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REG. NO.
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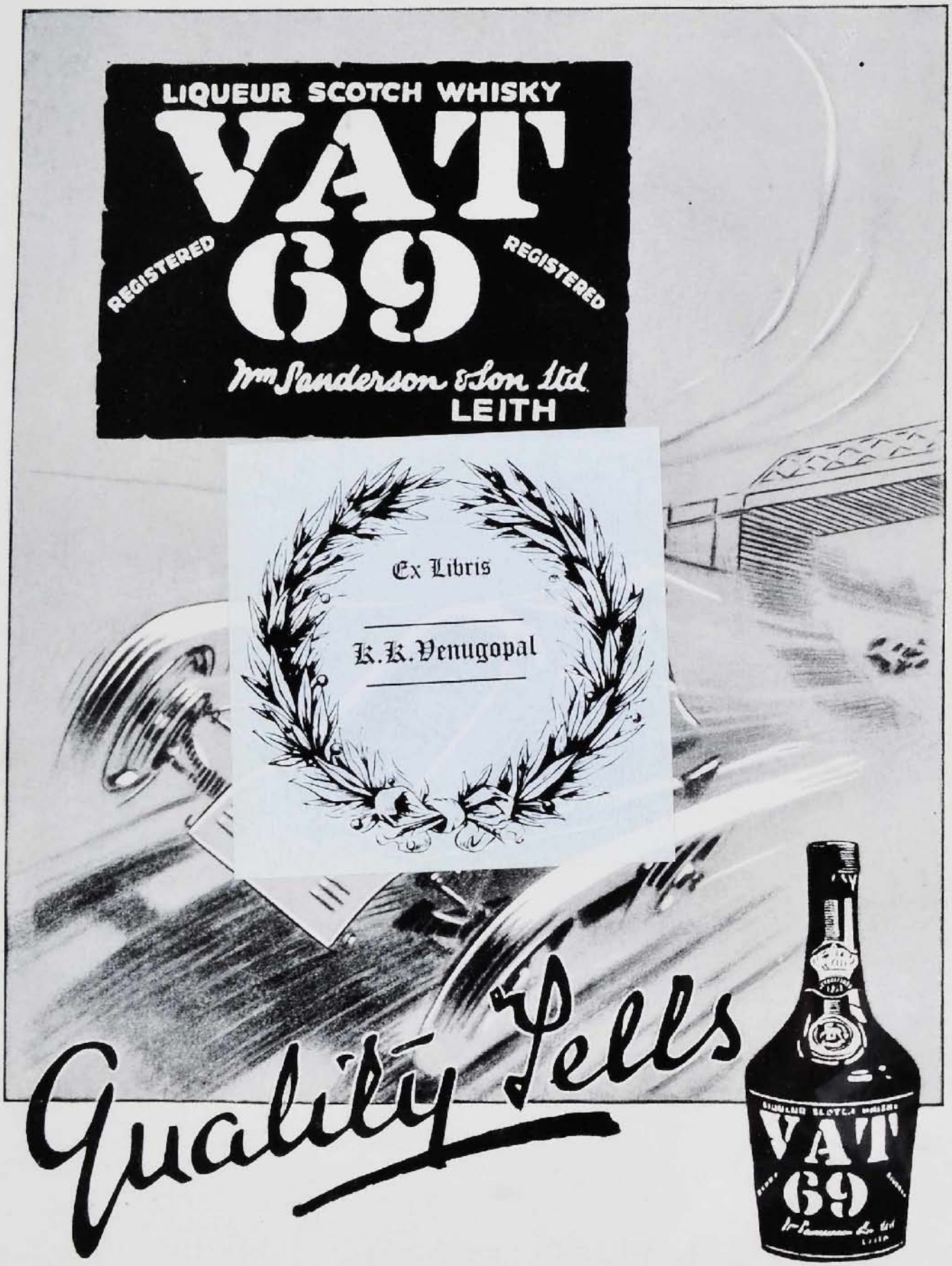
INDIA

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY, 1930

THE LADAKHI



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Should Women dread

the approach of a perfectly natural event?

This NEW treatment is absolutely harmless

This new and highly successful treatment is now universally prescribed by physicians in the United Kingdom. It has no dangers, because Kalzana is a lime *food* and simply increases the calcium content of the blood. In doing so it conquers the complaint logically by removing the cause.

NATURE never intended you to suffer unduly Why is it then that so many thousands of women experience such pain and weakness?

Simply because the body lacks Calcium

That is the reply, supported by the best medical opinion. Calcium is the vital food of every body cell, and any shortage hinders the correct performance of all bodily functions, particularly those of women.

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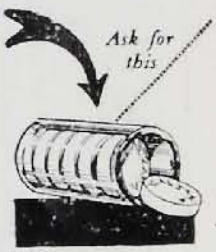
But it must be Kalzana, as only in this scientific form (a combination of sodium-lactate and calcium lactate) will the calcium be taken up and retained by your body.

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

"Poverty of Calcium in the blood is the root-cause of dysmenorrhœa, and menorrhagia" (irregularities of the functions).
See "Medical Press & Circular."

"I tried Kalzana on a patient who was suffering from anaemia due to menorrhagia. I obtained the most excellent results with it. The patient regained her original health and the period was regulated."
—— **M.D.**

"Kalzana has been quite successful in a severe case of dysmenorrhœa."
M.B., C.M., D.P.H.



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Cut off along this line

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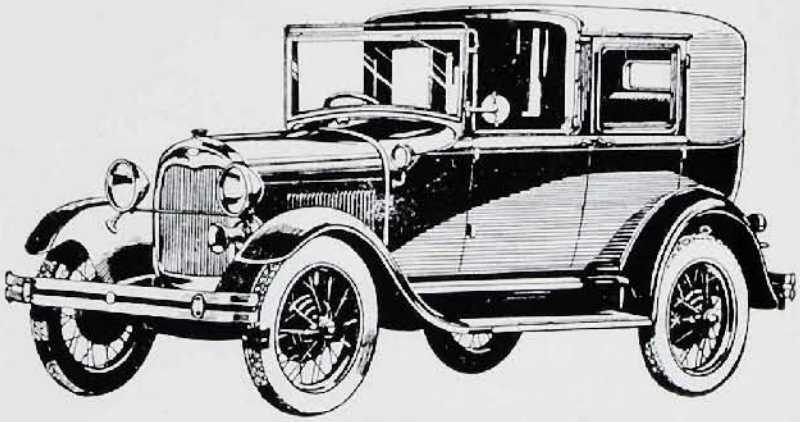
Kalzana

THE CALCIUM FOOD

Obtainable at all Chemists and Bazars.

(Made by the manufacturers of Sanatogen and Formamint.)

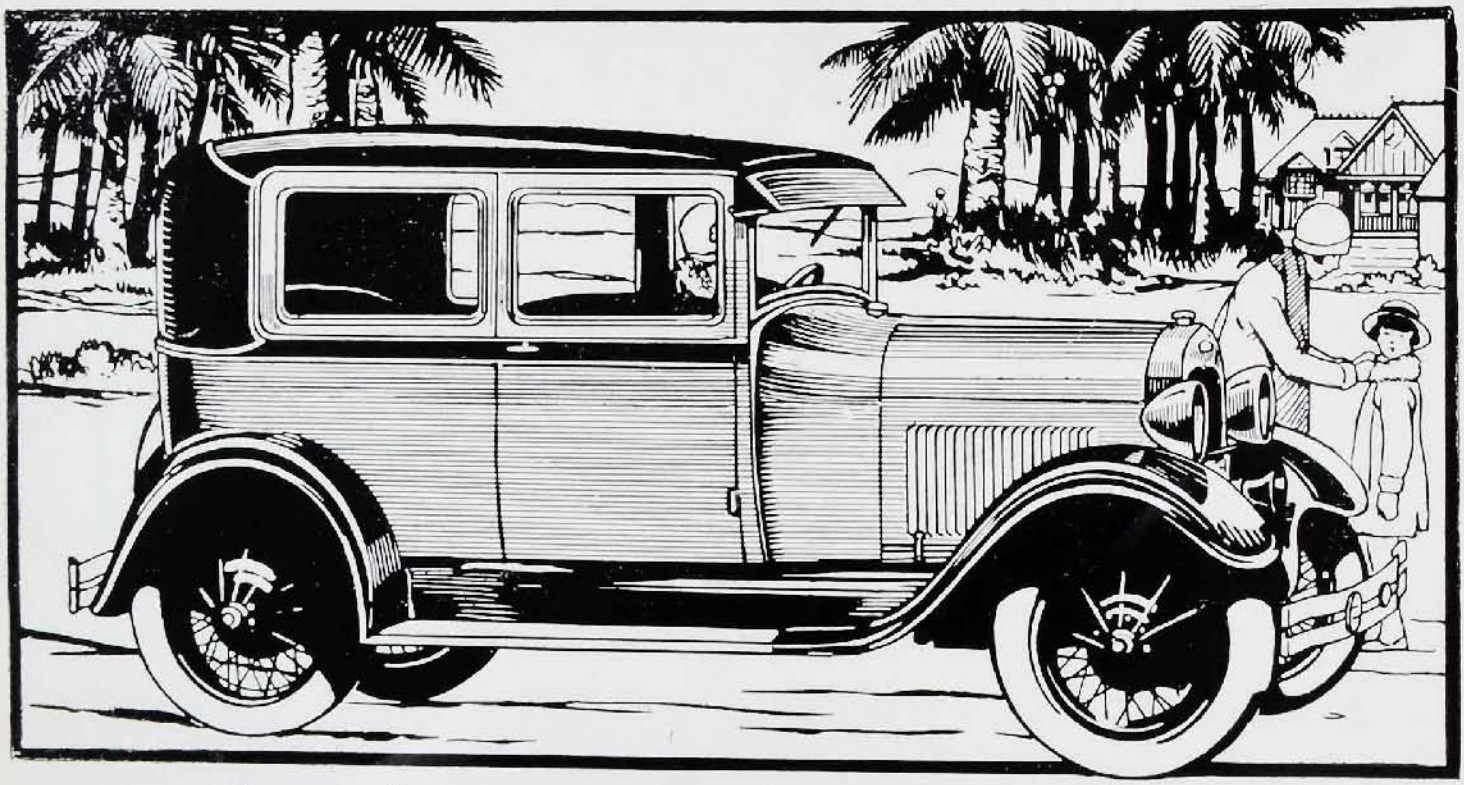
With a Ford Saloon



The New Ford Town Car.

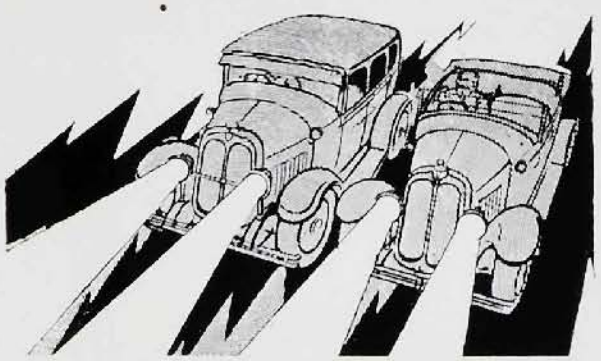
Keep out:
the wind
the dust
the rain
and the sun

and still be well ventilated—
—closed car comfort is within
the reach of all motorists.



At a lower price than most tourers.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF INDIA, LIMITED.



A REAL TEST

Come and take a Pontiac out on the road. Drive it through heavy traffic and notice Pontiac handling ease. Take it up steep hills—you won't need to shift gears. Try it for speed—it does sixty smoothly. Jam on the brakes—Pontiac brakes respond instantly. Ride over tough roads and you'll find a keen sense of comfort. Drive all day and you'll come home relaxed, for Pontiac has been built to respond to the whims of the most fastidious driver. It offers big car comforts at low initial cost. Come in and let us give you a real demonstration. Convenient hire purchase terms can be arranged through the low cost G. M. A. C. plan.

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(Incorporated in England.)

Total Funds . . . £39,764,766

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For 60 Consecutive years including the Great War period ... Rs. 15 % per annum

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- 1925-26 ... Rs. 17½% "
- 1927-28 ... Rs. 20 % "
- 1929 ... Rs. 21 % "

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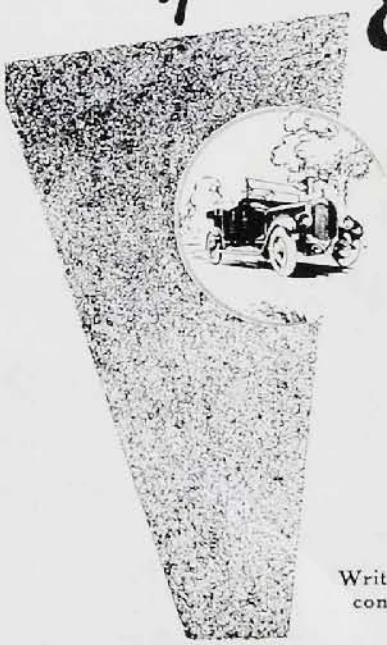

It will pay you in every way to write for our Handbook before deciding where to purchase your next car, whether for use in England only or for export after use.

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Write for our Handbook, the contents will convince you.

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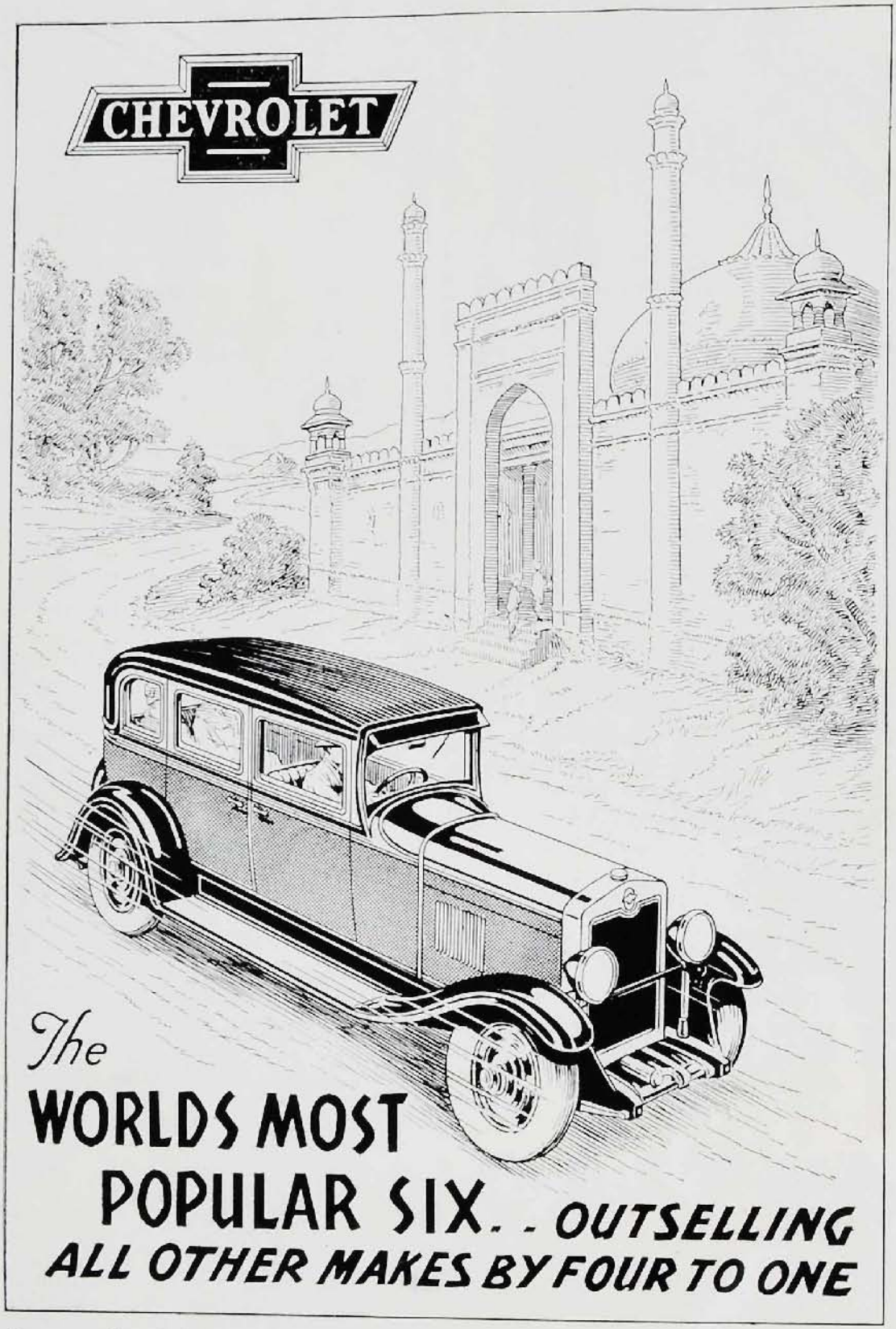

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Contents

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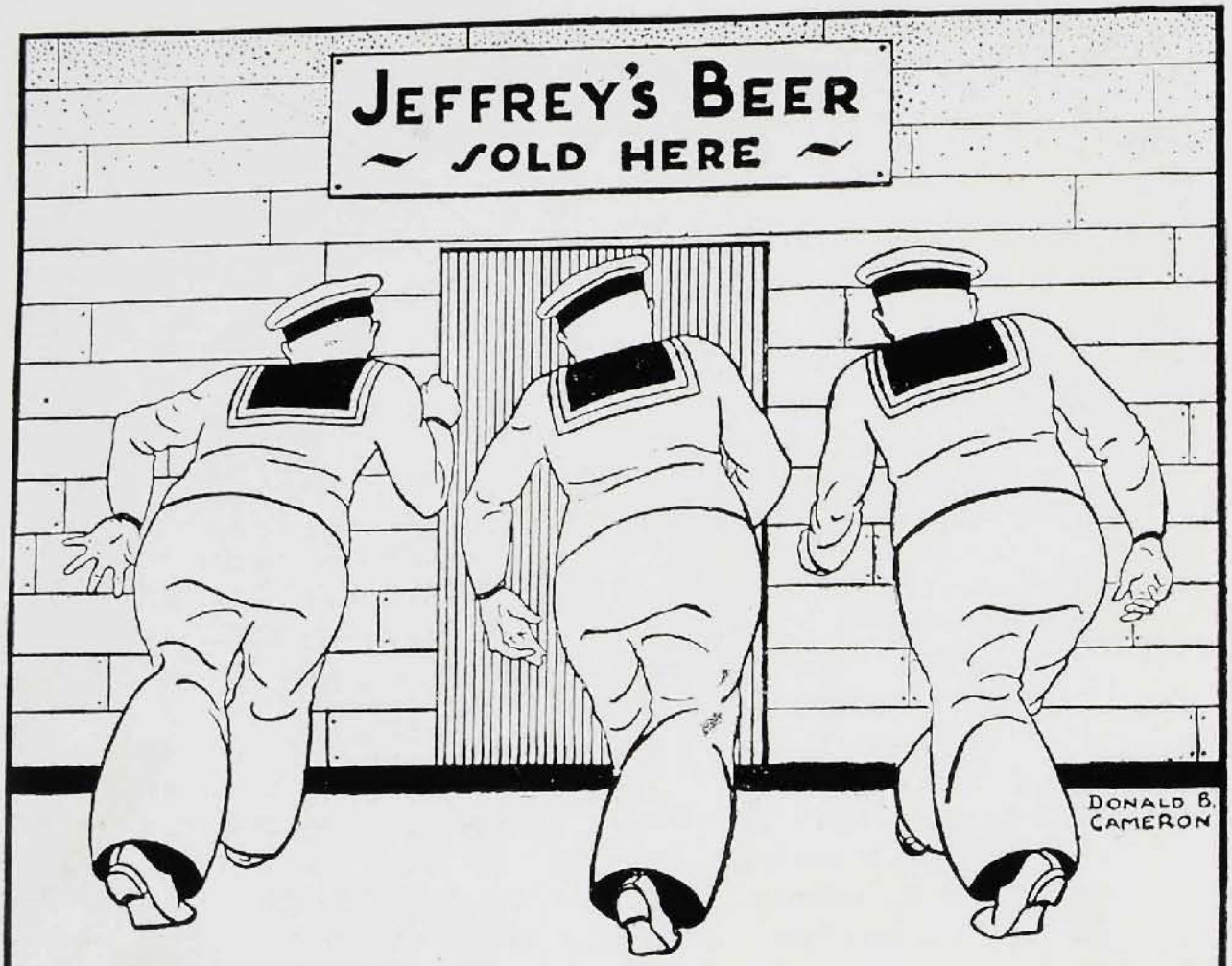

All bound for JEFFREY'S BEER

Agents : PHIPSON & CO., LTD.,
6, Apollo St., Bombay, and Branches.

Lady Innes is the wife of Sir Charles Innes, Governor of Burma. She has a close connection with India, for her father, Col. Kenlis Stevenson, was in the Indian Army.

In camp, drink delicious 'Ovaltine'

THE duties of many people in India take them into camp at intervals, while there are others who camp out for fun.

In either case, the question of food and drink is an important one.

The ideal beverage to take on camp is "Ovaltine." A complete tonic food as well as a delicious drink, "Ovaltine" is 100 per cent. nourishment. This nourishment is derived from Nature's select storehouse of ripe barley malt, rich creamy milk and the finest cocoa.

"Ovaltine" sustains on long treks through the jungle, gives necessary warmth when night sets in, aids the digestion of other foods and is invaluable as a "night-cap"—inducing restful sleep.

A cup of delicious "Ovaltine" can be made in a moment without the slightest trouble, using fresh, condensed or evaporated milk—an important advantage under camp conditions.

You will like "Ovaltine"—its delicate flavour and energizing qualities have given it a mighty host of friends.

OVALTINE

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Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

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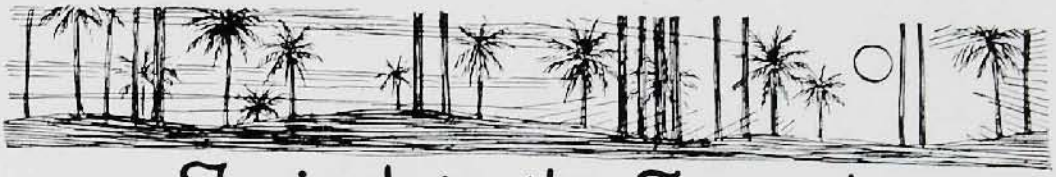


Topical to the Tropical

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

A Difference

Attracted as we always are by a crowd, we stopped by one the other day and found the occasion to be a parawallah chastising a road mending coolie who had kicked a dog because it walked across some freshly laid cement.

Probably the coolie was quite fond of dogs in the abstract but disapproved of them in the concrete.

Safety First

We venture to advance a new theory as to the reason for the incessant digging up of roads in Calcutta.

It is that "ROAD CLOSED" is a despairing effort to reduce the number of daily accidents—there are not likely to be collisions or cases of people being run over on those roads, or such section of them, that are closed to traffic. All official reports of course state that most street accidents are due to the carelessness of pedestrians, but we have yet to meet the pedestrian who is courageous enough to be careless.

The Hathi Pet

In the course of discussion by the committee of one of our lesser important Zoos, one of the members told his colleagues that "An elephant is an expensive item."

Nevertheless, a Bombay friend has a suspicion that the people in the upper flat have one and are actually teaching it step-dancing.

Cute

Plots as well as would-be funny stories travel around the world and are used again and again.

We have just come across what seems to be the authentic origin of the famous mystery of the 1889 Paris Exhibition. You will remember the story.

An English girl and her mother went to Paris. Arriving on the opening day of the Exhibition, the mother became suddenly ill, and the girl ran out and found a doctor, sent him back to her, and then made some purchases.

She returned an hour later to the hotel and asked the reception clerk for the key to her room. "What key?" asked the clerk, "I have never seen you before, madam."

She told him not to be silly, but he persevered. She sent for the Manager. He professed ignorance. So did the hotel porter. So did everyone. They all said they had never seen her or her mother before. Almost demented, she went to the British Consul. He could do nothing either. She never saw her mother again. What was the explanation? Well, the doctor found that the mother had developed smallpox, and, according to the story, the French medical authorities spirited her away and she was dead within a week. Owing to this prompt action nobody learned the truth, and the Exhibition was a success.

Motorists Beware

A P.W.D. Official assures us that after instructing one of his clerks to have a notice erected, the faithful one produced a board painted by the local sign-writer, which read :—

"Notice is hereby given that when this board is under water, the road is impassable."

Scientists claim to have invented a new and infallible cure for seasickness. We know only one—don't go to sea.

The Language Test

"Boy, kider hai the cocktail shaker?"

Neglect

When her radio lapsed into an unbroken silence, a lady friend of ours in Bombay took matters in hand and wrote a letter of complaint to the firm from which she had purchased the set. They phoned that they would send a repair mistri up. The days dragged on, and the long silent evenings. Finally in the *dak* came a letter. It was the sort of multigraphed circular letter which leaves one sentence to be completed in long hand. This one required an entry by the repair man. The letter read :

"Dear Madam : In response to your recent complaint regarding your radio which you purchased from us, we sent our service representative to your home who found your set in perfect working condition. He also informed you at that time that the cause of the trouble was not due to any fault of the set but to (and then in long hand) *failure to be at home at appointed hour . . .*"

Broken-hearted and ashamed, the lady could hardly finish the letter, which ended up :

". . . We are sure that if you will judge this matter in the proper light you will see the justice of our position."

A Few Home Truths

Our daily newspapers during the cold weather season chronicle for our edification the doings of the great ones of the earth, whether visitors or old hands. In the opinion of some people a few truthful items of social news would not be amiss

and a correspondent suggests a few announcements on the lines of the following would do much to brighten up our morning newspaper :—

Mr. and Mrs. H. Insley Morrissey are in India for the season with their daughter Ida. This is the eleventh year they have unsuccessfully endeavoured to marry her off.

The Flower Show at A—this month is expected to be one of the deadliest bores imaginable.

Miss Elaine Leamingby appeared at the Garden Party yesterday afternoon in a last year's hat and a very much faded tea-gown. Mrs. Jenkinson Smythe wore her usual old black get-up.

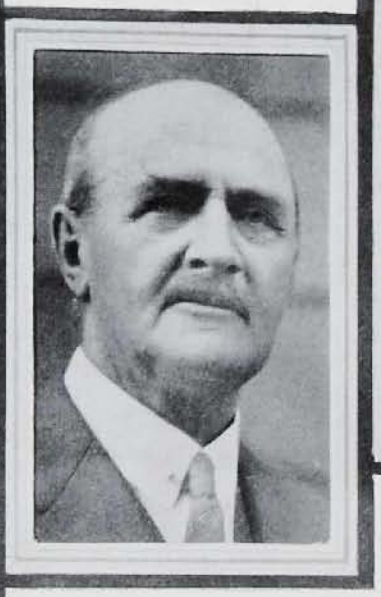
Mrs. I. Jingleton entertained at bridge last evening. Everybody present argued each point.

The music at Mrs. F. Lenox Parby's put the entire assembly to sleep.

Lady Parkleigh Evarts is having as guests for a few days Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Borington. Sir Parkleigh has refused to remain in the house while they are there, and has departed for a shoot.

Government now boasts that there are now over a million telephone instruments in use in India. It is an inspiring thought that somewhere among these is the right number.

Lord Stanley, Deputy-Chairman of the Conservative Party, and nephew of the Governor of Madras, is spending a few weeks here.



Field-Marshal Lord Allenby, not unknown to the Indian Army, is on a brief visit to India.

Youngest son of His Excellency the Viceroy and Lady Irwin, the Hon'ble Richard Wood has been spending his Christmas holidays in India.

The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, who are touring India, were recently the guests of H. H. the Maharaja of Rajpipla.

Topical to the Tropical

Independence

We ventured to make some remarks in last month's issue concerning the possible dissipation of the goodwill existing between Indian and European which was so much in evidence during the Christmas season. Everybody who has the real welfare of India at heart is entitled to congratulate themselves on the fact that the foolish inauguration of independence at the end of last month has not affected this in the slightest degree. In the opinion of most competent observers the sorry fiasco, which was solemnly enacted and which in the mind of its promoters was to rival the storming of the Bastille, has cemented the sensible opinion of all communities. All of which is to the good.

Mr. B. Chawla, a member of the Karachi Aero Club, gained his "A" license through the Royal Aero Club and is professionally interested in aviation in India.

An Unworthy Criticism

Lieut.-Commander Kenworthy, Labour Member for Hull, is on a cold weather visit to India and, like most excursionists from Westminister to India, has been unburdening himself in newspaper interviews. In the main his views are quite harmless but there is something particularly cheap in his remark that "the average stay-at-home Britisher was likely to be misled by retired soldiers who had neither any knowledge of this country nor sympathy with her people." Commander Kenworthy might pay a good many cold weather visits to India before he would acquire the knowledge of the country possessed by the average senior officer and the bond of sympathy which exists between the Indian sepoy and his officers is based on a rather more secure foundation than that which inspires the new found love which flows so freely between certain English politicians and their Indian friends.

