide themselves quite drastically. However, it is said that the long skirts, the dull hose and the darker colours lend to the ankle an immense charm—an interesting mystery which certainly we have not dreamed of—at least recently . . . Dull materials like flat crêpe are extremely smart for afternoon frocks, thus adding to the general lack of shinyness of the mode. On the other hand, in the evening, one scintillates. Spangled gowns are new and quite lovely. Black is, naturally, very handsome and opalescent spangles are really very beautiful. Usually the bodice will glisten but sometimes only bands are used to bring in the brilliant note.

Indeed, the moment is come for the lady who has longed for the romantic in fashion as well as in life . . . The great moment is here and she may indulge her passion for the illusive, the formal, the "grand dame" allure which secretly, perhaps, she has practised in the sacred confines of her boudoir . . . Let this lady rejoice and let the others, less occupied, it may be, with charms and graces, practise assiduously—that is the price one pays for wearing all the most lovely toilettes inspired by gallant life of past generations. For after all, when we don a sumptuous creation inspired either by a great queen or even a king's favourite, when we wear the traditional costume of some famous court of Europe noted for its luxury, its romance, its intrigues and vanities, must we not in some measure at least, adopt the manners which accompany such a toilette? Ah, yes, Madame.

White for evening and also the off-white tones have become very chic and small wonder when this

BOZONO'S STOCK-TAKING SALE

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PARK STREET, CALCUTTA.

La Mode Fait la Femme

The satin evening gown has distinction through the beautiful manner in which it is cut. On the right is a smart day dress of very thin wool crêpe, built upon slender lines. This frock emphasises the waist-line and the cuff treatment gives a new note.

youthful colour permits all sorts of delightful opportunities in the way of touches of colour. White transparent velvet, so thin, so soft, is sumptuously presented by Lanvin. The gown is, of course, essentially formal, with quite a long train, tightly sheathed hips and soft folds about the waist. Just below the hips is a ruffle—yes, there is no other word, shirred and set on so that a tier breaks the skirt line. The *dècolletage* at the back is very low and there are two straps of strass crossed, obviously for trimming but really to hold the gown in place . . . Dainty white velvet sandals are beautiful with this toilette. The jewels are a matter for Madame to decide but an ensemble with a touch of crimson seems the chic thing and of course, a huge feather fan of the same tone . . .

Black and white is one of the smartest combinations of the mode. This costume of chiffon velvet is effectively trimmed with ermine.

✿ ✿ ✿

Whenever one speaks of pyjamas, one no longer visualizes a sort of boyishly trousered effect—that has passed. The new pyjamas really look very much like a gown, so full and so complicated are the trousers. One lovely costume of this type, designed for Madame's little dinner at home or for the cocktail hour is in reality a most charming toilette. The top is cut rather low at the neck and is of cloth of gold and satin. The jacket follows the bolero mode and the hips are as beautifully fitted as the most careful evening gown. Just at the knees, triangular pieces are fitted in, flaring at the bottom with generous, bell-like folds. This pyjama is characteristic of the season and all, without exception, are very long and incredibly full about the feet.

✿ ✿ ✿

Touches of lace adorn many afternoon gowns. A model by Paquin illustrates this strikingly. The gown is of flat crêpe with a cowl neckline, swathed waist and yoked skirt. The sleeves are long and tightly fitted. Alençon lace is set in from elbow to wrist in a full frill and this is repeated upon the skirt just below the hips. The lace bertha has already become familiar and many quite charming models introduce the lace yoke or a fluttering panel at the back. Gowns of lace, as I have already told you, are chic and the choice of colour ranges from black right through the prism . . . Ruby red is smart and of course, the rose beige is always extremely elegant.

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Address_____

La Mode Fait la Femme

Feathers are here in profusion. They spread themselves poetically when we open our fans, they peep coquetishly from the brim of our hats and they even simulate one's corsage bouquet . . . But the hats are important, Madame, because for so many years we have not seen feathers nodding very nobly or nestling gracefully . . . One forgot them, really. Here they are, then, and if, in some precious lavender scented box you have some ostrich plumes, by all means get them out and take them to your modiste. Some adorable effects are obtained by placing quite a long plume just at the left so that the fronds caress the neck and soften the silhouette. Then, too, small bunches of tiny feathers may be used as a trimming so that they frame the face most enchantingly. Coque feathers also are being used, giving a pert air, very cavalier, to one's sports hat. The aigrette is supremely chic, of course and is used both for the coiffure in the evening and to trim elegant afternoon hats.

Do not feel disturbed, Madame, if your hair is still bobbed, because in the realm of the coiffeur, as in other departments of fashion, there is variety and to spare. It is true that the long bob is smart, but all types of face cannot stand the girlish mass of hair flowing behind exposed ears. If you can, by all means wear it that way. You can get all sorts of pretty clips, jewelled and in plain tortoise-shell which are especially designed for the hair worn at this length. As a matter of fact, for evening wear one sees the head adorned with clips and short tooth combs all studded, of course, with small stones. It is also very chic to wear a chignon in the evening and if the hair is worn rather long, this presents no difficulty. For ladies who still cling to the very smoothly shingled head—and there are many—there is the transformation for use on formal occasions. Many women rather dislike the idea of this although the modern coiffeurs are making beautiful transformations. Those who shun the addition of hair not their own, have got around the problem very cleverly. They wear, quite frankly, a white wig. This mode is much more attractive than it sounds and a youngish lady with a fresh complexion wearing an evening gown of sumptuous material and with the enticing silhouette of the eighteenth century—I ask you if she is not ravishing in her white wig? The entire effect of severity or "set" coiffeurs is gone and in its place we have the softening charm of ringlets and loose waves. Truly, we have entered a new era and in order to be really smart, we are simply obliged to forget the careless simplicity, dear but monotonous, of past seasons and make ourselves anew!

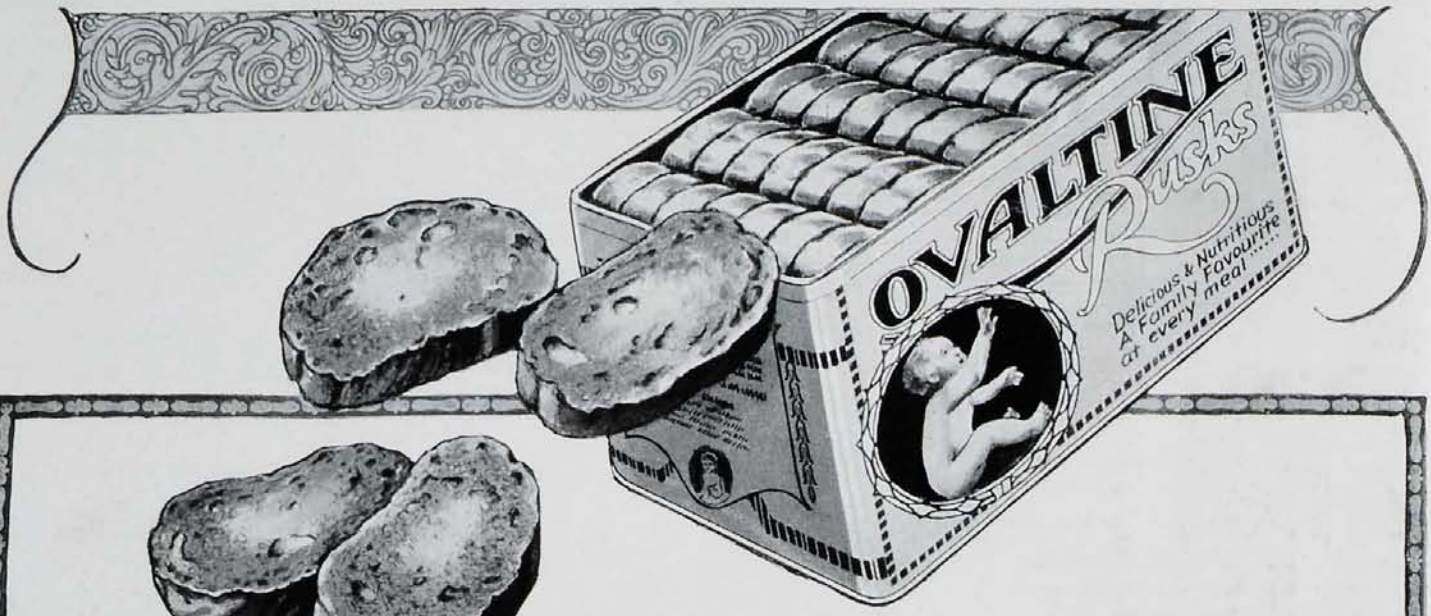
Tunics of every description rule the mode for daytime and even tailored afternoon frocks have this slenderizing double skirt. A very plain frock with smart lines has a tunic slightly bloused at the waist and a neckline in the modified V

manner. The skirt, of the tunic flares while the underskirt is quite straight. There is an interesting belt with this model, consisting of a heavy rope of silk which is tied in a bow at the side. The Russian influence is felt in many models and this soupple blousing is very becoming to some figures. Coats of the Cossak type are seen, some trimmed with Persian lamb or Astrakan fur.

♔ ♔ ♔

The details of sleeves continue to date the latest models. There is fullness, very much fullness somewhere in all the new sleeves; sometimes it is the "leg o' mutton," or the dolman, or just a little puff over the shoulder.

A smart and practical coat of black broadcloth finish material. It is trimmed with cracul in the new manner. The narrow belt helps to bring out the bolero movement at the back. The small hat is of black felt, the brim of which rolls back to show the hair.



Favourites with all Children

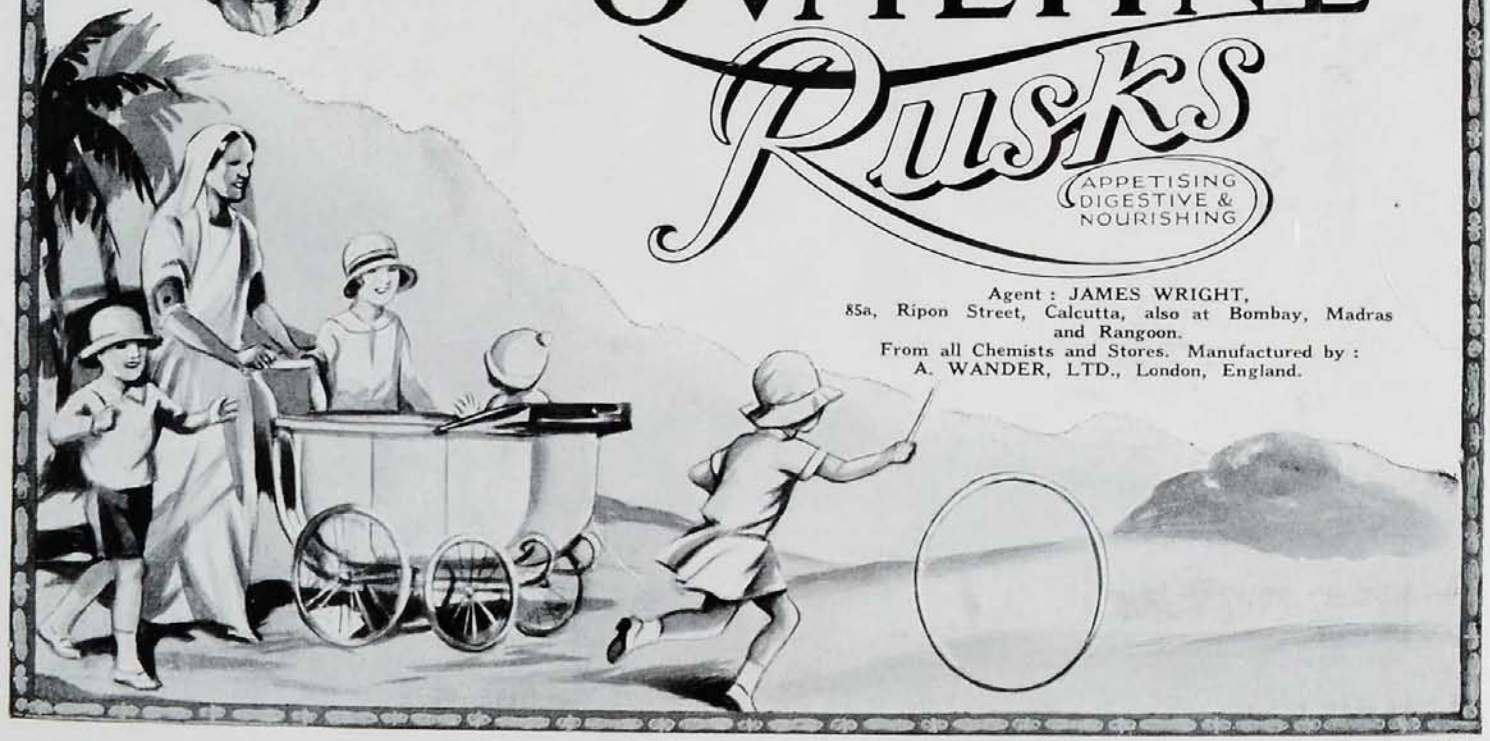
"OVALTINE" Rusks are in great favour with all children, big and small, on account of their delightful crispness and delicious flavour.

Now it's a great thing to be able to please the kiddies but their mothers realise something more than this. They know that "Ovaltine" Rusks are going to give firm white teeth to baby mouths, that their pleasant crispness is going to ensure complete mastication, that their nourishing properties will promote healthy digestions and build strong muscles.

Give "Ovaltine" Rusks instead of biscuits, bread or toast, so often made from adulterated flour. "Ovaltine" Rusks are made from the finest wheatened flour, unbleached, unadulterated and guaranteed absolutely pure. A proportion of "Ovaltine" Tonic Food is added, to enhance their nutritive value.

