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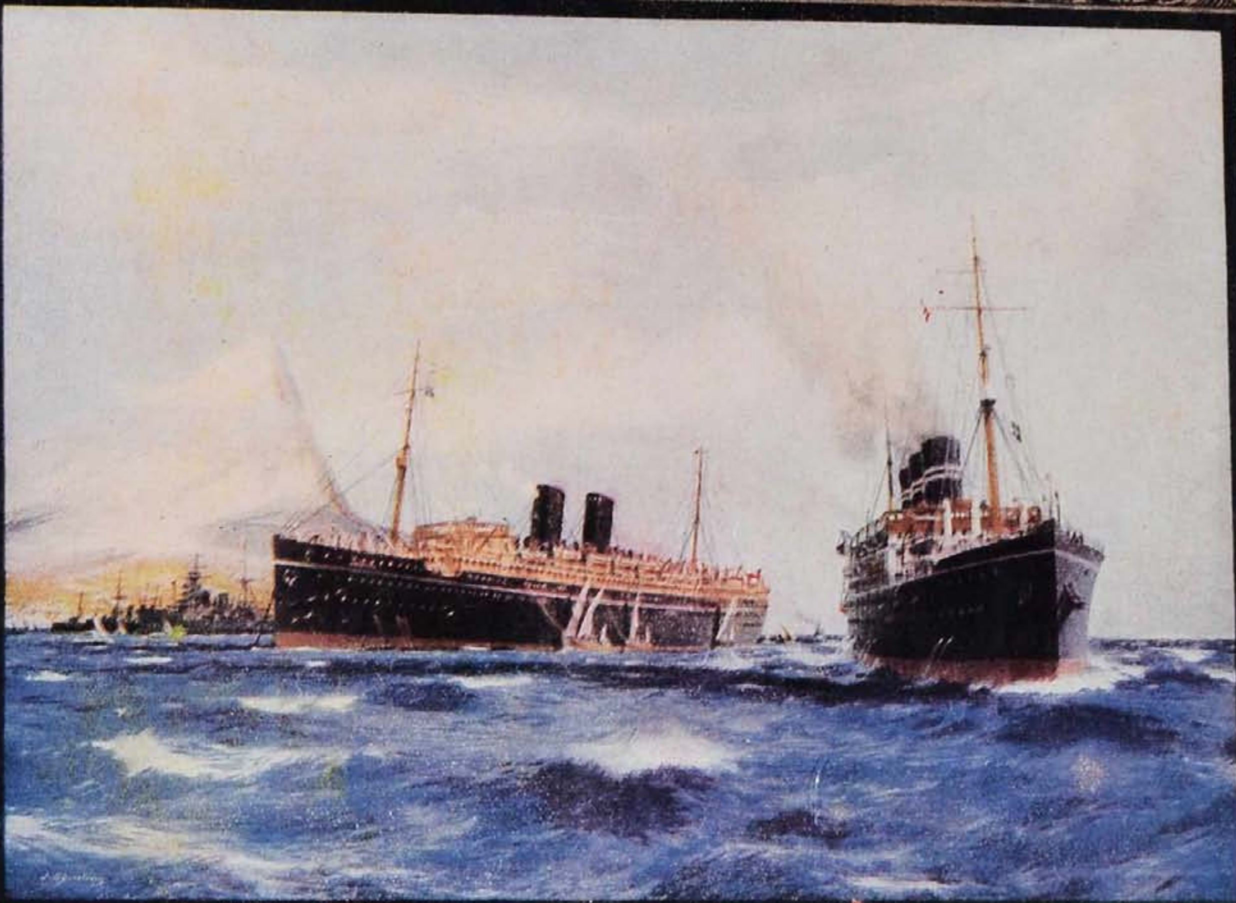

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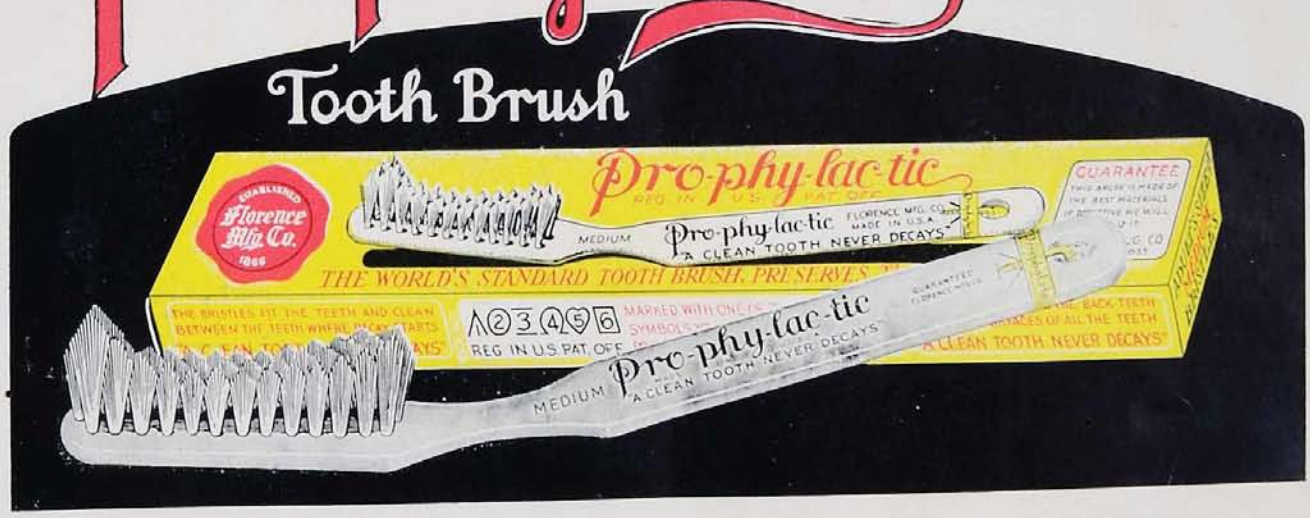

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Often you meet a woman with vivid beauty that exerts an irresistible charm. It does not depend upon regularity of features, or the colour of eyes and hair. A smooth, fresh, flawless skin—a complexion glowing with the radiance of health and free from imperfections—this is the secret of alluring attraction.

Cleopatra had it, and her name will always be the symbol of all-conquering beauty. She perfected this beauty, and kept it in this perfection in a simple, natural way which history has handed down for modern women.

How She Did It

By thorough, gentle, daily cleansing, which kept the texture of her skin firm, fine-grained and smooth. Dirt, oil and perspiration were never allowed to collect, to enlarge and irritate the tiny skin pores. The lavish use of cosmetics practised by all ancient women did her no harm, because every day she carefully washed them away.

Her secret—palm and olive oils, valued as both cleansers and cosmetics in the days of ancient Egypt. The crude combination which served the great queen so well was the inspiration for our modern Palmolive.

Bedtime Is Best

Your daily cleansing is best done at night, so your complexion may be revived and refreshed during sleep. The remains of rouge and powder, the accumulations of dirt and natural skin oil, the traces of cold cream, should always be removed.

So, just before retiring, wash your face in the smooth, mild Palmolive lather. Massage it gently into the skin. Rinse thoroughly and dry with a soft towel.

In the morning refresh yourself with a dash of cold water and then let your mirror tell the story. Charming freshness and natural roses will smile back at you.

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When Cleopatra kept her loveliness fresh and radiant by using Palm and Olive oils, they were expensive. Today these rare and costly oils are offered in a perfected blend at modest cost.

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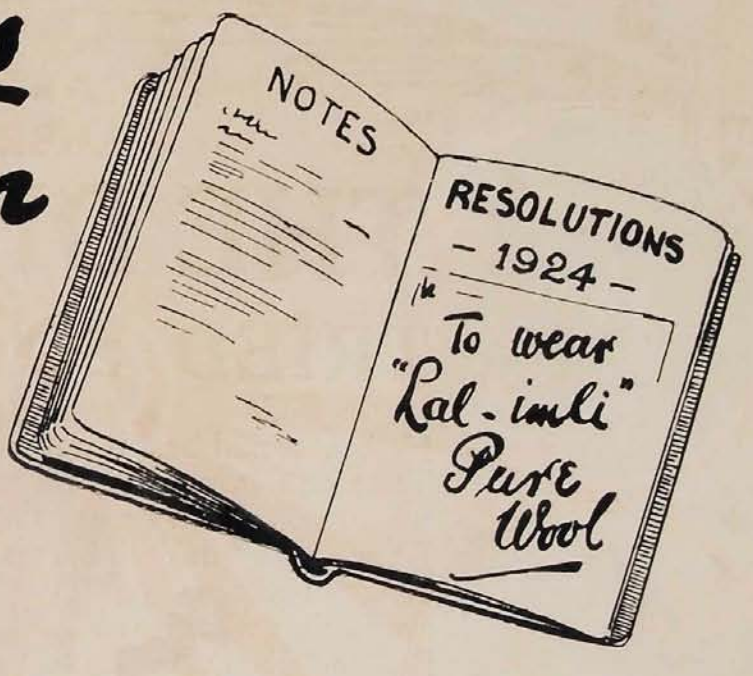

MOST resolutions, of course, are broken, if they were not life would be a pretty dull affair—but a resolution to wear Pure Wool, Lalimli Pure Wool, is a simple one to keep and will be really worth while. ¶ See that your Rugs and Blankets are Lalimli—they are warm, cosy and durable, and are made in a wide range of sizes, weights and patterns. ¶ Lalimli Tweeds, Flannels and Serges make up into smart, comfortable and hard-wearing suits. They are manufactured in a variety of weights and patterns at popular prices. ¶ For the ladies there is a pleasing assortment of knit goods, attractive woolly coats, jumpers, etc. Also a really comprehensive selection of knitting yarns of every shade.

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Send to us for samples of our Pure Wool manufactures—you will be pleasantly surprised at their excellence and moderate price.

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He beat it and beat it until at last it beat ***him***. The stone would not give way and the cloth would not give way, it being Kakomi, so the Dhobi gave in. That is the great thing about Kakomi cotton goods; they give everlasting wear however hard the treatment. Bed and Table Linen, Dusters, Shirts, Suits, Dress Fabrics, Curtains, everything in cotton is produced under the name of Kakomi, a name which has gained a reputation throughout the country for cotton manufactures of the finest quality. Smart and fresh looking they are always pleasing in appearance. The prices are low and, as we have said, they wear and wear and just go on wearing

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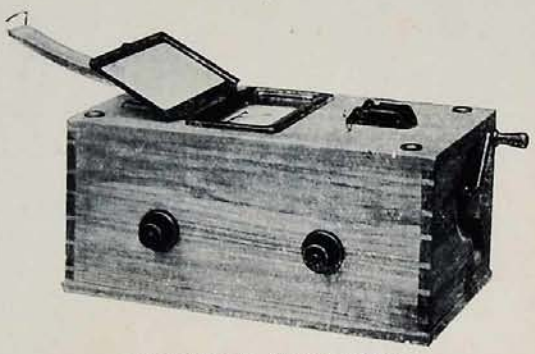

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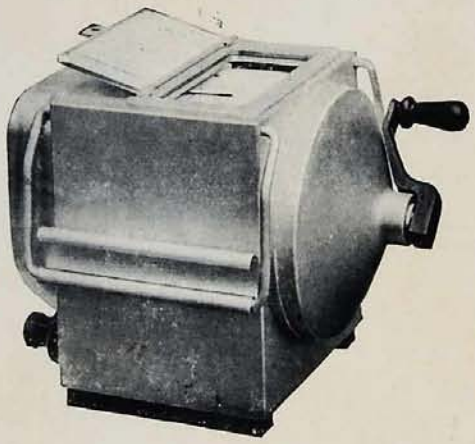

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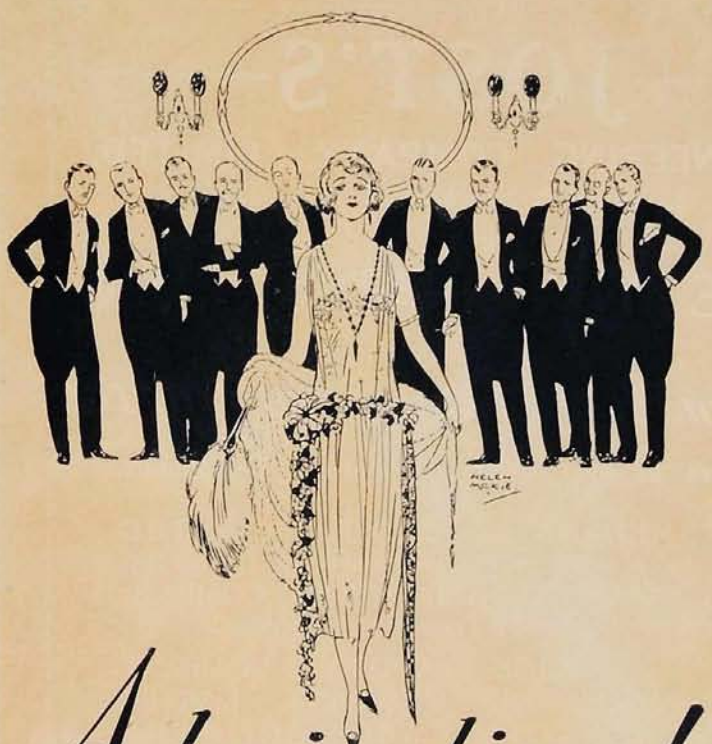

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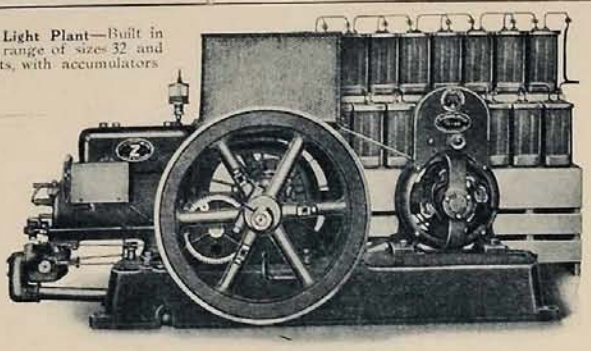

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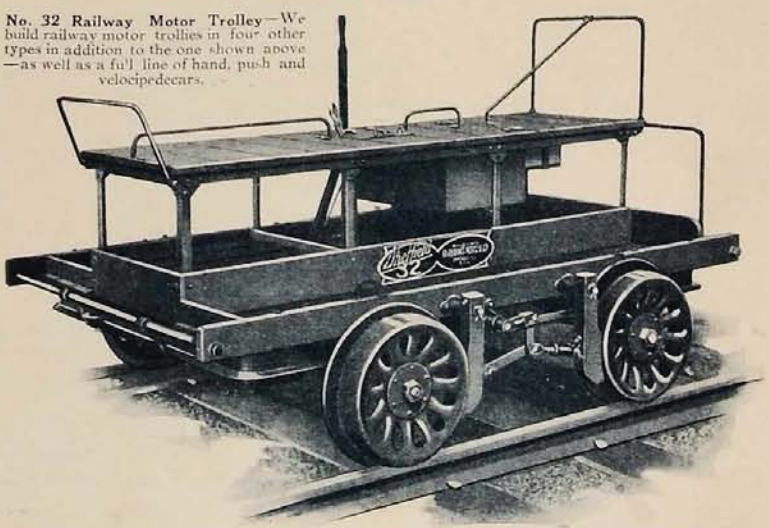

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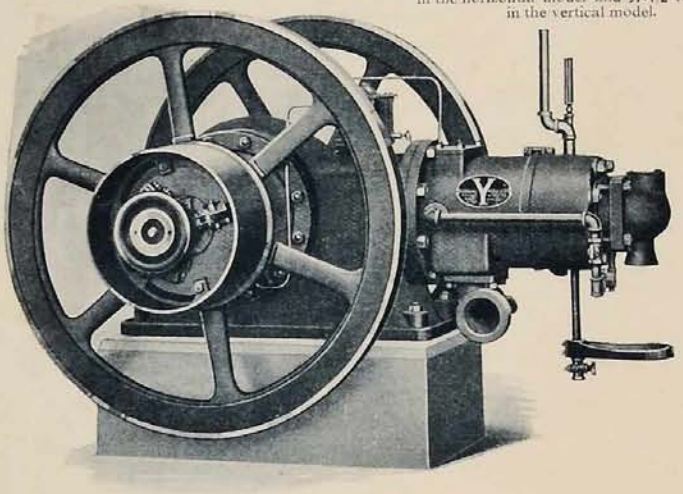

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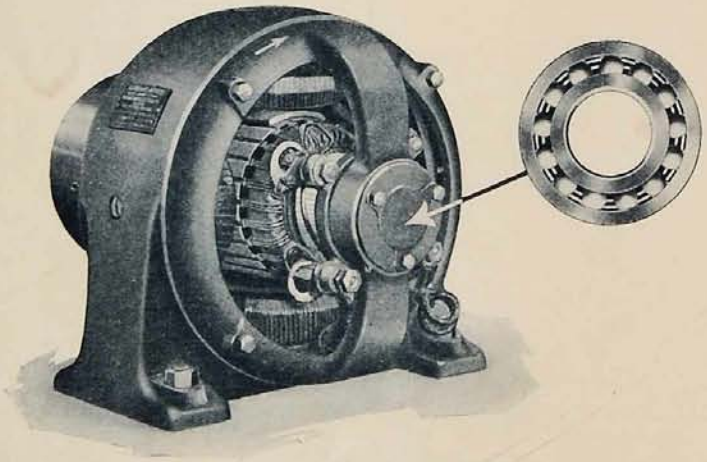

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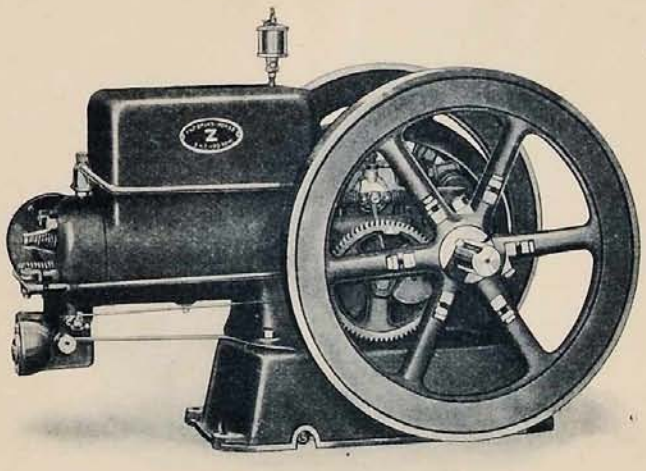

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without scraping razors or noxious chemicals

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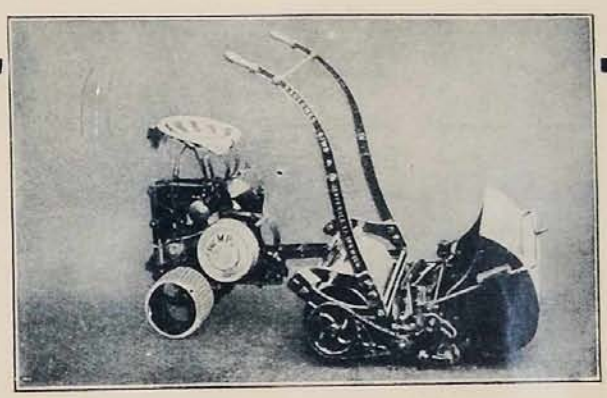

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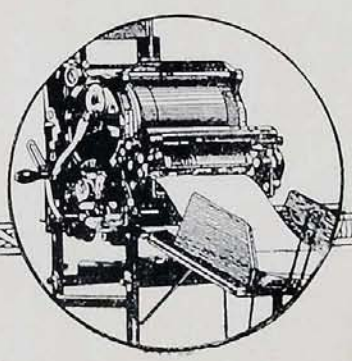

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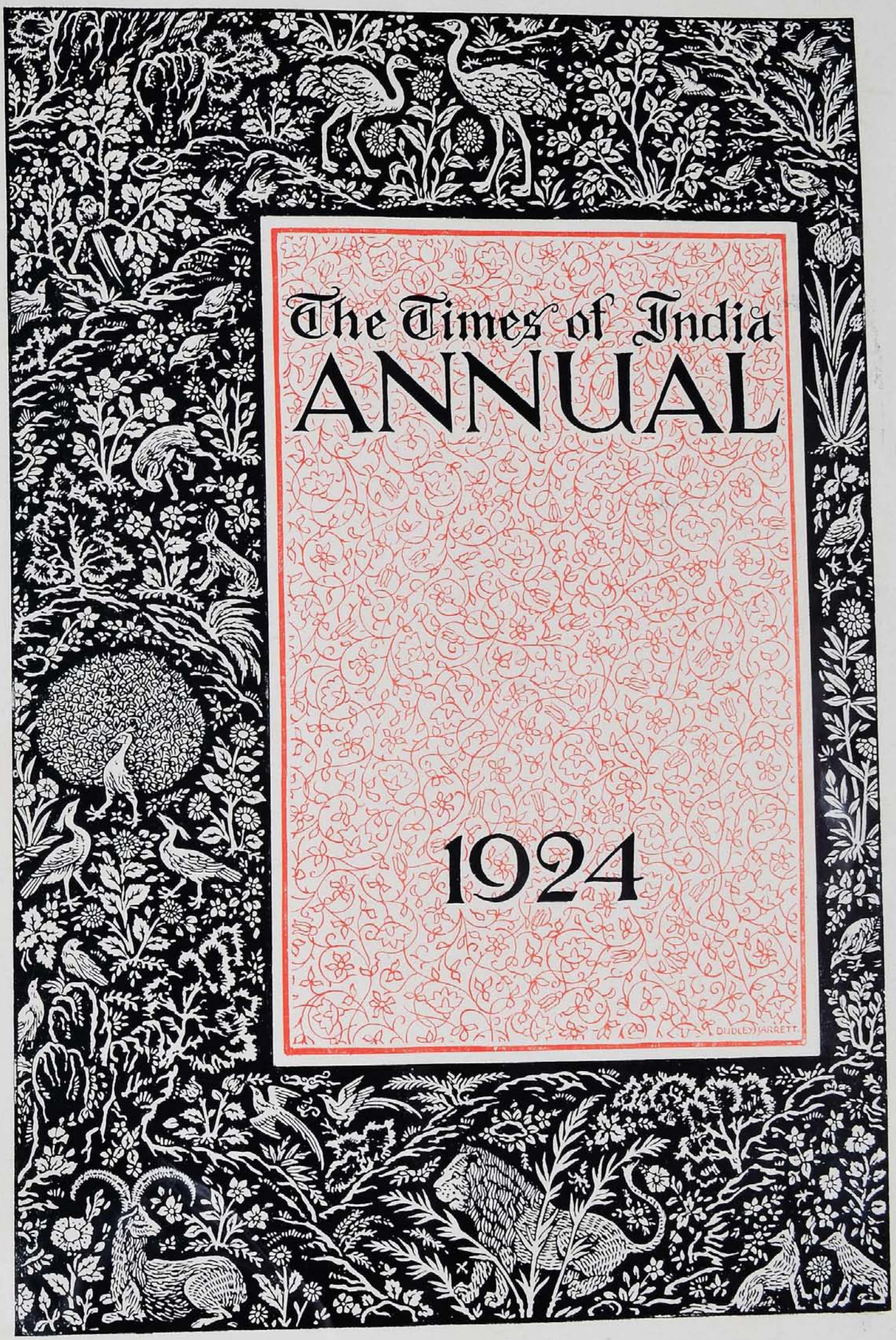
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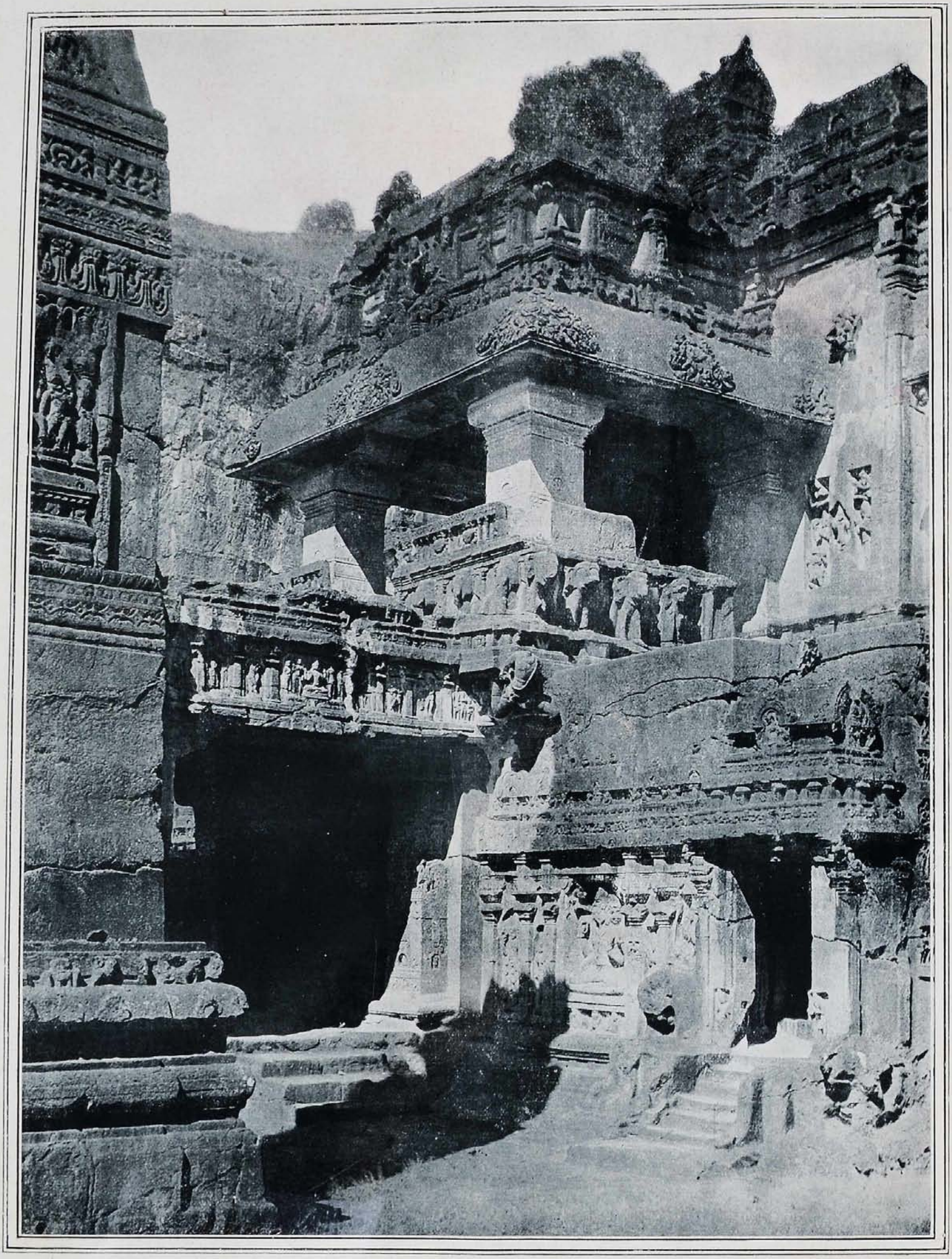

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MY FIRST RECOLLECTIONS of the EAST.

by Sir Valentine Chirol.

IT is getting on for half a century since I first heard the East a' calling, and it has gone on a' calling to me ever since. Its call is in some ways more enigmatic than ever, and to those who still talk of an "unchanging East" as well as to those who imagine that the East is being re-created in the image of the West, I would quote Mr. Silas P. Kettle, who when his friend remarked that his new dog seemed to have rather a strange temper, replied drily: "New dog be blow'd, Sir! Guess he's the same grand old dog as before, but he's grow'd a new tail what wags him fine." It is still the same old and mysterious East but stirred by new forces I must not, however, start moralising on the changes I have witnessed, for the Editor of the Annual has asked me merely to jot down some of my early recollections of the East as I first saw it before it ever became "politically-minded."