The Air Mail Again

The vagaries of the air mail have become something in the nature of a stand-by to the paragraphist and of late comment has been severe and in some cases justified. The publication of the findings of the enquiry into the Jask disaster, the

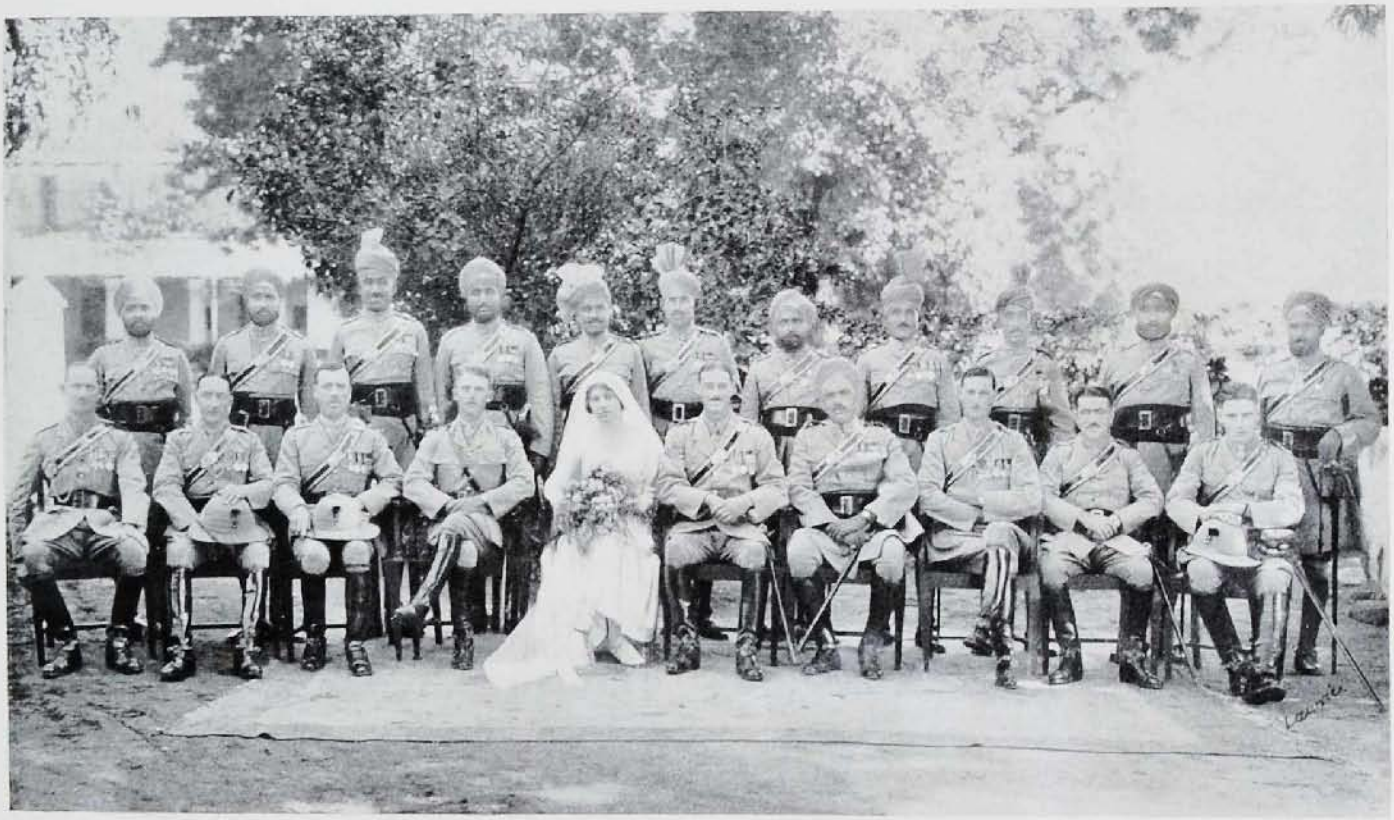


Photo Lawrie, Jubbulpore.

Major Edward Travis Walker, of the 15th D.C.O. Lancers, was recently married to Miss M. F. Pinney, daughter of Maj-Genl. Sir Reginald Pinney, K.C.B., and Lady Pinney, at Jubbulpore. This group includes the British and Indian officers of the regiment.

TWO DELHI WEDDINGS

Left :—Miss Flora Macdonald, daughter of the late Mr. C. N. Macdonald and of Mrs. Macdonald, Sidcup, Kent, was married last month to Mr. R. C. Jeffreys, Superintendent of Police, Delhi.

Below :—Miss Moncrieff-Smith, daughter of the Hon'ble Sir Henry and Lady Moncrieff-Smith, was married to Capt. Elsworthy, of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. This group includes H. E. the C.-in-C., Sir Lancelot Graham, K.C.I.E., Sir Henry and Lady Moncrieff-Smith and two old nurses of the family.

Photos Kinsey Bros., Delhi.

herald of a period of thorough bad luck, has again focussed attention on the matter. The official statement makes it clear that the accident was essentially due to the pilot's mistake, but for this there was excuse. The prolongation of the flight, with its consequent tax upon his strength, coupled with the imperfect light, are obviously extenuating circumstances. To turn to more general considerations, for two or three weeks past the air mail has been little more speedy than the ordinary mail despite a recent pronouncement by *Reuter's Agency* that "Imperial Airways is speeding up the London-India air mail service." The plain fact is that to remove the real feeling of disappointment which at present exists in the public mind, Imperial Airways need do nothing more revolutionary than return to their ordinary normal time-table.

A Burst Bubble

For sheer, cool impertinence the story of Vishnu Karendekar, who supplied the *Daily Express* with the forecast of the Simon Commission, needs a lot of beating. A pure figment of his imagination, the document obtained through its publication the widest currency. Full confession has been made and apparently no further action is to be taken against Mr. Karendekar and his "Indian News Agency," but we imagine any similar story finding its way to the *Daily Express* will be more closely investigated.

Militant Fakirs

This year's Kumb Mela at Allahabad was attended by the record number of two million pilgrims and produced one or two amusing incidents, not the least of which was the free fight which took place between some two hundred fakirs and the police and Mela volunteers. The former, *Bairagis* by caste, are notoriously quarrelsome and give the lie to the popular conception that all Hindu prelates are quiet, retiring ascetics. They engaged the police for over half an hour and it was only after revolver shots had been fired in the air by police officers that peace was restored.

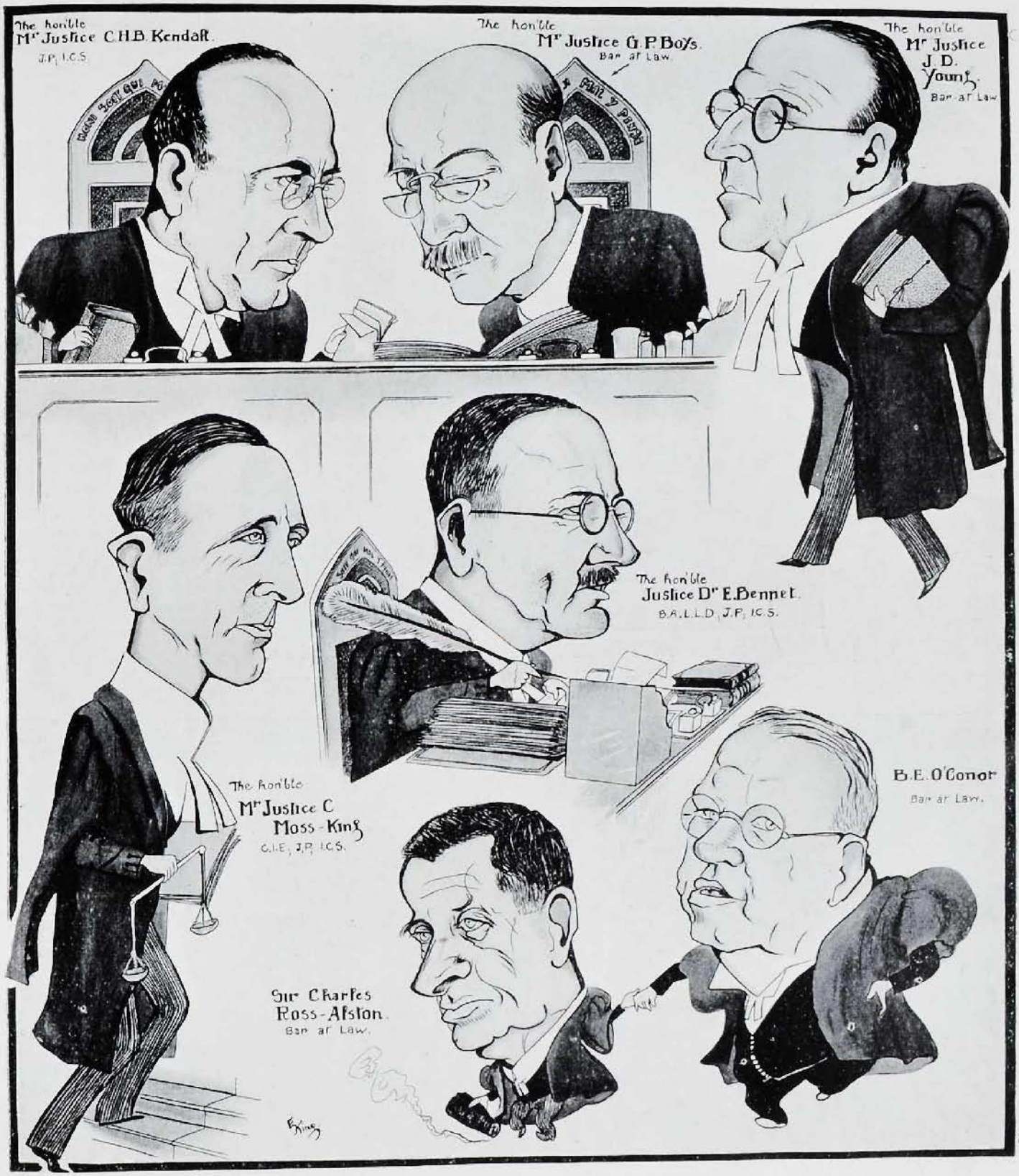
A NEW LADY GOLF CHAMPION

Mrs. Duncan (above), who as Miss Mary Wood was Scottish Ladies' Champion in 1926, added another distinction to her already illustrious golfing career by winning the All-India Ladies' Championship at Tollygunge last month. She beat Mrs. Morgan (left) in the final by 6 and 5 and was definitely the more experienced and accomplished player. The new champion's home club is Gullane, and she succeeds Miss Kathleen Marshall, who also possesses a first class home record and was on a visit to India when she won the championship in 1929.

India House

India House, Aldwych, is nearing completion and the finishing touches are being put to the interior decorations. The High Commissioner and his staff will not be sorry to get into one spacious building, where the various branches of work can be co-ordinated. At present the work is

SOME LEGAL LIGHTS



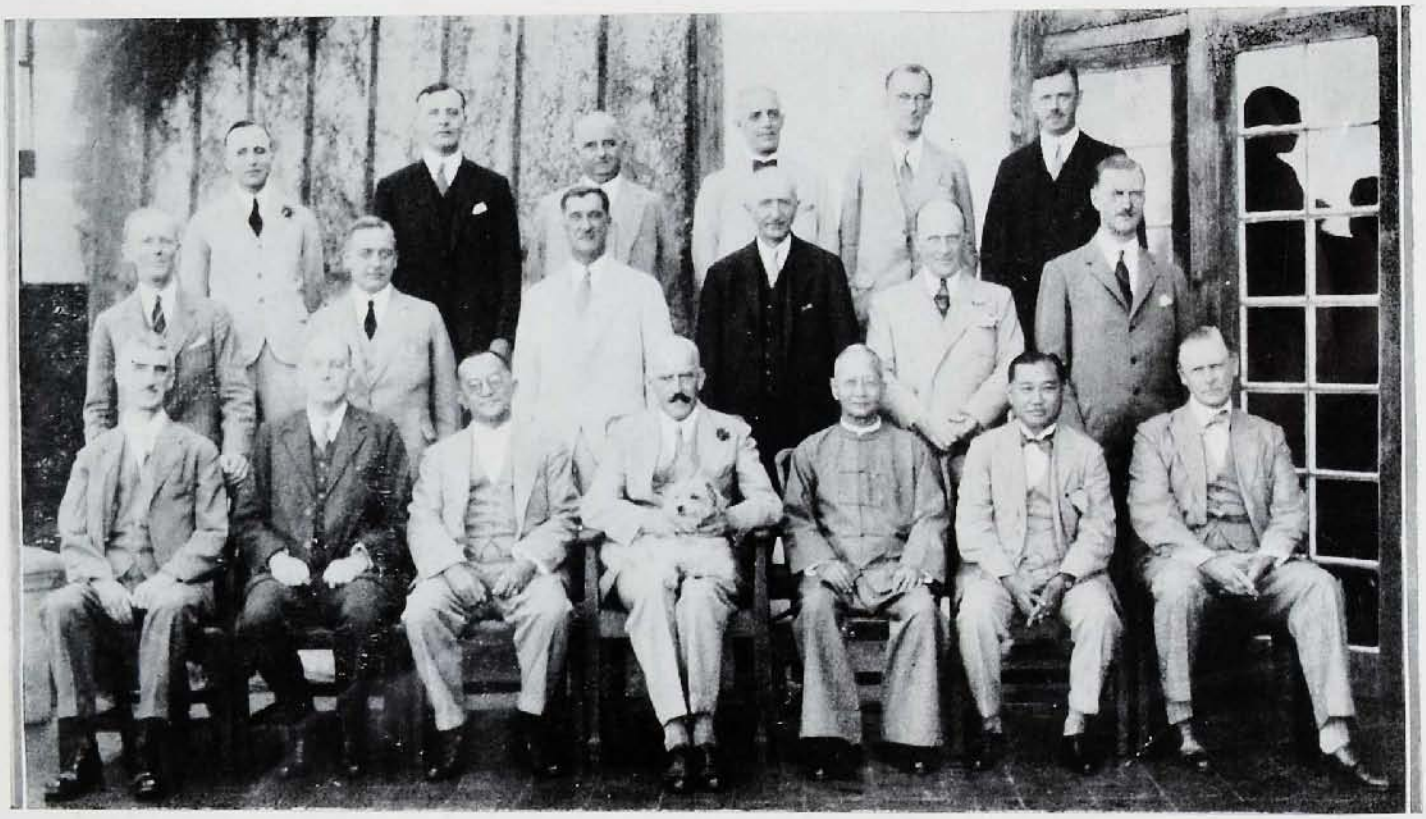
Familiar figures in the Allahabad High Court.

carried on in three houses in Grosvenor Gardens. A distinct Indian air has been preserved in the planning of the building, for which the Assembly voted three hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Indian hard wood has been used throughout for flooring and panelling; the walls of the staircase and the halls are of red stone, similar to the red sandstone which is characteristic of Agra and Delhi. The High Commissioner's own suite overlooks the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand.

Lady Sinha is visiting India after a long absence in England and the Continent and, with her children, is spending the cold weather at Ranchi.

The Washington of India

When one comes to think of it, India has spent a not inconsiderable sum on building projects in the last few years. The Viceroy's House was opened last month. Sir Atul Chatterjee will go into his new quarters very soon, and more and more departments are settling down in new Delhi, which is probably one of the most colossal buildings and architectural projects of all time. What verdict history will pass on it no man can prophesy. By all the best tenets of public administration, it is right and proper that Raisina should become the Washington of India. But by all the lessons of Indian history it is wrong, for Delhi's record as a city quite definitely proves it is not the natural capital of the land.



This group was taken on the occasion of a conference of the Commissioners of Burma and includes H. E. Sir Charles Innes.

THE LATE LEONARD TAYLOR

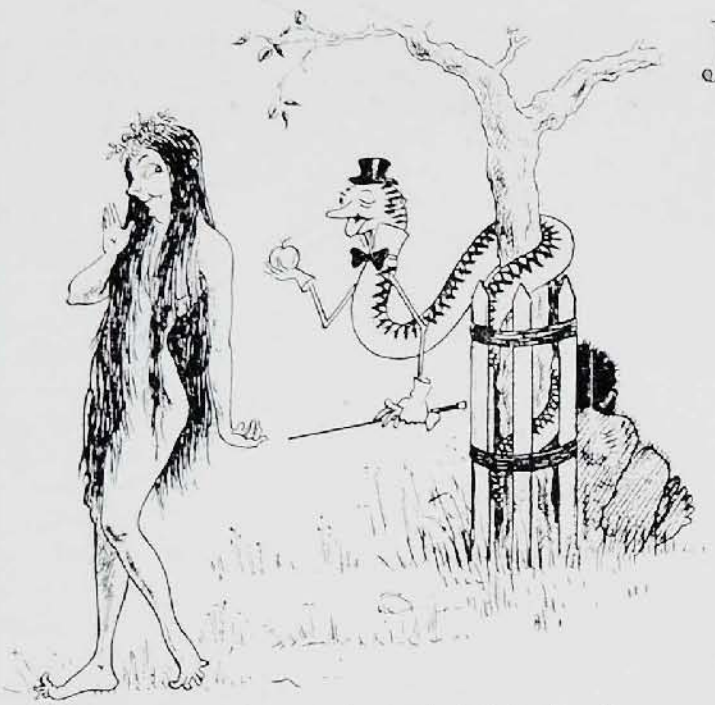
An Appreciation.

IN announcing the death of Leonard Taylor, the founder and first editor of INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE, at the early age of forty-five, we do much more than remark the close of a phase in the history of this Journal, for we also place on record a very real personal sorrow. His advent into journalism, after a successful business career, was a recent development and only those who have worked in close association with him can realise his ready aptitude for the profession and the assiduous care with which he conducted the affairs of this Magazine. This was characteristic of the man, for in everything he undertook he was thorough to a degree, possessed of rare patience and liberal in his conceptions. He came to India in 1911 from the London Assurance Company, as their representative with the well-known Calcutta firm of Gillanders, Arbuthnot & Co., under whose aegis he founded the flourishing Clive Insurance Company, Ltd. His progress in the service of that Company was remarkable and he was soon recognised throughout India as an exceptionally able insurance under-writer whose professional opinion was of more than ordinary value. He specialised in "Accident" business and was to a large degree responsible for the creation of the Calcutta Accident Insurance Association, to which he rendered eminent service during its early stages. He was successively Deputy-Chairman of the Workmen's Compensation Standing Committee, the Motor Vehicles Standing Committee, and Chairman of the Workmen's Compensation and General Purposes Committee. Before the framing of the Workmen's Compensation Act for India his services were lent by his Company to the India Office as a consultant and in that capacity he gave much valuable advice to the Government and the other parties interested in the Bill, which subsequently became law. In 1925 he resigned from the firm of Messrs. Gillanders, Arbuthnot & Co. and founded the Publicity Society of India, Ltd., of which he remained Managing Director until his untimely death. In this capacity he was mainly interested in outdoor publicity and he quickly acquired a reputation both in India, London and America, and the many touching tributes which have come from all quarters, bear witness to the high esteem in which he was held by advertising men in general.

The late Mr. L. Taylor, Editor of "India Monthly Magazine."

In July of 1928 the first number of this Magazine was published and he approached his new duties with humility, but, nevertheless, with courage high. Indeed, courage was a tremendous factor in his make up. Many anxious days followed and lesser men would have quailed and abandoned the project. That he has carried the publication through to its present state of efficiency is due to his resolution and nothing else and the task to which he set himself, will in good time be brought to completion.

Of his personal qualities it is difficult to write comprehensively here. His generosity was proverbial and his private benefactions were numberless. The recipient of more than an ordinary share of this world's goods, he returned them to his less fortunate friends with a generous hand. By his own staff, whether European or Indian, he was literally loved. Essentially simple by nature, he spent most of his spare moments with his family, to whom his loss is particularly keen. He married Miss Beryl Jensen, by whom, with two young sons in England, he is survived. These are a few imperfect impressions set down without reserve for, writing near the event of his death in limited space, any attempt to describe or appraise him must be sadly inadequate.



"It gave the fatal fruit to Eve."

JUNGLE JEREMIADS

By Major F. N. MACFARLANE

Illustrated by J. G. S.

No. 4.

PETER AND THE PYTHON

Seven junior subalterns :
Sounds of falling bricks.
One disturbed a python,
And then there were six.

THE Serpent since the world began
Has been the enemy of man ;
And "man" I take to indicate
What scientists would designate
The species *Homo Sapiens.*
Not cocks alone, but also hens,
Though doubtless I should label them
Hom. Sap. (in brackets) f. and m.

For all historians agree
That when the Serpent in the Tree
Began this bitter age-long feud,
While man was still completely nude,
It gave the fatal fruit to Eve ;
Though ladies to this day believe
That had the snake been less polite
Eve never would have got a bite.

Then, yet again, when Egypt's Queen
(Rehearsing for the silver screen ?)
Decided she would rather die
Than live in sin with Anthony,
She thrust within her fine chemise
Of Celanese de Rameses
An asp, which bit the regal breast,
And sent poor Cleopatra west.

Though all and sundry must revile
The use of venom or of guile,
Yet nobody can well object
To snakes which tidily effect
The death of their selected prey
In quite a different sort of way.
The serpents which I have in mind
Are those of the constrictor kind.

A father and two hefty sons,
The last of the Laocoons,
Once tried their Herculean strength
Against a snake whose girth and length
Enabled it to squash and squeeze
The trio with consummate ease.
A feat which anyone may see
Immortalised in statuary.

While those who fail to take to heart
The moral of this work of art
Need only snatch the briefest look
At Rudyard Kipling's Jungle Book
To ascertain the fate of those
Who meet an angry python's nose.
There can't be very many folk
Who look on pythons as a joke.

Yet Peter Percy Pomfret Browne
Was bred in a provincial town,
Where, safely tied to apron strings,
He never heard of snakes and things ;
And even when his uncle Hugh
Once took him to the London Zoo,
He only got a fleeting peep
At lazy pythons fast asleep.

In many ways a model child ;
He loved all creatures, tame and wild,
And tears would trickle from his eyes
When beetles, moths or butterflies
Fell victims to his father's craze
For filling little wooden trays
With lepidoptera ; he wailed
To see the little beasts impaled.

Jungle Jeremiads

" The creature had withdrawn inside."

An ardent entomologist,
His brutal father would insist
On making Peter do his bit
By catching dragonflies with Flit.
But, sheltered by his doting nurse,
The disobedient Peter Perce,
Declaring it was wrong to kill,
Refused to do his father's will.

This so enraged old Peter Père
That, tearing at his scanty hair,
He swore the coward should be made
To take up slaughter as a trade,
And made him join the Army in
The hope that he would soon begin
To look on killing as a sport ;
As any healthy Briton ought.

In course of time Lieutenant Pete
Was posted to a corps d'élite—
A piffer crowd, so full of pride
That humbler units called it " side."
He frankly didn't like his Sikhs,
But soon got friendly with the Pekes,
With which his Colonel's faded wife
Alleviated frontier life.

This bond of union between
Our hero and the evergreen
Old lady, who had long been wed
To him from whom all others fled
Resulted in a short reprieve—
Amounting to a fortnight's leave—
For Peter who would otherwise
Have suffered premature demise.

His brother officers agreed
That Peter was a mutt ; indeed
They thought he was the greatest dud
That ever tried to climb a khud.
And so they got a pleasant shock
When Peter took a jungle block,
Although they hardly hoped he'd dare
To shoot carnivora or bear.

And they were right : for Peter took
No armament except a book
By Darwin, one by Marie Stopes,
A Kodak and two telescopes.
He never had the very least
Desire to slay a bird or beast,
And thought (in French) " C'est vraiment mieux
Etudier les bêtes chez eux.

At first he met with scant success ;
The fauna in the wilderness
Invariably took to flight
Whenever Peter hove in sight.
His subjects never gave him half
A chance to take their photograph,
Save once when luckily he came
Upon a tortoise that was lame.

Yet even then he failed to get
A snap ; for by the time he'd set
His stop and wound his shutter spring,
And finished all the focussing,
The creature had withdrawn inside
Its mottled shell, and though he tried
To coax it from its armature,
He failed to find the proper lure.

" Soon got friendly with the Pekes."

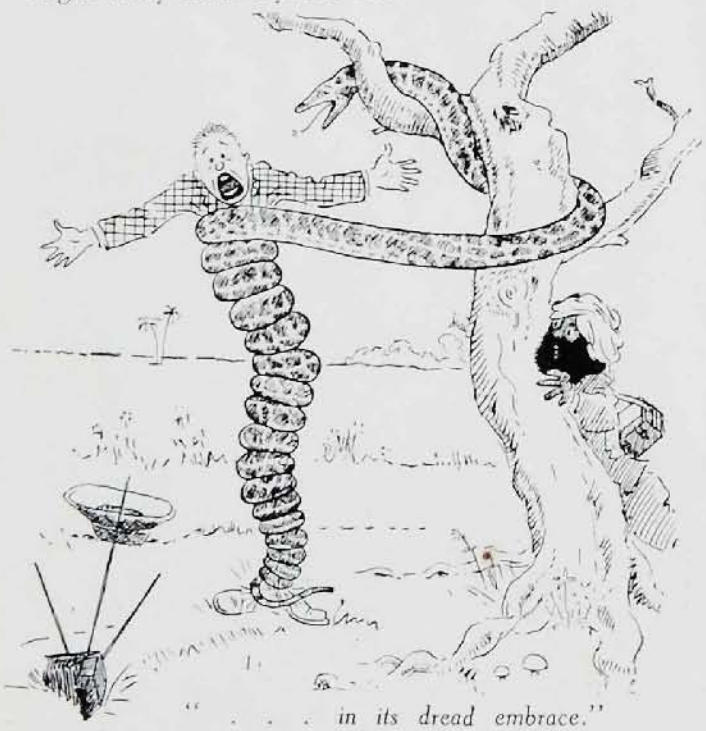
Jungle Jeremiads

Imagine, then, the joy and pride
With which next afternoon he spied
A python coiled around a trunk.
His bearer nearly did a bunk,
But stuck the Kodak on its stand
And bravely stayed to lend a hand,
While Peter started in to wake
The comatose and sleepy snake.

He cautiously crept close enough
To offer it a curry puff,
Which served its purpose all too well;
For, scenting the seductive smell,
The reptile raised its head on high,
And cast a cold and baleful eye
On Peter, who was unaware
That sometimes pythons don't play fair.

He didn't long remain in doubt:
He heard his bearer's warning shout
And turned to chide him for his lack
Of confidence; but while his back
Was turned the python licked its lips,
And, grabbing Peter by the hips,
Proceded with reptilian grace
To wrap him in its dread embrace.

As soon as Peter's soul had fled
The serpent seized him by the head,
And gradually wolfed him whole
As if he'd been a sausage roll.
Poor Peter! Let us hope that he
Will rest in peace.—*NOT* "R. I. P."
For "P," from Peter's point of view,
Might easily mean Python too.



". . . in its dread embrace."

PHILTERED PHILOSOPHY

NOTHING is found in the face that is absent within the heart.

When danger bids its farewell, boredom says how d'you do.

What the average man sees in the average woman is a mystery, but what the average woman sees in the average man is a miracle.

If there's one thing worse than being dissatisfied; it's being self-satisfied.

The best part of happiness is found in the pursuit of it.

No one is quite so out of luck as he who depends upon it.

In wooing his favours from women, man's big incentive is just to make sure that he can.

Ambitious people are dangerous,—if you happen to stand in their way.

No reliable germ exterminator has yet been invented that will effectually kill off the social bug.

The Devil's ace-in-the-hole usually takes the form of a beautiful woman.

The men most liberal to women are those who realise that, in the game of life, she is playing in accordance with stricter rules and higher forfeits.

The best verdict that an average human being can expect from a heavenly jury is,—"You're not good enough for Heaven but you're not bad enough for Hell."

The best test for strength lies in the conquering of a weakness.

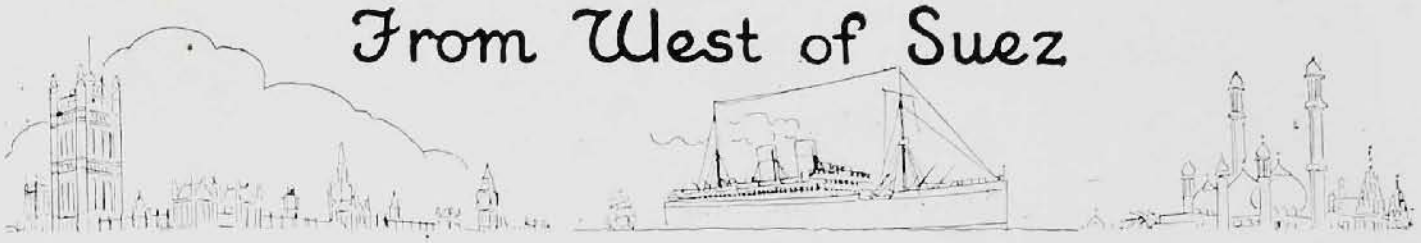
If you'd learn how to really be graceful, then lose like a poor winner wins.

To-morrow delights in denying what is yours for the asking to-day.

There's many an earthly virtue that St. Peter writes off as a sin.

It's only the small things we plan on; the big things merely occur.

From West of Suez



Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

Etchings by W. Edwin Law, R.A.

SOMEWHERE IN "BLIGHTY," JANUARY, 1930.

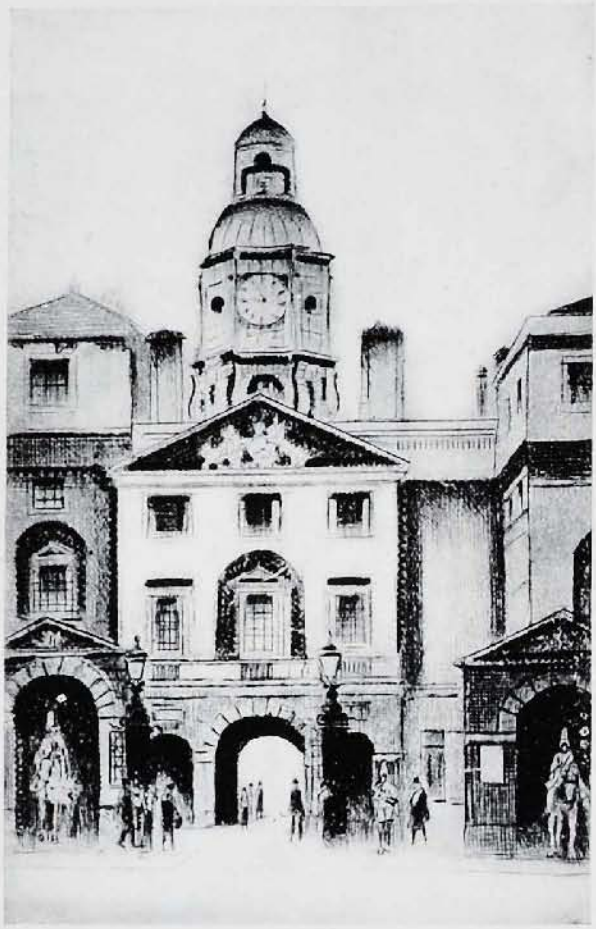
WITH us (when this sees the light of the Indian sun), "February fill dyke," if, that is to say, there happens to be any more room in dykes which at the moment are full to the brim, the jumping and the hunting still in the fullest blast; with you in Calcutta the first gummy weeks of the heat to come—the porches of your houses a mass of bougainvilla, the trees, which line so many of your spacious streets, beginning to indicate that soon they will be a blaze of gold-red and orange "gold mohurs," and the Indian lilac and laburnum beginning to offer to show a leg and add to the wonderful riot of colour which India alone of all the countries I know, can give. The May and the Almonds of our early spring cannot hold a candle to the roaring furnaces East of Suez—beautiful as are our homely friends. With you that end of the season feeling, when the race-course and other places where one or two or three or four have been wont to gather together, beginning to look like a ball-room on the morning after the night before; with us the feeling that, though the hunting season's end is in sight and the National looms close ahead, as the crowning glory of the chasing, there is so much to come—the Lincoln, the Craven meeting at Newmarket, the Epsom spring, the Two Thousand, the Derby, Ascot, the Julys, Lords, Hurlingham, Henley, Goodwood, Cowes!

