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REG. NO.
C 1670

INDIA

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

MAY, 1930

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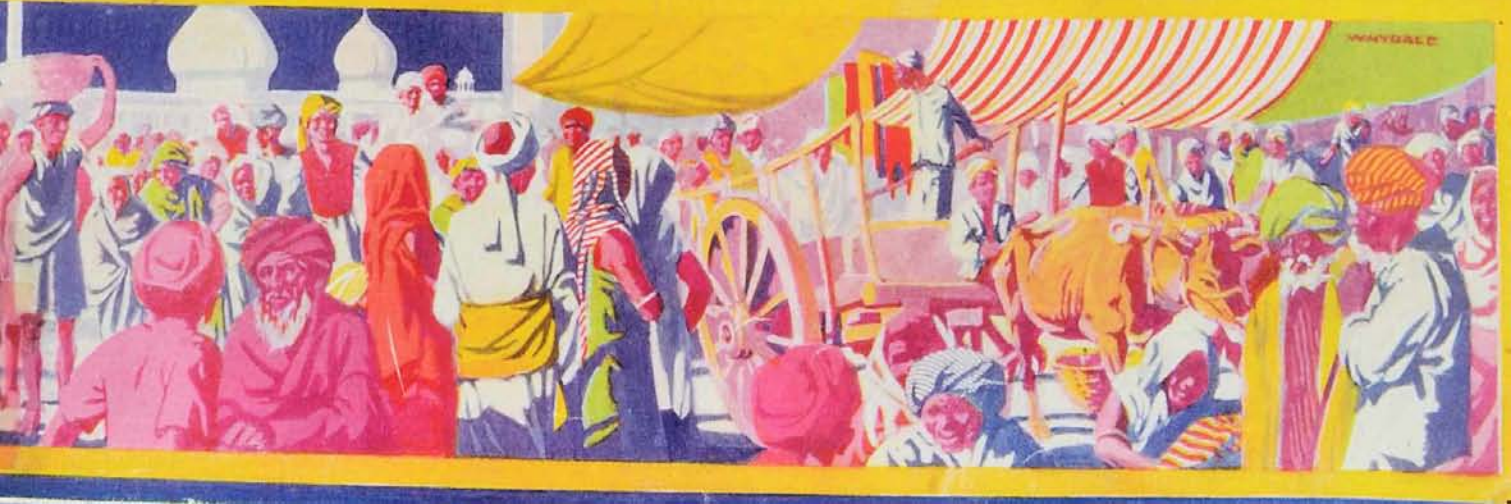

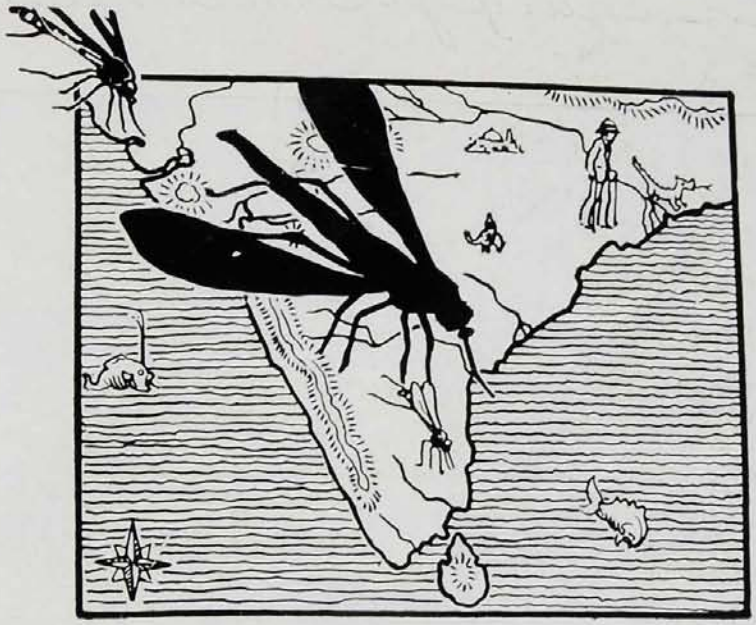

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Malarial Debility

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

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

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

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

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

writes Dr. B.B., of Colombo.

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

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

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At all Chemists and Bazars.

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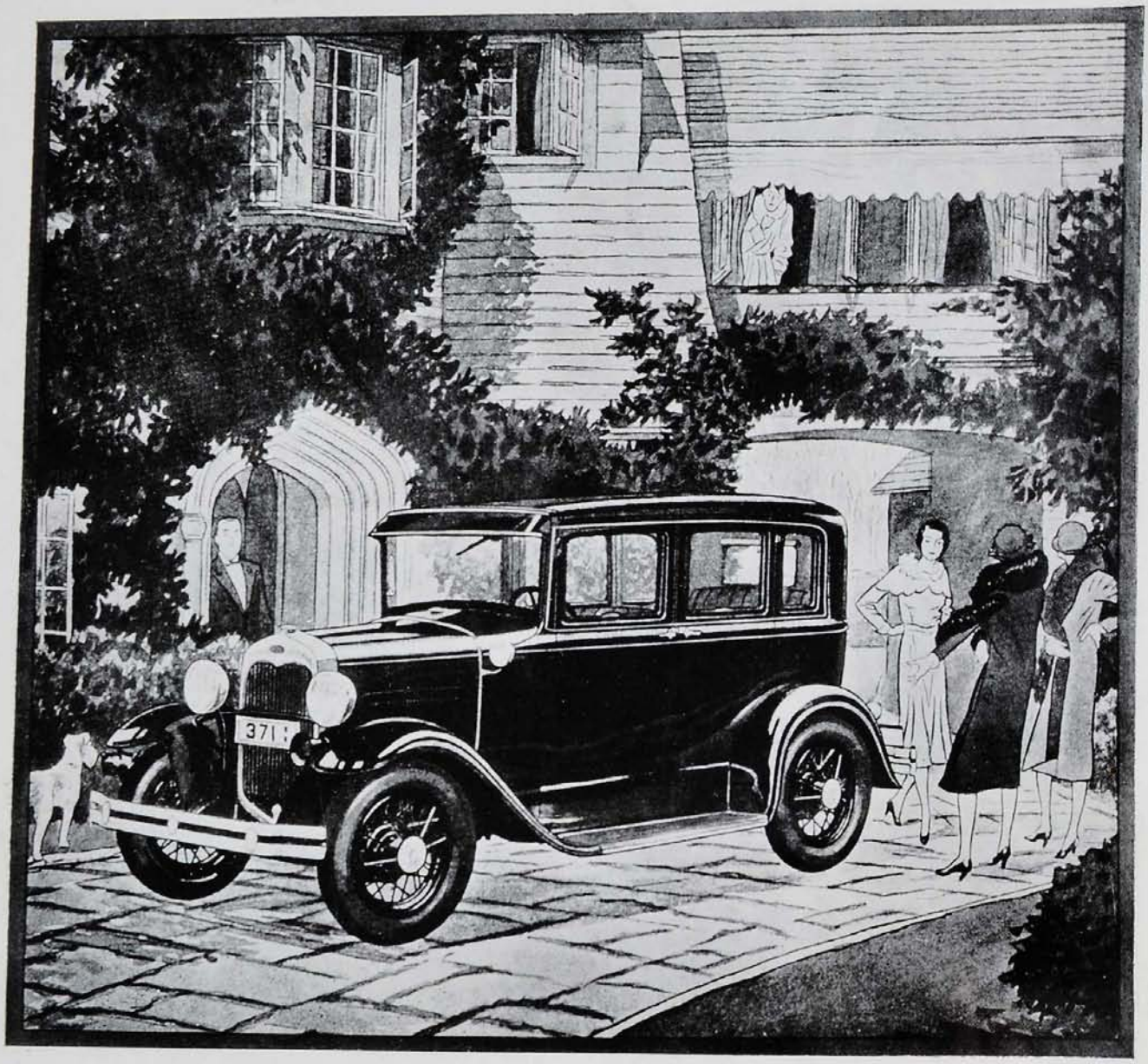

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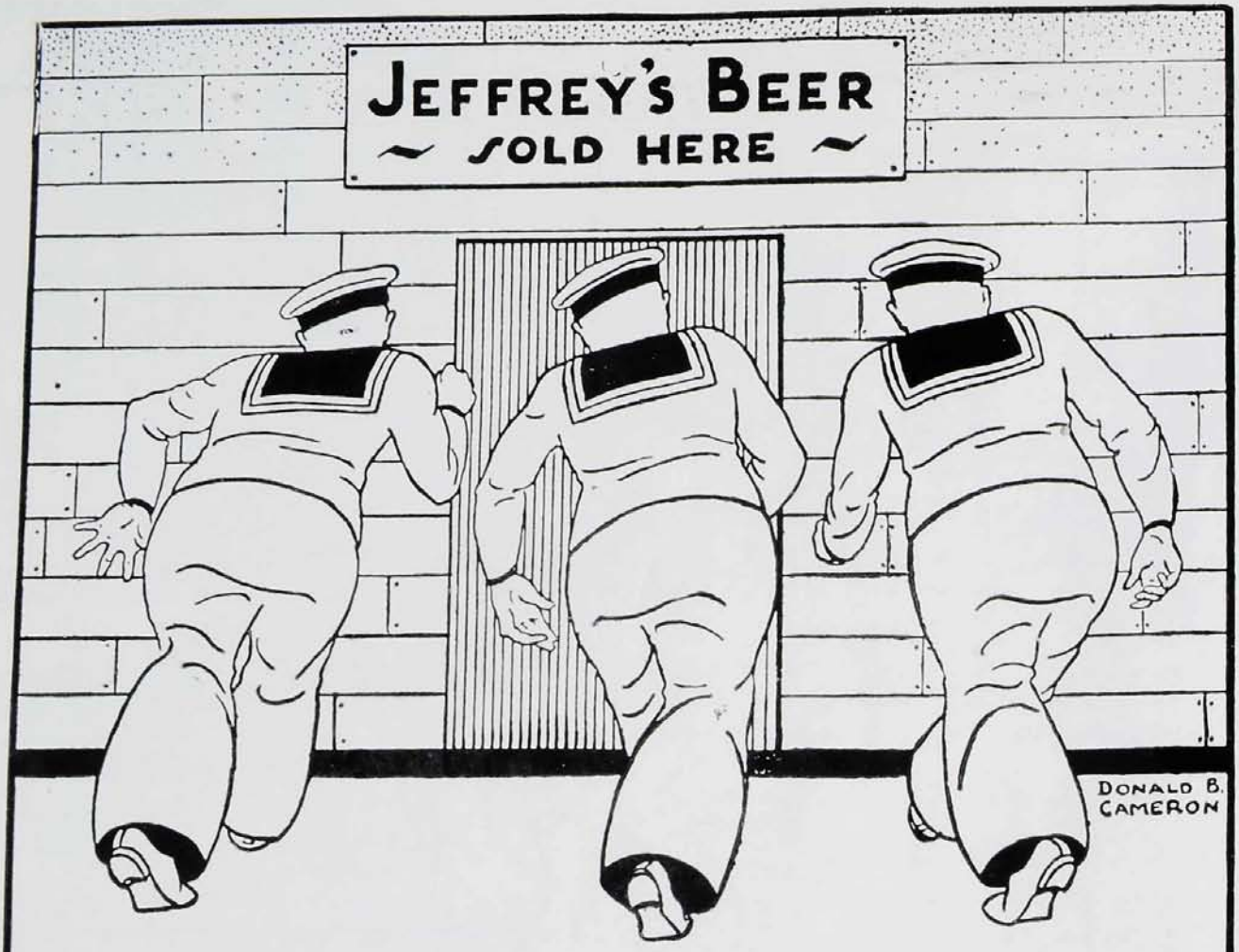

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INDIA
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Founded by the late L. Taylor, Esq.

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Photo Wagstaffe & Co.

Lady Heald is a popular and leading member of Rangoon Society. She is seen here as Provincial Commissioner for Girl Guides in Burma, which office she has occupied since 1925.

Make sure of sound sleep these hot nights.

SOUND restful sleep is more necessary to the enjoyment of full health and vigour in a hot climate than elsewhere, yet conditions antagonize sleep.

The night is little cooler than the day. A stifling pall of heat overhangs everything and the would-be sleeper tosses and turns until tired Nature succumbs to fitful sleep.

You cannot change the climate but you can induce peaceful sleep under these difficult conditions by regularly taking "Ovaltine," the delicious Tonic Food Beverage as a "night-cap." "Ovaltine" soothes tired nerves and counteracts digestive unrest, thus preparing the way to restful slumber.

"Ovaltine" is a pure, highly nutritious beverage, prepared from Nature's finest products—ripe barley malt, rich creamy milk and cocoa. It is not only a complete food but a deliciously appealing drink.

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ENSURES SOUND, NATURAL SLEEP

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L.A.S.

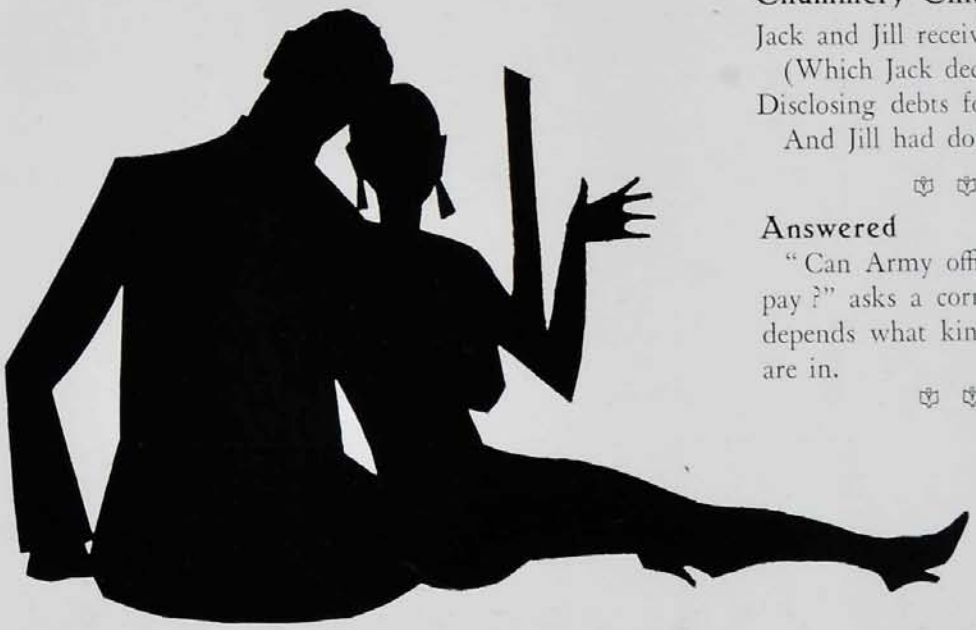
Topical to the Tropical

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

A Baboo's Complaint in the Newspaper

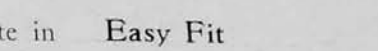
Honoured Sir,

I herewith beg to draw attention to the city fathers of Madras of an occurance that befell me whilst making nocturnal perambulations. As I was walking near Black Town in deep meditation I was suddenly and spontaneously confronted with Copra de Capella. My nether appendages being unclothed, I, as stated in War Telegrams, beat hasty retreat, although personally very courageous, by retrograde steps. Now what I want to know is what our city fathers are doing to let such curnivorous reptiles frequent such private neighbourhood. If this is not redressed or my complaint is consigned to waste-paper basket, I shall memoriate in other papers.



Incredible

A naturalist says that trees and plants feel emotions just like human beings. But we've yet to witness a weeping willow break into a passionate outburst despite Sir Jagadish Bose's assurances.



A Post Office official recently declared that criticism of the telephone system is altogether uncalled for. Exactly the same thing applies to the number they sometimes give us.

Keep Cool

The couple who didn't quarrel during the heat wave because it was too hot for words.

Easy Fit

A ladies' shoemaker announces that he has shoes which are partly made of banana skins. We understand they are ideal for slipping on quickly.

Hard Luck

The Indian rope trickster who was arrested for having no visible means for support.

Sweep Objections

Flutter Nonsense.

Chummery Chits

Jack and Jill received a bill
(Which Jack declared provoking)
Disclosing debts for cigarettes—
And Jill had done the smoking!

Answered

"Can Army officers live on their pay?" asks a correspondent. It all depends what kind of a mess they are in.

Husband: My wife found our baby sucking the heads of matches. We suppose the poor mite felt in need of a little light refreshment.

May Weather Forecast

Warm weather to continue for a 'phew days.

The New Era

The month of April, 1930, will probably be recorded as one of the most critical in the whole history of the relationship of Great Britain and India. Ordinarily politics are far removed from the scope of this journal but no commentary on the month which has just closed would be complete without a reference to the events which have so seriously shaken the everyday life of our fellow citizens, both European and Indian. If *Swaraj* has been put back for generations, as some critics aver, the harm which has been done to the considerable measure of good feeling which existed between the two principal communities is almost irreparable. Bitterness has sprung up between Indian and European where it did not exist before and, where formerly there was little misunderstanding, there is now deliberate misrepresentation and a complete absence of the will to understand—on both sides. Let there be no mistake about that, for in our opinion it is one of the most significant factors of the present unhappy situation. No one who moves about and enjoys the confidence of both sides can doubt it.

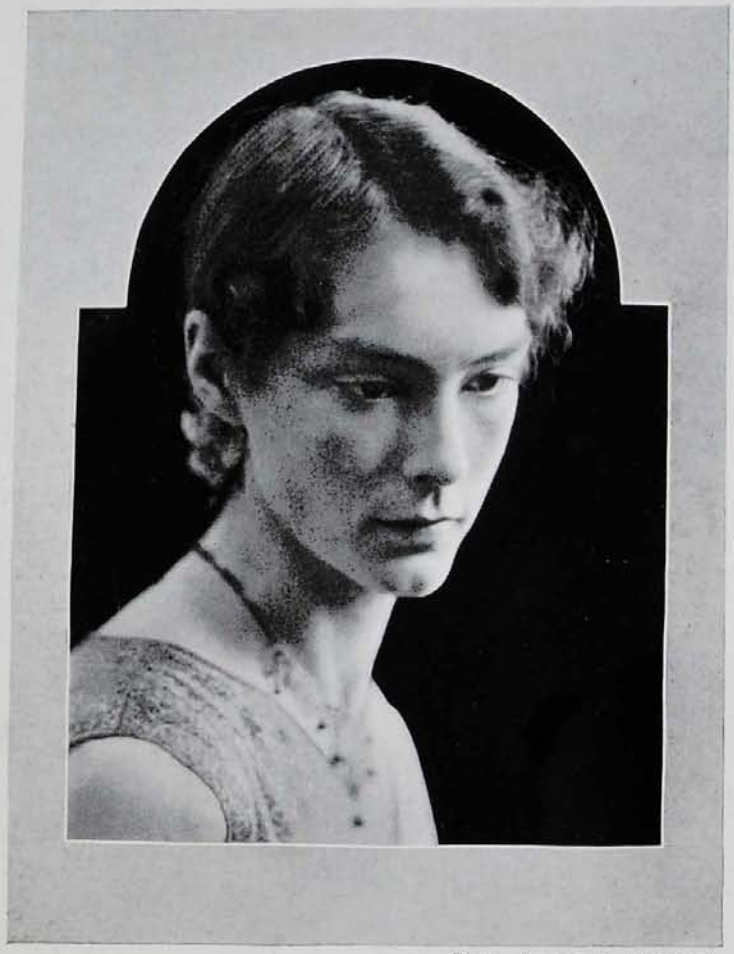


Photo Bourne & Shepherd

Miss Stanley is the first woman to hold the appointment of Assistant Architect to the Government of Bengal. She is an Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

The Failure at Dandi

The facts of the case are too well known to need recapitulation. After a long and wordy Congress campaign, accompanied by the inevitable postponements, Mr. Gandhi broke the Salt Laws at Dandi on the shores of his native Gujerat. There is nothing, so far as we can see, tremendously uplifting for the *Swarajist* on the one hand or desperately terrifying to the Excise official on the other, in the spectacle of a rather quaint little old man boiling salt on the seashore; particularly as the result of his crude and primitive operation is unfit for human use and consequently of no commercial value whatever. Nor do we believe it has the vast symbolical significance which is claimed for it. India being what it is, it is difficult for those who know the country fairly well to believe that the incident can be interpreted as the protest of three hundred millions of the Mahatma's mute countrymen. No, salt as a political weapon and war cry has failed and *toddy* does not seem likely to provide a better substitute. In old-fashioned phraseology, Mr. Gandhi has made rather a "botch" of that part of the business.

Calcutta and Karachi

What is more significant to those who look for peace and orderly government in which to carry on their daily work (and we believe they constitute the vast bulk of India's people) is the rapidity with which the uncertain principles of non-voilence have given way to very real manifestations of violence. The happenings at Calcutta, Karachi and Chittagong last month bear ample witness to the fact that soul force and *ahimsa* are not the only weapons employed by those who desire a change of government in India. The outbreaks of mob lawlessness at Calcutta and Karachi stand on rather a different footing from the outrage at Chittagong. One can always find a few thousand roughs in Calcutta who are ready for a fight and on this occasion they were reinforced by some hundreds of Sikhs who mainly find employment in the city as taxi drivers. That the fighting was not more prolonged and the serious damage still more extensive is due to the prompt measures taken by Sir Charles Tegart and his staff. Much the same may be said of Karachi, where a serious threat to life and property was suppressed by prompt police action. Both outbreaks can plainly be traced to the inadequacy of non-violence as a political creed.

Chittagong

The revolutionary *coup* at Chittagong falls into a different category

for the whole affair stands out as a well organised and executed plot to paralyse government in that town. All the evidence shows it was carried out by determined men, well armed and with rapid means of transport. That they failed to isolate Chittagong from the rest of Bengal must be attributed to good luck rather than good management. How far the ramifications of the movement responsible for the Chittagong affair extend remains to be seen. The re-enactment of the Bengal Ordinance, distasteful as it must be to all who believe in that fundamental principle of British law—no imprisonment without trial—was the only thing possible in the circumstances, as much for the sake of peace in Eastern Bengal, always turbulent, as elsewhere. Chittagong gave us a nasty shock, for the average peaceful citizen no longer suspected the existence of a real, live insurgent party, which he fondly believed had stacked its arms with the conclusion of the anti-Partition agitation.

Overworked Police

It is an old practice on occasions such as are under review for a certain section of Congress opinion to ascribe the beginning of rioting to police provocation and not infrequently to the work of *agents provocateurs*. Pretty free use is made of this insinuation, particularly in the columns of the advanced Nationalist newspapers. How false such charges are, may be ascertained by anyone who takes the trouble to calculate the amount of work devolving at such a time on the police of a city like Calcutta and the man power available to the heads of the organisation. Apart from having to deal with the special situation arising out of riot and loot and other little tokens of mob violence (or should we say non-violence ?), the ordinary police work of the city has to be carried on. Whenever the police intervene, they are charged with excesses which later on nobody seems to be able to prove. One backhanded and uncalled for example of this is contained in a recent article in the Indian daily, the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, which recently printed a commentary on the assault on Miss Dench in the Bhowanipore riots. The writer of this article is a Miss Gwyneth Foden, an English visitor to India, for whom the newspaper claims considerable distinction as an author and publicist, of which we have hitherto not been able to obtain endorsement.

Miss Nancy Bolton, daughter of the Chief Commissioner for the North-West Frontier Provinces, is engaged to be married to Mr. L. W. H. D. Best, I.C.S.

Mr. L. W. H. D. Best, I.C.S., who is engaged to Miss Nancy Bolton, was Assistant Private Secretary to Lord Reading during the latter's Viceroyalty.

Curbing the Press

In no country in the world, whose Government is similarly organised, has the Press been allowed such complete freedom as in India during the last twenty years. Liberty of expression has been permitted to a degree which would do credit to the most advanced democracies and which would certainly not be tolerated in some. That full advantage has been taken of this goes without saying and for years past almost any lie has found a fertile medium for propagation in the columns of a certain section of the Indian Press. The present state of affairs has provided a rich harvest for the vernacular newspapers, and the widest bazaar reports or rumours have received prominent treatment hardly conceivable in responsible journalism. The *satanic* government has been smothered in abuse of one kind and another till at last it has been found necessary to put a stop to it. For this purpose the Press Act of 1910 has been revived and "great is the lamentation thereat." This seems to us to be only a half measure. Propaganda should be countered with truth and for this purpose the Government point of view should be more efficiently broadcasted by the Information Department. We believe we are correct in saying that in the Provinces these offices have been abolished. They might temporarily be restored and used to dissipate some of the foul libels to which Government and its officers are daily subjected.

Exit Mr. Patel

The resignation of Mr. V. J. Patel from the office of President of the Assembly marks the end of a stormy phase in the career of that gentleman. As first elected speaker of India's Parliament he showed a distinct flair for the art of chairmanship—a quality which even his enemies will not deny him. Succeeding that able student of Parliamentary practice, Sir Frederick Whyte, was not an easy matter, particularly for a person of such pronounced opinions and decided views as Mr. Patel. He adapted himself to his office rapidly, however, and had he continued as he began it would have been possible to write in other terms of his vacation of the President's chair. After a year or two his pedantry began to assert itself and in the opinion of some people he allowed his strong political opinions more sway than should be the case with the occupant of such a post. Then came his unfortunate controversy over the Assembly police arrangements which was quickly followed by other disputes which ended in his resignation. His exchange of correspondence with the Viceroy has done him no good. In any case his term of office closed in July and it is very unlikely that he would have been elected for a further period. We imagine that his departure from Simla evoked a sigh of relief from many people, which quite possibly included Mr. Patel himself.

The Maharaj-Kumari of Mayurbhanj is a keen sportswoman and is particularly fond of motoring. She drives her own Riley and is frequently seen in Calcutta during the cold weather season.

"Social Persecution"

Turning to another matter raised by Mr. Patel, in his letter to His Excellency Lord Irwin he referred to the "social persecution" to which his recent controversies with highly placed Government officials had led. Frankly we find it difficult to believe in this for our experience has been that the atmosphere of the Assembly, despite the widely different political beliefs of its members, is one of real cordiality. It has been said that the House of Commons is the finest club in the world and many of its members and ex-members are prepared to vouch for this. Long traditions and a deeply rooted affection for the prestige of the House no doubt helps to bring its members together. Something of this spirit is discernible in the Assembly and finds reflection in the social life of Simla and Delhi. Surely Mr. Patel must have a curious sense of the value of words when he talks about "social persecution."

A PAGE OF PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

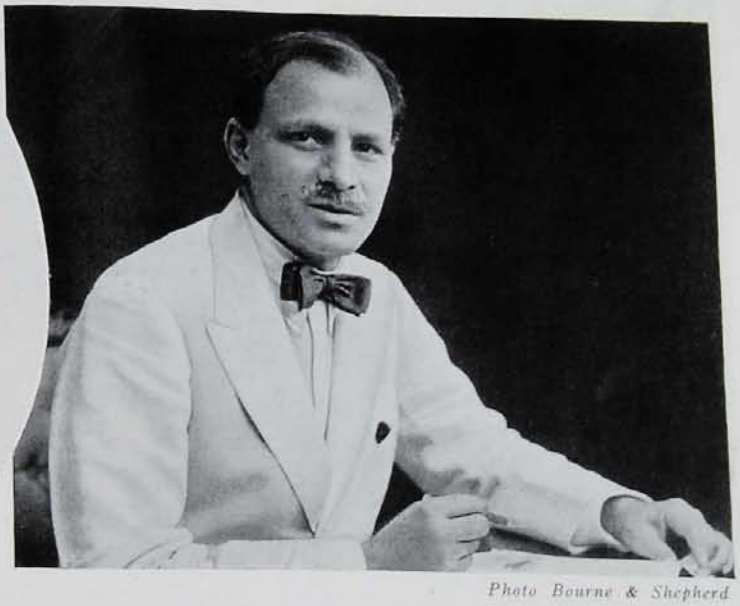
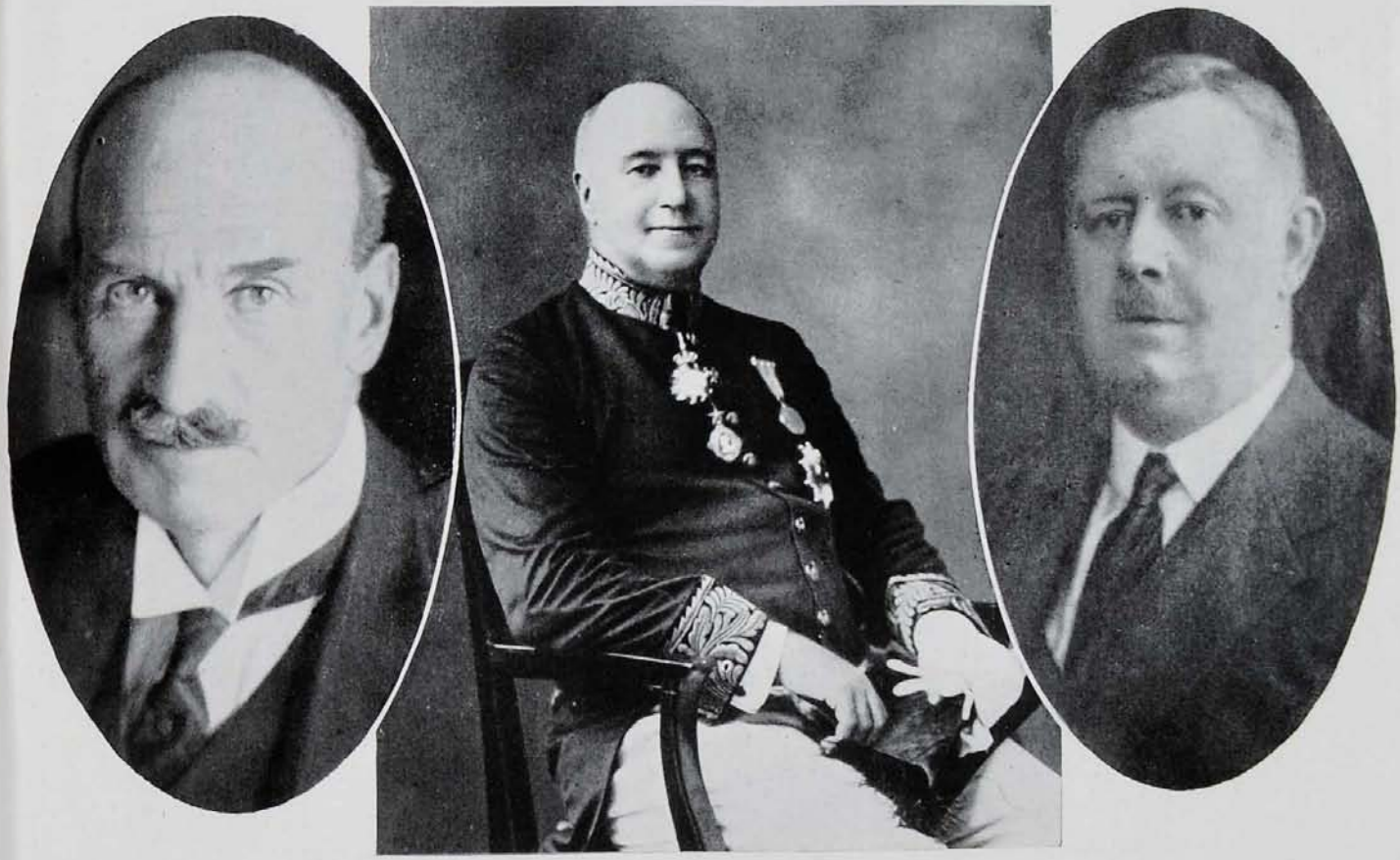


Photo Bourne & Shepherd

Left : Mr. I. M. Stephens has recently been appointed Assistant Director of Public Information with the Government of India. He was chosen directly from London and had a brilliant academic career at Cambridge. He is 27 years of age.