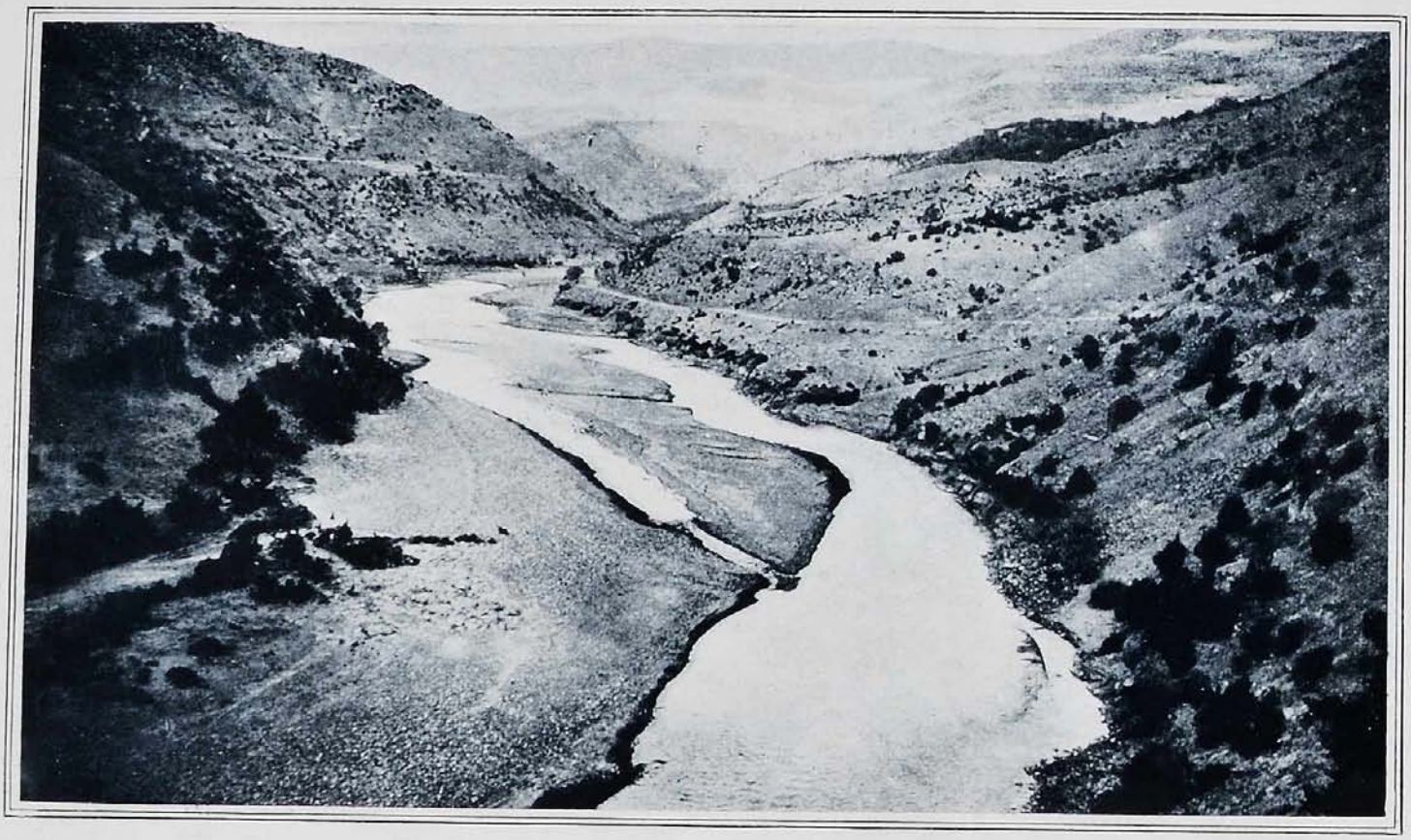
It was at Alexandria in the autumn of 1876 that the colour and the smell and the din of the East first seized hold of me. No sooner had the French Messageries steamer of barely 1,200 tons—a very respectable tonnage then—that had brought me from Marseilles cast anchor at Alexandria some distance from the shore, than the ship was stormed by a horde of boatmen, dark-skinned, scantily clad, vociferous and odorous, who fought over me and my baggage as their appointed prey until, having made terms amongst themselves rather than with me, one party carried me off willy nilly into their boat and pulled towards the quay. Then the magic word Bakshéesh—that potent Open Sesame throughout the Orient—fell for the first time on my ears. A few minutes later it was repeated, but with more subdued insistence, at the Customs. At the railway station, however, no one whispered it, or I might, as I soon found out, have travelled up to Cairo without wasting my substance on the purchase of a ticket. For when the ticket collector came round after we had started, only one other innocent traveller out of six in the compartment produced a ticket. The four others, two of whom were evidently experienced European residents, pressed a large silver coin into the ticket-collector's willing palm and repeated the operation when tickets were collected just outside Cairo. I was not surprised after that to learn that, low as were the wages of railway employees, the receipts were singularly small for the traffic which the railway carried. At the moment I was more concerned to get my first glimpse of the Pyramids on the edge of the golden Lybian desert and of the Citadel and Mohamed Ali's mosque and minarets standing out sharply on a scarp of the Mokattam hills against the luminous azure sky.

The Khedive Ismail.

The Khedive Ismail still ruled over Egypt, though he was already nearing the end of his Rake's Progress. He had added a new European quarter to his capital, to embellish which he had borrowed town planners and architects and landscape gardeners from Paris after his visit to the great International Exhibition of 1867. He had laid out the Esbekieh Gardens, and, overlooking them, he had erected imposing, though now rather dingy, blocks of houses which formed the chief European quarter, residential and commercial. There were the principal European shops and banks and Consulates, and, close by the

new Opera House for which Verdi had been especially engaged to write his "Aida," and famous operatic stars and a carefully selected *Corps de ballet* were imported every winter from Europe regardless of all cost by an expert court functionary whom the wags called *Directeur des Entreprises Joyeuses de Son Altesse le Khedive*. Only a few houses had yet sprung up in the Ismailieh quarter between the Esbekieh gardens and the Nile bridge and none on the other side of the Nile except the great Palace buildings of Ghezireh and Ghizeh. On one side of the Boulak road there were still continuous open fields where, on the festival of the Doseh, I saw a white bearded and white robed Sheikh with the green turban of a descendant of the Prophet, ride on horseback over the bare backs of prostrate and serried ranks of worshippers, unscathed apparently by the hoofs of his white steed. This was, I think, the last occasion on which this ceremony was performed in Cairo.

Shepheards Hotel, already historic stood where it stands to-day and had not a single rival, though it was



On the road between Teheran and Resht.

only a modest building affording not a tithe of its present accommodation. The winter of 1876-77 was a "bumper" season in which the aggregate number of visitors to Egypt reached a record figure of 500. Nowadays more than that number will land in a single day. There was scarcely any wheeled traffic. Only the Court and the Hareem ladies and a few high officials and the British and French Consuls had carriages. European residents of rank and fashion rode horses. Everybody else went about on donkey back, and the cheery cheeky donkey-boys fought outside the hotel doors for a fare, and christened their animals, without regard for sex, Mrs. Langtry or Disraeli or Sarah Bernhardt or Bismarck or by any other name likely to attract a customer. What jolly he'ter-ske'ter rides those were, sometimes in bright moon-light all the way out to the Pyramids where, at the sound of the approaching prey, the denizens of the neighbouring mud-villages, Beduins only by courtesy, would suddenly spring up out of the night like ghosts in their white shrouds, but very substantial and often truculent ghosts, determined to enforce their strident claims to exorbitant Baksheesh! There was no state-regulated tariff in those days.

Disorder and confusion, roguery and violence prevailed everywhere; in high quarters incredible corruption and oppression, amongst the masses misery and famine. In the morning you might meet gangs of wretched *fellaheen*, dragged away under military escort from their villages to do *corvee* work on the immense domains which Ismail had filched from his people—nearly a quarter of the best lands of Egypt—and in the evening you might attend a splendid reception at the Abdin Palace or Ghezireh and see Ismail holding his Court with all the pomp and circumstance, but hardly with the dignity of great state functions in Europe; portly and jovial, with a pleasant word in very bad French for every European guest and above all a ready compliment for every pretty woman, each phrase generally ending quite incoherently with *comme-ci comme-ca-etcetera*. Ruin was already staring him in the face, but never a trace of black care on his countenance, and certainly never the shadow of black deeds. Yet on occasion he stuck at nothing. I had only been a few weeks in Cairo when the Egyptian capital thrilled, perhaps with more relief even than horror, at the news that the all-powerful Mufettish had been made away with. For years the Mufettish had been the power behind the throne, a greater power many believed than the throne itself. As a tax gatherer none had ever had a heavier and more compelling hand. He had acquired vast possessions, large estates all over the country, fabulous treasures of gold and precious stones, choice and abundant *hareems*. In a land of which the rulers had a mania for building palaces, he had built himself almost as many palaces as the Khedive's, and his antechambers were crowded every day with clients and supplicants more numerous even than at Abdin. He had supped only the night before with Ismail, basking apparently as usual in the sunshine of his Master's favour. Then early the next morning he was roused from his slumbers and commanded to enter the Khedive's carriage, waiting for him below, which conveyed him to the banks of the Nile

where he was put on board a Khedivial steamer that carried him off up-stream, and he was seen no more. Dead or alive he vanished into space. His treasures, estates and palaces were confiscated, and his *hareems* and eunuchs and slaves innumerable were put up to auction or sold by private contract, save such no doubt as passed by selection into the Khedive's own possession.

It was a lurid explosion of Oriental despotism—and the last. Three years later the Powers had compelled Ismail to abdicate. He left Egypt in ruins, and yet another three years later I witnessed in 1882 the victorious entry of the British army into Cairo after Tel-el-Kebir,—merely of course to restore order and seat Ismail's well-meaning but ineffective son, Tewfik, more securely on his shaky throne—but the British army is still there.

Over a large part of Turkey, both in Asia and in Europe, from the Egyptian border across Asia Minor to Constantinople and across Thessaly and Epirus, still under Turkish rule, to the Adriatic, I wandered too in those days when neither Syrian nor Baghdad railways were dreamt of, and carriage roads were rare and fragmentary,—a "progressive" pasha having here and there started a section across an easy plain and then brought it to a sudden full stop at the foot of the first steep hill, out of regard, perhaps, for the public purse, or, more probably, for his own. But country bred horses and baggage ponies one could always buy and sell again with little loss at the other end of the journey; tireless horses that would do their thirty or forty miles a day for days on end, often at a very easy canter for long stretches where the going was tolerable, or picking their way nimbly up and down the roughest mountain tracks which an English horse would never have faced. The Turkish caravanserais were primitive and lively, with bare rooms more or less swept and garnished opening into an inner courtyard where one could tether one's animals and boil water and cooked food carried on one's baggage horse. But in the small towns there was usually some sort of an inn kept by a Greek or an Armenian which boasted a redolent if not overclean restaurant; and in the most unexpected places hospitable invitations would be sprung upon one by Mohamedan as well as Christian notables. The English traveller was welcome everywhere. England had only recently, at the risk of another war with Russia, saved the Ottoman Empire for the second time within a quarter of a century. There might be more gratitude on that score amongst Mohamedans than amongst Christians, but both looked equally on England as their friend in expectation of the reforms to which under the Cyprus Convention she had specifically bound the Sultan over in Asia Minor. The rural Turk was almost as much ground down under the corrupt and oppressive rule of Constantinople as the Christian rayah. One afternoon I arrived, about a day's march from Kutahia, in a small and almost entirely Turkish town named Kedis, and I was sitting rather forlorn in a particularly wretched Turkish *Khan* or hostelry, when a stout comfortable-looking Turk, whom I judged by his dress to be one of the notables of the locality, approached me with deep salaams and bade me come and share an evening meal in his house. No Frank had been seen in their town within the memory of living man, and would I honour him and some of his friends who desired my company? The evening meal was an excellent one with a huge *pilaf* and many other good things, and the conversation was singularly instructive. Turkey, was then like Egypt in the throes of bankruptcy and many questions were put to me about the settlement of the Ottoman Public Debt which the Powers were negotiating at Constantinople. Amongst our five or six worthy citizens of Kedis were the *Kadi* (or judge who administers Mohamedan Canon Law,) and the *Imam*, (who leads the prayers in the Mosque.) The very word "public debt" stunk in the nostrils of them all and none used stronger language than the *Imam*: "By God! the only thing that is public, (i.e. national) in this unhappy country of ours is the debt. The army is the Sultan's army; the Navy, the great offices of state, the palaces on the Bosphorus are all styled the Sultan's, and only the debt and the taxes that pay for it are the nation's". To which a sturdy little man, a sort of town clerk who had once travelled as far as Stambul, added: "Wallah-el-Azim! by God the All-Highest, there will be no peace for us poor people until we have the *Rimpublica*, (the Republic)!" Each one had his tale to tell of individual and collective grievances. The Russo Turkish war had killed off many bread winners. The tax gatherers were ruthless. There was famine in many regions and black typhus, of which I had myself seen many victims, was raging. Worst of all was the terrible plague of *Muhajirin*, the Mohamedan refugees from European Turkey and the Caucasus, whom the Sultan's lavish promises of a land flowing with milk and honey had tempted to abandon their homes in provinces which had passed under Christian rulership and to migrate into Asia Minor where they were cast adrift to fend for themselves, just as locusts do. Yet their plight too was often pitiable, and I told my hosts how a few months earlier, I had met in mid-winter on the lower slopes of the Taurus a miserable band of *Muhajirin* from Bulgaria, men, women and children, whom a Turkish steamer had unloaded at Alexandretta. Already robbed of their small hoards by the many predatory Turkish officials through whose hands they had successively passed during their long Odyssey, they were tramping in rags and almost without food through mud and snow towards "the land flowing with milk and honey" which had been assigned to them at a place called—with what irony they yet little knew—Yeni-Shehir or the "New Town," where they would find, as I had reason to know just having passed through it, only the ruins of an ancient Greek city in a howling wilderness. Each of the guests was ready to cap my story and all agreed that it was typical of the ways of Stambul, and that a *Rimpublica* would alone bring salvation.

At a Persian "Kanat."

That was 43 years ago before Abdul Hamid had begun to furbish up the rusty armoury of the Caliphate and to appeal to the fanaticism of the Turkish people with his Pan-Islamic propaganda, longer still before the Young Turks of the Committee of Union and Progress stirred its racial passions by preaching their fierce gospel of Nationalism. Left to himself the ordinary Anatolian Turk, as I then saw him, was primitive, patient, plodding, not unkindly and often with a keen sense of humour, much the same in fact as Nasr-el-Din Khodja, one of the few Turkish story tellers of the soil racy, described him

five hundred years ago in his immortal tales. Constantinople itself was not yet connected by rail with the rest of Europe though Hirsch had already built a strangely meandering railway from the capital as far as Adrianople, which, in order to make the most of the kilometric guarantee given by Turkey, described long and circuitous loops on the smallest provocation to avoid the cost of a bridge or a deep cutting. The Turkish capital was, as it had been for the best part of a century, the cockpit of European diplomacy, but Russia alone disputed British ascendancy. Germany had not yet stepped into our shoes as Turkey's "best friend," nor had Yeldiz Kiosk completely overshadowed the Sublime Porte, though Abdul Hamid had been quick to scrap the short lived Turkish "constitution" and banish its author, Midhat Pasha, to Arabia where he died—according to plan—of a cup of coffee.

Still more decadent seemed to me the ancient Kingdom of Persia when I rode across it in 1884 from the Persian Gulf to the Caspian, and on my return to England wrote in the *Fortnightly Review* an article to which I rashly gave the title "Persia *in extremis*." She has somehow survived that article for close upon four decades and it looks as if she might yet survive its author! I had not then realised the tenacious vitality of so primitive an organism. The pretentious tawdryness of Teheran, still a mushroom city in that hoary kingdom, as it dates no further back than the present dynasty, and the relics at least of ancient splendour at Isfahan, where the Shah's eldest son, Zill-es-Sultan, kept up a state and exercised throughout Southern Persia an authority scarcely inferior to his father's in Teheran, could not disguise a ruinous process of disintegration and decay. The one institution that was still tolerably sound—it had gone to pieces like the rest when I crossed Persia again in 1902—was the system of posting stations on some of the principal trade routes, where a suitable *pishkesh*, the Persian equivalent for the Egyptian and Turkish *baksheesh*, usually procured fresh horses at every stage without too much delay, and the chief trouble, especially in Central Persia where the small Gulf Arab and the big raw-boned Turcoman horse often overlapped, was to shift the girths and adapt one's saddle and oneself to an abrupt change of steeds with a difference of two or three hands in height between them. They were as a rule good goers and marvellously sure footed, perhaps because the traveller had the right, though seldom, I hope, exercised, to cut off the horse's tail if the beast wantonly stumbled or fell, as a warning to other travellers.

Persia has been aptly described as a land of small deserts in a big desert, the big one encompassed and the small ones divided off from one another by equally bare hills and mountains. But in Persia as in other relatively rainless countries, irrigation can work wonders, and where, as all round Isfahan, the waters of a fine stream which loses itself afterwards in a salt desert, were carefully husbanded and spread over a great plain, the fertile soil yielded abundant and valuable harvests. One of the most tell-tale signs of decay throughout the greater part of Persia was the neglect of the *kanats* or old underground canals, and the many ruined *bunds* or stone dams which had formerly held up the winter overflow of mountain torrents that soon run dry in the hot weather. On the whole, save in the Luristan country towards Turkish Mesopotamia where brigandage was ever rife, the Persian roads were generally quite safe, and large caravans travelled to and fro over great distances with valuable cargoes under the sole charge of sturdy muleteers, reputed with some reason to be the only honest folk in the country. In Shiraz, the centre of classical Persian culture, stories were still told of an almost communistic upheaval which had lasted long enough to create a local economic crisis, and I saw some relics of it in the leather tokens issued by the "Soviet" of the day to tide over currency difficulties. The short-lived outbreak had been crushed with ruthless energy by an uncle of the Shah whose speciality it was to restore order whenever a particular province went *must*, as was the wont of Persian provinces after an undue period of intolerable misrule. Only once did I come across one form of punishment which used to be fairly frequent and was regarded as peculiarly effective. By the wayside, in a stony wilderness, the fly-eaten eyes gazed at me, of a man, evidently not long dead, whose head and shoulders alone emerged from a hollow pillar of rough stone in which he had been made to stand whilst cement was poured into it up to his breast. The post boy who was riding that stage with me on my baggage horse, told me the poor wretch had been still alive when he last passed there two days before, but when I asked him what had been his crime, he merely shrugged his shoulders, and observed enigmatically that it was not good to enquire as to the ways of the *buzurg*—as the great ones of the land were termed.

Yet the British Minister at Teheran talked of the Shah to whom he, and his brother before him, had been accredited for I cannot remember how many years, as the hub of the universe. All was for the best in the best of Persias! Russia, not yet recovered from the effort of the Russo-Turkish war, was quiescent. Persian Nationalism was unborn. The mere idea of having to share our unwritten overlordship with Russia would have been unthinkable in London or Simla, though perhaps less so in Petersburg. But neither political problems nor the many material discomforts of vile roads and still more vile caravanserais could break the spell of Persian travel, the singularly luminous atmosphere, the magic of the "false dawn" and afterglow, the glory of the rising and the setting sun over the far flung wilderness of her barren mountain ranges and desert plains and the precious midday halt at some rare spring in the gracious shade of a spreading plane-tree.

What of India forty years ago? I have been there so often since that I find it more difficult to disentangle my first impressions from those that have overlaid them in the subsequent succession of years. One impression, however, I had very distinctly. India was, of course, the East, but in spite of many peculiar features entirely new to me, especially in Southern India with its tropical vegetation and its mysterious shrines of ancient Hinduism, it was a less dramatic, less unexpected East. It was the East with most of its ragged edges skilfully trimmed and turned in, and everywhere a superimposed layer of Western efficiency and orderliness. One had at once the sense of a great ruling power, unchallenged and supreme, from the pomp and circumstance of Viceroyalty itself down to the humblest of the vast army of government *chuprassie*, the scarlet coated messengers of every public office, whether at Calcutta or in a remote district *kutcheri*. Yet had I listened with my ear to the ground, I might have heard the first rumblings of future storms. For the atmosphere was electric with the Ilbert Bill, and the white man's passionate uprising against it was providing a new generation of "politically minded" Indians with their first object lesson in the effectiveness of organised agitation. I knew little about the merits of Lord Ripon's policy and the Indian grievances which he was seeking to redress, but it was a shock to me when, at a large men's dinner party in Calcutta, after the usual loyal toast of the Queen's health had been duly favoured, that of her representative, the Viceroy, was received with jeers instead of cheers by most of the company which included not a few government officials. In the following year the Indian National Congress was founded—a repartee of which the full significance was only to be grasped long afterwards.

I happened on my first two visits to enter and to leave India without going through Bombay. Calcutta, though not yet industrialised nor possessing the thoroughly modern business and residential quarters which vie to-day with those of a great European city, fitted far less into the India I had read of than Madras with its broad leafy avenues and its spacious "compounds" in which the columned houses with deeped verandhas still recalled the days when Anglo-Indian Nabobs had shaken the Pagoda Tree to some purpose. There was, however, plenty of romance in Rajputana with its marble palaces floating on

sapphire lakes and its grim battlemented fastnesses keeping watch over old world towns in which time had stood still for centuries, and the Taj Mahal at Agra and the Halls of Audience at Delhi fulfilled and overtopped all my expectations. Nor had we yet reached the limits of Empire building, and at Karachi I was privileged to attend a dinner given to Sir Robert Sandeman who was just consummating his splendid life work in reconciling the wild tribes of British Baluchistan to the rudiments of law and order under the aegis of the *raj*. What I perhaps missed most in India were the many vicissitudes and even the discomforts of Eastern travel which had given zest to my wanderings in the less disciplined parts of the East. I made acquaintance with the slow footed elephant and the creaking bullock cart, and there were far fewer railways than now, but, compared even with European standards, they conveyed one over great distances in greater ease and comfort and above all with a greater luxury of space to stretch one's limbs. The dinginess of the old fashioned Indian hotels with their darkened and often dirty rooms and slipshod attendance is unforgettable, but still more unforgettable is the large-hearted Anglo-Indian hospitality which usually rescued one from the need of a hotel. The *Sahib*, except in a few large towns, was almost invariably a government official or an army officer. He walked with his head high and looked upon the Indian as providentially and unquestioningly committed to his paternal guardianship, but he looked also upon the fellow countryman who happened to come his way as having an indefeasible claim to entertainment under his well-appointed roof.

One of the gateways of Peking.

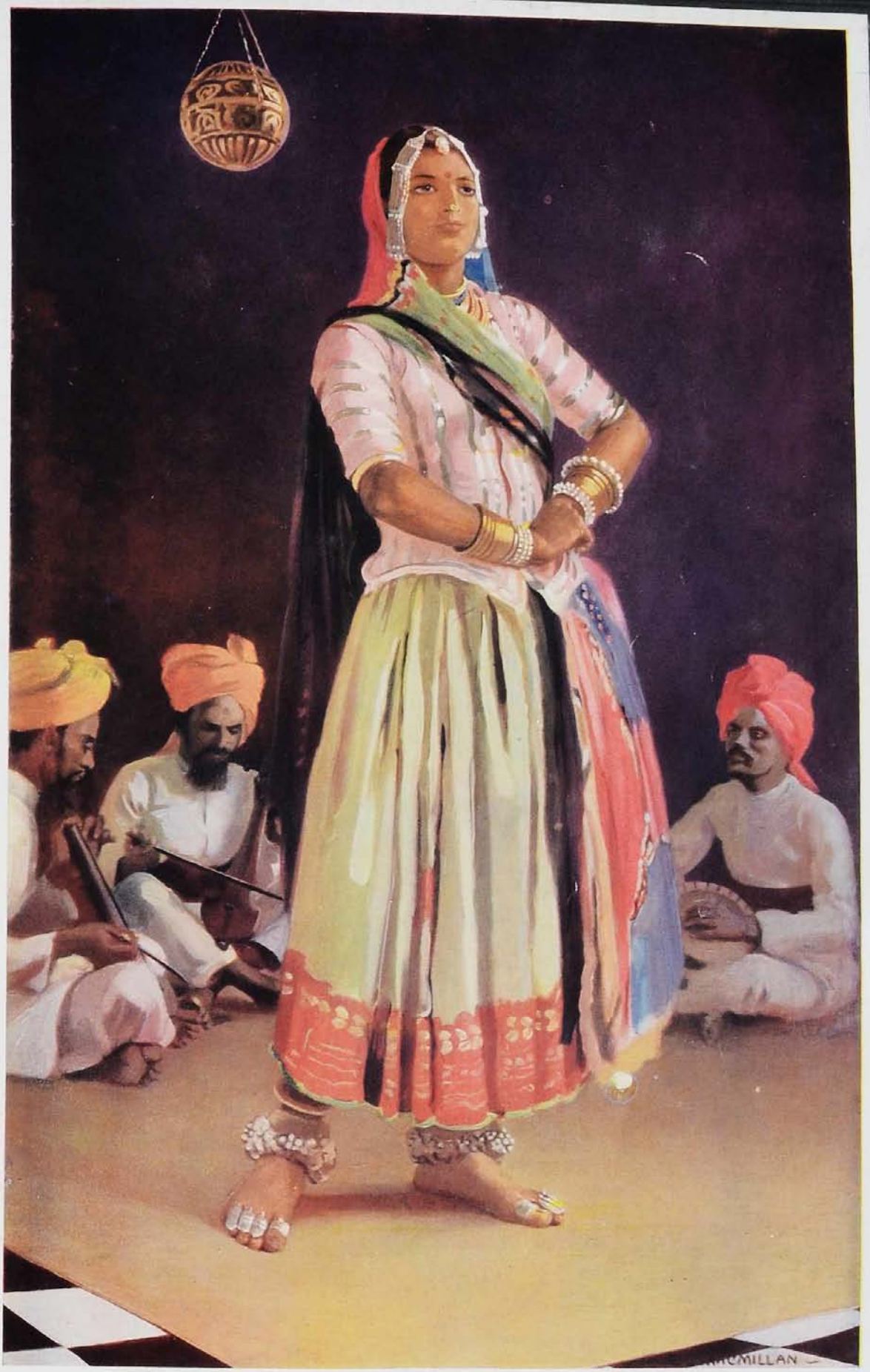
Not till much later did my travels take me out to the Far East. It was in 1895 just after the war between China and Japan. There was no railway to Peking. Tiresome contrary winds delayed my houseboat on the Peiho River, and the afternoon of the third day out from Tientsin, was well-advanced when I reached the end of navigation at Tungchow and found a pony sent out from Peking by my old friend, Sir Nicolas O'Conor, to meet me, and carry me over the remaining thirteen miles along what was euphemistically called an Imperial road. I had to gallop hell for leather to reach the city gates before they were inexorably closed at sunset until the following sunrise. To get them opened between those hours was one of the very few things that no *cumshaw* (Chinese for *bakshish*) could do. The lofty long-drawn line of grey city walls, surmounted at regular intervals by imposing three-storied bastions with characteristically sham embrasures for sham guns stood out in a golden haze of dust against a flaming orange sky, and O'Conor, with two mounted Legation *Tingchais* was holding the Northern gate almost by force for me when I drew rein there a few minutes after sundown. We still had to ride for some three quarters of an hour right across the Chinese city and through another great gateway into the Manchu city before entering the foreign quarter. That ride lives in my memory. My only hurried glimpse of China had been of Europeanised China in the foreign settlements at Shanghai and Tientsin. Now I was all at once pitchforked into the heart of the Chinese capital; into a new and strange world in which all one's senses—sight and hearing, smell and touch—were simultaneously and violently assailed. In the narrow streets horses and mules and heavy two-humped camels from Mongolia and hooded Peking carts and Yamen runners clearing the way for the swiftly-borne sedan chairs of exalted Mandarins jostled the slow-moving imperturbable multitude of the "stupid folk," as the Chinese populace were officially termed. I seemed to be borne through a surging sea of yellow, slant-eyed faces, all wearing the same impenetrable mask, all equally uncanny and almost inimical; amidst the din of uncouth voices above which one could occasionally hear the whirring of homing pigeons with the curious musical pipes made fast to their necks for the wind to play on as they fly, and at every turn the unutterable smells of a populous city to which the rudiments of sanitation were unknown. Oh! the relief at last of turning into the reposeful oasis of the Legation, once the palace of a Manchu prince, but skilfully adapted to European uses within its fascinating shell of red lacquered columns and carved woodwork. Even in the Legation one had a strange sense of complete isolation from the whole outside world, and at night especially when one was shut off from the only connecting thread, which was the telegraph wire, and the closed gates of the Manchu city forbade access to the telegraph office which was in the Chinese city.

Save for the unwelcomed presence of the foreign Legations and a few European buildings Peking was still inviolate, and no "outer barbarian" could set foot within the pink walls of the Forbidden City where the Son of Heaven held his court under the imperious eye of the old Dowager Empress, the real ruler of the Chinese Empire. I was granted the privilege, quite unprecedented for a visitor with no official status, of being received by the Tsungli Yamen, the Imperial Board of Foreign Affairs. Of the seven, mostly ancient, Mandarins in their stately silken gowns embroidered on front and back with the cognizances of their official rank, and small round caps, each with its proper gold or crystal button on the top, and long dependent pig-tails, eked out with artificial plaits if their own hair failed, not one spoke any foreign tongue, not one had ever travelled out of China, and three had never been outside Peking. Chinese pipes were brought round and we sipped tea and "Mandarin" champagne, tepid and sickly, and discussed the state of the world, as far as discussion was possible with men whose mediæval outlook was still unchanged by the recent lessons of a

disastrous war, and who could clearly conceive no world of which the Flowery Kingdom should not be the appointed centre. Little, I confess, did I then foresee that barely twenty five years afterwards, at the Paris Peace Conference, I should meet a Chinese delegation representing the Republic of China, composed mostly of quite young men very smartly dressed in the latest European fashion with no vestige of a pig-tail, speaking admirable English with an American accent, for they had studied chiefly in America, and propounding eloquently all the latest doctrines of national self-determination and Western political economy—whilst the Chinese Republic was meanwhile floundering deeper and deeper in a morass of civil strife and anarchy.

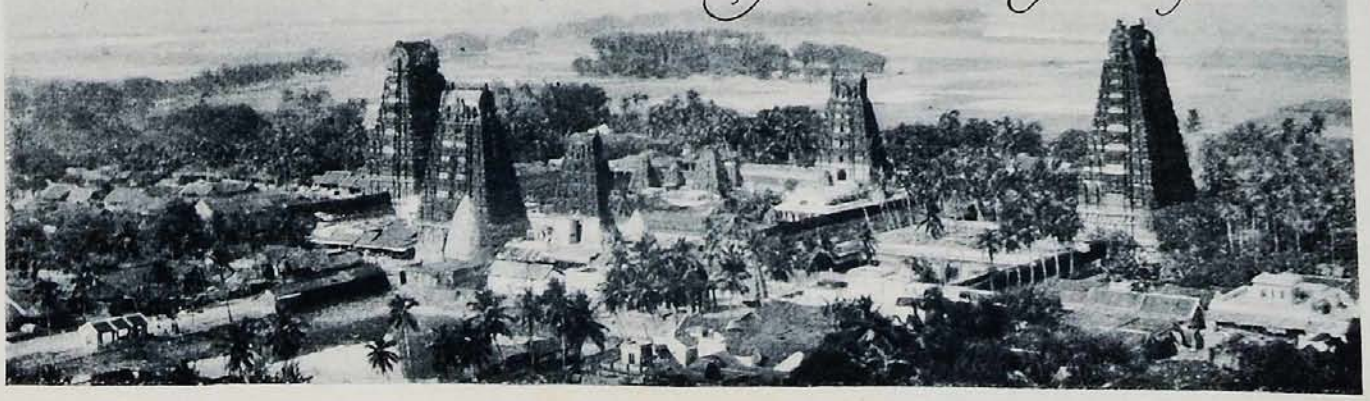
Sir Robert Sandeman.