When we were in India, how we ached to be off home for it all! Since we have shaken the dust of India's red hot Plains from off our feet, how often, "contrairy" creatures that we are, do we not find ourselves wondering whether, after all, we did not have a better time in those way-back days, when we were fuller of the sap of life and things did not feel, at any rate, quite so strenuous. There were compensations, were not there? After Calcutta, that Civil Service Cup week in Lucknow—the racing, the stout and oysters before dinner and after the polo at the Mahomed Bagh, the dances at the Old Chutter—and what a real Crystal Palace firework it used to be on the night of the Civil Service ball!—and then, later, Meerut races and the Inter-Regimental polo and the Kadir to follow; and then, later, if you were peculiarly lucky and were either a Spring Captain, or your job compelled you to it, the Delectable Hills with their gummy, languorous atmosphere which seemed to be like a very forcing house for Romance. Yes, there were some very definite compensations for our years of exile and how some of us, particularly when we've got colds in our heads and our hunting clothes are getting more ruined and clarety as the wet weeks roll onward, do sigh "put me somewhere East of Suez and let me smell again even the greasy stuffy smells of an Indian bazâr, and be cared for again by that faithful friend and dry nurse, Gunga Din!" What a discontented lot we mortals are! When we have 365 days, bar three dripping months, of blue skies and sun that nearly sears the eyeballs out of us, we say: "Oh, to be back in a real old yellow London fog and feel the nose being frozen off our face!" Man never is, but always to be blessed! At least that is what he thinks.

A Paperchase Cup Memory—A Pytchley Experience

In Calcutta, about February in my day, we used to be beginning to wonder if at last the darling ambition of our hearts to win the Paperchase Cup was going to be realised. We had been doing pretty well in the Average Cup—one star steed perhaps had won a hunters' chase or a hurdle race and it had not induced him to catch hold unpleasantly so as to make him a doubtful joy over Ballygungeshire—and only a good ride over that strongly fenced bit we used to call the Bund country and over which every Paperchase Cup course during my day used in part to lie—and we used to be busy cutting out smokes and short drinks and doing physical jerks to get our already wiry bodies into a still more superlative state of fitness and we were sure that if only luck came our way, and the dust or other things did not cause us to over-shoot the paper scent at the critical moment, victory was certain and that we should find our name added to the roll of honour on that very handsome Challenge Cup which it would be our privilege to hold for a year, plus a suitable replica from Elkington's. What a long story some of us might write if we had the time and space—of that 'hectic

adventure over those 4½ to 5 miles of really trying country, so plentifully studded with big mud walls and fair imitations in bamboo and palm leaves of timber. It never was a "baby" ride and anyone who has won it in the past, and who may win it in the future, can claim to have been "through it," as may be said. The year Colonel John Hunt won it on Postboy, a heavy-weight toiling far in rear of the first dozen in a very fast run Cup, still lingers in my memory. We came out of the Old Gates on to what was then called the Sandy Lane—the road which comes from Tollygunge village way straight to Jodhpur Thannah—the dust was choking and blinding—the finish just off the road in the plough below where there is that little "Island," a natural grand stand for the Gallery. A *jharan* would have covered the first twenty, and, my hat—the jostling and the bumping. Off the road we shot to charge the last flight of hurdles, the shouting of the excited on-lookers, including the indigenous population who always took such a keen interest, inciting us to be braver than the brave. The whole shooting match charged out into the plough and went the wrong side of that Island! The last fence and the flags were the road side—and before we could put the brakes on and get back, John Hunt had chipped in and won it! Tony Boden (Rifle Brigade) on Jack Daw, C. C. Campbell on Miss Theo,—what a corking good jumper she was!—Albert Rawlinson on, I forget what, Alaric Butler on a big chestnut, "Titwillow" on Flatcatcher, W. O. Rees, I think on either The Drummer or Drummer Boy, "Sally" Swanston on Leila and a lot more, were all confident they had that Cup in their pockets, as they were all in a solid mass and it was anyone's race—and what a finish it would have been but for that red dust and the red fire everyone was seeing! If there are any survivors—and, alack, I fear there is only one of whom I know, they must forgive me if I have left their names out, for it was many years ago and I have only the record of a vivid memory to help me. I fear that few who participated in that bustling fight are sitting, as I am, writing with three pairs of hunting boots, whose tops mirror their ages, beside me in a rack by the wall, wondering whether the great hunt in which I was last Saturday week with the Pytchley, 3½ hours from find to finish, was really as good fun as that hell for leather twenty minutes or so of that and many another Calcutta Paperchase Cup. For just about 60 minutes of that great Pytchley hunt I have just spoken of, we raced over them at Calcutta Paperchase Cup pace, but over very different going, and instead of the cannon-ball clods of the Indian ploughs, grass all the way—some of it deep ridge and furrow, which made you think you were crossing from Harwich to The Hook in a North Sea gale; big stake and laid fences almost every one, with a ditch one side or the other—a few deep bottoms—very wide—a sprinkling of the inevitable timber—that in and out of the polo ground at Arthingworth as sizeable and strong as you wanted it—and then a welcome check and slower hunting over very much the same sort of things, and you began to ache for the end to come after the second hour had ticked its course. Here I am at contrasts again! The only personal feeling I had about being left with the last 30 out of 350 odd who went away from Loatland, was "well done old Calcutta, to have allowed me to last so long and still not see the red light burning bright along the top-most binders!" I say this not in personal pride, but in all humbleness of spirit, because it is India and not me who deserves any credit. She treats some of us very kindly, if we treat her as we should. Incidentally, in this Pytchley gallop, I had the honour to ride one of that great old celebrity's, Frank Freeman's, horses, he being laid out with a broken arm. Frank Freeman is the Pytchly huntsman and is just ten years younger than I am—and they call him "old!" Again I say, hurrah for Old Hindustan!



The Horse Guards Parade.

♔ ♔ ♔

An "Indian" National Horse

The Grand National, 1930, is going to have a special interest for India, because Mr. E. R. Hartley has sent home the winner of the Indian Grand National in Calcutta, Kilbuck, to run for it, and I am

glad to be able to report that the horse has done very well in himself since he has been at the Curragh and has never looked back. I hear Mr. Myerscough, who has had charge of him, is intending to run him at Baldoyle before sending him over here to have the final polish put on and this will have happened some time before this letter is published in INDIA. It was to be either Baldoyle or Leopardstown—both banking courses—but it is of good omen that Kilbuck is forward enough to run. I am told that he is a real good cut of a thoroughbred chaser and I shall be intensely interested following his career, for the owner and I were more or less boys together in those old Calcutta days, though he was more of a boy than I was. Anyway, here's luck to him and Kilbuck, and perhaps he may guess who it is, is wishing it to him. This will not be the first time, by a good many, that a Calcutta owner has been represented in the Grand National, for some years ago both Mr. R. H. A. Gresson and Mr. W. A. Bankier, who was also in Jardine Skinner's in Calcutta, had horses running and I thought Mr. Gresson had a real good chance of winning it with that big raking mare, Gracious Gift, who had won the Foxhunters' Chase the year before, but she slipped up on landing over the water when going well. Mr. George Newall Nairn, who used to race in Calcutta under the name of "Mr. Newall" and also used to punch along in the Calcutta paperchases on a bay horse named Trump Card, has had several shies at it with a horse he has named after his old Calcutta favourite—has now sold the horse to Lord Stalbridge. Trump Card has had hard luck on at least two occasions. He jumped his jockey clean off at Valentine's one year I saw the race; the year before last he was interfered with by Easter Hero's little effort at the Canal turn fence, and in last year's race he had the word "fell" tacked on to his name—but I do not think he deserved it and "knocked over" would be nearer the mark. Trump Card is a most astounding jumper and, I think, he may yet prove that I have not been wrong in sticking to him and twice tipping him to win. Last year, it was the record, in point of numbers—66—and ten, got the course and many more would have done so if a loose horse had not caused such scatteration at the Canal Turn fence the first time round.

The Old Curiosity Shop.

Quite a dozen were knocked out. Easter Hero, in 1928, destroyed the chances of at least two dozen at the same obstacle. Last year Easter Hero jumped as straight as a gun barrel and if a jockey could be found able to hold him in the place he is wanted, he would take a deal of beating: but no horse yet bred, I am certain, can go to the front and make all the running with top weight and win. Gregalach, who won it, is not in the same class as Easter Hero, and yet beat him pointless six lengths at the finish—purely because the top weight had run himself to a stand-still. A man in top boots could have beaten him in from the last fence.

However, I must not go on talking too much about the coming National at the moment, because I believe INDIA's editor has told me off to write quite seriously about it in the March issue, and as the great chase is run on the 28th of that month any confiding reader will have plenty of time to chew up anything I may have to record and then draw his own and probably an entirely counter conclusion. I think, however, that all we Ditchers, past and present, ought to back Trump Card and Kilbuck, for the honour of our ancient "burg," and save ourselves on Shaun Goilin and Easter Hero!

❦ ❦ ❦

The Light Side of Life

How extremely unsafe it is to fail to believe that at any moment you may be entertaining angels unawares was forcefully brought home to some one I happen to know rather well, who was staying recently in the house of a rather starchy M. F. H. and his even more so good lady. The occasion was a luncheon on the day after hounds had had a great hunt. The lady explained to my friend that one of the guests looked rather like a cinema actress and was bringing a friend who probably she said, was even worse, but had to be asked. Lady and friend arrived: friend's name not caught, in the way that usually happens. My friend sat next to the fair unknown and discovered that she was Lady X, wife of one of India's most distinguished ex-Governors of a Province, big enough to accommodate England four times over. So after the icily icey way in which Mrs. M. F. H. had treated the lady whom, she thought, must be either Lili Damita or Bebe Daniels, it was a great joy to him to tell her who the undistinguished distinguished was.

THE YULP.

THE STATE OF KASHMIR

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

POPULARLY known as Kashmir, the State of Jammu-Kashmir is situated on the Northern frontier of India and is for the most part a mountainous region of some 814,000 square miles in area, extending to the Pamirs—and within this great region of snow-capped mountains lies the beautiful Valley of Kashmir. Jammu is that portion of the State adjoining the Punjab, along the foothills of the Himalayas —the home of the Dogra Rajput.

The history of how the two territories became one State is of interest; and it is curious to think that the greater portion of the population of Kashmir proper is Mahomedan—while that of Jammu is Hindu—the total amounting to some 3,000,000. Until the 14th century, Kashmir was under the sway of Buddhist and Hindu dynasties. Then a local Mahomedan dynasty established itself and ruled the country until the invasion, in 1587, of the Emperor Akbar, thus bringing Kashmir under the direct control of the Delhi throne. Some 200 years later, the Central Government of Delhi having been greatly weakened through the invasions of Nadir Shah, the Persian, and ravages and seizure of Delhi by the Mahrattas, Ahmad Shah Abdali, of Afghanistan, entered and took Kashmir. The Sikhs, also, in the Punjab were becoming powerful under their great leader, Ranjit Singh, "the Lion of the Punjab." At the same time there ruled in Jammu one Ranjit Deo, a Dogra Rajput. He died in 1780—and quarrels and dissensions arising as to who should succeed him gave the Sikhs an opportunity of seizing Jammu territory and making it a dependency of the Punjab. Ranjit Deo had three great grand-nephews, all three of whom took service with Maharaja Ranjit Singh at his court at Lahore. The eldest, Golab Singh, proved himself a fine soldier and won the approval of the Maharaja, so much so that in 1818 Ranjit Singh conferred the Principality of Jammu upon him. A year later, Ranjit Singh entered Kashmir and established a governor from the Sikh Court.

In 1846, the year which saw the defeat of the Sikh nation at the battle of Sobraon (First Sikh War), Ranjit Singh concluded a treaty with "John Company" by which he forfeited all his hill territories and that portion of the Punjab lying between the Indus and Beas rivers, including Kashmir and Jammu, beside the payment of a crore (at that time £1,000,000) of rupees. In the negotiations between the British and the Sikhs, Raja Golab Singh of Jammu proved himself an able mediator—and offered to pay a very large proportion of the indemnity in consideration of the cession to him of the territories of Kashmir. This was acceded to by the Governor-General, Lord Hardinge —for the extension of our boundaries at that time to the northern marches of Kashmir was impracticable. Hence, in 1846, Raja Golab Singh became the Ruler of the combined territories of Jammu-Kashmir. Raja Golab Singh died in 1857, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Ranbir Singh, who died in 1885, to be succeeded by his eldest son, the late Maharaja Sir Pratap Singh.

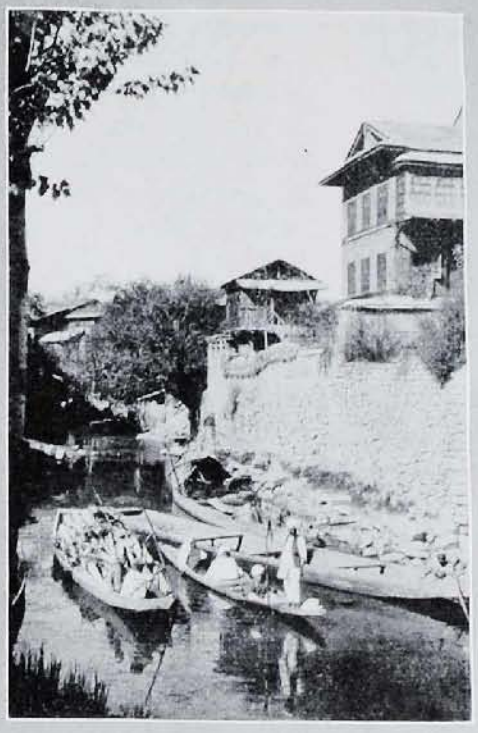
(*Note.*—Not only have many people—but also sometimes the Press—confused Maharaja Sir Pratap Singh, the late Ruler of Jammu-Kashmir, with that distinguished Rahtor Rajput soldier, the late Maharaja Sir Pratap Singh of Jodhpur). His Highness Maharaja Sir Pratap Singh ruled Jammu-Kashmir for forty years, and died in 1925. His only son, born in 1904, died a year later—and he was succeeded, in 1925, by his nephew, Sir Hari Singh, the son of the late Raja Sir Amar Singh, who for many years had assisted his brother in the government of the State.

The present ruler is Colonel His Highness Maharaja Sir Hari Singh Indar Mahindar Bahadur, G.C.I.E., K.C.V.O. He was born in 1895. He has no son as yet—but is entitled, by agreement with the Govenment of India, to the right of adoption of an heir according to Hindu law.

The revenue of the State is roughly 220 lakhs—*i.e.* £1,600,000, and expenditure must be very nearly as much, taking into consideration the expenses of the administration of so large an area—the upkeep of the many miles of good roads—the upkeep of troops to garrison the frontier of the State—and the financing of the several schemes for the development of his country, which His Highness has so much at heart.

The majority of the Indian States pay some sort of tribute or contribution to the Government of India in accordance with old treaties, and it is curious to note that the tribute paid by Jammu-Kashmir should be five Kashmir shawls.

The Valley of Kashmir, with its capital of Srinagar, is the summer residence of His Highness and the Government, while Jammu, on the River Tawi, where it flows out of the foothills into the plains of the Punjab, is Headquarters for the winter months. In both cities are to be found the old Palaces—the one at Jammu in the centre of the city, the other at Srinagar on the banks of the river Jhelum, also in the city through which the river flows. Both are old fashioned, with their courtyards, small stairs, rambling corridors and verandahs, and furnished in oriental style. At Jammu, however, His Highness Sir Hari Singh has built a Palace on western



H. H. Sir Hari Singh Bahadur, G.C.I.E., K.C.V.O.

Two typical Kashmiri scenes.

(*Continued from previous page.*)
lines on a cliff overlooking the River Tawi—beautifully furnished and complete with every modern convenience. Similarly, at Srinagar, or rather at Gupkar, some three or four miles away from the city, he has built a magnificent house overlooking the Dal Lake. It has many guest rooms—and is built entirely on western lines and most comfortably furnished. Here, as at Jammu, His Highness delights in royally entertaining his friends.

One of the prominent features of His Highness' administration is the

The State of Kashmir

Military Department. His Highness maintains a wonderfully workmanlike little army of one Cavalry Regiment, three Mountain Batteries, six Battalions of Infantry, and an Army Training School.

The above units are mainly recruited from Dogras and Goorkhas and are all organized on Indian Army lines and establishments, and not only provide the garrisons on the Gilgit frontier (to the north of Kashmir) but are maintained also for assistance to the Government of India in time of emergency. The garrison of the Gilgit frontier relieves the Army in India of watch and ward along many a mile. Several of the units have distinguished themselves on many a campaign in aid of the Empire, notably in the late Great War, when the number of Kashmir troops was increased—to enable those in the field to be maintained up to strength. It must be noted that during the whole period of the War those troops of the Indian States (some 20,000 all told) which served in the field were maintained in the field by their States—and the heavy expenditure incurred by the States in maintaining them, as well as in contributing to the many War charities in no meagre way, accounted to a very large sum of money, close on fifty million pounds, in which the Kashmir State had a large share.

To the north-west of Kashmir, away up in the great mountainous region, lie two small States, Hunza and Nagar, both autonomous in internal affairs but owing the suzerainty of His Highness the Maharaja of Kashmir. The inhabitants come of one stock, but are of separate sects of the Mahomedan religion, the Hunza people being "Mulais," or followers of H. H. the Aga Khan, and those of Nagar being "Shiah" Mahomedans. They both furnish two companies the "Gilgit Scouts" for the defence of the frontier.

The small state of "Poonch" is the largest feudatory of Jammu-Kashmir, the present ruler being Raja Jagat Singh Deo, who holds his State or "Jagir" from His Highness the Maharaja, to whom he makes a yearly "nazar" or present of Rs. 233. The revenue of Poonch is eleven lakhs—about £80,000.

The Valley of Kashmir is a thing of beauty, intersected by the Jhelum River and having many beautiful lakes, the principal being the Wular and Dal. On the banks of the latter lie the beautiful summer palaces and gardens built by the Emperors Akbar, Jehangir, Shah Jehan, and Aurungzeb, who periodically left their capital of Delhi for a summer sojourn in the Vale of Kashmir.

The Valley is an extensive one, some 5,000 feet above sea level, surrounded by range upon range of snow-topped mountains. Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir, on the banks of the Jhelum, is the centre of attraction for the visitor during the cooler months of the year—and one sees countless little encampments among the groves of magnificent Chenar trees (Maple), while the river banks are lined with comfortable house-boats somewhat similar to those one sees on the Thames.

Gulmarg, the summer resort, lies about thirty miles away from Srinagar and is close on 9,000 feet above sea level. Here a great community of visitors assembles in the hotter months of July and August, and live in comfortable wooden huts. Gulmarg is becoming practically a smart "Hill-Station"—and affords facilities for excellent polo, golf, tennis, cricket, tobogganing and dances.

The number of visitors to Kashmir between the months of April and October must number several thousand. They come from all parts of India, both British and Indian, and although they must be a nuisance to the hard-worked officials of the State, yet they are not an unmixed blessing, for they provide employment to many and carry away with them many articles of manufacture for which Kashmir is famed, such as carpets, rugs, shawls, woollen and silk goods, furs, lacquer work and wood carving.

Kashmir is the paradise of sportsmen—both for the lover of shikar and for the fisherman. Wild duck in myriads come down from the north to spend the winter on the lakes, on the borders of which snipe in their thousands may also be found, while chikor (red-legged partridge) and Indian pheasants inhabit the slopes of the lower hills. Away up the "nullahs" leading to the higher hills may be found black bear in numbers, and at higher altitudes the red bear, while on the biggest ranges are to be found the markhor (a goat with magnificent spiral horns) and ibex. But the finest trophy of all is the head and antlers of the famous Kashmir stag, a magnificent beast, larger than the red deer of Scotland but not so large as the Wapiti of Northern America.

It is not so many years ago, before the appointment of a special officer to supervise the preservation of game, that sportsmen used to race for a nullah—starting on the opening day of the leave season (15th April) or the evening before, and hurrying with all haste to reach the coveted nullah wherein, once their tents were pitched, they could stay and shoot to their hearts' content in defiance of anyone else. Nowadays, a special officer is appointed by His Highness to supervise all shikar, and applications for licenses and terrain for shooting are made to him, and each applicant is impartially treated, arrangements being made smooth and simple for the "shikari." Game preservation in Kashmir is most carefully considered and watched by His Highness.

The small rivers issuing from the hills contain brown trout (introduced into Kashmir more than thirty years ago) of no mean dimensions—fish up to 10 lb. in weight having been caught. There are several trout hatcheries which are well worth a visit.

Apart from a sportman's paradise,

Kashmir provides the means of exercising nearly every hobby that man or woman can have—the beauty of the scenery and of the flora providing tempting facilities to the artist in oils or watercolours as well as to the botanist.

One of the plums of the Political Department is the appointment of Resident in Kashmir, and a delightful appointment it is. The Residency at Srinagar is a very comfortable and picturesque one, belonging to the Kashmir State, and has one of the most perfect gardens one can wish to see. Large green lawns with here and there a magnificent Chenar tree. In the winter months, when Kashmir is under snow, the Resident transfers his office to Sialkot, within a short distance of Jammu, where His Highness the Maharaja resides from October to April.

His Highness the Maharaja, a great sportsman, splendid shot, keen fisherman and keen polo player, is deeply interested in the development of the resources of his State and the introduction of necessary reforms for the good of his people. Only a few years ago, when he was Foreign Member and Senior Member of his uncle's Council, he used to tell us of the reforms he considered necessary and at which he was then working.

I have mentioned above that His Highness is a keen polo player. He has some of the best ponies in India and is, I hear, taking steps to put the Kashmir polo team at the head of the list.

His Highness served on the Staff of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales during his tour in India in 1922.

He is entitled to a salute of 21 guns.

The technical description of the Armorial Bearings devised for Kashmir embraces the distinguishing emblem of the family of the Maharaja of Jammu-Kashmir at that time was a "sun in splendour," thus signifying that the Dogra Rajputs claim to be "Soorajbunsi," *i.e.*, descendants of the "Sooraj," or the Sun. Certain other Rajputs claim to be "Chandrabunsi," *i.e.*, descendants of the "Chand," or the Moon. And hence we talk of the Solar and Lunar dynasties in connection with Rajput clans. But I often wonder whether we are right—and whether "Soorj" and "Chandra" were not really two heroes of far-off ancient days.

To return to the Kashmir Coat of Arms: the three zig-zag lines across the Shield represent the peaks of the three ranges of Himalayas within the State territory, and the three roses between the upper pair signify the beauty of the Valley which lies between the middle and further ranges. The supporters are dressed in the fashion of the soldiers of Ranjit Singh, the Ruler of the Punjab, and more like Sikhs than Dogras.

A bazaar scene in Srinagar, Kashmir.

VOLLEYING, FOOTWORK AND HEADWORK AT LAWN TENNIS

By Sir GORDON LOWE, Bt.

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

IN the last of my series of instructional articles for INDIA, I am going to take these very important lawn tennis headings :—volleying, footwork and headwork. The last two are closely interwoven and volleying more than than any other department of the game is dependent on them. Volleying particularly depends on good footwork and is almost the open sesame of the modern Lawn Tennis. No man or woman has ever been able, certainly since the war, to reach great heights at Wimbledon or elsewhere without a working knowledge of the volleying art. Tilden, Johnston, Patterson, Borotra, Lacoste and Cochet, the post-war champions of the Centre Court, can all volley beautifully. Possibly Tilden and Lacoste would be picked out as the least good of the six but even they have forgotten more about volleying than most players ever knew! The lady champions since 1919, Mlle Lenglen, Mrs. Godfree and Miss Wills, have also been able to volley, especially the first two. Miss Wills is not ideal at the net, but she can put the ball away overhead when it is required.

All volley strokes must be executed very much more quickly than ground strokes. The ball comes at one at a far greater rate and one's eyes must therefore be particularly trained for net play. There is special need for quick thinking and quick action. It is all a question of practice and a little technical knowledge ; anyone should be able to develop into a decent volleyer provided they give themselves the chance. Let me emphasize that there is need to watch the ball more closely on the volley than for any other strokes. Seldom will there be time to take up the sideways position, though this should be done when possible ; one has got to get one's racket in front of the ball as best one can. Step out to meet the ball with the foot nearest to it ; a volley is usually in the nature of a stab, thrust or push shot, a full blooded swing, except on occasions, has to be kept for ground shots.

The keynote of good volleying is essentially position : the nearer in to the net you are, the easier must your volleys be. Obviously, from close quarters all the man at the net has to do is to hit the ball down from above the height of the net and as hard he can ; from further back that same volley may become a difficult half volley which is really hard to negotiate. This is why the Frenchmen are so much better than anyone else on the volley—Cochet and Borotra are just that fraction nearer, in which there is all the difference ; all they have to do from their position close up is to put their volley away with a snap, which they do with unfailing regularity and in no uncertain fashion. This all depends on quick footwork and a natural instinct, which all must develop, for getting in close. In coming in, however, whether it be on the service or following up a drive, you must be careful to retain your balance and be ready to run back suddenly in the event of a lob. The same applies when you are actually waiting at the net, always be prepared to step back at once if a lob is hoisted.

It is, of course, not always possible to reach the close quarter attack for the opening volley, which will probably have to be taken low down. The player usually will have to take this in his forward stride and be content to play the ball back firmly and with good length.

It is impossible to kill the ball from below the height of the net. For the second volley the player should have gained the close up position and be ready to kill the ball.

This brings me to the very important point that a volley should always be taken in your forward stride to the net, in other words, you should gain ground with every stroke. It is a fatal thing to step back as the ball comes to you but is what many players not at home "in the air" are inclined to do.

Another important thing is that all volleys above the height of the net should be hit as if they were not meant to come back. It is really better to hit out or into the net than to pat the ball gently back and then give your opponent a second chance, which he does not deserve, of starting a volley all over again! The racket handle should be gripped very tight at the moment of impact as many volleys are "fluffed" through the grip being relaxed at this crucial moment. The handle can also be held a little shorter for volleys, as Cochet and Senorita de Alvarez do ; this will tend to give more control. A little slice or cut can be imparted to the ball on the volley. This seems to give an added crispness to the shot as it leaves the racket. Tilden, for instance, usually slices his volleys. The plain hit volley, when the striking face meets the ball fair and square, is also good ; this is usually executed with a forearm punch.

Most important of all is to keep

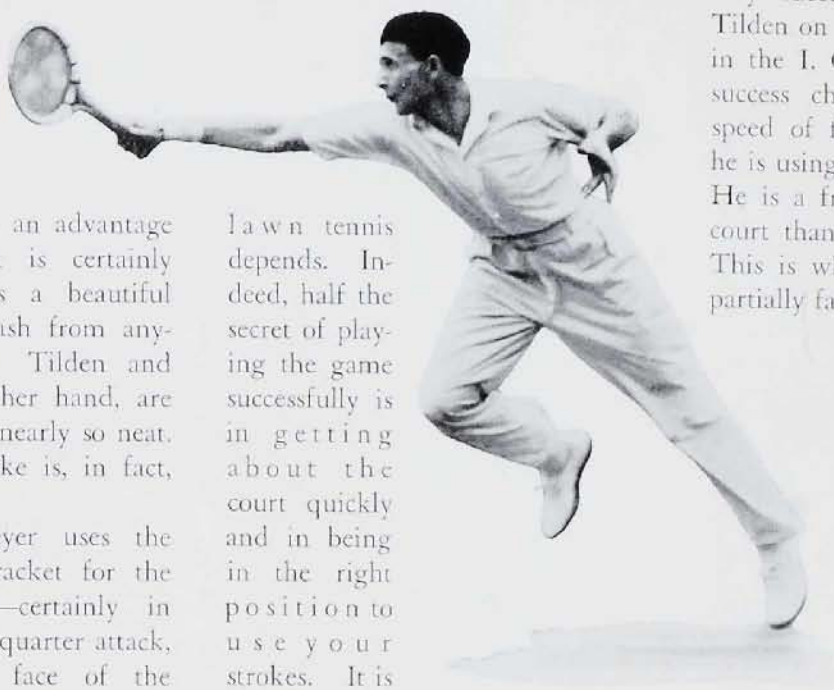
Volleying, Foot and Headwork

your racket head up above your wrist when volleying and especially for low ones. Without exception, every player of note has the racket head up above the wrist when at the net. Nearly every photograph of volleys in action ever taken clearly shows this, also all the experts get well down to the ball especially when playing their low volleys. The beginners when attempting these strokes will sometimes just bend their rackets down to reach the ball instead of bending their whole bodies to the stroke. In taking a very low volley the wrist should almost be touching the ground. It is essential to get your eyes as near to the ball as possible, this is why I sometimes think that a small man except in the question of reach has an advantage at the net. Cochet is certainly not tall, yet, he is a beautiful volleyer and can smash from anywhere in the court. Tilden and Morpurgo, on the other hand, are both tall and are not nearly so neat. Tilden's weakest stroke is, in fact, probably overhead.

The average volleyer uses the reverse side of his racket for the fore and backhand—certainly in mid-court. For close quarter attack, however, the same face of the racket can be used with advantage. This is well worth a trial and was used with advantage by the Australians, Patterson and Doust. A stroke which is not used nearly enough, except by the Frenchmen, is the drive volley. For this one has to choose a ball that is travelling slowly and fairly high over the net, but this type of return is not of infrequent occurrence; during the course of a game the ordinary forehand drive can be used most handily in dealing with such a ball. Cochet, Boussus, Brugnon and Morpurgo employ this method a good deal. Our own players do not use it nearly enough. Mlle Lenglen was an artist at it and used the drive-volley freely with deadly effect. Let me emphasize that this telling stroke should be cultivated. It also should be the backhand smash, the one stroke at Lawn Tennis where it is essential to have the thumb up the back of the handle.