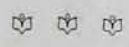
Right : Mr. J. C. Mukerjea has been appointed Chief Officer of that turbulent body, the Calcutta Corporation, for a second term of three years.



Left to right : H. E. Sir Stanley Jackson, Governor of Bengal, proceeds to England on four month' leave next week. H. E. Sir Hugh Stephenson, Governor of Bihar and Orissa, will officiate as Governor of Bengal, whilst the Hon'ble Mr. James D. Sifton, C.I.E., I.C.S., will act for H. E. Sir Hugh Stephenson, of whose Executive Council he is at present senior Member. These changes are subject to the exigencies of the political situation.

Sir Philip Chetwode will assume in October the office of Commander-in-Chief of the Army in India in succession to H. E. Sir William Birdwood.

Mr. Patel is avowedly a "party man," even as a President, and as such should be prepared for the social restrictions which fall to his lot.



The loss of the "Condor"

The terrible steamer disaster in Eastern Bengal, wherein more than two hundred people lost their lives last month, draws attention to the awful suddenness with which a tropical gale takes its toll of human life. This part of India is a network of inland river system and its population rely very largely on water transport for their means of communication. Many an obscure country-boat, patched and rickety, goes down in the pre-monsoon storms which are frequent and severe and is heard of no more. The loss of the *Condor* is one of the most serious accidents that have taken place for some years and suggests to us that the whole matter of safe river navigation in this district might profitably be investigated.

A Boom in Aviation

Mr. Aspy Engineer, the young Parsi aviator, has lost no time in setting out for India in an endeavour to win the Aga Khan's prize for the first Indian to fly solo from Croydon to Karachi. We wish him better luck than has attended the attempts of the two previous candidates for the £500. The enthusiasm with which flying is being taken up by young Indians, is one of the most remarkable features of present aerial development and one which many well-wishers of the country are delighted to observe. The civil flying clubs are growing apace, largely as the result of the support they receive from Indian membership, and the whole movement is at present enjoying a boom not even its most enthusiastic sponsor would have dared to prophesy five years ago.

Whilst on the subject of aviation, we note that for the first time aeroplanes are to be employed by business houses in India for their own use. The first of such "business" aeroplanes will shortly arrive in India at the order of the Burma-Shell Oil Storage Company. The Shell Company, it is stated, have adopted the aeroplane for use by their Egyptian and South African Branches.

For the Hills

The annual exodus to the hills is by now accomplished and the great ones of the earth are safely established in Simla, Darjeeling and other delectable Himalayan centres. And with it the exodus has brought the usual spate of criticism of this wasteful annual practice. As an actual fact the various Governments, both central and provincial, are leaving more and more departments in the plains each hot weather. The number of departments and sub-departments increases each year, but the buildings available for their

INDIA IN LONDON

These are views of the interior of India House, Aldwych, where the High Commissioner and his staff will shortly move. Above are two views of the library and below Messrs. Barma, Sen, Ukil and Choudhury, Indian artists, are seen examining a fresco.

accommodation in the hills do not and perforce they must remain in Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta or the capital cities. For the businessman this yearly move provides a stock topic of conversation. Though envious, he scorns what he soundly condemns as unnecessary extravagance. Obviously there is much to be said in favour of his argument, but there is the other side of the case also and it has been ably expounded on many occasions. The hill stations would seem, however, to be fated to be shorn of their glory bit by bit. It seems fairly safe to assume that as the government of this country becomes more democratic, so will those luxuries, our grandfathers took as a matter of course, disappear one by one.

Filming Jungle Life in Assam

The wonderful resources of the Indian jungle as a film subject are being realised rapidly and an extensive survey of the wild country of Assam has just been made by Commander Dyott, who will be remembered as having led a party in 1928 four thousand miles into the interior of Brazil in search of the lost explorer, Colonel Fawcett. He has obtained some remarkable "shots" of tigers, in some instances in the act of devouring their kill. This is believed to be the first time such a phase of a beast's daily life has ever been recorded on a sound film. Cinema-goers in America and Europe will therefore get a thrill out of Indian jungle life. Commander Dyott has taken some of these shots at twenty yards, but will not be satisfied until he gets them at twenty feet. He is, therefore, returning to India next cold weather.

The Tiger and His Kill

Infinite patience is required for the photography, most of which has to be done in daylight. "If during the day," explained Commander Dyott to a Press representative, "you place a cow on a tiger's beat, say on the path by which he goes to drink from a pool, the tiger will see it and say to himself: 'At night I will come and kill that cow.' But before evening you remove the cow from the danger zone. Next day

Photo Hamilton Studios

The Bombay Jackal Club manage to find some good sport in the country just to the north of that city. In this photograph are seen (left to right) Messrs. C. P. Lawson, Culleton, A. Kirke Smith and F. B. Villiers.

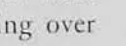
Ootacamund, at this time of year, more than deserves the rich praise which her admirers give her. A delightful climate, coupled with scenery reminiscent of the Sussex downs, makes it an ideal hot weather resort.

you tether the cow in the same place. The tiger will again make a mental resolve to kill it at sundown, but when at night he approaches you remove the cow to safety—and let the tiger see you are doing so. When you station the decoy on the following morning or afternoon the tiger will argue: 'Two days I have lost the cow through waiting until nightfall, now I'll kill at once.' He proceeds to do so and," added Commander Dyott, "I get my photo."

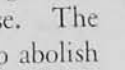
A Sportsman's Paradise

Burma would appear to be a sportsman's paradise, for, according to a recent Government report, no less than four hundred and ninety-two tigers were killed there last year. Twelve hundred leopards were killed, most of them being bagged in the Thayetmyo district. During the year four hundred elephants were captured by *keddah*, including over 90 tuskers. One elephant killed in Yamethin district was reported to have bitten off the tails of 47 of Messrs. Steel Bros.' elephants. One wild dog shot was of an extraordinary size and had thick grey fur. The skins of two animals, unidentifiable locally, were sent to Bombay and identified as a hog badger and a crab-eating mongoose. The Government have decided to abolish the system of giving rewards for killing large carnivora in future as they do so much damage that people are anxious to kill them irrespective of the reward.

It is considered that Mussolini's remarks on the declining birth-rate in Italy are likely to be resented in the circles frequented by Dr. Marie Stopes.



A bumper year for American tourists to Europe is predicted. Paris residents will again experience difficulty in finding someone they can speak French to. On the contrary, many exasperated Englishmen in Paris will deplore their inability to find anyone in Paris who understands plain English.



Returned exile, eyeing drink in London bar after many years: *I asked for a whisky and soda, miss, not for something to put on my handkerchief.*

Lady Kitty Vincent is writing a new series of articles for "India Monthly Magazine," which commences in this issue. Though she has not visited India for some twelve years, she has a large circle of friends here.

A MAY DAY THOUGHT

"The raids on Communists now reported from India will, it is hoped, arouse them from their lethargy."—(Extract from a London Magazine.)

The Montague-cum-Chelmsford Reformation,
The diatribes of Mayo—(Miss not Lord),
The promised end of foreign domination
Through triumph of Onoto over Sword;

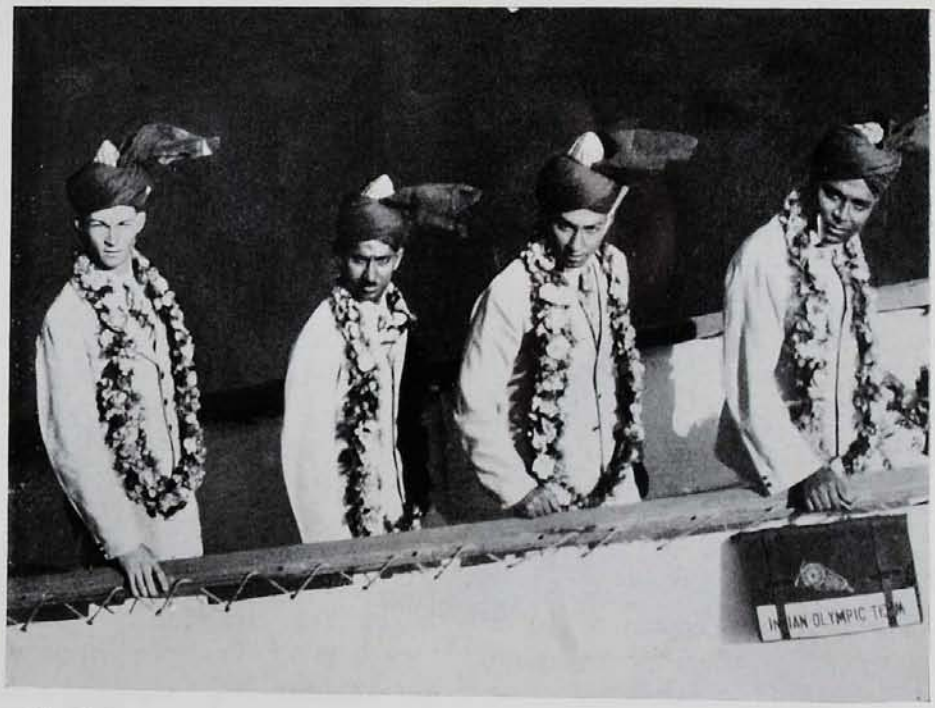
The sudden storm of inky indignation
Aroused by Simon's mission of goodwill,
The rapid growth of non-co-operation
Which no amount of ink will ever kill;

The definite though haply false opinion
That Britain's days are numbered in the East,
Induced by A. L. Carthill's 'Lost Dominion'—
In those who understand his theme the least;

Such are the many seeds of agitation
Awakening India's millions from their sleep—
Yet Moscow's sons fast lose their reputation;
Their lethargy would make a Trotsky weep.

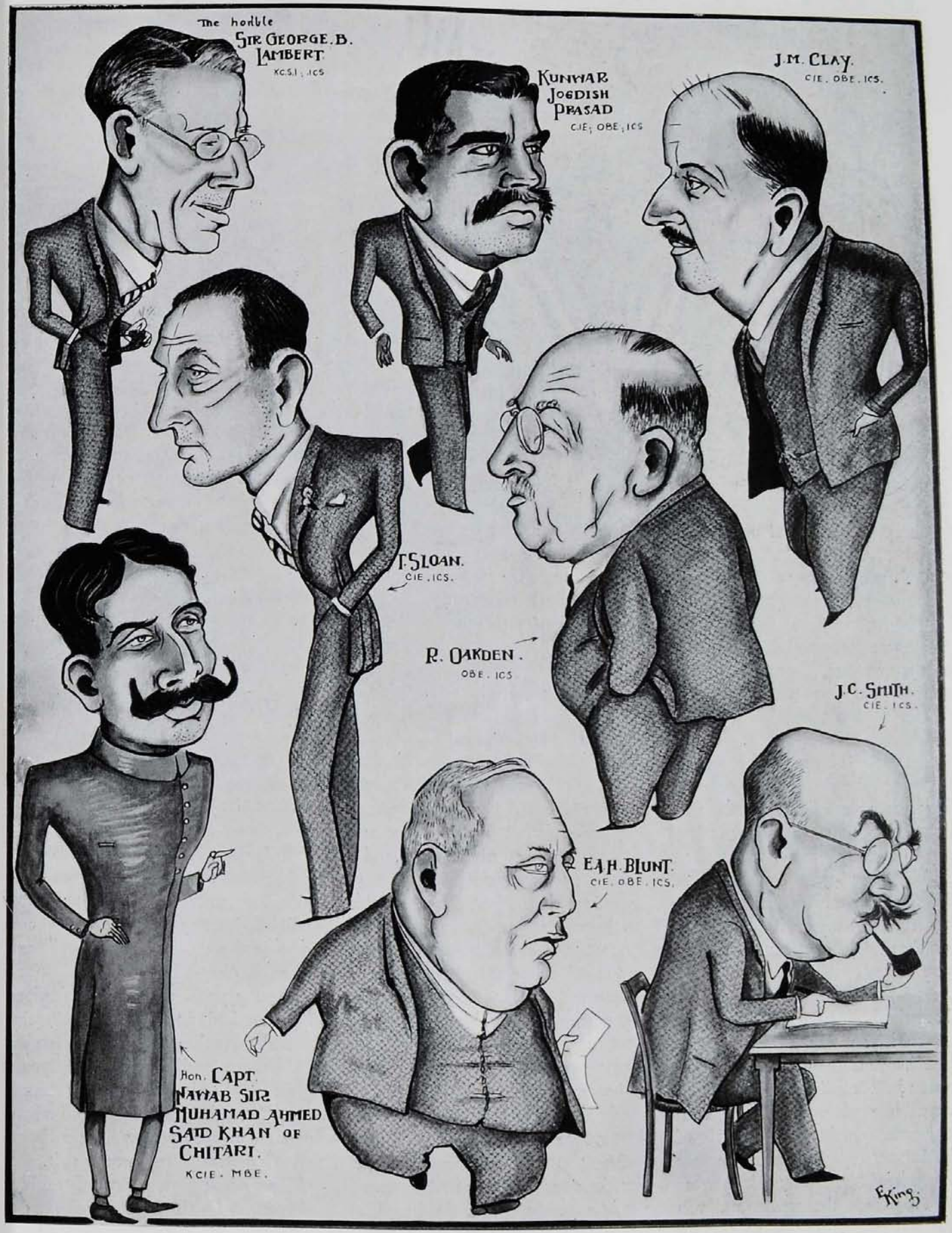
But let us note with undiluted pleasure
This sporting offer of a rousing raid,
And hope that those about to lose their leisure
May show appreciation of this aid.

Homeward bound!



The Indian Olympic Team who are participating in the games at Hong Kong.

THE U. P. EXECUTIVE COUNCIL



DARE TO BE A FEMALE EXPLORER

By LADY KITTY VINCENT

Be careful about camels—

IF you want to be a social success, in these days, if you wish to have Editors and Publishers (note the capitals) clamouring for your articles and your books, you must become a female Explorer, or even a female Traveller.

The day is past when women accompanied their husbands to whatever part of the world they visited, looked after their comforts and generally made themselves useful. They may have reached little and unknown places, but it was not considered worthy of note, for they were not explorers, they were merely wives. *Nous avons changé tout ca,* and now we set about the business quite differently.

Would you like to be a great success, would you like to make money? Then listen to me, for it is terribly easy, but you must seize your chance, for the wheel of Fashion turns swiftly and in a year or two it will be fashionable to wear stays and rock the cradle, and you will not find it nearly as easy to perform either of these feats as to travel and explore.

It will be easier if you are very frail and feminine looking, for the British Public mistrust a hefty woman who explores, they feel they are being cheated, just as they would feel the same if they went to the circus and found the clown looking like the Prime Minister. In addition, you must be beautifully and startlingly dressed, and you must go to the best shops, for the world at large won't tolerate an explorer who is untidy or badly manicured. If you are merely a Traveller, your clothes do not matter so much, but I will deal with that aspect of the case later on.

Of course there is the question of where you shall explore, and I cannot give you better advice than to leave the decision to the head of whatever Sports department you may patronise. So much depends on what clothes suit you best and whether you are fair or dark, and a clever and competent manager of any Sports department will be able to help you better than I can. If you are slender, with a good leg for a boot, I think that Africa or any desert region will suit you. Breeches, puttees, a soft shirt and a rifle look very well in a cleverly posed photograph, and if you can borrow a horse that has a slight touch of Arab about his head, so much the better. *Be careful about camels* unless you can get a stuffed one, for the average circus or Zoo camel is not exactly the same breed as those on which you traverse "Deserts Idle" and ill-natured people can be very disagreeable. It is great fun, once you have made up your mind to become an Explorer, trying on various amusing garments at all the big stores, and deciding which suit you best.

I must warn you that "Sheiks" are rather out of fashion, so unless you have made up your mind that you simply must have a rifle and some puttees, it is not a bad plan to be an Arctic Explorer. A fair piquante face looks perfectly delightful peeping out of a fur hood and "muk-luks" and such-like equipment are both quaint and original. You will need a dog or two dotted about to give that "atmosphere" which is so necessary to a really good photograph. *As long as it has a curly tail and plenty of hair,* the breed does not matter. (I do not advise a Pom. They do not appear sufficiently fierce, although, in reality, they are are far more savage than the average "husky"). A long strip of blubber adds a perfectly charming touch to the *tout ensemble* and if you hold your breath, you will be able to endure its smell for a second or two.

It is important to attend a tea-party or two attired in your Exploring garments. This tea-party will be given by your publicity agent who is the most important adjunct of an Explorer, but as it will appear to be the usual social event (unless he is a bad agent) you will gain great kudos thereby. It will prepare Publishers and Editors for your great travel-book, "Snow and Sleet" or "Sand and Sun" and when you come back you will find them all clamouring to produce it. It will save you a great deal of trouble if you write it before you leave England, as then you need only

make a few corrections to the proofs. While you are Exploring you will only have time to be making hasty arrangements to return as quickly as possible.

You can get quite good local colour at a place called Biskra and really the hotels are not too bad. In addition, the village photographers know exactly what is needed in the way of pictures. The Arctic atmosphere is a little more difficult, as I expect you would think Sweden was too much of a journey, but almost any place which can produce a seal or two will answer your purpose.

I will now turn to the female Traveller. You may notice that this helpful little article deals only with the weaker sex, but at the moment, male Explorers and Travellers are at a discount. I fancy that they are inclined to be too dry and technical both in their books and lectures.

The female Traveller must possess a fund of delicate and dry humour, otherwise she need indulge in no expensive outfits or other paraphernalia. She must be able to appreciate and convey to paper the delicious little ironies, which make a journey from London to Ramsgate so unique. She must note the quaint local customs which prevail at Ashford and which are so distinct from the habits of the porters at Victoria. Should she care to travel further afield, there is a delightful travel book waiting to be written about the journey to Calais. "Cross the Channel to Calais" suggests itself as a racy title, and one which would find a ready market.

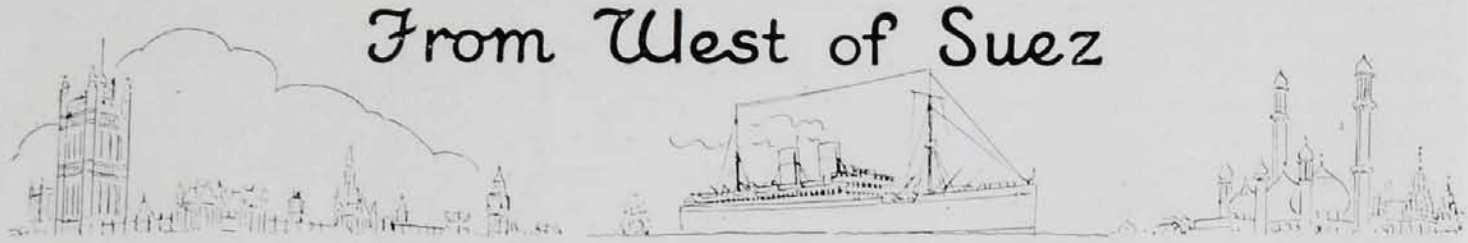
The breed does not matter—

Just this bubbling, irresistible sense of humour—

The female Traveller need not be well dressed, she needs little or no publicity, *just this bubbling, irresistible sense of humour,* which makes the dull journey that you and I have travelled scores of times such a gay adventure. Once she has captured the public fancy, she will be able to turn out a delightfully witty Travel series, dealing with the various ways of reaching Surbiton, or perhaps a slim volume on "Guildford Regained."

I can assure you that now is your time if you wish to make a name for yourselves in the realms of Exploration and Travel.

From West of Suez

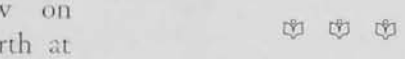


Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

LONDON, April, 1930.

The Fire of Spring

HAVING now put two most exciting events, the Lincoln and the National, behind us and our Spring Captains having finished the display of their jockeys seats at Sandown—with, as must be added, their customary bravery—we begin at this moment at which I write to settle down to our spring offensive in sober, or otherwise, earnest. Newbury, the Craven Meeting, the Newmarket Springs with the attractive problems of the two first classics, about none of which can I write because they have not yet happened before this screed is deposited in the *dâk* or Indian mail, the bewildering affair of trying to fit an International polo team to do battle for that hideous trophy, the Westchester or International Cup, the prospects of Sir Tommy Lipton winning against the formidable array of American yachts, whether Betty Nuthall or Eileen Bennett are going to defeat Little Poker Face for the female pat-ball championship at Wimbledon, whether Fairway, not after all retired to the stud in spite of a categorical announcement that he had, is going to win the Gold Cup, and finally how any of us can hope to have any money to go anywhere, eat anything or wear anything but woad after the frosty-faced Snowden has done with us: these are the knotty questions which look us straight in the face. The woad question is certainly a very pressing one. If England, the magnet of all the depressions and cyclones in the known world, could depend upon a temperature like, say, that of Jacobabad or the inside of the train by which in the dear dead days beyond recall, we used to go up from the plains in May for the Simla races and the Beresford Polo Cup, we could regard the prospect of wandering about the shady side of Pell Mell habited only in some pretty designs in blue paint of snakes and ladders or crowns and anchors with equanimity, but unhappily we have got to be quite prepared for ground frost or snow on either Derby day or the Fourth at Eton and so I leave it to your imagination as to how we think of Mr. Frostyface. I speak but figuratively, of course, when I suggest that we shall be left without the wherewithal to put anything either inside or outside our shrunken bodies, but I suggest quite seriously that the outlook is quite as gloomy as all that. The Chancellor thinks that we are not taxed half as heavily as we can stand and his pocket-searching budget is not redeemed by one quality of mercy. There is nothing of the gentle dew from heaven about it, and one of the earliest results will be a further progression of Merrie England towards a condition of allotments which produce nothing worth talking about and support no one, in place of the great estates, the owners of which stood in a paternal attitude towards their tenants and in times that were hard were wont to either forego or reduce their rents, as well as look after them in many other ways. The old feudal system may have had its faults and failings, but its more modern exemplification has a vast deal to recommend it. The Chancellor, if he and his friends are permitted to remain in office to the Empire's detriment, means to destroy all this and sweep away a class which, whether he recognises the fact or conveniently shuts his eyes to it, has kept things going and is the real backbone of our nation. We have got the wrong jockey up and the sooner he is asked to send in his jacket the better.



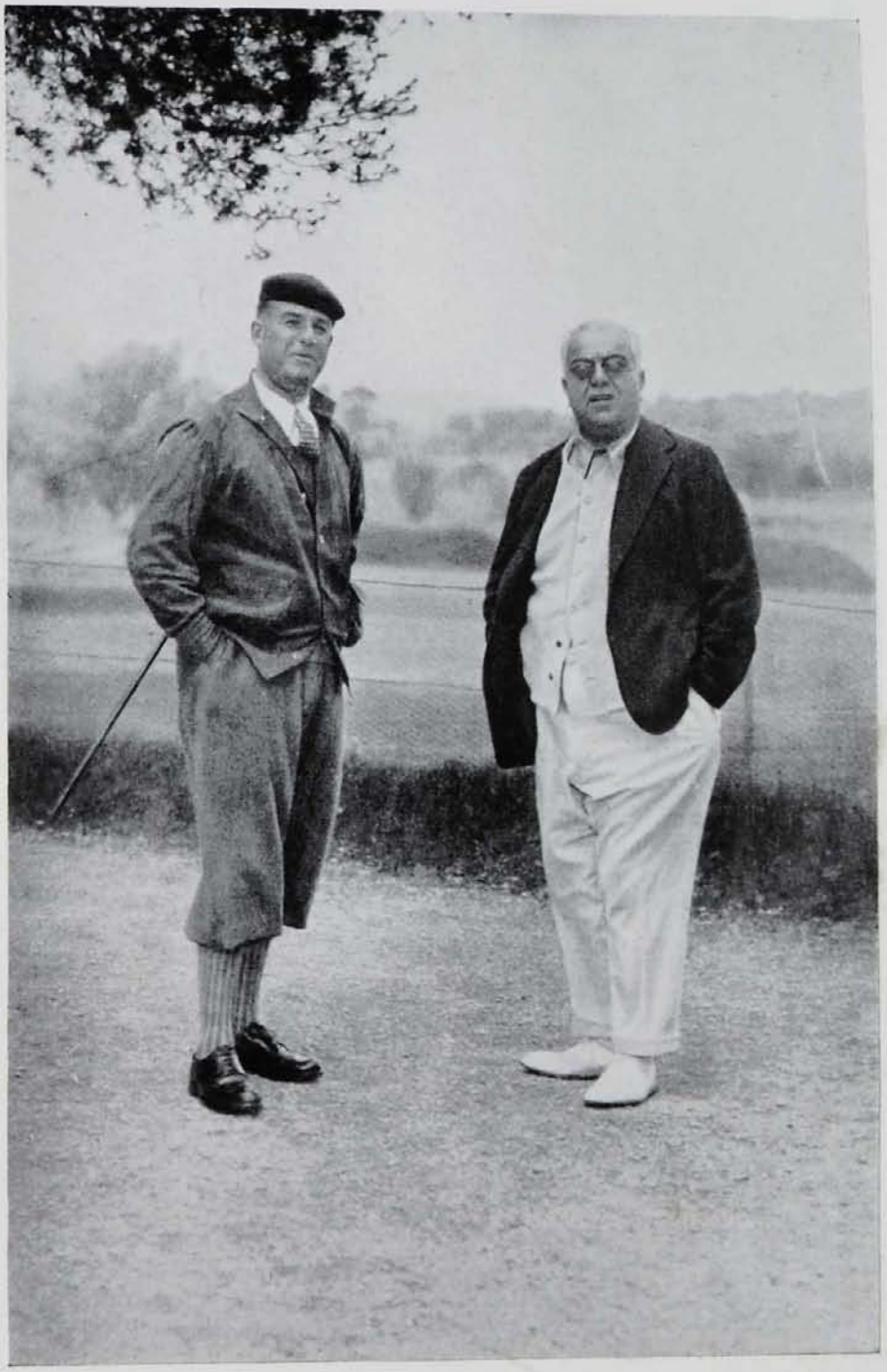
The Delectable Hills

Your Spring Captain—at least in my days and before the Army became one of the sweated industries—was about this time just about to pack his grip and go up 7,000 feet in the air, either to read for the Higher Standard, nose around for a staff job he wanted, or just to poodle-fake and recover from the effects of things which used to be known as Kitchener's Tests, those images of war (on manœuvres) with all the discomfort and none of the real excitement. The Spring Captain would arrive in those Arcadian times of which I retain so many tender—and also exciting—memories, let us say in Simla, that lovely Hill Capua of Ind: he would have travelled up either by *tonga* or barouche (the latter if opulent) from Kalka from whence in those times there was no railway and he would decend upon the Summer Capital of the Little Tin Gods Upon Wheels at a moment when all the hill sprites were on christian or pet-name terms with the

inevitable prefix of "dearest" or "darling," the theatrical season and the *attaché*-grabbing seasons not having got into their stride; he would breathe a piney, flower-scented atmosphere, he would think the U. S. Club the ante-room of Heaven; even for the monkeys and the old fakir on Jakko, that appropriately named hillock, he would have had a kindly word, for in those first early days the former would not have had time to discover where he lived and purloin his silver-backed hair-brushes off his dressing table and cast them down some almost bottomless *khud*. All would be peace. A spot of polo at Annandale, riding a bit of work of a morning on that little race-course which my old pal "Imp" Baring made by the simple process of removing a large chunk of mountain; a slack in that jolly little Annandale Club where, so I am told, some caricatures done by someone I have known practically from his birth, still survive: a bit of ball-dancing: that second or third supper *avec* black beer, a chilly omelette and perchance a really well-devilled bone, and many other delights: all would form part of a very restful daily menu. All these things, as I say, used to be and I expect still are more or less, for in the East things change but slowly and if there is any place upon earth of which one might say that which hath been will be, it is India.

A "K." Story

And as I am at the moment bathed in the warm atmosphere of the Simla that was, I recall a most amusing story of the days when K. of K. was India's grim war lord and the Viceroy who was always said to be a most superior person was India's "King." I am sure that at least one person will remember it, even if he does not believe that it is true which, however, I know that it is, and that is His (present Military) Excellency, because, as a good many people know, he was on "K.'s" staff at the time. There was a certain C.R.A., a senior colonel who in those times was rather more of a compendium of George Alexander and the eminent scenic artist Joseph Harker than a soldier, and as he was rather tired of commanding a mob of professional slaughterers known to the world at large as gunners, and there was a nice staff job at A.H.Q. on the hooks, thought that he would betake himself to Simla in the first leave season instead of, as was his wont, scuttling off home to attend all the first nights in London. "K.," who could see a lot farther through a brick wall than most and also, despite his erroneously supposed "grimness," had a very keen sense of humour, heard all about Colonel Footlights' projected offensive long before it developed and he arrived in Simla to do his fagged-out military enthusiast act, and proceeded to lay for him! The



The Prince Ulora of Norway and H.H. The Aga Khan, on the links at Cagnes-Sur-Mer, near Nice.