From China I crossed over to Japan. No less reluctantly at first than China, and out of a self-imposed isolation even more complete, Japan had been aroused by the forceful impact of the West. But a generation of able and patriotic Japanese statesmen had been quick to resolve that if Japan was perforce to resume contact with the outer world, she should at any rate, unlike China, be hammer rather than anvil. Coming straight out of the mephitic atmosphere of Peking I felt all the more forcibly the thrill of a new and highly disciplined vitality in a virile and nimble-witted people, capable of great achievements even when judged by European standards as the war with China had just shown, and capable too of great restraint as in the politic surrender of the principal fruits of their victories under the pressure of the Russo-Franco-German ultimatum which demanded the retrocession of Port Arthur and the Kwantung peninsula to an enemy just beaten to his knees. Japan was still on the rising curve of which some hold her to have reached the highest point during the Russo-Japanese war—the point at which the inherited qualities of her ancient and peculiar civilisation were blended into a singularly fruitful whole with the adaptive qualities which she had developed in contact with the West. Space fails, and I will record in conclusion but one incident in which the spirit of Japan revealed itself to me most eloquently during that first visit in 1895. A remote village in the hills was making holiday to welcome its small contingent of demobilised fighters from the China war. At the head of the villagers, all gaily decked out for the occasion, stood in their best finery a little group of old men and women and young girls and children whose sons or brothers or sweethearts or fathers, as the case might be, had not returned and never would. They bore more flowers in their hands than their more fortunate neighbours, they smiled if anything more brightly, and they carried a banner with this inscription: "From those above all others blessed whose dear ones have had the honour of dying for their Emperor and country."



AN INDIAN SINGING GIRL

TIRUKALUKUNDRAM. by Gascoigne Lynde.



TIRUKALUKUNDRAM owes a grudge to its sponsors who gave it its name, for it is too formidable a mouthful for the average European to tackle; and he therefore does not know much about where it lies, or what it means, or of the interesting ceremony which takes place there every day of every year. Some nine miles from Chingleput, to the south of Madras and on the way to the seven Pagodas, it is approached by a road following a picturesque winding course through a country side of vivid green—thus it is in the cold weather season at least. Wooded hillocks here and there break the level of miles of paddy-fields to irrigate which the primitive well creaks through its daily task. Tamarind trees on either side form an avenue giving a welcome shade, and only one small village on this stretch of road disturbs the peacefulness of the open country.

A sharp bend, near a Hindu burning-ground, brings one in sight of the steep rock overhanging Tirukalukundram, on which is perched the Vedagirisvara Temple, whose sheer walls and massive appearance give it on nearer approach almost the look of a fortress. As at other South Indian Hindu towns, which possess large temples, the skyline is broken by a number of towering *gopurams*, entrance gateways to the temple precincts. The passing of many centuries has given to their masonry a mellowed colour and the weather-worn appearance of venerable old age. Elaborately carved temple-cars stand in the street close to the temple, looking somewhat forlorn in their non-festival garb of stripped nakedness and bare wood.

The large Siva temple contains a feature of outstanding interest, though to the stranger looking at India with a fresh western eye there is ample food for thought elsewhere—there is the recumbent black stone bull, contemplating with ultra-bovine placidity the green water of the temple tank; there are the sellers of fruit and sweetmeats who eke out what must be a precarious livelihood in the gateway, and there are some wonderful stone carvings leading to the principal attraction, "the Hall of a Hundred Pillars!" Here, unfortunately, the English visitor is not permitted to wander as far afield as he would care to go, and the rule of "thus far and no farther" is as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. One must grow accustomed to the grey sombreness of this dimly lighted place before one can appraise at their true worth the great monolithic pillars—every one carved in a design differing from the rest, and each by itself a masterpiece of the stonemason's art—which support the flat roof, which bears evidence of having in days long past been more ornate than is now the case. Facing one, perhaps thirty paces distant, is the entrance to the inner temple, the door flanked on either side by black stone figures of deities. On the left is a stone platform which stands on a base fashioned in the form of the back of a huge tortoise, whose four legs, head and tail protrude from beneath. Some of the carved equestrian columns are wonderfully full of vitality, horses and riders having been conceived on strikingly bold and lifelike lines, and marvellously wrought from huge slabs of granite. But—such is always the way—amongst these impressive carvings is to be seen a litter of gaudy temple trappings and animal effigies used on the days of festivals; and the lumber of the builder lies tumbled in dust-covered heaps in the spaces between the columns.

But, as a matter of interest, the chief attraction of Tirukalukundram is the daily ceremonial which takes place close to the Vedagirisvara Temple

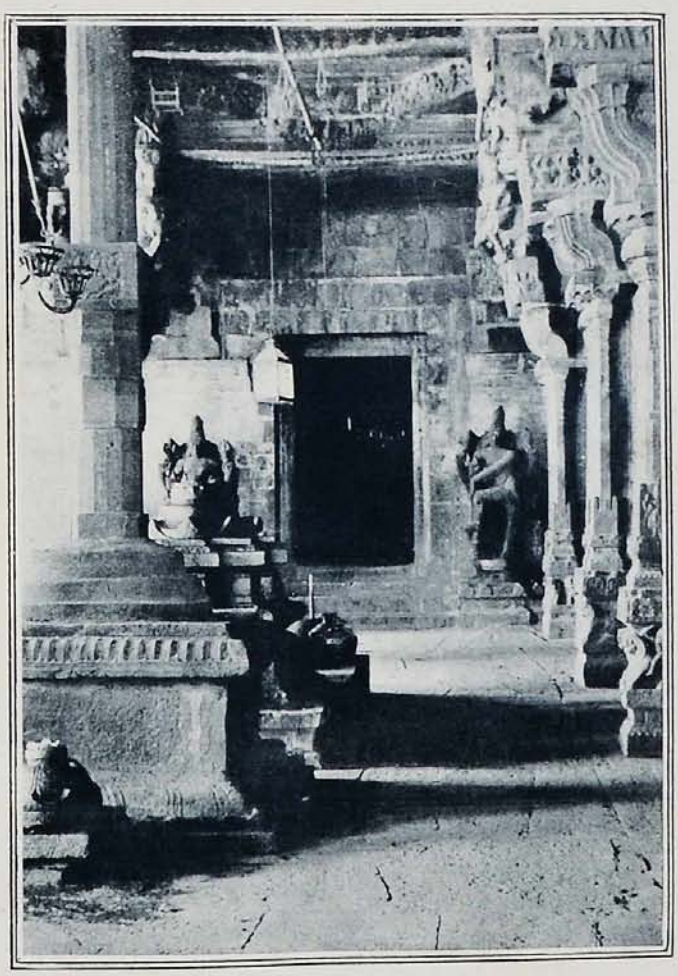


Photo by G. Lynde.

The Interior of the Siva Temple.

on the top of the hill. A long flight of worn stone steps leads upwards. Many a visitor's heart might fail him—or her—if it could be realised to what a height they go. It is a long climb, and this ancient stairway is so shut in that the breeze fails to come to one's relief. Old carvings on the steps and at the sides here and there provide an excuse to stop and rest; beggars—the halt and the blind, the maimed and the diseased, loathsome but pitiable—plead for alms, in the giving of which the visitor may bless the humble cost of the smaller coins of the Indian currency. About half way up the steps divide right and left, and, taking the latter way, a renewed effort brings one at last on to the terrace beside the temple. It is not everyone who, having performed this penance of climbing, is permitted to enter the temple building, but those who eventually find themselves in its dark interior may well imagine that they are underground, so thick are the walls. From the terrace one looks down on the town, spread like a map five hundred feet below. The temples, the streets, the temple cars, the oblong tanks, all have the appearance of neatness and compactness; and beyond, as far as the eye can see, stretch the green crops and the palm groves.

building. Still, one ought not to throw cold water on a popular belief which has endured so long and has earned such wide acceptance.

Here, under a many-pillared shelter are congregated a score or more of pilgrims, a number of whom obviously belong to the north of India. Facing the shelter is a smooth hump of rock—on to which, in a moment of innocent curiosity, one of the little party of European visitors climbed. The sequel was the necessity for sprinkling (by the priest) with Ganges water the part of the rock thus defiled! At the appointed time the chief priest of the temple mounts the rock and delivers an address; then he seats himself and places on the rock two little brass vessels containing food for the sacred kites, which accept their cue and flutter down. Their dishevelled feathers and appearance of old age certainly lend colour to the fable of their everlasting existence. They are not as hungry as one would expect after a thousand miles' flight, for after a few pecks at the food they take their departure, returning to the temple roof for a siesta. Another short address by the priest, and then a queue is formed of the pilgrims, who in turn prostrate themselves on the spot which has been hallowed by the kites. The performance

Photos by

Pilgrims where the kites have fed.

G. Lynde.

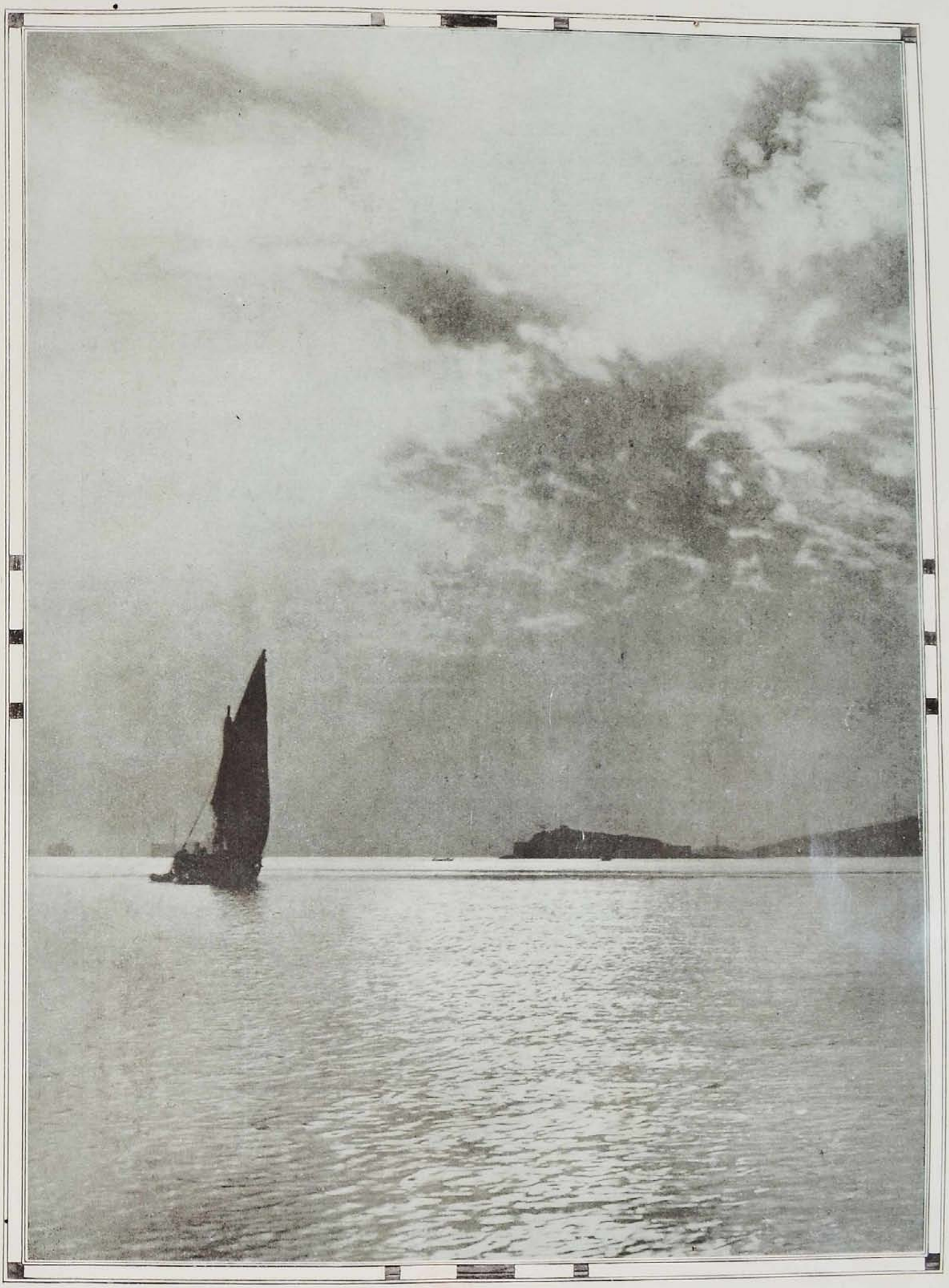
The chief priest feeding the sacred kites.

But it is time to make a move, for preparations are nearly complete for the daily feeding of the two sacred kites. Tradition says that the aged birds which put in an appearance at eleven every morning are the incarnation of two Hindu saints, sons of a Benares ascetic, whose holiness gained them their emancipation from life's troubles on this hill; that the birds spend every night at holy Benares, and that before stretching their wings southwards they bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges; that they daily visit Rameswaram, another sacred spot in the extreme south, during the afternoon; and that the same two kites have carried out this formidable programme every day for untold ages. Tradition is a wonderful thing; though Benares and Rameswaram are so far apart that the return trip would involve something over 2,000 miles to be covered daily, the pilgrims, who come in large numbers to "acquire merit," are firmly convinced of the truth of this time-honoured belief. As a fact, the kites do not arrive direct from their tabled flight from Benares with the punctuality of an Indian mail train, and the sceptic who looks around may, long before their feeding time, discover them perched lazily on the temple

is brought to a happy conclusion by the presentation of garlands of flowers to the representatives of sahibdom—at the usual price of backsheesh.

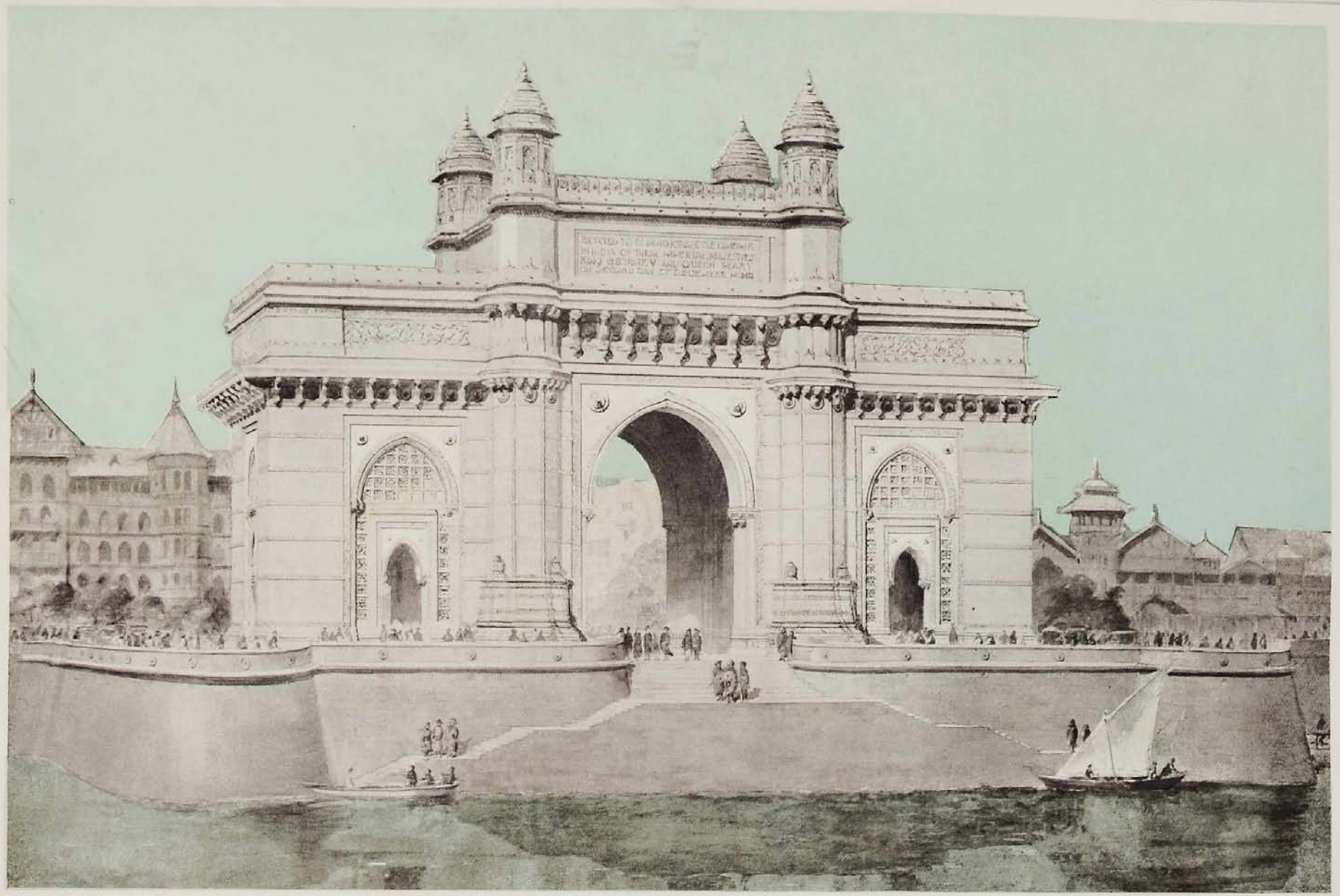
Up on the hilltop are numerous other little features of interest, though, compared with the ceremonial of feeding the kites, they must be regarded as side-shows. There are several shrines and sanctuaries, one of which is the home of a figure of Kali.

The descent is made by the second flight of steps, which passes a striking shrine cut out of the rock, in which are some fine mural carvings, mostly of deities. Once more the necessity to run the gauntlet of the beggars appealing for alms; but it is now easier work obeying the laws of gravity than on the ascent, and a few minutes find one once more at the foot of the long flight of steps and at the end of a very interesting experience. The end, that is to say, except for the function, never capable of omission in this country, of a distribution of a final dividend in the way of backsheesh to the numerous local cicerones who have, whether wanted or not, succeeded in helping the Sahib to appreciate Tirukalukundram at its proper worth.



SUNRISE OVER BOMBAY HARBOUR.

By G. Lynde.



The Gateway of India, on the Apollo Bandar, Bombay, is now nearing completion. Designed by Mr. George Wittet, F.R.I.B.A., it commemorates the visit to India of Their Majesties. The illustration has been drawn by Mr. G. K. Trilokekar.

THE FIRST ENGLISH WOMEN IN INDIA

BY
CECIL L. BURNS

THE Englishwoman has now made herself so thoroughly at home in India, that her presence and the commanding social influence she wields alike in Presidency Cities and up-country stations are accepted as being as much the natural and necessary order of things as they are in her native land. It is difficult, therefore, to realize that this ubiquity dates from little more than fifty years back, and that it constitutes one of the blessings bestowed upon India by the genius of the late M. de Lesseps, when by cutting the Suez Canal he shortened the duration of the passage between London and Bombay to a mere fortnight. Many Englishwomen, it is true, visited, and some spent their lives in India before this epoch-making marriage of the waters of the Mediterranean and Red Sea; but their numbers were insignificant by comparison with those of the present time and it may safely be asserted that in pre-Canal days Englishwomen were rarely seen outside Military Cantonments and the larger Civil Stations.

The farther enquiry goes back into the story of the English connection with India, the fewer are the references to Englishwomen, until arriving at the first settlement of the English in Surat, about the year 1612, the almost incredible fact is revealed that her presence, so far from being encouraged, "to cheer, to comfort, and sustain" the lonely Factors suffering under the natural irritation occasioned by the variation in the price of pepper, or afflicted with the "blues" induced by unfortunate speculations in indigo, was actually banned by the cross-grained and soulless money grubbers of the "Company of London Merchants trading into the East Indies" who first adventured, not their persons, but only their goods and coin in the Eastern trade. Philip Anderson states that ten years after the establishment of the "English House" at Surat, *i.e.*, in 1623, no English ladies were living there, and that if the Factors wished to enjoy the conversation of the gentler sex, they must resort to the Dutch Factory, where a more enlightened policy was encouraged by the Holland Company. This statement is supported by the account of his visit to Surat, written by Pietro de la Valle, an Italian traveller. When he arrived at that port in the year above named, a certain competition arose between the President of the English Merchants, Thomas Rastall, and that of the Dutch, to show hospitality to the stranger, who, on account of Rastall's proficiency in the Italian tongue, would have preferred stopping with the English. He was, however, compelled to excuse himself from doing so, and accepted the shelter of the Dutch House, solely because, being accompanied by a young lady, his late wife's adopted daughter, she could hardly be expected to stay in a house occupied only by men. The Directors, or "Committees" as they were then called, of the East India Company carried their Puritanical, not to say currish, antipathy to the ladies beyond the objection to their countrywomen's presence in their Surat Factory. It included the whole sex, for a decree was issued that their servants should be deprived of the comfort of wives of any race or country while in the Company's service in India. Such outrageous and insulting conduct on the part of a parcel of mere grocers, was not likely to be quietly acquiesced in by the better moiety of the English human family; and if "love laughs at locks and bars" mere decrees promulgated by pursy tradesmen are not likely to prevent it from wandering whither it listeth. This monastic ordinance of celibacy consequently was contemptuously evaded, or interest was brought to bear to modify it at a very early date after its issue.

The charming Miss Frances Webbe was the first case in point. She accompanied Gabriel Towerson, his wife and a Mrs. Hudson, on their voyage to Surat as passengers in the "Anne" in 1617, and at the Cape she was married to a fellow voyager, the ingenious Mr. Richard Steele. Mrs. Towerson was not an Englishwoman, her father being a Dutch diamond polisher in the service of Prince Kharram, (afterwards Shah Jehan) and her mother an Armenian, residing at Agra. She had previously married William Hawkins in that city, between 1608 and 1611, and upon his return she accompanied her husband to England. After his death there she married Towerson,

and having debts owing to her late husband to collect, "heard the East a' calling" and somehow succeeded in circumventing the Company's ban. She can scarcely be termed a "pukkha" Memsahib, so the distinction of being the first English Memsahibs to reside for any length of time in India, though not the first to tread its soil, rests, so far as contemporary records reveal, with Mrs. Steele and Mrs. Hudson. They were thus the pioneers of that vast procession of their countrywomen which has followed them through the ages, bringing solace in the loneliness, comfort in the homes, and distraction from official cares and business worries to countless Britons whose lot has since been cast in the busy marts and remote solitudes of India.

It is a sad evidence of the blindness of mortal man to the greatest privileges and blessings bestowed upon him by a more far seeing Providence, to find that the appearance of Mrs. Steel, Mrs. Hudson, and Mrs. Towerson, who seems to have been greeted on her arrival by her Mamma and a mysterious Aunt, was hailed with a certain coldness, and lack of that enthusiasm to be expected upon so joyful and historic an occasion. It is only possible to form an opinion regarding this regrettable attitude from the scanty references in such official papers as have been preserved, and it may therefore be hoped that a libel has been committed on British chivalry. It is a shock, however, to find Sir Thomas Roe, the cultured and courtly Ambassador from King James Ist, to the Emperor Jehangir, so far from expressing joy at their coming, peevishly writing, "I desire no weeman's company, but labour to leave such incumbrances behind" and later when he heard that these ladies were on their way to Ajmere, to join Messrs. Steels and Towerson at the Court of the Great Moghul, the shy or misogynistic Ambassador prepares to seek refuge in flight from this bevy of comforters; for he again writes "The woemeen are almost arrived at Court, but I hope I shall depart the towne before." This was a pretty welcome.

But even such passive and fugitive behaviour on the part of Sir Thomas Roe, unexpected and disgusting as it must have been to the ladies, and disappointing as it is to the admirers of that great man, was considered complaisant to the point of weakness, by at least one dour mechanic person, named William Biddulph, Factor at Ahmedabad. This groveller actually wrote to the Chairman of the East India Company in London, blaming the Ambassador for not packing off Steele, Towerson, and the ladies by the earliest ship bound for England, reminding "his masters" that "it is an article of your Commission that whoever shall have a wife in these parts, shall upon knowledge thereof be forthwith dismissed of his place and service, and sent home."

If, therefore, as every right minded Briton and all Britonesses must hold that this first entry of the "Memsahib" into the sphere she has for centuries adorned, is an historical event of the very first importance, and that it deserves to be duly commemorated, surely the time has arrived when a composition of statuary should be erected upon some appropriate site, such as, for instance, the lawn of the Royal Bombay Yacht Club, portraying the group of noble dames who first graced these shores with their presence. A fitting condemnation of the sentiments of persons of the Biddulph type, might be expressed by exhibiting Mrs. Steele, who was evidently a lady of spirit and seductive charm, with her foot firmly planted on the neck of this obstructive miscreant. It is an inspiring subject, and in the hands of a sculptor of genius, capable of rising to a great occasion, a design sprightly yet dignified might be produced. Its subject, in any case, would prove an antidote to the depression produced by the swarm of dreadful effigies of departed politicians and philanthropists, which now crowd the public places of our cities.

"An event of the very first importance."

Note. Having casually mentioned this fascinating subject to that ingenious and versatile sculptor, Mr. P. Muddyhand Chipstone, who professed to be so enthralled with its possibilities that with the facility for which he is noted backed by that keen scent for a possible commission to which his professional brethren attribute his success rather than to his admitted talent, he at once sketched the design herewith reproduced. Upon the merits of this work of art the author may have his own ideas, but prefers to leave it to the judgment of his readers.

It would appear in fact that the attraction this lively lady exercised upon at least one of the Company's servants, of course in addition to that which held her spouse captive was her chief offence in the eyes of the more seriously minded Factors. Captain Pring, who commanded the small fleet in which this siren and her distracting companions were passengers, complains of their "vaguaries" during the voyage. Soon after their arrival at Surat he again writes in a querulous tone to his employers, of the infatuated conduct of the Chaplain of the "Anne." Richard Steele having to proceed alone to Ahmedabad, the Captain reports from his ship at Swally Hole, near the mouth of the Tapti River, where the fleet lay at anchor, "At the instant request of Mr. Steele, I gave leave to Gouldinge, the preacher of the "Anne," to keep his (Steele's) wife company at Surat, where he remained for three or four months during which time he was loath to trouble the English house with too many sermons. When the gentlewomen were to depart from Surat to goe to Amadavare (Ahmedabad) hee was straungly importunate with me to give him leave to goe, and Mr. Steele as desirous of his Company. Both these requests I utterly denied, commanding him to stay, and gave charge to Mr. Kerridge (the President at Surat) to stop his passadge. For a daie or two he dissembled his intent in which time hee fitted himself secretlie with Moore's apparell which, being procured, and all things els fitt for a fugative, hee takes leave of Mr. Kerridge, pretending to come aboard the "Anne." Hee was no sooner over the river, but he altered his course, put on his

Moore's apparell and took his way to Amadaver. The Lord Ambassador hearing of his arrivall (there) and hearing by my letter the manner of his departure from Surat, sent for him, where after a sharp reprehension, he advised him to return. This "extravagant" having made many fayre promises to His Lordship took his leave with all speed to come on board the ships, being accompanied with Mr. Bickford, Mr. Heynes, and Henry Dodsworth. The second daies journey coming downe, hee was desirous to ride before to showe his horse, which indeed was only to pay them with a slippe for from that day to this wee heard no more of him; but wee suppose that hee doth follow the "leskar" (the camp) in company of Mr. Steele and his wife, yet I hope His Lordship will finde him, and despatch him away, that he may not disgrace our religion and country. When I consider the vanity of this man, I praise God, that sent Mr. Copeland with me (in the "Royal James," Pring's ship) whose virtuous life suiting well with his sound doctrine, is the only means to draw men to God."

Mr. Gouldinge certainly showed more of the cunning of the serpent than the innocence of the dove, in this affair, but with all due respect to Captain Pring's unfavourable comparisons between this gentleman's character and that of his sober confrere, Mr. Copeland, the sympathies of every sportsman must go out to the resourceful preacher of the "Anne." To undertake the journey from Surat to Ahmedabad, in April, even in "Moore's apparell" was no light undertaking in those days, and Mr. Gouldinge's determination to protect Mrs. Steele on her journey through a country traversed by the roughest of roads, and infested by robbers and "Rashpoots" as fierce as the Indian sun at midday, must, in the opinion of every liberal minded reader, more than counterbalance any slight but necessary verbal or other "slippes" his chivalrous behaviour involved him in. This incident reveals the grudging and carping spirit in which the more sordid minded and unimaginative of the occupants of the "English House" regarded the coming of the Memsahib.

Although Mrs. Hudson and Mrs. Steele were the first Memsahibs to reside in India, one Englishwoman, Lady Powell, for a very short time visited Sind some five years before their arrival at Surat. She was the wife of Sir Thomas Powell, Ambassador from King James 1st of England to Shah Abbas of Persia. Powell had lived for some years at the Persian Court, and had accompanied Sir Robert Sherley and his wife, a Christian Circassian lady, when the Persian sovereign sent Sherley on his famous embassy to Europe, in 1608. During the visit of the embassy to England, Powell married one of his countrywomen and before returning to Persia, was knighted by King James and charged with complimentary letters to the Shah. The party, consisting of Sir Robert and Lady Sherley, Sir Thomas and Lady Powell and a few other Englishmen, sailed from Dover by the East India Company's ship "Expedition" in 1612, intending to disembark at Gombroon (Bunder Abbas) the usual port for Ispahan. When, however, they approached their destination they found it blockaded by the Portuguese fleet. Captain Newport, who commanded the ship, next tried to land the party at Jask, but the Portuguese on shore prevented this, so Sherley decided to disembark at Lari Bunder, the port at the mouth of the Indus, for Tatta, and thence to travel overland to Ispahan across the deserts of Baluchistan. This landing was successfully carried out; but after Captain Newport had proceeded on his voyage, to Bantam, in Java, and Sherley and his party had reached Tatta, their troubles began. The Portuguese had either bribed or intimidated the Moghul Governor of the town to throw every obstacle in the way of their reaching Persia. Sherley nevertheless persisted in his preparations, and, as the Governor professed to doubt his and Powell's status as Ambassadors, succeeded in despatching a messenger to Ajmere, forwarding his credentials to the Emperor Jehangir, and requesting assistance to enable the party to proceed on their journey. Finding the Governor weakening in his opposition, and Sherley, despite the recent death of Sir Thomas Powell at Tatta, still determined, the Portuguese suborned the lawless Baluchis of the adjacent wilderness to hold up and loot Sherley's caravan as soon as it had crossed the Indus. The tribes carried out this congenial job with their customary businesslike heartiness. No sooner had the party been ferried across the river than they were attacked; and during the onslaught two of the English-

The landing of the first Memsahib in India.

William Biddulph, Factor of Ahmedabad welcomes the first Memsahibs.