The stop-volley, like its twin the drop shot, will lose its effectiveness, if used too often but is an excellent variant. It is a sort of back on impact with the ball which should drop dead on the other side of the net!

Now let me pass on to footwork, on which the whole structure of lawn tennis depends. Indeed, half the secret of playing the game successfully is in getting about the court quickly and in being in the right position to use your strokes. It is impossible to put into practice any particular form of tactics unless you are able to move quickly into position. Good footwork cannot come all at once, it must be a gradual process, but in time you will instinctively begin to run to the right place for the ball and be seldom caught out of position by your opponent. Anticipation, which is more highly developed in some players than others, and footwork must go hand in hand; one is indeed part and parcel of the other. Volleying in particular depends on quick movement and this is where Miss Wills, whose footwork is not perhaps her strongest point, is sometimes shown up in a double. Miss Wills, however, owing to her great driving powers, does not pause to run a great deal. Certainly in singles it is her opponents who have to do all the running!



Jean Borotra, the quickest man on the court and the best volleyer of our day.

The brain and feet must work together in perfect harmony and obviously this is a state of affairs which must be developed. Cochet, the present champion, never appears to be running and yet he is usually in the correct position to take the ball. Borotra, who finished up a very successful season by beating Tilden on the East Court at Queens in the I. C. match, owes his great success chiefly to his tremendous speed of foot and also to the fact he is using his head the whole time. He is a fraction quicker about the court than any other living player. This is where Senorita de Alvarez partially fails. The Spanish girl can make a brilliant stroke if the ball comes to her but is not so effective if she has to make a running drive.

One of the chief differences between the beginner and the experienced player is in quickness about the court. The latter is many seconds quicker in reaching the ball. It is a golden rule to be prepared always for the ball to come back, however good and well placed your original stroke may have been. The novice is inclined to remain at the spot from where he has made his stroke; he should, of course, move back a little behind the centre of his baseline or else take up the net position facing the place when his drive has pitched, with a tendency to keep nearer the centre than the side line. It is essential to return to one of these recognised positions

after each stroke has been made. Just because Senorita de Alvarez and Cochet can take liberties and bring off dazzling half volleys from half way up the court, it does not follow that ordinary beginners can do the same.

Be on your toes, keenness itself, ready and alert to spring in any direction that the ball may be coming. It is best to take short steps in moving to the ball and to open out your stride as the stroke is played. Some players are under the illusion that it will pay them to serve from the corner of the court ; this can only be effective as a variant and in many cases might be the cause of their having to run the whole length of the baseline in order to recover the return from their service to the opposite corner ! The correct place to stand when serving is as near the centre mark as the law allows.

Where should I stand to receive service, is a question which is often asked. The correct answer so much depends on the face of the court and of the particular service one has to face. A good average position would be a little behind, or actually on the baseline : the earlier the ball can be returned the better, especially in a double. It is a good tip for the receiver to vary his position in order to prevent the server from ever finding his true length. With the exception of Tilden most of the great players stand well inside the baseline to receive.

The new doubles champions, Van Ryn and Allison, are clever exponents of this method for they return the service very early.

The feet are also responsible for keeping the body in position when the stroke is actually being made, which, I have emphasized before very strongly in a previous article, is sideways to the net and not facing it. It may not be always possible during a match to get into the "book" position to play the various strokes, but it is necessary to know the right positions before any liberties can be taken. Many first-class players, however, do take these liberties. Even Miss Wills often plays her forehand off her right leg and faces the net while doing so ; her backhand, on the other hand, perhaps her most secure shot, is invariably played correctly. The same may be said of Tilden. No player can excel at modern lawn tennis without perfect footwork and anticipation. Big lawn tennis depends largely on speed of foot and,

Henri Cochet, the reigning champion, whose headwork, footwork and volleying are beyond reproach.

what is more, an ability to keep it up until the last stroke is played.

Finally, as mentioned above, I am going to finish up with a few words on headwork, because every single movement in lawn tennis, even the carrying out of the simplest smashes, is directed from the brain. No matter how excellent a player's strokes are, he can never succeed on the centre court unless he possesses that little extra touch of tennis to use them to the best advantage. Very often the inferior stroke players win—Morpurgo has a bagful of champions' strokes but he has never been able to push them home sufficiently on a great occasion because he lacks the big match temperament.

The whole art of good headwork is in being able to mix up your game well and to prevent your opponent from playing the type of game he likes. One should try and establish a sort of moral superiority over your opponent from the start of a match, by will power or any other means you like. Sleem has a very curious effect on many of his opponents. He seems almost to mesmerise them into errors. They begin to net or hit out the most innocuous looking balls that they would not do if you or I had been on the other side of the net. It is extraordinary how a successful drop shot or two brought off at the beginning of a match will non plus an opponent and make him think that you have more up your sleeve than you really have ! Provided you possess the right strokes the winning of matches is all a matter of confidence and an iron determination not to be beaten. The chicken-hearted player has never yet been able to get any distance at the game. Tilden's comparatively inability to make any show against Cochet or Lacoste these days is all a question of mentality. Cochet, in 1929, beat him twice, once at Wimbledon and once in the Davis Cup match with the loss of only a few games. Against Borotra, who is only a little below the other two Frenchmen, Tilden is a different man. Big Bill beat Jean with a little to spare in the Davis Cup match last July.

Don't think that hard hitting is everything at lawn tennis. Very often the slow shots pay just as well and more. That looped shot, the semi-lob played cunningly to your opponent's backhand corner and followed in to the net, is very paying and can be tried with success at a

critical juncture of a match, when a point is badly needed. Do not imagine you are going to get through a match without a good deal of spade work, each winning point has to be prepared for. A man must be able to exchange blow for blow with his opponent before the opportunity for the winning stroke arrives; this latter must not be attempted before the opening is actually there.

Remember that a match is never lost until the last stroke is played and very often a winning coup by yourself, when very much behind, may turn seeming defeat into a brilliant victory. I remember in 1926 when Mrs. Godfree defeated Senorita de Alvarez in the final at Wimbledon and thus won the championship that year for England there were some ticklish moments. The Senorita was within a point of 4—1 in the final set when Mrs. Godfree brought of a daring and untakeable cross court drive. This stroke seemed to turn the whole match round in the Englishwoman's favour and from that moment Mrs. Godfree never looked back until the match was over. Mrs. Bundy's astounding victory over Mrs. Whittingstall (Miss Eileen Bennett that was) at the last Wimbledon was a clear case of experience triumphing over youth. Mrs. Bundy, better known as Miss Mary Sutton, had not been to Wimbledon previously since 1905 and all the ex-champions' old qualities came back for this one match. Miss Eileen Bennett, fine stroke player that she is, must cultivate that will to win.

Lacoste studies his various opponents most carefully and makes up his mind beforehand what methods he is going to adopt against anyone of them he may meet in court. From the start of his career Lacoste has filled up many note books about the strong points and failings of all the world players he has met or seen during his many travels. These books would make extremely interesting reading, but in spite of having been offered tempting sums for them when he was in America, Lacoste refused to part—much to his credit!

How many players will throw away a winning lead by changing entirely the very methods which were bringing them victory? Conversely, if a player is badly down (perhaps he has lost the first set and is being led 4—2 in the second) it is obvious that his methods are not succeeding and that something different must be attempted if defeat is to be staved off. In the first case the original tactics should have been kept, in the latter they should have been changed.

Do not make the fatal mistakes of playing without any finesse whatsoever on to a weak backhand wing if your opponent possesses a strong forehand. This is what he will be expecting and will probably run round your ball and make a brilliant forehand drive off it straight down the line or across the court, a winner! No, the only way to find the backhand of such a player is to play boldly on to his forehand corner once or twice first and then when he has been brought well out to this side whip your next shot to his backhand corner and come up and the point should be yours.

The best way to handle a volleyer is to keep him back as much as possible by good length driving and by hitting an early ball. Also, lobs should be freely used even if they are killed at first. Your dividends for these "skyers" will come in later when your opponent is tired out.

A baseliner must be drawn to the net by short angled strokes and then passed or lobbed. He can also be volleyed, but the volleyer must be an expert with a thorough knowledge of the "centre" theory. At all costs he must avoid giving the baseliner his beloved angle shot. Do not hit hard against a driver, you will only generate the pace for him instead of forcing him to do it. When passing a volleyer be careful he does not tempt you to play for the vacant spot he has purposely left. In these cases it often pays to play at him!

Lastly, let me impress on you the value of concentration. Because they cannot concentrate, many players can never get past a certain point in the game. They remain in the rut. While on the court it is absolutely essential to forget everything else but the game itself. How very few can do so! Lacoste, who modelled his methods on those of Suzanne Lenglen, has acquired her wonderful concentration. He plays every point as if it were the last of the match.

SUEZ

Glittering turquoise estuary,
Tentacle of sapphire sea,
Fringed with amber mystery
'Neath pale opal skies.
Lake of magic in the dawn,
Set in faintest fairy fawn,
Child of jewels daily born
As the soft night dies.

Changing as the daylight fades,
From your virgin pearly shades
To a riot of deep jades
Lit by sunset's ray.
While your shores, so gently kissed
By the twilight, turn to mist—
Dreamy mist of amethyst—
Shroud of dying day.

Gate of Asia's farflung marts,
Highway of a million hearts
Going forth to play their parts—
Conquest, death or fame.
Grant that when our time is done,
When our eastern sands are run,
We may face your setting sun
Having played the game.

Puku.

THE SENSES OF THE TIGER

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

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

PERHAPS one of the most interesting subjects of study to the field naturalist or shikari is the varying degree with which each species of animal is endowed with the five senses of sight, smell, hearing, touch and taste. And some would even endow wild animals with a sixth sense—one of warning of impending danger—which, even if possessed by the creatures of the wild, is certainly no longer in the endowment of man, or, at any rate, has become so atrophied as to be of no value to him.

Now, the scientific way to undertake such a study would, of course, be to make a series of experiments with a large number of animals in such a way that every possible condition was covered by several experiments, all of which gave conclusive results. Such an elaborate and accurate investigation is quite impossible with wild animals, since individuals vary considerably in their endowment, and, in any case, the wild animals themselves are by no means always ready to collaborate to make the experiments a success!

One cannot very well question a tiger, for instance, as to the strength of his eyes or the refinement of his sense of taste: indeed, even if one could converse with tigers, any attempt to perform experiments might easily end in the same way as that of the young Lady of Niger, who went for a ride on a tiger!

The only way, then, to learn about the senses of animals is to take every possible opportunity of studying them under varying conditions and then gradually to draw conclusions which may probably be true of the generality of the race. But one must always remember that animals are individuals, which vary considerably even among the same family, and above all, one must never judge from an isolated case. A good example of the fallacy of doing this recently occurred in a natural history journal published in Bombay. On a certain occasion a wounded leopard passed beneath a belt of trees containing langoors and the langoors did not give the usual alarm cry. Hence the writer suggested that langoors are unreliable as indicators of the large carnivora. Now I maintain that this is a totally wrong deduction. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the langoors would certainly have seen the leopard and proclaimed the fact to all with their usual harsh grating alarm cry; but, on this particular occasion, it must have so happened that the wounded leopard crawled through grass and undergrowth in such a way that it escaped the keen eyes of the langoors. After all, no living creature is infallible and an occasional mistake by a few individuals does not condemn the whole race.

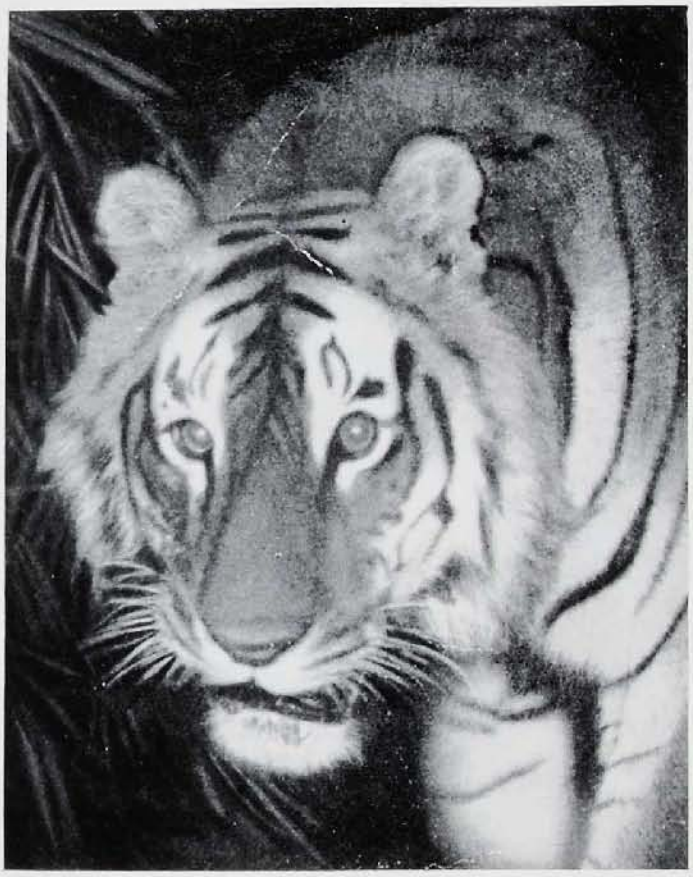


Photo Author's Copyright.

But we must return to the subject of this note. The eye-sight of tigers is well known by all who have hunted them to be quite exceptional, particularly at night time, when the pupils of the eyes increase in size to an extraordinary extent. This is apparent in the eyes of the animal figured in the accompanying illustration, which was photographed at night by flashlight at 1|200th of a second, such an exposure being so short that the pupils had no time to contract from the effect of the brilliant light. Had this animal been photographed in a bright light by day, the pupils would have appeared far smaller than they do in the picture in question. Anyone who has ever wandered about in a dense forest on a dark night, when one cannot even see one's own hand held in front of the face, must have

some conception of the marvellous eyes of an animal which can move about absolutely silently and even stalk up to its prey without making a sound, in a way which, to human comprehension, seems almost impossible.

The sense of hearing, also, is extremely acute and many a man, when sitting in a machan over a tiger kill, has lost his chance of a shot by such a slight movement that the noise made appears to him to be negligible, although to the listening tiger it may be the reverse, and may give him warning of the presence of his deadly foe.

There is a great deal of disagreement as to the sense of smell possessed by tigers, some holding that it is strong and others weak. General Wardrop in his book says that he never allows bare-footed men to go near a tiger kill, for fear that the tiger should smell them, and big-game photographers in Africa adopt similar or even more elaborate precautions when photographing lions; but I have never worried about this in my flashlight work and my experience has been that it does not make the slightest difference so far as tigers are concerned. A tiger never seems to smell a man sitting in a machan above him and my own opinion is that his sense of smell is probably no stronger than that of mankind. That careful observer, Dunbar-Brander, once carried out an instructive experiment with a tame young tiger he had. He tied a piece of meat on to rope and it dragged about for some time before hiding it. He then sent the tiger to look for it and he found that the animal never attempted to follow up the drag scent, as a dog would have done, but quested round in circles until he finally found the meat by chancing upon it. This, of course, is a single example carried out under artificial conditions, but experienced shikaris know that a tiger does not usually return to its kill by following along the drag and it provides additional evidence that the sense of smell of tigers is probably not strong. Indeed, it would appear to be a definite provision of a wise Nature that this should be so, or a tiger would become such a menace that he would rapidly destroy all other creatures. The following opinion by the late General Douglas Hamilton bears out this statement. "I maintain that if tigers added the power of hunting by scent and of stalking up-wind to their wonderful sight and keen sense of hearing, to say nothing of the absolute noiselessness of their movements, they would seldom or never fail in securing their prey, and this would be against the law of Nature, which always allows a certain number of chances to the weaker animals in order to prevent their extermination."

There now remain the senses of touch and taste, which are possibly even more difficult to investigate than the other senses. The sense of touch in the cat family is supposed to be largely connected with the whiskers, and it is a common theory that a tiger knows that he can pass through an opening provided that it is wide enough for his whiskers. I am afraid that my experience in photographing tigers leads me to doubt this plausible theory, since some tigers possess enormously long whiskers (moustaches) of the "Old Bill" type, whereas others, in the prime of life and condition, have no more than the abreviated tooth-brush moustache of the smart subaltern. These short whiskers are certainly nowhere near the width of the tiger at the shoulder, so that it appears that the theory cannot always hold. At the same time it would be extremely interesting to discover exactly what the value of whiskers really is to a tiger, for there is no doubt but that they do serve some useful purpose.

As regards the sense of taste, the tiger is certainly very far from being a gourmet. In the hot weather his kills go bad a few hours after death and yet he eats them—presumably with gusto!—on the second and sometimes the third day, when they are seething with maggots and stink to such an extent that a near approach makes one feel violently sick. It cannot be pure necessity that forces a tiger to do this, for he eats from a kill up to three days after death in places which swarm with game, and where he could presumably obtain fresh meat every day should he so desire. No: it seems a safe conclusion that a tiger likes his food "gamey" and is quite happy to have it served up with white sauce in the shape of innumerable maggots!

BALLYNAHINCH CASTLE

The Irish Estate of H. H. THE JAM SAHIB OF NAWANGAR

By Sir E. J. BUCK, C.B.E.

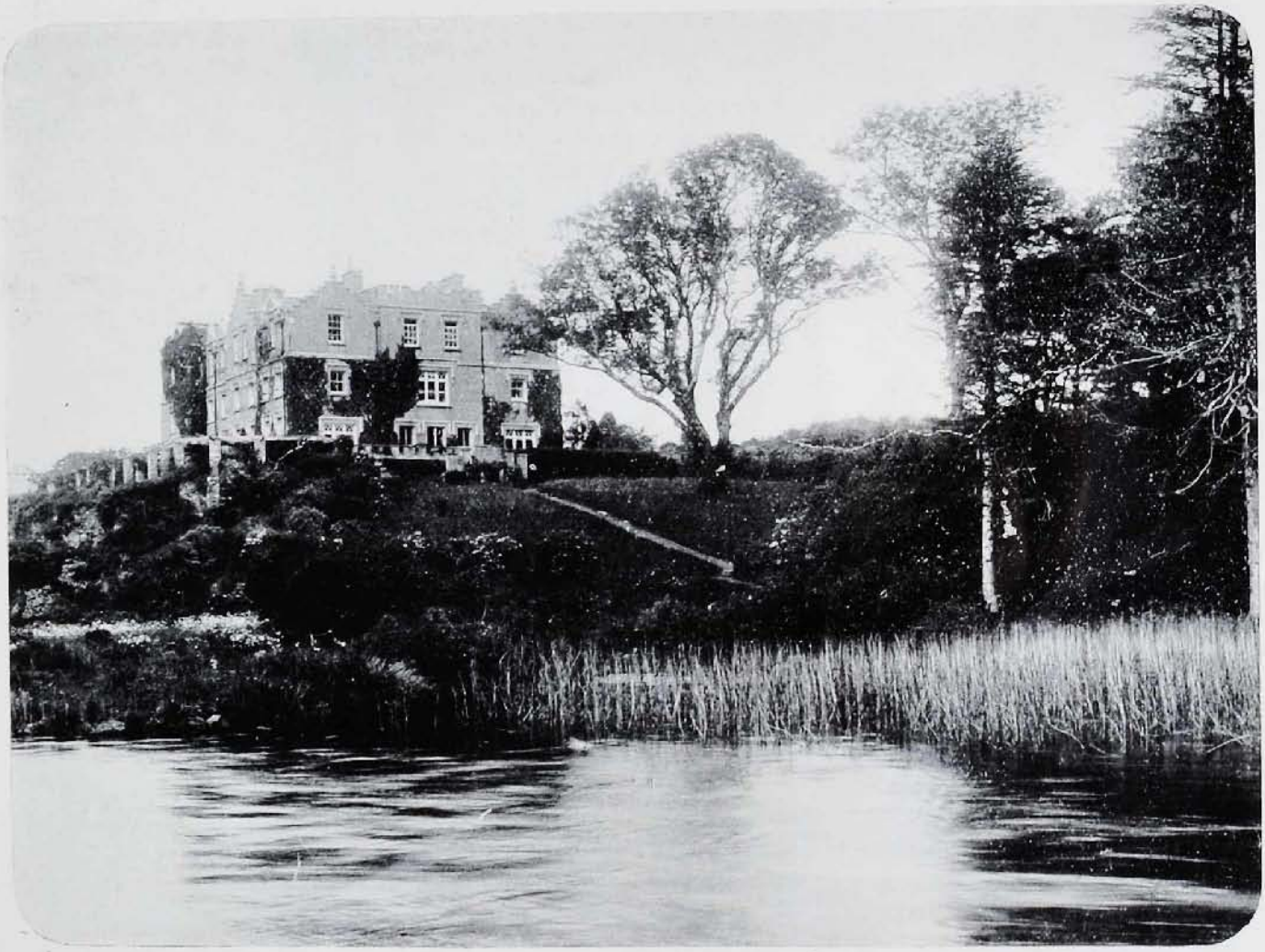
BALLYNAHINCH Castle, Co. Galway, the property of His Highness the Jam Sahib of Nawangar, has a particularly romantic history. From the middle of the 13th century to the middle of the 17th century the O'Flaherty chieftains and rulers of the vast territories in Connaught and Connemara, were the possessors of Ballynahinch. It is on record that the famous Grace O'Malley, the Queen of the western Connaught seaboard, and who, according to tradition, treated Queen Elizabeth as an equal, married Dannel Ichoggy O'Flaherty, Chieftain of the Ballynahinch Barony.

The family constantly fought against the British, ruthlessly and mercilessly harried the country and also inflicted heavy fines of cattle upon all who offended their laws. After the conquest of Galway by Cromwell's forces in 1652, Sir Moragh-na-Mart Flaherty, who had been knighted in 1637, was dispossessed of the whole of his estates in the Barony of Ballynahinch.

"From the ferocious O'Flahertys, Oh Lord, deliver us!" was actually carved in stone over the West Gate of their walled town by the so-called "tribes" of Galway during the period mentioned.

Sir Moragh died a landless man in 1666 and was buried in the island of Arran, and although he had five sons, there remains no record of their descendants.

The actual name of Ballynahinch means "town of the island," and the original castle was constructed by Margaret Gracy, wife to Gibbon FitzGibbon, or by the latter himself in the reign of Charles I. The castle was described as a strong defensive house in every way, standing



Ballynahinch Castle.

on a gentle slope surrounded by far stretching pasture grounds, in some places marshy. To-day it's picturesque ruins stand out on the island as a reminder of its historic past.

In 1677 and 1678 certain lands, including the Castle of Ballynahinch, passed by letters patent into the hands of the Martin family, of which there were two branches—the senior being the Martins of Ross and the junior those of Ballynahinch. Richard Martin, of Dangan, known to his contemporaries as "Humanity Martin," built the house, which was afterwards enlarged and added to by his son. Richard earned the title "Humanity" because he was a pioneer in the agitation against cruelty to animals and succeeded in getting the Act placed on the Statute Book.

Sir John Barrington's description of "Humanity Dick" pictures him as :

> "*Urbanity towards women*
> *Benevolence towards men*
> *Humanity towards the brute creation.*"

The new castle was by no means an imposing structure, though rich in fishing and marble quarries.

The Martin property at one time covered 100 square miles, but brought in only £1,200 a year, for Richard Martin allowed over a thousand families during the fierce religious conflicts of those times to settle on his estate, giving them free land at a nominal rental.

Mary Martin, a famous beauty of the period, after ill-fortune befell the family, went to America in a sailing vessel to settle there with her husband, and died in the Union Hotel at New York on landing. Mary's father, Thomas, the last of the Martins, succumbed to fever contracted while visiting famine stricken peasants in 1847, his final words being : "Who will now look after my poor tenants ?"

The property was then heavily mortgaged and Mr. Richard Berridge purchased it about 1870 from the Law and Life Assurance Company.

The river—a secluded spot.

The main river.

The principal Lough on the Estate.

He added considerably to the house, which was originally constructed as an hotel and in 1907 his son, Mr. Richard Berridge, put on the top storey, and converted the place into the imposing castle it now is.

In 1925 the castle was acquired by His Highness the Jam Sahib of Nawangar. It is perhaps not inappropriate that Ballynahinch, after being held by families tracing their descent from the Kings of Ireland, should have passed into the possession of a Prince of ancient lineage from India, who has quickly won the hearts of those around him as a generous landlord intent on improving their lot as well as his property.

Within the estate of Ballynahinch Castle there is some of the best fishing in the British Isles. The fishery consists of a river and a series of lakes, including Derryclare, Inagh and Glendalough, up which the salmon and sea trout, or white trout, run. Recess is the centre of the fishery, and here the Great Western Railway erected a fine hotel which was burned down during the recent disturbed period in Ireland.

The various lakes, which are connected by outlets, are now private property, and the Ballynahinch lough is the lowest on the fishery, the outlet of which comprises the river that runs from this point to the sea. The Marquis of Sligo and others contend that the Ballynahinch and other Irish fisheries generally have fallen off in their yield of white trout and attribute this to the extensive use of mackerel nets at the mouths of the bays into which the rivers flow. But though miles of mackerel nets on the coast may result in a goodly number of white trout being caught, there is no lack of these sporting fish in the picturesque lakes of Ballynahinch.

I shall make no attempt adequately to describe the beauty of the wild scenery amidst which the angler enjoys his sport in the neighbourhood I am alluding to.

Banked by the famous mountains of Connemara, known as the "Twelve Pins" to the local residents the river and chain of lakes are here open, there wooded, and frequently bright with banks of heather, but always picturesque and variable in their lights and shades according to the weather. A bright summer day may not be the best for fishing but the view of the Connemara district is then perfectly lovely, and a party of tourists who came to see Ballynahinch during my visit declared it more beautiful than Killarney. His Highness the Jam Sahib has spared no pains to make the fishing on his estate attractive. He has had numerous little stone piers, running out at likely spots into the water, constructed on both river and lakes, and neat little stone and wooden structures have been built at intervals in which the angler can, if necessary, take shelter from the weather.

On all the larger waters, boats are available from which the fisherman can often enjoy excellent sport with the sea trout. It is small wonder therefore that there is keen competition among sportsmen to secure a rod on these waters for a season. Of course, seasons vary and often without any ostensible reason. One year proves a wonderfully successful period with salmon, the next is more or less disappointing. The present year has been a poor one, both in Scotland and Ireland. The largest salmon ever caught in Ballynahinch waters is, I understand, a fish of 37½ lbs. and as many as 250 good salmon have been taken in one season in His Highness' home waters, which I may say, represent about one-third of the entire Ballynahinch fishery.

As for the sea trout, a couple of thousand fish would probably represent an average total in a season when sportsmen lay themselves out to make a catch of trout. The salmon are, of course, the main attraction, and they come up the river in shoals, the spring fish commencing about the first week in February until May, and then the summer fish, known as the peel, run from early in June, till the end of July.

The spring fishing, which begins in February and lasts until the end of May, often provides excellent sport for those who cannot enjoy the pleasanter climate of the summer months, and the fish at this period are usually larger and are certainly dour fighters.

The favourite flies for these Irish salmon appear to be the Connemara black, the Jock Scott, and Thunder and Lightning. All the best fishing spots have their peculiar names, such as the Colonel's Pool, close to the Castle; Snaebeg, meaning a small neck of land where the lower and upper Ballynahinch lakes meet, is certainly one of the best fishing stands on the fishery; and Corramore presents particularly picturesque scenery where the stream is very fast.

The return to the sea or white trout, these afford excellent sport on all occasions, and it is no rare occurrence to pull out a three pounder. Indeed, a five and a half pound trout has been taken, and as many as fifty-four good fish have been caught by the Jam Sahib in a single day, while a guest at the castle secured 48 fish including a trout of over 3½ lbs. and many 1½ lbs. in a day. From the middle of July, good bags of trout can nearly always be taken if the sportsman likes to indulge in night fishing when to use the local expression, "the bat comes out." And here I may say that in July it is light at 4-30 a.m. and does not get really dark until after 11 p.m.

On several occasions we went out fishing after dinner, as the trout declined to look at our flies by day in the bright sunshine, and had it not been for the midges, which were a perfect pest, the sport would have been most enjoyable. For the nights were warm and in the half moonlight the trout often rose freely. With a light rod these sea trout give really good fun, for they are wonder-

(*Continued on page 94.*)

Ballynahinch Castle

A favourite corner for sea trout fishing.

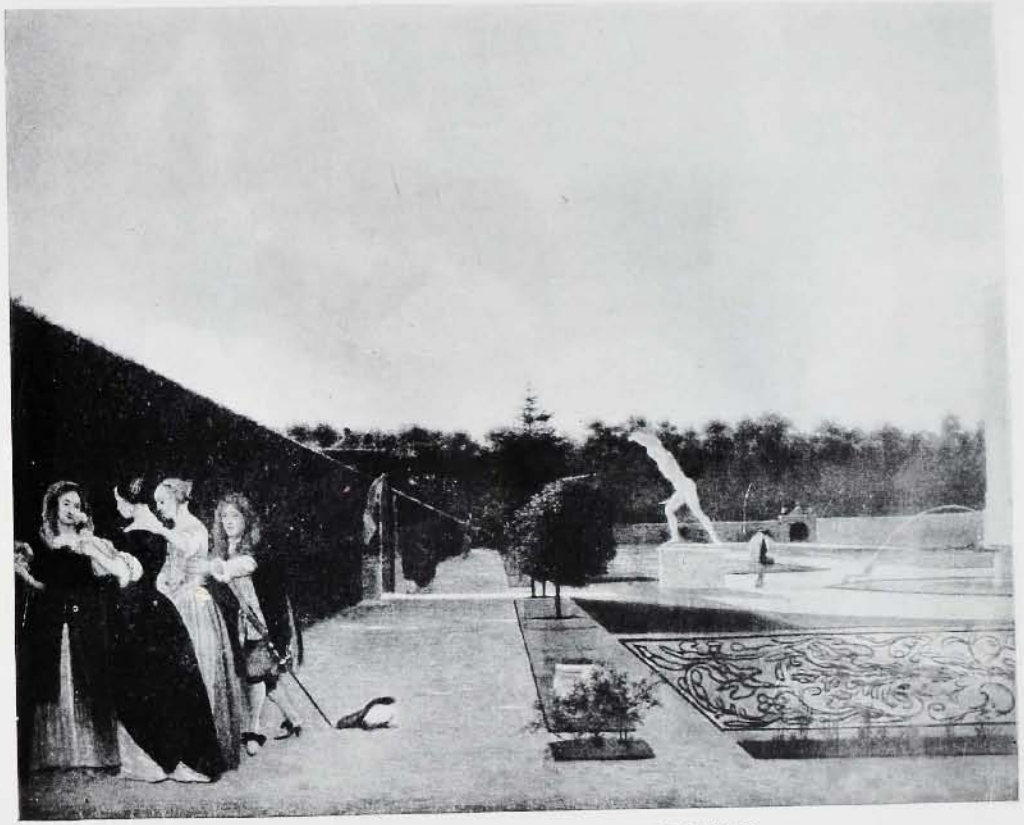
An attractive view showing the Castle in the distance.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF
HIS MAJESTY THE KING-EMPEROR

PEASANTS CAROUSING IN AN INN

THIS PICTURE of peasants carousing was painted by Jan Steen and was purchased by the Prince Regent in 1811, from the collection of Sir Francis Baring, when it was valued at 250 guineas. It hung at Carlton House and in 1843 was removed to Buckingham Palace.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF
HIS MAJESTY THE KING-EMPEROR



A DUTCH GARDEN AND STATUE

THIS ATTRACTIVE canvas of a garden with a group of figures was painted by Pieter de Hooch, some of whose work we have previously reproduced in this series. This, too, was acquired by the Prince Regent in 1816 and when it was at Windsor always hung in the private apartments of Queen Alexandra.