Leading in M. M. Boussec's "Leonidas II," H. Southey up, after winning the Lincolnshire Handicap.

gallant Footlights arrived, dug himself in at the U. S. Club, wrote his name at Viceregal Lodge and "Snowden," called on all the Beaks' and Bloods' ladies and started his campaign of the tired Ballistite by eschewing all gaiety and maintaining an aloofness towards the Simla Amateur Dramatic Society then in the throes of rehearsing a hectic problem play which let us call *What the Ayah Told Me*. The A.D.C. were naturally most anxious to obtain his distinguished services as producer and even to play the part of the brindled *raisonneur*, the gentleman who gave the heroine such sage advice about refraining from going down to Bombay *en route* for Blighty with the dashing Captain Swordknot. In due course "K." directed his Comptroller or Master of the Revels to ask the handsome Footlights to a repast. After dinner, His Excellency with that wonderful charm of manner which was his, took the opportunity of engaging the job-chaser in friendly converse.

He said: "Been doing any acting lately, Colonel Footlights?" "Oh *No*, Sir," said the Colonel quite patly, "I've quite given up all *that* sort of thing; my work in the brigade is *far* too heavy!" "*What* a pity," said "K.," "because I was going to ask you to supervise and produce a show for me in aid of the Army Temperance Association! What a pity!"

The Days of the Perfect Darling

This was in the days of those fascinating figures in India's history "The Perfect Darling" and her friend "The Perfect Pet," "The Pink and White Pussies," "The Subaltern," and "The Early Worm," joint editors of that brilliant publication *The Foghorn*, the author of *The Windy Pindi Pantomime*, *The Cingalee* of a most distinguished master of the Peshawar Vale Hounds known to us as "Flash Alf" and who was so meticulously careful about his attire, that he used to make his bearers stitch his beautiful silk kerchiefs into the breast pockets of his innumerable coats so that the correct—and no more—amount showed, of Naughty Arthur and Naughty Mary and The Haggard Rider or "She WHO MUST BE OBEYED." It was a wonderful epoch in the history of India and lucky are we who lived in it and are still able to foregather when London's fog is at its yellowest and fight these battles over again. Some of us may not be quite so spry as "Treasure" Dalbiac used to be in those times or as Howard Goad, the best-dressed man in the whole army in India, but we still try to preserve tradition and keep up that "*quo semel imbuta testu diu servabit odorem*" spirit, and I am bound to say that we do it extremely well, all things considered. Of course at that time most of us were young and flaxen-haired striplings, but we had very receptive minds and the atmosphere of those glad days still remains. It is quite possible for us even now to conjure up visions of those small and select entertainments at a place called Squires Hall, Simla; the mystic rites of The Black Hearts; the Arabian Nights at The Chalet; those little jaunts to Mashobra and the Naldera Spur: the battles between the Honourable

Misters; the Story of the lady—a very beautiful lady—who left Simla saying that she was off to The Pasteur Institute at Kasauli to be cured of *Cat* bite; the sandwiches, etc., after the *Levée* at "Peterhoff," the official home of the distinguished gentleman who presided over the Foreign Department of the Government of India; the terrible feasts to which some had to go, given by the wife of the Director-General of the Stamps and Sealing Wax Department who thought that because she had German "Simpkin" heavily swaddled in a table-napkin we should not know that it was not either Moet or Ste Marceaux; the peregrinations of the Sisters Giggles and Goggles; of "The Giddy Moth"—a full blown Chief Justice; the Adventures of Ananias Smith and of that dream of loveliness and wit Mrs. Fitz-Garter; and of many other rose-tinted hours which bring us great solace in our declining years. And I suppose, in spite of the passing years, those who have succeeded us and whose feet are set in those flower-strewn paths along which we were wont to wander, still do as we used to do? But, nevertheless, I wonder? It may be that it is the penalty of increasing age, to believe that nothing is as it used to was. It is possibly the sign of advancing senility, this tendency to develop into a species of *laudator temporis acti*, but I have tried hard to avoid being one, because I am such a firm believer in the saying that there are just as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. An axiom which you will agree is more than a little overworked in these dull days of disappointment.

"My dear, you're a widow now! How thrilling."

The Classics

It is impossible to say anything further of a useful nature about the classic races, until I have the results of those early on three-year-old races at Newbury and Newmarket, as a guide, for they are the only means by which we can judge how last year's two-year-olds have wintered; but this much can be said that with such open weather as we have had there will be no excuse whatever for anything being backward. I still think that Teacup must have a big say in the Two Thousand, Ann Gudman in the One Thousand and that Blenheim, Diolite and Rustam Pasha are names which will greatly interest us when the Derby arrives. I think the Aga Khan has never had a brighter chance of winning three out of the five classics, but I am not a bold enough tipster to name the horses, mares and races at the moment. It must, therefore, be a question of "More anon," that is, if I am still here to deal with anything after the Derby and Oaks.

THE VULP.

RIVIERA RAMBLINGS

By Sergt. DEVILLE.

THE hub of the universe, when autumn and winter have bared the trees of great Britain, is that stretch of beautiful sea littoral which borders the northern shore of the Middle Sea between Frejus and Mentone.

All the world and his wife winters there or thereabouts, until sometimes one really wonders who is really left at home, nor can there be another stretch of country anything like so attractive as the Azure Coast the wide world over? Another which allied to as perfect a climate as anyone has a right to expect can also offer its visitors so many amusements in charming surroundings? I have travelled a bit over this globe's surface and, if a better exists, have missed it. Small wonder then that a serious effort is in full swing to make this region an all-the-year-round resort. This attempt will not succeed where Britishers are concerned, as for one thing a type of mosquito, not the one that in certain places in India makes life unpleasant, is present in large numbers, and for another the heat from mid-July to mid-September when dwelling in abodes not constructed for heat is almost unbearable.

How really serious is the effort to attract the merry-go-round of pleasure-lovers and those on leave with money to burn is shown by the establishment of the Monte Carlo authorities of a splendid new bathing Plage, nearer Cap Martin than the former and quite inadequate one at Larvotto, and just below the new Country Club, which was opened with flourishings of trumpets this season. I have enjoyed the new Plage and can say that its shortcomings are not visible. There is a big fresh water swimming bath, shallow at one end for kiddies and with all the requisite diving boards at the other.

Below this at the end of the sloping beach, which is to be suitably dealt with by some patent material so that the tenderfoots will not come to harm, is the sun-bathing. The bathing cabins are *de luxe*, absolutely the last word in comfort. Later on there is to be a Baccarat and Boule Casino built on a rock near the bathing place. At this a French rock *roulette* and *trente et quarante* will not be allowed and this pleases the Monte people who would not welcome a Casino playing roulette within a stone's throw of their profitable home. Inasmuch as homing birds from the Tropics and elsewhere frequently turn East again on landing at Marseilles, I propose to jot down a few random notes about Monte which will, I trust, interest those who have yet to pay a visit to that delightful spot, and perhaps an old stager or two. The rooms are always changing and recently have changed for worse as smoking is now permitted where previously it was only allowed in the Salles Privees. It is quite impossible to concentrate on the game when your next door neighbour is puffing smoke, some of

Monte Carlo (on left), Monaco (on right) and the harbour as seen from La Turbie. The promontory jutting out at the top left is Cap Martin—and in the far distance Vintimiglia may be discerned.

it of a most evil kind, all about you, and is not forgetting to scatter cigar and cigarette ashes about. As players are packed like sardines it is out of the question for any smoker to smoke to himself, or herself, for, sad to say, the clumsiest smokers are generally women.

Another innovation appeals more to those with money to burn. Formerly the maximum stake *en plein* was one hundred francs for your number turning up. That is to say, on one *en plein* maximum and not counting any of the side bets. But the maximum has been increased so that the lucky winner nets a much larger amount than he did before for a single spin. During the war vulcanite chips instead of money were introduced, the colours of the ten, twenty, hundred, five hundred, and thousand-franc chips has often been changed. At present the louis is blue, the hundred dark crimson and the larger figures are deep red and oval and oblong respectively. At the end of the day's play if you have any chips left you can change them at special box offices in the Rooms for money. But visitors when in luck will do well to remember that the five hundred and thousand chips unless changed that same day they are won have to be taken to a special office, every big-figure chip having a special mark on it for use on that day only.

How do you play roulette is the question frequently asked. Really the best, if rudest, answer is :—"Go and find out." A book is needed in which to describe how to play it so the attempt will not be made here. Suffice it to say that it is a pure game of chance and is run absolutely on the square. There is no hanky-panky about it anywhere, and the management will often pay twice over in case of a dispute as to who placed the stake on the winning numbers. A most amusing pre-war story is told about a well-known English habitué of the Rooms with whom all the officials were thoroughly familiar. One evening as he was passing a *trente et quarante* table (at which 12,000 francs is the maximum stake) one of his trouser buttons happened to fall off, with a tinkling sound as it fell, which was unheard by him owing to deafness. "Ne vous derangez pas, M'sieur," said the polite *chef de partie,* and then gave the order to the croupier, "un louis a rouge pour M'sieur—il joue toujours le rouge," as the attendant started grovelling under the table for the believed missing coin. The Englishman smiled, thought it all a joke, did not see the louis placed on the table, saw red win and went off towards the Salles Privees. There was a colossal run on red and soon the game was stopped because the louis had amounted after the thirteenth red to over 16,000 francs. A messenger was sent post haste to find this phlegmatic Briton who did not care a hoot for so much money to come and either reduce his stake to 12,000, or remove it altogether and let them get on with the game, since it is impossible for any of the officials to touch a stake until it is lost. The indifferent gambler was found and at first refused to return to the Rooms, being by then up to his neck in trying to recover a losing run at roulette in the Salles Privees. He disclaimed ownership of this 16,000, said he'd never staked a louis and so on, and voted the whole thing a nuisance. But eventually he gave in and accepted the £600 odd and went home wondering what had happened to the philantropists of the Casino!

Du reste, Monte will always be Monte. Its vices have been extra-

A glimpse of Beaulieu as seen from the Corniche.

vagantly over-exaggerated by sensational and cheapjack novelists in whose fertile imaginations alone exist the crooks, the suicide's table (always a different one), the vamps and the villainies that simply don't exist. Monte is in fact one of the most interesting, always bright and cheery, places in the world. Of which, the world that amuses itself and those with clean and happy minds who watch it amusing itself, one sees more in half an hour from a seat at a tea-table outside the Café de Paris than may be seen in a year at other dull and dismal Spas one could name. Only for French sailors and soldiers can Monte Carlo be really dull since neither are allowed to enter the Casino.

That Monaco's Principality is not only a modern resort is known from the proofs which exist of prehistoric man, not to mention such exciting things as panthers, ibex (for whom the surroundings are indeed ideal as I noted after a very indifferent round of golf at Mont Agel, a thousand feet above the Casino) and rhinoceri, perhaps the last animal one would expect hereabouts. The Oceanographical Museum at Monaco is the most interesting of its kind in existence, a very big brother of that small but also attractive place on the Marina, Madras.

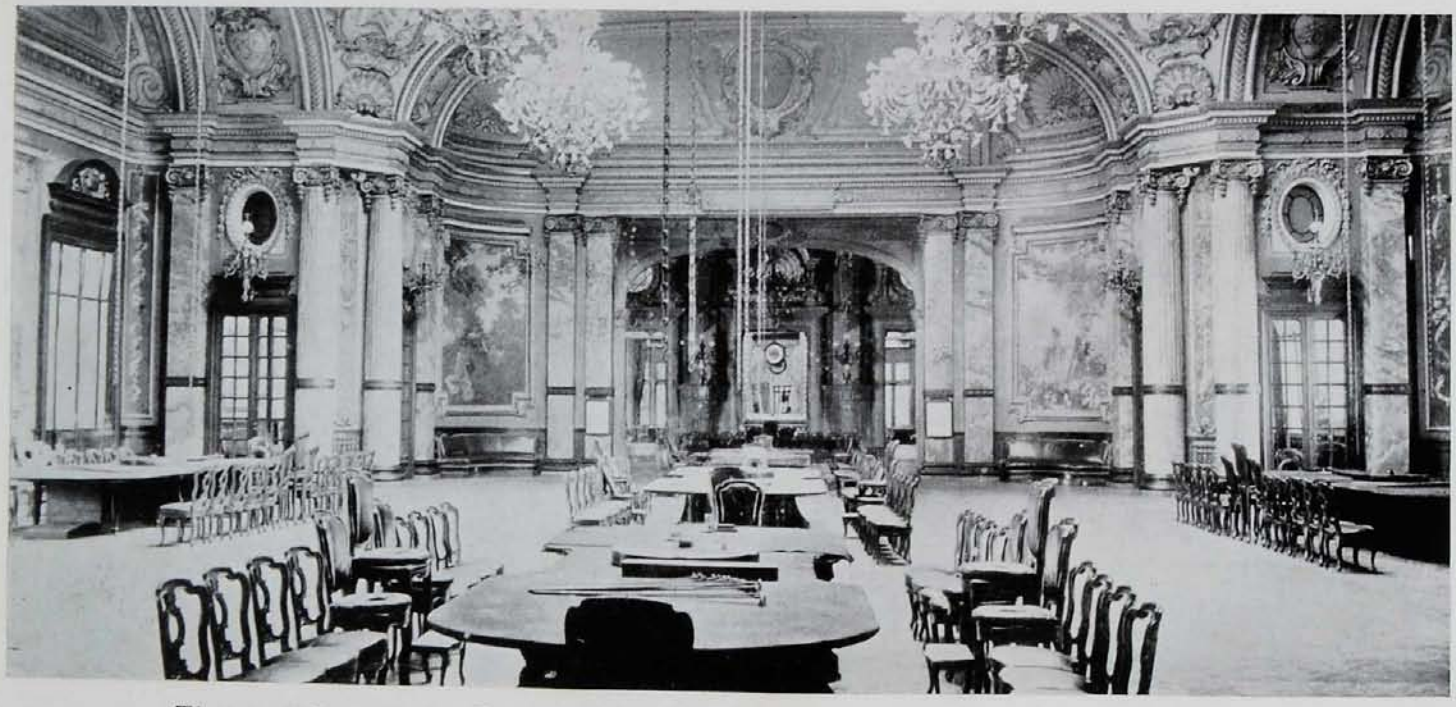
"Je ne connais rien de plus beau qu'Antibes, au soliel couchant"—
Guy de Maupassant.

Probably the famous French writer of naughty novels was not an overseas traveller. While admitting the beauty of the scene he refers to here when the sun has disappeared behind the Eastereles, I cannot allow that, the hills in the picture excepted, it thrills me as does an Egyptian sunset, or an approaching monsoon evening at the beginning of June in the Himalayas. Still, Antibes has its points, and among its antiquities are the hall in which Anthony Asquith at the age of eleven, or thereabouts, in 1924, gave a lecture on music, declaring that England had never produced a composer worthy the name. When one has got over this one asks one's chauffeur to shove in the self-starter and push off to saner regions. It is however not a little curious that on the wall of the Town Hall at Antibes may be made out the following inscription :—"SEPTENTRIONIS anno ae (tatis) XII qui ANTIPOLI in theatro biduo saltarit et placuit." A free translation would have it :—"To the boy Septentrio, twelve years of age, who danced and pleased for the space of two days in the Theatre of Antipolis." Can it be that the shock-headed Anthony heard of this epitaph and refused to be outdone ?

Cannes, which is the next village of interest west from Antibes, I have always found dull, except when a party of young English stages is trying to defeat a Greek syndicate at baccarat. That duel is always worth watching, and it is not an infrequent one per annum.

Cannes is the British centre of the Riviera, which accounts for its dulness. A sort of polo is played on a slow *maidan* out at Mandelien, hard by the golf links which, if not owned by the Grand Duke Michael in the old days, would seem to have been, to judge by the behaviour of his not inconsiderable following of sycophants.

There are three other excellent ones on the Riviera where there is none of this tuft-hunting nonsense, and probably the best is the 18-hole course at Sospel, a day's march from that replica of Margate which the French call Mentone. Sospel is beautifully situated in a picturesque valley surrounded by lesser Alps, and the cheapest way to get to it is by a wheezy railway from Mentone ; the line vieing with bits of the Darjeeling railway.



The principal room in the Rooms of the Casino, Monte Carlo, known as "the Kitchen."

THE STORY OF MALERKOTLA

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

Malerkotla, one of the smaller Indian States, was founded on a bridal gift of sixty-eight villages in 1467. Lying adjacent to the three Phulkian States, Sir Harry Watson tells in this article of its sturdy preservation of its independence.

The Palace, Malerkotla.

MALERKOTLA is a small Mahommedan (Afghan descent) State of some 167 square miles in area in the Punjab, lying adjacent to the three Phulkian States of Nabha, Patiala, and Jind. Except to the north where it touches the British India District of Ludhiana, it is surrounded on every other side by the territories of Nabha and Patiala, by whom it was plundered of a great deal of its own large possessions at the time of the rule of Maharaja Ranjit Singh at Lahore during the first half of the 19th century. Indeed the "One-Eyed Lion of the Punjab," as Ranjit Singh has been called, had also a hand in despoiling the Malerkotla Chief.

The founder of the State, Sheikh Sadr-ud-Din, came from Darabhan on the shores of the Caspian Sea, and travelling through Persia settled at Sherwan in Afghanistan. Thence he moved southwards, and finally settled at the old town of Maler in the Punjab. Here he lived the life of a hermit and gained renown as a holy and religious man. It was about 1450 that he came to Maler. In 1467 he was visited by the Lodhi King of Delhi, Sultan Bahlol Lodhi, who gave him a daughter in marriage and a gift of 68 villages near Ludhiana. This was the foundation of the Malerkotla State. Some five generations later, in 1657, Bazid Khan, a descendant of Sadr-ud-Din, was honoured with the title of Nawab by Aurungzeb, the last of the Mogul Emperors of Delhi. Bazid Khan founded the town of Kotla, within a stone's throw of Maler, and the two have become one city, whence the name of the State is derived.

In 1804 Nawab Ata Ullah Khan, then Ruler, came to the assistance of Lord Lake with supplies and transport during the latter's pursuit of Holkar into the Punjab. The Nawab, some four years later, appealed to the British Envoy at Maharaja Ranjit Singh's court for protection from the Sikhs, but the Envoy, Sir Richard Metcalfe, was unable to interfere. However, after the settlement of the Lahore treaty in 1809 by which the Cis-Sutlej territory was surrendered to John Company, the Nawab of Malerkotla received the latter's protection, and in 1810 a treaty was concluded by which the Ruler of Malerkotla was recognised as an independent Chief. In 1815, during General Ochterlony's campaign against the Goorkhas in the Simla hill territory of the Himalayas, the Nawab came to his assistance with supplies, and later on we find a brother of the Ruler, Faiz Ali Khan, commanding a small body of irregulars with the British at the Siege of Bharatpur. Again, in the 1st Sikh War, the Nawab furnished a contingent of 700 infantry under the command of his son, Dilawar Ali Khan, for assistance to the British. So one may say that from "time immemorial" the Rulers of Maler-

kotla have loyally carried out their treaties, and the first thought of His Highness the present Ruler is to maintain that tradition, and to be of assistance to the Government of India to the very best of his ability.

In 1857 the State was ruled by Nawab Sikandar Ali Khan, who introduced a systematic administration. He died in 1871 leaving no male issue, but he had appealed to Government for permission to adopt an heir, and his choice of a cousin in the junior branch of the family was recognised and sanctioned. Family dissensions between the senior and junior branches had caused considerable trouble in the State, and hence the Nawab's decision to adopt from the Junior branch. He was succeeded by Nawab Mahomed Ibrahim Ali Khan, the father of the present Ruler. A few years after his succession he became, through illness, incapable of managing the affairs of the State, and during his son's minority a Superintendent was appointed by Government. The Superintendent, my very old friend Nawab Sir Amir-uddin Ahmed of Loharu, managed the affairs of the State until 1902, when he handed over to the present Ruler, His Highness Nawab Sir Ahmed Ali Khan, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., son of Nawab Mahomed Ibrahim Ali Khan who died six years later. His Highness the present Ruler was born in 1881 and succeeded to full powers of administration in 1908. He has three sons, the eldest of whom is the Heir-Apparent, by name Nawabzada Mahomed Iftikhar Ali Khan, born in 1904.

The revenue of the State is roughly 15 lakhs, and the population some 80,000 of which 70 or 75 per cent. are Sikhs, and here we have, as in the majority of Mahomedan States of India, the Ruling Race in a minority.

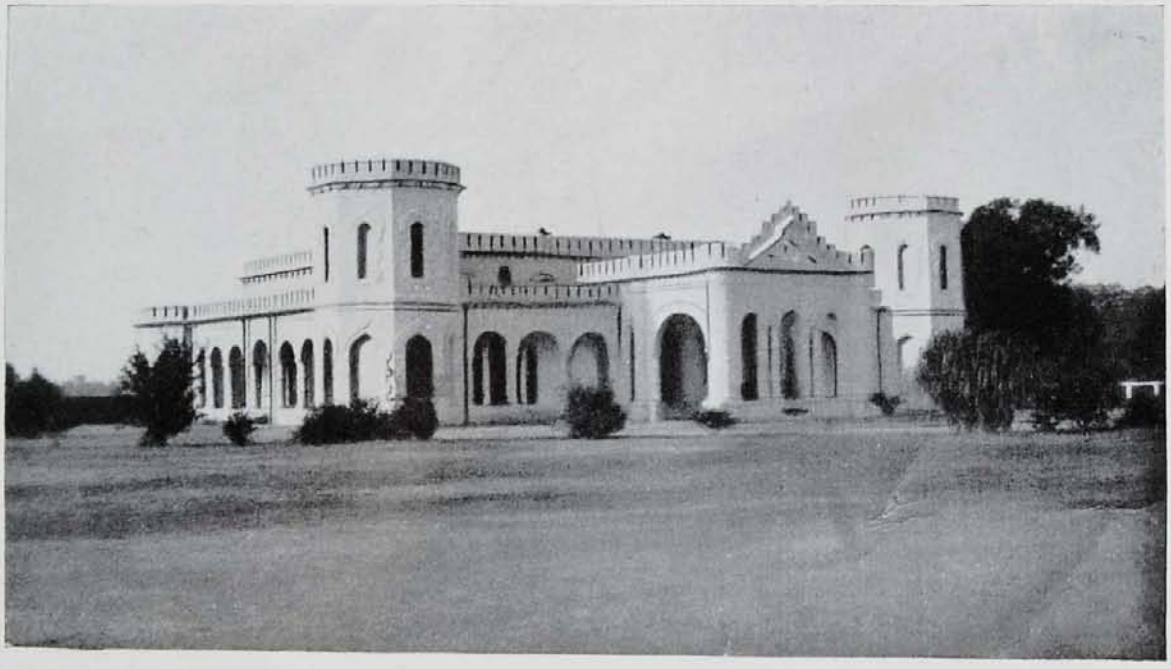
The State is a flat country, well cultivated, a portion being watered by a canal, but there are tracts of sandy country here and there. Large herds of blackbuck are to be found almost everywhere, and much damage to the crops must ensue. His Highness and his sons are keen sportsmen and keep the numbers down as much as possible. In other parts of India I have seen herds of at least 1,000 blackbuck, notably where the Bikaner State borders on the Punjab, and I have often wondered why the general rule throughout India should be that no hinds or does be shot. Many must be barren and an useless scourge to cultivation, whereas by thinning out the herds, cultivators would benefit and the breed and "heads" of blackbuck improve. This also applies to the spotted deer of the jungles along the foothills.

Malerkotla City has a population of some 25,000, and within the city is the old Palace and Baradari, very well worth a visit. His Highness's Palace is outside the city, which he has of recent years very greatly improved with alterations and additions of his own design. It lies in what in British India one would call a cantonment or "civil lines," well planned and laid out. In this area there are several well built houses, including the comfortable Guest House in which His Highness puts up his guests. The Palace has some fine rooms and is most comfortably furnished.

About three-eights of a mile from the Palace lie the barracks of his troops. H. H. maintains a small but efficient force of a hardy lot of men, *viz.*—

Body Guard, 1 troop of Cavalry; Sappers and Miners, 1 Field Company; Infantry, 1 Company and Training platoon.

H. H. retains Chief command, while Major-General Sardar Mehr Mahomed Khan, C.I.E., O.B.E., is "Officer Commanding." The company of Sappers and Miners has a first-class record considering that it was only raised for "Imperial Defence" in 1894. A wonderfully hard-working company, it has seen service in Tirah 1897-98, went to China during the Boxer Rebellion 1900-01, where it did uncommon good work at Shanhaikwan on the coast of Chili, and for the Great War bears on its colours "Neuve



The Guest House.

Lieut.-Colonel His Highness Nawab Sir Ahmad Ali Khan Bahadur, K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., Ruler of Malerkotla.

Chapelle," "Ypres 1915," "Festhubert 1915," "Sharquat," "Mesopotamia 1916-18." They were incorporated in France with the Bengal Sappers and Miners, and later were despatched as a complete company to Mesopotamia where they gained an excellent reputation. It really is rather marvellous that the small State of Malerkotla should have raised and maintained practically three companies of Sappers and Miners (to keep the company in the field always up to strength) but also furnished from its population a greater percentage, I believe, than any other State for service during the War. But H. H. would stop at nothing to be of service to the Empire. Hardly had the Company returned from Mesopotamia when it was again mobilised for service on the N.-W. Frontier during the Afghan War of 1919. A good record, of which Malerkotla may well be proud. The Body Guard too has its traditions, having served in the battle of Laswari against the Mahrattas, and also at the siege of Bharatpur.

Before leaving the subject of the troops I cannot refrain from mentioning "Sardar Sahib," by which name General Mehr Mahomed is generally known. When I first met him (1898) he was in command of the Sapper Company. He is a familiar figure in Malerkotla, has the heart of a lion, and generally has a dozen dogs or so in tow! He was on my staff for three years, on the Suez Canal, Sinai, and Palestine. At the second battle of Gaza he cadged a lift in a tank going into action, and was told to clear out by the commander only ten minutes before it was completely knocked out by a Turkish shell.

Beyond the Cantonment is an old Fort, in which, when I first knew it, it contained the Public Offices. The Public Offices are now in a new building, the Diwan-khana, and the Fort is used as a jail. Close to the city runs a branch of the North Western Railway, the Ludhiana-Jakal branch, in which the State has shares. His Highness has of recent years taken much interest in the improvement of the streets and bazaars in the city, and has I believe recently installed electric light. His Highness is also keen on the institution of grain markets in the districts, and built a fine one at Ahmedgar, some 14 miles distant. Education receives attention, and most villages have their primary schools while at Malerkotla itself there is an intermediate College and a High School.

His Highness is a Lieut.-Colonel in the Army, has a permanent salute of 11 guns, and a personal one of 13. He has not yet visited Europe, but hopes to do so this year. Every year he spends some of the hotter months at his charming house at Mashobra in the Simla Hills. The Heir-Apparent and his younger brother, Sahibzada Altaf Ali Khan, visited England last year, and the latter is now an Honorary Cadet at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

During his reign much has been done by His Highness to raise the prestige of his State, and he takes great personal interest in the Princes Chamber, the sessions of which he always attends.

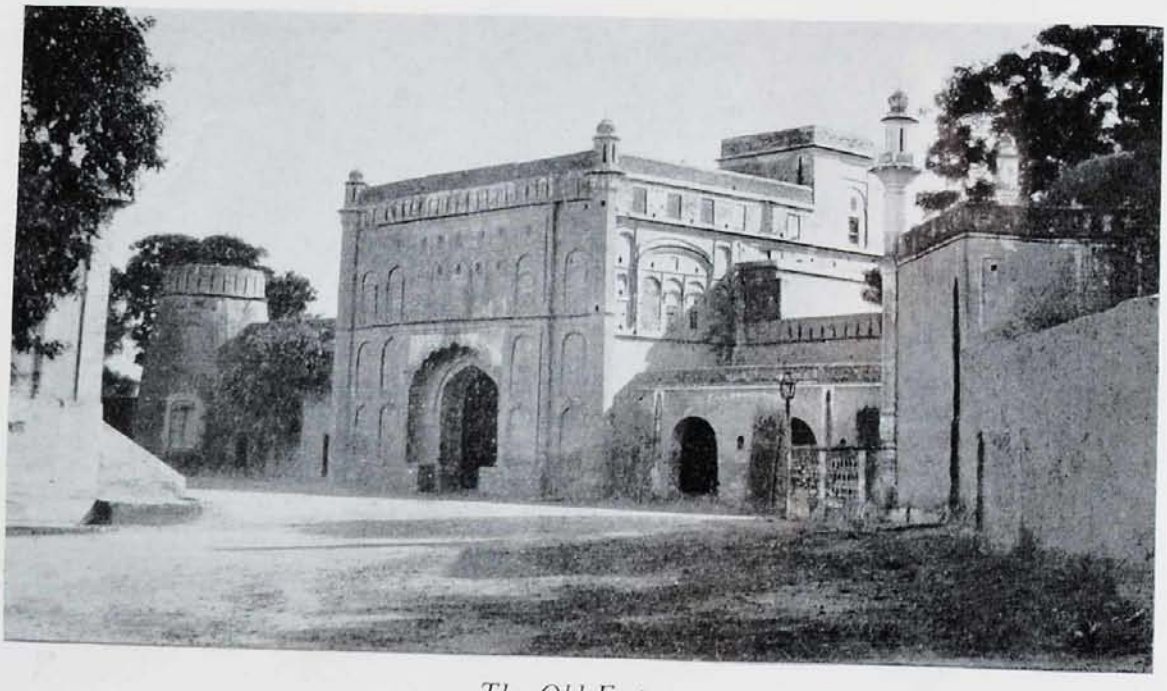
Arms—The old Arms of Malerkotla were as follows, *viz.*—

Vert: Five bezants in saltire.

Crest: A mullet ermine.

Supporters: Antelopes ermine. But the Arms have been recently altered, and I have not the technical description. The Crest remains the same, *viz.*, a mullet, or rowel of a spur. The colour too of the Arms is the same, Vert, green, the sacred colour. The Supporters, Antelope, are symbolic of the wild animals of the State, while "ermine" was originally selected to designate that the State is Cis-Sutlej.

Next month
Sir Harry Watson
will deal with
the historic State of
Gwalior.



The Old Fort.

The Canton Cupid

A Romance of the Orient

By ARTHUR MILLS

IT may have been accident, but I do not think it was, although in the remoter villages it is not unusual to use bamboo leaves for packing. That, anyway, was how Ho Fu was prepared for his journey to London, being placed in a box lined with young leaves of bamboo, with all the meticulous care that has earned for the Chinese the reputation of being the most skilful packers in the world.

Personally, I would not have brought that joss out of the country for a million pounds. But then I have a very great respect for Chinese idols. I am old-fashioned enough to believe still that it is dangerous to tamper with them.