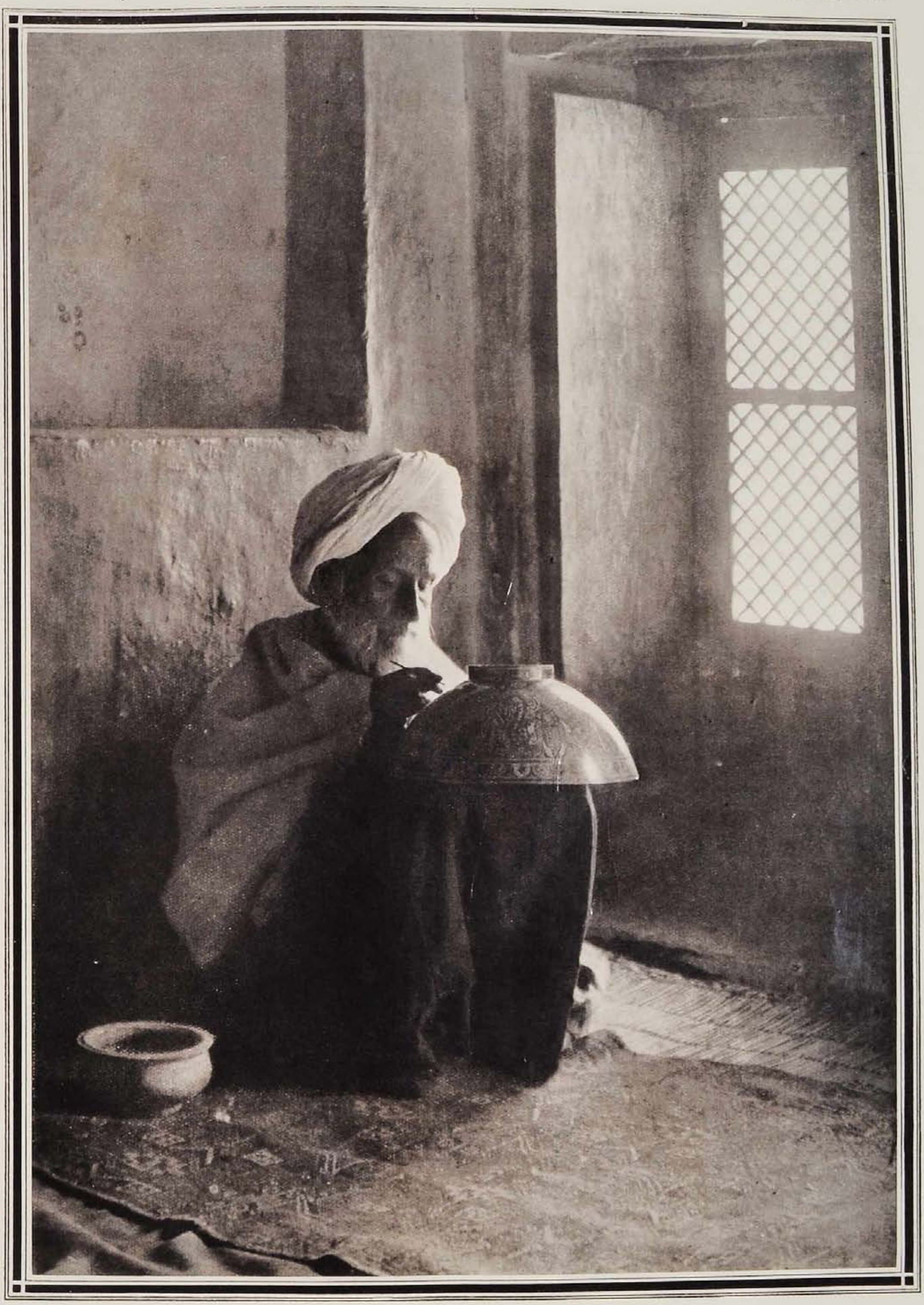
men, Ward and Michael Powell were killed, while the widowed Lady Powell and her infant succumbed to exposure and terror. Sir Robert and Lady Sherley who escaped, now disappear from our narrative; suffice it to say that they reached Ispahan after many interesting adventures.

There is no mitigating element to lighten the little that is known of the sad story of Lady Powell, the first Englishwoman known to have visited India; and of her infant, the first English child born within its boundaries, and buried in its soil. Their fate was indeed prophetic of the heartbreaking tragedies the future held in store for many of her sisters, through succeeding generations, who, like Lady Powell, answering the call of love and duty, left the familiar shelter and safety of English homes, to face exposure, and unknown perils, and, like her, to meet all too often an early death in a far off land. The thought of that little piece of ground on the bank of the Indus, unmarked, but still "for ever England" in which lies the dust of these two pathetic precursors of the unnumbered graves of Englishwomen and their children, in consecrated ground and lonely jungle throughout the vast Peninsular, brings a poignant realization of the sacrifice in agony, and tears, offered by Britain to the building of her Empire in India. No such sad and tragic reflections, however, cling round the recorded doings of Mrs. Steele, and Mrs. Hudson. These good ladies respectively forecast the lighter and robuster sides of the Memsahib's life in temporary exile. Mrs. Steele will be for ever famous as the inaugurator of what to after generations was vulgarly known as the great Indian marriage market, and as such deserves a place with Columbus, and "stout Cortez" as a discoverer and conqueror. Her capture of, and marriage to, the wily and enterprising Steele at the Cape on the outward voyage, was the first recorded achievement of its kind; and incidentally illustrates a phenomenon, until then little noticed, but since recognized as common as sea-sickness, during the voyages to the East, namely, the potent influence which propinquity and sea air appear to exercise in fostering the tender passions.

If Mrs. Steele first brought light into the drab lives of Englishmen in India, by means of those social graces so vividly portrayed by Rudyard Kipling in the adventures of the fascinating Mrs. Hawksbee, Mrs. Hudson exhibited qualities in the Englishwoman's character, more solid than showy. No "extravagant," lay, or clerical, was lured from his duty to range the country "in Moores apparell," at her heels, or found himself "on the mat" before an admonitory Ambassador, for, deserting his desk or "his flock" on her account. Whatever motive prompted her undertaking so long a journey, it is quite certain that, having embarked upon it, this lady was out for business. Having brought £120 in cash with her to India, she invested this sum in indigo, thereby infringing the holiest monopoly of the Company; and, furthermore, she managed to get her little parcel of this valuable and contraband commodity shipped on the "Anne" when she returned to England, without mentioning the fact to the owners. Of course some malicious and envious varlet gave the poor lady away, and pompous old Sir Thomas Smythe, (he was plain Tom Smith before he made his money) the Governor of the Company, and his "Committees" kicked up a nice fuss about it, when the vessel arrived at Tilbury. They even had the meanness to make the poor lady pay thirty-eight pounds for freight, before she could clear her goods, an action which exhibited the same peevish spirit characterising the attitude of the Factors at Surat, throughout this historic visit.

It must be regretfully admitted that the first coming of the Memsahib afforded little satisfaction to any of the actors in that great event. In the absence of any meteorological portents, fiery tailed comets, earthquakes, or those other convulsions of Nature, supposed generally to herald the birth of the new and the marvellous, those chiefly concerned appear to have regarded the matter as of little importance; and solely in the spirit that might be expected from each class or individual. Mrs. Steele cheerfully, as having had a splendid time, despite physical discomforts, and stuffy old Ambassadors and Factors; Mrs. Hudson dolefully, as having after all the dangers and discomforts of two sea voyages, and the exhausting heats of Surat, only made eighty per cent. on her indigo deal, thanks to the disgusting levy of the Company; the Chairman and "Committees" of the said Company grimly determined never again to relax their rules and allow another Englishwoman to land in India. Poor fools! they recked not what they were up against. From the eminence she now occupies, the Memsahib of to-day can regard with amused contempt not unmixed with pity the purblind efforts of those pygmies to prevent her entrance into her Indian kingdom; but the names of Mrs. Steele and Mrs. Hudson must always occupy an honoured place among women as the pioneers who first surveyed the Promised Land and pointed the path to its conquest.

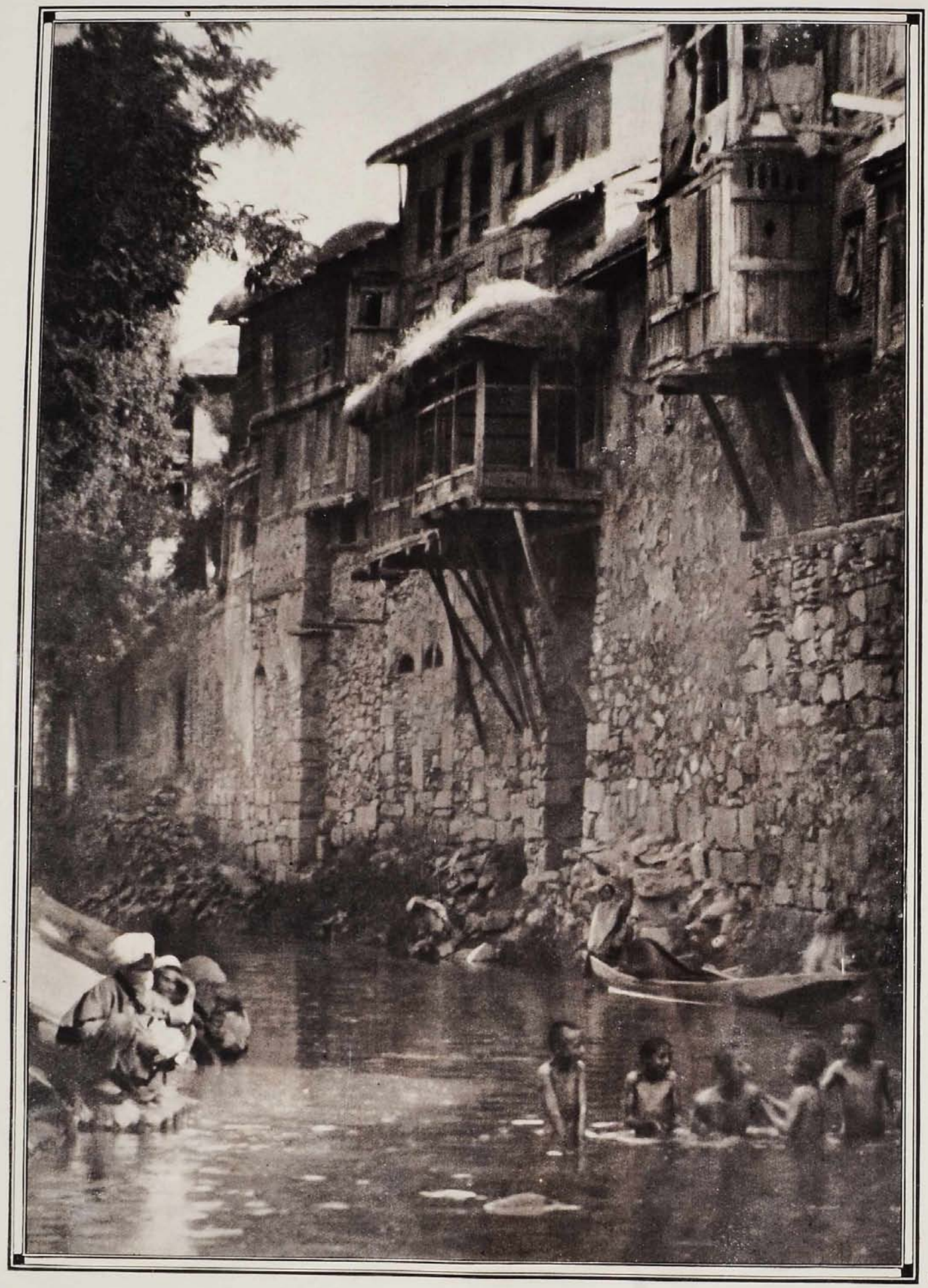
Sir Thomas Roe, Kt



THE PAPIER MACHÉ BOWL.

Photo by Major W. de H. Haig, R.E.

One of the chief products of Kashmir is *papier maché* work, quantities of which are sold to visitors and sent to England and America. The work is done by villagers in their own homes to the order of the various retail dealers; the best workers are old men and considering the badly lit rooms they work in, the fineness of the work they do is marvellous.



PADDLING IN THE MAR CANAL.

Photo by Major W. de H. Haig, R.E.

The Mar Canal, at the back of the main town, though evil smelling and dirty, is a favourite excursion for the visitor to Kashmir. In the summer the water is often so low that even a small boat (shikara) has to be lifted by the boatmen and carried fifty yards at a time to deeper water beyond. Kashmiri children spend most of the day in the water and its colour and consistency appear to be of no consequence to them.

The above Photograph is of a fleet of Taxis used by the American Tourists during their visit to Delhi a few months ago. All the Cars were fitted with DUNLOP TYRES only and the report of the Engineer of the Taxi Company is that "they had no trouble at all during the whole period of time."

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
Lie in three words,—Health, Peace and Competence.

POPE'S "ESSAY ON MAN."

—and might you not very reasonably reduce the three words to one—Health? For Health is your great maker of peace. And, most certainly, the power of work that leads to competence (or more) depends fundamentally on Health.

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TRAVEL IN INDIA IN BYGONE DAYS.

by D Dewar

OWING to lack of railways and roads fit for wheeled traffic, journeys in India were, until the middle of last century, almost invariably made in boats or palanquins. Those who had to proceed to up-country stations from Bombay used to go by sea wherever practicable in order to save expense. They were obliged to sail in country craft, such as pattimars, buggalows and Cutch kotias. Various travellers have described their experiences on voyages made in such craft. Mrs. Postans tells us that the average Cutch kotia was of the rudest construction, half-decked, deficient in privacy, accommodation and cleanliness. "These boats," she writes, "from their peculiar build, roll and pitch dreadfully: they boast but one cabin, which is divided horizontally, and, from the ridiculous lowness of both its compartments, seems to have been intended only for the accommodation of an upper and lower stratum of monkeys: moreover so infested are they with rats and every other description of vermin, that the sensitive voyager must either occupy the hold in joint tenure with his horses, dogs and luggage, or devote himself to a full endurance of their attacks in the little den courteously yclept a cabin, the single door of which gives full admission to the unsavory steams of ghee, onions and dried fish which are at all times under culinary preparation." During the monsoon, these vessels did not sail, so that all communication by water between Bombay and up-country stations was cut off. The voyage from Bombay to Cutch occupied from four to twenty days according to the state of the weather. In case of a squall the boats at sea would immediately run into the nearest creek where they anchored until the weather became fair.

Every Indian river has craft peculiar to itself and Europeans travelling by river had to utilise some kind of country boat, adapted as far as possible to Western requirements. The vessel most commonly used on the Ganges was the Budgerow, of which an illustration is given from a drawing made, about a century ago, by Captain Luard. The budgerow was a flat-bottomed barge, about fifty-five feet long, having a very high stern and a single mast adapted to take either a large sail or a tow-rope, according as the wind was favourable or not. There were also rower's seats amidships, but the oars were used only when it was necessary to pass through deep water against the wind. The vessel was too heavy to be propelled far with oars by a crew which numbered from twelve to twenty. The broad high aft part of the budgerow was occupied by two cabins, one in front of the other. The fore cabin was about eighteen feet by fifteen and the aft one about twelve feet square. The sides of the cabins were well supplied with windows fitted with venetian blinds to let in air and light and keep out wind and rain. The front cabin was furnished as a dining room and the rear one as a bedroom. On the deck, above the cabins, the crew and some of the servants used to sleep. Occasionally the cooking was done there, but more usually there was another vessel to accommodate the cook and his kitchen. Horses and baggage were also carried on other vessels, usually of the kind known as patelas. Travelling by budgerow was very comfortable: the chief objection to it was its slowness. He who proceeded by budgerow from Calcutta to Allahabad could not reasonably hope to reach his destination in less than two months. To cite a concrete case, Mr. Lowrie, a missionary, set out from Calcutta on July 25th, 1834, and reached Allahabad on September 23rd. He went on to Cawnpore, at which station he arrived on October 9th.

Those who were pressed for time used to travel by palanquin or in the faster but less comfortable kind of vessel known as the bhoulia or bolio. The more elaborate keeled pinnace drew at least three feet of water and used in consequence to run aground in the shoal-strewed Ganges; thus, although this type of vessel had two masts and could sail much more rapidly than the budgerow, it was really not much more speedy in the long run, on account of the time spent in refloating it after it had run aground. On the Sutlej Europeans used to travel in craft known as dundis. These were more primitive than the budgerow and less comfortable. They resembled a Thames barge in build, but the stem and stern were more raised. The passenger occupied the part of the vessel between the raised bow and stern. By means of bamboos and reeds, a room, about eighteen feet by nine, was erected for the living apartment of the passenger. Another smaller room was made in the same way to serve as a kitchen.

In 1828 a new era in river travel was inaugurated by the running of steamers on the Ganges. The steamers acted as tugs and were used to carry cargo and tow a Noah's ark-like affair, known as an accommodation boat. This was fitted with a dining saloon and a number of cabins. The roofs of these formed a promenade deck for the passengers. Meals were provided on board. Although these steamers could not travel by night on account of the shoals, the time occupied by the voyage between Calcutta and Allahabad was reduced by more than one hundred per cent.

As it was not possible to perform the whole of most journeys by water, we must regard the palanquin as the vehicle *par excellence* in the India of the past. This was an oblong box, of which the sides were of double canvass to make the conveyance light. It was long enough to allow the traveller to lie down, and he spent as much as possible of the journey asleep. In front and behind were small windows fitted with glass or venetians. The palanquin was fitted inside with a shelf to hold small objects in use during the journey. There was a pole in front and one behind the palanquin, attached to it about three-fifths up the body. These poles were rivetted to iron ribs and strengthened by iron stays from each corner of the palanquin. Each pole rested on the shoulders of two men. Although only four men actually carried the palanquin, eight bearers accompanied it, so that each man could be relieved after a short spell of carrying. The

The Konkan, the Konkan—
Where maidens tie their hair
With the soft white chambeli flowers
That smell so sweet and fair;
Those little maids that seem to have
A twinkle in their eye,
Those dainty maids that smile at me
Slyly, as I pass by.

❧ ❧ ❧

The Konkan, the Konkan—
Her craggy peaks are set
With Sivaji's stern fortresses
That proud are standing yet,
Where with his fierce Maratha hordes
He faced the Mogul's power
And he and all his gallant men
Enjoyed their glorious hour.

❧ ❧ ❧

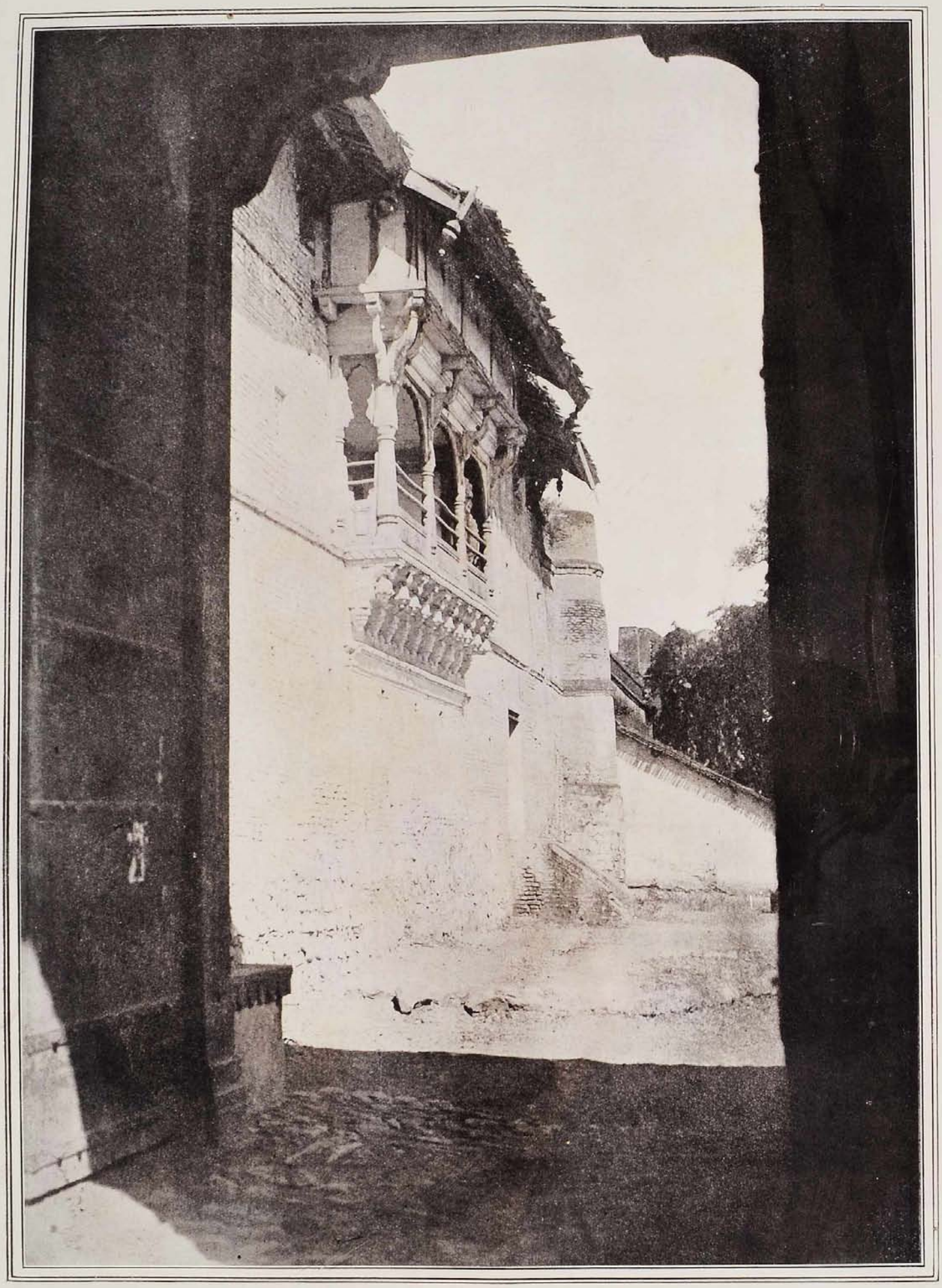
The Konkan, the Konkan—
It's there that I would be
And watch the jolly fisher boats
Rolling out to sea;
A-tipping, a-tumbling
Across the boiling foam
Until with glutted decks awash
They come a-rolling home.

R. G. G.

Photo by Col. C. Kennedy Crauford-Stuart.

A MAHRATTA WARRIOR.

The establishment of the Indian State troops has led to the extinction of much that was picturesque and mediaeval in India, but to this day coats of chain armour and arms suggestive of the days of the Crusaders may be seen in some States, and many of the ruling Princes retain among their bodyguards just enough of the ancient style of armour to enable one to appreciate what a tremendous innovation was effected when the modern system of arming and training their troops was introduced in the Native States.



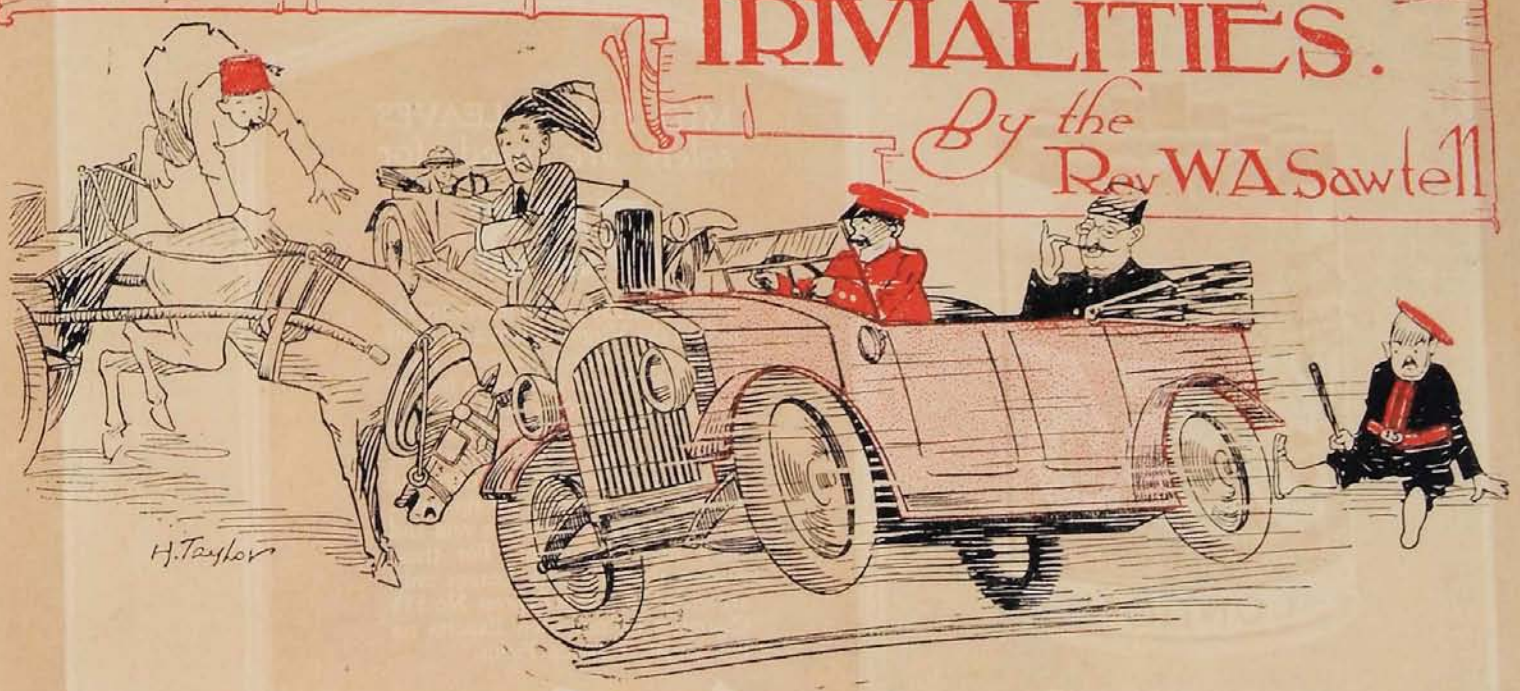
THE BALCONY.

Photo by Col. C. Kennedy Crauford-Stuart.

The grandeur of many palace gateways in India, such as the superb Lahore Gate of the Palace at Delhi, is matched by the delicate beauty of the balconies set in sloping buttressed walls which characterise many buildings in various parts of the country. Much of the romance of history may be read in a balcony by anyone gifted with imagination—even in these prosaic days when a young man's equipment does not, as a rule, include a rope ladder.

SOME BOMBAY TRIVIALITIES.

By the Rev W.A. Sawtell



THE sweet security of streets' is a phrase of Elia's which may seem ill suited to Bombay. Henley's description of the Strand, "A roaring reach of life and death," is doubtless more appropriate to any of our main thoroughfares. Yet despite her delirium of noise and traffic, Bombay shares with all great cities the element of security which comforted Elia's Cockney soul. There is a feeling of shelter in moving between walls and along pavements which is known well to the townsman returned from a spell in jungle or plain. In this intricacy of streets, this multitude of cloud capp'd towers and gorgeous palaces, with innumerable shops and dwellings nestling in between, *homo sapiens* is at home; the kingdom of Man has come; Dame Nature, that hard stepmother, is thrust out; Man goes about his business in cosy security. That is why suburbs are so unsatisfactory. They may have most of the conveniences of civilisation, but they lack the ideal atmosphere of the town. Water and electricity laid on, telephones and two or more posts a day—no doubt you get them all at Bandra and Santa Cruz; but you are out of the city's hum and stir, out of its myriad activities in close neighbourhood, deprived of that sense of being *inside*, with much to do and much being done all round you, which is a prime element in the townsman's love of the town.

Every city is a kind of island, a refuge in the ocean of surrounding country; but more than a refuge merely—it is a fixed point in the illimitable inane where you may work and play, and watch others work and play, with the feeling of being sheltered, protected, at home. Islanders are usually sturdy patriots precisely for that reason. Dr. Johnson made some disparaging remarks about them, but he regarded them only in antithesis to the inhabitants of cities, which he loved. He would surely have been a *nesophile* (a word of my coining, but not unworthy of his) had he known the island-city of Bombay.

But the sweet security of streets would soon pall without their infinite variety. "Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening"—a dull prospect indeed if he had not the daily chance of meeting some new thing, like the Athenians of old. In a stretch of two hundred yards of streets you will encounter more novelties than in a march of twenty miles in the country. You must not be greedy, of course. Riots, colliding motor cars, and American tourists, are windfalls, uncovenanted mercies, "too good for human nature's daily food." The pious citizen of Bombay does not crave such boons of Mumbadevi, his tutelary deity, as matters of course. Your true townsman takes pleasure in trifles, so long as they are fresh—a new beggar at the next corner, a new shop-sign, new advertisements on walls or tram-cars, a new pitch established by a vendor of melon slices in the hot weather or parched gram and sweetmeats in the cold, such little things are duly appreciated as part of the change which makes town life incessantly attractive. Only this morning, "brushing with hasty steps the dew away" (figuratively speaking) I paused a moment to note an almost naked babe, a chubby four-year-old, "isled from the fretful hour" upon the steps of great public office, absorbed in a little game of his own with two empty match boxes and three bits of bluish stone. I thought of Coventry Patmore's poem,

No Sabbath dawns a day of rest for them.

"The Toys," but felt glad, not "sorry for his childishness." No pampered nursling secluded in the garden of some suburban mansion could have been more blissfully employed, however costly his playthings, nor could he have given such pleasure, albeit unconsciously, to the unheeded wayfarer.

This variety of town sights is compounded with the opposite element of permanence, and therein lies much enhancement of its charm. The setting of streets and buildings remains the same, while the pictures change from day to day and hour to hour. And yet there is also a recurrence of familiar sights and sounds. This too gives satisfaction to the town lover. There is a kind of reassurance in meeting the same people at the same point, or thereabouts, day after day. The daily encounter with the *roti-walla* and his hand-cart, the postman on his rounds, *chokras*, bearing the sahib's mid-day refection to office in those useful tiffin carriers which seem peculiar to Bombay, help to inspire the feeling that "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world." You see the same folk bound on the same errands at the same time of every day, perhaps for years, and you conceive for them a friendly regard without ever a word being spoken on either side. That again is an advantage of town life. Rustic sentiment demands that you pass the time of day with those you meet regularly upon the road, and you do so until the greeting becomes a tiresome habit. "The freedom of the city" involves no such obligations. You may or may not salute the familiar passer-by, as you are moved or as you think he will take it. But once begun the salutation must be maintained. For many months now I have daily greeted a couple of devoted golfers bound for the Maidan. Always we meet somewhere between the Improvement Trust Building and the Cathedral shortly before sunrise.