'OVALTINE' Rusks

APPETISING DIGESTIVE & NOURISHING



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Our Children's Corner

THE STORY OF FLUFF THE SEAGULL

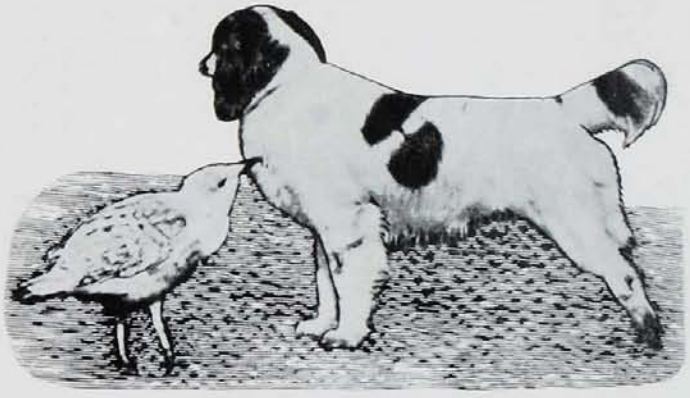
ON a high rock, hidden in a deep cleft, Fluff chipped and fought his way out of his egg, and found himself with a brother in a nest, watched over anxiously by his mother. As soon as he was able to fly, Fluff made a wonderful discovery. He had thought the world was high rugged cliffs just over the edge of the nest, instead of which it was a vast place, of cliffs and blue sea and greenland. His first flight was a very short baby flight, of course, suitable to a baby bird, but he was either much more venturesome than his brothers or his wings were much stronger and carried him further, anyway he landed on a crest of rock that jutted far out from the cliffs. There, below him, exactly as his mother had sometimes whispered when she

He would perch on the end of a spar . .

wanted to encourage his flying, was the sea. Little gentle waves creamed and foamed on the golden beach, and floating far out on the blue surface were hundreds of gulls, just like himself, except they were a little bigger. It looked so jolly away down there that he made haste to improve his flying, and before many days he, too, was skimming along the surface of that fascinating sea, and zooming upward with the aid of his now powerful wings.

He loved visiting the fishing harbours and sitting with his friends on the little boats, rocking and swaying in the sunshine. There was one seagull that used to annoy

Then he made a splendid friend.



Fluff would help Bonzo with his toilet.

Fluff. He would perch on the end of a spar, stretch his neck and open his beak wide, and shriek. He was bigger and braver than any other seagull. Fluff wanted to challenge him to fight, but somehow he never dared and kept putting it off. One stormy day, as Fluff was returning home, the wind buffeted him here and there, and he found it hard work to make any progress against it, when—bang! Poor Fluff had collided with a tall mast of a fishing boat, and he came hurtling down, thudding his soft body against the spars and ropes. He fell on the deck quite exhausted and bruised.

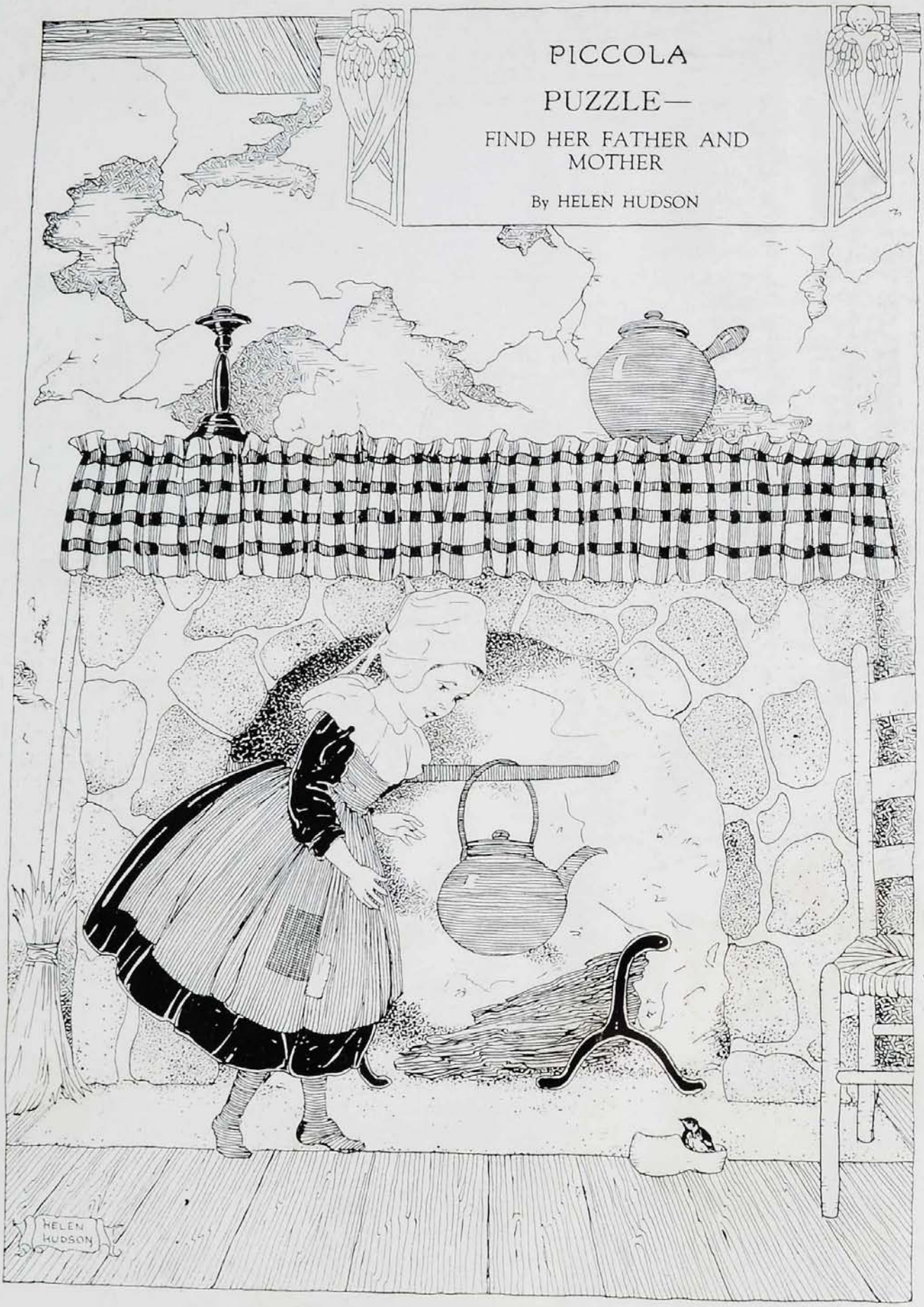
A kindly fisherman took him home and bandaged his poor wounded wing and fed him with little bits of raw meat and fish, until he was well again. But to his dismay he could not fly. Flap his wings as hard as he would, they refused to lift him from the ground. No more would he be able to fight the wind and glory in dipping and swaying between the sky and sea.

Then he made a splendid friendship with Bonzo, who was a water spaniel. Hitherto he had ignored Fluff, thinking him below his doggy notice, and Fluff had been too frightened and ill to worry about him very much. Now all was changed and they became fast friends. They would sit basking and Fluff would often now help Bonzo with his toilet.

PICCOLA PUZZLE—

FIND HER FATHER AND MOTHER

By HELEN HUDSON



A Garden in the Plains

THE sowing of the summer annuals which it was recommended should be put down last month may be continued in February. In addition to those mentioned, the following should now be sown: Celosia Plumosa, Celosia Cristata, Hibiscus and Verbena.

Celosia Plumosa, yellow or red, giant or dwarf, makes a pleasing display and seeds may be obtained to produce many different shades of the colours named.

Celosia Cristata, commonly known as Cockscomb, needs no introduction, though many people seem to be unaware of the fact that in addition to the common crimson there are white and golden varieties that are most effective.

Hibiscus, of a yellow colour, with crimson or purple centre, is a hardy annual that will flourish freely with comparatively little attention.

Verbena is a half hardy perennial, extremely healthy and strong, and may be had in numerous colours—purple, scarlet, white and blue, and in various shades. Apart from the appeal that this most decorative flower makes to the sense of sight, its sweet scent and the long period for which it remains in bloom are points that make it especially desirable.

That excellent vegetable, the Jerusalem Artichoke, should be planted this month and sowings should be made of Cucumbers and Pumpkins.

In the cultivation of Chrysanthemums, it is important to remember that they require transplanting twice a year. The first occasion is about the beginning of October, before they come into flower, and the second is towards the end of the current month, when the flowering is over. When the latter event has occurred, the stems should be cut off and planted in a well-shaded spot and the cuttings will take root without difficulty.

Every garden in India—and most houses, even if they do not boast a garden—indulges in palms but, owing to ignorance or neglect of the simplest rules regarding their care, it is comparatively rare to see them flourishing as they should and would do, did they but receive the simple treatment they merit. Their name is legion but among the most decorative and those that require the least care in their cultivation are Livistona Mauritiana, Kentia Forsteriana, Phoenix Araulis and Thrinax Argentia. One of the chief sources of trouble with palms is the omission of the simple rule never to keep them indoors at night, when the house is closed up. Pots of these plants make effective decoration for the hall, but they should be there in the daytime only. At night they should be out in the open, though shaded, and in the verandah in the cold weather. Another common cause of failure in palm cultivation is the overlooking of the somewhat obvious fact that they grow. A young palm that has been flourishing in the pot or tub in which it had its original home will next year droop and wither if not transplanted to a larger one and it will require watching in the following years to see that it has not again grown "too large for its boots."

Palms are rather like children in two respects. If you wish them to thrive and be healthy, you must keep them clean and give them plenty of light, though they are unlike children in that the light should not be in the nature of direct sunshine. The keeping them clean entails the frequent rubbing them down with water. Dust is harmful to them, though it may naturally be asked how it is, that being the case, that they flourish in this most dusty India. The answer is that unless so cleaned they do not so flourish. They exist and they grow, but the dust, if not removed, prevents them from flourishing. Note the difference with two palms, the one of which you keep clean, in the manner advised, and the other which you allow to look after itself. The result will surprise even many a seasoned gardener.

MALI.

Current POLO Comment

by "Foul Hook"

The Calcutta Tournaments

A SAD disappointment awaited polo enthusiasts at Calcutta. The arrival of the equine coughing epidemic in Calcutta coincided with this most popular fixture and the disease had decidedly the best of matters. Record entries had been received and a feast of polo was expected. Anticipations were not realised. The Carmichael was abandoned and a very abridged programme played in the Ezra; teams for the latter tournament being made up more or less on the spur of the moment. For instance, Calcutta "A" were represented by one member of the Calcutta club, two players from the 8th Cavalry and one from the 18th. The Championship did not suffer to the same extent, as most of the teams concerned either had big strings of ponies or had already recovered from the complaint up-country.

Had it not been for the epidemic there is little doubt that the tournaments would have maintained their high standard. As it was, the polo that was played was most enjoyable and in some games a high standard was reached although, possibly, there was an unusually large proportion of pulling ponies, doubtless caused by unfitness. A most unfortunate accident occurred, in which Capt. Birnie and R. R. Abhey Singh, both playing for Jaipur, participated. Capt. Birnie received a very severe shaking but we were glad to see him playing in the finals

Winners of the Ezra Cup, "Jaipur Pilgrims."

two days later. Capt. Holder took Capt. Birnies' place for the concluding chukkers. One of the ponies was killed. Abhey Sing was fortunate in being none the worse.

The Championship

Jaipur had little difficulty in reaching the finals. They disposed of the Royals (20—2) and Baria (12—3). The holders, the 15th Lancers, extended them and at the beginning of the fourth chukker the score board only showed a two goal lead for Jaipur. The abovementioned accident then occurred and when play was resumed the superior ponies of the Jaipur team made their presence felt and they rode off winners 7 goals to 2.

In the other half of the draw the Scinde Horse, after playing badly in the Ezra, showed their real form and beat the 8th Cavalry. In the next round the Scinde Horse put up a good show against the Bhopal Scouts but found their opponents a little too much for them. Had the Horse shewn this form in the Ezra they might have gone some way.

The finals between Jaipur and the Bhopal Scouts proved a hard and determined struggle. Bhopal had the best of the game in the first two chukkers but did not make the most of their opportunities to score goals. Lucas opened the scoring for the Scouts and it was not until late in the second chukker that Jaipur equalised. Jaipur added goals through Abhey Singh and Birnie in the next two chukkers. The fifth chukker was played at a cracking pace but neither side could score. In the last period Bhopal soon scored but shortly afterwards had to concede a 60 yard hit, from which Hanut scored with a magnificently lofted drive. Bhopal were not done with and scored almost from the throw in and were on the attack when the "Halt" sounded.

TEAMS.

JAIPUR.

Capt. E. St. J. Birnie.
R. R. Abhey Singh.
R. R. Hanut Singh.
H. H. Maharajah of Jaipur.

Bhopal Scouts.

Major Mumtaz Ali.
Major H. de N. Lucas.
Capt. B. Dalrymple Hay.
Capt. E. Prior Palmer.

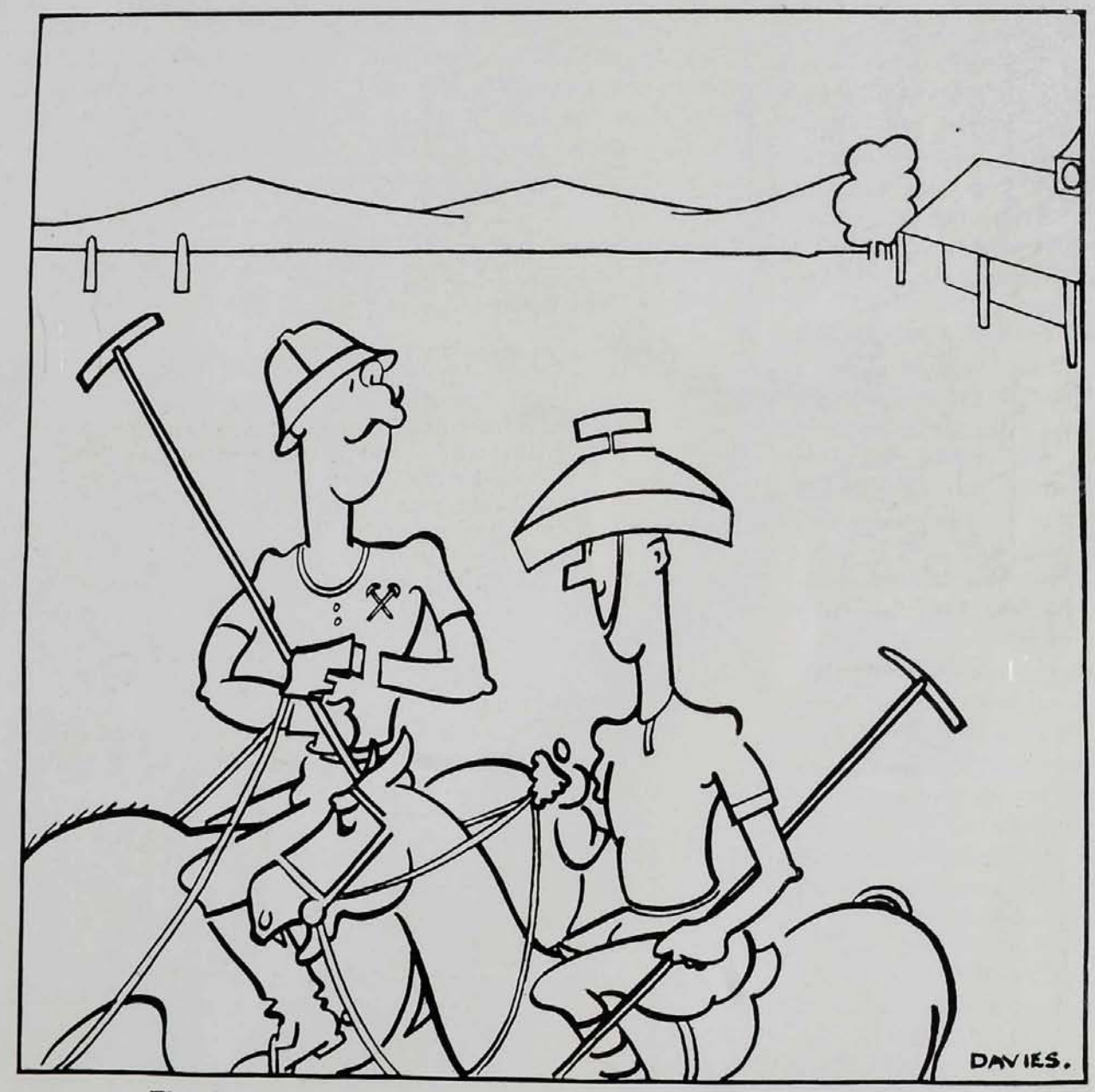
The most noticeable features about the match were the bright display given by H. H. The Maharajah of Jaipur and the difficulty that even a high class team finds in scoring goals when going "all out." This was the Maharajah's first appearance in high class polo and there is little doubt that his handicap will shortly be increased. At present he is rated at 3 but it would occasion no surprise if the local executive brought the new rule authorising the immediate increase of a handicap, into operation and promoted him to 5 or even 6. He will not remain for long at even an increased handicap.