Moreover, I happened to know something of the history of Ho Fu. I had seen him in his temple near Shameen. Ming Cha herself had told me about him, and I knew that all she said she believed, otherwise why should she have spent so much of her earnings in buying joss sticks for his delectation ?

Ming Cha was a singing girl. She was, according to Chinese standards, extremely pretty, and, in an international sense, Chinese standards are not too bad. Ming Cha was slight, beautifully made, with tiny hands and feet, a clear white complexion enlivened with cosmetics, impish dark amber eyes, and long hair plaited in a pig-tail down her back. She had learnt a smattering of English at the Mission school, which was useful to her in her career. For the rest of the advantages offered by the Mission school she had profound contempt, and, as soon as her education was completed, returned immediately to her own gods and in particular to Ho Fu.

Ho Fu, you must know, was a sort of Chinese Cupid. Carved in wood, villainously ugly and possessed of a diabolically sardonic grin, he sat all day long in his little temple near Shameen listening to the supplications of love-sick Chinese maidens. None served him more devotedly than Ming Cha, who daily burnt in his honour joss sticks of the finest and most fragrant cedarwood. Ho Fu would sit there looking down enigmatically through the smoke at the little black-haired, braided head bowed at his feet. For very good reasons he never spoke, but this in no way diminished his prestige among his adherents.

Now, whether it was due to the benedictions of Ho Fu, I cannot say ; but Ming Cha prospered. Undoubtedly she had personal qualifications that contributed to her success. Besides fulfilling the highest qualifications of Chinese beauty, she played "cinque" with great skill. Cinque is the game where each person holds out so many fingers and calls simultaneously his estimate of the total number of fingers displayed. She sang ballads delightfully, accompanying herself on a quaintly carved, one-stringed instrument ; she was an adept at preparing fragrant green tea. In short, she was an acquisition at any party, and, owing to her smattering of English, in particular request at ceremonies given by wealthy Chinese merchants to their European clients.

It was at one of these parties that she and Heriot met. Heriot was a B.A.T. man, young and desperately

lonely—in his own words, when I first met him in the Canton Club—"full up, fed up, and far from home." His job was to go up the river trading yellow and green packets of cigarettes, the same that have such a prolific sale in our own country. At intervals he would come down to Canton, interview his employers, replenish his supplies, and frequent the club bar. He also at the same time used to see Ming Cha. But as his relations with her have nothing to do with this story, they need not be gone into here.

The bar was ultimately his undoing, as it has been of others. Though men seem to be able to drink more and live longer on the China coast than in any other part of the world—except perhaps in Chile—evolution has not yet produced a human frame capable of standing more than a certain number of pink gins.

When it was apparent to all that Heriot had reached his high-water mark, his employers very wisely decided he should go home. Everyone was delighted, particularly Heriot.

But Ming Cha, when she heard the news, went at once to lay her troubles before Ho Fu. A European maiden would have wept, but the Chinese, like the Japanese, have supreme control of their emotions. So Ming Cha, terribly dry-eyed and still, knelt all night before her god and prayed that Heriot might not go away.

Ho Fu listened in silence to her supplications till in the morning a little white, wan figure was found by the priest, her head bowed among the charred remains of countless joss sticks.

The night before he sailed, Heriot's colleagues gave him a farewell dinner. A reception was first held at the Canton Club at which everyone got (in their own opinion) excusably drunk—nor is it for those who have never endured a summer up the West River to argue the point. After dinner, the party set out to paint the town, and the colour selected was a right good flaming red.

They chartered rickshaws. Heriot leading, they went along the Bund, where some fell by the wayside into the harbour; they passed through the jade market and the place where they sell silks; they traversed a little street where the finest ivories are carved, and so reached, inadvertently, the temple of Ho Fu.

There sat Ho Fu in passive state, unworshipped because the hour was late; demoniacally ugly and grotesque. His features pleased Heriot immensely, especially his sardonic smile.

Said Heriot, alighting from his rickshaw. "I'll take that old chap home."

"He's a Chinese idol, I shouldn't touch him," said an older man.

But it was impossible to argue with Heriot that night. He took Ho Fu unresisting in his arms, leaving money in his place, more than sufficient to purchase a dozen other wooden carvings.

In the small hours Ho Fu was placed upon the floor of Heriot's room, together with other souvenirs to be packed for Europe.

Late that night Ming Cha, having completed her professional engagements—the "chow" given by a Chinese tea magnate had been a particularly long and tedious affair, though Ming Cha, singing the old love songs of China with an aching heart, had greatly enhanced her reputation—late that night Ming Cha repaired to the temple of Ho Fu. In her tiny hands she clutched all the money she had earned, intending to buy a box of the special incense that came over the great plain by the caravan route and was held to be especially efficacious. She brought her box from the sleepy priest in the house next to the temple, prepared her incense-burner, and approached the dim corner where Ho Fu was wont to sit in state.

The priest was counting com-

A little white, wan figure was found by the priest, her head bowed among the charred remains of countless joss sticks.

placently the money Ming Cha had given him, when the stillness of the night was broken by a terrible lament :

"Wei—o—Wei—o—Wei !"

In the drawing-rooms of Mayfair, the taverns of Montmartre, the bazaars of India and Cairo it is the same. Words, gesture, intonation may vary, but all the world over woman bewailing her lost love strikes the same vibrant chord.

The priest ran into the temple and found Ming Cha prostrate before the empty pedestal, deserted in her hour of need.

The priest took a serious view of the matter. He remembered the noise of revelry he had heard during the night and put two and two together. When the addition was complete and facts seemed clear beyond a doubt, that priest was excessively annoyed. It had happened to him before to be disturbed by boisterous parties of the "foreign devils," but that they should have done a thing like this was unpardonable. Now in China "unpardonable" is a pretty strong expression.

During the course of the next morning Heriot awoke. He was to leave that evening and his preparations were nearly complete. There remained, however, a few souvenirs, bits of porcelain and odds and ends still to be packed ; also Ho Fu.

For his porcelain and oddments, Heriot had engaged an expert packer, a Chinaman. When the man reported for work, Heriot showed him the things he wished to take, including Ho Fu. The man regarded the idol impassively.

"He had better go in a box," he said, regarding Ho Fu's unprepossessing face.

"Yes, put him in a box," Heriot agreed, after which he went off to the club for a hair of the dog that had bitten him.

Comrades of the night before collected, and the process of "seeing Heriot off" continued.

Eventually all went back to Heriot's quarters. His luggage was stacked ready for transport. I saw him counting his packages, when suddenly he beckoned to me. I went over and found him bending over a square packing case.

"Can you read that ?" he asked, pointing to a curious scrawl on the lid of the box. The letters had evidently been painted with a brush, as is the way in Chinese writing, but the characters were European, not the native hieroglyphics. I spelled out the words : DEATH IN BOX. Heriot laughed.

"By George, that's the box the joss is in. Someone must have found out."

"Why not leave it behind ?" I suggested.

"No fear," said Heriot, and had the box carried with his other belongings to the train.

I was going back with him to Europe. Quite candidly I fully expected we should be killed before we reach Kow-Loon. We were not ; nor were we shipwrecked in a typhoon off Saigon. In fact, we had quite a peaceful voyage.

At Waterloo, Heriot and I parted. The last time I saw him he was following a trolley down the platform, on which was piled his luggage, with the box containing Ho Fu on top of all.

That evening I had a message from his people to go around at once.

Heriot was dead all right. His face was black and his limbs terribly twisted. He had evidently suffered pain.

He lay upon the floor in the centre of a pile of things which he had been unpacking. The box in which Ho Fu had travelled lay upon its side ; a quantity of bamboo leaves were strewn about the floor. These evidently had been used to enwrap Ho Fu. What puzzled me was that Ho Fu himself was missing. I could only see a shapeless lump of wood. Had Ho Fu never left Canton at all, and the lump of wood been packed instead ?

I bent down to examine the litter. Next moment I jumped back six feet.

For there lay, coiled around a sprig of bamboo, a little snake no more than eight inches long, all gold and green like the bamboo trees it lived among. He was, I knew, what they called in China a "bamboo snake," as pretty a little creature as a man could set eyes upon and rather more deadly than a krait. The little fellow had evidently been packed among the bamboo leaves, and travelled home rapidly enough.

Accident or design, I wondered ? If accident, why should the warning have been painted on the box ? And somehow I fancy that, while Heriot lay dead, Ming Cha was once again kneeling before Ho Fu in the temple by Chameen, praying that the English characters she had learnt to write in the Mission school had been well and truly traced, in such fashion that her warning would be understood.

TO ANY TENNIS CHOKRA

Dear little chokra, who stands just behind one,
Throwing the ball when I'm trying to serve,
Punishment—maybe you'll think an unkind one—
Follows your efforts to irk and unnerve !

Fun, it must be to seek balls round the purdahs
Meanwhile you gleefully chat with a friend,
Never forget that for less there've been murders
Should you aspire to a natural end !

Chokras of mine, e'er I give you a trouncing,
Words I will speak for your ultimate aid !
Screens were not made for your purposeless bouncing !
Tend to the labour for which you are paid !

MARJORIE GANE.

BAD BIDDING AT CONTRACT

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

ALTHOUGH bidding at Contract is far from standardised at present and in numerous places it is still necessary to undergo a catechism before starting a rubber, at the chief London Clubs unity prevails.

The Vanderbilt Convention has conquered and in the absence of any declaration to the contrary, it is assumed that every player knows and practises it.

As to the initial bid, the foundation stone on which sound constructive bidding is based, the general rule is that a bid of one of a suit must show at least two-and-a-half quick tricks. There are some forward players who bid on two quick tricks, and there are a few who consider three quick tricks should be the minimum. But two-and-a-half quick tricks is the regulation bid.

A variation of the Vanderbilt Convention has been adopted by one set of players in London, notably at Crockford's Club—the fashionable Club of the moment in London for men and women.

They have raised the standard of a Club call which they use only on hands of great strength, containing much more than three quick tricks. A bid of One Club on their convention implies an extremely powerful hand with slam suggestions. It means the possession of at least five tricks in the bidder's hand.

But, as a critic has pointed out, there are three objections to it :

(1) It greatly limits the use of the Convention, as the hands on which the bid can be made, are few and far between.

(2) It misses all refinements, such as the distinction between a call of One Club and One No Trump.

(3) It establishes a convention to meet cases where in general no convention is needed, for if you have a hand of great all-round strength, you can call Two or Three No Trumps and convey just as much by bidding that as by bidding One Club.

In spite, however, of the necessity of a fixed standard for initial bids, there are players who still insist upon bidding their hands on what they call "Commonsense" principles.

This is absolutely fatal to partnership, as the following example, which occurred at a London Club, will show.

	S.—K-Q-J-8-6-5 H.—8-4 D.—7 C.—10-8-5-2	
S.—9-7-2 H.—7-3-2 D.—10-9-5-4-2 C.—9-4	Y A B Z	S.—A-3 H.—K-Q-J-10-9-5 D.—6 C.—Q-J-6-3
	S.—10-4 H.—A-6 D.—A-K-Q-J-8-3 C.—A-K-7	

Score game all. Y dealt and bid "One Spade"; B "Two Hearts"; Z "Three No Trumps"; A and Y "No Bid"; B "Double." All pass.

A, of course, opened with a Heart and, when Y's hand went down on the table, Z gasped. Where are the two-and-a-half quick tricks or even two quick tricks Y had asserted ?

Z's only hope in play lay in the Diamonds.

If the six unseen Diamonds were divided three and three or even four and two, he could still make his contract with six Diamonds, two Clubs and a Heart. But when B discarded a Club on the second round of Diamonds, this hope was frustrated. Z led out two further Diamonds and B parted with a Spade and a Heart. Z then led a Spade, putting B in, and was one down on his contract, losing four tricks in Hearts and one in Spades.

Now this result was due entirely to the heinous bidding of Y.

First of all, Y had not an initial bid at all. He should have passed and reserved his bid for second round. Secondly, having made his first bad bid, when Z bid Three No Trumps, Y should have called Four Spades. When Y had called One Spade initially, Z could, if his bid had been sound, read his hand. He must have either Ace, King of Spades or King, Queen of Spades and King, Queen of Hearts.

When B bid Hearts, it was obvious Y was unlikely to have King, Queen of Hearts. Therefore he must hold Ace, King of Spades at least.

Z was fully justified in bidding Three No Trumps and the failure was due entirely to Y's bad bidding. Yet this sort of thing happens frequently. Players will not observe the elementary rule for an initial bid. Nor, having made a bad bid originally, will they take out when they should.

Even if Y had called One Spade in a fit of mental aberration, he should have realised, after B's double, how grossly he had misled his partner. His hand was worth about five more tricks in Spades than at No Trumps and it was

Bad Bidding at Contract

simply imperative that he should bid Four Spades.

Another example of bad bidding on the part of Declarer and an adversary came under my notice.

Score game all. Z, who was fixed in his dislike of all arbitrary conventions, dealt and bid "Three No Trumps." On the principle that nine tricks were easier to get than ten, he preferred that bid to calling his Diamonds. He would have nothing to do with "approach" or Demand bids or even the Vanderbilt Convention.

I need hardly say that the bid of Three No Trumps on this hand is a bad bid.

If using the Vanderbilt Convention, the proper bid is One Club or, if not using it, the proper bid is Two Diamonds.

But Z, who would have none of these ideas, said Three No Trumps.

A, who apparently needed a nurse, doubled and thereby gave Z the opportunity of bidding any one of the suits he preferred. Z availed himself of the kind permission. But he had "cold feet" by now and, not daring to bid Five Diamonds, contented himself with the tepid bid of Four Diamonds, which was, of course, left in.

	S.—9-4-2 H.—K-Q-6-3 D.—9-6 C.—J-8-5-2	
S.—K-Q-J-10-5 H.—9-8-5-2 D.—A C.—Q-9-4	Y A B Z	S.—8-7-6-3 H.—10-7 D.—10-5-4 C.—10-7-6-3
	S.—A H.—A-J-4 D.—K-Q-J-8-7-3-2 C.—A-K	

As you will see, he made twelve tricks, but missed the game and rubber by his pusillanimity and bad bidding.

In Three No Trumps, he would have been one down. A's double (which was very bad after the bid of Three No Trumps, because he had not a double or a switch) had the moral effect of preventing Z bidding game in Diamonds.

Now if Z had said One Club (Vanderbilt) on his hand, and A One Spade, Y would have called Two Hearts and B No Bid. Z could then with confidence have called Five Diamonds or even Six Diamonds.

Alternatively, Z had several sound initial bids. He might have started with Two Diamonds or he might have bid pre-emptively Five Diamonds (which was asking his partner for only one trick). The worst bid he could make was Three No Trumps, and yet he made it!

The moral is that at Contract you must watch your step carefully and above all never make an unsound initial bid.

HE!

NO one appreciates him more than I do, but I could never live with him. I don't see how Julia ever married him, honestly. These little biscuits are good, aren't they?"

"Well, he is sort of crazy. But he says the world makes everybody kind of crazy, he was telling me one time. He said look at Nietzsche and Ibsen and Poe and he mentioned all those people. He thinks he's just like Nietzsche."

"Well, he is sort of like Nietzsche."

"He's the most perfect egoist I've ever known. Of course, Nietzsche was too."

"Well, I don't see how she married him."

"I don't see how anybody ever married Nietzsche, either. These little biscuits *are* good."

"You know, he's fully sensitive and he's terribly queer about drinking—did you know he was? He says it is absolutely necessary for him to drink because he is so terribly sensitive to life, you know, to the terrifyingness and the—well—the sort of harshness of life that he has to escape from himself occasionally by drinking, otherwise he would go crazy. And he thinks people that don't drink are mediocre."

"I know it. That's a peculiar idea. He thinks you're mediocre if you don't drink. Well, I drink, but if I didn't I wouldn't want people to think I was—I mean I don't think it would necessarily mean that I was mediocre."

"Exactly. And he's so absolutely sincere about it all. Of course I will say this, I will say that he never urges you to drink, but he thinks you should."

"Well, creative people are—you know, you always have to make allowances for people who create because they're so horribly sensitive and most of them really have to drink, I suppose."

"Did you know he came from a family of atheists? He's very proud of it. His mother was quite an atheist, too, besides his father being one. I guess Julia appreciates him, but I don't see how she could have married him. I wonder if she really does appreciate him at that. Waitress, can we have the bill?"

"I wonder what he writes. Do you know?"

"Why, he writes all kinds of things, only he doesn't write for publication ever."

"I don't see why not."

"Let me pay this. Why, he was telling me about that, and it seems that it is the wrong idea—I mean he thinks anyway that it is the wrong idea to write anything with a definite view of getting a thing published anywhere, because you can't really express your ideas that way, do you see? So he says that he writes merely for the joy of writing. No, I want to pay it."

—E. B. W.

WHAT BECOMES OF DEAD WILD ELEPHANTS?

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

Author of "With a Camera in Tigerland."

(Photos Author's Copyright.)

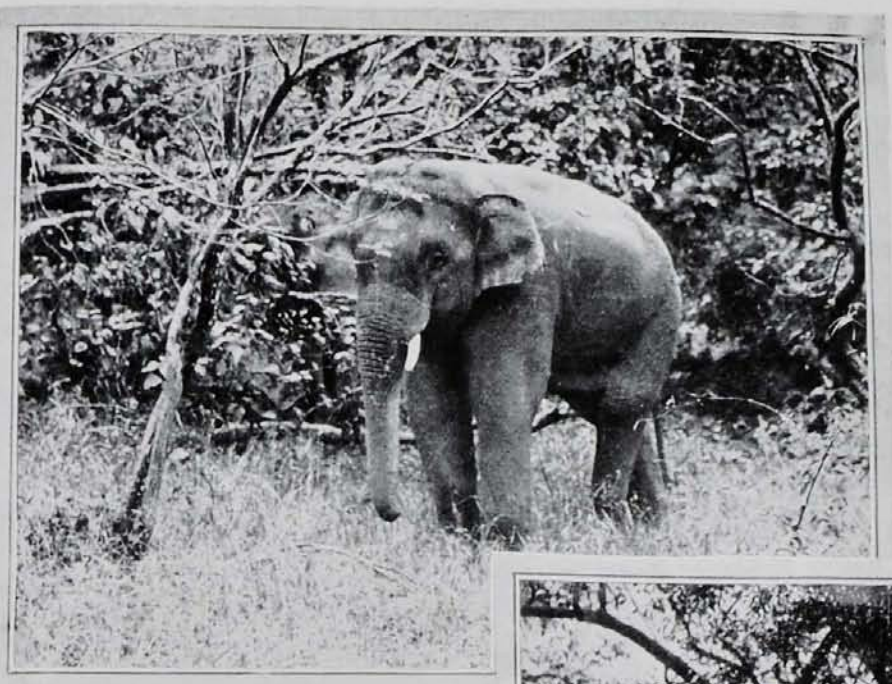
DURING the last year or so there has been a great deal of discussion in English newspapers, particularly *The Field* and *The Times*, on the old, old theme as to what becomes of the carcasses of wild elephants when they die of old age. It is true that the bodies of wild elephants which have died of old age are very rarely found, and the legend is as old as the Arabian Nights that elephants have cemeteries in which alone they will lay down their bones and to which they resort when they feel that death is nigh. Indeed expeditions have, I believe, actually been financed and made in the wilds of Africa purely with the object of finding the untold wealth of ivory which should have collected throughout the ages in these elephant cemeteries. Yet no such cemetery has ever been found, and it is my firm belief that it never will be, for it is very doubtful whether wild animals know what death is—at any rate, death owing to old age or disease. Hence, even though they may not feel well, they do not necessarily know when they are going to die, and, even if they did, they probably would have insufficient strength to make the possibly long journey to the nearest cemetery—assuming that there was such a thing—and that, by some uncanny means, they had become aware of its existence and exact location. What, then, does become of the bodies of wild elephants after death?

Many and ingenious are the theories that have been advanced at one time or another, and possibly the most plausible is that of Sir William Gowers, Governor of Uganda, as elaborated in an article in *The Times* not long ago. Sir William suggests that elephants, like men, are in the habit of doing the same things in old age as they have done throughout life, until one day they break down and are unable to carry on. Thus the elephant goes to his favourite stream or river every day for the dip he loves and plunges into the water. In old age, he perhaps totters down the bank, has his bath, and then, on trying to emerge from the muddy bed, finds his strength has failed him. So he collapses in the water and dies. Cases are not unknown of bones being recovered from river beds and it is suggested that the elephant cemeteries may be dried-up swamps or streams, which according to some people, would explain everything.

Now I would like to apply this theory to the wild elephants living in the foot-hill forests of the United Provinces, with which I am intimately acquainted. Firstly, let me explain that these forests cover a long and comparatively narrow belt at the foot of the Himalayas and that they are bounded on the northern side by the cultivation in the hills and on the southern side by the densely populated Gangetic plain. To the west, across the Jumna, are the foot-hill forests of the Punjab, where wild elephants are unknown, and to the east only is there any connection with forests—the dense jungles of Nepal. The United Provinces foot-hill forests are all under the intensive management of the Forest Department and being fully surveyed are so intimately known that it is quite certain that they contain no elephant cemetery. Should, then, the elephant cemetery theory be true, it would be necessary for any dying elephants of the United Provinces to make the long journey of possibly hundreds of miles over very rough, mountainous country in order to reach the nearest cemetery, which is assumed to exist somewhere in the unknown forests of Nepal. Such a journey would be quite impossible for a sick elephant, so that undoubtedly the wild elephants must die somewhere within the United Provinces.

We now come to Sir William Gowers' theory of there being no definite cemetery, but that each elephant, when its time comes, dies in its favourite river. This theory, plausible though it may be, unfortunately will not account for all the wild elephants which must die in the United Provinces. The large rivers of the United Provinces are the Jumna, the Ganges, the Ramganga and the Sarda, and it is to be noted that all these rivers are very fast flowing when they emerge from the Himalayan range. Hence the carcasses of any elephants dying in them would float rapidly downstream for a few miles, where they would be stopped by the great dams which have been erected in order to supply a sufficient head of water to meet the needs of the great irrigation canals of northern India. Yet, so far as I know, except for one elephant drowned in the abnormal floods of 1924, no case is on record of the carcass of a wild elephant having been found held up by the dam at Hardwar on the Ganges, which is the river most frequented by wild elephants. Nor,

What becomes of Dead Wild Elephants?



Left : " Youth."

Right : " The prime of life."

Left : " Old age."

to the best of my knowledge, has any other wild elephant's carcass been found anywhere in any of these rivers, and such a carcass would certainly float in such fast-flowing water. Apart from this, according to the theory of Sir William Gowers, the elephant goes to his favourite stream or river as usual on the day of his death, and, in many cases, this favourite stream is merely an isolated rocky pool or a mountain stream only a few feet wide and two or three feet deep, in which the carcass could never be hidden. If the carcass were carried down it would be left stranded high and dry a few miles below, since many mountain streams beloved by elephants entirely disappear underground as soon as they enter the dry bhabar tract!

These facts appear to me amply to prove that the wild elephant cemeteries of the United Provinces do not exist in the rivers, so once again we are faced with the same old problem of what really does happen to the bodies of wild elephants when they die.

I have been keeping careful records during the last ten years of cases where the body of a wild elephant has been found, and, so far, I have five records of which I will now give the details.

The first of these was found in 1921 by my brother, Mr. H. G. Champion, I.F.S., at Harai, in Haldwani Division. It was a tusker, with biggish tusks, and was found on a fireline, when it was thought to have been dead for two days. The distance from water was about half a mile, and the cause of death was uncertain, there being no sign of external injury. Some arsenic had been used in the neighbourhood for killing rohini trees, but, as elephants do not eat either the leaves or the bark of rohini, it seems unlikely that this was the cause of death.

The second case also occurred in Haldwani Division at Goria Rau, in the same year. It was a small female and was found some three or four days after death. It was said to show a number of wounds on the throat and neck, and may possibly have been killed by a tiger.

The third case is recorded by Mr. E. A. Smythies, I.F.S., and once again was in Haldwani Division—which appears to be a very fatal place for elephants. He was a fine solitary tusker, with 24-foot tusks, and was found in November, 1925, by a marking gang. He had apparently died about the beginning of October in a patch of what would have been swampy ground—but not quicksand—at that time of the year. His legs were embedded in the ground about two-and-a-half to three feet deep, and he was half squatting, half lying, on his left side. It did not appear that he had been caught in a quicksand—elephants are very clever in avoiding such danger spots—as there was a solid bank, with trees, shrubs, etc., about two yards in front of him, and he did not appear to be so deeply embedded that he could not have struggled out somehow. It is possible that he may have been sick at the time, and thus lacked the strength to pull himself out, or he may have been bitten by a hamadryad.

The fourth case occurred in Lansdowne Division in 1928. This elephant was a middle-aged tusker, which was found dead at the side of its favourite drinking pool. There were no signs of injury or disease, and, as the animal did not appear to be old enough to have died of old age, it seems possible that it had been poisoned by neighbouring villagers, whose crops the animal had been raiding. The tusks of this elephant are now in Government House, Lucknow.

None of these elephants, however, was a particularly old beast, so that the finding of their carcasses does little or nothing to help towards a solution of what happens to old elephants when their time comes to depart from this world. The same applies to the two dead elephants recorded by the late Lt.-Colonel Faunthorpe in his "The Most Dangerous Sport," published in *The Pioneer*, in 1926. Towards the end of 1926, however, a dead wild elephant was found in Lansdowne Division, and this example appears to be a genuine case of a wild elephant dying of old age. A photograph of the carcass is included with this article and the case is sufficiently interesting and remarkable to justify my giving a full description of it here.

At the beginning of November, 1926, I received a report from one of my range officers to the effect that, on 28th October a female wild elephant had died in the Zemindari Forests of the Bijnor district, and that he had gone to inspect it on 30th October. I instructed him to see that the carcass remained as intact as possible, so that I could come to examine it as soon as opportunity offered. This occurred on 5th November, so that I saw the carcass exactly a week after death. It was lying on its side, in open grass forest containing a few scattered trees, and was only about four hundred yards from the huts of some graziers, who had brought in the news of its death. Decomposition had already set in and the meat had been attacked by vultures, pigs and hyænas, but, owing to the very thick skin, they had not been able to make much headway. I had one shady *ber* (*Zizyphus jujuba*) tree removed and then took the accompanying photograph of it exactly as it was lying. It was a large female in a very emaciated condition, and the general appearance suggested advanced age. There was no hair on the skin, which was very light in colour, and the upper rims of the ears were very markedly turned over (a sign of old age), although the lower fringes were not frayed. At the time of death there had not been any diarrhœa, which generally occurs with cattle disease, and there was no blood or any sign of an

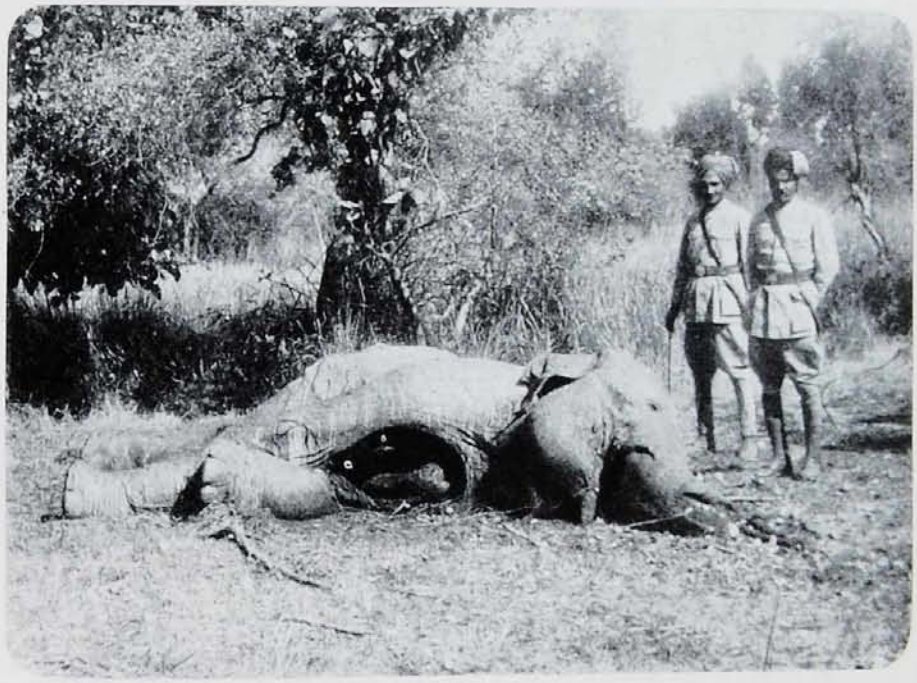
external wound. The graziers who found the carcass said that they had known this elephant for the last year and that she was so old and weak that she could not run away with the other wild elephants when driven from the crops of the neighbouring villagers. To prove their statement, they pointed out the droppings, which contained whole leaves and pieces of grass, quite undigested, this being one of the main signs of old age and failing teeth. I then had the jaws cut open with an axe and found that, in the upper jaw, only one molar remained, the grinding surface of which was worn right down perfectly smooth, whereas the molars in the lower jaw were mere stumps. In these circumstances it is remarkable that this beast could have managed to remain alive as long as she did, and, to my mind, this appears to be a clear case of a wild elephant dying of old age, in an open forest, which it had frequented for a year or more before death. It is to be noted that, unless death overtook her suddenly, which seems unlikely in the circumstances, no attempt was made to seek seclusion in the very dense and mountainous reserved forests bordering on the site of death, or to repair to the Ganges, which was only about three miles away.

A remarkable feature in this case is that the ranger saw the carcass on 30th October and noted its position carefully, but, when he came with me on 5th November, we found that it had been moved to a different position. A dead elephant weighs something in tons and the spot is practically uninhabited, except for a few graziers, so that I am certain that the carcass was not moved by man or by scavenging animals, such as pigs or hyænas. The graziers state that one or two other wild elephants visited the place while the carcass was lying there, and it appears that they almost certainly tried to move her away or lift her up. Wild elephants are very long-lived animals, so perhaps they do not understand what death is and thus attempted to help one of their comrades in distress.