No Sabbath dawns a day of rest for them. Weekdays and Sundays (the rains alone quench their ardour) they stride with clubs bound on shoulder, their brows bent with purpose, silent yet as it were breathing defiance of Colonel Bogie. Their names I know not; their domicile I vaguely conjecture. They may be just as ignorant of me. But after many weeks of coldly staring at each other, we broke the ice with a smile and an exchange of Good Mornings which is now religiously maintained. That is the sum of our relations—not much, perhaps, yet touched with the grace of neighbourliness as far as it goes, and not embarrassed, as it would be in a village, with the feeling that it ought to go farther.

There are regular recurrences in the daily round which sometimes challenge an idle curiosity. The onlooker sees things happen every day and "still he wonders what they are," but with a wonder too mild to prompt inquiry. A procession of barrels on hand-carts goes northward every morning in the grey dawn past the Maidan. The coolies drawing and pushing them have a sprightly air unusual with their kind. This, coupled with the occasional decoration of a palm-branch stuck into a bung-hole, led me to suppose that they were barrels of toddy. It looked like a joyous harvesting of the benisons of our local Bacchus. But this theory could not survive the daily repetition of the spectacle in all seasons. Prohibitionists will rejoice to learn that the barrels contain water drawn from the High Court well. This water finds a brisk market in the bazaars. In the evenings the well itself attracts a pilgrimage of devotees—many of them in motor cars and victorias—with large copper lotas which are filled by syce or chauffeur, while the owners sit solemn and satisfied in their vehicles.

Another phenomenon of the pavement which once had its small problem for me was the *chokras'* bonfire on cold weather mornings. At several quiet corners between the Maidan and Hornby Road on a chilly morning, you may see a heap of blazing straw or hay with a group of chattering urchins gathered round in high enjoyment. The puzzle was, where did they find the fuel? One morning I saw a *chokra* tearing along the road after a fast-trotting *ghari*. When well up to it, he thrust a hand into the sacking slung beneath the *ghari* and drew thence a large bunch of hay, which he bore in triumph to a bonfire round the corner. My duty as a citizen doubtless was to report the matter to the nearest policeman, but bonfires are jolly things and doubly so, I imagine, when the straw that feeds them is "pinched." Besides, I now had the satisfaction of knowing how it was done. Why spoil it by preventing its being done any more!

Sights and discoveries such as these are the trivial but pleasing harvest of the morning walk. Walking in a city always brings its reward in a crop of little things seen which are lost to those who have no use for streets, but they get through them at top speed. But in Bombay a walk must be gone upon in the morning. Later in the day

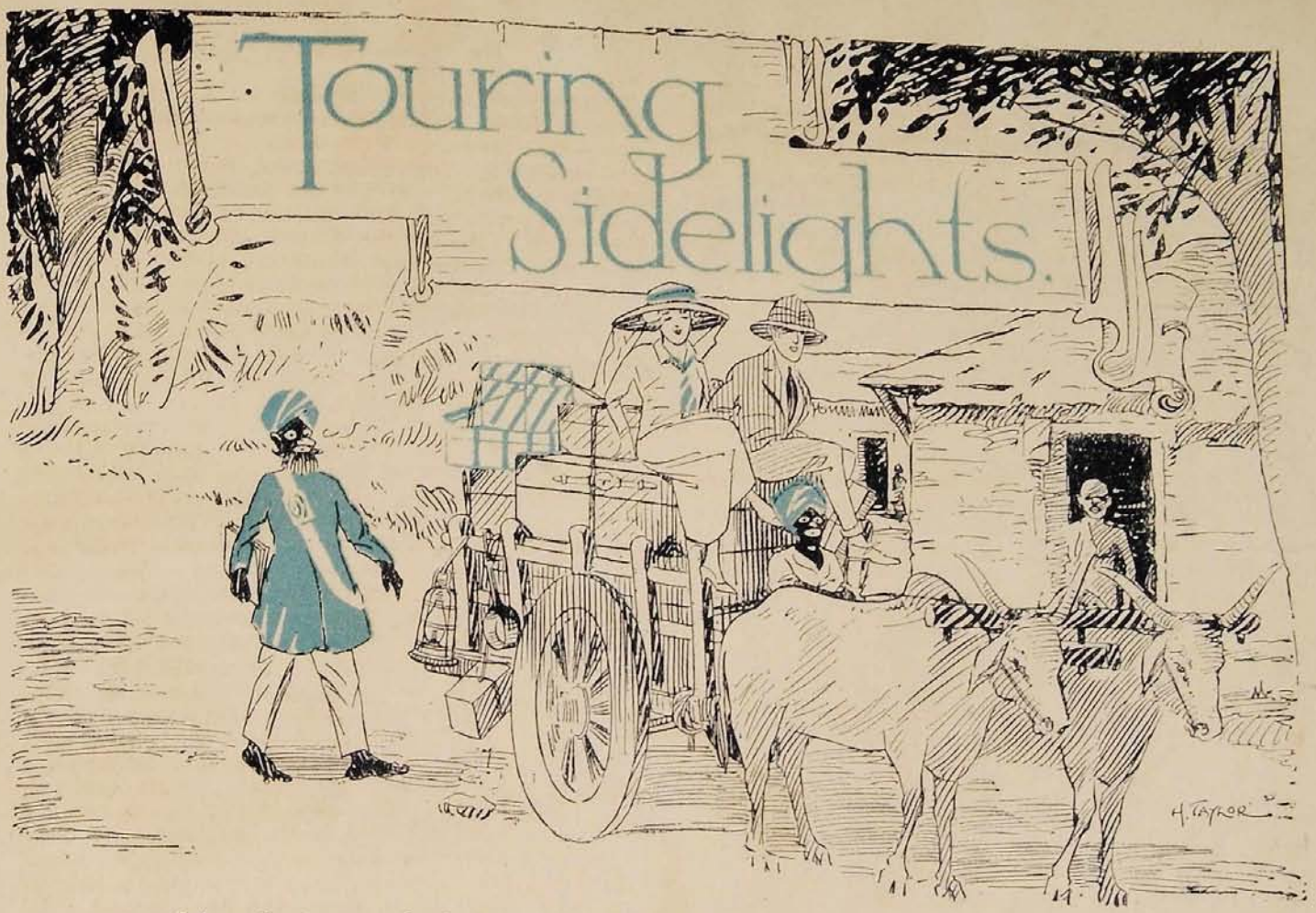
The isle is full of noises

and very harassing and distracting noises too (why not have a phonometer affixed to every taxi-cab and levy a tax proportionate to the number of times the horn is sounded). We know from Shakespeare that "the horn is not a thing to be despised." The Bombay horns fill the meek pedestrian with terror, and when traffic is at its height he is just a piece of flotsam in its whirling currents. But when all that mighty heart is lying still in bed, the wayfarer may look about him at his leisure. One of my morning discoveries was the fruit market held in Parsi Bazar Street and its purlieus. The pale and deeper yellows, the rich greens and crimsons of the heaped up fruit are a feast for the eye in the sombre setting of this ancient street. Another little one was the frieze of funny little animals running round the south facade of Oriental Buildings—I had passed the place scores of times without noticing this queer adornment of a great house of commerce. A third discovery was the fact that the crown on Queen Victoria's statue 'takes off." I have seen the Great White Queen bare headed, undergoing a wet shampoo at the hands of a P.W.D. coolie. This statue, by the way, is one of the few in Bombay that are not ugly. Dignified and beautiful in itself, it is fortunate in its fine background of dark green banyan trees. The trousered and frock coated effigies stuck up at other points in the Fort are only redeemed by the good intentions that placed them there. Hidden in Elphinstone garden there are two excellent statues. According to the late Mr. James Douglas one of them, the Cornwallis monument, used to be deified by the ignorant populace to such an extent that a Government Resolution was once issued from Bombay Castle deprecating the practice of doing *puja* at the spot. One does not see groups of worshippers there now, though I have once or twice noticed a votive chaplet placed upon the base of the statue. Whether or not this decline in popular favour is due to greater "enlightenment" or, which is more probable, to the over multiplication of public statues in Bombay, I cannot say. But in any case the pujawallas showed good taste in selecting this monument for reverential honour.

The American tourist.

These are a few of the little things that may be seen in a comparatively small section of the streets of Bombay—to be precise in an area bounded by the Maidan on the West and Elphinstone Circle to the East. They are perhaps very little things indeed, trivialities in a literal and a moral sense. But the sole point of this article is to show that trifles such as these may afford much mild entertainment to the true townsman when he takes his walks abroad.

Touring Sidelights.



OF late the junior official in India has not been much of a personage; I hesitate even to bring him into comparison with that noble vegetable, the Small Potato. All the same, he shares with the M.P., the peeress and the American millionaire the valued privilege of cold-weather touring in this romantic land. The points of difference are only slight. His pace is measured by the camel or the bullock-cart instead of the Delhi Mail; he traffics not with dead Moguls, but with living Mamlatdars; the sights that leave his wife breathless and (alas!) speechless are less beautiful than the Taj. But each year the Wanderlust seizes him. Or, to put it more accurately, life at headquarters becomes impossible.

The rains are over and the evenings are growing pleasant. I can laugh without straightway engulfing some odorous insect. I have 'whacked up' my speed on the tennis-court from four to six m.p.h. I have temporarily mastered that culminating mystery, the Table of Leads from Great Strength against a No-trump Declaration. In short, the Club has become a desirable resort. Accordingly the Furies decide that the stage is set for the following tabloid triologue:—

Collector to my husband (*meaningly*): "And where do you think of going out to first?"

My husband to me (*next day*): "We shall be leaving for Badbúabád on Monday."

Me to my husband:—"Oh well, never mind what *I* say. It makes no difference anyhow."

I pass lightly over the base mechanic exercise of packing-up, with its endless repetition. Eels, they say, grow used to being skinned. The most vital of our preparations falls to my husband's share, and may be crystallized in the classic bromide:—"First catch your"—bungalow. Possibly the housing shortage is less acute in other districts. Here the strategy of a Julius Caesar is needed to secure our winter quarters. The hue and cry after the elusive bungalow never dies down from the first to the one hundred and fiftieth day of the Assistant Collector's season. Our bullock-carts, as they rumble into the compound, entangle themselves with those of the departing Collector, and the Police are hot on our trail as we flee in our turn.

Even such a consummation demands excellent staff-work and some luck. For upon the eccentric orbits of our little system impinge comets from afar. Sanitary Commissioners—poor Mrs. Partingtons that they are!—Horticultural experts, envoys of Education and Co-operation, all take their meteoric flight across our path. There are few things more galling than to be balked of a roof and driven into tents by the invasion of a wandering Forest Officer when to our certain knowledge the nearest forest is fifty miles away. I dream of a happy day when under the direction of a skilful liaison officer, the regular officials of our district shall flit nimbly as pusses-in-the-corner from building to building and leave never a niche for the tentless and disgusted alien to fit himself into.

Grant then we have our bungalow secured for the next seven days. What shall we do with it? Here is a golden opportunity for some enterprising paper. "The Bungalow Beautiful—a helpful article for the touring Memsahib." It would begin by pointing out how closely these dainty *maisonettes* conform to the aesthetic principle of variety in uniformity—not unduly stressing the variety. It is high time that the original architect was immortalized; to most of us he is still unknown, though we may conclude he was the bright particular star of the Carcerian School. The cell-like simplicity of the several rooms would tell us this even without the evidence of the wrought-iron work (late Victorian perpendicular) at the windows, artistically casemented with stained (and broken) glass.

But the writer would also cater for those who, inclined by barbaric taste, would spoil this chaste austerity with hangings. "Why not leave to native genius, he would write, the draping of your purdahs? Nothing will please your patawalas better than to shape the hem on the bias, run through a couple of superannuated pyjama-cords and leave the ends to droop in graceful festoons. You will be delighted with the effect. For the walls, what could be nicer than pictures from 'La Vie Parisienne,' secured by your husband at the Club auction, against keen competition from the Judge? The office 'Gloy' you will find an invaluable picture-hanger. Gentle manipulation on removal will save the print from damage, and really weather the delicate apricot stucco. Why call it by the ugly name of distemper?—very little—less, in fact, than the tenpenny nails of your predecessor or the cartridgeful

of No. 8 that missed the cobra in the bathroom. By attending to such details one can make a Home from Home."

Bungalows vary, though, in their circumstances if not in their architecture. Some must be shared; and I arrive to find that I have been made *purdah-nashin* on half the verandah, screened off by tent-kanáts. Our decorous staff are sadly dashed when I prove more anxious for ventilation than for privacy! Once we flattered ourselves that we had come upon a haunted bungalow. Each night as the shadows fell there rose from somewhere not far off what seemed the gnashing of ghostly teeth. Nothing was to be seen, not even an indignant monkey, and the only explanation that struck me as possibly alternative to a special visitation was one equally intriguing—the Evening Hate of baffled Non-co-operators. An otherwise welcome guest, however, broke all the laws of hospitality and shattered my fond illusion by diagnosing the nightly dithering as a distant chorus of frogs. No doubt the shade of Aristophanes smiled.

Touring for most of our household is a social function, expensive, perhaps, but cheery. I often feel like a shy little girl at her first party when I sit silently listening to the gay chatter going on all round the bungalow. My husband has company. To-day it may be only a contentious pleader or one of the local gentry; yesterday it was the responsible inhabitants of a hundred and twenty-four private streets that surged and thundered on the verandah and in the compound like Swaraj come at last. To the left, the naik is impressing the Mamlatdar's patawalas; away behind those bushes, some scallywag is teaching the junior servants the latest game of chance, while the butler in all innocence is holding the attention of the policeman on duty—spoiling his afternoon's fun, in fact—by telling him the sad story of his life. There is a 'gossip' for everybody,—" but never, oh, never, a one for me."

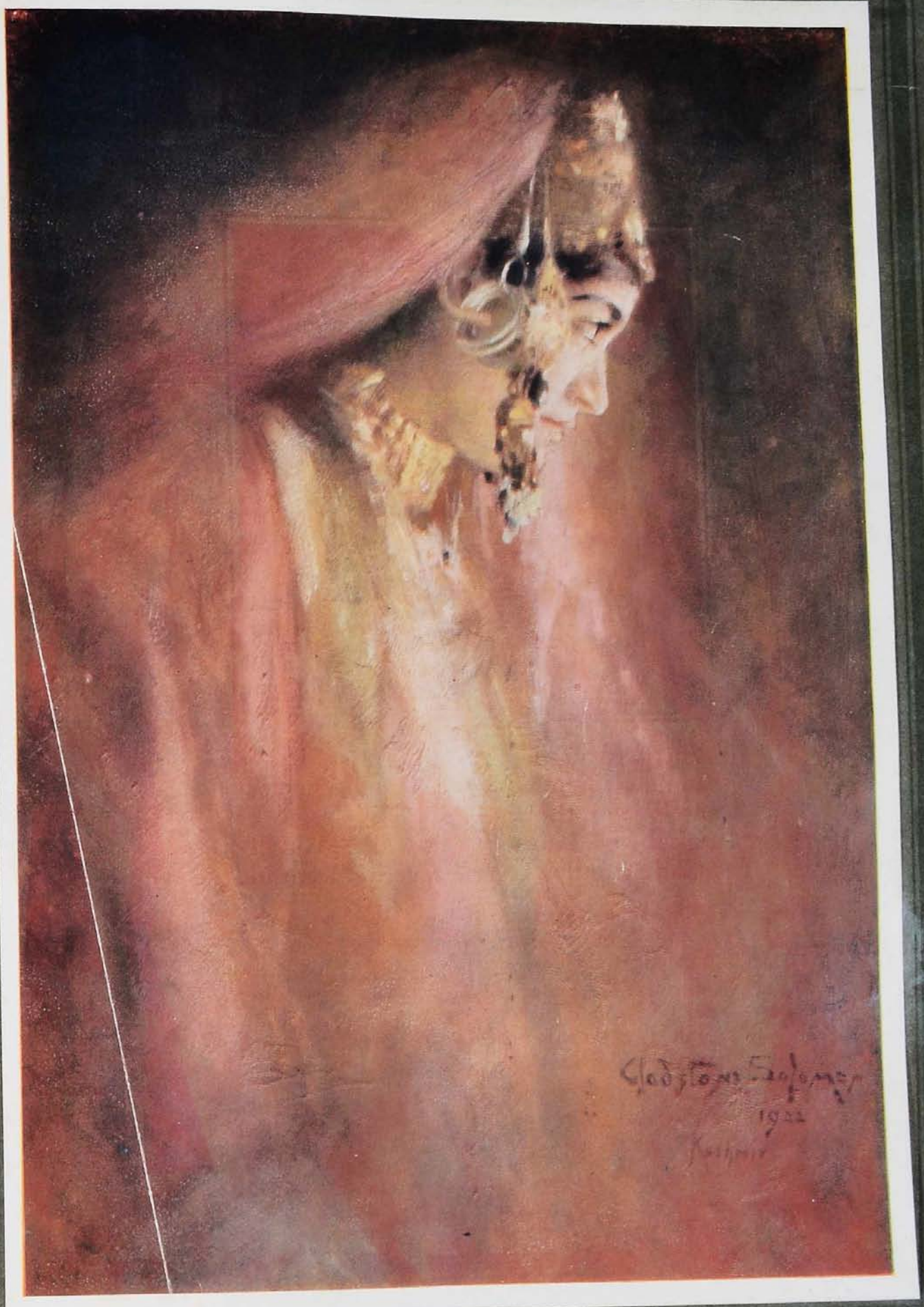
The office "Gloy" you will find an invaluable picture-hanger.

And after all it is we who pay the piper the morning that we leave. The same dirty ruffian as has, I suspect, jockeyed the syce out of a day's pay turns up all humility to see what he can extract in the way of baksheesh from the Sahib. He, or some one of the other expectants has an unholy power over the stolid grey horse that draws our trap. Generally the zealous animal makes it an athletic feat to scramble safely aboard before he starts off; on these mornings of departure he stands obstinately still while those judged undeserving heap salaam upon salaam and cringe nearer to the unrelenting driver. A little more practice, I feel, and we shall be wholly at their mercy. Then the only remedy will be to purchase a car of one of the less impressionable makes. Can anyone tell me what firm's cars are immune from witchcraft?

As I have said, we are not always so lucky as to secure a bungalow. Then tents are a necessity—as indeed they are when the tour takes us into the wilds. (For the ingenuous M.L.A. was mistaken in his supposition that officials inspected crops only "along the railway lines.") Tents bring their own problems and their own new sensations. The sweet mingled smell of clean straw and canvas; the gay fringes, red, blue and green, that decorate the yellow lining of the tent and lure the idle to constant ocular experiments; the ridiculous pride one takes in the far-flung encampment; these all rank on the credit side. The rigours of continual rope-dodging are a little mollified by the sight of some vakil's puggaree whisked off by the same hemp in snare. Nevertheless the Simple begins to merge into the Savage Life under the strain of propping a hand-mirror at any profitable angle and delving in the recesses of wooden chests for fresh blouses and hole-less hose. And the smiling face of Nature, approached too close, discloses scowls and sharp teeth.

In our noblest camping-ground, under vast and magnificent trees, I was to all intents beleaguered by a rank growth of weeds that swarmed in all the bordering fields and discharged balls of malignant prickles on any fabric that brushed them. Only Margot's Russian boots could have met the case. And the hedges were full of a soft velvety pod that tempts the wayfarer to stroke it. . . . I am glad to say, though, that this pod, unlike Abraham Lincoln, cannot fool even some of the people all of the time. One handling is quite enough! But we don't seem to grow things like that in our home town.

No, nothing is quite the same on tour as in head-quarters. Government has saved some money lately by cutting down our touring. Can you guess what the sun-dried bureaucrats think of Economy?



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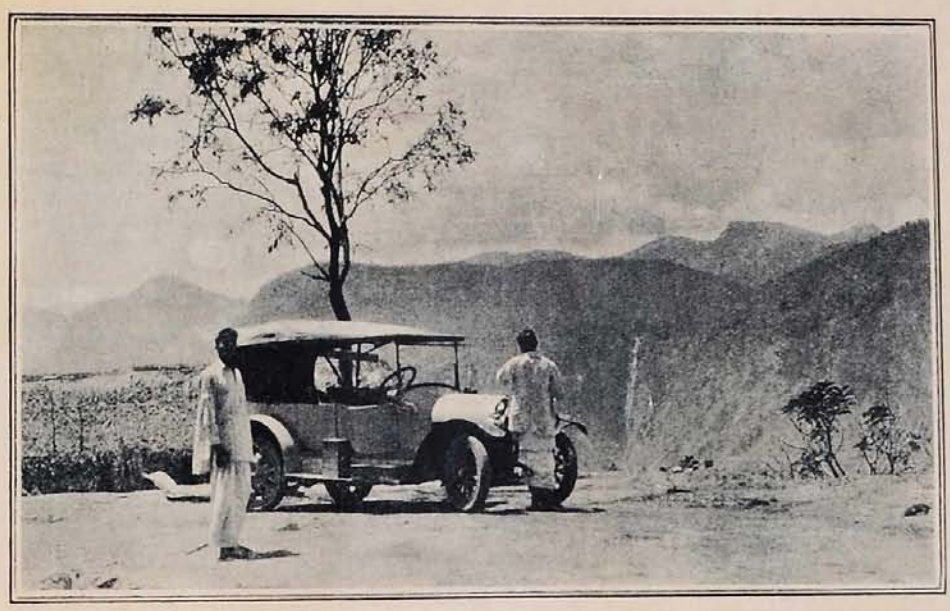
MOTORING in INDIA.

THE motorist who comes out to India and brings with him a car in anticipation of half-day and whole-day circular tours, of the type that may be indulged in to one's heart's content in England, is doomed to disappointment. India is essentially a land of great distance, a country in which cross-roads are practically unknown and where, it is almost needless to add, short cuts are conspicuous by their absence. Thus it is that what one may call casual touring is extremely difficult, if not impossible, save only in the immediate neighbourhood of the big cities, and some of these—of which Karachi is a notable example—are entirely cut off by road from the outer world. I happened across an excellent instance of this sort of thing a short time ago, when investigating the possibilities of making a tour through Kathiawar. Motoring in the Kathiawar States is fairly easy, I discovered, if one is prepared to cover two sides of a triangle when travelling from place to place, or sometimes even three sides of a square, which is approximately the direction in which one motors from Ahmedabad to Wadhwan and Dhrangadhra. In the tour which I was planning, however, I particularly wished to include a visit to Morvi, a modern little Indian State in Northern Kathiawar whose ruler indulges in aviation as a hobby; and it was somewhat galling to find, in the excellent Motor Guide issued by the Government of Bombay, a note to the effect that none of the roads link up with roads outside the limits of the State. "To use them," we are told, "the motorist must first transport himself and his motor car by rail to Morvi." I would not go so far as to say that the foregoing example is typical of the difficulties which confront motorists in India, but it serves to emphasise the necessity of taking the utmost care in the preparation of the itinerary for a tour.



On the Bhor Ghaut road, showing hills and water-fall in the distance.

Another handicap to out-and-home touring in India is the distance that has to be covered in the suburbs of a city, as it were, before one gets to the country beyond. From Bombay, for example, there is only one road linking the island with the country beyond, and this is at Thana, twenty-three miles from the Fort. True, there is an excellent circular route embracing Bombay, Bandra, Ghodbandar, Thana and back to Bombay, and not a few pretty little bye-ways to bathing resorts on the west coast of the island and to the lakes, but for the motorist who wants something more then merely local runs, it may be said that his motoring does not begin until he crosses Thana Bridge. The latter may be aptly termed the motorist's gateway to India, for from there one gets on to the two great trunk routes—north-east to Nasik and Agra, and south-east to Poona, Bangalore, Ootacamund and Madras. A feature of both these routes out of Bombay, and a deterrent one, it is to be feared, is the long stiff climb across the Western Ghauts. On the road to Nasik there is Thul Ghaut, a beautifully graded highway which rises in a series of graceful curves and unfolds at every turn a wonderful panorama of the country below, whilst on the Poona road the daring hairpin corners and the ultra-steep gradients that are encountered at unexpected places on Bhor Ghaut add more than a modicum of spice to the pleasures of the motorist who drives his own car. In this latter connection, however, I must not omit the fair sex, for I happen to know that in May last two women drove their cars up Bhor Ghaut within a week of one another, and that this is no mean feat may be judged by the fact that scores of male drivers strike trouble on this ghat every year.

The whole secret of driving up this ghaut, if I may be permitted to summarise the experience I have gained in sixty or seventy efforts, lies in the ability of the driver to manipulate his gears to the best advantage. The man (or woman) who stolidly clings to top gear when he should have changed down to second, and to second when he should be in first, is simply asking for trouble. And the same remark applies, needless to add, to hill-climbing anywhere and at any time. But the driver who is not too proud to acknowledge that he had to "drop into first" can not only romp up Bhor Ghaut but can complete the four-mile climb in far better time than he who fondly imagines that his car can climb the side of a house on top gear. To the non-driver this may seem a very small point, but to the motorist who loves to hear the steady hum of an engine that is pulling well within

its power, the point that I have mentioned will be appreciated to the full.

As a matter of hard, solid fact, however, the descent of Bhor Ghaut is much more dangerous and difficult than the ascent; and for that reason, in returning to my original idea of outlining possible circular trips from Bombay, I strongly recommend motorists to tackle the task of climbing the ghaut before they attempt the descent. In saying this let me hasten to correct any feeling in my readers' minds that I am guilty of an Irishism when I advise them to go up the hill before they come down. Take, for example, the circular tour embracing Bombay, Poona, Nasik, Bombay. By proceeding in this direction the motorist goes *up* Bhor Ghaut and comes *down* Thul Ghaut; and to the man who is making his first acquaintance with the Western Ghauts this is an entirely different proposition from the one made in the reverse direction. I am afraid that the exigencies of space will not permit of a description of the things that are to be seen in connection with this particular tour, but apart from the many interesting sights in both Poona and Nasik, the route passes within a mile or so of two archæological features which are well worthy of a visit. One of these, the series of caves at Karla, not far from the top of Bhor Ghaut, is of world-wide renown and needs no boosting here; but the other, the pyramidal hill containing the Pandulena Caves near Nasik, is not nearly so well known as it deserves to be.

An extension of the foregoing tour, or a variation, as the case may be, is to be found in the trip from Bombay to Mahableshwar via the old coast road and the Ambenalli Ghaut—ten miles in length—and from thence to Poona, returning to Bombay either direct or by way of Nasik. A minimum of four days would be required for this tour, but either of the others could easily be accomplished in three.

At Bandra Point, near Bombay.

Turning now to the roads around Calcutta, one finds the general conditions very similar to those around Bombay. That is to say, there are no more than a handful of what may be strictly termed one-day circular tours. On the other hand there is a greater variety in the choice of routes, although most if not all of them pass through miles of narrow and tortuous bazaars before the open country is reached. A point to be remembered in connection with motoring in Bengal is that the great majority of the roads are very poor whilst many roads that are shown on the maps are no more than bullock-cart tracks, where they exist at all, and are absolutely impassable to motor cars. In a great many instances, too, the motorist will find it both cheaper and quicker to combine road with rail or steamer; this is due to the very large number of unbridged rivers that are met with at every turn.

Calcutta is at least famous, however, as the southern extremity of the Grand Trunk Road, which extends as far north as Peshawar, a distance of 1,500 miles, and passes through such places of historical interest as Benares, Cawnpore, Agra Delhi, Lahore and Rawalpindi. For some hundreds of miles out of Calcutta the surface is in a most appalling state, as I found to my cost upon one occasion when testing a ramshackle car which should never have been imported into India, and rumour has it that the road has not been remetalled since the days of the great Moghul Emperor. That is doubtless a terminological inexactitude, to use Winston Churchill's most famous phrase, but it will at least pave the way for the motorist who has been accustomed to the trunk roads in other countries and expects—fond hope!—to find the conditions equally good in India.

The Agra road from Bombay and the Grand Trunk road from Calcutta join at the former place, and the motorist who wishes to see something of India without going too far off the beaten track, could hardly do better than to make the circular trip—or rather the triangular trip—which has as its corners the cities of Bombay, Agra and Calcutta, with a wide variety of extensions northward into the Punjab, the North-West Frontier and Kashmir. The latter, indeed, has developed in recent years into something of a happy hunting ground for motorists who are not afraid to face the uncertainties of road, river, lodging and food, and it is now possible to motor right through to within three miles of Gulmarg, some twenty eight miles beyond Srinagar.

As in the north, so in the south. Indeed, Southern India is something of a maze of motorable roads, and south of Belgaum, towards Bangalore and Mysore, there are literally scores of different routes which lead to Madras, or to the Nilgiri Hills, or to the wild West Coast, or to Cape Comorin according as one's wishes dictate. In this part of India, too, there is an amazing variety of scenery and a climate which varies from the enervating dampness of the coconut fringe to the salubrious atmosphere of the Nilgiris which is for all the world like that of the Sussex Downs.

One of these bright days, if I can manage to get six weeks' leave, I hope to be able to make the "big trip" of which so many motorists talk but which none, so far as I know, has hitherto tackled. Bombay to Kashmir via Agra; down to Calcutta; and further down to Madras and on to Cape Comorin; then back to Bombay by way of Ootacamund and the Gersoppa Falls. Seven thousand miles! Possibly the longest motor tour in the world!

And yet people who ought to know better solemnly assert that long-distance touring is impossible in India because "there is nowhere to go." I admit that motor touring in India is a somewhat difficult matter for the man who cannot go anywhere without a ton of luggage and half a dozen servants; but for he who is willing to "travel light"—khaki shirt and shorts, a dinner suit, a pair of pyjamas and a toothbrush—there is no country in the world which offers so wide a variety of scenery and so great an inducement to the man in the car.

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Ensures Sound Sleep

Rebuilds after Illness

THE exacting nature of the climate in India and the East is well known. Many people, however, for one reason or another are compelled to carry on their daily duties under whatever temperature the thermometer may register or the vagaries of the weather provide. It is, therefore, essential to reinforce the depleted brain and body cells with the kind of nourishment upon which they depend for their efficiency.