Those that saw Jaipur flicking goals at all sorts of angles and distances, when they were playing at 12 annas, were surprised to find their accuracy deteriorate when they were flying. The lesson to be learnt from this is that even if you cannot get to your man ride him for all you are worth to ensure that your opponent is fully extended when he takes his shot.

The Ezra Tournament

In this tournament form did not always work out in accordance with the handicap and there were some very easy wins. The unfitness of some of the ponies and the way in which teams were "got together" at the last moment were no doubt largely responsible. Bhopal Scouts, giving away lots of goals, reached the semi-finals with victories over Audax (9—7½) and Calcutta Light Horse (11—8). Bhopal then scratched to Calcutta "A" as they were short of ponies. This let Calcutta into the final, as they had previously accounted for Nazirgunj and the So-fa's.

Baria, who were well mounted, routed the 15th Lancers (14—½), but found themselves up against a different proposition when they played the Royal Pilgrims. Baria received 3 goals start and were level



The Army : "But I say, dammit man, there's no grass on your ground."
The Planter : "What did you want to do—graze on it ?"

at the beginning of the fourth chukker. They then got together and, playing well, ran out winners 5 goals to 3. Jaipur reached the semi-finals without a match, due to a series of scratchings. Here they met Baria and conceded 4 goals start. Baria held their opponents in the first chukker but then fell away and were totally outplayed. Jaipur won 9—66.

Jaipur had an easy task in the finals against Calcutta "A." Calcutta received 3 goals but had lost their handicap at the end of the first chukker. Jaipur scored 5 goals in the second while Calcutta only notched one. They ran out winners of a poor game 12 goals to 5.

TEAMS.

JAIPUR.

R. R. Abhey Singh.
R. R. Hanut Singh.
H. H. The Maharajah of Jaipur.

CALCUTTA "A."

Major W. E. D. Campbell.
Mr. W. T. Hunter.
Capt. H. D. Tucker.
Mr. J. M. W. Martin.

Sir Charles Tegart replaced Major Campbell in the final.

In spite of many scratchings, sufficiently representative teams appeared to enable one to realise that the standard of polo in low handicap teams could be improved with little trouble. It is suggested that captains of teams should study, with advantage, the instructions issued by Mr. T. Hitchcock to candidates for international honours. Some of the advice contained therein may be above the capacity of the low handicap man, but there is no doubt that team play could be improved by a stricter attention to his directions.

Some of the following common faults which were noticeable could easily be eradicated :—

1. Turning on the ball. This pays occasionally but usually it is anathema. Take a backhander instead.

2. Continuing play after the bugle has sounded for the chukker to end. Almost without exception, there is only one place for a weak team to put the ball after the bugle has sounded. That is well and truly off the ground. Conversely, a strong team, in handicap polo, should usually endeavour to keep the ball in play.

3. There is only one place for a man who attempts to backhand across his own goal. That is a lunatic asylum, certainly not in your team.

4. Far too great a tendency to dribble. There are times when a soft shot is advisable but do not select the neighbourhood of your own goal to bring it off. Provided you have stick room, take a full shot and clear your goal at once.

5. A tendency to hit up hard at the wrong time. Suppose the number one is away, 100 yards from his opponents' goal and has only the back to beat. It is almost useless to take a big shot, as the back will clear. This is the time to dribble. Hit gently and short of the back. You have gained 25 yards, but if you dribble again, the back, who has reduced the distance between you, will get the ball. Hit for goal and hope that either your shot will reach the line before the back or that you will be able to outgallop your opponent in the race for the ball.

6. Finally, those that saw the Jaipur team flicking the ball 100 yards at a time will, I think, agree that the art of moving the polo ball does not consist of hitting it with brute force. Our good English players appear to get their length by a combination of swing and force. The Jaipur team appeared to get theirs by whippy sticks, heavy heads and magnificent timing. The novice tries to get length at the expense of swing. The result is he contracts his elbow and comes over the top of the ball. The swing and follow through must be maintained in every shot ; it is only when these are perfect that an attempt to gain additional length by brute force should be essayed.

Service News & Views

From our Military Correspondent

A Higher "General Post"

THIS year will see such a general post among the highest Army appointments as does not occur often. It may seem curious that all of the five Home Commands and Egypt as well as most of the top War Office appointments should change hands in a single year, but there is a simple reason for it. After the great War it was not until 1919 that the Army had been able to sort out its senior personnel sufficiently to make permanent appointments to the very few higher posts remaining by comparison with the War days. Moreover, those appointments were and are of a distinction, and subject to such keen competition, as ensures that the incumbent, having got there, is not going to leave before his time is up, except in the rare eventuality of a Governorship or the like offering earlier. In consequence, a group of changes in the highest posts is to be expected every fourth year after 1919, which is broadly what is happening now.

Almost all of those now selected for distinguished appointment are well known in India, as for instance, Sir Cyril Deverell, Sir John Burnett-Stuart of the Moplah campaign, and Sir Webb Gillman in connection with the final successes in Mesopotamia. Best known of all, however, is Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd, who has passed a considerable time in India as an Instructor at Quetta and on the General Staff. His selection as Adjutant-General may perhaps come as a slight surprise to those who have always connected him primarily with 'G' work; but it should prove the wisest of choices. Possibly because the public mind is apt to move a little slowly in military matters at Home and we never had a General Staff until 1907 or just a hundred years later than Germany, the "Adjutant-General to the Forces" has always tended to remain more familiar to the public eye than the C.I.G.S., and to receive more press attention. Those who know Sir Archibald will recollect always his outstanding tact, peculiar personal charm, and wonderful knack of handling discordant elements smoothly. With a Labour Government in office and, alas, no more the kindly presence and help of Mr. Walsh whom none were sorrier to lose than the Service he administered, the Adjutant-General's post will be no bed of roses, and will call for exceptional qualities, if things are to proceed smoothly. It could not have been better filled.

In other quarters there has also been a little surprise at the appointment of Major-General J. R. E. Charles, a Sapper, as Master-General of the Ordnance. Here again a few obvious points are worth recalling. The early history, and still, of course, all the initial training, of the Royal Regiment and the Royal Corps are so much interlinked that, given the right man, it should prove perfectly immaterial whether the M.G.O. comes from the one or the other. Some previous Engineer functions, especially in the matter of mechanization, have also passed now to the M.G.O.'s branch. Lastly, it may be remembered that General Charles, who incidentally received the first of his many brevets, 22 years ago, for service on the Indian frontier, has a proved reputation these 30 years, such as could lead any branch of the Staff, and is likely to evince just that forward outlook which is essential to the M.G.O.'s work in this scientific age.

A Sound Move

The allotment of land for military colonists in the Lloyd Barrage area, mentioned again in India Army Order No. 690 current, has a particular importance in these changing days. One of the main ambitions of the best type of Indian soldier, apart from the distinction of his profession, has always been to better his chances of developing his bit of land, or to get land if he has not got any. Since it became the fashion amongst those opposed to existing authority to derogate the soldier's service in every way which offers anything done to counter this must be to the good of the State. Moreover, it has always hitherto remained proved that military colonizing tends in India to breed loyal stock for the State. In India, just as, for the matter of that, in every country throughout history, the landless, workless, ex-soldier has been a difficult problem; and the advantages of settling him on the land have always been recognized. In this respect India is fortunate in that, unlike certain other countries, she has still land available to offer him, and is as yet by no means within sight of the end of her resources in that direction. The only pity is that no larger provision can be made for the Army. The assignment of land to the Services is, or naturally should be, entirely a non-party matter: the loyalty of the landholder is automatically to the State from whom he holds the land, whatever party happens to find itself in office at

any time. He is unlikely to leave his plough to listen to doctrinaires whose effusions may end in his losing the land he tills. Whilst, therefore, the terms of selection of available land mentioned in the Order quoted seem most equitable, it seems possible that the Government might meditate with profit upon a considerably increased allotment of land to the Services, as one of the most practical measures devisable of counteracting subversionist propaganda now and for very many years to come.

The Language Business

It is interesting to note that the list of considerable facilities already offered gratis to those studying for the Staff College Entrance Examinations has again been increased, by a free course of fifteen correctable translations in half-a-dozen foreign languages, including Urdu, Persian, and Arabic, undertaken by Army Headquarters. Now that the Indian Army is being steadily encouraged to maintain a properly Imperial outlook in replacement of the somewhat parochial views which led to such variegated trouble in 1914, it is only to be expected that the language questions of a force of so many tongues must receive corresponding attention. India Army Order, No. 384 current, reviews the language policy briefly and interestingly, to the effect that "Roman Urdu is, and will remain, the *lingua franca* of the Indian Army; English the common language of the Imperial Army and that of the administration of the Indian Army itself." It is only a pity that that hackneyed phrase *lingua franca* has been retained; why, for goodness sake, when speaking to an Indian of English and Urdu, run to a Latin tag to confuse him? "Working language" would do just as well. As a side remark on the question of languages, it is perhaps curious that Pushto does not feature in the list of those for which the free tuition, mentioned above, is offered prior to the Staff College Examination. Persian and Arabic are, of course, the bases of most of the languages spoken among the fighting classes in India, but no one would take them up for an examination without some individual reason, since neither is the daily tongue of a single soldier of the Army in India save the Hazaras. Pushto, on the other hand is, curious as it may seem, the daily tongue of the country where a big proportion of the whole army is located. No less than one third of the Field Army of India is stationed in Pushto-speaking territories, many of whose inhabitants have no other language beyond a smattering of Urdu which may or may not be intelligible to the Munshi-taught! Sir William Birdwood recognized this fully during his tenure of office, and encouraged by the means in his power the further study of Pushto, including a material increase of the reward for that examination. In view, however, of the great difference which a wider acquaintance with the language must make to an army whose present field operations are almost invariably in

Pushto-speaking lands, there is perhpas room for further advancement of Pushto as a desirable attribute for those about to serve on the Staff.

The Way of the Hunter

A recent Army Instruction (India) gave a list of the packs to be regarded as military packs for the purposes of attributability of injury, *i.e.*, those with which an officer injured whilst hunting will be considered as injured whilst on duty, a distinction which makes a deal of difference to the subsequent financial treatment of himself or his relict! The list included, of course, all the well-known names in the hunting world of India, such as Peshawar Vale, Delhi, Quetta and the like; and even went on to mention "Private packs or bobbery packs maintained by military units or individual military officers." The latter seems rather a long stretch. The relation of hunting to military duty is, of course, two-fold, namely, the physical fitness involved, and the utility to the military officer of a good seat and eye across-country. This latter aspect must, of course, decrease as the degree of mechanization increases, whatever the die-hards may have to say; but in India it is likely to survive much longer and stronger than in the closer country and more expensive horseflesh of Home. Even so, the inclusion of private individual bobbery packs seems, to say the least of it, a long length of generosity and one incapable of any close definition. At the same time, in 1930 A.D., no provision whatsoever seems to have been made for the sympathetic treatment of the private aeroplane-owner. We have already reached a stage of development where every staff officer, and many officers of the technical arms, are a materially greater asset to the side if they are fully at home in an aeroplane, and are below par value if they are not. It is moreover possible to-day, even in India, to maintain a private plane or even a pair of them at little or no more expense than a polo string. It seems about time that some official thought was taken regarding the really up-to-date flier within the Services: it is 1930 we are living in, not 1830.

"Frontier"

It is not really fair to blame the Afridis. The soldier has seen, together with the rest of the world, how far the Congress propaganda has reached the Frontier in the Tirah as elsewhere. The Afridi may not read the daily papers, but he is much better acquainted with what is going on in the outside world than he was thirty years ago. He has seen discordant elements preach anything up to active sedition and get away without any dire consequences time and again. Thus it is only natural for him to come to believe, firstly, that Government has lost its nerve, and secondly, that he may get all he wants if he shouts loud enough and shoots often enough. It seems to some extent a great pity that circumstances elsewhere have been such as to lead him to his present frame of mind.

At the same time, from the important viewpoint of strategy, a possibly unavoidable campaign would afford India an excellent opportunity for rectifying two old and unpractical anomalies, whereby a great and potentially prosperous tract of country inside her own borders is virtually a *terra incognita*, and whereby also there remains to-day a most prickly strip of land which is outside the administrative border but which is astride the main and only road from Peshwar to Kohat, a vital Frontier communication. The present situation is as good an illustration of *Si vis pacem*..... as has ever found place in Indian history.

New Cars for Old

All know the old tag about the man who, on being asked whether he knew anything about the Ford car, answered brightly "Oh, yes. Six brand-new stories." In the Army, as elsewhere, the ancient model "T" still wanders about in numbers like an ancient jest; and in any large cantonment one may play the game of "Beaver" with them, scoring as at tennis. Nevertheless, with the advent of model "A" the world is saying that Henry Ford has now produced a motor-car; and there is much gladness in military circles that the model "T" is to be replaced by them in India, by a bunch of nearly a hundred for a start. As a personal opinion, based on a fair experience of both, it can be asserted confidently that model "A" cars are just what the Army in India wants: so long as they are made at Dagenham or in Canada, and so bring the Empire more money than they send to America. The area in which the Army in India has got to fight can be very broadly defined as outside cantonments on the frontier, or worse. In Britain, and in other European countries too for the matter of that, there always seems a tendency to design cars too much for tarmac roads and nearby repair shops, and likewise to leave room for a picnic basket or two but not for a week's kit and food plus miscellaneous domestics and a hurricane *butty*. Ford's model "A" seems an ideal car for frontier work, plenty of room, plenty of clearance, extreme simplicity, and a marvellous reserve of power at all speeds.