AND THEN FACE TO FACE

By SUSAN ERTZ.

(CONTINUED FROM JANUARY ISSUE)

DENNIS had a good deal to say about Mr. Vesey-Roberts the next evening. Anna incompetent! He hoped that when Mr. Vesey-Roberts died he'd bequeath his cranium to the governors of the British Museum, who would be excusable in thinking it the skull of poor specimen of Neanderthal Man.

When Vincent Portal came in he tried to explain his friends's behaviour by saying that he had had a good deal of domestic trouble of late which had made him more exacting and difficult to get on with.

"I should have realised that earlier," he said. "But we shall soon find a better job for her with a more reasonable man."

It was two weeks, however, before he could tell Anna of another opening. He had been to great trouble, she knew, to find one, and she was proportionately grateful. This time it was a City official, a man named Purchase, and Vincent Portal said that while he didn't know him, except in the most casual way, he had always heard him very well spoken of. Anna went to see him at once. She didn't particularly like the look of him, and the work seemed far less interesting than the other, but she decided that after all the trouble her uncle had taken, and as Mr. Purchase seemed anxious for her to come, she would at least give it a trial. She began work on a Monday, and by the following Friday she had got accustomed to both it and her employer.

All would have been well but for that ticking at night. She couldn't ask Dennis to come and listen as she never knew when it would begin, and it was generally quite late at night. She couldn't go on complaining about it to her uncle, especially when he was convinced it was only her imagination, and as the room she occupied was the only furnished guest-room in the house, she could hardly ask to be moved. She therefore put up with it, but she knew it was getting badly on her nerves.

She had been nearly a month with her City official when the blow fell. His round face redder than ever, pompous, but trying to be kind, blowing out his cheeks, stammering, hesitating, and all the time looking at her nervously, he told her he was afraid the work was too difficult for her, and that she hadn't taken hold in the way he had hoped she would. He added that he was sorry to lose her, as in other ways they had got on very well. When she asked him exactly in what way she had failed, he grew confused, and, instead of replying, thrust a month's salary into her hands, and dismissed her as if she had been an offending servant.

Anna refused it, angry and distressed. He proffered it again, and she told him, fiercely, that she wouldn't touch it. He recoiled from her as though he were afraid of her; in fact she saw what was plainly terror in his eyes. With an abrupt good-bye, she took her hat and coat and left the place, and walked, faster than she had ever walked in her life, back to her uncle's house. She was pale with anger, mystified, humiliated. What was wrong with her? What had she done? She was conscious of no failures, no mistakes. The work had been so easy as to be dull. How had she displeased, and when? There must be something odd about her that she wasn't conscious of. Didn't Dennis see it? Didn't her uncle? What caused these men to want, suddenly, to be rid of her? The reasons they gave were not, she was convinced, the right ones. All her self-confidence went from her. She ran up to her room, threw herself on her bed, and cried.

Her uncle was, as before, grieved, concerned, and ready to offer comfort. Purchase, he said, was a common fellow when all was said and done; he had only thought she might get on with him for the present, or until something more interesting turned up.

"But I *was* getting on!" Anna cried. "I was."

"Oh, well," he said, "don't lose courage, my dear. We'll have one more try, and if that fails we'll see if there isn't some other work to which you are perhaps more suited."

"But it does suit me. I can do secretarial work. I like it," she protested.

"Then clearly these men must be to blame."

"It's so strange," she persisted. "One minute we were getting on perfectly well, and planning future work, and then the next minute I was being dismissed."

"You shan't have this bother again," he said. "I can't tell you how sorry I am."

"It's not your fault, Uncle Vincent. You've been kindness itself. Only it's so humiliating."

Dennis was in a fury when he saw how deeply it had affected her.

"Is there anything wrong with me?" she asked him. "Is there something repulsive or odd about me? Perhaps you wouldn't tell me even if there were."

He soon disabused her mind of any such fantastic ideas.

"I wish to heaven we could be married to-morrow!"

With a cry he recoiled from the glass, shrank back across the room, every nerve in his body taunt and outraged.

he exclaimed. "There's something about this damned house——"

She cried, "Hush, Dennis! I won't allow you to say that."

"All the same," he replied, "I don't mind telling you that Uncle Vincent and the house are getting on my nerves. You've been unlucky here. And there's that infernal clock."

"I'm lucky to be here at all," she retorted.

"As soon as my brother-in-law starts for China," said Dennis, "you're going to stay with my sister. I'm going to get you away from here."

"I'm not going to do anything that might hurt his feelings," she answered.

Dennis was hopeful of finding her work with some doctor of his acquaintance, but meanwhile Vincent Portal was bestirring himself on her behalf, and one day not very long after this he told her that a woman whom he knew very slightly wanted a secretary immediately, and had asked him to help her.

"Naturally I spoke of you," he said. "I have explained the situation to her, and she wants you to go and see her as soon as possible. She lives just off Belgrave Square."

Anna was delighted at the idea of working for a woman, and although she found Mrs. Marcellus the not very attractive wife of a still less attractive South African mining man, she made up her mind to go to her for four hours a day. She had social ambitions, it seemed, and was planning an intensive campaign for the spring season.

Mrs. Marcellus was kind, vulgar, but easy to get on with, and the work was easy and uninteresting. Anna spent the first morning writing for servants' references and interviewing between-maids, and attending to Mrs. Marcellus's correspondence which had been allowed to accumulate alarmingly. The work of the succeeding days was very much the same, and wouldn't have overtaxed, Anna told Dennis, the brain of a child.

But ten days later the early post brought her a letter from her employer, accompanied by a cheque for not one, but two months' salary in advance.

My dear Miss Portal (she wrote) :—

I am very much grieved to tell you that I find I shall need someone more used to the ways of London society than you are, and on whose knowledge I can really depend. In every other way I have found you perfectly satisfactory. I hope you will accept an extra month's salary by way of compensation for any disappointment or trouble I may have caused you.

Yours very truly,

Edna D. Marcellus.

It seemed, to Anna, like a blow in the face. It stunned her. This woman, like the two men, had wanted desperately to be rid of her. Why? Why? She wondered if Dennis and her uncle could be hiding something from her, some fault or peculiarity of speech or manner of which she knew nothing, and of which they were too loyal to speak. Unable to bear her own distress of mind, she sent the maid out with a note to the hospital, asking Dennis if he could possibly see her for a few minutes, and promising him that she would be in the house all day.

He came at twelve, and turned white with fury and bewilderment when he heard of this last affront.

"I am going to see that woman," he said. "Where does she live? I'll go at once."

But she implored him not to.

"She will only tell you what she's told me, naturally. She's perfectly within her rights. But, Dennis, why, why do they all act like this? There's something wrong with me, there must be. I'm repulsive to people in some way, or I do and say queer things unconsciously."

He used forceful and not very delicate language, and succeeded in comforting and assuring her, but he could see that she had been deeply hurt, and the knowledge worried and distressed him.

He made her swear that she would accept no more positions that came to her through her uncle. He promised to come the next day at the same time, and to write to her that same evening. And he implored her to spend the afternoon at a cinema or matinée, and forget her worries. Then he snatched up his hat and rushed away, leaving her considerably happier. But before evening her doubts and suspicions returned, and she made up her mind that she would watch herself closely.

Her uncle, too, was much upset when she told him the news.

"Well, my dear," he said, "it's very extraordinary. Of course, I've no way of judging what you can do in the secretarial line, but I feel sure these people have been difficult to please. Now suppose, after I've gone up to bed—I'm going early to-night—you sit down at the writing-table, and write me a short biography of your life. Let me see how you string your words together, and how you form your sentences. Perhaps I can help you."

She agreed to do this, and after a rubber of two-handed bridge, he went up to his room. She sat down at the big, heavy writing-table, took up a pen, opened the blotting-book, and saw a half-written letter lying inside it. Her eye was at once caught by her own name, and by the word "lunacy"; and although Anna was the soul of honour, and could only account for this act afterwards by the fact that she was, at the time, in great mental distress, she read the letter through, and horror settled down upon her soul like a plague of evil black flies.

Dear Dr. Sangerson (she read),—

I am writing to you, as the greatest authority on

lunacy in England to-day, to ask if you will come to my house at some time convenient to yourself, to see and talk to my niece, Anna Portal. She has been staying with me for a few months, since the death of her parents, and I am extremely perturbed as to her mental condition. There was, I regret to say, a strong taint of insanity in the mother's family, and I am afraid this unfortunate girl—she is not yet twenty-three—has not escaped it. She talks strangely, is, at times, quite unconscious of her own actions, hears imaginary sounds, and has recently been trying, without success, to earn her living as a secretary, but owing to these peculiarities, her employers cannot, of course, keep her. She is engaged to a young man who, though he now realises how she is afflicted, does not dare to break with her for fear of making her worse. If you would be so good as to call—

There the letter broke off. Something had interrupted her uncle, and he had since forgotten it. He was writing, she remembered, just before dinner was announced. She laid the letter down with hands like ice, feeling physically sick with horror, as though she had been picked up, violently shaken, and set down again in a ruined world. With dragging feet she went out of the room and up the stairs to her own bedroom, swaying, weak, holding to the banister for support, crushed and shattered.

Her uncle heard her go past the door. She would have read the letter now. He smiled to himself, and getting out his diary, he wrote :

Things are progressing. Everything goes according to plan, and by to-morrow night I shall have embarked for the first time in my life upon actual crime. It has taken me years to reach this point, and unless I am very much mistaken as to the state of my mental emancipation, I shall never feel the smallest twinge of remorse. And what is of equal importance, I shall never be suspected.

I suppose few men would keep such a diary as this, but to do so affords me the keenest pleasure, and it can do me no harm. While I live, no one will ever see it. After I am dead, anyone who wishes to may see it. The whole world may see it, and learn that one man at least disdained to move with the herd ; that one man at least was mentally, spiritually, and morally a free agent.

He got up, humming to himself, and went slowly toward the mirror. Ever since coming into the room he had felt a desire to look into it, but had refrained. No, not from fear, he told himself. From a sort of perversity, as though he were keeping someone waiting, intentionally and with malice. He had no sooner confronted it than he said, aloud, but in a low voice :

" Ah, so you're there again, are you ?"

It was himself, yet not himself. Had he chosen to let his imagination have full play he might have said that he was looking at the materialisation, or, better perhaps, exteriorisation, of some part or phase of himself. He looked closely into the eyes, approaching his face to the mirror, and the reflection approached its face, and the two, alike and yet unlike, stared at one another. Then an experiment suggested itself. He closed his eyes, stood upright, raised his arms high above his head, and then opened his eyes again. And in this position he remained, transfixed with horror. His reflection had remained perfectly motionless, leaning forward with its hands resting on the mantel as his had been a moment before, and it was now watching him, cunningly and malignantly.

With a cry he recoiled from the glass, shrank back, across the room, every nerve in his body taut and outraged. Impossible, incredible ! This was too much ; this was going too far. He had played with an idea, he now found it a fact, and a fact full of ghastly inferences, and horror unspeakable. For a good five minutes he remained clutching the window curtains, as far from the mirror as he could get, but gradually the blood returned to his heart, and he was ready to swear that his eyes had played tricks with him. Making an effort to control his still trembling legs, he rapidly crossed the room, passing in front of the mirror without a glance, gained the door, unlocked it, and rang the bell. Carshall, the butler, who was downstairs locking up the doors and windows, came hurrying up to answer it.

" Bring me a whisky and soda," said Vincent Portal, " and quickly, if you please."

When the butler came back with the tray he was himself again.

" Carshall," he said, " I must sell that mirror or have it done over. Look at it. Don't you think the glass is in a very bad state ? It's getting so that I hardly recognise myself in it."

Carshall approached and examined it.

" The colour's bad, sir," he said. " Greenish-like. But I don't know as I'd say it wanted doing over. It's not cracked, like some. Pity to get rid of it, I think, since you ask me, sir. Will you be wanting anything further to-night, sir ?"

" Nothing, thank you. Miss Portal has gone up, I suppose ?"

" Yes, sir. She didn't stay down long to-night."

" She seemed to me very depressed this evening," her uncle said. Such remarks, when repeated to the Coroner by the servants, have an effect.

Carshall said the weather was enough to depress anybody, and departed, wondering at his employer's affability.

Vincent Portal drank a strong whisky and soda, and presently, convinced that he had nothing now to fear, he went to the mirror again. He saw only himself, just as he had expected. That " other self "—he hardly knew what else to call it—had gone.

Relieved, he sat down at his desk, and spent a full hour with pencil and paper, and a letter of Anna's open in front of him. He was composing a short note, but not in his own handwriting. He burnt twenty attempts before one satisfied him, and that one he put away carefully in his pocket-book.

The next morning he went up early and knocked on Anna's door. She opened it a bare half-inch, and he told her he had slept very badly, and asked her if she would be so good as to go to the chemist's during the day, and have made up for him a prescription which she would find downstairs on the hall table. It was for some powders that he sometimes took when he couldn't sleep, and he was very much annoyed to find, during the night, that he was out of them.

Anna said she would be certain to do this. Her voice sounded muffled, as though she were crying, or had been. He called out "Good-bye," and went downstairs again. He looked inside the writing-pad in the library and found the letter. It had served its purpose. He tore it up and burnt the pieces.

Anna thought it as well, when she received Dennis's letter, that he was unable to come that day. She didn't feel able to see him. She was unspeakably unhappy, and alternated between the conviction that she was just as sane as anyone could be, and the disheartening knowledge that insane people were nearly always convinced of their own sanity. At the thought of giving up Dennis her heart seemed to die in her body. Her world was ruined; she didn't care whether she lived or died, and she sat in the library all the morning like a dumb creature, and never even raised her eyes when Carshall spoke to her. After lunch she went out and bought the sleeping powders. She meant to ask her uncle if she, too, might take one before going to bed. She couldn't endure another such night as the one she had just been through.

She made up her mind not to tell him she had read the letter. The thing was too awful to discuss with him. If it were true, she would see the doctor when he came. At the moment she didn't care what happened to her. She didn't want to see anyone, or to speak. Only to be left alone.

She got through the day somehow, and then came the ordeal of dinner. Vincent Portal said, while Carshall was putting the dessert on the table:

"Anna, you don't look at all well. You mustn't let these little disappointments weigh on your mind. I shall have to take you away to Brighton for a week or two if this goes on."

She said, smiling rather wanly, that she was all right, and that he needn't worry about her. At ten she started up to bed, but before going she asked:

"What about those sleeping-powders? Do you think I might take one? I slept badly last-night, too, and I do so want to go to sleep to-night."

"Of course, my dear child," he cried, "of course. Take the box up with you. I'll just take two out for myself."

"Two? Is that the dose?" she inquired, as he gave them to her.

"It says one on the box," he answered, "but if you want to be sure of sleeping I should certainly take two. I always do. They're perfectly harmless. I've taken hundreds."

She thanked him and went upstairs. Her face was a piteous sight, and he saw that she could scarcely keep from tears.

A little later he, too, went up. He had almost forgotten the incident of the night before until he opened the door of his room, but twenty-four hours had dimmed the sharpness of his sensations, and now, as he turned on the light, he felt nothing but a mild curiosity which he meant, presently, to gratify. After locking the door, he went to his desk, without a glance at the mirror, and took out his diary. Over this he sat for more than half an hour, writing busily. He wrote in it with a clear, firm hand that he was entirely free from any troubling qualms or compunctions, and that he looked forward with the keenest and most pleasurable anticipation to what he was about to do.

If my niece had not suggested taking the powders herself (he wrote), I would have suggested it, or found some way of giving them to her without her knowledge. But she played into my hands by asking for them. One would make her sleep soundly; two will make her very difficult to wake. At about twelve I will go to her room, close the window, and turn on the gas. The little note I have composed, which is in its way a gem, I will leave on her dressing-table. Verdict: 'Suicide while temporarily insane.' It will be a little surprise for that self-satisfied young fool, Dennis. And for me, a triumph and a milestone.

He decided that he would get into his dressing-gown now and read or doze until twelve. By a quarter-past twelve he would be in bed and asleep. An agreeable thought.

He left his diary open on the desk, because he decided it would be interesting to add a few words later, when he returned from his niece's room. Just a line or two, to prove to himself that his nerves were quite unaffected by what he had done. It would one day be, he thought, a diary of some value. After his death he would bequeath it to the pathologists as some men bequeath their bodies or brains to the surgeons.

He began to undress. The mirror invited him, and waited for him. Should he look into it now, or later? Now, something, in his brain seemed to urge. Well, now or later, it made no difference to him. The thing was a phantom, a fallacy of vision, seen "as in a glass, darkly"; or else it was the super-normal impinging

(*Continued on page 94.*)

In such a position that it seemed to have been hurled there with horrible force, lay the limp dead body of . . . . . Vincent Portal ! !

LA MODE FAIT LA FEMME

By — Mlle. Nagène

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

WOULD you believe it, madame, that Fashion, when considered from the point of view of the stylist, presents aspects which seem really like a most serious warfare? I am sure that you never thought of it! And yet whenever a havoc comes like that of the current season, then one can sit back and predict the outcome. A war of delights, of resentments, perhaps, of reluctance and after all is said, a charmed capitulation into the arms of Dame Fashion! Even to-day, in a certain Great Western Republic, the women are protesting against long skirts; colleges have taken votes about them; tea-time conversations dispose of their destinies, flinging them, metaphorically speaking, over the famous windmill— and each beautiful lady thus occupied is clad in ankle-length gowns, quite à la mode! And so it goes madame. We may grumble, but we submit and, for the most part, with alluring grace.

Of course, now that the Spring fashions are about to make their début, everyone is simply wild with curiosity, but I am inclined to think that there will be little change in the silhouette, which will be moulded, preserving the long, clinging lines that we have only just got used to. The sports clothes will have much more latitude than any other in one's wardrobe and it is safe to say that skirts will be short, although they will cover the knees.

A collection of smart bags for the tailored mode made from many materials from suede to Fish skin. Jewelled clasps in a fantasy design or monogram form the clasps of some newest bags, while delightful arrows, thrust through narrow straps, distinguish others. Ivory is used quite as much as tortoise-shell for handles. Dark or even black linings are considered most chic.

A quite attractive new bauble in the way of a vanity case has made its appearance among smart women and deserves recognition both for its beauty and for its originality. It is a compact, of course, with compartments for rouge and powder. And the most interesting thing about it is the mirror, which is metal—thus protecting one from the thought of having seven years' bad luck, should the case inadvertently drop on the floor. Metal mirror—upon which are shadowed the images of famous beauties who flourished long before real mirrors were thought of.

The outside of the compact comes in many delightful colour combinations, one of which simulates the reptile. Quite all right, as long as it does not tempt one too much!

While we are on the subject of those important nothings which refresh one's jaded make-up during a bridge party, a dinner or a tea, let me speak of and recommend that lip-stick

La Mode Fait la Femme

Two lovely versions of black and white for evening. At the upper right, a taffeta and tulle dance frock. The uneven effect of the skirt is achieved by means of the tulle flounces. The black gown is of lace with the wide collar which softens youthfully the neckline. This is a useful frock for informal occasions. Single rings with one large stone are smart as are bracelets of many strands of pearls. Earrings are extremely chic, but only if they are very, very long.

which to look at is a rather pale and foolish colour. However, the music seems to lie in just this: as you apply it, no matter what your complexion, it changes tone and blends harmoniously with your individual colouring. Then, too, it sticks! How many of us have suffered with rouge that does not stay on and has to be applied every other minute? We know that the rouged lips, if the shade is properly chosen, finishes one's toilette as nothing else does. Indeed, the unrouged lip is a rare sight. However, so many women seem to select the wrong colour—either one's mouth resembles a crimson signal or else the salve has worn off, an effect too frequently observed, even among the most fastidious of ladies. What a comfort is this new cosmetic!

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

One of the most delightful superstitions in the world has accounted for the tremendous vogue of the evening jackets. The famous French draught, or "courent d'air," has been blamed or praised, as you like, for the mode. However, my gentle readers in India will smile when they wear their evening coats of Chiffon or cloth of gold, for they will do so to be beautiful; that is certainly the only reason the Couturiers designed them! When was the mode ever practical? We would not love it, if it were.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

So many of the new necklaces, especially those of several strands, have one clasp. This is an excellent idea, because when one wraps the long sixty-inch string about the neck, the length of the loops never, by any chance, stay where one has arranged them before sallying forth to the party. With the clasp, there is no danger of having a choker where one intended a long, graceful curve just at the right place.

These clasps, some of them really beautiful, can be obtained now at nearly all of the better shops, and modernistic designs, with emeralds or sapphires cut square, or brilliant cut steel and onyx in charmingly thought out schemes, can be procured. Then there is the usual classical barrel-shaped clasp for the more conservative woman who will never wear anything but diamonds.

The use of wood in jewellery is an interesting whimsy of the hour. Necklaces and bracelets of wooden discs or shaped beads play an important rôle in the arrangement of colour with the sombre frock. With black, a favourite and entrancing mode is the touch of emerald green. Only the other day I saw a lady clad in black crêpe-de-chine. She wore a necklace of green wooden beads, a bracelet to match and a dinner ring with one large green stone. The result was perfectly charming. After all, it was really not the value of her accessoires, but the taste displayed that distinguished her from the women who wore much more expensive jewels. As Mrs. Elinor Glyn remarks, "It isn't the quality of one's clothes so much; one must have 'the look.' You may wear priceless lace or furs and still be dowdy." Quite true. The thing to bear in mind is the general effect, rather than the value of a single detail.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

Among the Paris Houses one finds the placement of artificial flowers both instructive and amusing. Bernard places an immense blossom at the belt, just over one hip, on a black chiffon evening frock with high panels of salmon lace. Nicole Groult puts a cluster of them under a pouf at the back—a delightful touch. Perhaps a whole cascade of wisteria will trail also from this point of vantage. Others place huge flowers at the base of the décolletage. Anywhere excepting familiar and becoming right or left shoulder.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

All the smart young things who dance every night must have been slightly perturbed, to say nothing of their partners, when the long trains for evening gowns came in with such gusto! Paris has hastened to remedy this situation and very cleverly too. Mademoiselle, you may now have a heavenly evening gown whose train is detachable! Think of it, to be able to dance in comfort without incurring the risk of holding up your trailing yards of fishnet or chiffon!

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

The shirred princesse frock gains steadily in popularity and *pour cause*. It is becoming to nearly every type of figure (excepting the too plump one), and is capable of many interpretations.

As to flares, one sees them literally upon every side. They are placed low upon the skirt, for the rest of the gown is rather like a sheath—a style which has always been dear to our hearts and which we have been unable to indulge until this revolution in the fashion world. The "period" gown is still a sort of basis, for the tight bodice with the surplice is infinitely soft and becoming. Peplums are also very modish, marking the waistline—very high, of course.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

About your hair, madame. Have you succumbed to the demands of the mode and are you letting it grow? If so, you will certainly bless the Master Coiffeur who has originated and rendered chic the little pins set with jewels that are designed to hold the unruly wisps of ungraceful length. These pins may be had in tortoise-shell for daytime wear and the evening ones are lovely. They are trustworthy, too, for they stay in one's hair like a clamp. Some are studded with small coloured stones, others are set with brilliants, so that you can carry out the ensemble idea if you like. A tiny bun at the nape of the neck is smart and you must have small

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AND nowhere more usefully than in the Indian climate. This refreshing, fragrant shampoo can be enjoyed as frequently as required to keep the hair roots free from clogging dust . . . free to breathe. Nothing you could do for your hair to combat the ravages of a tropical climate would improve on the gentle cleansing of the Amami ingredients which tone—and stimulate—and burnish to new beauty.

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Miss Eugenie Amami.

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Dry hair needs Amami No. 10. Greasy hair needs Amami No. 9. Dandruff also vanishes before Amami No. 9. If your hair's perfectly healthy and just wants a little more sparkle and life and colour, there are the everyday Amami Shampoos. No. 1 for brown hair, No. 5 for blondes—No. 8 to keep black tresses beautiful. No. 7 is a Camomile Application and Shampoo to preserve light shades and restore fairness. No. 2, for Children. No. 3, for Men. No. 4, Dry Shampoo.

AMAMI SHAMPOOS ARE OBTAINABLE FROM ALL HAIRDRESSERS AND CHEMISTS

curls about the face and the curve upon the cheek—a manner of dressing the hair both practical and becoming, for one is not forced to undo the coiffure every time one wears a hat. The very slick, severely brushed back type has definitely disappeared.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

Bags again are exercising their influence upon the mode and it is with a sigh of regret that one finds, except with the tailored mode, the flat envelope quite out of date. Yes, you must have a bag, shirred at the top, if you would be the last word in elegance. Lizard and other reptilian effects have taken second place now and fishskin is the newest thing. It is charmingly luminous and soft. For evening wear, dainty purses of brilliants or seed pearls have replaced the bag—for how long? *Qui lo sa!*

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

Most unusual colour-combinations are to be seen among the successful models of the season. A mauve gown of tulle appears either with a dark purple trimming, such as taffeta sash with long ends, or panels of pink tulle will contrast. Again, grass green will be seen harmonizing with either yellow or blue. Purple and red also figure prominently in the season's offerings. These daring symphonies are for evening, of course.

⚜ ⚜ ⚜

Black velvet for afternoon wear is incomparable. The frock should be of the simplest lines and reach to the ankles the entire circumference of the skirt. That is where the smart afternoon frock differs from that of the evening. The hemline is even all the way around. The natural waistline should be marked by a belt of the velvet with a bright buckle fastening it together. Fine old lace should be worked becomingly about the neckline. That constitutes the smartest type afternoon frock anyone could possibly wear.

DARIUS TO AMANULLAH

THE STORY OF AFGHANISTAN

"And far from the Suleiman heights come the sounds of the stirring of tribes
Afridi, Hazara or Ghilzai, they clamour for plunder or bribes;
And Herat is held by a thread, and the Usbeg has raised Badukshan;
And the chief may sleep sound in his grave, who would rule the unruly Afghan."

(LYALL.)

It is many years ago since Sir Alfred Lyall, who knew Afghanistan and had been Foreign Secretary to the Government of India, wrote these lines but they seem to have been almost as true during the last eighteen months as they were in his time. Lt.-Gen. Sir GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I., who retired from India as Quartermaster-General in 1924, in his AFGHANISTAN FROM DARIUS TO AMANULLAH (Bell, 21s. net) presents a picture of the romantic and often terrible doings of the highlands which are bounded by the Oxus and the Indus. Afghanistan is the last of the Oriental countries in which the germ of Westernisation took a hold and it says something for her Eastern constitution that she has shaken it off in no uncertain fashion. The story of the headstrong and youthful Amanullah is recent history and needs no repetition, for it has been given lavish publicity in the columns of the daily newspaper press. Sir George Macmunn unfolds the story of what he describes as "this museum of past tragedies" fully and completely, from the earliest times almost up to Nadir Khan's accession to the *Guddi*. He is at once informative, interesting and critical and is earnest in his justification of the honest and steady purpose of Britain towards the various portions of the old Mogul Empire, to which fate made our country heir-at-law.

Flora Annie Steel

Although she died less than a year ago, FLORA ANNIE STEEL seems little more than a dim memory. She lived to a great age and the India she knew is not the India of to-day. For that reason if for no other her autobiography, THE GARDEN OF FIDELITY (Macmillan 12s. 6d.), should prove of absorbing interest to students of contemporary India. Mrs. Steel once almost achieved a great historical novel, "On the Face of the Waters," but her subsequent romances were cumbered with an increasing amount of Indian historical data which had little value to her as a novelist. In this last work, instead of treating herself as the central character, she has generalised on conditions of which she long ago must have ceased to have any first-hand knowledge, despite her rare gifts of observation.

A vignette of Lucknow rings true. It is a city of more than average interest to the tourist or the unenquiring English resident, but for those who probe beneath the surface its superabundance of perfumers' shops are the key to its peculiarly debased palaces, the venue of the age-long amusements of their degenerate clientele. The small stations and cantonments of a generation ago seem to differ very little in essentials from those we know to-day, perhaps an argument in favour of the unchangeability of the real India upon which Mrs. Steel correctly insists.

INDIAN CULTURE THROUGH THE AGES.

VOL. I, BY S. V. VENKATESWARA, M.A. Longmans 12s. 6d.

Of the political history of ancient India we know very little. The Hindus of old did not leave any written record of their deeds, though their literary activities were both varied and stupendous. Prof. Venkateswar has tried to compile a careful account of the educational methods and ideals of his ancestors from such literary relics as are likely to throw light on the subject. It is needless to say that it is impossible to give a systematic account of the evolution of the Hindu system of instruction, but within limitations the author has done his work satisfactorily.