I would suggest that the tradition of wild elephants collecting in some secret place to die has little foundation in fact, and that the hidden treasure troves of ivory exist only in imagination. Elephants live in very sparsely populated districts in tropical forests and their life-span is very long. Deaths are therefore not common and may occur anywhere within immense tracts of forest, as well as in the rivers as suggested by Sir William Gowers. In tropical countries, carcasses are attacked by innumerable scavenging creatures, such as vultures, crows, hyænas, jackals, pigs and porcupines, and their work is soon supplemented by that of ants, termites and fungi. Following upon these agents comes the annual monsoon, which produces grass and other rank vegetative growth, twenty or more feet high, in a few months, so that a single season may easily remove the entire body and much of the skeleton of an animal even as large as an elephant—although the skull is large and hard, and will remain for some years. The tusks may easily be covered with vegetation and they are certainly largely gnawed by porcupines; they must also be old, worn and broken by the time an elephant dies of old age (a point which seems to be forgotten by many people) so that they might easily disappear after a few years' exposure to a tropical climate and its attendant decomposing influences. I admit, however, that records of wild elephants which have died of old age are extremely scanty, and certainly one is not justified in arguing from a particular case. Nevertheless, it seems to me that, so far as India is concerned, this theory is more likely to be nearer the truth than that advanced by Sir William Gowers.

With regard to the visit of other elephants to the carcass of a dead wild elephant, mentioned above, it is to be noted that Mr. Kalman Kittenberger—the Hungarian naturalist—in his recent book "Big Game Hunting and Collecting in East Africa," refers several times to the pathetic sight of wild elephants trying to help even fatally wounded comrades. It seems to me that these observations tend to give support to

(*Continued on page 96.*)



"The last resting place."

FROM THE COLLECTION OF
HIS MAJESTY THE KING-EMPEROR

In the artist's own time Greuze's work was accorded a sycophantic homage which has died almost entirely with the passing of years. Greuze lived from 1725 to 1805 and this picture was engraved by Laurent Cars. It was sold in Paris in 1783 for £96 and was purchased by the Prince Regent in 1813. It now hangs in Buckingham Palace.

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

FROM THE COLLECTION OF
HIS MAJESTY THE KING-EMPEROR

THE occasion of the picture of His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales and H. R. H. Arthur Duke of Connaught was a review of the Aldershot command. The painting was commissioned by King Edward VII and offered as a present to Her Majesty Queen Victoria on the occasion of the Diamond Jubilee in 1897. The artist was Jean Baptiste Detaille.

A Whole Page of Good Shots

Bridge Shark : "Lady, may I trouble you to rise. You're sitting on my hand."

"How dare you!"

"But I'm sure I laid my cards there."

There was a young man of Bengal
Who went to a fancy dress ball.
He thought he would risk it
And went as a biscuit
But a dog eat him up in the hall.

The real secret of the thirteen at dinner superstition is that most people have only a dozen knives and forks.

A woman is afraid of a mouse, a mouse of a man, and a man of a woman.

Thus we get the eternal triangle.

A Scotsman who had several daughters was attending the wedding of his youngest and last unmarried daughter.

At the reception, a friend said to him : "I suppose you are very glad to have got all your daughters married ?"

"Yes," was the reply, "the confetti was getting rather gritty."

"Ma, Gordon's at your jiggler again!"

The patient was describing his symptoms to the doctor.

"I'm sure there's something very wrong with me," he said. "Whenever I lift my right hand to my forehead, then raise it a few inches, and drop it down again to my side, I suffer agony."

"Why go through such a silly movement ?" asked the doctor.

"Well," answered the patient, "if you can tell me of any other way of taking off my hat I shall be glad to hear it."

Preacher (to Mormon Groom) : "Do you take these women to be your lawfully wedded wives ?"

Brides : "We do."

Preacher : "Some of you girls there in the back will have to speak louder if you want to be included in this."

Tit for Tat

"If you were my husband," said a woman, I'd give you poison."

"And if you were my wife," replied the man, "I'd take it."

Bridge Rules

Always remember what are trumps. Keep asking every few minutes so that you will be sure not to forget it. This shows you are interested in the game.

If your partner bids first, be sure and double him.

Remember he is looking to you for support, and anyway, he has to play the hand.

Be sure to talk on other subjects during the game, as bridge players are prone to be too narrow and self centred.

Show your independence by refusing to follow suit every once in a while, and disregard rules and conventions.

What bridge needs these days is, far more originality!

Five Pounds

by Frank Outram

—paying scant attention to the moonlight on the water.

THE deck was almost deserted. Two passengers were leaning on the rail and paying scant attention to the moonlight on the water.

"Now do you realise why I couldn't ask you to come ashore with me at Hong-Kong?"

Marie-José smiled at him sweetly and laid a hand on his arm; "Mais, oui, Billee, of course I understan'."

"But, chérie," he added, "I am expecting ten pounds in Singapore, so, when we arrive there, we must celebrate; and, besides, it will be New Year's Eve. We will dine and dance somewhere."

"Zat will be lovely!" She kissed him again. "And now I mus' go to my leetle cabeen."

"Oh, no, not just yet!"

"Oui, oui, c'est trop tard! Ma foi, what will ze passengers zink?"

The next morning the *Lanreda* docked at Singapore. Billy took a taxi to Cook's office in Battery Road and questioned the cashier.

"No, sir, there is no money here in your name. Perhaps it will arrive to-morrow—delayed by Christmas, no doubt. If you will call in to-morrow—?" The cashier closed his ledger with obvious finality. Billy returned, crest-fallen, to the ship.

"It hasn't come, Marie. Isn't it sickening?"

"Wait 'ere un moment," she said, "I go to my cabeen."

He paced the deck moodily, trying to think of something he might sell, some way of producing money. His gold wrist-watch ought to fetch a few pounds, or would every pawn-shop think it was brass? Perhaps he could sell some clothes; but then that would leave him with very little as he was travelling light; and besides clothes never fetched much. Well, he might—

"'Ere is a note," said Marie-José, returning and waving a large crinkly black and white paper at him. "Five pounds will be enough, oui? Alors, change five pounds and we will dine and dance at—"

"But I couldn't!" Billy looked at her aghast. "What! Let you pay for the show? Why, I never heard of such an idea! Do you think I'm a professional gigolo? Of course it's awful sweet of you and I shall never forget this offer but I simply couldn't accept it." Marie-José was still waving the note under his nose and smiling provocatively. "But, as a matter of fact, the man at the bank did say that my money might turn up to-morrow."—Billy was obviously weakening—"and, of course, if you would agree to my taking it as a very temporary loan—?"

"Take ze note. You know well zat we two want to 'ave a good time. I 'ave a brozer and 'e is often 'ard up. Hélas, 'ow often!"—and she threw up her hands in a gesture of despair—"so I know 'ow it is. Allons," she added, folding up the note and thrusting it into his hand, "find a money-changing man and get five pounds worth of Singapore dollars. Oh,"—with a frown and a stamp of her small foot—"let us forget ze money and 'ave a good time."

Billy looked at her apologetically and took the note. She laughed at him. "I now go to my cabeen for a siesta. I shall need it before we finish ze night!"

Billy found a money-changer wandering along the main deck.

"I want to change three pounds. What rate are you giving? Eight fifty?"

"Yes, I give you."

Billy handed him the note. "Give me twenty-five fifty then and two pounds change." He had decided to spend as little of her money as possible.

The money-changer looked at the note; he held it up to the light; he fingered it carefully.

"Very well," he said slowly, "I give you"; and he paid Billy.

* * * *

Marie-José looked delightful in a pink georgette frock, with a rose at her shoulder and a happy sparkle in her eye.

"You like it, mon ami, oui?"

"Si belle, chérie. Words fail me. To-night you are more fascinating than ever."

Marie-José laughed gaily and stepped down the gangway into the waiting taxi.

"Ou allons nous, Billee? Shall we go to ze Europe?"

"Righto! Europe Hotel, driver."

At the Europe he asked for a table for two.

"Very sorry, sir; absolutely full up. We haven't a table anywhere. We're dining over seven hundred to-night."

"But we simply must dine somewhere to-night; it's New Year's Eve! Can't you put us in anywhere at all?"

"Very sorry, sir, absolutely full up. Why not try Raffles?"

At Raffles they succeeded in capturing a table for two, almost the last available one.

"Isn't it lovely, Billee? All ze lights and ze prettee people! Ah, Billee, to-night I am zo 'appy. To-night we forget everyzing excep' ourselves, oui?"

Billy's eyes glistened with suppressed excitement and anticipation.

"Rather, Marie! What will you have? I know—a brandy cocktail!"

"Mais, oui! To-night somezing to drink wiz a kick in it!"

The dinner passed in a golden haze of Clicquot and crackers. They fox-trotted happily among gay strangers and exchanged favours with men and women they had never seen before and would never meet again. "C'est à moi!" Marie-José made a successful grab at the balloon of a pretty columbine, who vainly struggled to recapture it before she was whirled away. "Disgraceful!" said Billy in mock disapproval. "'Ave you nevair stolen anyzing, Billee? Not even ze 'eart of a jeune fille?" She looked up at him out of innocent blue eyes. "No, I don't think so," he said, half-seriously, adding, with a smile, "but I once pinched a girl's leg!"

The dance finished and they sat down.

"A vous," Marie-José raised her glass.

"Pas de tout, chérie. A nous!" Billy lifted his glass to hers. The glasses clinked and they drank the best wine from all France. The orchestra struck up a few bars and then settled down to the next dance.

"Oh, Billee, zis is a lovely tune. What is it?"

"The Best Things in Life are Free, chérie."

"Ah, oui," breathed the girl. "Billee, I love you so to-night!"

Madame Clicquot, Madame Clicquot, how many charges will you have to answer on the day of reckoning?

"The words were written by a Scotsman," added Billy, with a smile.

"Ah, non!" Marie-José pouted. "You must not make fun of such a beautiful song. To-night is for romance only. I feel zat to-night I not forget evair, in all my life." She looked up at him and shrugged her shoulders. "But you, you will forget. Vous êtes un homme; ils toujours oublient. You are 'orrid." She looked away a moment and then turned back quickly. "Kiss me, Billee, now, ici." She turned up her face to him.

"What? Here? All these people?" He was horrified. "Afterwards, Marie, afterwards; but not now; I couldn't!"

Marie-José caught his head in her hands and kissed him before he had time to resist. Billy looked round wildly. The dance was going on; no one seemed to have noticed them; the outrage might never have occurred. He turned round and, to Marie-José's complete surprise, put his arms round her and kissed her openly once, twice, three times.

"Billee-ee, 'ow could you? Comment vous êtes amoureux! Il faut que je—I mus' go powder my nose. Order anozzer bottle of champagne." She picked up her bag, leant across the table to pinch his nose, laughed and left him.

Billy drew out what notes and silver remained in his pocket. The changed three pounds had vanished earlier in the evening with the exception of one Straits dollar and a few small coins. One of the two remaining pounds had also gone the way of all money. There was not enough left to pay for a whole bottle. He beckoned the waiter.

"A half bottle, please."

As the glasses were being filled Marie-José returned.

"Comment! A 'alf bottle!"

"Sorry, chérie," apologised Billy, "but we've come to the end of the five pounds."

"Never mind," she replied; "it does not matter to spend more money so long as we enjoy to-night."

"No, no," objected Billy.

Marie-José frowned. "But yes. Order anozzer bottle."

"Oh, all right; but how much have you brought with you?"

"I 'ave nozing. Did you not bring ze rest of ze money wiz you?"

"Rest? Rest of what money?"

"Ze note—ze ten poun' note?"

" A vous ! " Marie-José raised her glass.

He stared at her and said slowly: "But you gave me a five pound note."

Her lips parted in despair. "Oh, Billee, what 'ave you done? It was a ten poun' note. I 'ad five ten poun' notes pour le voyage and so it must 'ave been a ten poun' note. I 'ave no five poun' notes at all."

"But you said it was a five pound note when you gave it to me! And it was a five pound note—I'm sure it was. Why, hang it all, anyone knows a five pound note!"

"No, a five poun' note is so exactly like a ten poun' note and it is very easy to mistake zem. I said to be careful and to change only five pounds. Vous ne rappelez vous pas?"

"But you said—Change this five pound note."

"Non, non, pas de tout! I said to change five pounds of zis note; n'est pas la même chose! Le Bon Dieu! What a mess up you 'ave make!"

"Oh, well, anyhow, it's done now." He put his chin in his hands and stared moodily at the dancers. They seemed noisy and rather vulgar now. He wanted to get out of it all and think over this new calamity. To lose five pounds was not much but what would Marie-José think? What was she even now thinking of him? He dared not look at her. His mind could have no peace until every penny of that money had been paid back to her. And to think that he could not do that for days now, not even before they parted. Five pounds he could have managed when that ten pounds arrived at Cook's, but he would have to keep the rest for his own expenses during the next week. Marie-José and he must part with a very natural doubt at the back of her mind: "This Billy; is he just a common thief?" No, no, she could not think that, surely? And yet, why not? He turned to her.

"Are you quite sure it was a ten pound note?"

"Mais oui!" She spread out her hands emphatically. "I 'ad only ten poun' notes wiz me."

Slowly he went over the events of the afternoon in his mind. She had given him the note folded up; he had not opened it. He thought she had said "Change this five pound note." True, he had been very worried and embarrassed at the time and might easily have put down her "Change five pounds of this note" to a mistake due to her French English. He had given the note to a money-changer and the money-changer had opened it. But then he had seen both sides of the note, as the money-changer had turned it over and examined both sides of the paper. Surely he would have noticed if it had been a five or a ten pound note?

He looked round. "Waiter!" He beckoned the wine waiter.

"Yes, sir?"

"Ask the manager if I can see a five and a ten pound note, please. I want to see the difference between them."

A slight opening of the waiter's eyes betrayed his astonishment but he departed on his errand.

Marie-José watched Billy anxiously. She laid a hand gently on his arm. "Billee, it does not matter," she said softly; "we will forget it, yes? I can easily afford it. I still 'ave forty pounds left."

He smiled wryly. "Very good of you, but my conscience won't let me alone until I've repaid all this ten pounds back to you. Oh, Lord! Why did I ever agree to do it at all?"

The waiter returned and displayed the two notes. They were unpleasantly alike. The ten, at a distance or if glanced at hurriedly looked very like the five; even the figures possessed an uncanny similarity, due to the old English writing.

"Thank you. Take 'em away." The waiter removed them. "Let's get out of here. I can't stand it any longer."

Marie-José's eyes filled with tears and one rolled down her cheek.

"Billee, zis is terrible. And just now we were so 'appy. Why can you not forget it?"

"Well, it's one o'clock now and the dance lasts till only two, so we might just as well go now. How on earth do you think I can enjoy anything again until I've repaid you? Don't you understand?"

If she did she chose not to show it.

"Come, chérie"; she patted his hand affectionately, "let us dance once more togezer and finish our champagne and zen go."

"Very well"; and they rose and wended their way through the maze of tables to the dance floor, mercifully unconscious of the fact that the party at the next table had become intensely interested in them. Speculation was rife and many theories for the pretty lady's tears were brought forward, to be quelled hilariously by the other members of the party.

"Husband and wife," affirmed one amateur detective. "He's bullying her. Type who gets sarcastic and rude after too much champagne. That's all. Quite a simple case." The detective leant back in his chair with an air of conviction and finality, until the man next to him tipped the chair back a little farther and he had to make a hurried and undignified grab at the table to recover his balance.

"How do you account for the two five pound notes, then; the notes the waiter brought?" asked the young man who had tilted the chair. The amateur detective looked lost and everyone laughed.

"I think if you had distinguished them carefully," said an oldish man, slowly, "you would have seen that they were a five and a ten pound note, not two five pound notes. They are very much alike, you know."

"Well, perhaps the mystery rests around the differ-

(*Continued on page 96.*)

FUN IN THE JUNGLE—No. 5

"OH! DEAR, I MUST HAVE GOT MY FEET WET"!

LA MODE FAIT LA FEMME

BY — MLLE. NAGÈNE

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

THE importance of being earnest over one's wardrobe this season cannot be too greatly stressed, for Milady, if she is not an assiduous devotée of the goddess Fashion, may find herself slightly confused. . . . That last remark does not apply to you, gentle reader, only to someone you know, perhaps . . . Really, there are many details over which one must ponder very seriously. Take the combinations of colour, for example. Ever since Paris launched the *bleu, blanc, rouge*—(it has mercifully passed), we have been harrassed over this all-important three colour scheme.

Of course, the pastel tones are *de mode*. Those gradations of scale are lovely; have you ever thought of beige, yellow and brown? or beige, coral and black? or very dark green, greenish yellow and pea-green? Then there is the scale of reds, ravishing, too.

Now that we have established the three colour idea, Milady, what to do next? Look into the jewel box. If you have collected various sets of costume jewellery, I might have said "trunk" instead of "box," for these necklaces and bracelets of wooden beads, of amber and coral, take very much space, to say nothing of all the strings of pearls . . . What can we find there? For the beige, yellow and brown you can wear amber, clear or clouded, or one of those adorable gilded wood necklaces or topaz ornaments, if you prefer. Again, a set of coral—and coral is most chic now—will be charming if some colour is introduced which will kill the whole effect. These suggestions are merely recorded to show you, Madame, that details and colours are immensely important, indeed, one could build a toilette around a set of these synthetic jewels and the result would be, well, simply perfect!

For the girl who likes to sleep in pyjamas, nothing could be more adorable than this model in pale pink with light blue insets. The jacket tucks in and the trousers fit snugly at the waist and are fastened with a bow at the side.

When the off-white tints reigned not so long ago, one wondered a little which way they would go and the answer is—both ways! Dead white is very, very smart not only for evening but for sports wear. But the gowns for evening are done so cunningly, of the softest fabrics that the hard effect, which is usually associated with white, is entirely avoided. A most beautiful model comes from the atelier of Lelong. The line is complicated; the bodice is close-fitting, with soft panels at the back; the belt is very high and narrow. There are shirrings at each side from which fall cascades of ruffles, peplum fashion. Then, there is a shirred "stomacher," the fullness falling straight to the ankles. This model is very new and shows the dreadful task before the amateur dressmaker!

Let her take heart, however, for in spite of difficult lines, troublesome "empiècements" and the like, there are delightfully feminine

A smart version of the " dressmaker " costume, interesting for the sleeve treatment and the peplum. It is done in a lightish brown Crêpe-de-Chine with the rever and scarf in palest beige. The turban is enchanting in its simplicity and is suitable both for afternoon or theatre wear. The earrings and necklace are pearls which have a golden cast.

effects which, I am told, are copied quite successfully. Among these are the lace dresses. Lace has been smart for two seasons already, but the current popularity of lace puts it in first place among jealous dress materials. Cream or beige lace is too beautiful, really, Madame, (whether you are blonde or dark); although all colours are used. A fairly bright shade of blue is good, but the lace must be of a fine quality. Red and brown are equally smart. In fact, any lace gown is bound to be chic if it is properly "framed"—that is to say, accessories must harmonize as well as the hat, if it is an afternoon gown. Many of the dresses do double duty and for once the Mode has done something practical. It seems incredible, doesn't it? Yes, these sleeveless dresses with the little jackets are adorable. Take off the jacket and there you are, ready for dinner!

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Speaking of innovations in costume jewellery, Paris is really doing rather amazing things. We know and like many of the simulated stones, the semi-precious ones have had hey-day ever so long; wood, carved and golded, painted and silvered is a whim, rather nice for the moment, but, here is the news, Madame, printed chiffon has made its debut in the form of a necklace. Yes, positively. Paris showed it with an enticing frock of the same material. As a matter of fact, I believe that these baubles consist solely of fairly round wooden beads covered with the wanted chiffon. Original, but *éphémère*.

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I think I told you that the tri-corne hat, so long banished from our mode, had lately made an exalted reappearance? The mode has prospered and it is now flourishing in various interpretations and becoming it is, to most young faces. This charming shape lends itself to many inventions and we find its three corners and callote of felt, very light, to be sure, with the little cuff of straw or satin. Straw, by-the-bye, is going to be extremely smart this summer and while it is early to tell you exactly which straw will prove most popular, the balibuntl will be good as well as the new shiny, rough type. I can remember when we sweltered under unnecessarily heavy felt cloches in the hottest weather—perhaps you can, too; it's not so long ago . . .

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Very large hats are quite as chic as the brimless ones and they are most lovely with the sweeping, clinging afternoon chiffon gowns. Then, too, there is the arrangement of the "sailor" hat, reminder of the first bicycles—when you were very young, Madame. Anyway, the "sailor" has come, with wider brim, sometimes turned up a little at the side and they say that this type of hat will be most smart. Of course, when one looks at a dilapidated fashion plate of the "gay nineties" one can recognize, as through a haze, the inspiration of many of our latest modes.

Then too, there is the historical aspect of it; the Napoleonic cut of our coats and tailored suits, even, the tri-corne hat, the slightly Empire feeling of the evening gowns—this latter will augment, I feel sure, because that waistline—the danger line of the mode—has not yet become really placed . . . Well, why not be glad? Nothing keeps one so young and chic as a mode which must be constantly watched . . .

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Sleeves have been doing all sorts of new and unexpected things since I told you that they were to be very much the centre of attention. If they are long (of course, one must have some frocks in one's wardrobe *with* long sleeves), then they have bizarre treatments. There are the frills which fall from elbow to wrist, or the circular flare; these are extremely smart. Bows figure too, and are seen anywhere from the elbow down, not scorning to stop mid-way between. The "petal" frocks will have a cluster of these delicious, leaf-like effects at the wrist. Other sleeves are of the "bishop" variety, the fullness beginning about three inches from the shoulder and the puff falling well over the hand.

But short sleeves have taken the mode by storm. Day dresses, of course, are intensely interesting. Some of the most charming of little puffed sleeves which we see also on evening gowns, are gracing the printed mousselines, while the Crêpe-de-Chine have plainer ones, but not any longer. To my mind, the prettiest of these abbreviated sleeves are those which are not set in but which hug the shoulder and end well above the elbow.

Even tailored suits have succumbed. Many of the newest models of the thinner materials have shortened sleeves—that is to say, below the elbow. With these, as with nearly all costumes, the long glove is absolutely *de rigeur*.

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Sports clothes, too, have a different effect; they are smarter and in detail, more "feminine." Here most models have no sleeves at all. By the way, have you seen the new "shorts" the girls are wearing for tennis? I do not absolutely recommend them, but they are amusing and in some cases, positively becoming. They are not difficult to describe, for they are simply copies of the sort of thing an explorer wears when he goes into the jungle! They are, as their name indicates, short . . . Above the knees, if you please, wide at the bottom and very smooth at the top. The proper blouse will be of linen and will be neatly tucked in. The belt will be passed through the straps attached to the "shorts." Needless to tell you that no stockings are worn with this very "doggy" outfit—only the short socks and sports shoes. Well, yes, it is attractive, if the girl is slender, young and really a good athlete.

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The cotton fabrics are going to be adorable this season and that will

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La Mode Fait la Femme

be welcome news to you, Madame, I am sure, for there are times, in the hot weather when the very idea of silk fills one with dismay.

More and more we find attractive colours (absolutely sunfast and unfadable, too), and delightful designs, especially in the voile family. There is now a material in cotton weave that seems as soft and as chic as silk. These materials make convenient frocks both for morning and afternoon wear and they have the heavenly attribute of being cool! There are prints, polka dots, stripes, small checks and solid colours—all in the delicate pastel shades.

Speaking of materials, we must not neglect Shantung. This very practical fabric has blossomed forth in frocks and even tailored suits, especially the pongee variety.

There is also a fine cotton crêpe which is excellently smart and it possesses the inestimable virtue of going into the tub and out again and presto, it is ready to wear!

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

Two important details must be mentioned, although I have told you about them already. The bolero, first; you will find it everywhere, Madame. Your afternoon gown will have it, your *trotteur* also, and perhaps the coat of your lace evening gown will have one, too. The mode has gone bolero mad and when there isn't a separate coat, there is a fold of material which gives the same impression.

The other detail is the cape. Are you already fatigued with so many capes and cape-like effects? No? Then you are happy, for it is like one's pet song—omnipresent!

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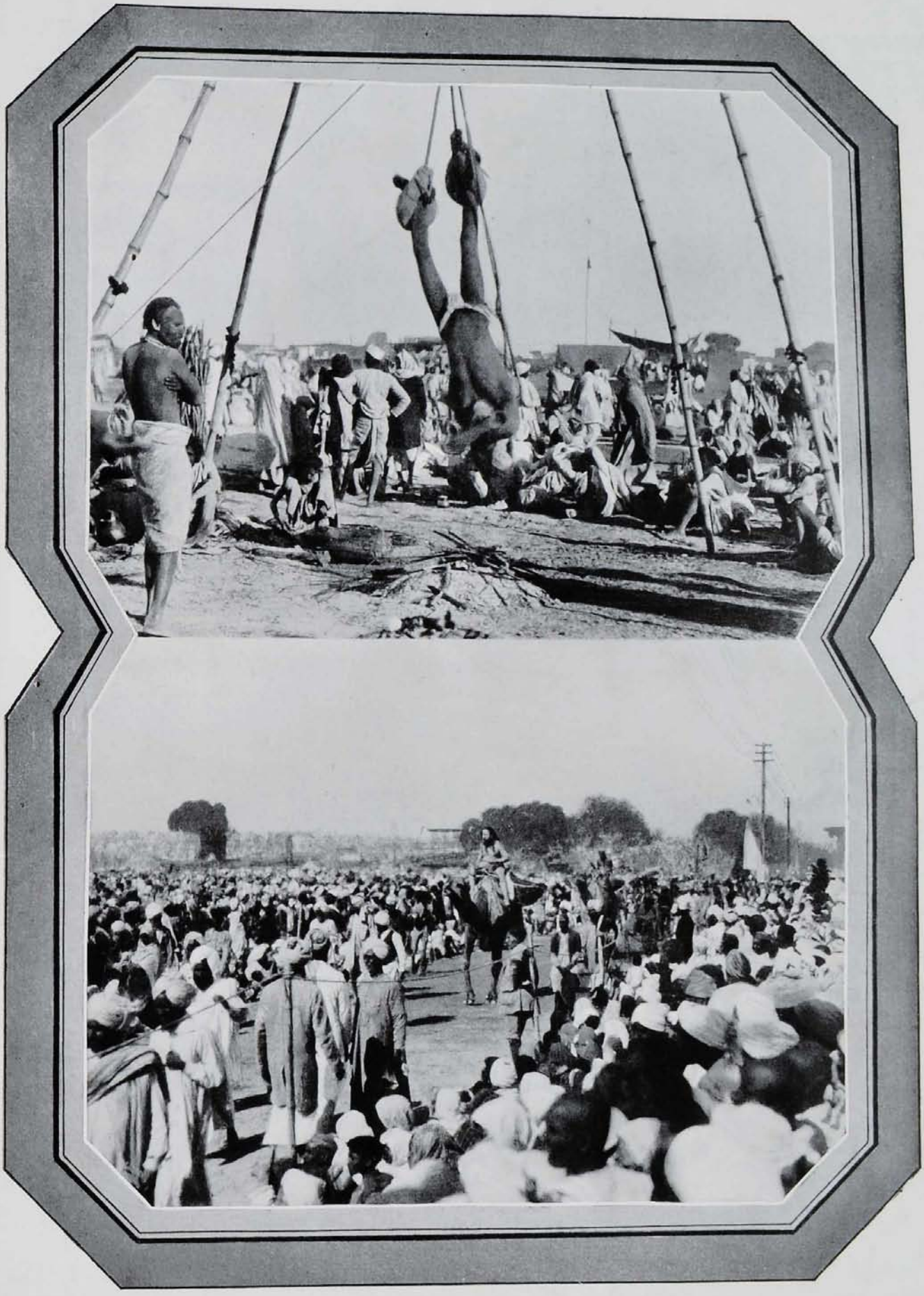
Evening wraps continue to be short—some are well above the knees; indeed, these mere wisps of chiffon velvet or mousseline scarcely merit the rather comfortable sounding name of "wrap."

Moiré grows in popularity, for both evening wraps and gowns and the newest shoes are of that dressy material. Colour is the principal thing, really; only the pastel shades, remember.

THE SADHU'S DAILY ROUND



Top—A Sadhu who hangs head downmost over a charcoal fire.
Bottom—A procession of Sadhus going for a bath.

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Our Children's Corner

A DONKEY'S LIFE

By JOSEPHINE DENISE FRYER

ONCE out on the pasture it took me some time before I learned to walk on the steep melon-hills, without slipping, sliding or falling. The thick dust in the flat corral had been as soft as a Persian rug compared to the rocky hills of the pasture; but I soon learned to pick myself up without crying. I wanted to know about my strange name that made everybody smile when they heard it. Being a young donkey, I knew very little, so I went to my mother and asked, "Mother, what is a raw beet?"

"We ate some this morning; those sweet, juicy, red bulbs that had such large green leaves with red stems."

"Oh, yes, I know. Mother, tell me, what is a jack raw beet?"

"That, my son, is very different. It is Old Pete's way of saying jackrabbit."

"When he named me 'Jack-raw-beet,' did he mean jackrabbit?"

"Yes, he did."

"Why did he call me jackrabbit?"

"Because your ears were almost as beautiful as a jackrabbit's ears."

"Almost as beautiful but not quite?"

"No, not quite as beautiful."

Something in me was making me stay very quiet. It must have been that I was trying to do some thinking. Finally I said to my mother, "What is a jackrabbit? Will you show me one?"

"You wish to look at his ears?" asked his mother, a smile in her eyes that were hiding under her shaggy brows.

"Yes," I answered, wondering what my mother did to hear my thinking.

"Very well, come with me early to-morrow morning. We shall visit the Umbrella-Tree range."

The Umbrella-Tree range! I had never been up there!

"Hee, Haw, Hee, Haw!" I cried with joy! I was so excited that night that I could hardly sleep. It seemed to me that the moon would never drop down to sleep, back of the dark trees that grew on the top of the west hill on neighbour Zerber's range; I had stood and looked at it so long.

The next morning, my mother and I were on our way before sun-up. I followed my mother along the cowpath, to the brown hill with the big camel hump on it. On the hump stood a lone, wind-blown pine tree that looked like a huge umbrella held there by big grey rocky hands. When we reached the top, I was surprised to see a big, big field. I had thought that if I ever went up there, and I leaned over very far, I might fall over the top, down to nowhere—but there, instead of nothing, was Ole Pete's best and most prized pasture. How groundless are the fears of a donkey!

The Umbrella-Tree hill was so high that its head went through the clouds, smiling up at the shining sun. Below us, the clouds looked like a big flock of white sheep. The wind had been blowing and rolling them in, all the way from the big Pacific Ocean.

"As soon as this fog disappears, we shall see the jackrabbit," said my mother, as she began biting off the tops of the wild oats that grew there in abundance.