(Continued from page 23.)

won the 1885 Lincoln. Of course, she fell. That was the old method. Since then the nobbler has got to learn quite a lot about rays X and otherwise, wireless, poison gas and other charming methods of conveying death by stealth. So perhaps we are going to have some real life thrillers in 1931 !

And More Crime !

Also real I preface ! How does a real Secret Service thrill strike you ? A faithful "agent" pursued all across the world by persons who were most anxious to see the last of him—nearly tipped over the rail of the ship one dark night as she was ploughing her way northward from "somewhere in Africa"—definitely very ill from some irritant poison which somehow got into his soup at dinner aboard the ship—no one else being affected, and then in England nearly kidnapped twice, and after the second attempt never sleeping in the same place twice and finally vanishing to put his pursuers off the trail ! This he has done successfully, so far, by the dissemination of false information, by means of letters addressed both to his club and to another place at which he had been staying and to which the pursuers believed he would go back. But how did they get at his letters and what a wonderfully well-organised lot the pursuers must be ! It was merely punitive all this for, of course, all his information had gone on to the Right Spot in cypher long ago. It was because this information had so interfered with the little schemes of the "pursuers" that this intrepid "agent" had been condemned to death. For the moment they have lost the scent and are themselves being steadily pursued and I think may be quietly and quite unobtrusively netted before long. As one of the disseminators of the false information I take rather a keen personal interest in this case. One night the agent was nearly caught. His servant came up and said that a car from the Yard had arrived and that the officer-in-charge had said that he had been sent with an urgent summons. This did not seem unusual just at first, but then my friend thought, and thought quickly. He got through on his private line to the Yard and asked. The answer was that no message and no car had been sent for him and that if he could he must keep the car waiting. He told his man to say that he would come down at once. His slight delay put the wind up the pursuers, who at once drew the conclusion that he had smelt a rat and put the Squad (Flying understood) on their track. The F. S. car arrived just too late and the birds left no trace of their passage. It was a very foggy night. How is that for a real life thriller ?

Perhaps then, after all, 1931 is going to be an amusing year, for this little story I have just told you is certain to have a second and perhaps a third chapter.

THE VULP.

THE MADRAS RACE CUPS

MADRAS racing has been carried on with slight interruptions from as early a date as 1777. It is known beyond doubt that race meetings were held on the present course at Guindy even before the Second Mysore War and that a Stand for morning racing was then built by public subscription. But in those days all was not plain sailing for the Race Club. The vicissitudes that it met with were many. In 1837, a Southern India Turf Club was formed and carried on till 1875. Thence interest in racing seems to have declined for a few years. In 1887, however, a public meeting was convened with the avowed object of reviving racing and was presided over by the then Governor. The meeting appointed certain Stewards who took over charge of the Course at Guindy and conducted meetings. In 1895, an appeal was made for members and a properly constituted Race Club. As a result of the appeal, The Madras Race Club was formed in 1896 and exists as such down to this day.

During the War racing ceased till, in 1919, it was revived as a result of the efforts made by Lord Willingdon assisted by Major K. O. Goldie and Mr. Newman Saunders. Under the persistent efforts of these two gentlemen racing in Madras grew by leaps and bounds, and instead of the previous "Gymkhana meetings" there was proper "Racing under Rules." Now the Madras race meetings are the third biggest in India.

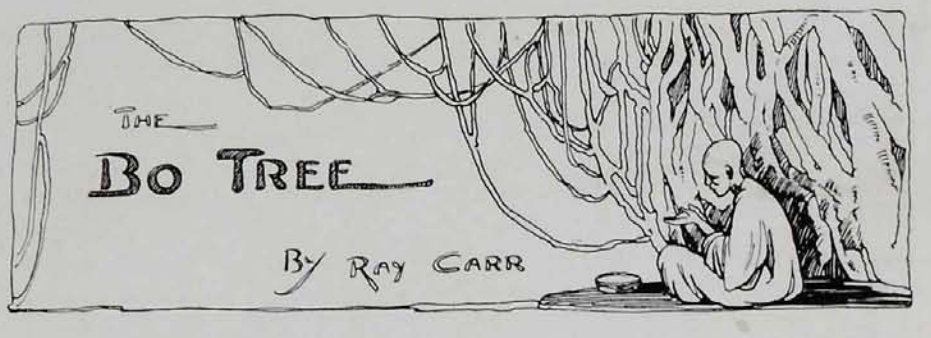
The most up-to-date arrangements for the convenience of the racing public which are now available at the Guindy Course, the clean character of the sport there which is ensured by the energetic Secretary and the general level which the "Sport of Kings" has attained under the auspices of the Madras Race Club, indeed, place the Race Meetings in Madras in the forefront of the best conducted race meetings either in the East or in the West!

To the patrons of racing the main aim lies in securing the handsome cups presented by the Club. These Cups are invariably an aesthetic treat and an enviable trophy, of which any sportsman should always be proud. It is interesting to note that the Madras Race Club has always entrusted the task of the manufacture of these resplendent cups to the capable hands of Messrs. P. Orr & Sons.

Photo by Klein & Peyerl, Madras.

MADRAS RACES—SEASON 1930-31.

Trophies manufactured for the Madras Race Club by Messrs. P. Orr & Sons, Ltd.



CONRAD PHILLIMORE was a youngish man, heavily built, red-faced and somewhat surly in appearance. And his character did not belie his looks for he was of the earth, earthy. His belief was entirely in things material and he lived only for the good gifts of this world. "We just finish when we die. Go out like this!" And he would snap his fingers expressively. This was his philosophy of life. Which perhaps explains this story. On the other hand, it may not. But I am anticipating . . .

An unkind Fate had condemned Phillimore to manage a small and none too prosperous rubber estate some thirty miles out of Rangoon, and there he lived in an ancient bungalow. Somewhere in the background was a Burmese girl because Phillimore, as I have said, was a materialist. But the girl was never visible to the few Europeans who happened to call on Phillimore and, in any event, she has no part in this story.

To help him on the estate the manager was assisted by a couple of Eurasian overseers who occupied their own quarters, whilst hidden behind the smoke shed and factory was a wooden barrack which housed the Tamil Coolies.

The estate was in two portions lying some distance apart, the best method of communication being along the main road into Rangoon. This road traversed an intervening patch of jungle and passed through a small Burmese village midway between the two parts of Phillimore's estate.

Each morning early the manager walked or motored along this half mile of road; and later he travelled back again to that section of the plantation where the factory and his own bungalow lay. And every morning he necessarily passed by the sacred Bo tree. In the tree, so the villagers said, there dwelt a *nat* or jungle sprite.

It was a large banyan with a great twisted trunk and outspreading branches from some of which subsidiary roots descended to the ground. On the trunk, a few feet above the level of the roadway, was fixed a *nat* house, an abode for the spirit which lived in the tree. The house was for all the world like a doll's house and in it there was often a vase of flowers or a spray of blossom. Sometimes, too, a row of candles guttered on the railing in front of the *nat's* dwelling.

And passing by it Phillimore would smile and consider himself vastly superior to the Burmese women who prayed before the tree and made their offerings of flowers and lights. He only gave them a second glance if they happened to be young and pretty . . . *Nats* and Bo trees had no place in his cosmos.

But one morning the manager observed that the ground on the opposite side of the road to the Bo tree was being cleared of jungle and that teakwood posts and planks had been dumped upon the site.

"Hullo! What is the meaning of that?" he enquired of de Castro, his overseer, who was with him and who was acquainted with all that went on in the village and its neighbourhood.

"Chinaman from Rangoon building a bungalow, sir. He is great believer in this Bo tree." The Eurasian pointed to the trunk of the tree and Phillimore noticed that a portion of it had been covered over with gold leaf. "Ah Kee put on that gold, sir."

"More fool him!" laughed Phillimore. Then he turned to examine the clearing that was being made. "It looks to me as if this fellow Ah Kee intends to make himself comfortable. A brick foundation and good solid posts!"

"Oh, yes, sir!" And de Castro's teeth gleamed amidst his yellow-brown face. "Ah Kee is a rich man."

The manager grunted and moved on. "He may be for all I care, but I hope he is not going to open up a plantation here and upset my labour force by putting up wages. Some of these Chinamen are far too tricky for my liking."

A few mornings later he met Ah Kee. The Chinaman was supervising the building operations which progressed apace and, seeing Phillimore, stepped out into the road. He was a short stout man with a pleasant face and he politely took off his topee and held it against his chest as he addressed the Englishman.

"Good morning, sir. This is my new bungalow." He beamed happily at Phillimore.

"Morning! You're Ah Kee, I suppose."

The Chinaman bowed and continued to smile.

"Ah! Well I hope you are not going to interfere with my rubber. I don't like people butting in here."

Again Ah Kee bowed and smiled. "Me, I no work rubber, sir. This bungalow is my holiday house. I come here for week-end and to consult the *nat* in sacred tree."

Phillimore laughed somewhat rudely and stared over his shoulder at the tree. He noted that the patch of gold leaf on the trunk had spread very considerably. "Of course, if that is all you want we shall get on well

enough. But I shouldn't put too much faith in that *nat* . . . Did you stick all that gold leaf on the tree? You did! Well, you must have more money to waste than I have."

Ah Kee shook his head vigorously. "No, sir. But him very good *nat*. Him helping me in plenty ways."

II

Certain it was that with the coming of Ah Kee the cult of the sacred tree spread and took on a fresh importance. The Chinaman erected a new *nat* house, an exquisite little box of a dwelling carpentered as only the Chinese can carpenter and lavishly painted and gilded. The whole of the lower portion of the trunk was now heavily encrusted with gold leaf, and many candles burnt continuously before the shrine. A couple of enterprising Burmese women from the village set up tiny stalls beneath the shady branches and sold flowers and candles for presentation to the *nat* and cheroots and foodstuffs to meet the personal requirements of worshippers . . . Then, a Mahommedan vendor of lemonade and coloured drinks annexed a few feet of space by the roadside and set up a rough trestle table with a form beside it. And he and the Burmese women carried on a brisk business.

On the trunk, a few feet above the level of the roadway, was fixed a nat house, an abode for the spirit which lived in the tree.

Ah Kee, with a luxurious and gaudily painted motor car at his disposal, frequently visited his bungalow of an evening and during week-ends. And his first duty upon arrival was always to make obeisance to the Bo tree and to light a candle or two before the *nat* house. Often, too, he added to the decoration upon the trunk by affixing extra leaves of gold.

Phillimore watched the progress of all this with some interest, and once or twice discussed the matter with de Castro.

"It is a very good *nat*, sir. He helps Mr. Ah Kee all the time."

"What do you mean by a good *nat*. I fancy you believe in it yourself, de Castro."

The overseer grinned sheepishly and then gave an emphatic denial. "No, sir. All damned superstition of course. But Mr. Ah Kee consults the *nat* and takes its advice. And Mr. Ah Kee he is making lots of money . . . All the same it is damned superstition."

Whereat Phillimore laughed loudly. "I thought as much. You do believe in this nonsense." And he pointed contemptuously at the tree.

"Oh, no, sir . . . But please don't call it nonsense, sir. He might not like to hear that." The overseer glanced at the *nat* house in apprehension.

"He! Who?"

"Oh, of course, I mean Mr. Ah Kee, sir."

On another occasion as they passed by the sacred tree de Castro pointed to an old Burmese woman who was lighting a candle.

"She is the *natgadaw*, sir."

"The mouthpiece of the sprite, eh? . . . Well, she does not impress me as being anything else than a rather stupid old woman."

"But *nat* speaks through her, sir. And he gives Mr. Ah Kee plenty of good advice. Whenever Mr. Ah Kee follows that advice he makes money."

"What a pity he cannot give me some advice as to how to run the estate. This slump in rubber is going to be the ruin of me if it continues much longer."

"Oh, sir, we can ask him what to do," and de Castro looked eagerly at Phillimore. "Shall I speak to the old woman?"

"Don't be such a blasted fool?" exclaimed the manager angrily. "You haven't any more sense than a baby in arms, de Castro."

Just at that moment with much tooting of its large silver horn Ah Kee's motor overtook Phillimore; and the Chinaman, clad immaculately in a loose fitting suit of cream coloured silk, descended to greet him.

"Good morning, Mr. Phillimore."

The manager gave him a curt nod. "Come to see your *nat* again?" he enquired somewhat rudely.

"Yes, sir." And Ah Kee inclined his head towards the tree. "I always come to take his advice."

Phillimore laughed. "And that stupid old woman there takes your rupees, eh?"

The Oriental's countenance clouded momentarily and

for an instant his eyes gleamed angrily from beneath narrowed lids. Then he became suave and deferential as ever. "But it pleases me. And no harm is done . . . The *nat* is very wise and powerful, Mr. Phillimore. Please do not make him angry."

The manager looked from Ah Kee to the sacred Bo tree. "Well, I wish you luck of him!" And he turned away and walked down the road to the rubber estate.

III

It was a warm night towards the end of February, a forerunner of the approaching hot weather. There was no breeze to stir the leaves upon the rubber trees which stood in long lines about Phillimore's bungalow. And the trees, in the light of a young moon appeared unreal. They were so still.

In shirt sleeves and under a hanging oil lamp the manager sat upon his verandah and pored over the accounts of the estate. They afforded him little satisfaction, for rubber had slumped badly. Prices had been low for months and Phillimore had large stocks in hand, stocks which could only be sold at a figure representing much less than their cost of production . . . From time to time he made an entry in an account book and then would sit and stare out into the moonlight. His Burma cheroot had gone out, but he was too preoccupied to relight it.

From the coolie lines there came the faint throb-throb of a tom-tom, and the persistent unmeaning sound accorded well with Phillimore's mood. The estate, in which he was personally interested to a large extent, was in a bad way. And he could see no solution to the many difficulties which involved him . . . Obviously the stocks now in hand must be sold without further delay. Ready cash was urgently needed. Besides, prices might drop even further, and enough money had already been lost . . . On the other hand, supposing the market became active again during the next few days?" . . . He was thinking in circles. Round and round; making no progress. Just meaningless like that infernal tom-tom.

Phillimore closed the books angrily and poured out for himself a generous tot of whisky. Then he relit his cheroot and, as he did so, he became aware of the fact that someone was approaching the bungalow along the drive between the rubber trees.