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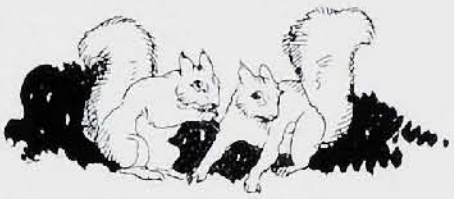
Our Children's Corner

A STORY OF JUMPY AND CURLY

JUMPY and Curly were the squirrel brothers. Curly had a large tail (that's why they called him Curly) and Jumpy got his name because he could leap from one branch to another faster than any other squirrel. Wiggle and Cut-up were two rabbits who lived near them, in a hole in the ground. Wiggle could make his ears twitch in such a funny way that no other name would have suited him, and Cut-up—well, if you have read about him before, you know he was just



about the most mischievous rabbit in the whole world, always playing tricks and getting himself into trouble.

The squirrels and the rabbits were great friends, in spite of Cut-up's tricks. One day Jumpy said to Curly, "Let's give a party up in our tree and invite Wiggle and Cut-up." "Fine," said Curly, "we'll have it to-morrow." So they collected a lot of nuts and other nice things, not forgetting some grass and leaves for their rabbit friends, for they were polite squirrels.

Their plans all made and everything ready, they scampered down the tree to find Wiggle and Cut-up and invite them to the party. Wiggle was at home, but Cut-up was not in sight.

"We'll be glad to come," said Wiggle, "but where is your party to be held?"

"Why up in our tree, of course," chattered Jumpy.

"But how can we rabbits get up there? We can't climb," said Wiggle.

"Come on and we'll show you," cried Curly, and off they scampered, little dreaming Cut-up was hidden nearby and had heard every word.

Jumpy and Curly had made a nice little cage of sticks, with a rope attached, and into this the two squirrels and Wiggle crawled and, pulling on the rope, they began to haul themselves up. Suddenly Cut-up jumped out from behind the tree, grabbed the hanging end of the rope and tied it to a root, leaving them all three suspended in the air.

They were furious. Cut-up jumped about and rolled over in glee, until they finally begged to be let down. But Cut-up pretended not to hear and just sat under the cage looking up at them. Jumpy got so angry he gnawed at the rope. His sharp little teeth quickly bit through it and down came the cage, squirrels, Wiggle and all, right on top of Cut-up. None of them were hurt and after they had brushed off the dirt, Wiggle said, "Let's have our party now, only I want it on the ground."

So the squirrels scampered up the tree and brought down the eatables and all were friends once more.

THE FAIRY'S ESCAPE

In my picture-book I saw a boy
Who tried to catch a fairy:
He ran so hard he nearly *caught*
That fairy so unwary.

But I thumped him hard with all my might
To give the frightened fairy
Time to get away from him
And hide inside a diary!

SUPPOSING?

Supposing one morning
I could get up at dawn,
And steal to the woodlands
And change to a fawn?

And then I could chatter
To the squirrels and birds,
And learn all about them,
And speak with their words.

I'd chat with the rabbits,
And have tea with the mice
That run across field paths,
Wouldn't that be nice?

I'd learn all the secrets
Of forest and hill
As I wondered at home there,
Or listened, stock still.

THE FAIRY SHOE

To-day I found a fairy shoe
And put it on my doll,
To place it on her little foot
I thought was rather droll.

It looked so sweet, and very pleased
My dolly seemed to be:
She sat and stuck her foot right out
That all who passed might see.

I partly put it on because
I thought perhaps it *might*
Bring magic or some extra luck
To my shabby doll to-night.

Our Children's Corner

PUZZLE—

FIND ROBIN GOODFELLOW AND THREE OF THE FAIRIES

By HELEN HUDSON

WILL CONTRACT BIDDING BE STANDARDISED

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER.

WILL the bidding at Contract Bridge be standardised?

That is the question for players in 1930. Besides the Vanderbilt system, about which I have written fully in this Magazine, there are various other methods of bidding, such as the Culbertson, the Milton Work and the E. V. Shepard. All of these differ in material particulars both in the initial stages of the bidding and in bidding for slams. All of them have their enthusiastic followers. Then there are players in London who believe that Contract can be played in what they term "natural" bidding without any artificial conventions or complexities. Their number is few and likely to become fewer.

The position in England at present is chaotic. There is no uniformity in practice. While the Vanderbilt Club convention has been adopted at several important Clubs in London, there are many players who refuse to have anything to do with it or, having tried it, have rejected it deliberately. In private circles and in some Clubs you are liable to have to undergo a catechism before you sit down to play.

Nor is the position in America different. There are rival schools of thought, although it has been promised in the new American *Bridge World* that "we can guarantee our English friends who bewail the complexity and variety of our Contract systems that in no time the atmosphere will be clarified."

The truth is that in America, as here, there is no Club nor authority that can or will undertake to standardise bidding.

Laws about play—yes. But bidding—no. This absolute uncertainty as to the methods to be adopted, while it may add to the thrill of the game for those who like to gamble, is trying for steady players who prefer to know where they are.

Neither the Portland Club of London nor the New York Whist Club, whence emanated the first laws of the present form of Contract, will help them.

But although there will be no authoritative guide in the matter, I believe it is only a question of time before English players adopt a method of their own and this method will be to eliminate as many conventions as possible and play Contract on the lines of "commonsense." That may seem rather a question-begging statement. Since commonsense itself is a matter of opinion and what may appear commonsense to Z may not appear commonsense to A or Y or B.

All the same, there is a certain robust "John Bull" commonsense which we apply to cards and to other matters. It may not be very subtle. But it does appeal to the minds of the majority and in the end it generally wins.

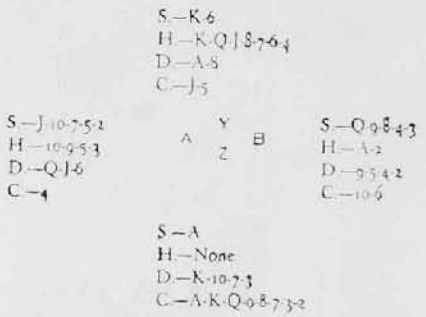
I believe, then, that this year we shall see a gradual standardisation of methods of bidding.

Auction Bridge will not be extinct, but Contract will become the paramount game.

Slam bidding, with its enormous rewards, will, however, retain its fascination for Contract players and it is difficult to see how it can be arrived at without some form of conventional bidding. Of course, there are exceptional cases where, owing to overwhelming or freak hands on the part of Declarer and his partner, a slam bid can be arrived at by a natural process of bidding. But these cases are so few that they hardly need consideration. Often it happens that a "hidden" slam is to be made and only by artificial bidding can it be called. It is the aim of conventions to render slam bidding fool-proof. But it has been demonstrated amply that no system (fortunately, as I think) can do so. There is always the element of hazard and risk.

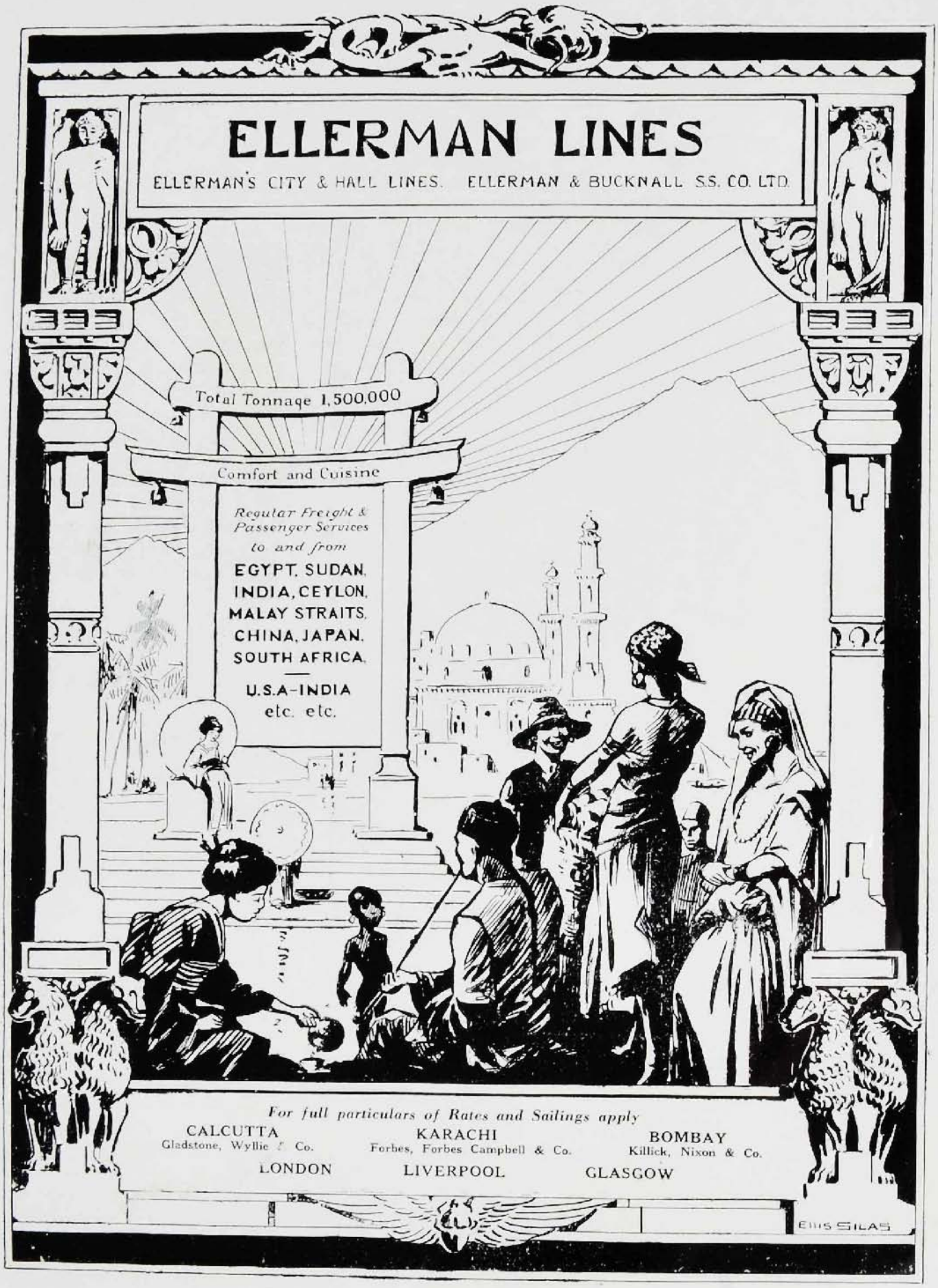
A little slam may be called and it turns out that only five by cards can be made. A grand slam may be called and only a little slam can be made. The forward player, for the ample rewards, will always be ready to take the risk. The "stonewall" player will be content to take the game and will indulge in no "monkey tricks" for the sake of a possible but not certain substantial bonus.

As an example of the hazard of the slam, take the following from actual play, where Z went all out for the grand slam. It amounts to this—when hesitating whether to bid a grand slam are you justified in adding together several *possibilities* of the extra trick and then bidding it?



Score love all. A dealt and said "No bid"; Y "Two Hearts." This was the conventional bid on the system Y was playing to show a probable game bid with slam possibilities B said "No bid." What should Z say on his hand?

If he said "Three Clubs," Y would take it as merely showing a quick trick or bareness in Clubs, whereas Z really wished to *change* the Trumps. And if Z said "Four Clubs," that would mean "established length in Clubs but still without changing the Trumps. And if Z bid "Five Clubs," that would indeed switch the Trumps but Y would take it as a "Stop Bid"—"leave me to make the game in Clubs" whereas Z wanted Y to show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any quick tricks outside his Hearts in the hope of working up to a slam bid.

So Z fell back on the other convention bidding his suit TWICE to indicate change of suit without any restrictions about slams. So he bid "Three Clubs."

A, of course, said "No bid" and Y went on with his suit bidding "Three Hearts" as he had not yet heard of the change of Trumps. B also passed and Y then made things clear by bidding "Four Clubs." This, on the convention, said "I have practically certain game in Clubs. I don't like your Heart suit. Show me what strength, if any, you have outside your Hearts or put me up to Five Clubs."

Y tumbled to it accordingly, and showed his Ace of Diamonds by bidding "Four Diamonds" and Z after B's pass bid "Four Spades" to show his Ace, and Y, in turn, bid "Five Spades" as his King dovetailed with Z's Ace.

Z then considered his choice between Six or Seven Clubs. Two Spade tricks were marked, with two Diamonds and eight trumps. The Ace of Diamonds in Y would cover his three, and Y's King of Spades would allow the discard of the 7. What about the 10?

There were several distinct possibilities of making the thirteenth trick, and Z knew that, with the advantage of playing the hands in combination, one or other of these possibilities might easily materialise into actuality.

Perhaps a winning Heart in Dummy would allow the discard of that 10 of Diamonds, or he might make a trick with the 10 by means of a finesse, if Dummy had the Jack with his Ace, or he might be able to ruff a Diamond if Y had only A, X, or again, Y might have the Queen of Spades with the King and a small one and thus allow another Diamond discard. So Z bid "Seven Clubs."

The opening lead was a Spade which Z won, and the reader, who sees all the cards, will realise that Z can make his grand slam in either of two ways. He can put Dummy in with (say) the Jack of Trumps, lead the King of Hearts, and, whether B covers, or not Z completes his contract with a Heart trick.

But B had not doubled and Z knew nothing of the location of that Ace. If the Ace of Hearts lay with A, this line of play would lose a trick. So Z adopted the other line of play.

At trick two he made the Ace of Trumps. Then Dummy's Ace of Diamonds followed by his own King of Diamonds. At the next trick he ruffed a Diamond in Dummy and led Dummy's King of Spades, discarding a Diamond, and his thirteenth trick was thus the ninth Trump.

By adding his possibilities to the play-advantage, and making "One trick" out of them, he scored the 470 difference as a reward for his arithmetic! 1,000 for grand slam plus 20 for the extra trick bid instead of 500 for little slam and 50 for overtrick.

Now, as I have said, this occurred in actual play. But by no method of *natural* bidding could this result have been attained.

THE FOOTLIGHTS O' LONDON

By "THE NIGHT WATCHMAN"

Mr. G. Melvin and Miss Lilian Davies as the Mother Queen and The Price Florzel in Mr. Julian Wylie's pantomime, "The Sleeping Beauty," at Drury Lane Theatre.

London, January, 1930.

The Plays—Quick and Dead

THE Xmas slack-water time is still having its innings and pantomime and other shows appropriate to that time of year have had things practically all their own way, so that it seems an opportune moment to take stock of the quick and the dead in theatreland during the past season. One thing which stands out is the bursting of the American bubble in almost every department of stage entertainment and the reassuring virility of home production. We are a very catholic and wide-minded nation and, in spite of statements to the contrary, quite devoid of the thing called insular prejudice: every production, no matter from whence it comes, is given a fair chance, purely on its merits and therefore any "flop" is that "flop's" own funeral and no one else's. Those *entrepreneurs* who not so long ago were assuring us that they could find nothing worth having in England and therefore perforce had to indent upon America, will no doubt rearrange their ideas on the evidence of fact of the past season. The American casualty list is a somewhat disastrous one:—

Craig's Wife, Afraid of the Dark, Little Accident, The New Moon, Porgy, Paris Bound, The Devil in the Cheese, The Stranger Within, Conscience, Coquette, Brothers, The Devil in Bronze, and *The Woman in Room 13.* And there were others. And of the American musical plays, *Merry Merry* must have lost money. *A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur* a grotesque failure at Daly's; *Follow Through* failed to create a sensation when it opened the Dominion Theatre; *The Five O'Clock Girl* did not repeat the success achieved by its predecessors at the Hippodrome.

Rio Rita which, one gathers, was a bumper success as a musical comedy in New York has come to us as a "talkie," or as, I think it truer to describe it, a "screamy," for the canned voices and music are raucous to a degree. It seems a tactical error not to have either sent over the American company *en bloc* or to have acquired the rights for London and Anglicised it so far as might be, retaining only two parts, the low comedy relief, for American actors, because no English ones could hope to compete with the highly-technical Yankee back-slang. The music, so far as its canned version permits one to judge, is both tuneful and catchy and in the film a movie actress, Bebe Daniels, sings extremely well—or as well as this method of reproduction will permit her to do. *Rio Rita* might have stopped the rot in American productions.

Mr. Henry A. Lytton and Miss Bertha Lewis as Ko-Ko and Katisha in "The Mikado," which had the usual phenomenal success at The Savoy Theatre. It will be played again during the repertory season, which will run to the end of March.

Mr. George Shelton as "Old Smee" in "Peter Pan," at The St. James' Theatre. Mr. Shelton has played this part since the original production and is beloved by all the children.

Even the film is having a fair success at the Tivoli in the Strand.

Our Own Moderate Success

Whilst American plans of all classes have definitely failed, our own successes are not so very numerous, but we have, at any rate, done a great deal better than the large cargo of imported theatrical meat—it would be hard to have done worse. When we come to count up the successes and failures, it is to be feared that the latter somewhat outnumber the former. The outstanding success has been, of course, *Journey's End*, which by now has been played in every civilised country west of Suez and in America, which is either East or West of Suez according to location. *Journey's End* has been lashed with criticism which is largely justified because of the whisky bottle episode, but as a purely dramatic achievement, it is a masterpiece and has made a fortune for its author, Mr. R. C. Sherriff. When he first proferred it to managers, some of them refused to look at it because it was a "war" play and the feeling that no one wanted to be reminded of those terrible years of tragedy was still very strong—no matter what lesson any Play dealing with the war might have to teach. A new generation has grown up and a saner feeling has been born which believes that the nobility of those who saw things through should have some other monument than those erected in stone all over the country. *Journey's End* is a faithful picture, and as that deserves a place of honour in the national gallery of plays which matter and which bear their message to mankind. The best proof of this fact is its universal appeal. It is the record breaker of of the century and deserves its success in spite of all the criticism. The next two are *The First Mrs. Fraser* and *Jew Suss* and if it had not been taken off owing to the imminence of an interesting domestic event *The Sacred Flame* would have gone very close up. Miss Gladys Cooper (Lady Pearson) is now a recent mother. It is undoubtedly a good play and we have not heard the last of it yet, of that I feel sure. *A Cup of Kindness, The Infinite Shoeblack* and *Rope* are justly entitled to be included in the list of successes, especially the first, and so must *The Calendar* which, in spite of Mr. Owen Nares being cast for one of those smart racing owners, a character in which he has never lived—has enjoyed a measure of popularity; and there is also that amusing trifle, *The Middle Watch*, which has made even the hyper-critical Navy laugh; and there is Mr. George Bernard Shaw's *The Apple Cart*, about which very diverse opinions have been expressed, so diverse in some cases that they have caused the rupture of lifelong friendships. Personally, I think it suffers from the same defect inherent in all Mr. Shaw's plays, too much sermonising, and each character, as usual, speaks in Mr. Shaw's voice. *Bitter Sweet*, a success and probably the best thing Mr. Noel Coward has yet produced. *Canaries Sometimes Sing* the Lonsdale play; *The Roof*, possibly a good play if it were not such a plagiarism of *The Berg*. And of purely musical shows, *Love Lies*, a great money-maker at the Gaiety, *Mr. Cinders*, and, of course, the Gilbert & Sullivan Operas. It is a fairly good catalogue of successes and partial successes to set off against the dismal list of foreign failures.

Gilbert and Sullivan Season

The present season at the New Savoy has been the usual bumper success and the only cause for cavil is that in this glorified edition of

Miss Sybil Thorndike in a scene from "Madame Plays Nap," which is described by "The Night Watchman" in these notes.

the original home of Gilbert & Sullivan there is no pit or gallery and consequently no room for that part of the public which is such a warm supporter of these immortal works. The new Savoy is a magnificent theatre in all other respects, but I think the absence of a pit and gallery is a definite drawback. One of the most recent of the operas to which I have been at the time of writing is *Pinafore,* which was originally produced at the Opera Comique Theatre on May 25th, 1878. As a foundation for the libretto of this Opera, Gilbert determined on plagiarizing from his own past work, that is to say, he turned to his "Bab Ballads"—for here was a comic plot already cut and dried with ready-made dramatic personæ, and by a wave of his magic wand he transformed the stanzas of a humorous ballad into a still more excruciatingly funny comic Opera. Sullivan thoroughly entered into the spirit and essence of his colleague's fun and *H. M. S. Pinafore* was instantaneously acclaimed an unqualified success. I have always thought it one of Gilbert's happiest efforts and I treasure a memory of the occasion when the late Lord "Jacky" Fisher saw it for the first time in his life and clapped and roared with laughter like a child from his box. It was at the time when Lord Jacky was writing all those terse little letters to the press advising the Admiralty to "scrap the lot." When he was leaving the Princes Theatre they asked him to say something for publication and with a merry twinkle he said "Say: Love the lot!"

The Mikado, I think, ranks as my own first favourite. It is related of the origin of this opera, that Gilbert, having determined to leave his own country alone for a while, sought elsewhere for a subject suitable to his peculiar humour. A trifling accident inspired him with an idea. One day an old Japanese sword which, for years, had been hanging on the wall of his study, fell from its place. This incident directed his attention to Japan. Just at that time a company of Japanese had arrived in England and set up a little village of their own in Knightsbridge. Beneath the shadow of the Cavalry Barracks the quaint little people squatted and stalked, proud and unconscious of the contrast between their own diminutive forms and those of the Royal Horse Guards across the road. By their strange arts and devices and manner of life, these chosen representatives of a remote race soon attracted all London. Society hastened to be Japanned, just as a few years ago Society had been aestheticized. The lily, after a brief reign, had been deposed; it was now the turn of the chrysanthemum to usurp the rightful throne of the English rose.

Encore a War Play

Ever since the success of *Journey's End,* we have had a spate of war plays. *Douaumont;* the revised *Tunnel Trench; Time and The Hour,* a quite silly war farce which never lasted; and now *The Last Enemy,* at the Fortune Theatre, which is a species of *Outward Bound* with a war setting. I am afraid, however, that as it is only of the curate's egg order, it may not last over long. This idea of two spiritual fathers, who have migrated to heaven some time before the war, watching over the destinies of their spiritual children on earth during it, might have been successfully handled by Sir James Barrie, but Mr. Frank Harvey, who is an actor, and is playing the part of the wicked Duke in *Jew Süss,* though very earnest about it all, is I think a bit out of his depth. The "last enemy" is death and the author endeavours to tell us that no matter what may happen to us here below that there is a spiritual mate or twin soul waiting for us in heaven. The idea is both beautiful and delicate, but it suffers in the manner of its presentation.

All that we see of Mr. Harvey's next world is the first landing of a gigantic staircase, up which are climbing the souls of Alexander McKenzie and James Churchill, two explorers who have just perished of cold and starvation in the Antarctic. On the landing they are met by a Janitor, who tells them that the staircase leads to Heaven. As they ascend further from the earth, they will lose interest in earthly things; but while they are still near the earth, they can still go down the stairs again, and watch over and help those whom they love. The Janitor explains that they can become "spiritual fathers."

We then jump forward to the Great War. One of the spiritual fathers turns up through locked doors just when his spiritual daughter, Cynthia, is in the urgent embrace of a nerve-wrecked young airman, who had been drinking hard on leave, but whom she loved.

The other explorer arrives on the battlefield at Festubert just in time to console the dying moments of his spiritual son, a young officer, who was just a nice boy and was in love with Cynthia, but for whom she did not care in that way.

We finish up with the two explorers talking the matter over in Heaven. The acting is excellent. Mr. Nicholas Hannen does wonders with a rather trying part, and Miss Athene Seyler all that can be done with a colourless one. Miss Marjorie Mars, Mr. Frank Lawton, Mr. Laurence Olivier, and Mr. Carl Harbord all show merit and Mr. O. B. Clarence makes Cynthia's earthly father much the most human character of the play.

"Madame plays Nap"

This Napoleon play, which so closely resembles *Madame Sans Gêne,* is described as "a romp for Miss Sybil Thorndike." I do not think this is a happy description, even though Miss Thorndike does endeavour to romp. She is not and never will be good at either romp-

ing, or in a love scene. Miss Thorndike has to be very arch and frolicsome in this Play and I do not think the producer was kind when he cast her for this lady who, during the revolution, conceals an aristocrat and has an affaire with a young Artillery officer, to give the aristocrat time to escape by the back door. Miss Thorndike is too *rangée* for a part like this. In the first act she is the wife of a dancing master, who has turned pawn-broker. In the the second she is up in the world and is introduced to us as the one virtuous wife at the Court of Napoleon I.

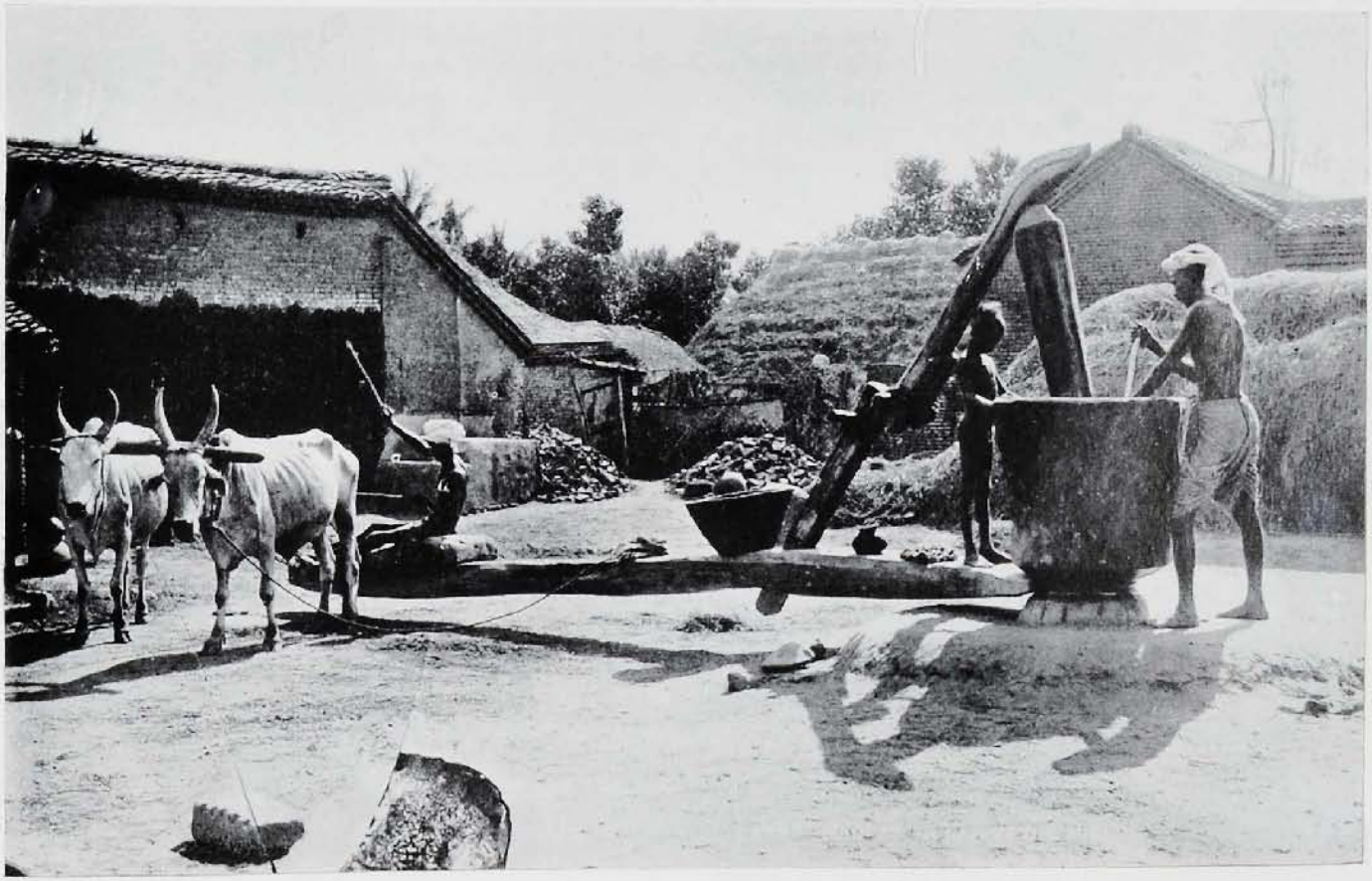
Princess Pauline Borghese and her ally, the malicious Court Chamberlain, cannot unearth any more damaging incident than the rumour of an old scandal about an artillery officer whom she once hid in a loft. And so we wait, patiently or impatiently, for Madame to play Nap, the Emperor himself as her trump card, since we knew all the time that he was the officer in question.

Mr. Lewis Casson—Miss Thorndike's husband—was not a good Napoleon and did not impress. If history is to be believed, Napoleon had a rather deep and well-rounded voice. Mr. Casson has not. I am told that this play is going to run, but personally I doubt whether it is quite good enough to stay.

London Theatre Renovated

The rumour that several well known London theatres were to be turned into picture houses was as incorrect as it was stupid, for the theatres named are all far too small to be of any use to any picture house company. All that is happening is that certain theatres are being re-decorated and re-conditioned—and not a moment before it is required, for they and others are at least fifty years behind the times in their appointments and conveniences—not to say dirty and dilapidated.

The theatres concerned are :—the Adelphi, the Shaftesbury, and the Apollo. Re-decoration and re-equipment are also planned for another famous theatre—His Majesty's. The remodelling operations at the first three will, if carried out, lead to a considerable addition to the seating accommodation and to the provision of a greater luxury and comfort for theatre-goers. The latest devices for heating and ventilating the buildings will be introduced, so we are assured—and again I say that it has been needed for a very long time. It would be a very good thing if several more London theatres were gutted and entirely re-arranged and re-furnished, for as most of us know who have to go into them, they are not palaces and a great many of them extremely uncomfortable and primitive.



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THE SHIVAJI TERCENTENARY

By Dr. S. N. SEN, M.A., B.Litt.(Oxon.)

SHIVAJI hold a unique position in Indian history. He founded an empire and created a nation. His fame reached Europe while he was yet alive, and within twenty years of his death stories of his life and exploits were available in many European languages. Before him the Maratha name was almost unknown, even in 1659, when he was already on the high road of success, the English merchants of Rajapur were so unfamiliar with the Marathas that they mistook Shivaji for a Rajput Chief. But within the next decade, the Moghul Viceroy was surprised in his very bed, the opulent city of Surat was sacked and the wily Maratha walked out of the death trap laid by the cunning hand of Aurangzib at Agra. His name became a household word in India, and after his death his subjects made a god of him and worshipped him as an incarnation of Shiva, the third member of the Hindu trinity.