I lay down to rest but I did not have long to wait, —rabbits are early risers. In the distance I saw several round balls of greyish tan fur coming toward me, noiselessly, bouncing along, jump,—jump,—jump,—nearer and nearer.

A donkey is naturally very cautious. I was born a donkey. Seeing a very large bouncing ball coming my way, I quickly stretched forth my two front legs ready to rise and run back to the corral, but my mother shook her wise head and said, "Lie still. There are no jackrabbits in the corral."

My ears flopped forward as I hung my head in shame and drew my coward legs under me.

Our Children's Corner

PUZZLE—

FIND PRINCESS SUNRISE, PRINCESS SUNSET AND THE GOLDEN HEN

By HELEN HUDSON

THREE SELF-MADE KINGS

1. ALTAMISH, THE SLAVE KING OF DELHI.

HIS brothers sold him to be a slave. That is how a little boy in far Turkestan began the adventures that ultimately brought him to the throne of Delhi.

It was the old story of jealousy roused by favouritism. A rich, old Turkish Khan, Chief over scores of sturdy tribesmen, showed such open partiality for his youngest son, that the boy's elder brothers hated him.

One day, under pretence of going to inspect a caravan of horses, the older sons got permission to take the boy away from home.

When they reached the caravan, they sold their little brother to the horse-dealer. One wonders what story they took home to their old father waiting, like Jacob, for his son.

The dealer took the boy to Bokhara where a distinguished nobleman bought him. He proved so bright and industrious that his new master had him educated with his own sons.

The nobleman suddenly died, and Altamish, along with other slaves was put up for sale.

So its future King came to Delhi —as a slave. But there was no ignominy connected with such slavery. Many an ambitious slave rose to high position. Slaves in the bodyguards of kings frequently became generals in the royal armies. Talented slaves were educated to be officers of State, and knowing their advancement depended on their own efforts, made remarkably able ministers. Ex-slaves ranked with the proudest nobles of the land, and more than once became kings.

Altamish was well equipped for success. Not only was he good-looking, which won him attention, but his pleasant nature made him many friends. Added to these advantages, he possessed marked administrative ability, and unfailing industry. He set himself to win promotion. If chance brought him to Delhi, he made his own career there.

Finding Altamish trustworthy, the Viceroy advanced his new slave's rank again and again. He served in several military campaigns, and when troops were sent from India to crush a rebellion in Ghazni, Altamish distinguished himself greatly in battle. The Sultan of Ghazni, as a reward, ordered his Viceroy, Aybek, to give the gallant slave an official deed of freedom. Aybek did more—he married his daughter to his favourite officer, and adopted him as a son.

When the Sultan of Ghazni died, Aybek, who had been his Viceroy in India for fourteen years, assumed sovereign rights, and declared himself King of Delhi. But he ruled only four years as an independent Sultan, a fall from his horse while he was playing polo ending his career before he could consolidate his empire. His son was utterly unequal to the task of governing his father's kingdom, and the country was plunged into civil war. Rival factions made war unchecked, and marauders pillaged the land.

The people turned to Altamish, who was governor of a large province where he kept order in spite of the surrounding confusion, to bring peace to the troubled kingdom. As he marched with an army to occupy Delhi, many leading nobles rallied to his standard. The weakling King was deposed, and Altamish ruled in his stead.

His was no easy task. Rebellions had to be stamped out; lost fortresses re-conquered. An invasion of the dreaded Mongols was only warded off by a tremendous struggle. But in the end Altamish ruled over a peaceful, prosperous kingdom. His enemies had been forced "to place the yoke of servitude on the neck of submission."

For twenty-six years the ex-slave was known as "the Mighty Sultan, he Sun of the Empire, the Conquest-laden." Fortune which had erected palaces for his body, hurled it from the throne to the coffin, and he resigned his soul to the guardians of paradise.

CATHERINE CARR.

BEFORE WIMBLEDON

THE NEW SEASON'S PROSPECTS

By Sir F. GORDON LOWE, Bt.

EVERYTHING is set for a wonderful Lawn Tennis season with many important fixtures including Wimbledon in the near future. Already the chief actors have been turning up at the spring tournaments at home and on the Riviera for the big events to come. British prospects among our own players of both sexes have never been rosier; the men owing to new and old opposition will have a difficult time both at Wimbledon and in the Davis Cup, but there is every chance that they will push forward some way in both events.

Bunny Austin is naturally our great hope and is now almost in a class by himself among our own players in singles. His strokes and physique have improved even on his Wimbledon form of last year, when he reached the semi-final by splendid victories over Hunter, Brugnon and Kehrling. Austin's defeat of Borotra last March in the London-Paris match at Auteuil was a truly great achievement, and the fact that he afterwards was able to go straight on without a break in a strenuous five-set double shows that there is now little wrong with his stamina. Austin's game is not one of hurricane hitting; he uses exactly the same all-court methods coupled with perfect timing and footwork that Laurie Doherty employed so successfully a generation ago.

As a second string to Austin a better man than C. B. Lee, the young Surbiton player with a great forearm punch, could not be found. Even if his style is a little laboured and rather similar to the Japanese players, Lee possesses the speed of stroke and the right temperament to come through on big occasions. At the last Wimbledon he overcame Ohta, and at Beaulieu this spring he got the better of Austin after a gruelling match. We must not, of course, forget Colin Gregory, who always manages to pull out something good when playing for his country. The Yorkshireman is no believer in safety first tactics and if his medical duties do not claim too much of his time he will be badly wanted in our Davis Cup match; if not in singles then certainly in doubles. He and his trusty partner, I. G. Collins, who came within a few points of winning the doubles at Wimbledon in 1929, will have many supporters this year. Up to date this gallant pair have an unbeaten record in Davis Cup matches. Not a little of this success is due to the excellent team work of Collins.

Other young men likely to come into the picture are Charles Kingsley and Olliff. The latter has some unaccountable lapses, but possesses a great variety of strokes. Kingsley is a fine doubles player with an occasional off day. Our most solid player is Nigel Sharpe when he makes up his mind to be, though he requires a perfect surface to bring out his best. Another difficult man to beat is W. H. Powell owing to his great steadiness. Even if Bill Tilden was not too fit at the time, Peters is the only Englishman to have landed the American's scalp in a match. This happened at Cannes and is not the first time Peters had done well in a big match. Perhaps the most promising player of all is young Perry, who requires another month or two to thoroughly round off his game; then he may easily be our best player. Perry is equally good in doubles with another young player, Wilde. These two will make a fine pair.

The opposition all round will be distinctly strong, but the fact that the big three of tennis, Cochet, Borotra and Tilden, are not quite so invincible as they were will make things more open. There are rumours that neither Cochet nor Tilden will come to Wimbledon, though my own impression is that when the time comes both will be seen on the Centre Court once more. In any case, sad to say, René Lacoste, the greatest artist of all, will not be fit enough to take part in big Lawn Tennis this season.

Great interest will centre on the three visiting teams to Europe who have come over mainly for the Davis Cup. The American quartette, Lott, Doeg, Van Ryn and Allison, are especially strong. It is common knowledge how Van Ryn and Allison captured the doubles at Wimbledon last season at their very first attempt, while Lott and Doeg hold the doubles championship of their own country. All four are fine singles players, particularly Lott and Doeg. The latter, who has one of the best services in the world, is a distinguished newcomer to European tennis. The Wimbledon crowds will be especially keen to welcome Crawford, Hopman, Moon and Willard. All four have visited England before and Crawford and Hopman in particular are old favourites after their brilliant display in the doubles in 1928. Moon is the present and Crawford the virtual champion of Australia.

It is difficult to tell how the Japanese will shape over here. Harada, H. Sato and Abbe are a strong trio in their own country and will be reinforced by our old friends, Ohta and Miki, who are resident in England. They are a powerful set of players, who, even if their styles are a little too unorthodox to reach the very top, will give an excellent account of themselves.

The European Zone of the Davis Cup is sure to provide a hard fight for supremacy owing to the number of well-balanced teams entered; possibly Japan will come through the top half while the lower may lie between Australia, Italy and ourselves. The winners of this Zone will have to play the Americans for

Before Wimbledon

the right to challenge France in the Challenge Round during the last week in July. India have drawn Greece in the first round of the Davis Cup and with any luck should come through, though I understand from Dr. A. H. Fyzee that Sleem will not be available in the early part of the season. India will probably rely on Perkins, Soni and the Fyzees, while Greece will have the untirable Zeslendi and O. Garangiotis. The winners of this tie will oppose Japan in the next round, a difficult obstacle.

The women's side of the game will in all probability create just as much interest as the men's. The much talked of Wightman Cup match between ourselves and America is sure to fill the stands round the Centre Court the week before the Championships. The Americans will have Mrs. Moody (Miss Helen Wills), always a tower of strength, to lead them, and also the sturdy Miss Helen Jacobs, the runner-up to the lady champion last year, a second string in the singles. Miss Edith Cross will probably be used only for doubles, while the fourth member of the team will be the seventeen-year old Miss Sarah Palfry, who has already performed some wonderful tennis deeds for one so young and is considered in the States the natural successor to Miss Wills. America is now ahead in the Wightman Cup series by four matches to three, and our own women will have to be at their very best to draw level. Luckily England has a bigger field of talent to select from than any other nation, and we should be able to put a very well-balanced team into court. Two of our strongest young players, Miss Betty Nuthall and Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall (Miss Eileen Bennett), are playing together at Wimbledon. Both have been practising hard at the All-England Club during the winter with Maskell and have accordingly strengthened their strokes. Early in the season, however, Mrs. Whittingstall was beaten by Miss Mudford. The latter is a young player very much in the reckoning just now: her delightful drives won her the Covered Court Championship and several early tournaments. A very welcome reappearance is being made by Mrs. Godfree, who will certainly play in the doubles at Wimbledon if not the singles. At her best Mrs. Godfree has that indefinable touch which our other players—with the exception of Miss Betty Nuthall—seem to lack. Mrs. Watson, judging by her brilliant performances in America last autumn, will be a tower of strength to our side for her penetrating drives are equally effective in singles and doubles. Others who may be called upon are Miss Ridley, Mrs. Pittman or Miss Joan Fry, while in doubles Mrs. McIlquham and Miss Harvey may prove useful.

The Continental girls who are likely to be heard of at Wimbledon and elsewhere are Fräulein Aussem of Germany, who under Tilden's tuition in mixed is playing well, and Baroness von Reznieck, who is not quite so strong this year. Mme. Mathieu is the best player of France and ranked sixth in the world's first ten in 1929; she is, however, more at home on hard courts than grass. The young Belgian champion, Mlle. J. Sigart, who stood up to Mrs. Moody so bravely at Wimbledon, is sure to be much to the fore. The appearances of Senorita de Alvarez lately have been few and far between, but she is expected at the Championships. The doings of Miss Jennie Sandison will be followed with interest. She has arrived in time to get plenty of practice and has begun well. Her strokes are of championship mettle and she should do well. After having raised our hopes, there has been a hitch, and that brilliant pair from South Africa, Miss Heine and Mrs. Peacock, have decided not to come.

Top: Miss Montgomery, a rising young player.

Centre: "Betty" and "Bunny," our two great hopes this season.

Bottom: Miss Trentham has an effective forehand.

THE FOOTLIGHTS O' LONDON

By "THE NIGHT WATCHMAN"

Miss Grace Wilson and Miss Olive Blakeney
in a scene from Ian Hay and Guy Bolton's amusing play "A Song of Sixpence" which is dealt with in these notes.

LONDON, April, 1930.

The Budding Season

AND so far it does not look as if many of the blossoms were ever going to turn into anything likely to win prizes at a flower show. Such successes as can be counted at the moment, have been achieved in the lighter form of entertainment farce, light comedy, revue : but where the heavier stuff is concerned, we have had nothing new at which to point and say "This is a play which may make history!" This is not the same thing as saying that we are not going to get one, but it will not be by an English author though translated by one. This play will be, I verily believe, M. Rostand's *L'Homme Qui J'Ai Tué*. If it is not ruined either by the translator or adaptor, I am convinced from the notices in the Parisian press that here indeed is a play. Of this, however, more presently, for it certainly deserves a paragraph all to itself. Of our "heavy" failures I cannot understand what possessed so experienced an actor and producer to cast Miss Tallulah Bankhead for Marguerite in the quite inferior English version of Dumas' *La Dame Aux Camélias*, which is presented to us at the Garrick as *The Lady of the Comellias*. The English public may be a very ignorant one, but I believe it could have translated the French title. Marguerite is quite out of Miss Bankhead's depth, for she is neither a Duse nor a Bernhardt. She is pretty as a flower, of course, whereas neither Duse nor Bernhardt had any physical attractions at all. Both had husky voices : so has Miss Bankhead, but there any resemblance begins and ends. The Armand of Mr. Byam Shaw, on the other hand, was admirable. The other heavy and definite failure is Miss Sybil Thorndike in another foreign play, *The Fire in the Opera House* by George Kaiser, the German author who wrote a good war play when he gave us *Douaumont* and may have given us another in this one, but his translator and adaptor do not allow us to discover.

Miss Thorndike Wrongly Cast

The heroine of George Kaiser's *The Fire in the Opera House* is supposed to be a young girl, young enough in even the debauched Paris of 1763, to be a virgin. Miss Thorndike is, as we know, a fine actress of the intense school in parts which suit her, but she has passed that period in which it is possible for her to play the ingénue. The story of this play is of an aristocrat who is so determined to wed a chaste wife that he takes a little girl from an orphan asylum. The action moves quickly to the night when the Paris Opera House catches fire. The husband is distraught, because he knows his wife is there ; then suddenly she appears with her lover. They are amongst the few who have escaped. The husband goes off his head and refuses to believe his own eyes or that it is his wife at all. This enrages the lady so much, that she tells him exactly what she has been up to behind his back. This sends the husband completely mad and he rushes off to the burning Opera House to rescue his "wife." The corpse he brings back is that of one of King Louis' mistresses. The wife then in her turn goes mad, snatches the King's ring off the corpse's finger and proceeds to rush to her own death in the flames. Quite apart from its bad translation and bad casting, the story is too inconsequent. Unless this

Miss Jean Colin
who plays the rôle of the heroine in the new musical play "Here Comes the Bride" at The Piccadilly Theatre. Miss Colin was picked from the chorus to play a leading part in a recent Hippodrome production and in quite a short while can claim to be in the front rank of her profession.

play is refurnished, rewritten in some of its dialogue and re-cast, I doubt whether it will get any nearer the heart of London than the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead, where I saw it.

"L' Homme Que J'Ai Tue"

When I said that the French papers have hailed this as a great play, and predict a big future for it in London whither it comes on 7th June, I may have been too general in my assertion, for I find that one of the gentlemen who attend to the dramatic needs of the *Figaro* says it is pure Grand Guignol and nonsense, and that if the hero were turned into a German instead of being made a Frenchman, as he is, the French audiences would have wrecked the theatre and howled the play off the stage instead of being dissolved in floods of French tears. Here is the story quite baldly told.

A young French soldier kills a young German in action during the war. Just one young German. This "crime," as he describes it with the author's gloating approval, haunts him. He refuses absolution from a priest to whom he confesses.

He goes to Germany to fall on his knees and confess to the family of his "victim" (whose name he has read on his identity disc). He finds the German's town, bedecks his tomb with flowers, weeps on it, meets the father, mother, and fiancée, and they, before he has time to sob out "I killed your boy," take him to their heart as a long-lost friend of their dead one.

The young French soldier then offers to kill himself, because he feels that that is the kind of justice a "murderer" deserves. "But no, you must not" says the defunct German soldier's fiancée, "you must stay here and replace the son his parents have lost—and incidentally you must marry me!" I personally believe that here is the germ of a good play and I prefer to accept the verdict of the majority of the Parisian critics. Nevertheless, I am equally certain that if the story had been turned upside down and the hero made one of *les sales Boches*, this play would have caused a riot in any French theatre. But any bit of pacifism proceeding from the French side is readily applauded and this kind of story would, I am sure, produce a perfect Niagara of weeping—in France. We cold English may not weep, but I expect we may like M. Rostand's play provided his translator gives him half a chance. It was Maurice Rostand, by the way, who wrote the play which accused Queen Victoria of complicity in the "murder" in the Zulu War of the Prince Imperial, despite the fact that he and his escort were ambushed by the vigilant enemy.

Mr. Ralph Lynn and Mr. Tom Walls as Clifford Tope and P. C. Michæl Marsden in an amusing scene from "A Night Like This," the successful farce at The Aldwych Theatre.

Mr. Glen Byam Shaw and Miss Tallulah Bankhead as Armand and Marguerite Gautier in a scene from "The Lady of the Camelias" at The Garrick Theatre.

Two Revues, Good and Otherwise

Mr. Cochran, of course, has carried all before him with his "1930 Revue" which opened fire first at Manchester and has now dug itself in at the London Pavilion, and will take a good deal of dislodging; but whoever was responsible for a thing called *The Intimate Revue* at the Duchess Theatre, a new little playhouse not far from Drury Lane, cannot be particularly gratified, because it lasted for exactly one performance and was very properly hooted off the stage. It was not only bad but extremely coarse and vulgar. C. B. Cochran's mammoth show, however, deserves all the success which has come to it and will certainly run till his "next" is wanted in 1931.

With a cast that includes such geniuses of fun as Ada May and Maisie Gay, the humour of the revue goes without saying. The

School for Husbands, the Scene in Madame Tussaud's 1980, and the Parody of Serious Drama, with its mingling of Irish and Russian elements, all are first rate.

Ada May and Maisie Gay can hardly be over praised. Ada May achieves the miracle of being funny and dainty at the same time, and moreover, dances to perfection.

Maisie Gay has never done anything funnier than her impersonation of a late-comer at a theatre. And then there are also beautiful Alice Nikitina and her dancing partner Serge Lifar, both of the Russian ballet, an excellent and well-drilled dancing *corps de ballet,* and Mr. Jack Powell who is a marvellous person with a pair of drumsticks and a drum. It is a show which cheers you up, even if it is raining stair-rods out in the murky streets of London Town. I can thoroughly recommend it to any exile who may be coming Home on leave.

The "2" Intimate Revue

A production which was first called *The Intimate Revue* and was selected as the house-warmer for the new Duchess Theatre, which is near Drury Lane, and was practically hooted off the stage at its first—and only—performance, has now been resuscitated under the title which heads this paragraph. The trouble in the original version was that it was "too" intimate and extremely coarse and vulgar to boot, and that even a London audience, which is not squeamish, objected strongly. The production of a lady in things called "fleshings" need not *per se* be shocking, but this was one of the least of the objectionable features. It has now been remodelled and we must await the result, but unless it has been altered from beginning to end I do not give it much chance.

Ian Hay's "A Song of Sixpence"

Daly's, that house of musical comedy, is indulged with something it has never had within its walls before—a little domestic comedy charmingly written round a very simple theme and equally charmingly acted. Ian Hay and Guy Bolton are the joint authors, the scene is laid in lower middle class Scotland and is all about a war between a bride-to-be who demands that her future spouse should make her a fixed allowance of the "saxpences" to "bang" as to her may seem best, that her sister-in-law Luella, an American, lined up with her, and also her mother, the down-trodden wife of a bibulous station master, also revolted. The three men also fell into line, and then the war began. A bargain is struck that the women should take over the men's jobs and the men stay at home and do the cooking, washing up and scrubbing. Of course, this does not work and in the end an honourable peace is signed and the battle left drawn but strongly in the ladies' favour. They get their saxpences. Mr. Campbell Gullan is another Arthur Sinclair, the famous Irish character actor of *Juno and the Paycock,* etc., etc., fame as the drunken old station master, Miss Olive Blakeney most entertaining as the young American wife, and Miss Grace Wilson, as the determined young *fiancée* who leads the riot, the other big acting success. Like all Ian Hay's stories, it is a pleasant one to hear and is infected with a most excellent spice of real humour. I hope it is on a long voyage, but I am sure that it is in the wrong theatre, as Daly's is a size too large for a little intimate play like this.

"Appearances"

This is another quite charming little play. It is all about a coloured bell-hop and written by an author who is one Mr. Garland Anderson, a full-blooded negro. It is at the Royalty and the first night reception was very friendly, but we all agreed that there might not be quite enough in it to pull it through. The Bell-Hop in the 'Frisco Hotel is presented as a God-fearing lad with high ideals, whose life motto is that if you stick to the truth, no harm can come to you. He is instrumental in stopping a marriage between the lovely heroine and a very black-hearted villain who thereupon, to get his own back, frames a charge of criminal assault on the heroine by the bell-hop. The boy is tried and acquitted, but the trouble is that even in America, where this class of criminal is condemned first and tried afterwards, the evidence could hardly have been substantial enough. The trial scene is well done nevertheless and no doubt gives us as true a picture of American judicial methods as did the one in *The Trial of Mary Dugan.* The principal charm about this play is its sincerity, and the author's after the curtain speech on the first night helped to emphasise this and won him many more friends. The bell-hop is played by a Negro actor from America, Mr. Dario Shindell, and he will succeed better when he makes the boy a bit less of a prig.

The villain, Mr. Everett Byington, is excellent and I have no doubt, quite true to type as he also has been studied on the spot, and Mr. James Carew, who was the husband of Ellen Terry, is very much in his right element as the American criminal judge. I hope that this play will carry on. The author told us that when he was a mere bell-hop, his ambition was to become a playwright and his faith in the efficacy of prayer has, he is sure, made him one.

"Odd Numbers"

This may not be one of the best farces ever written, but I can recommend it to anyone who may be suffering from that pain in the back feeling, for it is rollicking fun of the true farce breed, made up with all the ingredients customary to this species of confection. So if you have arrived Home from India's coral strand, feeling like a piece of chewed string or anything else equally flaccid, go to the Comedy Theatre and see it. It is all about a young husband named John (Mr. Henry Kendall) who is supposed to have escaped from a raided night club, and has been mistaken for the leader of a gang of crooks, each of whom answers to a number—hence

the title. Incidentally he has taken to the night club as his quite innocent companion, a very braw lass from Aberdeen (Miss Margaret Baird).

He is arrested, bailed out by his sympathetic father-in-law (Mr. Huntley Wright), denounced by his stern mother-in-law (Miss Viola Compton), consoled by his charming young wife (Miss Rita Page), and pursued by various members of the gang, who "plant" upon him a stolen necklace. The thing finishes up in the customary pyjama-romp.

If you are not too sophisticated, this will amuse you, even if you know that in many other farces you have met all these people before.

"Rio Rita"

As I lay down my pen and put this little contribution to INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE into the mail bag, the finishing touches are being given to the Prince Edward Theatre for its opening on 3rd April with *Rio Rita* in the bill. The piece started last week on a preliminary run at the Empire, Southampton, with Miss Edith Day as leading lady.

This handsome house has risen in the heart of Soho, at the corner of Greek and Old Compton streets, thoroughfares associated with the famous Turk's Head and the early days of the Literary Club. Historic Soho Square provides a parking place for cars close by. Built specially for Musical Comedy, the new theatre embodies the ideas respecting theatre planning of Mr. Stone, its architect, with his great experience in cinema construction. A comfortable seat amid bright surroundings have been aimed at for every one of the 1,650 audience, its capacity, and this has been achieved, especially wonderfully in the cheaper parts of the house, of which the equivalent of the gallery is a marvel of luxury at the price.

Rio Rita, of course, has already been burst upon London as a very noisy "movie talkie" and it will, I imagine, be a relief to get away from its canned form.

The Footlights o' London

CURRENT POLO COMMENTS

By "FOUL HOOK"

IN Northern India a series of minor tournaments are staged after the Inter-Regimental. These tournaments serve a very useful dual purpose. Not only do they add very greatly to the gaiety of the local "Weeks" but they foster the polo spirit among the lesser stars in the polo firmament. Young players are given an opportunity of playing some of the first-class ponies to which they had been unable to obtain access until the conclusion of the more important fixtures.

The 4th Hussars had little difficulty in winning the Subalterns Cup at Meerut, defeating the 9th Lancers 8—1 in the final.

Peshawar Polo

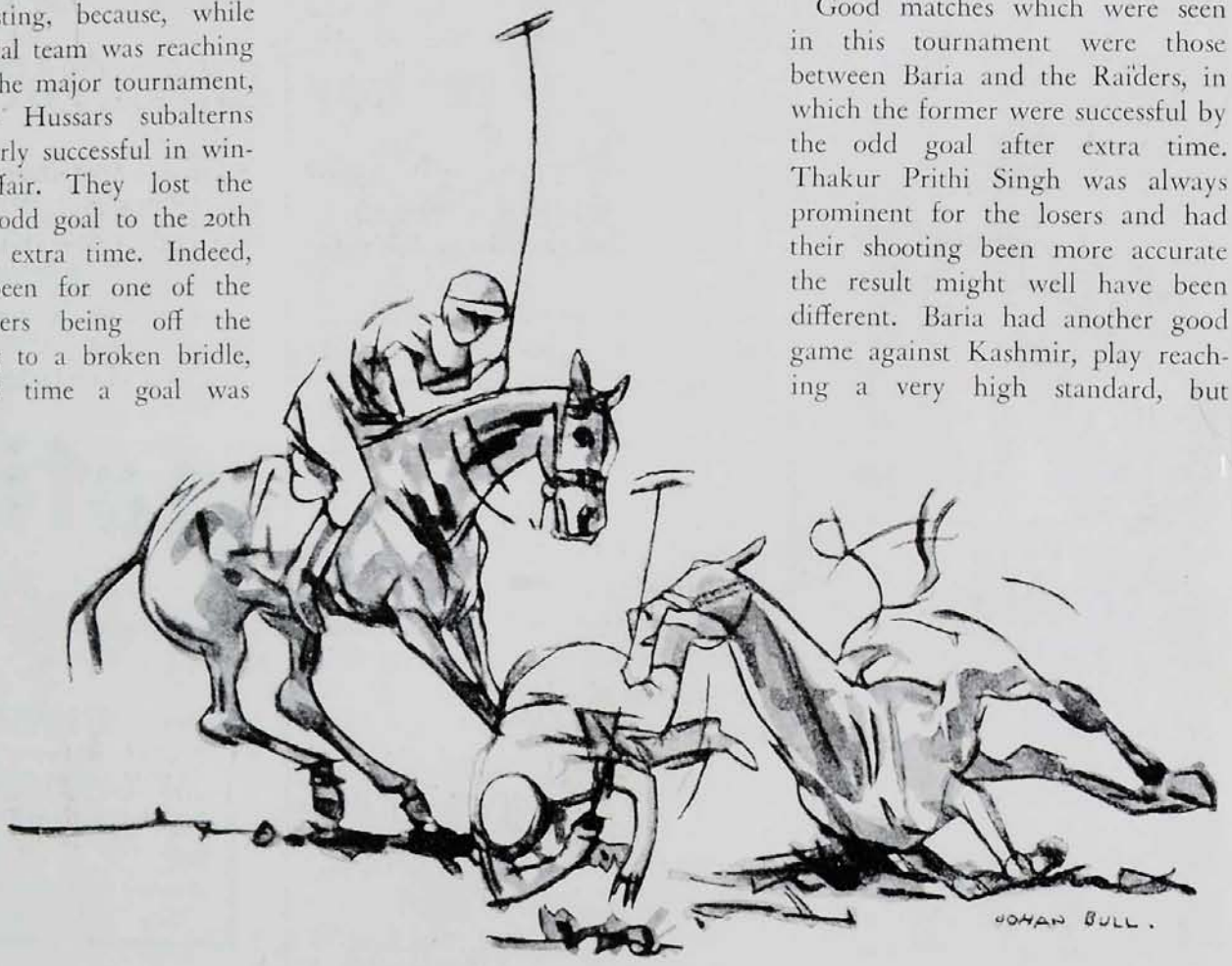
Simultaneously with the Inter-Regimental the Gai Cup was played off at Peshawar. This is, of course, a very different type of tournament but is interesting, because, while their regimental team was reaching the finals of the major tournament, the 15th-19th Hussars subalterns were very nearly successful in winning this affair. They lost the finals by the odd goal to the 20th Lancers after extra time. Indeed, had it not been for one of the Hussars players being off the ground owing to a broken bridle, during which time a goal was scored against them, they would have won, as extra time had to be played to reach a decision.

This brings me to an interesting point which, it is felt, is too often neglected. It is considered that it should be the duty of the captain of every side thoroughly to inspect his team's saddlery prior to a tournament. It is no use blaming "X" because he was off the ground owing to something snapping. There is only one person to blame and that is the captain who must make sure that as far as is humanly possible these accidents will not happen. The team must, of course, play up and order fresh gear to replace the "doubtful quantities" which can be utilised for station games when the owner can be off the ground for as long as he likes and no one minds. *En passant*, it might be added that the captain should arrange the order in which the ponies of the side will be played. This will ensure that the best—and soundest—ponies are mostly utilised during a tournament. Also it will prevent all the worst ponies appearing on the ground in the same chukker. Many tournaments are lost by the neglect of this principle. It is hoped to offer some further suggestions about the captains of a team's duties when space permits.

Duke of Connaught's Cup

Jodhpur had little difficulty in annexing the Duke of Connaught's Cup at Delhi. In the final they met their old opponents, Kashmir, and ran out winners 7—2½. Jodhpur were probably a good deal underhandicapped, a fact which the I. P. A. Committee were fully aware of, as, in the recently published handicaps, Rao Rajah Abbey Singh has been promoted from 2 to 6 in the course of a year. This is surely a noteworthy performance. Jodhpur, I think I am correct in stating, have won every handicap tournament for which they have competed this winter.

Good matches which were seen in this tournament were those between Baria and the Raiders, in which the former were successful by the odd goal after extra time. Thakur Prithi Singh was always prominent for the losers and had their shooting been more accurate the result might well have been different. Baria had another good game against Kashmir, play reaching a very high standard, but



A Nasty Spill.

Kashmir were too good for them and won 8—5. The Nomads also showed to advantage, reaching the semi-finals before succumbing to Kashmir 4—2.

Polo at Jullundur

Some exciting polo was seen in this tournament when the 7th Light Cavalry "B" beat the 9th Q. R. Lancers in the finals after an excellent game by half a goal. In the previous round the Lancers had been responsible for the elimination of the Cavalry "A" team by one goal. The Subsidiary tournament was won by the Bolos.

Teams away from and coming to India

The Australian team that was already reported as visiting England, has arrived safely. The team consists of Mr. James Ashton and his three brothers with one spare man. A special sand yard was built in the s.s *Port Huon,* in which steamer the ponies made their long journey. The ponies utilised this for exercise daily and were kept in excellent condition. After Port Said heavy weather was encountered, the sand was washed overboard and coir matting used on which the ponies were exercised. The first tournament in which the team takes part is the Beaufort Spring Tournament at the new Beaufort Polo Club in Wiltshire.