A voice hailed him cheerily and he recognised the Chinaman, Ah Kee. He called back to his visitor to come into the verandah.

"It is nice evening so I take a walk," explained Ah Kee. "I think I come and see you."

"Very good of you," exclaimed Phillimore none too genially. "Have a drink?"

The visitor readily accepted the offer and the two men sat and talked for some minutes. Ah Kee was a well informed man in some ways and much of his conversation was of a nature which appealed to Phillimore . . . He possessed first hand knowledge of the gambling and

dope dens in the Chinese quarter of Rangoon and undertook to introduce the Englishman to the doubtful pleasures provided by these and similar establishments; he had a fund of scandalous stories regarding native officials and notables; and he had, too, several excellent tips for the following Saturday's race meeting at Rangoon. Gradually he came to find himself agreeable to Phillimore.

He accepted a second peg, and, when he had drunk it, rose to depart. There was a short silence, and then he spoke again.

"You have plenty rubber to sell Mr. Phillimore?"

"Er—well, to tell you the truth I have."

"That is good." Ah Kee nodded his head vigorously. "Do not sell it. Keep it for three, four, five weeks perhaps."

Phillimore stared at him. "What information have you? I want to sell before the price goes any lower."

"No, no, must not sell. Price will go up soon. The *nat* of the Bo tree told me."

The whisky had mellowed Phillimore and this evening the reference to the *nat* caused him no annoyance. He merely laughed good humouredly. "Still that *nat*, Ah Kee!"

"Yes, Mr. Phillimore. Him very nice *nat* and I ask him about rubber because I want to help you. He say you must not sell your rubber."

"Well, I'm much obliged to him for his advice, but I fancy that I know more about rubber than fifty *nats*."

"Please don't sell," entreated the Chinaman again as he descended the staircase from the verandah to the ground below.

"Sorry, but I shall sell," and Phillimore laughed again. "I don't think much of your *nat* . . . Good night, Ah Kee."

He watched the white clad figure of the Chinaman vanish from the moonlight of the drive into the black shadows beneath the trees. Then he turned and surveyed the account books which still littered the table.

"Now why does he not want me to sell? . . . But I shall, and quickly, too." Yawning, he extinguished the lamp and went to bed.

IV

The Rangoon race course attracts a cosmopolitan crowd, a throng which fully represents, the varied elements going to make up the population of the city itself. Europeans, Jews and Armenians, Eurasians, Indians both Hindu and Mahommedan, Burmese, Parsis, Chinamen, Japanese are all here; and on the day of a race meeting the enclosures present a wonderful picture of ever changing colours, for the women of every nationality are resplendant in flashing silks whilst many of the men, too, affect costumes of gay hue.

And into this throng Phillimore plunged cheerfully one Saturday afternoon. He was prepared to forget the rubber estate and its worries and had come into Rangoon to spend a riotous week-end, a proceeding in which he periodically indulged. True it was that the affairs of the estate were precarious. It's stocks of rubber had been sold at a poorer price than even Phillimore anticipated; and even if a boom arrived now it was obvious that the estate would have to struggle for many months before it could profit . . . But this afternoon Phillimore intended to forget his troubles. If luck was good, he hoped to win some money. He was a gambler and generally staked sums out of all proportion to his means.

He was fortunate over the first two races and made money. And he had won, too, on casual tips given him by a Burmese acquaintance and an Eurasian trainer. Well pleased with himself he entered one of the bars for a drink and ordered himself a large peg from the Madrassi "boy" behind the counter.

He caught a glimpse of Ah Kee who bustled about, his face alight with pleasure. The Chinaman ranged up alongside Phillimore.

"Hello, Ah Kee! Winning?"

"Yes, Mr. Phillimore. I do very well." Putting out his hand he took the Englishman's programme. "I will mark it for you. Back Gladiator for next race, and Hla Tin for the three-thirty. It will win. I know, because I can only find winners to-day." And he gulped down his peg.

"You seem very certain of yourself," laughed Phillimore.

"Yes, yes. My *nat* he tells me I will win to-day." He gazed for a moment into the bottom of his empty tumbler. "But he tell me to stop after I win three thousand rupees . . . So when I do that I will stop." Fastening the gold buttons of his silk jacket he turned away. "Must go now to put my money on Gladiator."

Gladiator won and Phillimore decided that Ah Kee's tips were worth following. Consequently he backed

With an immense effort Phillimore stood up. The pain in his sprained ankle was acute . . . . Up again and on for another few yards.

Hla Tin and found himself five hundred rupees richer after the three-thirty race. On the next race, too, he won. Then came a set-back. Ah Kee's selection failed by a head in the four-thirty event, but Phillimore consoled himself with the thought that he could not win every time. Besides, the pony had only just lost, and this indicated that the Chinaman had made a fairly shrewd estimate of its chances . . . He would make up for it in the next race and he gathered from friends that the tip Ah Kee had given him was a sound one. Phillimore plunged heavily, and lost.

He began to get annoyed and on the last two races discarded Ah Kee's advice. He would have done well to have followed it for in the last race Tiger Lily, a rank outsider, romped home. It had been marked on Phillimore's programme by Ah Kee. Instead, he had put his money on the favourite and, convinced of winning, had backed it very substantially.

"You look fed up, Phillimore," exclaimed a friend as the crowd streamed off the course towards the exits. "Had a bad day?"

"Rotten! Nearly a thousand chips down."

"Bad luck, old man. You should have backed Tiger Lily, like I did."

Phillimore growled and turned away in search of his car. It was some time before he could find it, and then he found it parked close beside that of Ah Kee. The Chinaman was just about to drive away.

"How much you make on Tiger Lily?" he called. "What a pity I could not back it, but I stop when I win on Hla Tin. Three thousand rupees my limit to-day." He grinned and waved his hand cheerily as his car moved off through the dust.

Phillimore swore roundly.

V.

Early on Monday morning after a very bibulous Sunday night Phillimore motored back to his estate. As a result of his week-end he was suffering from a severe headache, his nerves were on edge and he was in a vile temper. In addition to his losses at the races had to be added further losses sustained at a poker party which had lasted through the greater part of Sunday.

In his bungalow he bathed and changed into a khaki shirt and shorts and, after visiting the factory, breakfasted. The meal put him into a somewhat cooler frame of mind and, lighting a cheroot, he set out to visit the other portion of the estate. It was already nearly mid-day and the sun beat down with a fierce glare upon the unshaded stretches of the road. However, Phillimore thought that the walk would do him good and despite the heat he strode along briskly.

As he approached the outskirts of the village he saw coming towards him a Burman bearing the yellow envelope of the telegraph office. The man paused before him and tendered the telegram.

Phillimore tore open the envelope and saw that the message came from the Rangoon broker who transacted much of the estate business.

"What stocks available?" ran the message "Big American demand. We anticipate sharp rise in prices."

Standing in the centre of the road Phillimore read the message through twice. Then he angrily crumpled the paper into a ball and thrust it into his pocket . . . What stocks? None at all. Every available pound of rubber had been sold.

This news revived all the anger that had been smouldering within him. It gave him a feeling of the injustice of life . . . Nothing he had done recently had turned out right. First the sale of those very substantial stocks of rubber, then his most unsatisfactory week-end in Rangoon.

If he had only held on to that rubber! . . . He searched about in his pocket for a box of matches to light his dead cheroot . . . And Ah Kee had warned him not to sell! Ah Kee with his tales about that blasted *nat*.

Twice he struck matches which went out before he could light his cheroot . . . Damn Ah Kee and the *nat*, too!

He looked up and saw that he was standing close beside the sacred Bo tree . . . A row of three candles burnt upon the narrow railing in front of the *nat* house.

His black mood upon him, Phillimore took the dead stump of his cheroot from his mouth and deliberately threw it into the *nat* house. As it fell it knocked over one of the lighted candles which rolled forward into the tiny dwelling.

"That's all you deserve, friend *nat*," and the manager gave a short laugh, and walked away. A voice behind him caused him to turn sharply.

"Sir, you should not have done that." It was the overseer de Castro. "I will remove your cheroot from *nat* house." And he started forward.

"Come here, de Castro. Leave the thing alone."

"But, sir—"

"Damn you! Do as you are told. Come with me at once, or else I fire you here and now."

Meekly the Eurasian followed him and together they walked down the road. Neither of them looked back. And the fallen candle, still alight, spluttered and flared amidst the grease which spread across the floor of the little *nat* house. Then the candle flame grew and grew until a long tawny tongue of fire leapt out of the open front of the tiny wooden erection . . . It happened that only one of the Burmese women who sold candles was present at the time and she was dozing beside her trays of wares. When she awoke the abode of the *nat* had fallen to the ground, a charred and smoking ruin.

Phillimore started back for his bungalow about an hour later. He was alone, for he had finished with de

(Continued on page 76.)

THE MUNDAS—A DYING RACE

By RAMENDU DUTT

IN a secluded corner of the province of Behar and Orissa lies the picturesque land of the Mundas, known by its modern name of Chota Nagpur. Here, in some far distant past, an old patriarch of this tribe, *Chutu-Hadam* ('Hadam' means "an old man" in Mundary language) founded the village of *Chutia,* wherefrom the country is said to have derived its present nomenclature.

A wonderful people are these Mundas, with a proud tradition behind them that can be traced from such antiquity as the times of the *Mahabharata* or even the *Rig Veda!* I need not run into the pedantic details of archæology, nor try to frighten my readers with an erudite ethnographical study, but would rather try to put before them something of a more interesting nature.

The land of the Mundas, or Chota Nagpur as we should call it, is a land of glorious natural beauty. With its colourful hills and dales, gorgeous waterfalls, *sal* and *pial* forests of uncommon sylvan grandeur, its bracing climate, wealth of minerals, abundance of food products, and, above all, its wonderful native inhabitants who form a part of nature here, Chota Nagpur has been an alluring field of exploit and an excellent working centre for foreign missionaries. Thus, like many a more unfortunate country, India is losing a lot of her natural colour, as these aborigines are gradually either dying out or becoming Christian converts. Nearly thirty years ago, in the census of 1901, the total number of Mundas in India, excluding the converts, was recorded to be 466,668 and it is far, far less to-day. The few illustrations that accompany this article were all taken near about the year 1902, and the type of men and women pictured therein has almost vanished, giving place to native Christians and their so-called civilized brethren. It is only their land that still retains its ancient charm and seems to speak:

"Race after race, man after man
Have dreamed that my secret was theirs,
Have thought that I lived but for them.
That they were my glory and joy;
They are dust, they are changed, they are gone,—
I remain."

The Mundas are a big branch of the Kolarian tribes and have many similarities with the Dravidians also. As is the fate of every people,

Munda archers, 30 years ago—brave and savage.

A Munda marriage-party. The bride is being carried and the groom looks happy.

Munda musicians playing on the "Tuhila" (flute).

they, too, had to suffer the hardships of a nomadic tribe, undergo many a vicissitude and encounter various troubles before they could find a comfortable nook where they could finally settle down.

If we follow a certain reliable tradition of theirs, which is supported by recent historical researches, we find that the Mundas at first inhabited the famous plain of the five rivers (the Punjab)—the first home of all immigrants to India.

From the north they gradually moved on southwards, to Bundelkhand and Central India; then across Eastern Rajputana, back again to North-Western India, and thence through modern Rohilkhand and Oudh to Behar, and finally to Chota

Munda women drawing water from a "Dari," a natural spring.

A group of Munda girls and two boys, enjoying an off-hour, free from work.

Nagpur. Here, far from the din and bustle of the plains, they lived secluded amidst a beautiful scene of rugged ravines, verdant valleys and picturesque waterfalls. Nature, like an apprehensive mother, concealed them, as it were, behind the skirts of her forests and dense woodlands—thus they could build up social and administrative organisations that were so entirely different from those of the rest of their countrymen. Of these I will try to give some idea another time, but for the present I may conclude by saying that these Mundas once had an admirable system of land tenure, a religion based on ethics and æsthetics, social customs as sound and elaborate as those of the Aryans themselves, and, last but not the least, indigenous industries creditable to a tribe isolated from all touches of civilization.

The Indian Kennel.

I MUST send my notes to the Editor before I know if I can be in Calcutta for the Show or not and therefore before I can report on the various successes there. Miss Yule, of Calcutta, sends me photos of the sire and dam of the magnificent bull pups which I wrote about after the Darjeeling Show, where they won first in the litter class. Naturally she sold them all immediately and could have sold them several times over. She tells me that the sire *Bacchus* (by *Jeremy* ex *Cloverly Busybody* has a marvellous pedigree, which contains 6 champions. The bitch is also most

Bacchus.

wonderfully bred—*Lord Pike* is in her fourth generation and through this dog she actually runs right back to Ch. *Prince Albert*. She claims as her ancestors several of the *Stone* dogs and as all *Stone* bred dogs came originally from Ch. *Rodney Stone*, son of *John of the Funnels*, she may be said to have what the bull-dog fanciers term the "real old

Haidi Bibi.

Sheffield blood." Miss Yule will doubtless mate the two again later and if the pups are anything like the last litter they should be quickly snapped up by bull-dog fanciers in India.

Miss Patricia Wright, owner of the wonderful lately imported Cocker bitch *Irridescent of Ware*, who carried all before her at Calcutta Show, has not yet sent a photo of her, but sends me a list of her wins in England. They make the most imposing reading. It would be quite impossible, in the small space at my disposal, to record them all. To give a few—Bristol, 9 firsts (6 of these were in variety classes); Oxford, 10 firsts (6 in varieties); Ealing, 6 firsts (2 in varieties); Bournemouth, 2 firsts (at this Show *Irridescent* beat the famous *Charlston Lyric*, which was placed second to *Falconer's Caraway*, of great renown, in the open breed class, blacks); Hatfield, 10 firsts (3 in varieties); Richmond, 3 firsts and 5 seconds; Epsom, 2 firsts and 4 seconds; Cardiff, 2 firsts and 2 seconds; Darlington, 2 firsts and 2 seconds and Reserve Challenge Certificate to *Thelma of Loyne*; St. Alban's 2 firsts, 1 second; Tring, 1 first, 5 seconds (2 varieties); and so on. I could write pages had I space.

M.S.B.

THE BO TREE.

(Continued from page 72.)

Castro and the latter had already hurried away to his own quarters to seek his afternoon's repose.

The noonday quiet reigned as Phillimore walked towards the main road. Somewhere amidst the rubber trees an insect of some kind kept up a cheerful singing noise, but otherwise there was no sound. High up in the cloudless sun filled sky a kite, questing it's prey, circled slowly. But these were the sole signs of life; siesta held the world.