The kingdom founded by him had a chequered history. It had a setback after the demise of Shivaji and was well nigh overwhelmed by the might of the Moghul empire then at the zenith of its power. Aurangzib, son of the builder of the Taj, marched in person against the elusive enemy and waged a war of extermination for twenty long years. But the young nation survived the ordeal, the Marathas rapidly recovered their lost ground and soon became a terror to the rest of India. They reached the natural boundary of India and carried their banner to the banks of the Indus, they penetrated into the heart of Bengal, plundered Murshidabad, and compelled Siraj-ud-dwala's grandfather to cede Orissa, they occupied Delhi and the Mughal emperor was converted into a tool of Maratha ambition and a symbol of Maratha imperialism. The empire itself stretched from sea to sea and from the Himalayas to the Tungabhadra, when its supremacy was challenged by Wellesley and its prestige was shattered by Wellington and Lake. But the reputation of Shivaji outlived the Maratha empire. To-day he is the hero of Nationalist India. The Shivaji festival was first inaugurated by the late Mr. Tilak, his greatness commanded the poetic homage of Rabindranath Tagore and the new movement reached its culmination when His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales unveiled a bust of Shivaji at Poona, where the great hero had spent his childhood.

The career of Shivaji is as interesting as instructive. The son of a petty Jahgirdar, he rose to be the founder of a mighty kingdom; engaged in an incessant war, he reformed and almost perfected the revenue system of his land; a man of doubtful literacy, he not only made himself a patron of learning but also the inaugurator of a new literary movement. Idealism and an uncommon practical genius found a rare combination in him and formed the secret of his success.

Yes, this practical man of the world, this shrewd diplomat was essentially an idealist. He paid his homage to the well-known saints of his age. He held before his degraded countrymen, ever engaged in internecine wars and always busy with parochial politics, the ideal of a *Maratha Padshahi* (Maratha kingdom), a *Hindvi Swarajya* (Hindu empire) and even a *Dharma-Rajya*, a state that would be the embodiment of righteousness. In that age of sexual licence he preached and practised a code of chivalry and religious tolerance that extorted the praise and admiration of his worst enemies. Khafi Khan, who delighted in showering the most opprobrious epithets (*e.g.*, the reprobate, the sharp son of the devil, the father of fraud, that dog, hell dog, evil malicious fellow) on him was yet constrained to admit that, "he made it a rule that whenever his followers went plundering, they should do no harm to the mosques, the Book of God, or the women of any one." The story runs that Abaji Sondev, one of his principal officers, once brought Shivaji, among other presents, a beautiful young Muslim captive, the daughter-in-law of the governor of Kalyan, whose army he had severely worsted. In that age of rapine and license, victors felt no scruple against appropriating the harems of the unfortunate vanquished, and Abaji thought that such a charming gift would undoubtedly win him his master's favour. But he was soon undeceived, Shivaji severely reprimanded his General, while the young lady was treated with all honour and restored to her relatives with suitable presents. The Bhagava Jhenda, the ochre coloured banner of Shivaji, was a symbol of ascetic purity and renunciation, and served as a reminder to his followers of the real character of his mission.

But this idealist was no unpractical visionary. He began his career by capturing, one after another, the ill-garrisoned strongholds of Bijapur. His earlier overt acts were easily explained away, but things became so serious that even the corrupt self-seekers at Bijapur could no longer overlook them. A strong expedition was sent against Shivaji under Afzal Khan, a Bijapur veteran. His progress was marked by desecration of Hindu temples, but Shivaji refused to be drawn out of his chosen shelter. At last negotiations for peace were opened and the two chiefs met for a personal interview. What exactly happened there will never be ascertained. Afzal Khan was undoubtedly the stronger of the two, and, according to the Maratha account, he was the first aggressor, but Shivaji had foreseen and provided for such an eventuality. Afzal was killed and his army was routed.

Shivaji had then to face two formidable enemies, who simultaneous-

ly invaded his principality. Siddi Johor, the Bijapur General, beseiged him at Panhala and the Moghul Viceroy, Shaista Khan, occupied Poona, the home of Shivaji's childhood. He had no ally except his strong arms and native wit. He succeeded in outwitting the Siddi but he was no match for Shaista Khan. But his uncommon resourcefulness at last came to his rescue, and one night he entered into the bed chambers of the Moghul Viceroy with a chosen band of resolute swordsmen, killed Shaista Khan's son, inflicted a wound on the General himself and then successfully effected his retreat without any serious loss. This coup seriously demoralised the Moghuls but Shivaji gave them no respite and swooped upon the wealthy town of Surat, then reputed to be the most important trading centre in the east. This exploit added at once to his prestige and military coffers, which was no small gain to him, for he had to make war pay for war, as his financial resources were extremely limited.

The Emperor of Delhi next sent Jai Singh, one of his best and most experienced Generals, against Shivaji. The Maratha Chief soon perceived that further resistance would be useless and he was always averse to unnecessary loss of life. He visited the Rajput General in person and concluded a peace with him, which cost him a large number of his hard won strongholds and a considerable slice of his newly acquired territories. This reverse would have finished an ordinary man but Shivaji still continued to be a potential source of danger to the Moghul authorities. After his ill success against Bijapur, Jai Singh felt anxious to remove Shivaji from the Deccan and persuaded him to visit the Emperor at Agra. What inducements were actually offered to Shivaji we shall never know for certain. Jai Singh speaks of a thousand devices but their exact nature remains unknown for the present. In any case Aurangzib was a man of elastic conscience and the plighted word of Jai Singh hardly caused him any embarrassment. Shivaji's residence at Agra was surrounded by the metropolitan police and the ever sanguine spirit of the Maratha chief sank for a while under this unexpected blow. But Aurangzib had sadly underrated the resourcefulness of his adversary and was doomed to disappointment. One day Shivaji and his son escaped from Agra, safely concealed in baskets of fruit. These exploits caught the imagination of his contemporaries, and, unable to account for these extraordinary feats in any other way, they attributed to him supernatural power and even knowledge of the black art.

In 1674 Shivaji had himself formally crowned. Henry Oxinden, of Bombay, was present at Shivaji's coronation, which was celebrated with unwonted pomp and splendour. Large sums were spent in charity and Brahmans and indigent

visitors were sumptuously fed. But Shivaji did not permit his soldiers' swords to rust long, as we are told by that delightful Venetian adventurer, Niccolao Manucci. He soon embarked upon an expedition which far surpassed his former exploits, both in its permanent results and in its daring. He led his victorious army to the Madras coast, seven hundred miles from his metropolis, and permanently added to his dominions an extensive province that was to afford his second son an asylum when he was compelled to leave Maharashtra for a safer retreat.

In 1680 Shivaji passed away, after a short illness, and "On the day of his death there was an earthquake. A comet appeared in the sky and meteors were showered from heaven. All the eight directions assumed a fiery appearance. The water of the Shri Sambhu Mahadev Tank became blood red. The fishes leaped out of the water and the water became fishless." Some of these evil omens might have been the creation of a frightened imagination but the death of Shivaji really portended evil for the Marathas.

It was his ambition to unite all the Marathas under a common banner, but his task was not fully accomplished when Shivaji died. The idea of nationality was yet unborn, but Shivaji made a strong appeal to the racial and religious sentiments of his countrymen. This appeal was not quite unheeded by the Hindus outside Maharashtra. Bhushan, the Hindi poet, travelled all the way from Ettawa to Raigarh to pay his homage to the Maratha hero; Girdhar Lal Purohit sang of his achievements in triumphant notes; and when the Marathas first entered Malwa they were warmly welcomed by their co-religionists in that province. But Shivaji's wise policy was foolishly abandoned by his unwise successors and the moral foundation of the Maratha Empire was seriously undermined before its military collapse.

Of Shivaji's boyhood and early years we are absolutely ignorant. His relatives certainly could not foresee his future greatness. A bitter controversy is now raging about the date of his birth. His Bombay admirers celebrated the tercentenary of Shivaji's birth three years ago, the advocates of another date will meet this month at Poona to offer their homage to the memory of the great hero. By an irony of fate, so common in history Aurangzib, the hour and day of whose birth were carefully noted by learned astrologers, was destined to see the decline of his empire before his death, while the son of a fugitive Maratha Chief, who had to leave his helpless wife at the mercy of his enemies, founded a new empire.

The figure of Shivaji carved in stone.

After Shivaji's death the Marathas country was overrun by Aurangzib but the Marathas quickly recovered from the shock and their empire expanded with phenomenal rapidity. The Maratha horsemen ravaged the fair fields of Hindustan, from Lahore to Murshidabad, and the Maratha ditch still testifies to the terror they caused to the peaceful traders of Calcutta. The Bengalee mother still reminds her sleepless baby what a dreadful pest the Maratha was when she slowly chants the doleful rhyme which runs:

The baby sleeps, the village is quiet;
The Bargi roves around;
The Bulbuls have eaten the crops outright.
Oh! how is the rent to be found?

But Shivaji's fame has survived the ruthless misdeeds of his successors and nationalist India worships him to-day as a great hero as fervently as many of his contemporaries revered him as an incarnation of Shiva. The very Bengalees, who learn in their cradle to dread the Maratha horsemen, live to worship the great founder of the Maratha power. It was in Bengal and by a Bengalee that the first modern biography of Shivaji was written. He is the hero of one of the most popular novels of the late Ramesh Chandra Dutt—"The Dawn of Maratha National Life." His deeds formed the theme of many stirring dramas, the most famous being "Chhatrapati Shivaji," of Girish Chandra Ghosh, popularly known as the Garrick of Bengal. Shivaji dead seems to be as potent a force as Shivaji was when he lived and moved.

Europe between Baghdad and Mosul. Still, quite apart from the extreme strategical and tactical interest which the campaign offers to military students, those hitherto unfrequented battlefields must make a special call to all who knew anything of them, directly or indirectly, in the war days; and the administrators of St. Barnabas' Fund are to be congratulated upon opening what has remained for many years, owing to lack of enterprise, almost a closed door.

Some years ago, shortly after the Arab disturbances, the terrain still seemed so little altered or recultivated that many a battle could be followed anew in detail: the trenches and wire were even then much less "tidied up" than in many a Flanders field a few weeks after a big advance. They may be so yet. Anyway, Mesopotamia, unlucky as it sometimes was, saw in many a spot just the same fierce fighting and desperate bravery as did other fronts; and one is tempted to wonder why India, whose army fought there from first to last, has witnessed as yet so little attempt to arrange the comparatively easy business of visits to the riverine battlefields.

♧ ♧ ♧

War Memories

Since "Journey's end" in some sense lifted the ban from any mention of the war days, superficial interest in them may be said to have run mad, egged on to some extent by the popular press. At least one widely circulating daily devotes nearly half a page per diem to humorous war stories, whereof the whiskers rustle in the wind. Still, this new form of "comic strip" is in much more wholesome taste than parts of some of the books which have appeared. There seems for instance little reason for the ecstatics which greeted the English translation of "All quiet on the Western Front," except as an unusually clear picture of the average German soldiery. Without any offensive discrimination, it may be pointed out that the Teuton character differs as widely from that of the average British soldier as did the German officers' policy of "drive" from the British one of "lead." The British soldier has not the ingrained habit of looking below the belt for his humour and his metaphors, and there seems little rational pleasure in learning how others have it. Nor is there much to welcome in "Goodbye to all that," with its bitter outlook. We need to remember both the good and the bad of war, the good since deeds were done which should never die, and the bad lest anyone go lightly into the business again; but there is no reason to portray the evil at the expense of the good. There seems still room for any amount of healthily balanced books of the war days, it is to be hoped that the gap will be filled.

♧ ♧ ♧

Personalia

Such of the New Year's Honours List as has yet reached India at the time of going to press seems dis-

tinctly dull, with one exception, which is that half of the four K.C.B.'s awarded fell to India. The military K.C.B. is by no means lightly given, even during the plethora of awards in 1914-19, if indeed it was "cheapened" at all it still remained as a high honour which had to be thoroughly earned. The apparent absence of C.B.E.'s and O.B.E.'s in military India may be an indication of that tightening up of the Order which has been spoken of for so long, since its wide diffusion during and just after the war.

The promotion to Air Vice-Marshal of Air-Commodore Newall gives "general" rank to one of the few officers of the Indian Army near the top of the Air Force tree. Major Newall, as he then was, was in the military wing of the R.F.C. very early, and was already commanding a squadron at the time of Loos. In addition to his war honours he holds the Albert Medal for gallantry, a difficult award to gain.

An Air Note

In view of what was written in these lines last November regarding the utility of the Schneider Cup, it is interesting to see published in January a British Official Wireless *communiqué* defending R.A.F. participation for similar reasons, namely the experience gained towards the improvement of war aircraft. Looked at in one way, the Schneider gives results in peace which in war we could only buy at the price of suffering and death. In the war success constantly followed improved pace, climb, and manœuvrability. The reference to the Fokker in 1917, in the November article, was an inadvertent error. The Fokker was at the height of its somewhat over-rated success in late 1915 when, with its machine-gun firing through the propeller, a device then almost unknown in British machines, it was at any rate far more than a match for the B.E.2-c's which were so numerous amongst our own aircraft. Early in 1916 however the Fokker found more than its match in the D.H.2, the Spad, and the Nieuport Scout; Captain Ball in his Nieuport made hay of Fokkers. Later in 1916 the faster German Halberstadts were a serious trouble to most of our best machines, and so the game went on. Probably no machine "won the war," but at a later date still, the Bristols which we yet have in India enjoyed deservedly a tremendous reputation, and in Palestine drove the Turk out of the air. In view, therefore of the Schneider Cup results, with an eye always to manœuvrability and the power of flying at less than maximum speed at will, it looks as though we should enter the next aerial war with much more confidence than we had, say, at the end of 1915 or 1916. It is a pity that the eternal statistician (there are liars, d—d liars, and statisticians), should cry the cost of the Schneider entry at £100,000: that sum may save us millions in the future.

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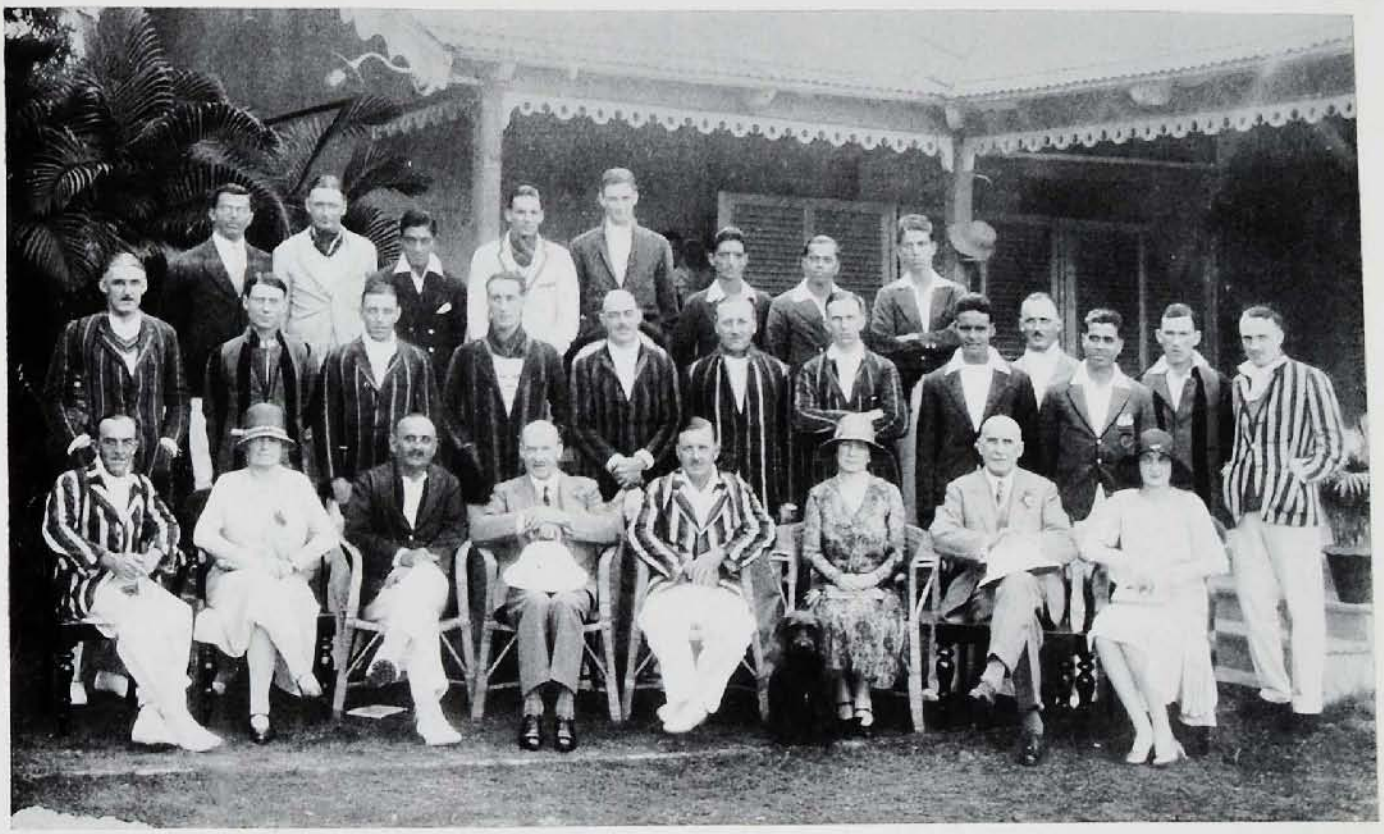
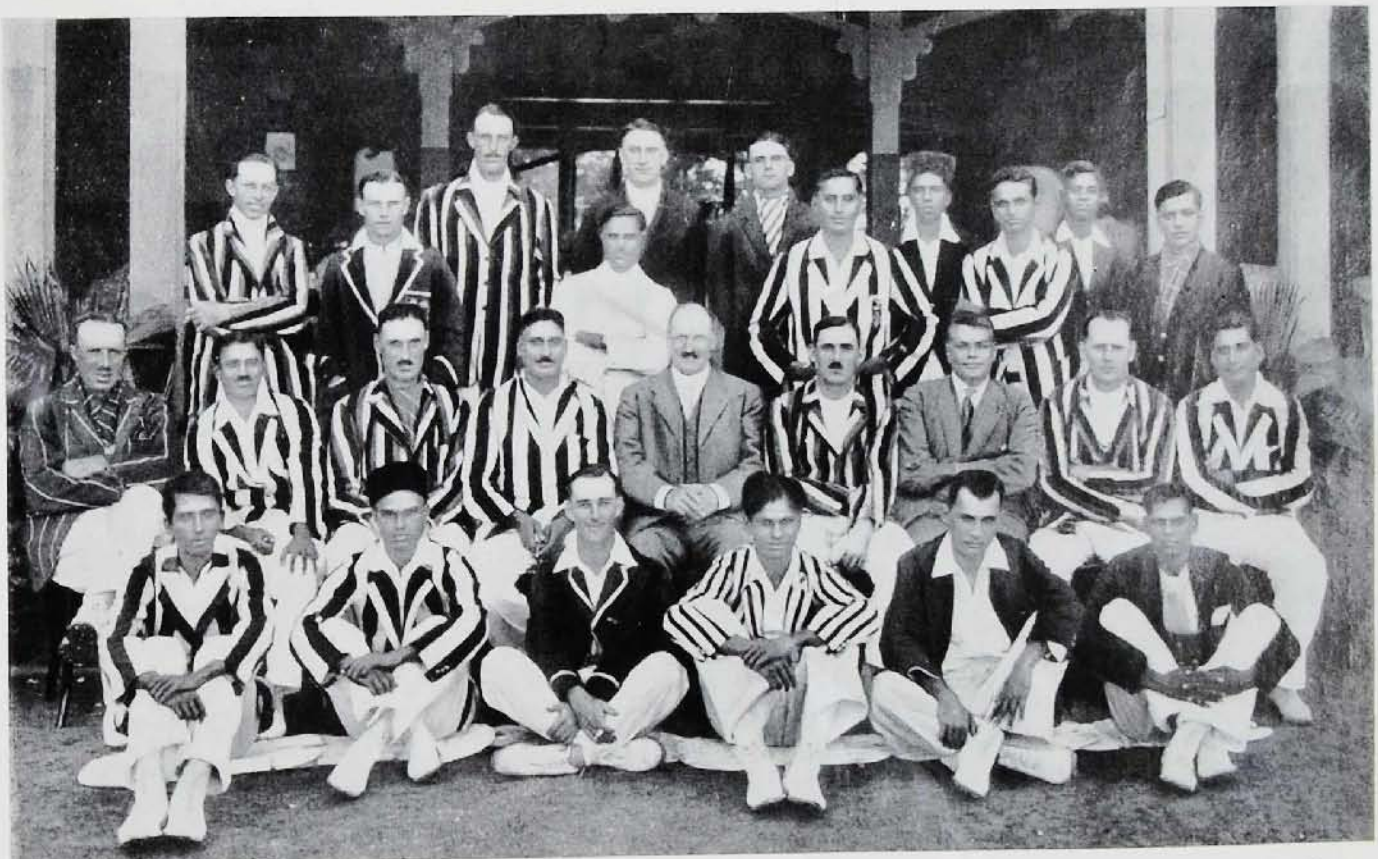


A group of H. E. the Governor's XI taken at Eden Gardens, Calcutta, when they met a British Schools in Bengal XI. The photo includes Lord Hawke.



H. E. Sir George Stanley lunched with the European and Indian teams who met in a Presidency match at Madras last month.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THOROUGHBRED BREEDING IN INDIA

(From a Correspondent.)

IT is quite probable that what I have to say regarding Breeding in India will bring forth some strong criticism, but as I am writing my ideas, which are based on a lifelong experience with thoroughbreds in Europe (England, Ireland and France), I hope my critics will not be harsh with me. The horses competing in Class I out here cannot be compared with those running in the English classics. The majority of Class I horses would never be concerned in the finish of second class handicaps at Home, whilst the rest of the animals racing here would in many instances rank as very poor platers indeed. Once an animal has proved himself a real good one in England, his price becomes prohibitive from the Indian market point of view. By the same rule, a good plater in England is worth £1,000. A real good plater at Home will in many cases show more profit than a good handicap horse. It seems a great pity to me that India should be dependant upon the importation of mediocre platers from England and Ireland, and I can see no reason why, if taken in hand, in a proper manner, India should not be able to establish the thoroughbred in the same way as has been done by many other countries—by internal breeding. I fully expect to be told that the Indian climate—dry coat, and lack of lime, etc., are very much against such an undertaking. If this be the case how is it that South America has within a very few years produced animals which would be quite capable of holding their own in Europe. South America, like many other countries, was more or less dependent upon England and Ireland for its race-horses, in much the same way as India is at present, and for years South America afforded a good market for horses which were not good enough to win "The Whip" at Newmarket. The same more or less applies to France.

South America has to thank that fine sportsman, Mr. Martinez de Hoz, for the extraordinary advancement horse breeding has made in the past twenty-five years in that country. France, in my opinion, has to thank the late Monsieur Edmond Blanc for paying over £30,000 for Flying Fox, which figure at the time was thought to be colossal, but subsequent results have proved it was one of, if not the best, investment in bloodstock in the history of the Turf. I am firmly convinced that India could in time produce thoroughbreds as good as any other country.

If I started breeding racehorses in India with the object of high class animals I would not start by importing high class stallions and mating them with mares which have won in India. I would much prefer purchasing several mares in England and having them shipped to India soon after they had been mated with

(*Continued on page 86.*)

CURRENT POLO MATTERS

By "FOUL HOOK"

The I. P. A. Championship

THE conclusion of the recent I. P. A. Championship tournament in Calcutta would appear to be a suitable opportunity to start these notes, as we are at once placed in touch with some of the highest class tournament polo in India. The setting of the Championship and the lesser events, the Ezra and the Carmichael, leaves little to be desired and the arrangements on both the Race Course and Ellenborough grounds were admirably executed.

The record number of entries received for the Calcutta tournaments does not suggest that the popularity of polo is on the wane in India. Twenty-five teams in all entered for the three tournaments ; nine for the Championship, twenty-four for the Ezra, and ten for the Carmichael.

A cursory glance at the programme suggested that two Indian teams, Bhopal and Jodhpur, would be in the final of the Championship, Bhopal, however, scratched, owing to an unfortunate accident in a practice game to Captain Dalrymple Hay, who broke his collar bone. Further shocks were not long in coming, for the 8th K. G. O. Cavalry defeated Jodhpur by 9 goals to 5 to reach the final. The 8th Cavalry thoroughly deserved their victory and outplayed their opponents. The 8th were remarkably accurate in front of goal and appeared to have assimilated lessons from Golconda—they are stationed at Secunderabad—as they could dribble at full speed on either side. Jodhpur were disorganised after an indifferent start and never recovered their combination and accuracy.

In the meanwhile, the 15th Lancers had had a fairly easy passage into the finals at the expense of the Ragtails (8—1) and the Cavalry Club (12—5). A keen struggle was in prospect for the finals, with the 15th Lancers favourites.

Unfortunately, Major O'Donnell, of the 8th, was seriously kicked on the head 10 minutes prior to the commencement of the match and was unable to take part in the match. The teams lined up as follows. The tournament is open but handicaps are shewn for information.

H. H. The Maharaja of Jodhpur's Team with the Ezra Cup.

15th Lancers.

1. Mr. W. W. A. Loring	4
2. Capt. C. E. Pert	7
3. Major A. L. B. Anderson	7
Back Major E. G. Atkinson	9
Total	27

8th K. G. O. Light Cavalry.

1. Risaldar Mohd. Qadir Khan	1
2. Capt. J. Wilson	5
3. Capt. H. D. Tucker	6
Back Capt. C. H. Law	5
Total	17

The 8th Cavalry displayed remarkable form and for five chukkers out of the six had the best of the game. At the end of the 5th period they led by 7 goals to 4.

In the last period they played thoroughly sporting polo and kept the ball in play ; whereas, had they indulged in hitting it out, they must have won. Indeed, with less than a minute to go they kept the ball in play near their own 60 yards flag and this resulted in the equalising goal being scored. The 15th Lancers were playing down wind when the ball was thrown in with widened goals but so excellent was the defence of the 8th that it took the

former 6 minutes to score the winning goal.

Risaldar Mohamed Qadir Khan appeared to be unable to play Major O'Donnells' ponies and the performance of the 8th Cavalry was therefore all the more meritorious. When the 8th Cavalry next play in the Indian Cavalry or Inter-Regimental they will give the best teams a good run for their money. Their long hitting, coupled with the amazing certainty of their dribbling to either hand, and the accuracy of their approach shots, were remarkable.

The 15th Lancers played robust polo but lacked the combination of the 8th.

The Ezra Tournament

In the Ezra tournament the Crusaders and Jodhpur came through to the final. Jodhpur won the final with ease, as indeed they did all their games in the Ezra, and would appear to be considerably under-handicapped. Several thrilling matches were staged in this tournament. The Crusaders had a most exciting match against the 8th Cavalry and only defeated them by a goal, after the 8th Cavalry had drawn level in the final chukker.

The Northern Bengal Mounted Rifles had an excellent game against the 8th Cavalry and only lost by half a goal just on the stroke of time.

The Surma Valley Light Horse, which was the lowest handicapped team in the tournament, did well in a succession of close games. They defeated the 60th Rifles by 8½—6 and the 13th Lancers by 9—7, before going down to the Crusaders 6—5. The 13th Lancers—Surma Valley match provided a remarkable change of fortune. At one time in the second chukker the Surma Valley, who received 6 goals start, lead by 6 goals to 5. They then suddenly showed good form and ran out winners by 9 goals to 7.

The Assam Valley team, who received 9½ goals start, were down at the end of the 3rd chukker, then took the lead, and made the Cavalry Club go all out to win by 13 goals to 11½.

Current Polo Matters

The Carmichael Cup

The Carmichael Cup was won by the Government House side, after an exciting game against the N. B. M. R. in the final. The Government House side scored most of their goals in the first chukker of each match. This may have been due to the fact that each member was mounted on his best pony in that chukker. This is a practice that should always be adopted, as a good start goes a long way to winning a match and removes that "sinking" feeling.

A pleasing feature of this tournament was the number of new teams that entered. The Indian Police (Bihar and Orissa), the Bihar Light Horse and Nazirgunj had not entered for some time; and the Surma Valley sent a young team. The Indian Police played really well in defeating Darbhanga but were disorganised in the next match owing to McNamara having to stand down due to a fall received in the Darbhanga struggle. The Indian Police won their match against Darbhanga 6½—4, after a most creditable display.

Future Engagements

The shippers report that very good business has been done up to Christmas which goes to show that the popularity of polo is increasing.

Those interested in country-breds may be glad to learn that we noticed a chestnut mare, "Reflection," playing for Jodhpur. This mare was a barren mare bought by Lt.-Col. C. E. Steel. She won several races for him and was then sold to Col. R. Hildyard. For her new owner she won the Governor-General's Cup at Meerut, worth a £50 cup and Rs. 4,500 to the winner, and was then sold. This draws attention to the value of these barren mares for polo purposes. I have also seen three or four of these mares turn into useful ponies. They may be purchased at Lahore for 600 to 800 rupees and are anything from 6 to 9 years old. If any reader is interested to learn further details about this class of animal we could put him to touch with the responsible officers.

(*Continued from page 82.*)

a high class stallion at Home. Their foals then would be classified as "Country bred" or, preferably, "Bred in India." I think if breeding was started on these lines by a few enterprising sportsmen, or even Syndicates, I should imagine the Royal Calcutta Turf Club would not hesitate to give them the necessary encouragement, such as weight allowances for horses bred in India and possibly a percentage of the prizes to breeders of Indian bred horses, such as are given by the Societe d' Encouragement de France. My contention is, with such weight allowances for Indian bred horses, stud farms in India could be made to pay, as their productions would be bound to win races and if sold as two-year-old would command good prices. The success of Indian bred horses would more or less enforce those who favour importation to buy much higher class horses from England than they are buying at present so as to cope with the allowances given to Indian bred animals, and such importations (mares) would eventually find their way to the Indian Studs. If breeding was started on these lines it would enable various syndicates to run stud farms and race their horses on similar lines to the famous Graditz Stud and others operative in Germany before the war.