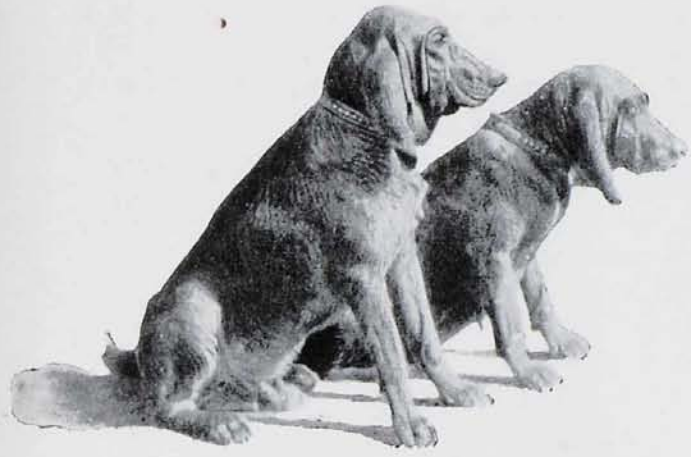
It is understood that a team, which will probably consist of Col. T. P. Melville, Captain George Hay, Major Rex Benson and Major E. G. Atkinson, will be playing this season in the home tournaments. Ponies have been shipped home and with a handicap of no less than 24 this side should be capable of giving a good account of itself.

The I. P. A. has issued an invitation to the New South Wales Polo Association to come to India during the season 1930-31. It is to be greatly hoped that this invitation will be accepted, as the Australians will be given an enthusiastic reception. It is thought that the visitors may prefer to bring their own ponies, but if this is not the case, it is not anticipated that there will be any difficulty in mounting them on loaned ponies.

Innovations

The Pindi Tournament was organized on a slightly more ambitious scale this year and introduced two interesting experiments. The first was the initiation of a new tournament which legislated entirely for novices, the total handicap of the entire team having to be "nought." The second was that the most important tournament—the Tradesman's Cup—was umpired throughout by four selected umpires. This follows the lead given by the I. P. A., which draws attention to the necessity for better umpiring and has published in its calendar a list of official umpires. This latter innovation is, it is thought, particularly interesting. At the moment it is the duty of the captain of every side to provide his own umpire.

The Indian Kennel.



Mr. Lawrence's Bloodhounds.

MR. G. N. LAWRENCE of Calcutta sends me a picture of his Bloodhounds, "Bishop of Twyning" by "Chatley Battery" ex "Heatherski of Hambrook," and "Kesgrabe Cadence," by "Faraam Bay" ex "Dukesfield Mercury," both imported. Shown at Calcutta Championship show last year they went right through their breed classes and were very much admired. The bitch was very nervous and ringshy, and did not show to advantage. This was unfortunate because I have seen her since and she appears to have quite got over this nervousness and both are much improved.

They are good specimens, correct in colour and size, with excellent ears, coats and tail carriage possessing the true elastic swinging gait, peculiar to the breed. A most impressive and dignified couple, with the delightful characters always associated with this most "royal" dog. Uncommon even in England, at the present time, they are very much more scarce out here. In fact there are, I believe, only three or four in all India. Why this altogether desirable breed is not more popular, is a thing that has puzzled me for years. Stately in the extreme, gentle, strong, courageous and faithful, one of the oldest breeds in the world, dating back so far that it is difficult to trace their origin, I can see absolutely no reason for their lack of popularity. Now-a-days, of course, being so scarce, they are exceedingly expensive, £20 or so being asked for a young puppy. Therefore, I dare say, many people, who like myself would like to breed these beautiful creatures, find themselves prohibited from doing so.

Those fanciers in England who have bred Bloodhounds for years absolutely "swear by them," and say they would own no other breed. According to the Count de Couteutx de Canteleu, they are descendants of the black St. Hubert hounds which are mentioned as having been supplied to the Royal Kennels of France by the Abbots of St. Hubert Monastery, as far back as the year 1200. It will be most interesting to watch "Bishop" and "Cadence" and later, let us hope, their progeny.

Other historic hounds to make their appearance recently in India were Kumar Trilochan Prasad Singh's Irish Wolfhounds "Fergus of Ouborough" by Ch. "Felixstowe Kisbane" ex "Felixstowe Roscrea" and "Cahir of Ouborough" by "Felixstowe Kilconly" ex "Felixstowe Colleen," both imported. Here again, these magnificent creatures have been nervous and ringshy and showed badly even though handled by that adept at the game Miss Wheatley. The bitch in particular seemed to feel the heat badly and was exceedingly timid. Giants of the dog world, they are of another ancient breed that surely could be more encouraged, for few dogs are as handsome or attractive. As a personal guard and companion they are unsurpassed.

M. S. B.

TWO GOLF CHAMPIONS

A contrast between Hagen and Bobby Jones, by GENE SARAZEN, the American Open Champion of 1922, and Runner-up to Hagen in the British Open of 1928.

IT is often a hard job to choose the better of two given golfers whose skill with the golf ball is just about the acme of perfection. Ever since Bobby Jones made his youthful ascent to the heights of golf fame, there have been and will continue to be arguments over the respective abilities of the American Open Champion, and British Open Champion, Walter Hagen. There are many fans who favour Walter; there are many who choose Bob.

The Hagen adherents point to a certain match a couple of years ago when Jones was decisively bested by Hagen. Bobby himself admits that his opponent's golf was just too much for him that day. Yet, playing day in and day out, I doubt very much whether Walter could secure any appreciable advantage over the Atlantan.

During the past few years I think Bobby has forged ahead of Walter. Jones' achievements in this period have been world wide in their popularity and skill. Hagen during this period has been remarkably inconsistent. During the first part of each season he seems unable to get started, but towards the end he will flare up in a burst of golfing form that would literally burn up the courses.

It is in match play that Hagen is at his best. He possesses the competitive temperament to a high degree and is at his greatest when playing an opponent whose skill makes the game a close one. Then, indeed, Walter shines. He can play hard when necessary and when that occasion arises, you can always depend on his taking a chance to forge ahead. The gambling instinct is uppermost and this, coupled with his genuine ability, produces many unexpected rallies that not only wins that hole from an opponent, but leaves the latter demoralised for many shots to come. Often when Walter seems hopelessly lost he makes a grand recovery that leaves the other player shaken. Like a gambler whose stack of chips has waned considerably but who bets his all on the last card and wins and later goes on to win considerably—that is Walter. As the lucky card is turned so does his luck.

On the other hand, Jones possesses the perfect golfing form. He is the greatest stylist in the game, and to view him in action is to view the perfection mechanical skill in golf shot making. He accomplishes great results with an apparent ease that is baffling. In medal play he is superb. In match play, unlike Hagen who plays his opponent, Bobby plays against par, realising that if he can but better or equal that the chances are that the game is his. He ignores his opponent, and anyone knows how difficult a man is to beat who entirely ignores superb recoveries and goes on his consistent way to victory. The Atlantan's form is sound and his methods of play exemplary.

When the game is going smoothly, Walter is apt to let up in his play, always however getting down to business again when his opponent threatens. He conserves his energy, saving it for the time when he most needs it and when he does it seldom fails him. Jones, no matter how well the game is going in his favour, strives continually to better it. He never seems satisfied. Jones maintains that to once let up in the game is to invite defeat. He finds it hard to get back into winning form after playing only half-heartedly.

Here are two players who are considered to be the world's outstanding stars and yet their play is decidedly different. After all has been said in favour of their respective golfing qualities there is little to choose between them. They have both enjoyed world-wide triumphs and will continue to strive for more.

THE RIGHT ANGLE STANCE

By T. H. COTTON

THE stance, in my experience, is the point to which the average player pays the least attention, and it is usually the last thing to be examined when he is looking for his own faults. He assumes that so long as his feet are placed firmly on the ground he cannot be standing wrongly. I have noticed scores of golfers trying hard to get their bodies to follow through after the ball, when they have been standing with their right foot pointed away from it. The result is that when the body wants to follow the clubhead it is unable to do so, because the knee can only bend one way; consequently the right leg straightens, the follow through is checked, and the ball is invariably topped. The position of the right foot is the point that always wants watching, and my advice is always to see that the right foot does not point away from the ball. I do not mean that the foot must be absolutely turned in, but that it must at least be at right angles to the line from the ball to the hole.

THE ECONOMICS OF AVIATION

By NORMAN J. HULBERT, F.R.Met.S., A.M.I.Ae.E.

This is a high performance single-seater fighter of German design.

THE evolution of the aeroplane has been very swift. The War played a large part in this by virtue of unstinted funds. For three years after the War, progress came to a standstill while economic forces levelled the aircraft industry to post-War valuation, but during the past three years tremendous strides have again been made in design, and methods of production. The present rate of development is greater than during the war years.

The reasons for this forcing of aeroplane development are that aeroplanes form the most formidable means of attack and defence in the event of war, provide the finest system of colonial policing and transportation, and promise to assume a great future in linking up fast communications in commerce. There is no other industry of its type in the world to-day. There is no country which is not already a user, or a potential user, of aircraft. And although commercial air transport is still uneconomic, aeroplane development and production are now progressing upon economic lines.

There are many different types of aircraft in existence to-day, from tiny light planes driven by motor-cycle engines, to high-powered, single engined, single-seater, fighting planes built for war; from single-engined multi-seaters for passenger work carrying from four to ten passengers, to large three and four engined passenger carriers carrying up to forty passengers; and some aircraft designers of to-day are contemplating building passenger-carrying aeroplanes fitted with ten or twelve motors and capable of carrying a hundred passengers. On the military side, in addition to the fighters, there are single-engined, fast, two and three seater bombers and reconnaissance aircraft, and larger two, three, and four engined land and water planes, capable of transporting very large bombs and torpedoes for attacking towns, troops and ships.

The reason for the great diversity of types is that the aeroplane is a highly specialized vehicle of transport, and that maximum efficiency can only be obtained by utilizing a definite type of plane for a given job. During recent years, owing to the need for economy, there has been a tendency to use aeroplanes in the Royal Air Force designed to meet the requirements of several different classes of work. Recent manœuvres have disclosed the somewhat disquieting fact that a squadron of specialized aeroplanes completely outclassed the purely economy type. There can be no doubt that, for military purposes, the utmost specialization on one class of aircraft for one type of operations is necessary to get the maximum performance for the particular work to be done. Without the maximum performance the efficiency of the pilots manning the planes must suffer and national safety be jeopardized in consequence.

In the days before the Great War, 1914-1918, we relied upon our Navy as our principal defence, and we knew that the capital cost and annual maintenance charges of our fleet were so great that none of the lesser nations could ever hope to equal our sea strength. To-day, the situation has changed. Throughout the world we see less and less rivalry in naval strength, and more and more competition in air strength. The significant feature of this is that air armament is so much cheaper in first cost and in running costs that even the smallest nations can equip themselves with a striking display of military air power. If we are to maintain our position as leader of the nations of the world (not out of bravado or selfish desire, but because of our proven ability as a nation to lead and uplift) then we must specialize on aircraft, because it is in the air more than on the sea that we may expect to have to meet a challenge to our position.

The only types of aircraft which are worth possession by a military or naval air service are those which possess the very utmost capacity of performance to do their particular job. This means diversity of type, one for each requirement.

In the past few years, since the termination of hostilities, the development of civil aircraft in all countries, except Germany, has followed the development of military aircraft. The reason is simply that orders for military aircraft have

The Economics of Aviation

run into millions of pounds, while orders for civil aircraft have only been reckoned in thousands. Germany is an exception, because under the Versailles treaty she was not permitted to built military aircraft, and limitations were imposed to prevent civil aircraft development which could be turned to military use. The German aircraft engineers who wished to continue the development of military aircraft, entered Switzerland, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden, and the home development of aircraft in Germany perforce proceeded along the line of medium size passenger carrying aircraft. The limitations then imposed on civil aircraft in Germany have since been abolished and Germany is now free to build anything she likes, except military aircraft. This explains why Germany runs more miles of civil aircraft than any other nation to-day. In addition to her European routes, she has the sole rights to operate air lines within Persia, and is interested indirectly in air transport in South America. The central position of Germany in northern Europe also gives her a geographical advantage which our insular position denies to Great Britain. Geographically, at the dawn of the air era, Great Britain lies either too close to Europe, or too far away. If these islands lay a few hundred miles out in the Atlantic they would command the independence to European intrigue which America enjoys, possess a magnificent position for a commercial centre between the old world and the new, and an ideal aerial stopping-place. As it is, our position makes us a terminal point, and the strip of Channel leaves us too close to our neighbours to be outside their political calling list.

This may appear to be a digression, but it serves to show why we must have diversity of types of military aircraft in this country, and why the commercial type has been the former's very little brother in Great Britain. I really think that the true hope for the future of the British aircraft industry lies in striving to become the chief producer of aircraft for the world's use, commercially, as well as for military purposes. We rose to this position in shipbuilding, and we must strain every muscle to repeat that supremacy in aircraft design and construction. We stand in a more difficult position to do so, because America of to-day is in a much stronger position to compete with us in aircraft than she was to challenge our shipbuilding. That is why, from a national standpoint, I view with concern the sudden outburst of American world flying. They were far behind us in the States when the War ended, but they have forged ahead since. Their wealth of money and land, and their remote fear of war, make their wonderful country a tremendous forcing-ground for a huge commercial aircraft industry which can sell abroad in competition with us.

(*Continued on page 84.*)

Service News & Views

From our Military Correspondent

The British Relief.

THE War Office programme of reliefs for 1931-32 contains no surprises. Commencing with a terrible trek all the way from Regent's Park to Windsor and *vice versa*, it at any rate goes on to embody the decision that the British garrison in India is not to be reduced any further at present. Among the British battalions due for India may be noted one of the Somerset Light Infantry, whose splendid achievement at Jalalabad in 1842 is a page of history that will never be forgotten. It is not given to every battalion commander to end a severe siege by destroying, without reinforcements, the besieging army; and Sir Robert Sale received few warmer tributes than that which Sir George Lawrence has recorded as coming from his defeated enemy, Mohamed Akbar Khan. In 1914 the Somersets were less fortunate, their 2nd battalion was at Quetta, and was one of the very few regular British Infantry battalions which frontier considerations kept tied in India throughout the war, with a brief "busman's holiday" on the Khyber front in 1919. May the 1st battalion prove luckier.

The Death Penalty.

It was more or less to be expected that the Labour Party would, as occasion offered, have something to say about the present laws regarding the death penalty on active service. Just why they should desire to mitigate discipline, when trades unions try to be the most autocratic bodies on earth, is not so easy to see. Still, bearing in mind the extreme value of the death penalty in the rare cases where its enforcement is essential to the public good, it is as well that the changes have gone no further than they have. They are quite illogical as they stand. The penalty may be enforced for shamefully abandoning a post in the face of the enemy, but not for refusing to attack. In other words, you may, always in the extreme case, shoot a man for not defending, but not for not attacking. As it is only the offensive which wins in the end, and it is frequently an easier thing to chance your luck over the top than to sit out unshaken a ghastly modern bombardment in a shattered position, the illogicality is the greater. Small wonder that the War Minister admitted having acted in this matter against the advice of his Army Council. He was of course sure of his House, which duly supported him: an act which they may have reason to regret if we ever again have to go through a scientific war with a first class power. Too much capital was made of the number of soldiers shot for cowardice in 1914-18, the total was about 250 which, remembering the number of men in khaki from Great Britain alone, could be called roughly one per Division per four years' war. Not excessive.

Personalia.

The temporary vacancy in the Adjutant-Generalship caused by Sir Robert Cassels' departure for the Northern Command gives the officiating appointment to a very experienced 'A' officer. Major-General Freeth served on the Adjutant-General's branch of the staff from 1911 to the end of 1915, and was the Major-General i/c Administration of a Command at Home for four years before he came to India as Deputy Adjutant-General in 1927. Possibly few officers in the army to-day have so thorough an experience or so deep a knowledge of 'A' work. Nor is General Freeth new to India, he was on the Frontier nearly 35 years ago with the 2nd Battalion Lancashire Fusiliers before he left for a long spell of active service in the Soudan and South Africa, and commanded a Brigade out here for two years after the Great War. For some reason the 'A' branch of the staff seems to be regarded at times as something of a Cinderella; connected chiefly with long office hours and a mass of forms and regulations. Possibly the reputed glamour of 'G' makes the stronger appeal to budding Napoléons at Camberley and Quetta. There is, however, no doubt whatever that a period spent in 'A' is a very wholesome foundation for a real understanding of the business of an army: it is on the administrative side that one learns how the most brilliant plans are useless unless 'A' and 'Q' have got the right kind of army ready on the spot for use.

The Naval Pact.

No tears will be shed by the Services at the reported failure of the five-power naval pact. Nor will the reason be a selfish one. The Services are practical affairs, and do not welcome unlikely theory.

Since Versailles there has been a glut of conferences concerning reduction in armaments, inspired partly by a genuine desire to lessen the possibility of war, and partly by the wish to reduce expenditure. Nevertheless, the credit for such absence of major wars as there has been these ten years belongs in

reality not to the conferences and pourparlers, but, if credit it be, to the exhaustion which followed upon 1914-18. It is gravely to be doubted whether either the conferences or even the actual reductions of armament attained have really brought the probability of war below the level to which national exhaustion had already reduced it for the time being. In a few more years time, such nations as reach the point of determining to fight, as did Germany in 1914, will fight just the same whether they have a parity of ten battleships apiece or of two. Their war will merely take the nature of a stern and secret endeavour to gain superiority at the outset, followed by a frenzied race to regain or maintain it as the war progresses.

In our own case, it is high time that we stopped listening to insidious proposals from all quarters to reduce our navy further. Just for what does the Navy stand? It stands for three-quarters of the food on every table in Britain. Why is there an army? Because the Navy alone cannot guard our overseas trade, it can neither attack a shore nor operate on it.

It seems very difficult to get these simple facts brought home to the average millions, whether in Britain or in India. Nor is it at all generally realised how almost every other nation in the world dislikes us at heart. The fact that our Services are such an immense factor towards world peace is nothing to them, the vernacular press of many a country will show how we are looked upon simply as world-wide profiteers who can afford a powerful navy. Soldiers who study their profession have to know something of these things, and they watch them without an eye over their shoulder at a fickle constituency.

So there it is. It is time that the voter at Home and in India knew what the Services really stand for; and that a more practical atmosphere was introduced in illusory disarmament conferences where everyone save the British Empire alone is out for private ends.

(*Continued on page 82.*)

The Air and the Frontier.

There was considerably more interest in the recent air debate in the House of Lords than sometimes transpires in the proceedings of that august but nowadays not too powerful assembly. No one could but support Lord Trenchard wholeheartedly in his exposition of the dangerous weakness of our first line air force. Those who read the less diplomatic sections of the French press will not be reassured by the recollection that we can put in the air just about half the planes that France can.

The substitution of an increased air force for the ground troops on the Indian frontier is, however, a different matter. The suggestion is an old one, but it has never yet been put forward by anyone with a genuine knowledge of the Frontier and its peoples.

It is very unwise to draw too close a parallel between Iraq and the Indian Borderland. In Iraq all the world looks upon us as possibly only passengers. A mandate conferred by, *inter alia*, many of the little nations with the funny names who have such a time at Geneva, is a very vague thing. The situation would be simpler if we were definitely the dominating authority. When, too, there is an Arab rising, it often affords a pretty broad target for air operations, there is little risk of a few misdirected bombs alienating strong friendlies who might otherwise have ended the campaign peacefully for us.

The North-West Frontier presents a vastly different aspect. It is India's own territory, a legacy from the soldierly Sikhs which, whether she likes it or not, she must hold and tend for her own safety. Her clear aim is thus to develop with it an open and lasting friendship. Lords Lloyd and Peel had certainly the rights of it when they stood up for the free and personal influence of the administrator.

To dominate the Frontier from the air alone, perhaps largely from distant bases such as Mianwali and Risalpur, would be much too apt to place the tribesmen simply in the position of unwelcome neighbours to be repressed as occasion demanded. Naturally a great air force could overawe them, but is that the end to work for ?

Peace there might be, in the main ; but it would never be a friendly peace. It would be a sullen peace, and one which must have the worst results at the worst time, to wit, when a major war called the bulk of the air force elsewhere to more urgent work.

The value of a fine air force as an adjunct to the ground administration and troops cannot be overrated. Nevertheless, the single road to a firm, friendly and lasting peace with the tribesmen remains on the ground.

Staff Interchanges

There was recently some criticism in the Home press of the detailed allotment of Quetta Staff College vacancies between the British and Indian services. Actually the proportion is worked out very carefully and fairly, so that the critics were presumably actuated by personal disappointment. There is, however, a kindred question which invites examination, which is the very short list of Home staff appointments open to the Indian Army. Their total is very small : a G.S.O.1 at the War Office and one at the India Office, two G.S.O.2's at the War Office and one at Camberley, and a company officer at Sandhurst, making six altogether. Not one staff appointment among the Home troops seems open to the Indian service.

One is continually and rightly reminded that in a major war the British, Dominion and Indian armies will fight side by side, and that consequently the better they know and understand one another, the better on all counts. Interchange among staff appointments is an excellent channel of *liaison*, moreover Home is bound to be always somewhat more abreast of the times. The matter seems therefore well worth considering.

THE AGA KHAN'S NEW STRING

FRESH BLOOD FROM WHATCOMBE STABLE

(BY OUR RACING CORRESPONDENT.)

SINCE last writing on the subject of horse breeding in India, I have received news from home that the Aga Khan has booked several horses for India, and whilst none of them are cracks from the Whatcombe stable, they are nevertheless all extremely well bred, and with the exception of El Draque and Koulibine, each appear from their form to have a definite distance.

Silver Hussar, is a bay gelding (5 years) by Silvern out of Blanche. This is the type of horse which might easily win a Viceroy's Cup, as he has to his credit the defeat of En Garde over 1 mile 5 furlongs, on a very searching course like Newbury, and the fact must not be overlooked that En Garde won the Chester Cup last season in quite a comfortable and convincing style, shortly afterwards giving a very good performance by running fifth in the Derby.

In 1928 Silver Hussar ran second in the Doncaster Cup (2 miles 2 furlongs) to that great stayer Pons Asinorum, and had he not swerved badly, the length by which he was beaten might easily have been very much reduced. At Goodwood he very easily won the Chesterfield Cup, beating thirteen useful handicap horses. Silvern, his sire, had twelve runners in 1928, and between them won twenty races, amounting roughly to £8,000 in stakes. Blanche, the dam of Silver Hussar, is also the dam of Blandford (much to my sorrow, as I will explain), who is the sire of Trigo (winner Derby 1929) and Athford (winner Newbury Spring Cup 1929 and Kempton Park Jubilee 1929).

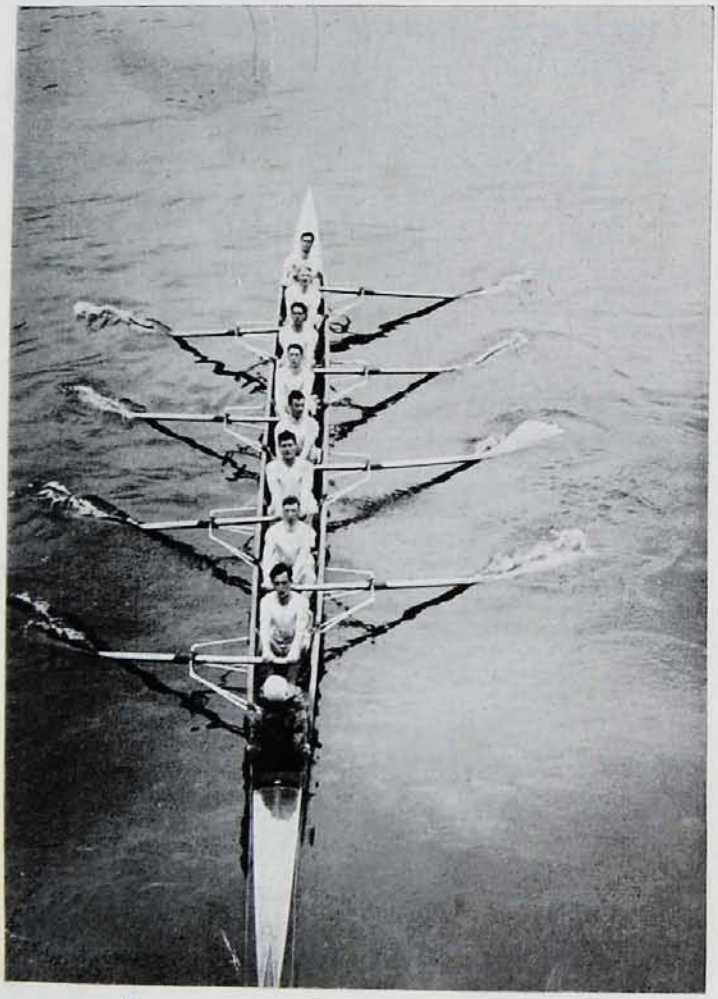
Prior to going abroad in 1921, I was so convinced that Scamp was a champion two-year-old that I entrusted a friend with £250 and with instructions to invest this amount for me on this colt at Newbury and if he won to put the stakes as well as the winnings on Scamp for the New Stakes at Ascot. My friend obtained £2,000 to £250 at Newbury, where unfortunately Scamp got none too well away, and after having all the bad luck of the race was just beaten by the then unknown Blanche colt (afterwards Blandford). The galling part, however, of this little story, was that Scamp fulfilled his engagement in the New Stakes at Ascot and won in a trot at 8 to 1, beating the hot favourite Lembach, so that Blandford really deprived me of £22,250. Small wonder I have every reason to remember this wonderful son of Blanche, but who knows, I may yet have a good win over one of his progeny. I did not have the courage to back Trigo in last year's Derby owing to his poor display in the Guineas.

Of the other horses being sent out here by the Aga Khan, Maggi (4 years) is a Chestnut gelding by the French sire Pot au Feu out of Maglona, and he is likely to prove useful in India as last year he won the Great Yorkshire Stakes (1½ miles) in easy style. Buland (5 years) is a bay gelding by Blandford out of Saffian, and whilst he has won a few races of minor importance, I am inclined to think he has been a disappointment to his owner and trainer, who I believe had great hopes of this horse as a youngster. Roi de Montague is by Roi Herode out of Mountain Thrush. Nijinski (4 years) and Aveline (3 years) are full brothers by Hurry On out of La Mauri. These three animals are beautifully bred but have done nothing of importance at home, whilst El Draque and Koulibine will be making their debut on a racecourse when they run in India. I have no doubt these animals will win races in India, and such enterprise is worthy of success, but when I heard the Aga Khan was sending horses out to India again I was hoping to hear of the arrival of a few really good young mares and a classic colt or two, which would be likely to make big names for themselves on the Indian Turf, so that when their racing careers were ended, those interested in thoroughbred breeding in India, might have had the chance of securing real good bloodstock for the purpose of reproducing first class animals in this country. The majority of horses sent out from Whatcombe are geldings, which after all is said and done, are "money getters" and not foal getters. No one can deny the fact that the Aga Khan is a fine sportsman, and has become deservedly popular as one of the strongest supporters of the English Turf, both from a racing and breeding point of view, during the last generation. Nevertheless, I do feel that there are many interested in horse breeding in this country, both European as well as Indian, who would like to see sportsmen like the Aga Khan and other Indian noblemen start thorough-bred horse breeding in this country on classic lines.

If this were done it would not be long before the very poor class of thoroughbreds, which show such "in and out" form, in doing their best to beat each other every week, would be entirely eliminated from Indian racecourses. There can be no future for thoroughbred horse breeding in this country, so long as its racing depends upon very mediocre platers from home.

Of which subject I hope to say more anon and possibly be able to make an interesting announcement in the not too distant future. If it is true that breeding depends upon racing it is also true that racing in India will ultimately depend upon breeding. *Verb Sap.*

W. G—S.



The victorious Cambridge Boat Race Crew.

THE ECONOMICS OF AVIATION

(*Continued from page 79.*)

We have one feature in our favour in this country, that the British insurance corporations have been quietly securing the chief interest in the insurance of aircraft throughout the world. Their rates will in time set up a standard of construction and material in commercial aircraft which will become equivalent to the rating at Lloyd's of sea craft. The British aircraft manufacturer ought to be able to profit by this British standard to see to it that British aircraft lead the world. But this must not be done regardless of selling price, and here again we find that the troubled state of finances resulting from the War has not put us in the happy position of being, at the present critical time in our aircraft industry, a cheap producer internationally. It says much for British standards of design, material and workmanship that to-day, more then ever, we are exporting aircraft to foreign customers, in spite of our prices being higher than those of any other aircraft producing country in the world. But these exports are still very, very small, compared with those our aircraft industry needs to make it a strong healthy industry, bringing money into this country from abroad.

HIGHLIGHTS AT HOLLYWOOD

Lottice Howell is a dancer of distinction and is well cast in a Spanish part. Sally Starr, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player, was very elated over the fact that her Afghan hounds took the winning ribbons and loving-cup at a recent Hollywood Kennel Show. The director of dance ensembles has to be a discerning critic and this is an unusual study of Sammy Lee selecting girls for the chorus of a new production.

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THE CALCUTTA SWEEP

STORIES OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST LOTTERY.

MAN dearly loves a gamble and his love is strengthened rather than lessened as the odds are widened against him. *The Romance of the Calcutta Sweep* is the story of the biggest lottery of our time, and the author, Major H. Hobbs, is to be congratulated on the entertaining and informative record which he has compiled. The Calcutta Derby Sweep has done as much as anything, almost, to make the city known to the world at large. For every Britisher who knows the story of the Black Hole, there are probably ten who know Calcutta by reason of its annual sweepstake, and Major Hobbs, as a devoted Ditcher, relates the story of this instrument of happiness, and sometimes tragedy, only after research which has obviously been lengthy and exhaustive. The forerunner of the Calcutta Turf Club Sweep was the Umballa Sweep, which was stopped in 1878 by Sir Ashley Eden. A short interim followed, during which period the Bengal Club started a Derby Sweep. The first winner of the first prize was a Mr. Arthur Levien of the Bengal Civil Service, who died at Sidmouth as recently as 1926. He was 96 years of age and Major Hobbs draws attention to the coincidence that another Mr. Levien obtained both winners of the Derby and St. Ledger Sweep in 1927. Levien would appear to be a lucky name.