A few yards only divided Phillimore from the road when the thing happened. He was walking under the rubber trees which afforded a welcome shade. Only a sparse pattern of sunlight lay on the ground beneath them . . . But this sparse pattern sufficed to hide the snake, a banded kerait, which lay in his path. Its rings of black and yellow merged into the background, and Phillimore was only aware of it as it rustled and hissed within a few inches of his feet. He stepped backwards and stumbled upon a stone, and at the same instant the deadly serpent struck at his leg . . . It was an affair of seconds only and then the kerait had vanished, gliding swiftly away into the shadows.

Phillimore lay quiet for a few moments stunned by the heaviness of his fall and by the horror of the situation. He was aware that he had been bitten in the leg, the blood oozing through his torn stocking was evidence of that. And when he attempted to rise an intense pain in his ankle informed him that he had injured himself in his fall.

Stupidly he stared at the blood . . . He must do something to counteract the poison . . . How long did one survive after the bite of a banded kerait? Half an hour? . . . One hour? . . . He could not remember.

He must do something at once . . . But what? . . . He had no knife to open up the wound . . . The silence about him indicated the impossibility of obtaining immediate assistance. All the estate coolies had vanished to their barracks . . . Such portion of the main road as he could see was empty . . .

He shouted once, twice, several times . . . There came no answering shout. And now his mouth was dry and he felt dizzy. Was the poison taking effect already?

With an immense effort Phillimore stood up. The pain in his sprained ankle was acute, but he contrived to take half a dozen steps. Then he sat down with a groan . . . Up again and on for another few yards . . .

This sort of thing would never do . . . He must reach the village. It was only a few hundred yards away . . . Once there he could receive treatment . . . Crawl, limp, get there somehow . . . He set out once more.

Some twenty minutes later a small crowd of villagers was gathered about the sacred Bo tree. The burnt *nat* house lay at their feet and they discussed in excited tones the sacriligeous act of Phillimore. It was de Castro who had told them how the fire occurred, and now he stood in the centre of the group endeavouring to set matters right for Phillimore.

"The *thakin* will build a new shrine. He was angry and perhaps a little drunk when he did this," exclaimed de Castro in Burmese. "He will make amends."

The village headman, a sturdy old fellow clad in a red waistcloth, shook his head sadly. "But the *nat* has been offended. Maybe he will desert us now."

Suddenly a naked youngster on the outskirts of the little crowd raised a shout.

"See! Here comes the *thakin*." He pointed up the road.

Slowly and staggering in his walk moved Phillimore. His ankle was not hurting so much now, but he could ill control his limbs for they seemed numbed . . . The poison was working its fatal business . . . He saw the crowd of villagers and endeavoured to call to them, to beckon . . .

"Assuredly he is drunk," remarked the headman. "He cannot walk straight."

On came Phillimore. A grey mist had risen before his eyes and only vaguely could he discern the villagers. The mist was not only in his eyes, it was in his brain . . . He could see nothing, feel nothing . . .

The villagers made way for him and de Castro alone started forward to assist him. But it was too late. A dozen paces from the Bo tree Phillimore halted, swayed uncertainly, and crashed to the ground.

The Eurasian overseer bent over him and found him to be dead.

"The *nat* has revenged himself . . . He will remain with us," murmured the headman.

* * * * *

Ah Kee it was who erected another *nat* house, a building much finer than the one it replaced. And the trunk of the Bo tree became even more deeply encrusted with gold leaf.

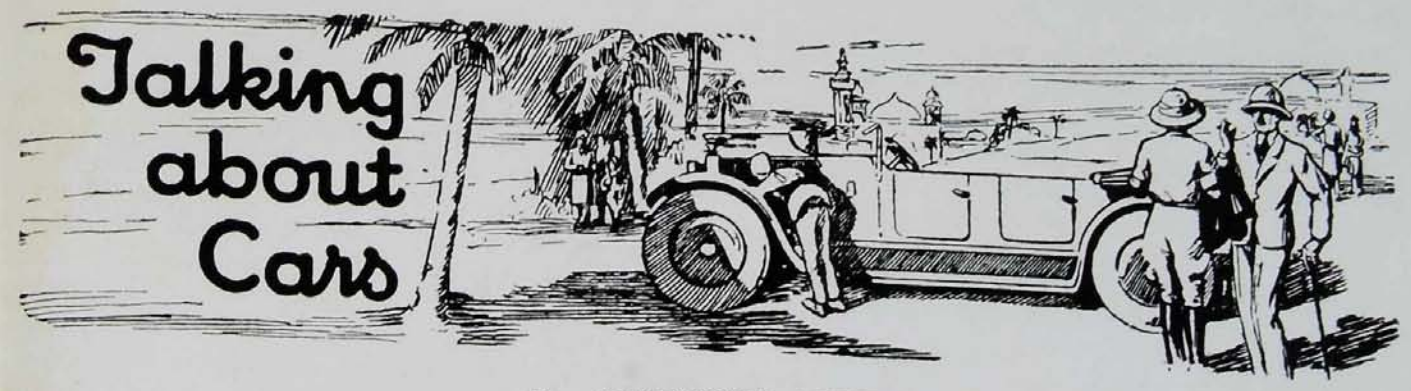
The Chinaman ever afterwards very naturally believed fervently in the presence of the *nat* and both he and the villagers would recite the death of Phillimore as evidence of the sprite's undoubted powers.

And even to this day de Castro, although he pooh-poohs the whole incident in the presence of the new manager, will often add an extra sheet or two of gold leaf to the tree when he imagines that he is unobserved.

All of which goes to show that the *nat* is a very powerful being; or, at least, that his worshippers think so. And already the death of Phillimore has assumed an almost legendary importance. Which, after all, is not a bad thing; for Phillimore has at last served to point a moral, an achievement he could never have accomplished during his life.

THE END.

Talking about Cars



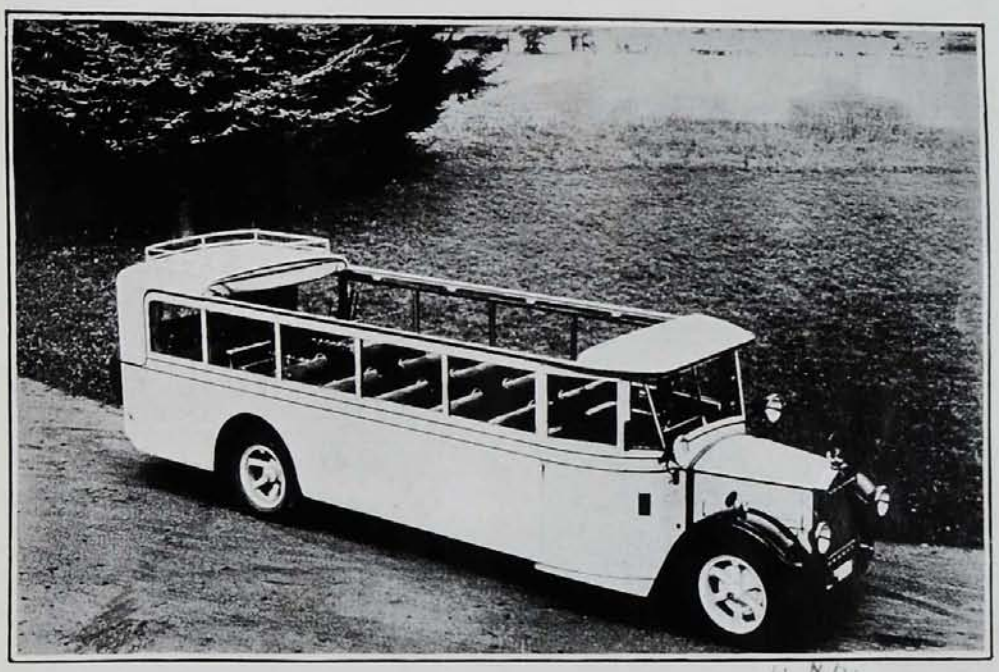
By VINCENT VIVIAN

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

Motoring, 1916-1918

MY intention this month is to record a few impressions of life with a Siege Battery Ammunition Column, serving the heavies on the Western Front during their most hectic years. Abbreviated though they will be, these reminiscences cannot be concluded in one article; but if the reader will be patient and remain unshocked by this temporary lapse into lurid history, "*Talking About Cars*" will resume its normal aspect under my usual *nom-de-plume* a couple of months hence.

Olympia and the new 1931 models are already *vieux jeux*, while books, plays, and discussions of the War—banned for a decade—are now enjoying popularity not far beneath that of detective stories and sagas of sex. Yet I have not so far seen notice of any published book dealing with the work of the lorry columns which carried unknown millions of tons of high explosive shells from railheads to the guns; back empty to park for a few hours, and then up the line again with more loads of shells—fifty of six-inch calibre to a lorry, a thousand shells per trip, with their thousand cordite cartridges and their thousand fuses and detonators. Generally we damned those detonators. They were packed a hundred at a time in tiny tin boxes, only too easy to be lost in the load of "big stuff." Chancey ballast too for a great coat pocket, where their presence might turn a light "blighty" wound into a case for a blanket and a wooden cross. Yet woe betide the convoy that delivered one detonator short. For lack of that insignificant bit of fulminate-filled copper tube, a £5 shell and ten bob's worth of cordite at mass production rates could not be fired. Bad enough indeed when that happened in the ordinary course of events, by fault of an occasional dud among the detonators: but officially there could be no such thing as a dud detonator, and in strict accordance with the best military traditions there was no surplus stock of such cheap articles. One detonator per shell was the rule; and one plug per (Triumph) motorcycle, or four plugs per car or lorry. The only certain way of obtaining spare sparking plugs, was to have a vehicle destroyed by shell-fire,—actual or alleged. A new vehicle would then be issued with plugs complete, on the presumption that the previous ones had been dissipated to the four points of the compass; which in fact was often the truth, for though shell-torn wrecks of lorries and tanks could be had for the asking, it was seldom one's luck to be first on the spot to strip the casualty of its plugs!



The Maharaja of Jodhpur has just purchased this capacious Mercedes-Benz motor bus, (German make) for hunting purposes. It is not as romantic looking as an elephant in full trimmings, but it provides much faster locomotion.

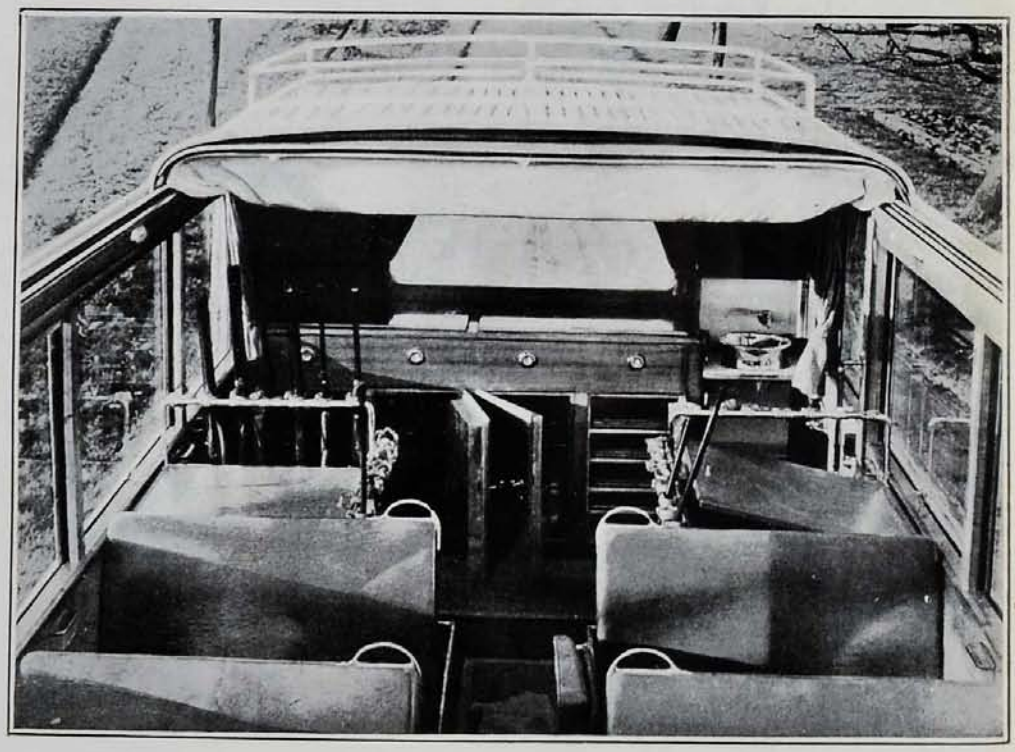
Compared to the infantry subaltern, a lieutenant of the M.T., A.S.C. was in a position of authority. Though nominally attached to the battery of R.G.A. that he

was serving, actually his unit was in his sole charge, and he received orders—merely relating to the number of rounds of ammunition required daily—from a Major of his own corps commanding the "Siege Park" (a conglomeration of the various columns serving about sixty different batteries). Not infrequently a column would be detailed to send a convoy to a battery other than its own. This system of dual control had its advantages, but it frequently led to friction between the O.C. Battery and the O.C. "Siege Battery Ammunition Column." I fancy things will be worked very differently next time.

I had my first experience of motoring on the Continent in 1916, when I took the 149th S.B.A.C. to the environs of Albert and Fricourt, from which latter locality they dropped an inexhaustible supply of six-inch howitzer shells brought by my Maudsley lorries, on to the Germans in possession of Bapaume. We lost a new three-ton lorry the night after our arrival—its driver took a lighted sidelamp too near to the petrol tank when filling up: we lost the driver too. But beyond this small incident I have little to relate of the history of 149 S.B.A.C., for shortly afterwards I was wounded one night while hauling a gun into position with one of the four Holt tractors on charge of my unit. They were wonderful things, those Holt "caterpillars"—and I wish I knew what species of substitute the Germans were employing on their side. I only know we could never have done without them, though their consumption worked out in gallons per mile, and they made such a din with their rattling, roaring, and back-firing, that it was impossible at night (amidst the detonations of our own gun fire) to observe the burst of enemy shells. I noticed the flash of some of these uncomfortably near, while I was on the tractor hauling a gun through a quagmire of deadening mud. A concussion of air, followed by a spattering rain of mud falling on the tin canopy of the machine, was the usual indication of a "near one." Suddenly came black unconsciousness, and a return to pain a long while later in a different place.