Exclusive races for Indian bred horses (both terms and handicaps) would eventually be run throughout India, with possibly two big races for Indian bred 3-year-olds which would compare with the English Derby and St. Leger—one to be run at Calcutta and the other Bombay. I venture to say that if breeding of high class animals was started in this country it would not take many years before India produced animals as good as any other countries do. W. G.-S.

WHO'S WHO IN INDIAN SPORT

No. VII—Madame HELEN NICOLOPUOLO

ONE of the recent acquisitions to the tennis world in India is Madame Helen Nicolopuolo, lady champion of the Sind Tennis Championship Tournaments and other tournaments. Her present name will not convey much to tennis players in India, for she was only married about two years back, but when it is stated that before her marriage she was Helen Contostavlos, many will be able to place her immediately. Madame Nicolopuolo has earned for herself a wonderful reputation and a great following in Sind since her arrival there, for not only is she an expert exponent of tennis, but her grace on the courts has won the admiration of all tennis "fans." She possesses a very good service, has a powerful drive, is imperturable, and has an almost uncanny fore-knowledge of where her opponent is going to place the next ball.

She started playing tennis at the age of ten and had entered her first tournament —in which she was not particularly successful—when she was seventeen. Since then, however, she has had a brilliant career. Singles has always been the game she preferred, and she made her first *début* at Wimbledon in this competition in 1926, when she reached the last eight in the contest. She played there again in 1927 without success, and again managed to reach the last eight in the 1928 tournament. In 1927, she was bracketed first player in France with Mdlle. Vlasto. Madame Nicolopuolo has always played No. 1 string for Greece, her own country.

In ladies' singles she has won many championships, and the following is the imposing list of them: In 1920, 1921, 1925 and 1926, she was the champion of the Littoral; of Marcel Poree, Paris, in 1924-25-26; at Aix-les-Bains in 1925-27-28; and at Toulon for three years running. Her outstanding success in the doubles competition was when she partnered

Madame Helen Nicolopuolo.

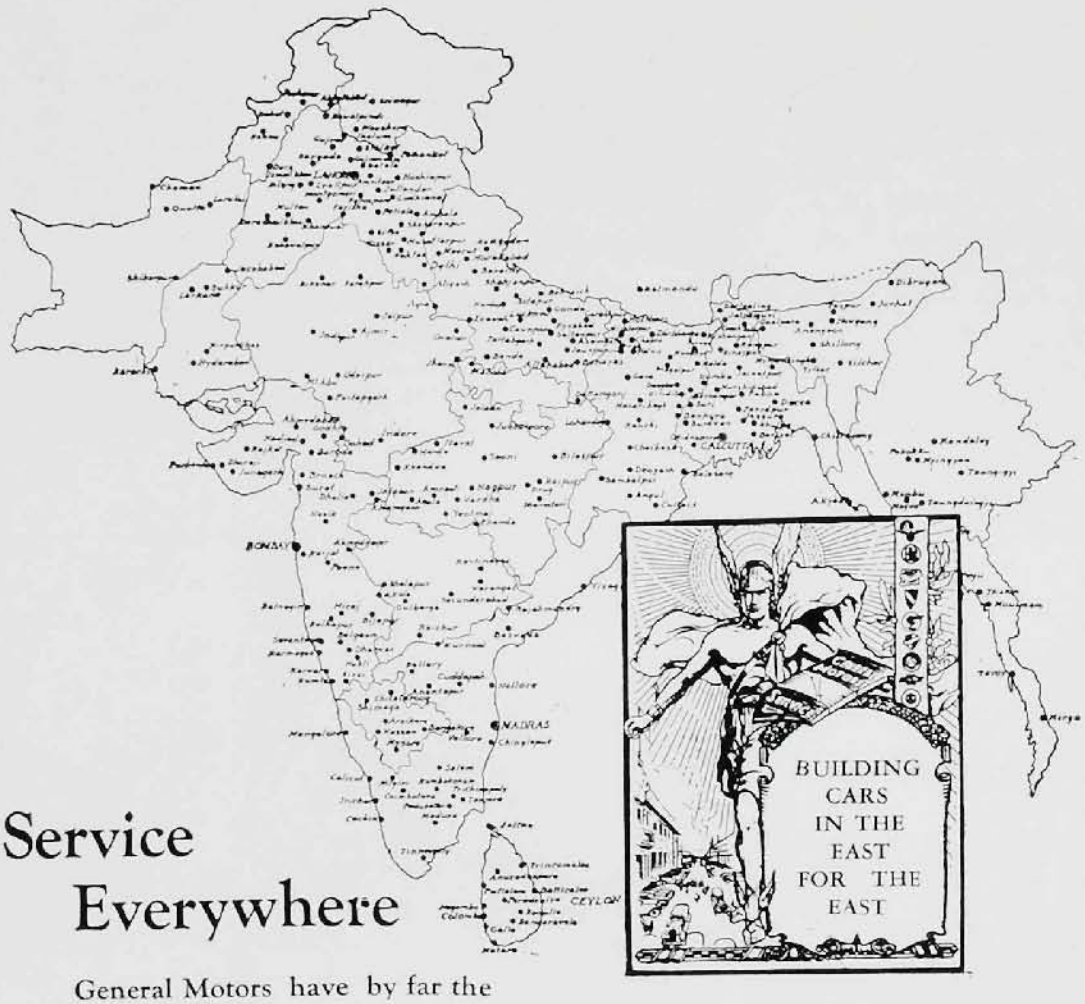
Helen Wills—the Helens of the Old and New world, they were called—in the Monte Carlo Tournament of 1926, when they defeated Senorita Alvarez and Mdlle. Vlasto in the final.

Madame Nicolopuolo has met, and vanquished at different times, all the female stars in the tennis firmament. She beat Mdlle. Vlasto in Paris in 1926, and has twice carried the honours from Miss Eileen Bennett—at Cannes, in 1926 and 1927, in the latter year also defeating Miss Ryan and Fraulien Aussem in the same tournament. She has defeated Mdme. Mathieu three times in Paris, Miss Booman at Wimbledon in 1928, and Miss Harvey at Cannes in 1928; altogether not an unimposing array of victories.

She has never had any success against the two ladies whose names are pre-eminent in the tennis world—Miss Helen Wills and Mdlle. Susanne Lenglen. She has participated in many games against the latter, but ruefully regrets that she was never able to make more than two games in any one set against her. Miss Helen Wills was her opponent in the Cannes tournament in 1926 and won in two sets, defeating Madame Nicolopuolo (Helen Contostavlos she was then) six games to four in each set.

Like most star tennis players, Madame Nicolopuolo has a decided preference for one make of racket, and always plays with the "Driva," made by Williams & Co. She goes dead off her game when through unforeseen circumstances she is forced to take up any other racket, as has been seen on occasions in Karachi when her usually accurate service has banged into the net time and time again, about a couple of inches below the tape. Tennis enthusiasts in Karachi are hoping to see her in action against Mrs. Sheppard-Barron during the next Sind Tournament, and would like to hear of her trying conclusions with Miss Jenny Sandison of Calcutta.

One of the principal difficulties in the gauging of tennis ability in India is the long distances that separate players and it is unlikely they will ever meet.



Service Everywhere

General Motors have by far the largest sale of any car organisation in the East. More than 40,000 General Motors cars and trucks are now in use throughout India, Burma and Ceylon,—over 25% of the total number of motor vehicles in this territory.

This predominance enables General Motors to offer unequalled parts and service facilities through more than 450 Dealer and Sub-dealer service stations.

This map shows some of the 450 General Motors dealer and sub-dealer service points, each helping to reduce motoring costs for owners of General Motors cars and trucks.

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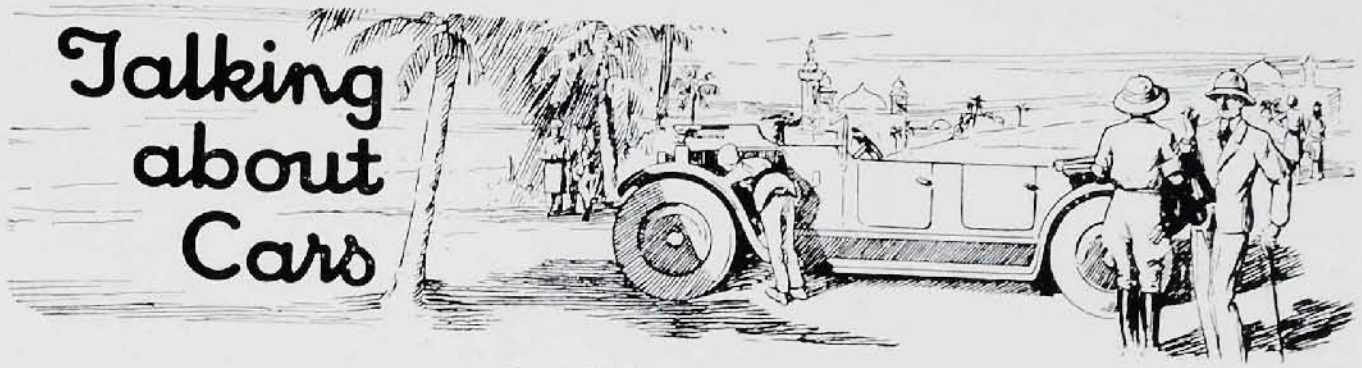


By VINCENT VIVIAN

Written specially for "INDIA MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

The Giant Sunbeam

UNLESS bad luck intervenes, the titanic Sunbeam speed car with which Kaye Don hopes to break the world's land speed record should be ready to reach Daytona by the appointed date in early Spring. It is quite likely that Segrave's record will be broken during the course of this month, though it is but a little while—nine months ago to be exact—since I wrote concerning Segrave's success: "With a higher gear ratio, the *Golden Arrow* could have been guaranteed to attain 270 m.p.h., provided that the track was smooth enough; but it is doubtful whether even Dunlops can ever provide stronger racing tyres than those which limited, by their guarantee, the car's gear ratio to a possible maximum of 240 m.p.h."

Well, the tyres *have* been built. Though how they can be better than those which stood the strain of 231 m.p.h., only Heaven and Dunlops know. Little is known of the secrets of their manufacture, except that silk enters largely into their construction.

The new car has two engines, each of 2,000 h.p., fed by a total of no less than eight superchargers. The 24 cylinders are cast in aluminium, in sets of three; with steel liners, three-ring aluminium pistons, and duralumin connecting rods. The crankshafts, machined from solid billets, are enormous, with a roller bearing between each throw. The two engines drive a geared up shaft leading to the clutch and three speed gearbox, and then the gear ratio is raised again by bevels in the rear axle. Actually, on top gear the road wheels revolve at the same speed as the crankshafts.

There are in the design of a car of this type two main difficulties to combat—the resistance of the air to the passage of the car, which increases as the square of the speed; and the difficulty of transmitting the enormous power output to the ground through the wheels without incurring wheel-spin. The problem is one of aerodynamics, and is solved by study of the behaviour of models in a wind tunnel. The body is designed to make wind pressure hold the car down; and a tail plane is added, which, like the feather on an arrow shaft, serves to keep the projectile in straight flight.

The history of the world's land speed record is a commentary on the strides that science has made. Thirty-one years ago it stood at 39.24 m.p.h.! By 1904 it had risen to the respectable figure of 103.56 m.p.h., which was materially increased two years later by a Stanley steam car which achieved 127.65 m.p.h. This was the last time that a steamer appeared on the scroll of honour: thereafter the internal combustion engine has held the field to the exclusion of all rivals. Not until nine years ago was 150 m.p.h. attained, the honour falling to Milton on a Duesenberg. Since then the record has mounted steadily, culminating with the *Golden Arrow's* 231.36 m.p.h., or a mile in 15.55 seconds. If Kaye Don and the *Silver Bullet* can beat Sir Henry Segrave's record, they will deserve all the glory that will be theirs. Yet since there seems to be no limit to increasing speed, will they in their turn be outdistanced by the *Platinum Projectile*,—the last and final speed car of the future as yet inconceived? A car whose wheels consist of rotary aero engines within rims shod with racing Dunlops of gigantic size?

Lest We Forget

Speed!
And the hug of God's wind,
And the rush of God's air!
Beautiful, whimsical, wonderful:
Clean—fierce and clean.

He's off . . . two engines each two thousand horse contained within a slender corse, reverberate stupendous force, drive the car forward. Gathering speed it onward darts, the shrieking air in torment parts while apprehension binds all hearts, lest untoward,—a skid . . . somersaulting in a flurry of flung sand a Catherine wheel of steel: as *he* did. Parry Thomas. One of a gallant band.

The date, I do not know: I have forgotten. It was some time ago; three miles a minute was a speed begotten of Ariel alone *then*. But now we strive for five, and leave no stone unturned to reach that end.

He was a noted friend of children, taking his precedent from Him who is content to make His greatest bid for fame on this appeal. A whirling link of steel, from outside sprocket shooting to the wheel, under and over —gone and back again within a second's part. He felt no pain when the crude driving chain snapped. Hands. Wielding spades (close-up of delving hands) buried the racing car in Pendine Sands. Step on the

gas, Kaye Don! Hold her all out. Without a doubt your car is safer far than that ill-fated wreck *he* rode upon who watches your endeavour from the shades. Yes, you are brave. Our prayers and hopes go with you for success, no less since we remember, if it is allowed, a grave—a shroud—and a small child's cot endowed in a London hospital :—

"In Memoriam to Parry Thomas, sportsman and racing motorist, killed at Pendine Sands."

Pendine Sands

Those of us who have seen Pendine Sands, in Carmarthenshire, and have participated in any of the speed trials held there from time to time, may well marvel that there should be any doubt about their use on this occasion. The site is certainly the most favourable one in Europe for unlimited land speed, the course being seven miles in length, and the surface at a certain state of the wind and tide is generally excellent. But always, until now, an insuperable obstacle has been found in the last mile, where a stream discharges into the sea. If the *Silver Bullet* is going to traverse a measured mile from either direction at a speed of over 250 m.p.h., Kaye Don will need every yard of three miles, on either side, for acceleration and deceleration. The question of deceleration is vital, for the car has to be slowed so gradually. To close the throttle of 4,000 h.p. travelling all out would be as disastrous (for the effect is the same) as a sudden application of the brakes. It was thus that the American driver, Lee Bible, came to grief eleven months ago, when competing with Segrave at Daytona.

A Long Shot

Following Segrave's memorable achievement, a whole host of facts and figures was written to give us some impression of the terrific velocity which the *Golden Arrow* attained ; among these, I give the palm to a mathematician who presents this startling statement. Let us suppose that Segrave, travelling at 231 m.p.h., had driven the *Golden Arrow* at an inclined ramp so curved in its construction as to deflect the car vertically upwards. Hitting the ramp at that speed, the car, with Segrave in it, would have soared aloft to a height of 1,793 feet! The statement is credible enough, granted that the master mind has taken wind resistance into account while calculating the vertical impulse. What a thriller it suggests for the films? The hero, baulked of the aeroplane which the villain has wrecked, seizes the villain's incredibly powerful car and dashes off in flying kit. The villain very properly telephones ahead to have a bridge blown up, and this is neatly done to conceal a take-off ramp behind inclined débris. Hero charges the débris, and soars aloft in the car to a height of a thousand feet. On the return drop, to the disgust of the gang—and audience—hero releases his pack parachute which plucks him out of the falling car and lands him serenely on the farther bank.

(Where is the feminine interest?—Ed. For hero, read heroine.

Another thrilling episode next month.—V.V. Not on this page.—Ed.)

This is a disgression from the subject concerning the vital necessity for *gradual* deceleration of Kaye Don's car, yet, while we think of it, flying is curiously *apropos* the problem of coming to a standstill within a restricted run. There are many who might take off in an aeroplane and successfully fly, after reading the instruction book ; but coming to rest is an art that requires tuition and experience.

To Sell or not to Sell?

One of the most difficult problems that we as car owners have to face is concerned with depreciation and its effect upon the market value of a car. Because depreciation is a charge upon capital outlay which does not crop up in our monthly car accounts, it is apt to become lost to sight. But it remains to memory dear. Sooner or later the bill must be paid—sooner if the car is sold in part payment for a new model ; later, if the process of depreciation is carried out to its logical conclusion. It may take seventeen years of use to reduce a well-cared-for car to a state of immobility ; but even seven years of wear and tear is long enough to bring a car, of whose appearance we once were proud, to a condition in which we might be "ashamed to be seen dead in it." If then we are such moral cowards as to take that view,—*if*, mark you, for not otherwise,—the effect becomes as though the car was already upon the scrap heap. And there it might almost as well be, for a seven-year-old car, unless it is one of a bare half-dozen makes, will not command the price of a really successful song.

It follows that a time must arrive in the early life of every car when its owner will have to decide whether to change it for an up-to-date model or to keep it to the bitter end. And when that time comes, every owner who claims that he has maintained the car in perfect mechanical order—"as good as new, dear Sir"—goes around with a long face, and grouses about the ridiculous price which is all the market will offer for his aged hack—irrespective of the care alleged to have been lavished on its upkeep. That there are frequent cases of hard luck on genuinely careful owners, no one will deny.

Everyone who looks to purchase a second-hand car also looks for that sort of owner ; and is generally ready to advance the normal price a little where that quality can be proved. There can be no general injustice about the position. The sale of used cars has everywhere been studied to an extent never previously accorded to any other species of used goods. It has become an industry in itself. The markets of the whole world have arrived at certain sliding scales of price depreciation as applied to each individual make of car, calculated upon age in months and years, and (within wide limits) irrespective of mileage run. Everyone cannot be wrong, so we are forced to the reluctant conclusion that the normal market price of a used car at any period of its life, is a fair price—meagre though it may appear to the disgruntled owner. In the words of Adam Smith, the greatest of all political economists—"The market price of any commodity, though it may continue long above can seldom continue long *below* its natural price."

A GOOD LITTLE GIRL AND A BAD LITTLE GIRL

A GOOD Little Girl and a Bad Little Girl went to school together. The Good Little Girl always had her sums right and the Bad Little Girl aways had her sums wrong, and, what was more, she didn't care how wrong they were.

Now, arithmetic doesn't really matter very much in life, because the man in the shop can always add up your bills; and your husband will always check them. But grammar is, or ought to be, a different matter. In fact, the chances are that you might not get a husband at all if you don't speak nicely, because here and there men do exist who prefer voices to faces and legs.

The Good Little Girl simply shone at grammar. She never said such things as "Different to," or "Under the Circumstances," or replied "It's Me!" and as for ending a sentence with a preposition, well she simply could not have done it. The Good Little Girl was not only good. She was also quite pretty.

The Bad Little Girl had straight hair and a snub nose and a very bad opinion of herself, and she ought to have taken a back seat in public while the Good Little Girl took the floor, but she did nothing of the kind.

When the school chose the Queen of the May, the Bad Little Girl put a wreath of roses round her straight hair and told everybody she was Queen of the May, and they were so surprised that they let her be Queen of the May and she wore a crown and the prettiest dress. The Good Little Girl, with her golden curls and nice little nose, stood at the extreme left of the stage and recited

"If you're waking, call me early,
Call me early, mother dear."

None listened to her because they were clapping the Bad Little Girl, who was making funny faces at the audience.

They grew up, and the Good Little Girl, because she spoke so nicely and correctly, was taken on as an operator on the Telephone Exchange, and spent the greater part of her time in saying "What number, please?"

The Bad Little Girl took a train

Leila Hyams, a feature player of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, is seen here in a setting in her newest picture, "The Thirteenth Chair."

and went to Hollywood and told the Film Director that she was a star, and she was so sure that she was that they didn't notice her straight hair and her snub nose, so they gave her all the nice romantic parts to play and she lived in a lovely house just like a palace, with real lace curtains and a roman bath; and all the world over people clapped her on the screen, and they put in the papers that she was going to marry several real Princes, and she did marry several of them, and no one ever minded her bad grammar.

When she went out to tea with a reigning monarch and knocked at the door, and he said, "Who's that?" and she replied "It's me," he didn't say "You should say, 'It is I,'" but just smiled and gave her another diamond tiara, and haughty little pages in red velvet and gold lace went round with silver salvers picking up the "H's" she had dropped.

One day the Good Little Girl saw in the papers that a wonderful new invention called "The Talkies" had come to the Film world, so she left the Telephone Exchange and took a train and went to Hollywood and said to a big Film Director: "As my grammar is entirely different from that of the persons whom you employ, I consider that in the circumstances you should give me an appointment in your studio."

And the Director said: "Certainly. You shall stand just out of sight and do all the talking while the Bad Little Girl opens and shuts her mouth, and I will give you one more dollar per week than you already earn as a Telephone operator. So the Good Little Girl shouts good grammar into a micriphone and everybody in the world except the Director and his Company, think that the Bad Little Girl is talking, and more and more exiled Princes fall in love with her snub nose and her lovely accent, and when they marry her they don't mind her saying "Its me," and "Pleased ter meet yer," because most of them cannot speak proper English themselves, having learned it out of books and ask, "Have you seen the Tower of London," and reply, "I have four brothers and two sisters."

MARGUERITE K. GRETTON.

A BEVY OF CINEMA BEAUTIES

Top—Josephine Dunn poses provocatively with the lip stick.

Centre Left—A charming study of Anita Page.

Centre Right—Dorothy Sebastian, the M.G.M. player, uses a novel piece of furniture.

Bottom Left—Mary Doran in a pensive mood.

Bottom Right—A glimpse of Bessie Love in a less formal moment.

(*Continued from page 46.*)

ful fighters, leap in the air like salmon, and require careful handling if they are to be safely brought to the net. Indeed, the Salmon fisher often terms them a confounded nuisance when they insist on taking his big salmon fly, and the gillies have been known to use much stronger language about them.

The best trout flies are undoubtedly the Connemara Black, Watson's Fancy and Heckham Peckham.

I should have said ere this that the whole estate runs to some 80,000 acres, and that the chain of rivers and lakes is something like twenty-three miles. His Highness' agent lets out a certain amount of fishing yearly and it is not surprising that applications are numerous, for if a mile of extra water in the centre of the fishing were included, it is capable, if properly fished, of yielding 600 salmon annually.

Should one tire of fishing, and if you are addicted to the gun, you can always stroll round the castle fields in the evening and bag a dozen rabbits, and a rabbit stew is a dish by no means to be despised when served up by a knowledgable chef.

On the adjoining hills there are a fair number of grouse to be shot after the 12th August, while in the winter the woodcock shooting at Ballynahinch is of the best and seventy to eighty brace in a day is an ordinary bag. Some pheasants are to be found in the copses, but from what I heard a goodly number of these are appropriated by residents to whom they do not rightly belong. The country in the vicinity of Ballynahinch is picturesquely interesting inspite of the somewhat monotonous grey cottages and stone walls, for here and there stretches of wild fuchsia hedges, with clumps of foxgloves and heather, lend a delightful colour to the landscape.

(*Continued from page 54.*)

upon the normal; and either way it was a phase of his own brain, of his own personality, and therefore could not be inimical to him.

It struck him that the house and the room, too, were uncannily still. He was irritated by the intrusion of these impressions and imaginings, because they showed him that his nerves were not as steady as he could have wished. Nevertheless, they were steady enough to enable him to go straight to the mirror and look into it. He was not afraid. He would go now. He walked firmly and nonchalantly toward it, as though playing a part for an invisible spectator. Afraid? Not he. He delighted in the unusual. One, two, three, four, five, six paces, and he was there, in front of it. In front of it, facing it, looking into it . . . well then, why . . . ?

He stood there, rigid, transfixed, stricken with a terror such as few men can ever have known, while the colour drained out of his face and the blood out of his heart, and his heart gave one sickening jerk in his body, like the kick of a rabbit that has been shot in the head. He was standing four-square with the glass, facing it, and no more than a foot from it, *and yet there was no reflection of himself at all.* He saw the wall at his back, dimly in the dim light; he saw the table, and a chair with his coat flung over it, but behind him, in some corner of the room, something breathed, stirred, moved, crept stealthily and purposefully toward him . . .

Anna, about to spill those white powders into a glass, heard a scream. She slipped on her dressing-gown, ran to the door, listened, cried, "Carshall! Uncle Vincent!" heard another scream, and ran down to her uncle's door, whence the cries came. It was locked. She shook the knob, crying out, "Uncle Vincent! Uncle Vincent! Unlock the door!" Inside she thought she heard not one voice, but two—one agonised and inhuman with terror, the other inhuman and horrible with mockery and menace. She fled down the stairs and along to the front door, unlocked it, flung it wide open, and screamed, "Help! Help!" again and again, and was rewarded by the sound of heavy, running feet. A policeman, torch in hand rounded the corner of the street, and blew a whistle as he came.

"Now then, Miss, what's the matter here?"

"Murder!" she cried. "My uncle is being murdered, upstairs."

They ran in together, meeting Carshall coming up from the basement, and struggling into his coat. "Upstairs, this way," cried the fleet Anna, her blue dressing-gown streaming out behind her. She led the two men to her uncle's door. "There," she cried. "In there. Don't you hear them?"

The frenzied and the mocking voices continued, broken by screams. Again and again the policeman and Carshall called out, and put their shoulders to the door. It resisted them.

"What's up, mate?" cried a bigger policeman who came trampling up the stairs.

"Murder, sounds like," said the first. "All together, now, and we'll have the door in. Stand back, Miss."

The voices inside ceased on a shrill, final scream as the door crashed in. The room was in wild disorder. The bed-clothes had been clawed off the bed, chairs were broken and overturned, a lamp lay shattered on the floor, and against the wall, in such a position that it seemed to have been hurled there with horrible force, lay the limp, dead body of Vincent Portal.

"Search the room," ordered policeman number one. "I'll guard the door."

Carshall and policeman number two searched the room. They searched it very thoroughly. They looked under the bed, in the cupboards, behind the curtains, up the inadequate chimney, out on the window-ledge, everywhere.

"My God!" cried Carshall, white and trembling. "There was two people in here a minute ago."

"Couldn't 'ave been," said the second policeman.

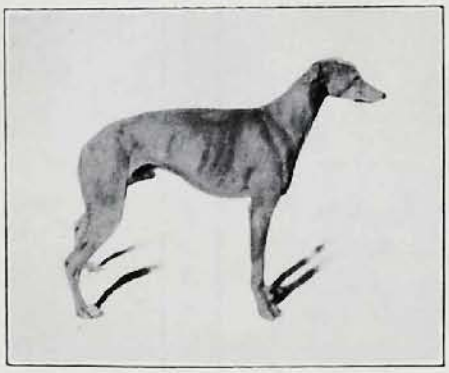
THE END.

The Indian Kennel.

THE 22nd Calcutta Championship Dog Show, held on the 28th and 29th December, proved a great success. The attendance on the first day was rather sparse, owing no doubt to the Races and other counter attractions. But dog owners and lovers turned up in full force and the entries were fully up to the usual standard both in quantity and quality.

Some welcome newcomers made their appearance, and it is to be hoped that by next year's Show they will be strangers no longer but an accepted breed in India. A fine pair of Irish wolfhounds, that oldest and noblest of the huge breeds; and a couple of bloodhounds, only rivalling the former in pride of ancestry. Both couples were slightly ring shy and a little "under the weather" but that, we hope, will soon pass off.

The Maharaj Kumar Vishweshwar Singh of Darbhanga's beautiful greyhound "Dublit of Devoir" (by Ch: "King of Venton" ex "Nina Carmincero") just imported, won the Governor's Cup for best exhibit. As seen in his picture, he is an almost perfect specimen, hard to fault and put down in lovely condition. This beautiful dog, was imported from the famous "Devoir" Kennels, whose proud boast it is that during the past twelve months quite two-thirds of the challenge certificates awarded for the breed, and every greyhound to be made a champion, emanated from this Kennel. "Dublit's" sire, Ch: "King of Venton," has won more challenge certificates than any greyhound living to-day. "Dublit's" biggest win was at Cruft's in February, 1929, first open and challenge certificate, also cup and rose bowl for the best greyhound in the show, also first in brace. His other wins include:—Melton, best dog in show, 4 firsts and cup for best sporting dog; At Scarborough, in 1929, he repeated this; At Kensington, in 1929, he was first in brace and team; first in the open, and got a special for best greyhound; L. K. A., 1929, Olympia, first in brace and team and second in the open. Edinburgh, first open and Society's Diploma; Batley, first open and best greyhound and two gold medals for



"Dublit of Devoir," the best dog in the Calcutta Show.

best sporting exhibit. Caledonian, best greyhound; Exeter, best greyhound and first open; Calcutta, 1929, two specials, five firsts and the cup for the best exhibit.

This is indeed a wonderful record and hard to beat. The Maharaj Kumar is heartily to be congratulated. This is the type of breeding we need lest we fall into second class blood. It appeared strongly to me that in one or two classes the prize winner was anything but a good specimen and one which would not have obtained a "highly commended" at Home.

Mr. Wood's "Lugadh," that lovely Irish setter, added to his laurels and was in great form.

Miss Coke, of the Derradon Kennels, Darjeeling, had immense success with her airedales and also with her beautiful little wire fox-terrier, "Derradon Personality," a perfect little picture and put down to the minute, as indeed were all Miss Coke's dogs. If he grows no bigger he is undoubtedly a potential champion. Bred by Mr. K. Lawson—by "Dogberry Konquest" ex "Dogberry Miss Iris" (also a big winner) his head is one of the best I have seen and he should go far. Had I space I should like to say a lot on the subject of Miss Coke's airedales. Headed by Ch: "Maryvale Tea for Two," that well known and most beautiful bitch, Miss Coke won no fewer than 8 cups, and is another fancier whose efforts are keeping up the prestige of dog breeding in India, and whose dogs are always put down in fine style.

A sensational youngster was Mr. Tombazi's airedale dog "Derradon Toes"—who, though only 8 months old, won 4 firsts and 4 cups, including the Vice-President's Cup for best exhibit bred in India (all breeds), the "Junemore" challenge cup for the best exhibit bred in India and his first challenge certificate. Surely this is a record for India, for a pup of 8 months? Bred by Miss Coke, he is by Ch: "Grangeford Graduate" ex Ch: "Maryvale Tea for Two." Congratulations to Mr. Tombazi!

M. S. B.

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