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This delicious beverage is 100 per cent. nourishment, containing the highly concentrated food elements extracted from ripe barley malt, creamy milk and the purest cocoa—Nature's tonic foods. One cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 7 cups of cocoa or 12 cups of beef extract.

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Restores in Fatigue

Keeps Children Healthy

For Nursing Mothers

P.I. 29

YACHTING IN BOMBAY HARBOUR.

Photo by Dr. Edgar Faulkner.

The beautiful harbour of Bombay—was not the name of the city for long supposed to be derived from the Portuguese *Buon Bahia*, "the good bay"?—is well adapted to yachting, and throughout the cold weather many yachts of various classes and designs are afloat on its waters. Our illustration is of the six-metre yacht Maya, built by the well-known Fife junior. Her cost before the war was about £600, but would now probably be about £1,500.

IN THE BAZAAR, BHOPAL.

Photo by Col. C. Kennedy Crawford-Stuart.

Bhopal has a wonderful situation, rising in tiers from two great lakes in an irregular mass of houses, large and small, interspersed with gardens full of trees. Many of the streets, though of little architectural merit, are by no means devoid of beauty, the irregularity of the houses which form them, the sudden turns, and the great gateways which pierce the walls of some of the dwellings adding much to the general effect.

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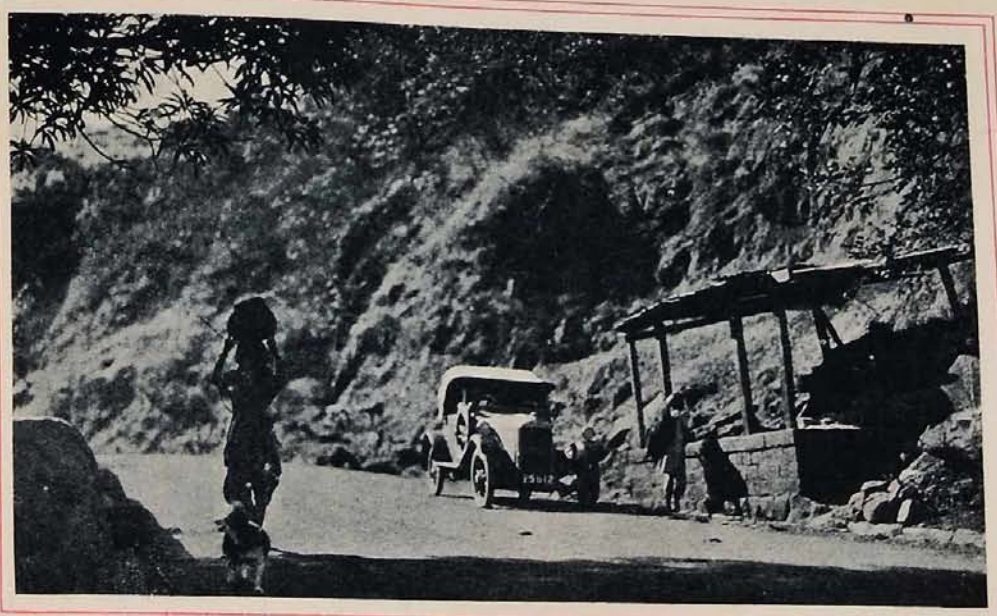

A Wonderful Road.

BEFORE the advent of railways India was very badly served in the matter of communications. There were roads of sorts, but with the exception of the Grand Trunk road running from Calcutta to Delhi and beyond, and the through route from Bombay to Delhi, there were comparatively few which could claim to be more than winding tracks upon which bullock carts wended their weary way. There were, however, several very excellent roads which had been constructed for military purposes during the strenuous days of a hundred and a hundred and fifty years ago, and quite a number of these roads still exist.

One of the most notable of these roads, and certainly the finest from the engineering point of view, is that which negotiates Bhor Ghat on the direct route from Bombay to Poona. Prior to the second Marathi war the ascent of the Western Ghats through the Khandala Pass was possible only by means of a track through the jungle growths which cover the face of the Western Ghats at this particular spot; and during the monsoon months it was practically if not entirely impassable.

It is worthy of note that this wonderful road has to all intents and purposes retained its original alignment to the present day. The gradients have been improved in several places and one or two slight diversions have made the ascent of the Ghat more suited to the requirements of modern traffic; otherwise it remains the same as when it was constructed in those faraway days by the military sappers of Bombay.

I have many times driven up this Ghat in my car, and the oftener I ascend and descend it the more I marvel at its really superlative excellence as an engineering feat, this more particularly in view of the fact that it was blazed through a jungle trail under most exacting military conditions in days when surveying instruments as we know them now were entirely unknown.

The approach to the Ghat from Bombay is very misleading. Soon after passing through Panvel, forty-three miles from Bombay, the road commences to zig-zag through some rather enclosed foot-hills, and to the motorist who is making the trip for the first time and has not previously consulted a map, it appears that the ascent of the Ghat has already commenced. This, however, is by no means the case, for the road undulates for nearly twenty miles through these foothills, and over the last five or six miles before reaching Campoli, at the foot of the Ghat, the average gradient is slightly down-hill. As a matter of fact the ascent of the Ghat commences with surprising suddenness with a sharp turn to the right at the farther end of Campoli village, and the motorist is faced with a fairly stiff gradient with the first bend well in sight before he is aware of its proximity. Thereafter, with no more than two or three level stretches, the road steadily surmounts the Ghat, winding in and out amongst the nullahs and the folds in the ground and offering the novice driver an unprecented number of thrills. This is not a motoring story, however, and I do not propose to discuss it from the motoring point of view. Consequently I shall say nothing about the much-advertised but rather overrated difficulties of gear-changing during the ascent of the Ghat, or of the dangers which beset the careless driver when coming down the hill, although it should be noted, in passing, that the descent is more dangerous and more nerve-racking than the ascent.

For the reason that the road runs mainly on the inside of the Ghat it must be confessed that the scenery is somewhat disappointing. One appreciates the massive grandeur of the vertical faces of rock towering hundreds of feet above one's head and the technical excellence of the hairpin bends which occur at the most unexpected places, but there are no more than four or five points on the whole Ghat from which one can get a comprehensive view of the surrounding country. Perhaps, the finest view of all is the one from the particularly dangerous bend some seventy or eighty yards from the top of the main Ghat, which is exactly four miles from Campoli. From this point there is a wonderful panorama of the country below; and above, on the left, the rugged features of Duke's Nose stands out sharply against the sky.

In official documents the Khandala or Bhor Ghat is seven miles in length, extending from Campoli at the bottom to Lonavla at the top, the latter being the highest point on the road; but the Ghat proper, from the motorist's standpoint, is the four-mile stretch from Campoli to Byramjee Castle. It is one of the finest roads in the whole of India and stands as a monument to the engineering skill of the pioneers of a hundred years ago.

That "Kruschen" Feeling!

Top o' the Morning!

Do you like getting up in the morning?

Usually, of course, you find it "nicer to lie in bed"—unless it's your birthday, perhaps, or something particularly jolly is going to happen. Frankly, this business of getting up is a bit of an effort.

But when once you are out of bed—how do you feel then? Are you brimful of healthy, cheerful energy, glad to be alive in the best of all possible worlds? Or is your first conscious thought, "Here's another weary day to be got through somehow"?

Doubtless you, like many others, find it difficult to shake off that first-thing-in-the-morning feeling of depression—of dissatisfaction with your life. If so, it isn't your life that's to blame—it's your liver.

What you want to win you back to a sane, cheery outlook is the little daily dose of Kruschen.

As much as will cover a silver 4-anna piece every morning, taken in your cup of tea, will remind your liver and kidneys of their daily duty. All the clogging waste material which has been sapping your energy and poisoning your inside is dispelled. Every little pinch of Kruschen is a blend of those six vital salts on which the efficiency of your eliminating organs and the clearness of your blood-stream depend. That's why you need that "little daily dose."

And that's why Kruschen sends refreshed, virile blood pounding gloriously through your veins, priming every fibre of you with tingling vitality and the joy of living. The magic powder is never off duty. Take it every day, and it will keep you every day in perfect trim.

Learn how to live; restore your spirits. Kruschen shows the way. Buy your first bottle now, and make "getting-up time" the liveliest hour of the day.

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Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a quarter rupee. It's the little daily dose that does it.

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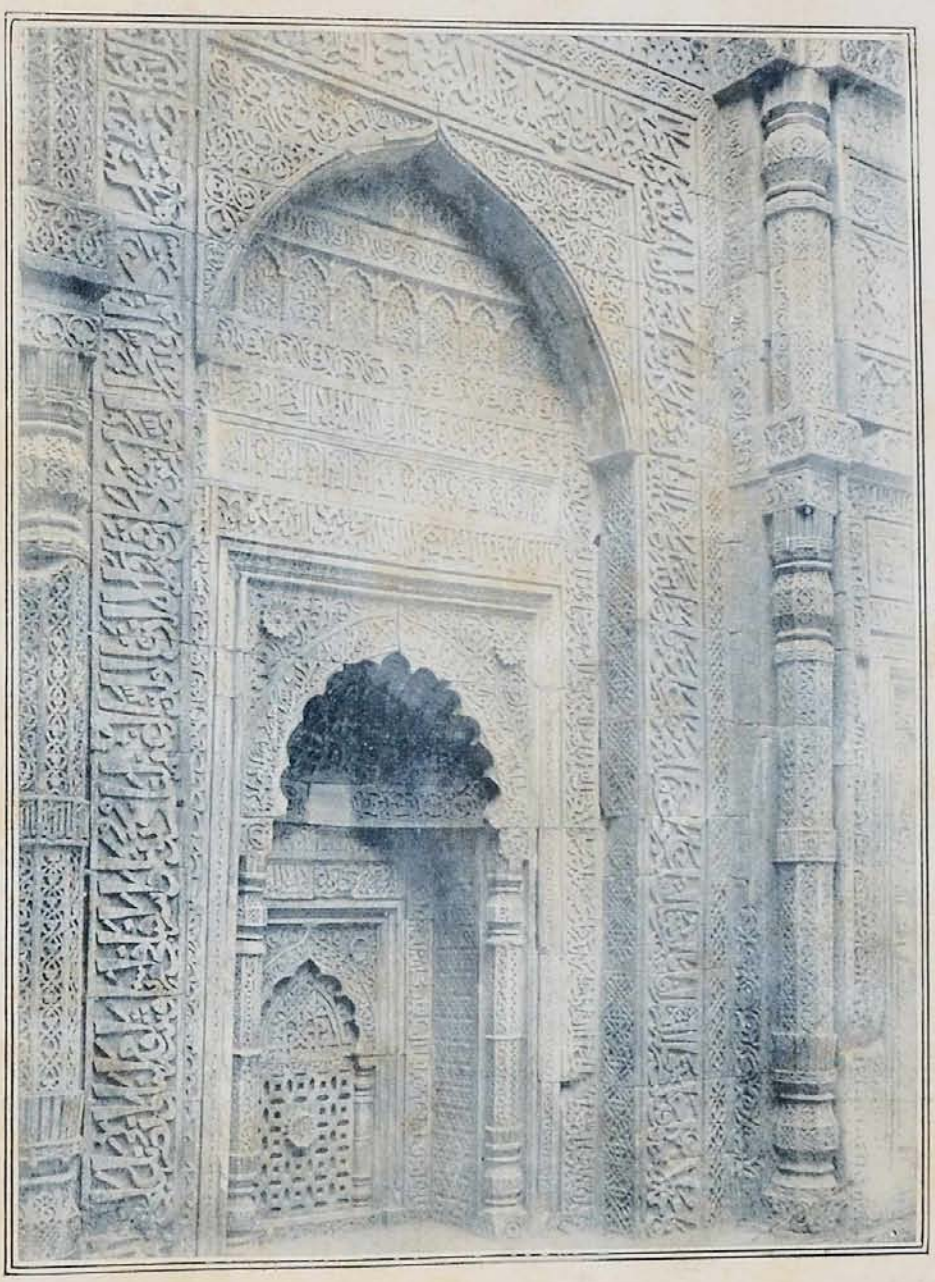
THE MELON SELLER

Two Noble Indian Queens.

THE history of India records the story of several women who, having been called upon to sit upon the throne of their kingdom, proved their great capacity to exercise the duties usually reserved for man. That the subjects of any State should be willing to obey the dictates of a woman is passing strange for those early days of history when the idea of women's rights had scarcely developed at all. But we can go back to the period of the Slave Kings and we shall find that, for a period, short it may have been, less than four years, a woman ruled as queen.

The name of Sultana Razia Begum deserves to be honoured, for all are agreed she displayed high qualities as a ruler in the brief term of her office. She was the daughter of Sultan Altamsh, and was chosen because all his sons proved incapable of holding the post. Razia Begum as she had clearly shown during the reign of her father, was no ordinary woman, for when he was away on campaigns in the south he left her head of the government, and when she succeeded to full power, with the consent of all the nobles, she proved herself not unworthy of her high position. The only contemporary writer of that period, the compiler of the Tabakat-i-Nasari, is loud in his praises of the queen. "She was a great sovereign, and sagacious, just, beneficent, the patron of the learned, a dispenser of justice, the cherisher of her subjects, and of warlike talents, and was endowed with all the admirable attributes and qualifications necessary for kings; but as she did not attain the destiny in creation of being computed among men, of what advantage were all these excellent qualifications about her? She personally led her armies against her Hindu enemies, riding an elephant in the sight of all men; she held her court every day as was the habit with the Sultan and dispensed justice to her petitioners; she was always ready to hear the claims of her subjects and as far as possible she tried to reform the abuses in the State."



The tomb of Altamsh, father of Queen Razia. It was Altamsh, who left affairs in the hands of his daughter while he was at the wars and who afterwards appointed her to be his successor.

But at last came her fall, and, from the meagre information available, it is difficult to understand how the recorded action should have harmed her in the eyes of her subjects. The greatest breach of decorum recorded against her is that she allowed an Abyssinian slave, to whom she showed partiality, to lift her on her horse. Mrs. Flora Annie Steele, in her reference to this episode says "Alas 'Poor Lady Content,' Of what avail that you changed (as it is solemnly set down your ap-

parel; that you abandoned the petticoat for the trews; that your father, when he appointed you regent during one of his long absences, defended his action by saying that though a woman, you had a man's head and heart, and were worth more than twenty such sons as he had? All this was of no avail against womanhood. Let this be thy comfort, poor shade of a dead queen, that the argument still holds against thy sisters in this year of grace 1907." But since that year things have moved rapidly, though perhaps even this age has not lost its distrust of women in authority. Though she failed at this point, all her recorded actions show that she served her country well, not only when she held the reins of power in her own hands, but during the lifetime of her father when she devoted herself to the cultivation of those gifts needed to help to settle the many disputes that arose for settlement.

Discontent followed and we find the Turki governor of Bhatinda, one Malik-Altunia, heading a rebellion against the queen on the ground of her alleged partiality for the Abyssinian slave. She led her forces against him, but she was defeated, the slave slain, and the queen taken prisoner and sent to Altunia's fort. But evidently Altunia was not deeply concerned with the allegations brought against the queen, for we find that, in a short time, he married her. Now he espouses the cause of the disinherited queen and, placing himself at the head of an army, he marched against her brother Behram, who had been placed on the throne. Two bloody battles were fought near Delhi, but the queen was defeated and with her husband, made a prisoner. They were both put to death. Sultana Razia was the daughter of a slave who had gained a throne, and, short though her reign was, she had shown how, though of humble origin, it was possible for a woman as well as a man to rise to heights of power and character. Her reign lasted three years and six months.

Akbar the ruler, who sent the Imperial Army to overthrow Queen Durgavati in order that he might obtain part of her great wealth.

The name of Rani Durgavati is one also held in honour for successful government. She was the daughter of the Raja of Mahoba, and she was well-known for her great beauty. There were many suitors, but the choice fell on the Rajah of Singalgurh, by name Dalpat Sah. But it was found there were certain obstacles to this proposal for it was alleged there had been a previous engagement, also that there were certain caste difficulties that could not easily be overcome. But Dalpat Sah, who was a fine, well-set up young fellow had set his heart on Durgavati, as she had also set her affections on him. They both realised that the caste difficulty would prove a barrier to any normal negotiations, and they decided she should be taken by force. He gathered together a strong army and gained a victory over the forces sent by her father against him. He brought off Durgavati as his prize to the fort of Singalgurh where he married her. By her marriage to this Gond Raja was renewed "the ancient relation between the tribesmen of the forest and their enobled Rajput kinsmen of the plain." Four years after their marriage Dalpat Sah died and his widow became regent during the minority of her son Bir Narayan, who was three years of age. It was during this period of regency that Rani Durgavati was called upon to defend her dominions by force of arms. Akbar, who seems to have had a strange idea about the people residing in these parts determined to obtain a share in the great wealth possessed by the Rani. He, therefore, sent Asaf Khan, the Imperial Viceroy at Kara Manikpur on the Ganges in the province of Allahabad, to invade the dominions of the Rani. In 1684 A.D. Asaf Khan appeared at the head of an army, consisting of 6,000 cavalry and 12,000 well-disciplined infantry with a train of artillery. No mean army with which to destroy a woman ruler.

But Rani Durgavati was determined she would not take matters quietly. She gathered together her forces and then, placing herself at the head, led them into action. But unfortunately the day went against her troops. She herself received a wound in the eye from an arrow, and her only son, then about eighteen years of age, was severely wounded and taken to the rear. The battle continued to rage, the queen retaining her position in the forefront of the battle. Then she was struck by a second arrow, this time in the neck. Her troops were beginning to give way and she saw that her cause was lost. She was determined, however, that she should not be taken prisoner. Taking her dagger from the driver of the elephant on which she was seated she plunged it into her bosom. Thus ended the career of this spirited and brave ruler. It is difficult to forgive Akbar for the cruelty of his policy in attacking the Rani whose only crime was that of being independent.

The Bureaucrat's Sabbath.

I SHOULD like to have been "The Centaur" of Senhor Ibanes' famous tale. He rode superbly on long-tailed horses over sunlit plains; from his wrist he dangled a quirt, and thwacked all and sundry who crossed his passing whim; in kindlier mood he showered handfuls of silver on a subservient countryside. In a word he realised "the satrap" of the extremist's imagination. Before this sunrise how feebly shines the rush light of my tyranny.

My *hacienda* is but a one roomed travellers' bungalow, standing on a mound that overlooks a little tank; yet, it has its own touch of romance and terror. I enter between two long, rusty, wicked-looking guns; a ryot, so the story goes, came on them by chance as he broke ground in a new field. Now their little stone and mortar enplacements make convenient resting-places for my books and reading lamp of an evening. As I sit, and smoke, and dream, I wonder whether the golden age of the village beneath my feet was really in the days when these guns were bright, and when their voices were heard. Under the open sky between the guns I sleep, when the eagerly awaited breeze that springs up towards midnight renders sleep possible. Sleep is sweet after an Indian April day; it is sweetest perhaps when the "pitiless sun" (how well Kipling chose his adjective) warns one to sleep no more.

It is Sunday morning; the blessed day that is my own, when peons come not with arm-loads of "files" for my perusal, when villagers recognise that some strange whim prompts the sahib to stop his ears, like the deaf adder, against the voice of the petitioner. Through the trees a few miles off I have marked the spires of a church, why not pay a visit to the *Swamiyar*? If I am not of his faith, he at any rate is an equally lonely member of my race. As I drink my morning tea, I pick up a paper and con it lazily; is there ever a day in India that does not bring forth some semblance of a paper requiring attention? To-day I find a pearl of price: "I noticed the accused loitering on the track," deposes a station clerk "and asked him what he wanted." "Have faith in Allah, oh, man," he answered, "and pelted a stone at me." "Allah," adds the local sub-magistrate, anxious to enlighten my ignorance, "is a Mahomedan God."

I whistle to my dog and we fare forth. In the village street thrifty housewives are making patterns with white chalk on their doorsteps; weavers are setting up their primitive apparatus; here and there men ply their tooth-stick, spluttering and chattering; a Mahomedan bazaar keeper composes his nerves with a morning hookah as a preparation for the day's chaffering. On the foot-path between the main village and the hamlet I meet my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rangaswami. He belongs to a class that seems to be dying out, the Brahmin agriculturist. He is short, and sturdily built; he carries in his hand a hefty bamboo pole well nigh as tall as himself; the tying of his *dhoti* much intrigues me. For Rangaswami, as he approaches the psalmist's limit of years, shows a tendency to *embonpoint* and his cloth is knotted carelessly on the downward slops of his tummy. "How the apples were got in," says Carlyle, once puzzled a crowned head; I cannot solve the problem of what keeps it up. Rangaswami and I were first acquaint over a matter of land encroachment; "let us do with a cocoa-nut," she said and we moved from the scene of affair to the shade of his verandah. He shore the top off a cocoa-nut, and watched me drink with interest; I reciprocated the interest of his gaze. For he is an hairy man like Esau, and he shaves, when he does shave, compendiously. On this occasion his shaving day lay rather far before or far behind, and he recalled to me Kingsley's "Water-baby" turned into a sea-urchin and prickly. Age has emancipated Mrs. Rangaswami; she is toddling cheerfully to market, an oriental Joan by the side of her Darby. I wonder does she sigh for the days when she was "a female," blushing unseeing and unseen on the interior verandah. Kindly old pair, farewell!

I cross a sea of mud on narrow ridges; when I reach the ground at the other side, my spires are hidden and I welcome as a guide a villager whose path converges on mine. The only practicable gap in the prickly-pear hedge is strongly beset by a herd of pigs in charge of a grinning urchin; the herd scatters in grunting confusion before the onset of my dog, and we pass on our way. Here is indeed no mean city. "Lamp-posts," I exclaim awe-stricken to my companion; with the careless magnificence of a man to whom a street lamp is an every day affair he tells me that at the cross roads further on their is actually a sign-post. Our ways must part, but he calls his friend Visvanathan to take his place; "it speaks Tamil," he observes, as an introduction with a singularly happy use of the neuter that signifies the finding of some strange animal adrift in India. As Visvanathan and I turn south, screams of mortal agony, mingled with the wailing of females, are borne upon our ears. "The vaccinator," answers Visvanathan to my suggestion that we should hasten our footsteps, and avert tragedy, if by any means we may. The vaccinator stands in the middle of the street; his shirt sleeves (he wears a shirt) are turned up; his bottles of disinfectant, cotton wool swabs, tubes of lymph are set out on the *pial* of a house; he gives me the impression of a man, who is taking a blood-bath and enjoying it. And a few feet to one side the village smith, squatting on his heels, is fitting a tyre to a wheel, deaf apparently to all sound unconnected with his own business.

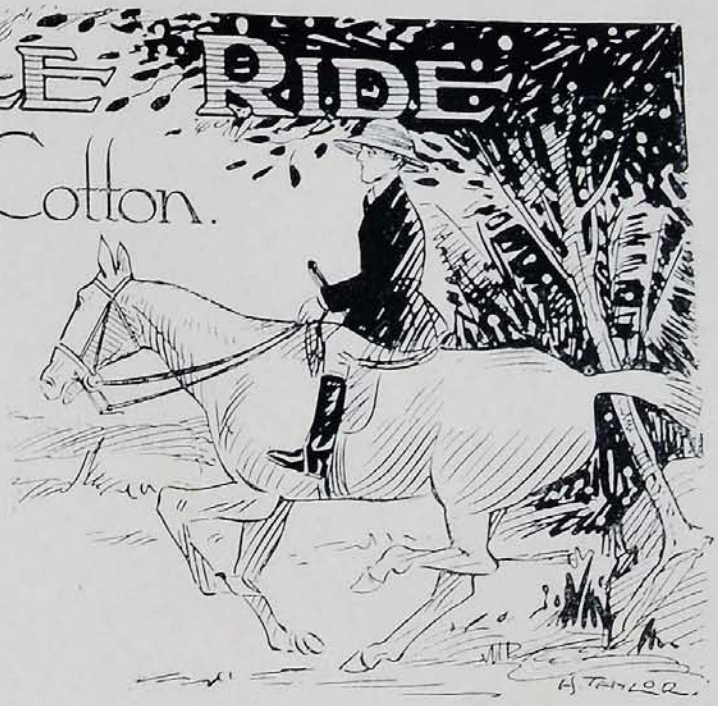
Here's the church, a building not unimposing in the isolation of its compound. "Mais c'est vous-monsieur" exclaims a tall figure in white cassook; and enormous sun-hat: it is a narrow world, and the *Swamiyar* and I are old acquaintances. We enter the parochial house, and talk of Normandy; poor *Swamiyar*, will he ever again see the rolling cornfields, the pleasant orchards of his native land? Verily the *Swamiyar* of *"Les Missions Etrangeres"* has "fixed his hopes on heaven," or, like Teufelsdroetch, has caught a glimpse of the truth that "there is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness."

News travels quickly, and my homeward path is beset by deputations. The village drinking pond; unless it be enlarged right speedily, we shall be perish of thirst. True, admits the deputation, scratching its left shin with the toes of its right foot, we have managed to pull on with it for sixty or seventy years; it is equally true that we do not see how you could enlarge it, or imagine that you have the slightest intention of trying. But, to an Indian village, would it not savour of inhospitality were there not a grievance ready for the chance official. The "depressed classes" next seize me, and bear me into a stony place. This they would have assigned to them "for cultivation." From adjacent thorn-bushes "caste Hindus" mysteriously emerge protesting that this is indeed the village grazing ground, the best pasture where the oxen fatten. Nor is there wanting a speaker of English; he has attended lectures on horticulture and is therefore fully qualified for a clerk's post on as many monthly rupees as I can find it in my heart to bestow.

The April sun is up and the world well warmed ere I pass again between my two guns and gain at least the shelter of a roof. As the day drags on I realise that files and petitioners fulfil a divine purpose; they keep the official from melancholy madness or suicide. On the day that India ceases "to represent its grievance" the knell of the bureaucracy is rung. "Gandhi, gave me back my files," I shall cry, "else must I die, or take the homeward mail."

My Jungle Ride

by Julian James Cotton.



If you would baffle
The demon of care,
Come for a ride in the
Sweet morning air.

Skirt the wide ways of
The brimming bazaar,
Packed with humanity,
Our boulevard.

Shop-counters, shanties,
Coffee-hotels,
Coolies and constable,
Sweetmeats and smells.

Girls at the well's lip spill
Scandal galore,
Whilst the loud school proclaims
Twice two are four.

Smile at the little ones!
They're not abashed,
Don't I just know them! So
Unhaberdashed.

On to the country side,
River and reed,
Temple and banyan aisle,
Jungle and moad.

All the red plain a
Horizon of ploughs,
Save where the slate-coloured
Buffaloes browse.

Or if our way be by
Channel, and tank,
Emerald paddy fields
Flush to the bank.

Yonder the waterlift
Lowers its weight,
Now it comes up again
Roaring in spate.

Dropping like parachutes
Out of the air,
Palm-fronds the tappers lop
Startle my mare.

Folk from their marketing
Suavely salaam,
There goes my holy man,
Ram, brother, Ram.

Head now for home again,
High is the sun,
Breakfast is waiting us,
Gallop like fun.

Gone are the goblins of
Cases and courts,
Here's to my morning ride,
Best of all sports!