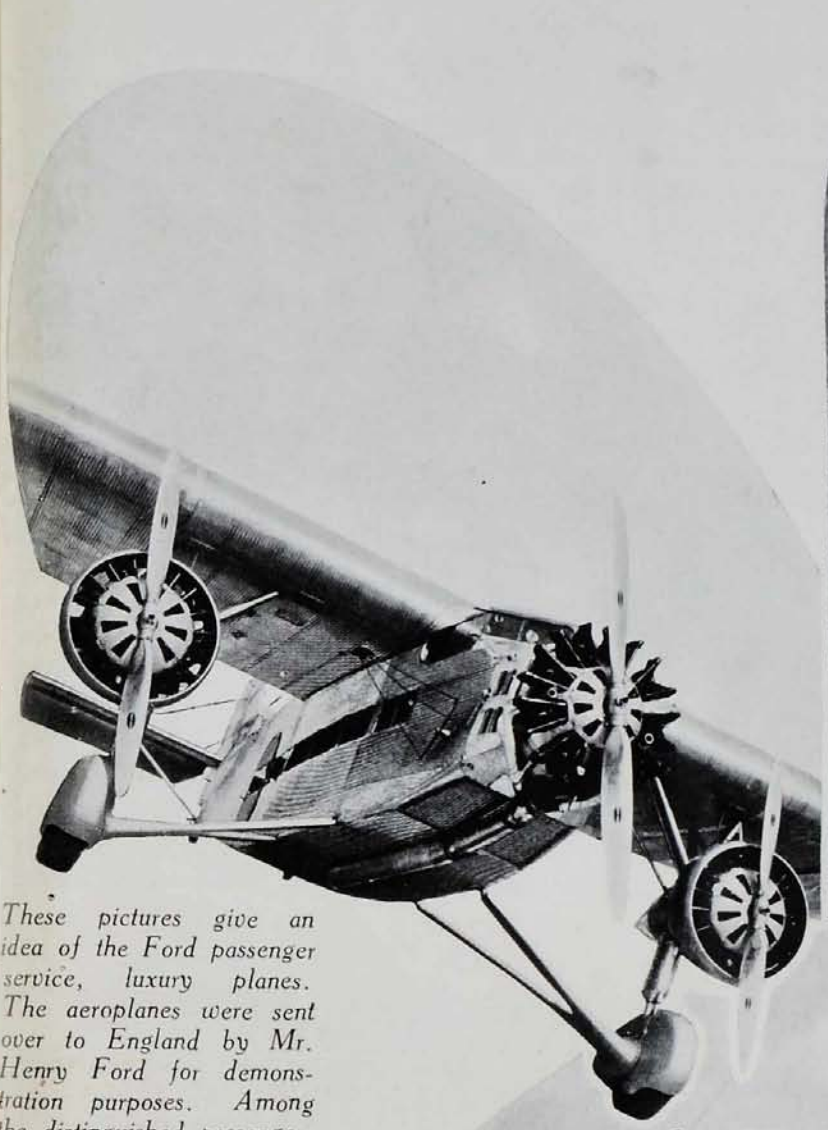
Released from Birmingham hospital, I took the open road swathed in a turban of bandages from which one monocled eye was cleared for action. My mount was an 8 h.p. Matchless J.A.P. racer, with colossal twin pulleys giving a double belt drive direct to a two-speed hub gear of uncertain behaviour. This motorcycle had seen better days. Its engine had no silencer, and the tank leaked despite applications of soap. I had to hoard the precious fluid, not in cans, but in bottles, pouring in half a dozen bottles for a run into Chester and draining the tank to refill half of them on my return.

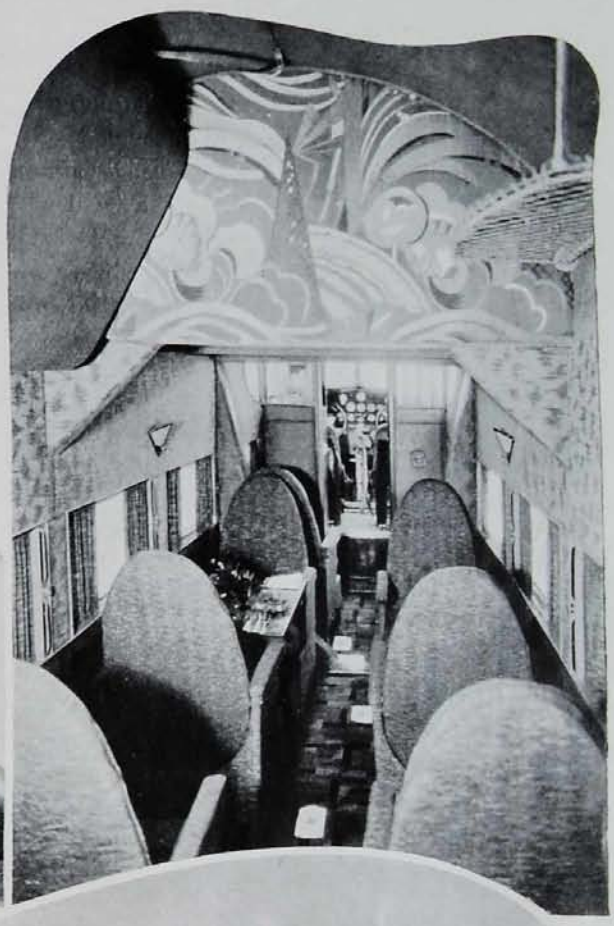
Out in the country the roads were almost devoid of motors, save occasional convoys of army lorries, or it might be an R.A.F. tender whizzing by on obscure yet urgent private affairs; but in the towns weird and monstrous vehicles might be seen—touring cars churning along beneath a grotesque bag of coal gas which heaved and swayed at its moorings as though it might be a small "blimp" strapped to a makeshift framework over the car. In the absence of petrol for all save national occasions (with a minute dole of four gallons per month on permit to convalescent soldiers) many motorists contrived to rub along on coal gas for town running or distances within ten miles or so. Nor was their appearance greeted with the ribaldry that would have been flung in normal times—anything seemed credible then. It was soon after my return to light duty at Bulford (Salisbury Plain) that I got a convoy job bringing new Foden disinfectors from the Foden works in Yorkshire to Bulford mobilisation depot. Each Foden chassis mounted a pair of huge compression tanks, designed to be filled with the verminous clothing of the troops in France; whereupon high compression steam from the boiler would be admitted to the discomfiture of the lice. Our innate modesty as also our desire to create morale *and* to disperse inquisitive crowds, led us to announce in each town that the convoy parked for a night, that the tanks contained *poison gas*. Not a soul boggled at the fable, and the sentry's post became a sinecure job. It was pleasant duty, dawdling Southwards through the leafy lanes of England, at the wheel of a Sunbeam car whose



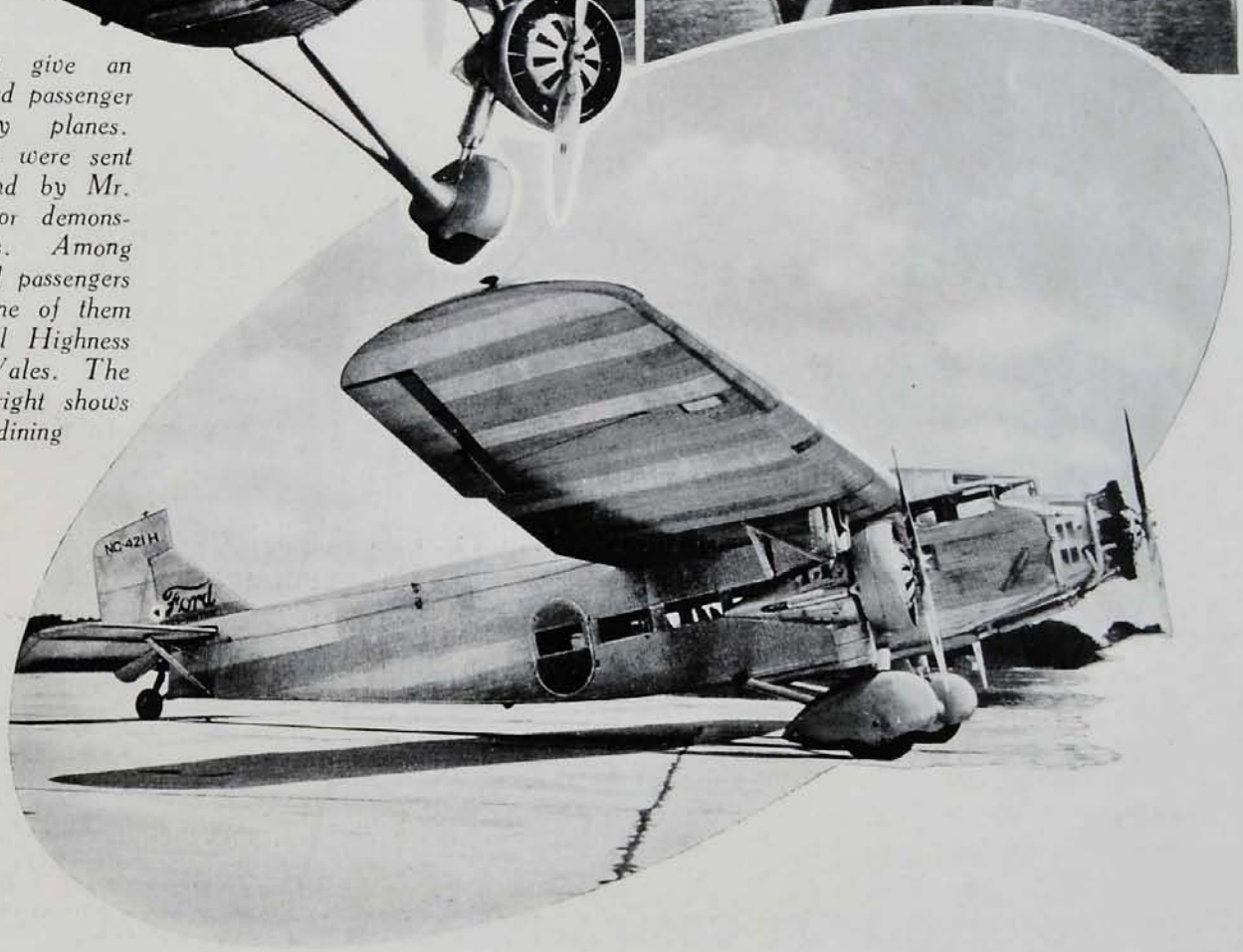
In the back, behind the gun-racks of the hunting bus of the Maharaja of Jodhpur, may be seen the modern equipments such as refrigerator and running water.

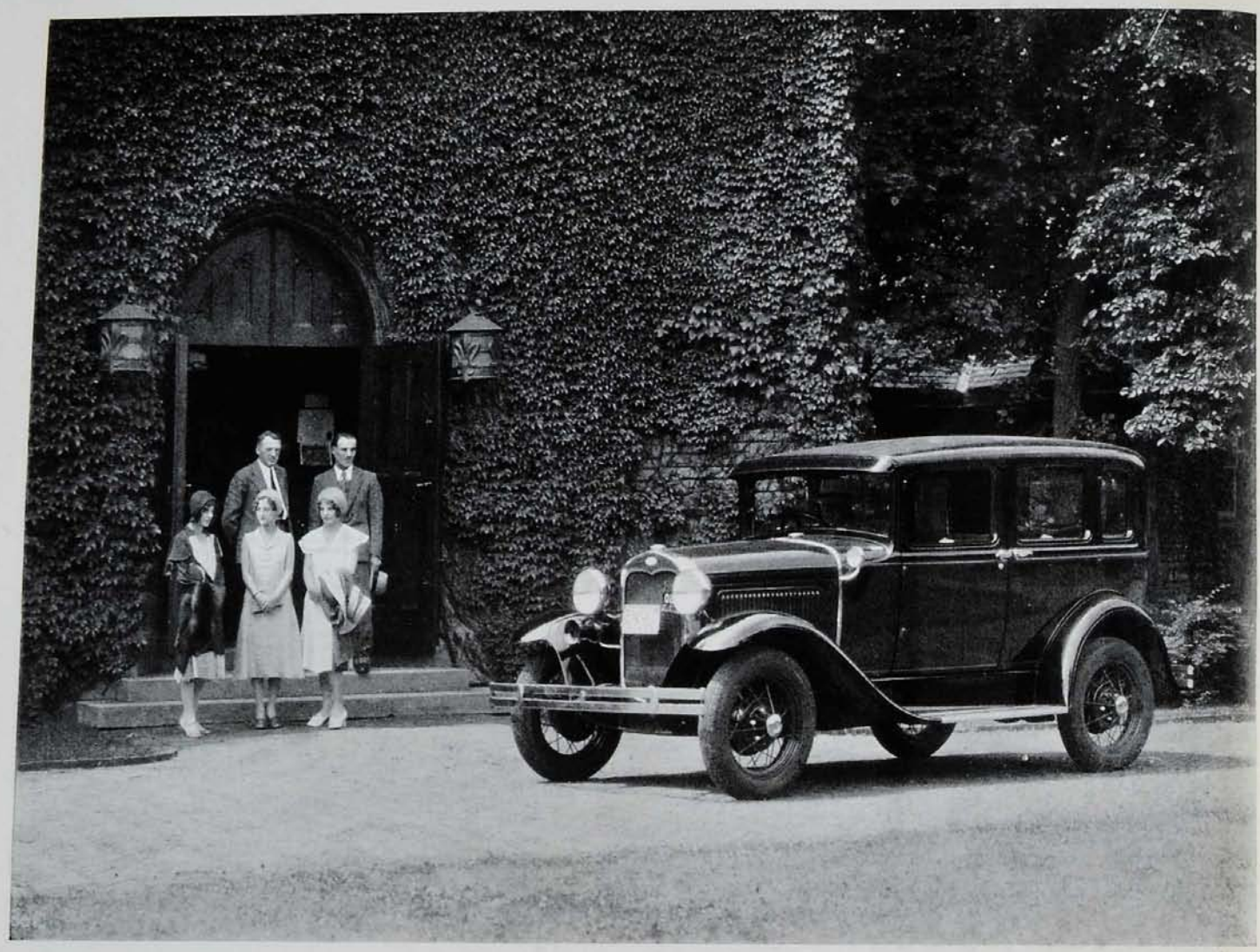
AIR TRAVEL DE LUXE





These pictures give an idea of the Ford passenger service, luxury planes. The aeroplanes were sent over to England by Mr. Henry Ford for demonstration purposes. Among the distinguished passengers who flew in one of them was His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The photo on the right shows a comfortable dining room in one.





FORD TOWN SEDAN

YOU SAVE IN MANY WAYS WHEN YOU BUY A FORD

LOW first cost is just one advantage of buying a Ford. Of even greater importance is the saving in the cost of operation and upkeep. As the months and years go by, this saving will total many rupees.