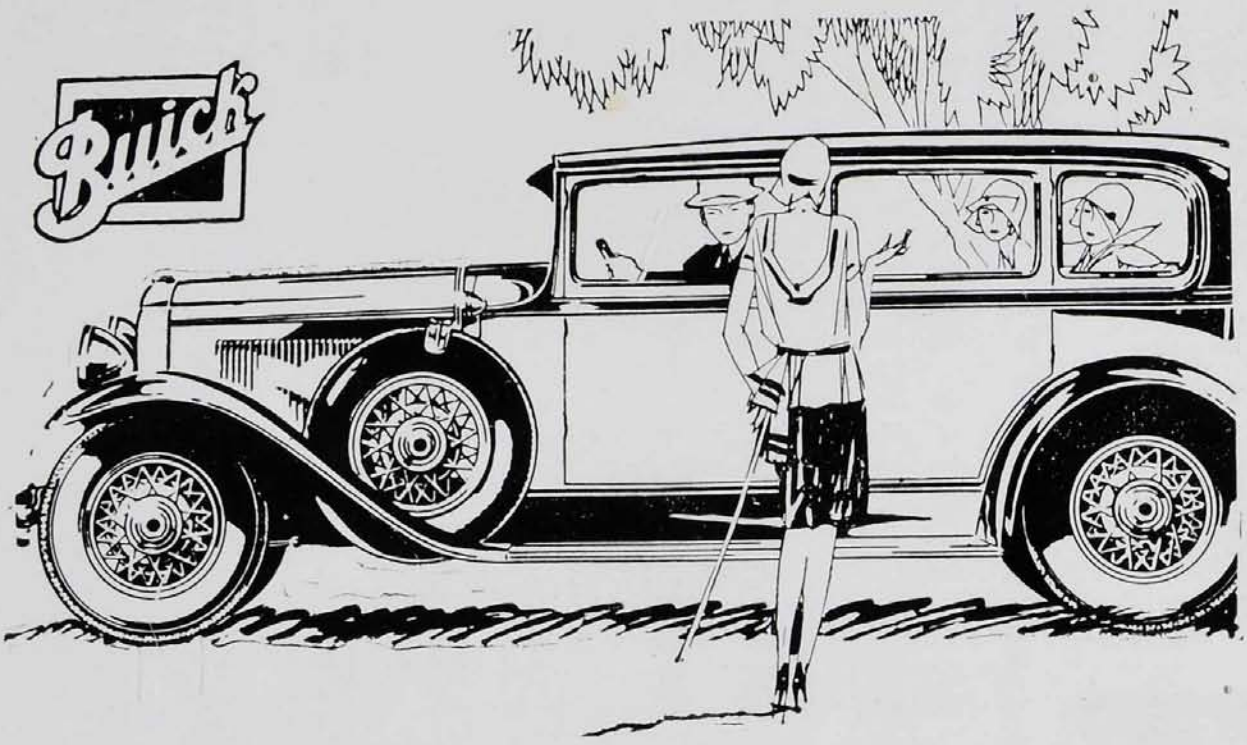
To reprint any representative selection of the good stories with which this book is brimful is impossible in the space available here. One only must suffice. Writing about the scant thanks frequently received by those who purchase tickets for other people the author recounts that "A Scottish hide merchant who was not generally known by the name of Tomlinson, after many many years of hard work, retired with a modest fortune of some £45,000. On the day he was leaving for good, Bill Crabbe, his son-in-law, was down with the crowd seeing him off at the jetties. Just as the old man was about to walk up the gangway, Crabbe suggested that he ought to have a shot at the Derby Sweep. Tomlinson, a dour, blue-nosed Presbyterian who had never dreamed of taking a chance in anything so immoral as a Sweep, was bitterly annoyed, but as it was his last morning in the country and people were crowding round, he reluctantly pulled out a ten rupee note, looking like a holy friar who, expecting a banquet, found a plate of hailstones for dinner. Most indignant that advantage should be taken of such an occasion to do that which he despised himself for doing, he was soothed with many words and parted on friendly, if somewhat strained terms with his daughter and Crabbe. Fortune favours the young. It is seldom that an old man wins at all, but when Tomlinson reached Marseilles he received a cable telling him that his ticket had won the first prize of about £30,000.

It would be unfair to say that Tomlinson did not appreciate his good fortune; but he certainly ignored the fact that Bill Crabbe, who had only pencilled on the back of one of two tickets: 'Dad,' could easily have kept quiet and pocketed the prize himself. He gracefully acknowledged the good turn by sending Crabbe a box of Havanas which Crabbe returned with a curt but indiscreet message, pungent enough for spontaneous combustion, which, in the circumstances, he considered to be like the wedding service—far too refined."

In conclusion, one cannot find a better answer to the Sweep's critics than the author's terse remark that "as for the morality of the Sweep, it must be claimed that nothing during the whole year offers such prospects for the future." *The Romance of the Calcutta Sweep, H. Hobbs; Thacker Spink & Co., Rs. 6.*

They choose Buick again

. . . eighty per cent of Buick owners never change from Buick



ACCURATE statistics show that throughout the world eighty per cent of motorists who have once owned a Buick choose Buick again when the time comes to renew their cars. We mention this to show that all over the world, just as in India, "Buick is the style."

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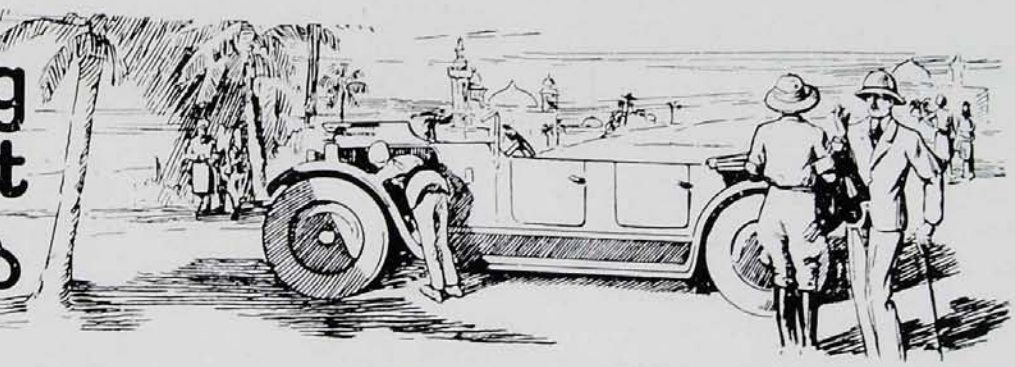
Talking about Cars



By VINCENT VIVIAN

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

The Scourge of the Shoe

FOR ten years I have been searching for something to combat the cast bullock-shoes which form a small, yet wicked percentage, of the top-dressing of Indian roads; and in Stronghold tyre liners I have found, not a preventive—for the medium does not exist which can render rubber and cotton invulnerable to sharp iron—but an absolute safeguard against the total loss of slashed tyres. This will be good news to the seasoned motorist who has, by sad experience, lost all faith in vulcanising as a means of repair to cut covers.

The idea of a lining band between the cover and the inner tube, is not in itself a novelty. Tyre liners of a sort have been manufactured and marketed in a small way since the earliest days of the pneumatic tyre. What puts the Stronghold liner in a class by itself as a practical invention for servicing worn and damaged covers, is the fact that Messrs. Saul D. Harrison & Sons of Bromley-by-Bow are the first to manufacture and market a *moulded* liner to protect the entire area of the tyre—the walls as well as the tread.

A Fine Investment for India

Even if the liner is used but once, there is no doubt about the economy which it effects; for it does not cost half the price of a tyre whose life it doubles. Personally I am banking upon the repeated use of a set of these liners to reduce my previous tyre bills by fifty per cent. Their invention was acclaimed as a certain economy by the motoring experts of the home press; and it remained to be proved whether the liners would stand up to local conditions in India. So a pair was sent to me for test in August last, and true to the traditions of this country, I did nothing about it for six months. For my experience is that tyres and all things connected with them, deteriorate in India by disuse, almost as rapidly as by wear. Therefore I exposed the liners to the climate for half a year; and since fitting them, I have run 1,073 miles to date, on an old cover with a bullock-shoe gash through the tread; a gash which is three inches long, with a yawning gap of an inch and a half width. A patch liner cut from the fabric of an old tyre with most of the tread removed, serves to fill this gap: and the whole is reinforced with a Stronghold liner. This cover is still standing up to every test that the heat of the hot weather season now imposes on it; and since it is rarely possible to exceed forty miles an hour in the district in which I drive my Buick tourer shamefully overloaded with kit, I have not noticed the slightest indication of front wheel wobble arsing from the use of the liner.

T. R. H. Prince Harald and his daughter, the Princess Helene of Denmark, take a trial run in a Humber Pullman Limousine.

It is of course a matter of ordinary preference, to select for use on the driving wheels, tyres which have not got bursts or gashes through the body, however well repaired; but taking this into consideration, there remains ample scope for economy by the use of Stronghold liners, and I can honestly recommend the

reader to write to Messrs. Saul D. Harrison & Sons, Four Mills Wharf, Brunswick Road, Bromley-by-Bow, London, E. 4., asking for a couple to be sent out to him by post ; quoting the size of the tyres in use on his car.

Where Vulcanising Fails

In this country especially, it is interesting to note why the Stronghold liner succeeds where everything else fails. Consider the case of a new tyre which has suffered a two-inch slash clean through the tread ; such tragedies are common enough, we know. The obvious reasoning *seems* to be, that if we vulcanise the gash and insert a patch gaiter behind it to strengthen the repair, the rest of the tyre is sound enough to look after itself. But a repair of this nature soon fails, because we have overlooked the fact that nothing can join together the severed strands which form the body of the tyre, and which alone take the strain of air pressure from within, and the shocks of the road pot-holes without. Before a repair of this nature has taken a single turn on the road, the air pressure (thirty to forty pounds per square inch over the whole inner surface of the cover) has begun to force the edges of the patched gash apart. The vulcanised filling is loosened, and subjected to rapid wear. The canvas gaiter stuck across the inside, is anchored at the beads alone—if at all ; consequently, the inner tube bulges it through the gap in the tread, and wear at this point increases with every turn of the wheel. Very soon the owner will scrap this tyre as an unprofitable tube-destroyer, although the tread pattern may be almost new.

Stronghold Tyre Liners

Instead of scrapping it, he should complete the repair by inserting a Stronghold liner behind the patch gaiter. The Stronghold liner gives the tyre a new body complete over the *whole* of its surface, and relieves the tyre of the disruptive strain of the air pressure, which it takes almost *in toto* to itself. In the case of a worn cover which has no actually severe cut through the tread, the insertion of a Stronghold liner alone is sufficient to impart the additional strength required to enable the cover to be worn down to the fabric ; and then, I think, though this is the only point which I have not yet tested, that it would be quite possible to strip out the liner for use in another worn cover. I am not certain of this possibility, because the liners that I am testing at present are treated with a tacky compound which is designed to make them adhere to the cover in which they are fitted. But I think that cohesion will not be so complete as to prevent the liner being subsequently detached, treated with fresh solution, and refitted to another cover. I should add that no treatment with tyre solution is required for their first use, as they are prepared with a surface which is designed to adhere to the inside of the tyre cover, which must first be scrubbed by petrol free from all dirt and chalk.

An Asset to the Country

In these hard times, when everything is measured by the yardstick of money, the expansive firm of General Motors is a great asset to India. Giving with both hands, they bestow upon us—the consumers—cars which are admirably suitable for local conditions in India ; and at the same time they provide the country's exchequer with funds it could ill forego. To round off the few impressions I gave last month, of my visit to their works organisation in Bombay, I must add just a few vital statistics. One of these is concerned with the revenue Government gets from Customs duties on cars and parts. It will surprise most people to know that the amount contributed by General Motors alone, under this head, was Rs. 45,31,000 in the year 1929 : or more than double their salaries and wages bill for the year.

The speed with which the Bombay Assembly Plant was erected and brought into action, would have been creditable in U.S.A., and is almost incredible in India. The works, now covering 42,837 square yards of space at Sewri, were commencing to be erected in July, 1928. Five months later, on the 4th December to be exact, they were commencing to assemble cars in India for the first time. And in 1929, the first full year of production, no less than 11,453 complete cars were assembled and turned out, the percentage being as follows :—

Chevrolet Cars and Trucks	90%
Oakland and Pontiac	3%
Buick	5%
Marquette	1%
Oldsmobile	1%

I prophesy a greater volume of outturn in 1930, and especially for the Marquette in proportion. This car, with its wire wheels, a spare on *each* side of the car, struck me as being one of the best value-for-money propositions in India.

As for the latest Buicks, I made a very extensive road test, driving one of these ; and was hoaxed into starting the car with a full load of passengers, from a standing start on the *top* (third) gear. Having forgotten the change in the Buick gearshift, which was introduced in order to bring this make into line with the majority of recent cars, I let in the clutch ; and the car moved away on top without the slightest judder of protest. It was not until I tried to run through my own Buick's gear change in order to get into "top" that the car lifted up a voice of agony at such ill treatment. I found the steering improved, and the wheel positioned in exactly the right place. The suspension has been improved out of all recognition, and at an honest sixty miles an hour gait, control was absolutely safe and comfortable.

The standard Buick is not a racing car. Its top gear is on the low side, and I should say that sixty miles an hour was not far from being its maximum speed. But for this very reason it will do almost anything on top gear, with any load. If road conditions permit, 45 m.p.h. is a comfortable touring pace, which can be maintained indefinitely, without any sensation of goading the engine ; whilst throughout its speed range the

Buick is keenly responsive to the accelerator, the slightest pressure upon which produces that satisfactory sensation of being pressed forward by the upholstery of the back cushion. In short, and *pace* the high-efficiency small-engine enthusiasts, it is that sort of car that ladies and gentlemen *prefer*, in India.

Where Patriotism may be Indulged

Notwithstanding the well merited success of the American car in India, many of us voyage homewards with one fixed idea—to buy a British car. Patriotism can never be enough, but if you would combine it with the keen satisfaction of owning a car in which detail workmanship has been studied throughout, I would recommend a visit to the showrooms of Rootes, Ltd., in Piccadilly, where the Humber 6-cyl. "Snipe" and the Hillman Straight eight (a car which has acquired international fame) await the verdict of your most searching tests. Each of these makes represents the medium priced British car at its best, and each is fitted with Weymann Saloon bodywork. The 25—73 h.p. Humber at £535, as well as the 20 h.p. Hillman Saloon at £445, are within the means of the connoisseur who is willing to pay a little extra for the best.

In buying a car of this type, you buy certain refinements of design which await adoption on most American cars. It is no disparagement of a nation to suggest that its products differ from our own, in literature, in clothes, and in cars. The difference is sometimes subtle rather than vast. It is not always in our favour. But in each case it is *there*.

The Humber car is fitted with the latest form of four-speed gear, which provides a "silent third." This form of gearbox must soon become universal on all but the cheapest cars; for the very good reason that a motorist who has once owned a gear of this type, will never be happy with any other. The Hillman straight eight is fitted with Silentbloc rubber bushes to the road springs, a detail which eliminates greasing, and is at the same time the only form of shackle which is mechanically perfect. Quite apart from its own intrinsic worth, the Hillman straight eight has the distinction of being the least expensive British car of its type. A Safety model is available with Dewandre servo brakes, unsplinterable glass, wire wheels and furniture hide upholstery, and costs £485.

The firm of Rootes, Ltd., is to be congratulated on the success of their exhibits at the recent Motor Show at Copenhagen, as a result of which they have now extended the scope of their agency for these cars to Denmark.

Author's Photograph.

A Ford Saloon in the forests of Kanara, Bombay Presidency.

Tested in India for India

I have been asked to reserve some space under this title each month, for tools and accessories which I can vouch *after thorough test*, to be particularly suitable for assisting the reader to get the best out of his car in India. To this end, I will confine my reports to articles which can be ordered and delivered by post. In the absence of those vast emporiums which fascinate (and sometimes beguile) the unwary searcher after a present for his car, or for another's, readers of INDIA MONTHLY will be kept informed of new accessories which are worth writing for.

The first on my list this month, is a set of patent spanners (price, eight shillings) to complete your tool kit. These spanners are the very latest invention for dealing with those inaccessibly-placed nuts which defy the ap-

proach of any ordinary spanner. They come in a small tin box measuring 6 inches by 2 inches—small enough to go anywhere. The box contains four box head, and four disc spanner heads, for nuts of 3|16 inch, 1|4 inch, 5|16 inch, and 3|8 inch. The disc heads are like coins with four sides of a hexagon cut out. Near the perimeter of each, there is a hole ; and this is inserted into the forked head of a steel handle which is nothing more nor less than a converted punch or cold chisel. A grub screw put through the fork and the hole in the disc, makes the spanner ready for use.

The most useful inventions are essentially simple ideas. How often has one laboriously tapped round a nut with a punch or cold chisel—with great detriment to the nut—because it is so placed that no other tool can be applied, without first stripping off all the surrounding bits of car ? This outfit works in precisely the same manner, with far greater certainty, and *without* damaging the nut. The head (box or disc as the case may be) grips the nut ; and the head is driven round by tapping the shaft of the handle with a hammer. That's all there is to it, and it is funny that no one should have thought of making the tool before !

This *Burbidge Patent Spanner* works in a smaller space than any other spanner in existence. It will not solve the difficulty of *every* inaccessible nut, because some are so ingeniously placed that nothing but a well-aimed rifle bullet will shift them, without first stripping the car. But it will defeat at least 50 per cent. of these teasers, and can be got from Cuthill, King & Co., Ltd., 32, St. Mary Axe, London, E.C. 3., for the cost of a nine shilling postal order from any Indian post office.

An Apology

Apologies for an obvious mathematical error which was printed last month in a table of comparison of main bearing surfaces on eight and on six cylinder cars. Readers who added up the figures correctly have noticed that the bearing areas of the Buick exceed that of the Cadillac to the extent of a complete additional bearing. The correct figures fully support the line of argument advanced and demonstrate a saving in space and crankshaft length with elimination of frictional surface secured by the simple expedient of grouping cylinders above six in number into two banks for convenience and efficiency's sake.

A Terrible Trap

A sad tragedy occurred in Bombay recently, which would never have happened had the victim been in the habit of using his car's self-starter instead of the starting handle. There is a moral in it for the intending purchaser : it is—find out from the experiences of others, what cars are sold with self-starters of permanent reliability : and what are not. The car which I own has not had the winding handle applied to it for three years.

A Commander in the R. I. M., it would be harrowing to repeat names which were published in

the daily Press, had taken his car with his two small daughters seated in the back, to the docks. While reversing the car, the engine stopped; and the unfortunate man started it up with the starting handle, with the gear inadvertently left in reverse.

Any other gear but reverse, and the resistance of the transmission to the starting handle would have been felt. But the reverse ratio is always the lowest on the car, and offers little resistance to a half-revolution of the crankshaft, which is all that is needed to start a ready engine. The inevitable happened, the driverless car plunging backwards over the dock, into deep water. One of the little girls was saved by divers; the other was not.

Traffic Din

Following an appeal in this article for more considerate use of the motor horn, the *Times of India* comes out with a short but pointed editorial to the laudation of Government's expressed intention to deal with noisy motorists. Action has been taken at the right time; laxity in Bengal has resulted in a veritable pandemonium, in which individual noises are at times difficult to isolate from the raucous whole. The evil is rampant in Calcutta more than in Bombay, and the authorities of the latter town may be congratulated on a measure calculated to nip any evil growth in the bud. The writer of the editorial describes a quota of fresh din-creating contrivances introduced each year to a nerve-racked civilisation, and proceeds to say that the nuisance is especially acute in residential areas at night, where sleep is often impossible on account of the strident hooting of horns. Frequently this wanton creation of a nuisance is due to sheer laziness and negligence on the part of motorists; they think that because they are making a row, it saves them from driving carelessly. The result is well expressed in the couplet:

> They are gathering up the fragments with a shovel and a rake,
> Where he only used his horn, and where he might have used his brake.

Beyond the glare of town thoroughfares at night, there is really no excuse for sounding a horn at all, for the headlamps' searching beam acts as a silent warning of approach; a warning that is visible and more effective than a horn blast. Of course the creators-in-chief of this noise nuisance are *not* readers of INDIA MONTHLY or of any English journal, and it is safe to surmise that their education hastens slowly. At least let us, for the sake of good road manners and driving efficiency, cut the use of the motor horn down to an irreducible minimum. Watch the method of any expert driver. It is seldom that he has resort to the horn, and when he does he tempers the volume of the blast to the occasion. His fingers are kept busy with sympathetic driving control. He would no more dream of punctuating his progress with raucous hoots than he would consider dressing up a peon with scarlet livery and red flag to march before his car.

INDIA'S BIGGEST BRIDGE

SPANNING THE RIVER HOOGHLY

WHEN the history of British dominion in India comes to be written, not the least of the boons which will be ascribed to the association of the two countries will be the establishment of modern engineering technique and methods in the vast subcontinent. The Romans in their occupation of Britain left a permanent imprint in their system of roads and Britain has left a similar legacy in the intricate network of railways which she has constructed all over India. Concomitant with railways are bridges and one of the most remarkable industrial developments in India at present is the creation of facilities for the construction of her own bridges. The Bally Bridge which is now being erected to span the Hooghly a few miles outside Calcutta, is the biggest engineering feat of its kind which has ever been attempted in India. It will consist of seven main spans, each of 350 feet, designed to carry a double line of standard gauge track between the main girders, in addition to a clear eighteen feet of roadway and an eight foot pathway, cantilevering on each side.

The extreme width of the bridge is nearly a hundred feet, whilst the overall height is about sixty feet. Each complete span weighs approximately 2,360 tons and they are the biggest and heaviest of their type in the world. The Hardinge Bridge, which crosses the Lower Ganges at Sara and is in some ways comparable to the projected Bally Bridge, consisted of fifteen girder spans, weighing approximately 1,250 tons per span.

Messrs. Rendall, Palmer & Tritton, consulting engineers to the Government of India and engineers for the new Charing Cross Bridge, are responsible for the design of this enormous undertaking which will consume some 12,000 tons of steel plate, manufactured and rolled by the Tata Iron & Steel Company, also 4,500 tons from England. This material is all manufactured to British Standard Specification and so great has been the progress in steel manufacture in this country in recent years that it is anticipated that Tatas will be able to provide the whole of India's needs in bridge work and structural engineering in general.

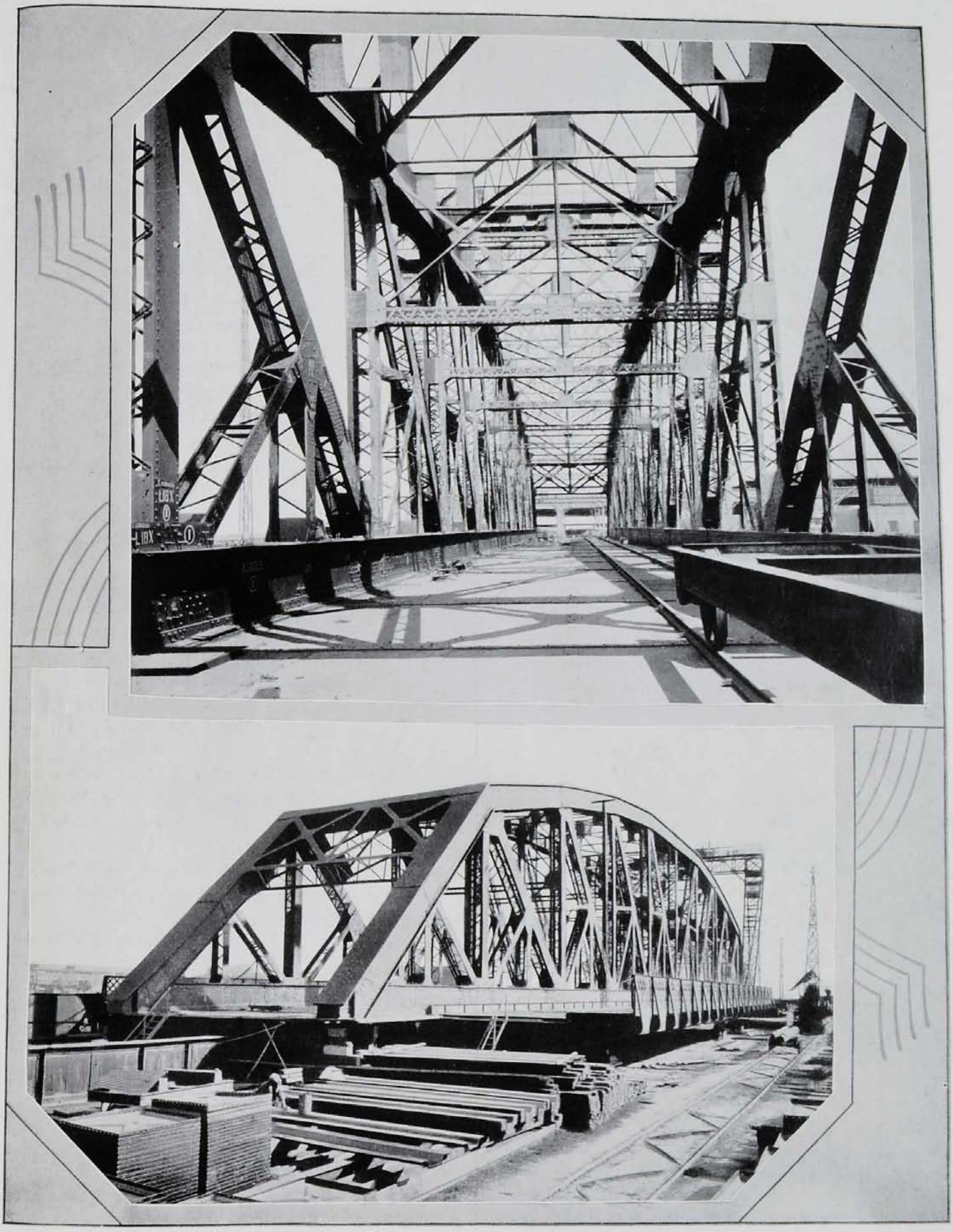
Hitherto bridgework of this type destined for India has been fabricated in England or on the Continent, but from the experience shown by Messrs. Braithwaite & Co. (India), Ltd., in the construction of the Bally Bridge spans, there is ample proof that Indian labour is easily adaptable to what is professionally called the interchangeable jig method which has been employed throughout. Competent judges are of the opinion that the finished work is every bit as good as that done at home and there is no doubt that work properly carried out in this manner under European supervision is of a higher quality than that given by methods previously adopted and which necessitated the erection of every span in the makers' works, prior to delivery at the site. The advanced methods of fabrication have increased the efficiency of the Indian worker to an enormous extent and specialised skilled labour is employed in every operation. Furthermore, India can now produce pressed steel in large quantities to any standard profile, whilst rivets and bolts, hitherto imported, are being made on a large scale in both the Bengal and Bombay Presidencies. From these simple facts it is obvious that it will become increasingly difficult for outsiders to compete with India in this type of engineering work.

Government inspection is rigid and the most important structural steel contracts are inspected by the Indian Stores Department which is adequately represented in all parts of the country. Indeed the high standard of finish and workmanship attained in bridge construction in India is in a large measure due to the close co-operation of this Department with the railways and the manufacturers.

The most modern methods of camber to main girders, as used in smaller spans, have proved highly satisfactory in the case of the Bally Bridge.

For the temporary erection of one span at the makers' works solid steel piles, four and a half feet in diameter in groups of four, were screwed thirty feet into the ground and at the top of each group steel joist grillages were specially constructed and arranged to permit the use of hydraulic camber jacks. There are twenty-two grillages in all and each is capable of supporting a dead load of 110 tons, the amount of sinkage due to the full load being negligible. A Goliath Crane has been employed in temporary erection at the works and similarly the Braithwaite patent capstan is used for the erection of each span at the site. This is done on screw pile falsework which is braced to permit the entry of two huge barges each having steel trestles superstructure. These are designed to lift the complete span from its temporary bearings on the rise of the tide. The completed span is then floated to its final position on the masonry piers and as the tide falls is lowered into position. The falsework is again liberated for the construction of further spans which again are floated into position as has just been described.

The completion of the Bally Bridge will form an epoch in the history of engineering in India. Never before has such a complicated and gigantic task been essayed under purely local direction, labour and material and it should prove once and for all that India is able to overcome successfully the most exacting constructional engineering problems.



These pictures show spans of the Bally Bridge in the course of assembly at the Works.

WHAT BECOMES OF DEAD WILD ELEPHANTS?

(*Continued from page 47.*)

my idea that wild elephants (and other animals) do not necessarily recognise approaching death, which, if correct, effectively proves the impossibility of the existence of elephant cemeteries.

Altogether this problem of dead elephants is one of the most intriguing in the whole realm of natural history and one feels at times inclined to adopt the attitude of some inhabitants of this country, as recorded in the following extract from Lockwood Kipling's "Man and Beast in India":—

"It is firmly believed that dead elephants are buried by their own kind. Mr. Sanderson (the famous authority on elephants) admits that he is unable to account for the total absence of their remains in the jungle, and so gives us leave to share, for once, in an Orient mystery, dim and inscrutable. The free-thinking Indian who solves it by boldly claiming that the great beasts, left to themselves, do not die at all, does not diminish the marvel, which still remains to delight all those who love to wonder."

FIVE POUNDS.

(*Continued from page 54.*)

ence between a five and a ten pound note!" suggested the youngest girl in the party, brightly.

Again everyone laughed. "Don't be silly"; the amateur detective patronized, "is a woman likely to cry because a five pound note is like a ten pound note?"

Once again everyone laughed. It was a very hilarious night. Everyone seemed to be having a great time. Even the manager beamed and rubbed his hands with glee when he thought of all the champagne that was being ordered.

The music had stopped. Marie-José and Billy came back to their table, gathered up their belongings and returned to the ship. Outside her cabin door she paused to kiss him good-night.

"Good-night, Billee dear. I did not know before zat a woman could cry because a ten poun' note is like a five poun' note."

* * * *

The next day Billy's ten pounds were waiting for him at Cook's and he repaid five pounds to Marie-José, with a fervent promise to send the remainder as soon as possible. She protested vigorously but he was adamant.

A week later the *Lanreda* arrived in Colombo and a telegraphic money order for five pounds was handed to Marie-José.

"A little present to you from your pining husband?" asked the attendant inamorato, who had escorted her to Cook's office in the Grand Oriental Hotel.

"Pas de tout," smiled the little French lady. "It is from a ci-devant admirateur to whom I once lent a leetle money. Zis is only 'is present because of my kindness, for 'e gave back ze loan in full before we parted."

THE END

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