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Bell Ringers
Cozy Glows
Curling Irons
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Fuses
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Meters
Motors for
Buffers
Grinders
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Motors for
Sewing Machines
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Washing Machines,
etc.
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Safety Switches
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Transformers
Turnover Toasters
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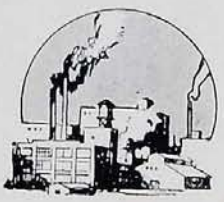
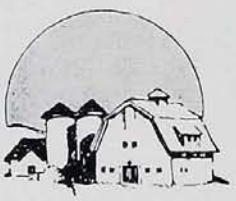


In Mills and Factories

Arc Welding Equipment
Automatic Starters and Controllers
Circuit-breakers
Fans
Furnaces and Ovens
Fuses
Generating Apparatus
Glue Cookers
Insulating Materials
Knife Switches
Lighting Equipment
Lamps
Locomotives
Meters
Micarta Gears
Motors
Panels and Switchboards
Safety Switches
Space Heaters
Transformers
Ventilating Equipment



On the Farm

Curling Irons
Fans
Fuses
Irons
Lamps
Motors for all Home Appliances
Motors for Power Purposes
Out-door Switch Houses
Percolators
Radio Equipment
Switches
Toasters
Transformers
Waffle Irons and the Westinghouse Light and Power Plant

In the Office and Store

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Bread-baking Ovens
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Fans
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Lamps
Meters
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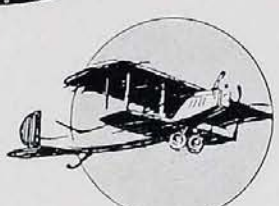
Adding Machines
Addressing Machines
Motors for
Coffee and Meat Grinders, etc.
Dictaphones
Duplicating Devices
Envelope Sealers
Tickers
Panel Boards and Switches
Safety Switches
Ventilating Equipment

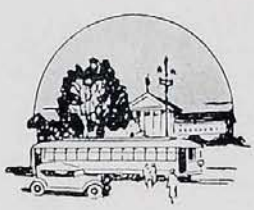
At Sea

Condensers
Galley Equipment
Generators
Lamps
Motors and Control for Winches, Hoists, etc.
Meters
Panels and Switchboards
Propulsion Equipment
Pumps
Reduction Gears
Turbines



In the Air

Channels for Wiring
Generators for Heating
Generators for Radio Ignition
Micarta Gears
Propellers
Pulleys
Starting Motors
Stream Lining for Generators and Struts



On the Street

Street Railway Equipment

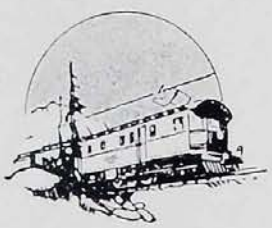
Arc Welding Equipment
Automatic Sub-stations
Babbitting Outfits
Babbitt Metal
Baking Ovens
Circuit-breakers
Compressors
Control Equipment
Fans
Gears and Pinions
Insulating Materials
Lamps
Lightning Arrestors
Lighting Fixtures
Line Equipment
Machine Tool Motors
Motors
Relays
Switches
Transformers
Trolley Poles

Street Lighting Equipment

Cables and Conduit
Control Apparatus
Lamps
Ornamental Posts
Street Hoods
Transformers

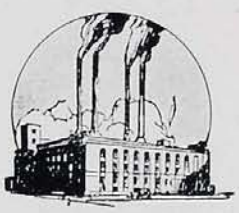
Automotive Equipment

Ammeters
Charging Generators
Ignition Equipment
Lamps
Lighting Equipment
Starting Motors
Switches
Timing Gears
Voltmeters



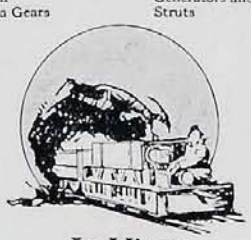
On the Railroads

Arc Welding Equipment
Automatic Substations
Control Apparatus
Electric Heating Apparatus
Fans
Gears and Pinions
Generators
Headlight Equipment
Insulating Materials
Lamps
Lighting Equipment
Lightning Arrestors
Line Equipment
Locomotives
Motor Car Equipment
Motors
Motors and Control for Ships
Pantagraphs
Power House Apparatus
Solder & Babbitt Pots
Stokers
Switches
Transformers



In Light and Power Plants

Circuit-breakers
Condensers
Control Apparatus
Fans
Frequency-changers
Generators
Insulators
Lighting Material
Lightning Arrestors
Meters
Motors
Motor-Generator Sets
Panels and Switchboards
Pumps
Rotary Converters
Steam Turbines
Stokers
Switches and Switching Equipment
Transformers
Voltage Regulators

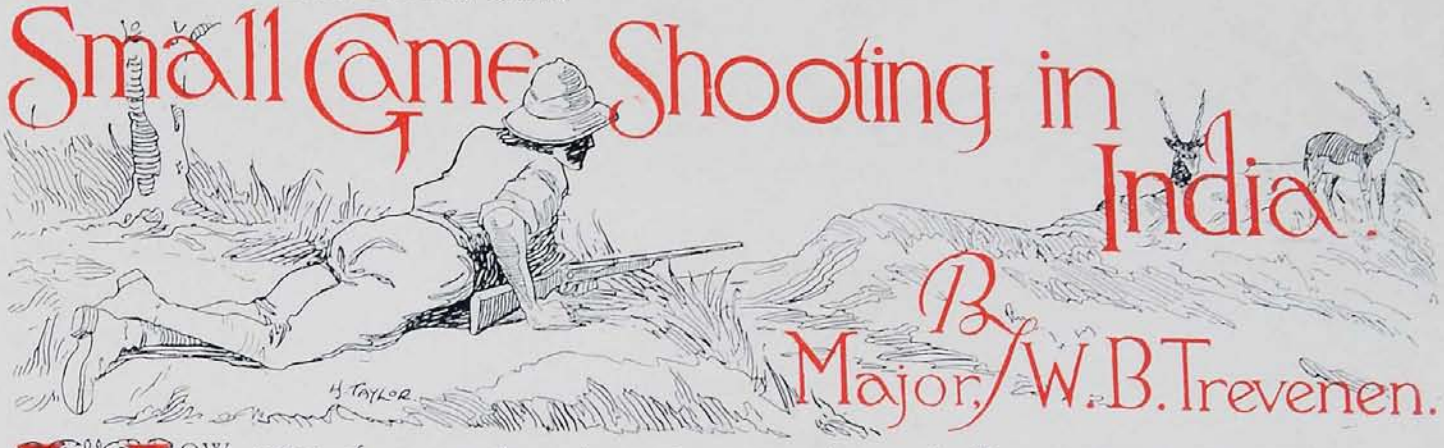


In Mines

Arc Welding Equipment
Automatic Starters and Controllers
Automatic Substations
Battery Charging Equipment
Gears and Pinions
Insulating Materials
Lamps
Line Material
Locomotives
Motors for Hoists, Pumps and Tipples or Breakers
Motor Generators
Portable Substations
Switchboards
Synchronous Converters
Transformers
Ventilating Outfits

Westinghouse

Small Game Shooting in India.



By Major W. B. Trevenen.

HOW many of us are there, I wonder, who, after having spent many of their best years in India, and having now left that sunny land for good, do not often sigh for one more of those happy days with gun or rifle, which remain so indelibly fixed in the memory of by-gone days.

Home is Home, certainly, but, all the same, most of us 'shikaris' have a tender spot or two in our hearts for India. Even in these days there are still places in India which may well be defined as a sportsman's paradise. How every detail of some particular day comes back to memory! The early morning start in the car, or perhaps in the humble 'tonga' or 'tum-tum,' so as to reach the jhil before daybreak; the arrival at the edge of the latter and finding the coolies waiting, huddled together like sheep in groups and shivering over the little fires that they have lighted in order to warm themselves, the smoke of which hangs almost immovable in the still air, the silence being broken only by the bubbling sound of the 'hookah' as it is passed round from hand to hand; the hurried preparations and dispersal to the allotted stations, and then that glorious sound of rushing and beating wings as soon as the first shot is fired, followed immediately by the appearance of an ever increasing cloud of birds, as flock after flock of duck and teal take to the wing and start circling round over the guns, when a fast and furious fusillade breaks out all along the line.

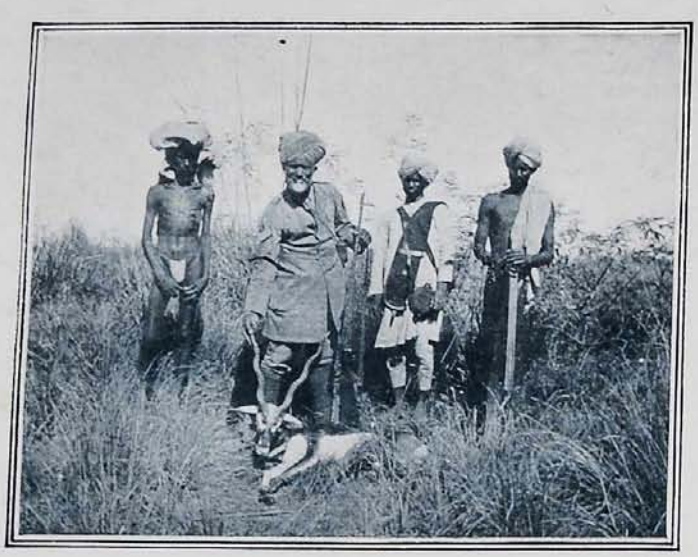
Well may each detail of such a morning remain ever fresh even among the memories of those red-letter days stored away with our most tender recollections! Thoughts of all the discomforts, such as standing in chilly water waist-deep, or sitting cramped in the most uncomfortable position in one of those shallow punts used 'up north,' and through which the water always seems to percolate and settle in the exact spot where one is sitting, fade away as one looks at the bag laid out for inspection at the end of the day and remembers that wonderful 'right and left' or some bird brought down 'out of the sky' some hours previously. Happy, also, is the man who can claim a goose or two as part of his contribution towards the day's bag.

Duck shooting, however, is not the only attraction, although I suppose that most men would place this particular branch of the sport first where these birds are to be found in any numbers. Taking it all round, I imagine the Snipe affords more sport and enjoyment than any other bird, being found in most parts of India where there is any water, even when duck are few and far between. Moreover he is a thorough sportsman and a gentleman, and his moods vary from day to day. Even when wounded he does his best to tell you where he has fallen, jumping up from the ground and turning somersaults in the air, raising his voice as you approach, and not skulking or hiding away like the quail or partridge, over whom many a precious minute is wasted, more often than not without effect. There are days, of course, when it seems impossible to miss a snipe as he gets up lazily and flies away as if he was in no hurry whatsoever, but take him on another day when it is inclined to be a bit cold and windy, and the tale is a very different one.

As regards 'Dry game' sand-grouse provide one of the chief items on the list. In the Deccan these birds are chiefly confined to one species, i.e., the Common Sand-grouse with an occasional Painted Sand-grouse, and still more rarely the Close-barred Sand-grouse, but further north one meets with several other varieties, chief among them being that magnificent bird, the Imperial Sand-grouse. These birds come to water morning and evening with almost clock-work regularity, and when their drinking places are known, and where the birds are in any numbers, magnificent shooting may sometimes be had. As an instance of what can be done by one individual in a single day, in January, 1922, at Gajner, Bikaner, H. H. the Maharaj Kumar shot 558 Imperial Sand-grouse with 1,276 cartridges! This performance, I believe, also constitutes a record as regards the number of cartridges fired by any man in one day.

Another variation amongst the dry game is afforded by the partridges. There are few better known birds in India than the ubiquitous Grey Partridge and once you get him on the wing he gives you a real sporting shot. He is a terrible 'runner', however, and unless you have a pretty close 'line' when walking him up many birds will be passed over. Also, in places where the jungle is at all thick, few wounded birds will be recovered without the aid of a dog. I know of no prettier 'call' in the early morning during the cold weather than the musical "tit-teet-tur, tit-teet-tur, etc., etc.", of this bird, mingled sometimes with the military "Fix bayonets! As you wer-r-r-r-re!" of the Black Partridge. The latter is one of the most handsome and sporting birds we have, and an old cock rising and 'towering' is a magnificent sight. In the old days really big bags of these birds used to be made, but of late years their numbers have sadly decreased in most places, chiefly owing to motors and easy transport. Towards the south this bird is replaced by his cousin, the Painted Partridge, a fine bird also, with an almost exactly similar call, but not quite his equal either in size or appearance.

The Grey Quail, too, has a great claim on our affection, particularly if we happen to be living anywhere north near the Punjab. Arriving in September in considerable numbers, he offers us the first opportunity of again taking out our guns after the long and wearisome hot weather of the plains, and there are few moments more delightful to the individual who has had no chance of a trip to the hills than that early morning on which the grass and crops are damp with the first perceptible dew of the season, holding forth the promise that the cold weather is now not far distant. After a short time these birds more or less disperse over the whole country, re-assembling again about April preparatory to the migratory trip back to their distant breeding grounds. In the north it is customary to shoot these quail with the aid of 'call birds,' cages of tame birds being placed round the edges of suitable crops and being removed again before operations commence next morning, by which time the wild birds migrating overhead have arrived in considerable numbers, being attracted by the liquid "whit-whit-whit" of their captive compatriots. It is no uncommon thing for a couple of guns to bag thirty or forty couple in an hour or so, returning to breakfast before the heat of the day, and in well-favoured places one hundred



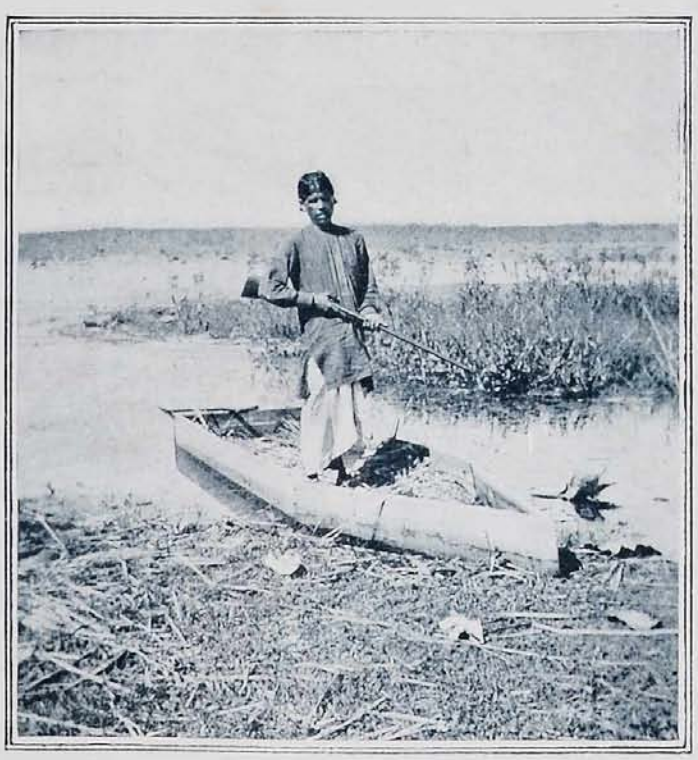
Black Buck after the kill.

head, or more, to a single gun is by no means unknown. The Grey Quail has many relations scattered over India, but he is the only real migrant among them. The next in order of importance is the Rain, or Black-breasted Quail, which is considerably smaller, though very similarly dressed. He obtains his first name from the fact that he is most in evidence at the time of the monsoon, when his two-syllabled cry of "whit-whit" is heard resounding on all sides from amongst the grass. Now is the time for you to try and walk him up in the place from which you think the sound proceeds, and you will find the gentleman to be a ventriloquist of exceptional ability. The various species of Bush Quail and Button Quail appeal more to the naturalist side of the sportsman, but the former birds are by no means to be despised when viewed inside a pie.

If the sportsman desires a change, he can, in many places, exchange his gun for a light rifle and spend a day after Black Buck or Chinkara. The former, in places where they are much shot, will give him opportunities for exercising all his ingenuity and patience before he obtains a decent head, and, when stalking the chinkara among the nullahs and ravines, he will find that unless he can manage to spot his animal before the latter becomes aware of his presence, his chances of a shot are none too good. To the man who is really keen there are very few months in the year in which the gun need be put away altogether. I have shot snipe in every month of the year except June, July, and August, and early birds are occasionally obtained, in some parts, in the latter of these months. The rear-guard of the duck often remain up to May, and these late birds are all the more interesting when brought to bag by reason of the fact that all the males have by this time put on their 'full-dress' clothes.

In certain districts the Green Pigeons come down from their breeding places in the wilds by August, and appear near civilization again to feed on the fruit of the various fig trees along the road-side, and quite a substantial bag of these handsome birds can sometimes be made. They become very wild, however, after being shot at a few times, and it is best then to try in some other direction. These birds are a wonderful instance of protective colouring. The shikari will frequently endeavour to point out some birds in a tree to the novice, but the chances are that the latter will never spot a single bird unless one of them happens to move. If a shot is fired, however, probably twenty or thirty birds will fly out, although the sportsman, had he been by himself, would have been ready to swear that there was not a single bird in the whole tree. The common Indian Blue-Rock Pigeon will occasionally provide many a pleasant hour if you can catch him flighting in the morning or evening on the way to his feeding grounds. He will also give you a most sporting shot now and again if a stone is thrown into any old disused well when passing.

There are, of course, many other birds such as the various pheasants, Bustard, Florican, etc., etc., to all of which it is not possible to refer in a general article of this nature, and I have endeavoured to confine my remarks to those birds with which the average shikari will first become acquainted. As amusements go, small game shooting is still one which the man of moderate means can afford, and if these few words are the means of inducing any new arrival in this country to interest himself in this fascinating sport the writer's efforts will not have been in vain. There is, however, one little suggestion which I should like to add in conclusion. Do not let the beginner simply be content with shooting for the pot, but let him study the habits and appearance of all the sporting birds he meets, and, above all, let him learn to identify every specimen that comes to hand. I am certain that if he follows this advice he will derive double the amount of pleasure and satisfaction out of his sport. I have on several occasions been absolutely astonished to find that men, who have the reputation of being really good shots, have been unable to distinguish between certain varieties of the different families of birds, although they were by no means uncommon and they must probably have shot scores of specimens of each kind. If the reader is really 'stumped' over any particular specimen, and can find no friend able to inform him, let him have the bird skinned and sent to the Bombay Natural History Society, who are always only too willing to help even non-members in this respect, but if he will take one final word of advice he will become a member of this Society which has done so much for the lovers of wild birds in this country; the journals published and issued free to members are, alone, well worth the subscription.



Shikari and duck punt in N. India.

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DISCOVERIES.

By

Otto Rothfeld, I.C.S.

MUCH has been said and often of the joy of new discovery. To stand upon some peak at Darien and gaze upon uncharted seas would seem like the attainment of an aspiration and the conquest of a new liberty. The scientist at the moment of a new invention, the electrician in the novel application of a wireless wave are seen by the reflecting eye transfigured with a sudden and celestial illumination. There is something almost dazzling in the vision of a man uplifted by the energetic grasp of natural power. One feels the throb of what in all of us remains from boyhood of adventure and delight.

Yet discovery is not always invention, nor need the finding be of something new. Even Columbus, it must be remembered, had no thought of a new America, but saw in the wooded outlines of his islands only the unveiling of the hidden Indies. To the maturer mind, at least, it may well seem a something sweeter, if less heroic, a thing of tenderer touch and dearer association, to rediscover again monuments forgotten and the relics of a life long past. Of late there has been a perfect fashion of discovery and in a few short months one has seen bared the tombs of Egyptian monarchs and their buried treasure, the fabled city Ur of the Chaldees, and half a score of forgotten urban habitations in as many lands and ages. History reconstructs itself before our eyes, and we see our human ancestry ever further and further back, as far as the recorded ages go, lodged and furnished, with but the most trivial difference, just as we live to-day. How very recent it was, yet how remote it now seems, that men, educated men, spoke quite habitually as if there were a gulf, unbridgeably wide, between their civilization and all that had gone before, as if *homosapiens* in the 19th century were the ultimate achievement of human perfectibility; and all the rest, the grandeur of Rome and the flexible wisdom of Greece, Egypt with its opulence, and the calculating luxuries of Babylon, the immemorial commerce of China, the arts and easy pleasures of the South Seas, the religious discipline of the Aryan household, and the turbulent empires of Asia Minor were merely stages in savagery and at the best the baffled trials of barbarism. We know better now and see the world for, at least, six thousand years unchanged in everything that matters. There are occasional relapses after the waste of war, and you get your dark ages, into one of which we are just now going down, ourselves or our children, to last its allotted span of centuries. And there are the periods of renaissance, when a former culture is recaptured in a season of peace and harvesting, when wealth increases and the mind has leisure for untroubled flights and the arts find patronage and a second blooming. This is the rhythm of disease and health in the body corporate, like the changes of diurnal life and sleep. Broadly six thousand years of humanity have been as a year or two years in the life of each of us, and at the end mankind is still where it was when its history began. We live as they lived: with similar houses and with similar jewelry: clothed as they clothed themselves: eating as they ate: our loves are like their loves: and our wars are perhaps after all not much more horrible than theirs. We delude ourselves with the same visions as they entertained; pay for the same magic as they paid to have; pray with the same unreasoning persistence for peculiar favours from the unheeding procession of cause and effect. We have the same or similar prohibitions; and we still tolerate inhibitions on our happiness as irrational as theirs. Or grant that a century of mechanical contrivance and sanitary appliance has really made the difference that our fathers thought, and that the steam boiler and the flushed drain have for the first time made man truly civilized, and even woman nearly so, now that she goes to universities. Grant even this, and believe that only for the last 100 years does true civilization exist and that too as a prescription and speciality of the Protestant and Teutonic, or perhaps the Anglo-Saxon, countries—"the white man's burden" and "the law" and all the rest of it—yet for 5,900 years, at least, it is agreed, man had remained unchanged and unimproveable. Here is a discovery that is at last worth having, an uncovering of fact and truth, that by its ironic implication should shatter half our pretensions and make us only half as offensive.

To discover that our best rooted beliefs are only survivals, in slightly altered habit, of old unreason is surely the first step to wisdom and to toleration. And there is wisdom in the mere setting of a right perspective. That mankind now is in material respects an improvement upon the pithecanthrope of Java or even, on a just estimate, upon the cave-dwellers of the palæolithic age seems almost certain. Whatever the virtues of our ancestors (ourselves, if we regard the continuity of life correctly) at those ages may have been, it seems hardly to be doubted that disease must have been more devastating, life more precarious, and cleanliness more uncommon. Those who have walked with the aboriginal tribes, that still exist by the side of more advanced communities, much as our first properly human ancestors lived a couple of hundred thousand years ago, know that they are in almost every respect more uncomfortable than the middle or wealthy classes in most modern countries. If this be so, and if for six thousand years—or 5,900 years at the utmost deduction—mankind has remained to all intents and purposes unchanged, it is obvious that the period of progress from cousinship to the baboon up to the perceptibly human and from that bare humanity to the urban and civilized, must have been of an incredible duration. Six thousand years ago, they wrote and read as we read and write nowadays, though perhaps less tedious stories. How long can it have taken before letters were shaped and before sounds became speech and speech articulate!

The great feats of rediscovery are only for the few, trained through long years of research in archæology and the labour of the sands, aided too, it must be, by the wealth that preserves from the need of earning a living and gives command over the toil of others. But there are more men to whom fortunate opportunity, falling upon a habit of observation and association, may reveal the past in unexpected places and disclose the connection of separated centuries. So, years ago, in the streets of a city on the Western coast of India, a city fragrant with memories of Greek argosies and the voyage of a Greek geographer, the writer found to his wonderment a wooden pilaster in the purest style of Italian Renaissance. Carved was its contour like a tree, and round it climbed in exquisite carving the branch of a vine laden with many grapes. Seen in a street in Florence or Bologna it would

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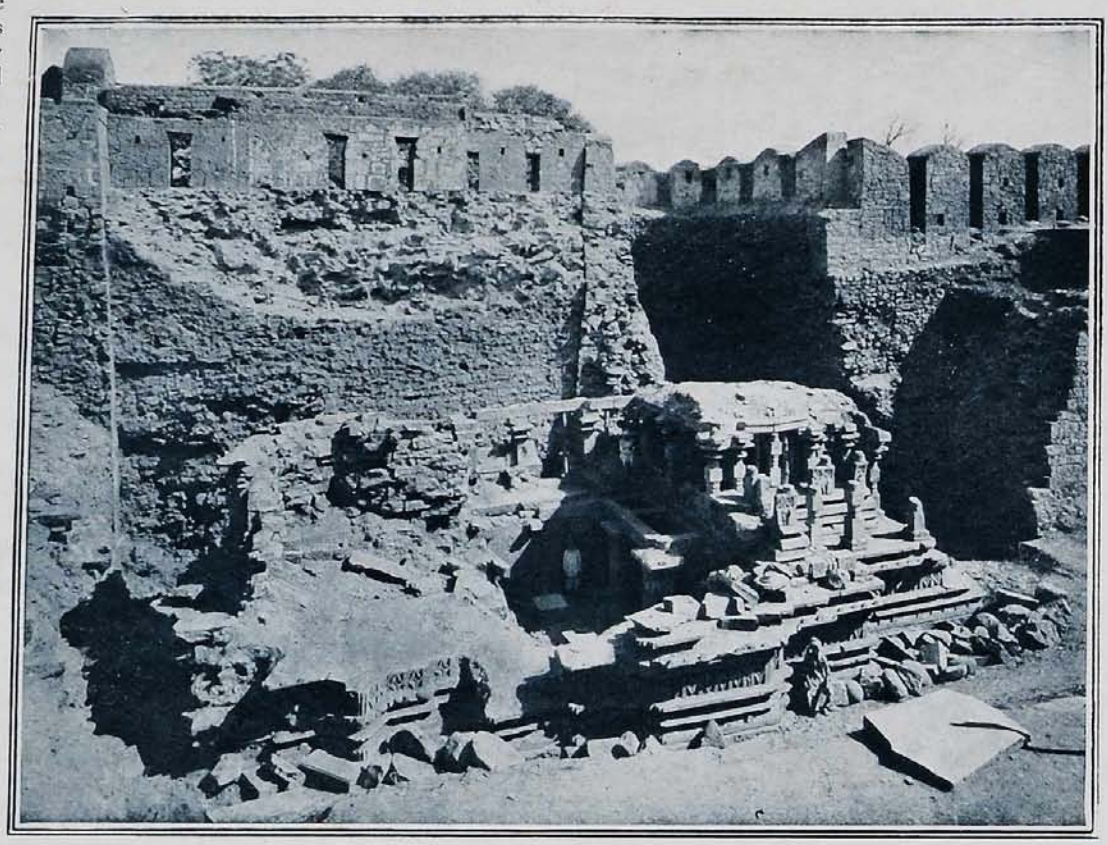
have called for no more than a passing word upon its workmanship. Seen here in India it begat a reverie of lost associations and exposed to reflection traffics and merchantry that in the passing of kingdoms had been obliterated. Some Italian trader in crafty wares, perchance himself a craftsman as so many were, had first come thither, sailing up the broad estuary to the landing stages underneath the outer wall, had taken house and found a pretty, affectionate Indian wife, and had refused the homeward passage to live and die under an Eastern sun and leave his imprint in this solitary memorial. Or, not so long ago, a ride through a forest revealed by a pretty chance the traces of an ancient elegance. The country counts for the wildest and least known in the Presidency, its tracks until late years for centuries *impassable* because of savage beast and hardly less savage man, its husbandry rude and sparse, its people scattered tribes of hillmen. Here, some miles from the nearest made road, a road just possible for a cart, there stood, half ruined but still beautiful, a temple daintily carved and pillared, of the age of Prakrit elegancies and luxuries. The sculptural reliefs were amorous in their kind, and finished in their impropriety. One could picture here the giggling ladies of a gay and decadent court, and gallants come to watch them eye the pictures, and glances passed, and flowers sent, and all the traffic of intrigue behind the guise of temple worship. What era was it, overwhelmed by what disaster, when an artistic and luxurious society strolled and peacocked it in those lands where now through many centuries only the Bhil has roamed half naked with his bow and arrows, or the leopard come to couch within the shrines of Gods? To have discovered these broken but still charming relics of frivolity and cultured sensuality in such a place and among such inhabitants was a pleasant reminder of the changes of time and the vast unknown *lacunæ* of Indian history.



A memorable discovery—the Chalukyan Temple which was buried inside the rampart wall of Sholapur Fort and was only recently brought to light.

But objects so tangible and thus external are not by any means all the discoveries that may be made from the past. Within each one of us lie hidden, but at times and to some extent perhaps decipherable, the traces of illimitable aeons upon the record of the soul. For the soul of man is no isolated individuality, nor is his life of three score years and ten a separated instant in eternity. The babe at birth does not come newly as a stranger into an unknown world. He bears upon his weakling shoulders the burden of all the centuries of the earth since life began and in his blood the unconscious memories of an infinite experience. For the cells which build his body are ever living and the seed from which he grew has never ceased to be alive and active, without break and without discontinuity, from the father to the child and from the child through all its human line of descent far back to other shapes and all the diversity of animal existence. Why the child breathes and sucks and circulates its blood cannot be explained by any instinct—a name with which to cover our own ignorance—nor need one seek for its explanation in any reiterated miracle. It does so, it appears, quite simply because it has itself for so many hundreds of thousands of years, perhaps, for millions, continuously gone on doing so without a break. We do unconsciously all the primary things in life simply because in that vast procession of the past they have been done so constantly that the habit now passes unobserved. The subconscious self is that which has endured longest and in it lies hidden the wisdom and habit of all the ages. No discovery made by any man is ever half so enthralling as this, when he discovers with a vital and concrete knowledge the truth of his continuous life through all the evolution of mankind and becomes conscious thereby of his innate kinship with all humanity and indeed with every living thing. Here is a discovery that once and for all changes his view of every act and every duty, and lights with fresh radiance the involved tracks of desire and destiny. It is his, thereafter, to search in the subconscious self, with such dim light as he can find in psycho-analysis or inner study, and trace with an ever freshened interest the passions and self-preservations of his dead, but still living past.

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Test. A.J. 207.

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AN OPIUM POPPY FIELD.

ON THANA CREEK.

By Cecil L. Burns

Humour in the Districts.

by R.G.G.

IT is possible of course that laughter may be due, as a scientist has recently informed us, to "a response within the uncertain "and ill-co-ordinated behaviour of the "instinct of love. . . it marks the escape "of psycho-physical energy mobilised to "meet the obstruction but not actually re-"quired for that purpose, and therefore for the moment "surplus," but unregenerate humanity will still continue to regard it as simply the tribute paid by the possession of a sense of humour to a good joke, and, agreeing with Keats that "Philosophy will clip an Angel's wings" will decline to allow the demon of Science to frighten away the Fairy spirit of the Smile by frigid explanations. In this determination they will be happily reinforced by the authority of the latest of our modern prophets, to wit the author of "Outspoken Essays," who, stigmatised by the vulgar as "The Gloomy Dean," yet maintains that even the Creator of the Universe must have a sense of humour, as only in this way can he account for the existence of such weirdly comic creatures as the Hippopotamus and the Wart Hog, which would seem to act in this world the parts which are played by the gargoyles in a human Cathedral. The sum total of which is that life without chuckles, even if Divine, would not be worth having a sentiment with which all, it is hoped, will be found to agree. And none more heartily, I believe, than the District Officer in India, for it is his sense of the humorous which goes largely towards making up the fascination of a life which has so many disadvantages in the way of loneliness, exile and discouragement.

Living in the midst of peoples whose whole standpoint is different from his own and who are alien to him in tongue no less than in mental and social habits, the force of contrast and the constant variety in the human element give him a fund of humour from which he may constantly be drawing fresh sources of delight and an increasing knowledge of and sympathy with human nature. At the same time it is perhaps necessary to remind him that, while he is exercising his sense of humour on the people around him, they are doing the same by him, and it would doubtless afford considerable food for thought could a District Officer be present at the subsequent discussion upon himself which follows his morning visit to an Indian village. It is, perhaps, fortunate for the continued preservation of our own dignity that, while we are so ready to discuss from the humorous point of view the characteristics of others, it seldom occurs to us that, others are doing the same in connection with ourselves, but an occasional reminder that this is not so is all for the good of the soul.

I have a vivid recollection of one such occasion in the case of a Marathi speech rashly delivered in a village without previous preparation. The village greybeards, courteous as always, listened without moving a muscle and with the attention due only to the purest accent and the most refined phraseology, and had they alone been present the speaker might have been able to lay much flattering unction to his soul. But, fortunately or unfortunately, there happened to be sitting in the front row two small boys who, unable to contain their feelings, gradually collapsed into a condition of hysterics, which finally brought the speech to an ignominious conclusion. "*Solvuntur risu tabulæ.*" Nor again is it an uncommon thing to have one's best efforts in the vernacular countered by the villager with the devastating answer "I don't understand English," to which the proper reply has yet to be discovered; though, to speak the truth, this particular answer is often due to the steady determination on the part of the villager that he is not going to understand the *priori* principle, anything which the Saheb says to him.