The economy of the Ford is due to its simplicity of design, high quality of materials, and accuracy in manufacturing and assembling. Ford owners everywhere will tell you of the economy, reliability and good performance of the New Ford.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF INDIA, LIMITED

BOMBAY — CALCUTTA — MADRAS — MULTAN

pace was set to the speed of the steamers rumbling along a mile or two behind; but it soon gave place to my appointment to another Siege Battery Ammunition Column for France. New batteries and new transport columns were being called into being and flung across the Channel almost daily. This time I had a larger unit, the 409th S.B.A.C., consisting of 27 Peerless three-tonners—the best pulling lorry in the war area—two 120 h.p. Holts and two gigantic McLaren steamers to tow our six-inch Naval guns—a Daimler saloon car—five indomitable Triumph motorbikes (the counter-shaft belt drive now obsolete but still to memory dear) and two Douglas sidecar machines. Somewhat a mixed bag,—and the personnel (all conscripts at this date) were a mixed bag also. Many of them had been drafted to Motor Transport for no better reason than their physical deficiency, and among a leavening of hard bitten taxi cabmen I found in my new road unit representatives of diverse trades. There was a butcher who became a useful cook, and a schoolmaster who made light work of the shoals of daily "returns" demanded of my office in respect of ammunition, petrol (*our* consumption alone would mount to two thousand gallons a week, when maintaining a single battery in drum fire action during *strafes*)—and a host of lesser commodities, rations, coal, oil, gas masks, *ad infinitum*. A little cobbler made me the best batman I have ever had, heard of, or read about; and two ex-members of the Trocadero orchestra—the 'cello and second violin—were permitted by me to smuggle their respective instruments out to France in their lorries, on the understanding that they gave command performances when required. Though conscripts they were a tough, and on the whole well contented lot. The only unpopular man among them was an ex-infantry corporal imbued with parade ground ideas of discipline. He was in error by supposing that it was possible or advisable, in the throes of a world war, to make Guardsmen out of taxi-cabbies whose salute—accorded with cheerful respect—was a forefinger to the peak of the cap and a mumbled "Guv'nor." He did not long survive our arrival at the Front, poor fellow; reported missing one night, his corpse was found in the road the next morning, nor were the wheel tracks required to show—that a lorry had passed over his head. Nothing was known about it. It was an accident that might easily have happened,—God grant.

No. 409 S.B.A.C. was drafted for the service of a battery of four six-inch Mark VII high velocity guns of naval type on land mountings: beautiful weapons with a range of some twelve to fourteen miles. We sailed from Portsmouth after some uneasy hours, frantic wires having preceded us to recover barrack loot stowed away by my desperadoes at the time of departure. The tarpaulins of the lorries were unlashed, and revealed chairs, folding tables, fire extinguishers, and all manner of dead stock *not* borne on form G. 1098, yet now *en route* for France. I had visions of the unit being detained under close arrest pending my court-martial, but at last the final piece of contraband was presumed to be recovered, and the cranes began to swing the three-tonners into the ship's hold. As the first of them swung aloft, I saw a long barrack folding table (subsequently my office table) *lashed beneath the chassis of that lorry:* and feeling in sudden need of alcoholic stimulant I hastily invited the embarkation officer away to share one. On my previous experience of the conditions awaiting us in France I had read the men a lecture on the absolute necessity of furnishing on arrival, an office shack, a cookhouse building, and a hut for their Commanding Officer. These essential hutments *had* to be erected by all columns arriving on park, *i.e.*,—a field of mud alongside a strip of execrable road already tenanted by the lorries and hutments of a dozen other columns. Driver and driver's mate each lived in their lorry, but they *had* to have a cookhouse to serve them, an office to deal with routine work, and an Officer's Hut deserving of capital letters. These things always arose, though not one nail nor stick of their construction nor one tarpaulin of their roofs was provided by the genius who drew up A.F.-G. 1098. My men had started "collecting" a little too soon and too sincerely, that was all. It did not take us long to erect these buildings between Poperinghe and Ypres. In fact when we abandoned that park we left behind us—to the utter bewilderment (and I think pleasure)

of the local area "Settlement Officer"—an unmapped village of huts including what looked like an aeroplane hangar in corrugated iron but was in reality the men's recreation hut complete with two stoves. One of the best Christmas dinners I ever ate, was in 1917, at the head of a long table with sixty of my men in that "hut."

One closing word. I have described in outline the formation of the S.B.A.C.s, and drawn on memory to record a few impressions of mobilisation. There was, and possibly there still is, an impression that life in the A.S.C. (subsequently created the *Royal* Army Service Corps) and especially the Motor Transport section,—was a "cushy" non-combatant job. This is understandable, and I have written little hitherto to dispute that idea. The A.S.C., M.T. enjoyed fewer comforts of "civilisation" than did the R.A.F., but considerably more than the R.G.A. The poor bloody infantry of course lived in hell the *whole* time. I hold no brief for transport services at the base, except to record the fact that they did their indispensable work admirably well. Without them the B.E.F. would not have been the best fed army in the field, nor would every man in it have enjoyed the privilege of a postal system which transmitted letters and parcels with the equivalent regularity of the G.P.O., and without payment or fee. But there was an essential difference between the Supplies columns and the S.B.A.C.s. The latter bore on their lorries the combatant distinguishing sign of a shell, and their traffic to the siege batteries in the front line, done by night under appalling conditions that I will describe, took them nightly through a murderous barrage of 5.9 inches shell-fire which levied a constant toll. Next month I will describe conditions of life—and death—in the 409th S.B.A.C. at Ypres and Zonnebeke ; at Le Transloy, and in that gigantic retreat of 28th March, 1918, when we lost all the ground that it had taken us three years to win. As matters turned out it was but *reculer pour mieux sauter* yet we nearly, so very nearly, held the losing end of the stick that time.

New British Car for £100

Sir William Morris announces that they are putting on the market shortly a new model car to sell at £100. He says that it is larger than many small cars now on the road and the engine differs from the present Morris minor in that it has side-by-side valves instead of overhead valves and camshaft. It is equipped with three speeds and has four wheel brakes. It is capable of 50 miles per hour and does over 40 miles per gallon of petrol.

BOOKS for ALL MOODS

THE PARSON AND THE CLERK : By GEORGE WODEN, Ernest Benn, Ltd. 5s. : I wonder if the publishers realise that captions on the jackets of novels are two edged weapons. Before I opened this book I knew that Mr. Punch considered Mr. Woden "a most discerning author" and that the *New York Evening Post* described his story-telling as "pure loveliness." (God be about us all !) Mr. Woden and I met for the first time with a handicap and I do not think I am alone in my dislike at attempts to make my mind up for me whether it is a book about football, whisky, women or indeed anything else. The parson and the clerk is not "pure loveliness" but a patch of life depicted with very considerable skill—the highway we all have to walk along. The horse drop is there, but so is the honeysuckle in the hedge and the primrose beneath it. In the answer what the hero, if you can call him one, ultimately gets is not exactly a lemon though it has an ascetic flavour. The book might live but I doubt it. "Where are the snows yester year." I am not enough of a wiseacre to assert, but I think this novel and others of its kind are tricks, but tricks that can only be performed by the most competent craftsmen.

The late Miss Suchi Maulik.

MYSORE CITY : By CONSTANCE E. PARSONS, Oxford University Press : In the course of my travels in India, I have often felt the want of reliable and handy books on India's ancient cities and architecture. It strikes me that this little volume on Mysore City removes that want creditably, and should be of much use to the tourist and the businessman who, with little time to spare, would like to store the maximum of knowledge about places visited. It talks of Mysore, past and present, Government Houses and palaces, animals, shrines, sanctuaries, and other places which a tourist would do well to read before going to see. The photographs of the palaces are excellent reproductions and speak of the wealth of luxury and art surrounding the Royal family of Mysore. I closed the last page of the book with the feeling that I had been rewarded with a glimpse of the heart of the city.

AFGHANISTAN IN THE MELTING POT : By C. MORRISH. It details the discontent that led to the overthrow of a young king with pronounced western views, in a country, where life is yet tinged with primitive fanaticism. There was also behind the unrest an economic distress the volume of which the short-sighted ruler did not gauge. The scene changes. Through the gruesome atrocities of the adventurer Bachcha Saqqo, the reader is carried to the period of gradual restoration of the State. Nadir Sha is the strong man of Afghanistan and far-sighted, diplomatic and cultured. The author's first-hand information gives value to the book.

"IN MEMORIAM." This little book contains a few short essays from the pen of the late Miss Suchi Maulik. They reveal a literary charm and merit which are rare, coming from one so young. She was only eighteen when she died, but in the space of that short period her personality had already begun to take shape and this fact is reflected in these essays. Published by her uncle, R. Maulik, Esq., this small volume is a fitting tribute of love to a fragrant memory.

WATCHING BIRDS

THE Himalayas are a wonderful field for watching birds. Whether because the human population is so sparse, or because the little boys have not tumbled to collecting birds' eggs, or because of both those, the birds are not wild and shy. I have stood, on a highroad in Mussoorie, watching a little blue tit, and it was hardly a walking stick's length away. The Himalayan birds only do not perch on the shoulder or knee of any person who will sit still enough. They give you the impression that whatever of the hawk or snake kind they may fear, they are not afraid of men. That makes part of the charm of watching birds in the Himalayas. I have been so near some birds, as minivets, black and white magpies, nutcrackers, kasturas, blue magpies, and numberless species of tits, that I have had the impression that I had watched them in cages in a room. Had they really been caged, one would have seen them no better, and it was so much better to see them in their proper surroundings, eating their wild food. To the English ornithologist it is all hardly credible. I am in correspondence with one in Yorkshire. He wrote recently: "The accounts of your bird observations were most thrilling. The thought of crested tits easily seen and often was alluring."

For all one's joy in watching birds in the Himalayas, and they are almost as easy to watch in the jungles round about Calcutta, one longs occasionally to see the English birds again. My Yorkshire correspondent has been writing to me of dippers and wagtails. The dipper is a bird that you will find in any beck in a Yorkshire dale, and if the stream is a long one, you will find a pair to every mile of it. It is a black bird, with white on the breast. My friend writes: "I had a long watch of a dipper feeding the other day. It works very busily probing stones, turning over stones larger than its head, and letting a cascade of water fall continuously upon an impervious back. Its nest (you asked a question) is a charming sight and always fascinatingly placed as near to a waterfall as one would think to be drippingly impossible, below the rock ledge with a great dome roof of moss built up to keep the drip from the eggs. It looks like a wren's nest of vast proportions, with the opening low down in the structure." I have been very badly scolded by not a few dippers in my short time in Yorkshire. The bird is so little used to human beings in those lonely places (packed as Yorkshire is with huge towns, some of the loneliest country in England is in that country), and has no doubt suffered at the hands of one or two of those it has seen, that the sight now of the most peaceful-minded man sets it cursing. I have known one that was making up-stream to its nest, to be checked in full flight by the sight of me, and turned down-stream.

J. A. CHAPMAN.

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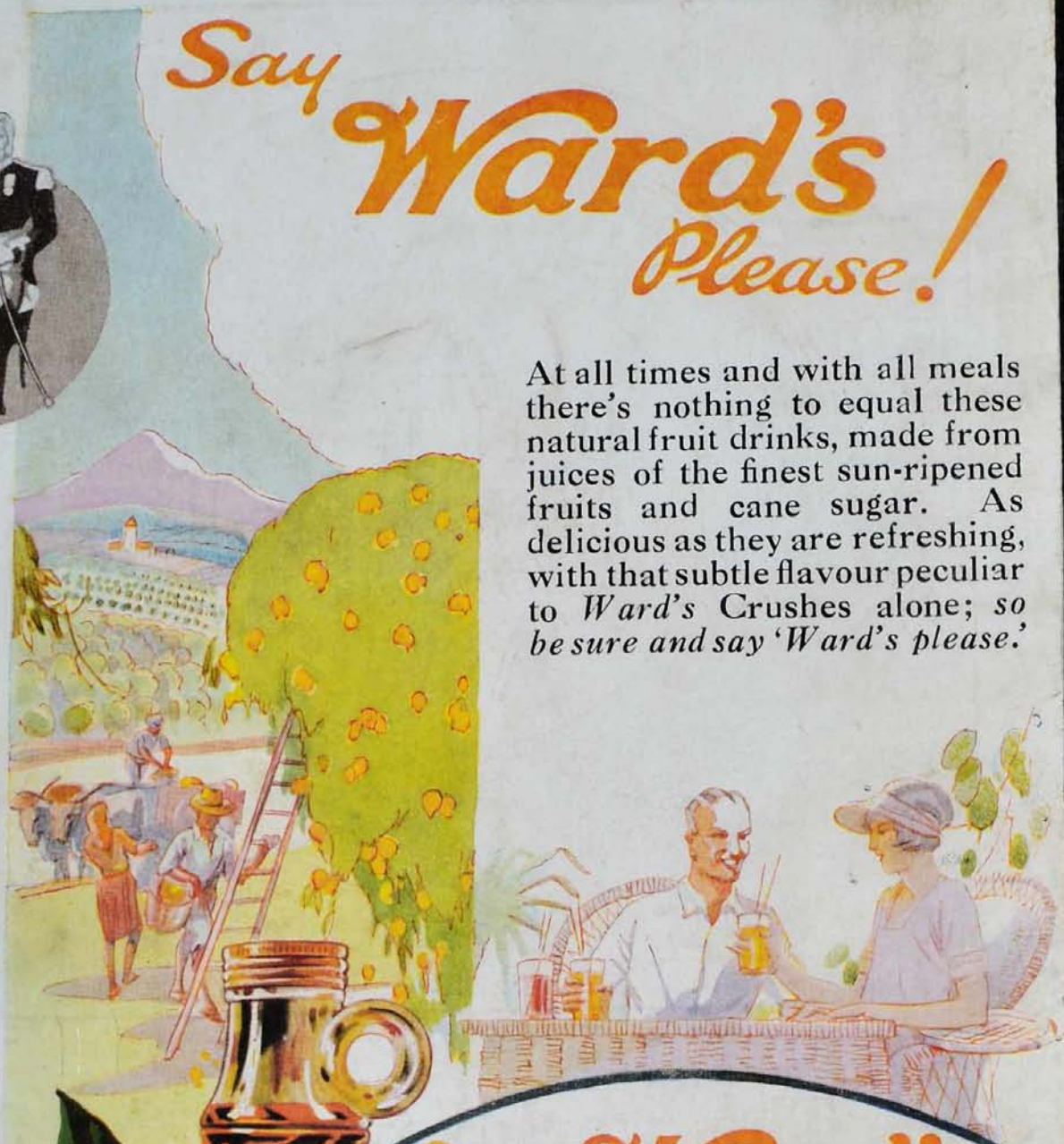

Ward's
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Lemon-Crush
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