Sometimes, however, there are more gratifying results. Thus, travelling home recently on the P. and O., the end of a conversation in Gujarati with some Lascars was the question whether I was a Parsi. True, the fine edge is rather taken off the compliment by the reflection, which I am sure the Parsi fraternity will forgive me, that the Parsi variety of the Gujarati language is hardly the purest of the pure; still, even the ascription of a Parsi accent is almost an apotheosis in comparison with the accusation of speaking English. All of which leads to the reflection that it is queer that, while many a volume has been written on the peculiarities of Babu English, there is nothing, so far as I am aware, on the equally interesting subject of English-Marathi or English-any-other Indian language you please, though the results would be equally humorous for the Indians at any rate. Time is passing and the English officer will soon be as extinct as the Dodo, if the portents speak true. Let the Indian humorists bestir themselves, therefore, and, on the analogy of the collectors of the disappearing dialects of savage tribes, gather together the flowers of English-Marathi, etc., before they have utterly faded. Which done, I may perhaps be pardoned if I add one more to the anthology of "English as she is spoke" in India. It was a village school-master, who was interviewing me with the object of securing a visit to his Anglo-Vernacular institution the next morning. Consent having been obtained he added: "And among other classes will your honour be "so kind as to examine the *Infanticide* class?" a junior relation, I could only fancy, of Stevenson's Suicide Club.

Returning, however, to the previous theme, it must be admitted that a Parsi friend of mine once told me that in his opinion Indians had no sense of humour in the true European meaning of the word. That is a question for Indians themselves to decide, but one piece of

evidence which may be brought forward perhaps is the complete absence from Indian Courts of the judicial humour which so often enlivens the work in the English Courts. The Indian equivalent of Mr. Justice Darling would still seem to be lacking. The consternation caused in Court by even the following mild jest may serve as illustration of the argument It was a murder case and the prosecution had come to the conclusion that it was useless to proceed with the case as the evidence was insufficient. Now it happened that the Assistant Sessions Judge who was trying the case was also District Magistrate and, therefore, had to be consulted before it could be withdrawn. The consultation duly came off and withdrawal was sanctioned. But when in Court the Public Prosecutor put in his petition before the Assistant Sessions Judge to withdraw the case, the latter leant forward and in a tone of some gravity demanded of the Prosecutor whether this proceeding had the previous approval of the District Magistrate! One of the best jokes on the judicial side was made by an English Judge who, I know, will pardon me for repeating it. He had had before him a man accused of murdering his wife and as the result of the trial had acquitted him. When asked why he had done so, he replied "Ah, well, you know; we married "men must stick together"—an altogether admirable sentiment.

However, this may be the Parsi friend of whom I spoke above certainly had no lack of humour himself, as may be illustrated by the following anecdote: He was travelling in America and as an Indian gentleman, aroused considerable interest among enlightened circles in "God's own country." One of the enlightened was a Professor who asked him one day "And "now, Mr. K., is it "a fact, that in your "country you have a "marvellous system "by which you can "in a flash com-"municate informa "tion from one end "of the country to another without the intervention of "writing or messengers?" Mr. K. modestly replied that it was so, upon which the crowd was collected and Mr. K. exhorted to expound. "Well," he replied, "in time of "peace we used the ordinary telegraph, but during the war "we employed wireless." I understood that this reply was not well received. America, in fact, seems rather ill-informed on Indian matters; certainly the lady was who told my friend that to her knowledge the ordinary language of the Indian peasant was Sanskrit!

He had before him a man accused of murdering his wife.

It must be allowed, however, that whatever it may be someday, America is not at present a district of India, to which we may, therefore, return. And here perhaps it should be said that the happenings which at the time bring the broadest smile to the lips are those which can hardly be told with effect, either because they have a history behind them or because of some intimate connection with other circumstances or because they would lose their humour in the telling, or for other similar reasons. The doings of Municipalities and Local Boards provoke a considerable amount of amusement for the benefit of those who have to oversee their labours, as do the wily dodges of underlings angling for promotion. Petitions also are a well-recognised source of fun, not only from their language but also from the things the District Officer is asked to do. One of the commonest is from an indignant wife who states that as her husband has deserted her a long time back and as, in spite of repeated petitions, the Collector has completely failed to return him to her, she intends to take a substitute and the Collector will have to suffer the consequences. Petitions from injured wives and widows, in fact, form quite a considerable proportion of the District Officer's daily post, pathetic in their certainty that he can put everything straight if he only will try. Occasionally he can, but more often he has to harden his heart and say that nothing can be done.

Sometimes, indeed, the humour of an occurrence is so mingled with tragedy as to be indistinguishable therefrom. One evening I was taking a walk in the district close to the Dak bungalow when I noticed a woman lying under a tree. As she did not reply properly when spoken to, I asked some women who were passing what was the matter. They came close and inspected her and said, as though it were the most ordinary occurrence. "Oh, she's dying of starvation, of course." Having spoken so, to my astonishment they proceeded to give the poor old thing a hearty cursing, and why? Because they considered that the arrangement of her dress was hardly compatible with the claims of strict decency. "Oh, shameless one," they said, "there you are lying "on the ground with your *sari* all awry! Arrange it "decently at once!" Upon which they walked away highly indignant. Of course, she was at once taken care of, but in two days she was dead. Who can say that there was not humour of a grim and tragic sort in the contrast between the condition of the poor woman and the treatment given her by her fellows?

It was that same Dak bungalow which was the scene of one of those pleasant incidents which so add to the variety of district life. I had just come in from motoring and was strolling up and down the verandah when I was approached by a Britisher who, without any further introduction, invited me "to come and have a bit of tiffin," promising me a rare good one if I would agree. I did—and found it all he had said, for my hosts were a party of British sailormen who, being in port for a week with nothing to do, had hired a car and were chasing round the country therewith on a perpetual picnic. They had with them in the car a small bath, full to the brim with ice, in which reposed bottled beer, and other drinks, English butter, tomatoes, oranges, and apples, while they also carried a round of English beef, a ham and other comestibles. That tiffin was one of the best I have had for years, though whether iced beer is, from certain points of view, the best drink for a hot weather afternoon may perhaps be a question.

It was not far from this place that the following incident occurred. I was having tea with some missionary friends, and after tea their butler came up with a huge grin on his face, salaamed and said: "I hope your "honour recognises me?" I took one glance—and did. The last time I had seen him when he was my cook, and in the hands of the police for having, as he explained in an injured tone, by a sheer mistake taken the steamer to Bombay instead of the one which went to my camp.

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Unfortunately for him the "mistake" also included an advance of cash. He was a Goan—which reminds me of the only other occasion on which I met another of the fraternity in similar circumstances. As my wife and I were sitting at dinner one evening we heard a confused sound outside which gradually evolved itself into strong language by our butler. Going to see what was the matter we discovered that he and the hamal had collared a Goan in the act of raiding my dressing room. As his only booty was one bad rupee he was not a successful burglar. However, he was a resourceful one, for directly he saw us he flung himself on the ground and exclaimed in agonising accents: "Oh, Christ, me Christi; oh, Christ, me Christi," He got seven years; he had done it before. Incidentally I remember that I committed perjury in giving evidence against him; in fact, whenever I have given evidence in Court I have always perjured myself, and I really believe it is inevitable. Every judge ought to give evidence himself sometime. It would give him extraordinary sympathy with witnesses and teach him how exceedingly difficult it is to tell the truth, even with the best will in the world.

Burglars are dangerous people, but they are not so dangerous as Brahmins—at least, as some Brahmins. I had once happened to offend a powerful caste who desired to "do me in." The means employed, however, were not the crude variety which would have been used in the good old days, but the more subtle method of hiring a Brahmin to offer sacrifice that I might be reduced to ashes. Their lack of success after a certain period was considered, as was informed to be due to the fact that hitherto they had only been able to obtain the services of a second-class Brahmin. In these circumstances obviously the only thing to do was to draw up one's will and to await with resignation the arrival of the first-class gentleman and the resultant bonfire, or to hunt around for an elixir guaranteed to raise one Phœnix-like, from the ashes. As yet, however, I am still permitted to ejaculate with the late Mr. Labouchere when he thought he saw his lamp tip up as he lay on his death bed. "Flames? Not yet, I think!"

"Oh, Collector."

However, the anticipatory knowledge of my future destination was at any rate more accurate than the acquaintance with the topography of the British Isles as shown in the following yarn. The occasion was drinks in my bungalow after tennis and the speaker was an Anglo-Indian gentleman who was determined to show his intimate acquaintance with English life. I had happened to remark that my original home was a large city in the north of England, to wit, Sheffield, upon which he leant forward and in a tone obviously meant to impress the company said, "Ah, yes; I believe there is a railway "station there!" Analogy is truly a dangerous basis for geographical information.

That same bungalow was the scene of the following: I was sitting out in the garden after tennis one evening when I suddenly heard the most horrible groans proceeding from outside. Going to see what was the matter I found a young Indian gentleman lying on his tummy and kicking in a most terrifying fashion. Imminent death from hernia was apparently anticipated, so I led him into my bungalow and deposited him in a chair, pending developments. After more groans he suddenly burst out with "Oh, Collector, Collector! all my past "life is proceeding in front of my eyes! I shall shortly "be going to a better and a brighter world." He was; at any rate I met him the next morning in the steamer on his way to the "better and brighter world" of Bombay, cheerfully smiling. His stomachache, he intimated, was better, thanks.

A secondary source of humorous observation is, of course, one's colleagues and other acquaintances, official and non-official. Caution is necessary, for obvious reasons, in telling stories about them or at their expense, but the following are harmless and have the merit of being true: It was a Member of Council who, much against his will, had been hauled out in the early morning by an enthusiastic Revenue Officer, subsequently a M. C. himself, to view some experiments he was making. During the subsequent discourse in the office on the merits of the performance the member bent his head as though in deep thought over the subject in question. When the oration ended, however, he looked up and remarked, in a tone of deep satisfaction, "Yes, it *was* the sparking plug which must have gone wrong this morning!" Collapse of the orator!

From the Civil Service the natural transition is to the Church—of course. I once heard a Padre preach the following sermon. He was discoursing with intimate knowledge on the subject of Hell, the topography of which seemed to be rather of the Dante-esque order. In the course of the sermon he was describing the painful feelings of the mother who, herself in happiness in the Islands of the Blest, would see her son suffering the tortures of the Unblest in the place under consideration. He ended up with those remarkable words: "But, my dearly beloved "brethren, let us remember that she "will at any rate have this one great "consolation. *She will know that he well deserved it!*" The observation showed, shall we say, a lack of humour, but most Padres are not like that. One of them, who happened to be staying in a summer resort much favoured by missionaries ventured to go out and play tennis on the occasion of a prayer meeting. On his return he was met by one of the "unco guid" with reproachful glances and the remark, "Ah, brother! we put up a prayer for you to-day at meeting" to which the quiet reply was, "Thanks most awfully, I thought I was playing better to-day than usual. *Now I know why!*"

After the Church, one from the Army. A young subaltern with more money than brains and more conceit than either was discoursing, not in Mess, upon his position and his dissatisfaction with the Service and wound up by remarking that "the army is no place for a "gentleman." Further utterance, however, was stopped by the remark from one corner:—"Then I suppose you're "going to remain in it!" Finally, one from the race-course. Two ladies on the Poona race-course were engaged in conversation on that source of perennial interest for ladies, their husbands. One of them said, "My husband is an O.B.E.." to which the other replied, "Oh, mine is still better, He's an OBEY."

With which, as the late-lamented "Pitcher" of the Pink Un used to say, *Finis chartacque viaeque.*

R. G. G.

America's Chief Contribution to Civilization

THE SINGER SEWING MACHINE.

1853.

THE sewing machine has justly been called "America's Chief Contribution to Civilization" and one of the principal causes for the general diffusion of well being among the people of the United States is found in the wonderfully diverse uses of mechanical contrivances to take the place of manual labor. So far as men and women can substitute for the direct output of physical strength the more intelligent effort of guiding a machine, they are so far uplifted in the scale of being, because they are enabled to make their lives more interesting as well as more productive.

It is in the invention of Machinery—which not only economizes but elevates human nature—that American ingenuity excels; and the Singer Sewing Machine is one of the most conspicuous examples of this kind of invention.

Most of the really great inventions have been products of slow growth rather than an inspiration, and the sewing machine is no exception to the rule. It has been in process of evolution for more than a century previous to 1850 when Issac Merritt Singer's versatile brain became attracted to the problem of machine sewing.

The firm of I. M. Singer & Co. was formed in 1853. Its policy always contemplated the diffusion of the business in every direction, following the most direct method of placing its products in the hands of the consumer. In 1856 it originated and inaugurated the system of selling sewing machines on the renting or instalment plan; this method has since been extended all over the world.

By the Year 1863 the annual sales of Singer Machines amounted to 21,000, and agencies were established in the principal cities of the United States. In that year the copartnership of I. M. Singer & Co. was merged into an incorporated company, bearing the title of **The Singer Manufacturing Company**, and the two original partners retired from the active management of the business. It 1872 the present factory at Elizabethport, N. J., was located. In 1882 this site covered 32 acres of land and had more than 3,000 employees. It now covers 75 acres and has more than 9,000 employees. The factory at Bridgeport, Conn., has a ground area of about 13 acres and a floor area of 517,000 square feet. Other immense Singer factories, employing many thousands of workmen, are located in Canada, Scotland and Germany. Singer woodworking factories, the largest in the world, are operated in Arkansas, Illinois and Indiana.

The Selling Organization. It is only by means of such a factory equipment as has been described that uniformly reliable machines can be produced; the Singer factories are so complete in every detail that their product has, practically, no competition. The Singer Company makes nothing but sewing machines, their parts and attachments; *it does not sell to dealers*, but maintains its own distinctive selling organization in every city in the world, where its direct representatives maintain its reputation for the superior quality of its merchandise and for fair dealing in its sale to the user.

Singer Service does not end merely with the sale of a machine but every purchaser is entitled to a service that is local all over the world and thus it happens that no matter where the owner of a Singer Machine may go, she will promptly be able to get parts for her machine, also needles, oil, etc.

She will find teachers ready to instruct her in the best methods of using her machine, and expert mechanics to repair or adjust it. It will make no difference where her machine may have been purchased, she is a customer of the Singer Company entitled to the services of any Singer employee, to courtesy, help and assistance. This peculiar local service is impossible to other sewing machine manufacturers who have no organization similar to that of Singer, which has been 70 Years in the making.

The Specialization of Singer Machines. A machine that is well devised to do a definite work will perform it better than one having possible application to many varieties of work, and for this reason Singer Sewing Machines have been specialized so that each shall be the best for its own purpose. This development of special stitching appliances for use in the factory has been not only of tremendous benefit to the world at large, by causing a great reduction in the cost to the consumer, but it has brought commercial success to the manufacturer, who could not have achieved modern results without these special sewing machines.

Extension of Stitching Industries. The development by the Singer Company of special and automatic machines for the numerous stitching industries, to meet their many requirements, has been almost limitless. A few instances will serve to illustrate the progress made in recent years along these lines. For example, the buttonhole machine has been developed so that to-day on the finest material the most perfect hole is produced by a machine which automatically cuts the hole, works the edge with a perfect purl stitch, bare or tacks each end and trims the upper and under thread in one operation, making from 5,000 to 6,000 buttonholes per average work day. The automatic button sewing machine has reached the same stage of perfection as the buttonhole machine.

Machines of various designs in one and two needles for sewing and closing circular, cylindrical and odd shaped articles such as shirt-sleeves, trouser legs, boots, shoes, leather bags, pocket books, and others too numerous to mention; multiple needle machines from 2 to 36 needles which run in unison at from 1,800 to 2,500 stitches per minute, making continuous rows of stitching, tucks and gathers, are unlimited in their many variations and adaptations. Fancy and embroidery stitching machines are many and wide in variety and their application to factory product for ornamentation and trimmings producing automatically many designs and stitch formations, duplicating work formerly made only by hand.

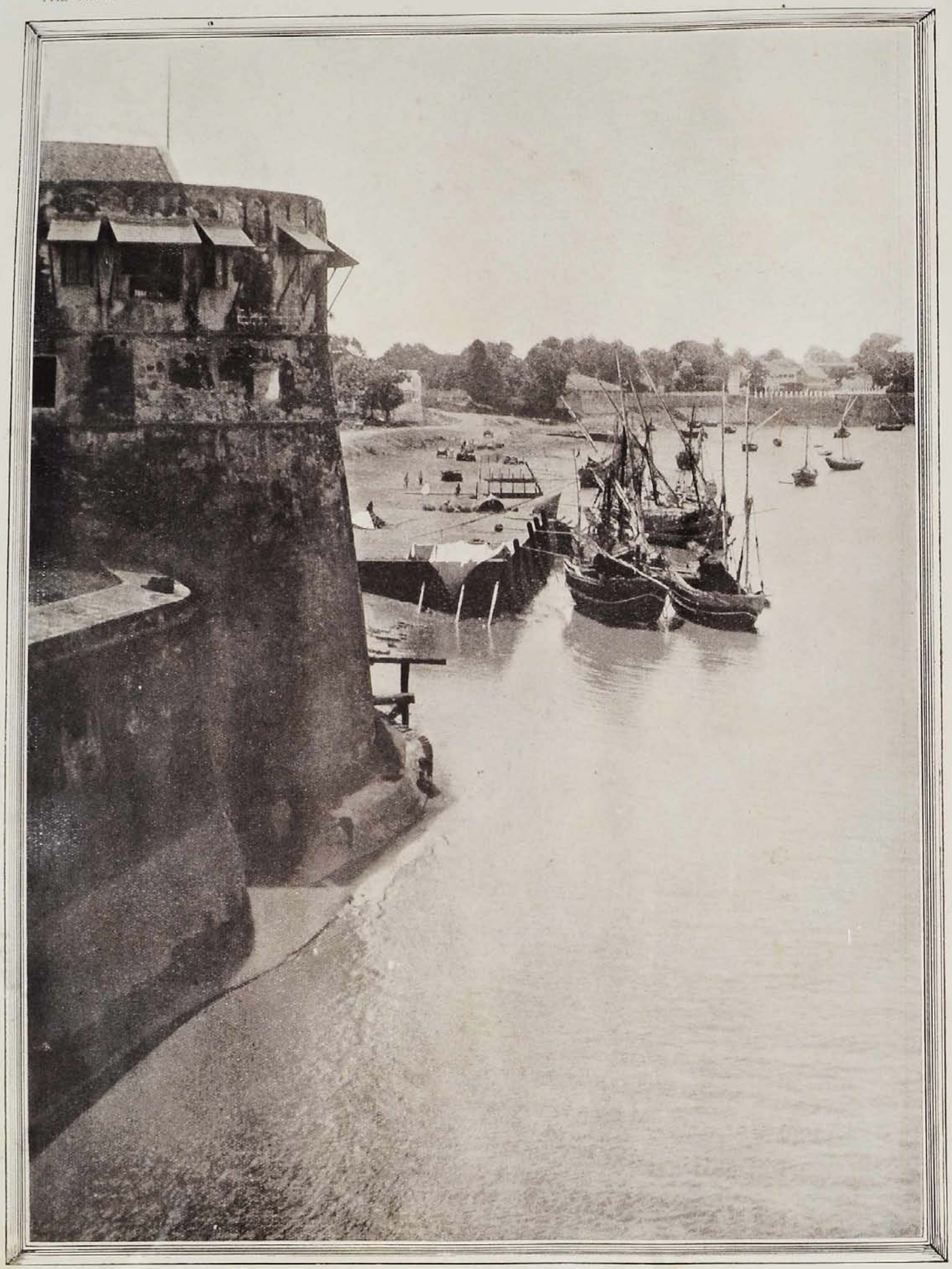
1923.

SINGER SHOPS IN EVERY CITY—INDIA, BURMA AND CEYLON.

Photo by Major W. de H. Haig, R.E.

THE DARZIS' VERANDAH.

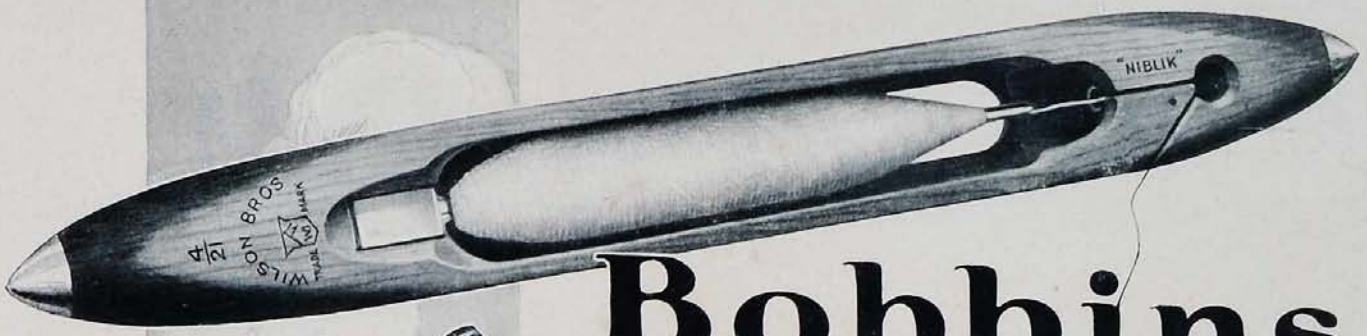
Household economy in India is complicated by many servants, and there are but few Memsahibs who can dispense with the services of the Darzi, or male equivalent of the English sempstress. At his own establishment or in the house of his employer the Darzi commonly works in the verandah or in any old corner out of the way. Like most Indian craftsmen, he adopts what to western eyes is a most uncomfortable attitude.



THE CASTLE AT SURAT.

Photo by Herbert Smith.

Few cities in India present a more picturesque appearance than Surat, which lies on a bend of the river Tapti. In the centre of its river-front rises the castle, a mass of irregular fortifications, flanked at each corner by large round towers. The castle was built in 1540 by a Turkish soldier in the service of the Gujarat kings and remained a fortress until 1862 when the troops were withdrawn and the buildings used as public offices.



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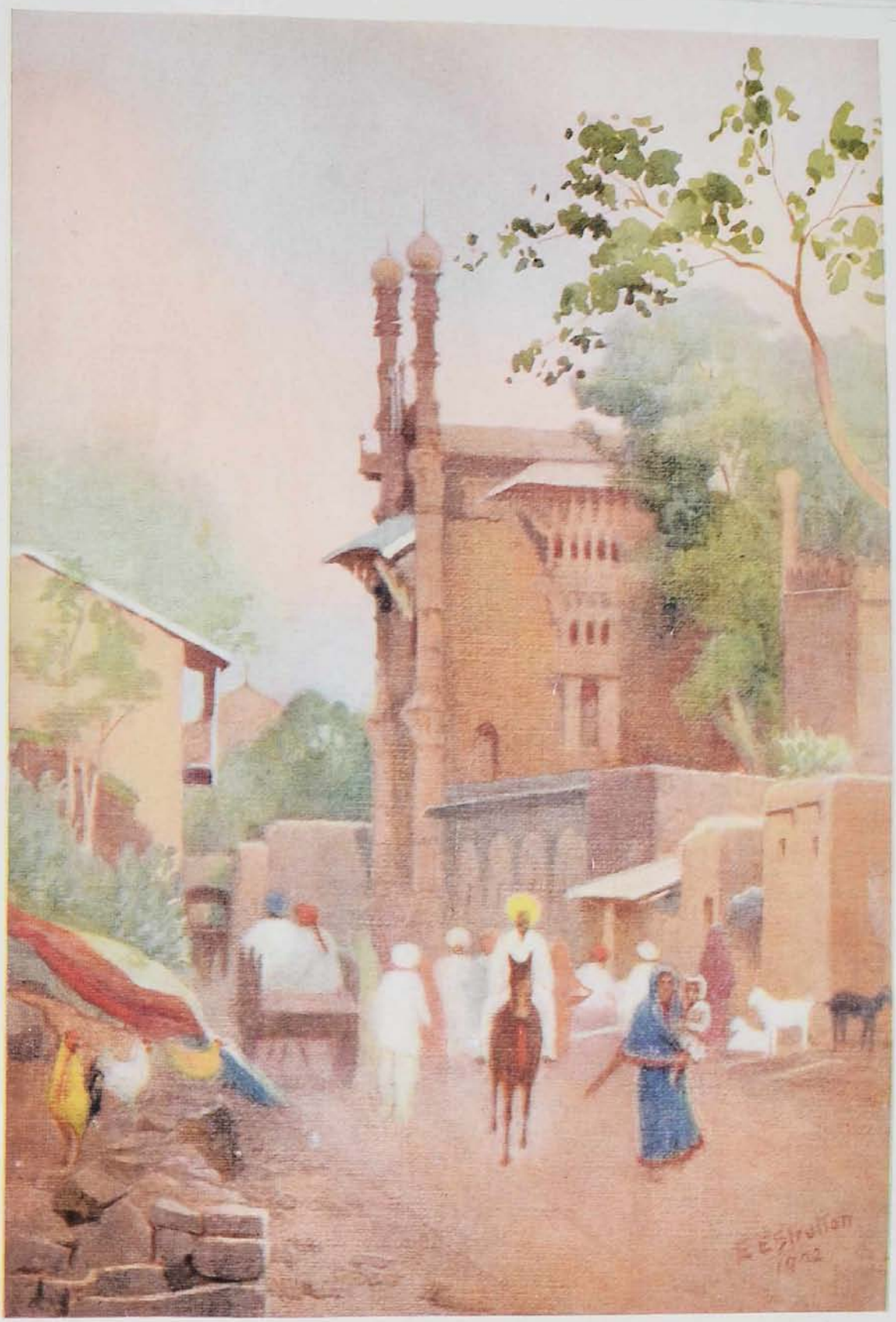
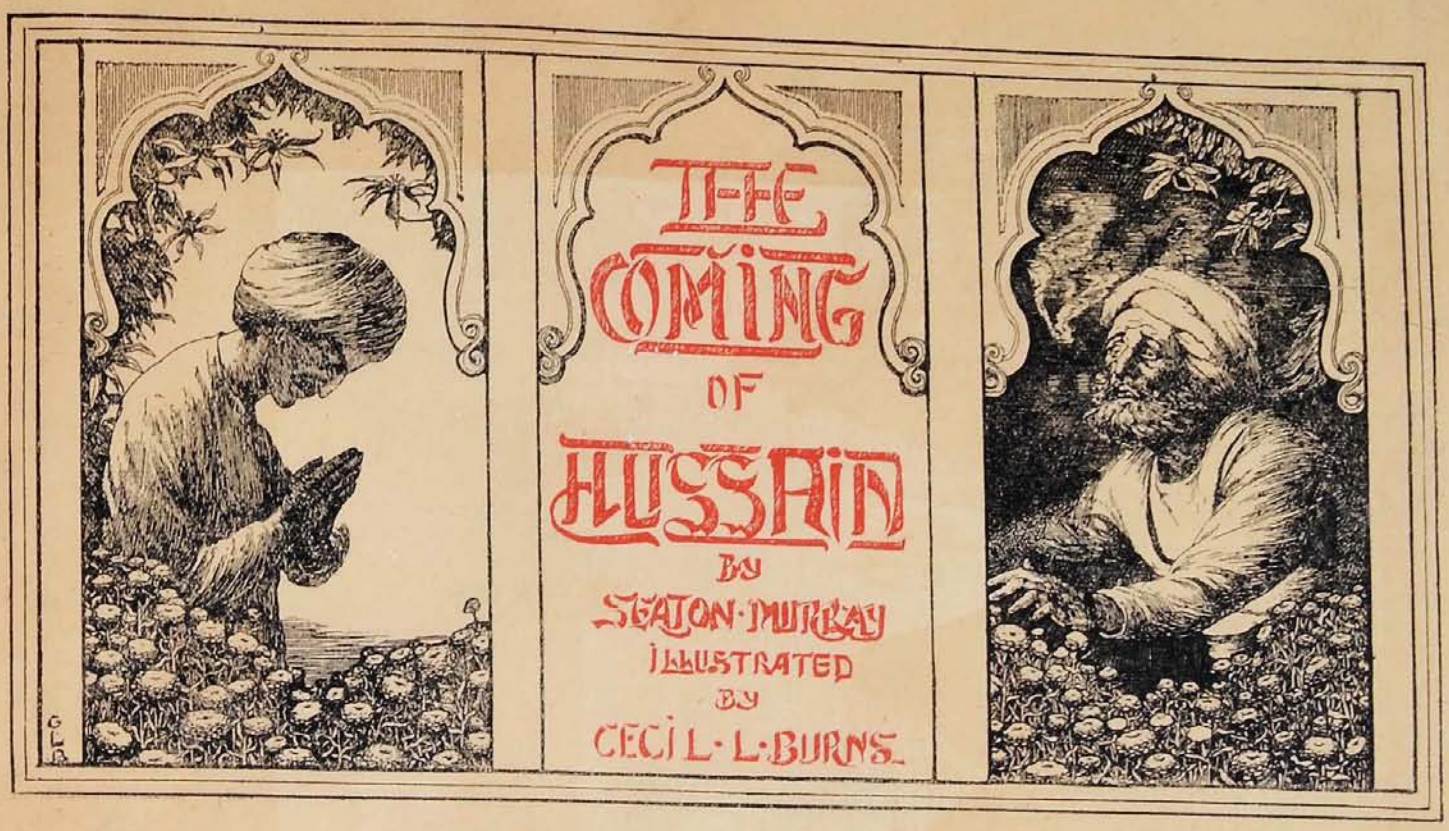


A SCENE IN BIJAPUR.

TEMPLES AT NASIK.

By M. K. Parandekar.



HESTHER Stanhope was alone in their bungalow at Meerut. Her husband had gone that morning to arrange for the stabling of the polo ponies in the coming tournament at Delhi. She was not nervous at being left; but she did resent the servants' refusal to live in the quarters that went with the house. Old fathers, sick mothers, rent in the bazaar paid in advance, were all so many inventions. She knew them; ungrateful, prejudiced creatures, with no thought for their memsahib's convenience.

Hesther hated servants, and she disliked Meerut. Her grandmother had been killed there in the Mutiny; in this very bungalow for all she knew. It was dilapidated enough with its torn and dirty ceiling-cloths and ant-eaten beams. It had been the only one free, that was why they had taken it. It was seldom let; servants gave so much trouble over living there. There was that Hussain again, hovering round the end of the verandah. She would not engage him, a mere boy like that. She called up the bearer and told him sharply to dismiss the lad; and that if he went on bringing unsuitable servants he would be dismissed himself.

Then she caught sight of the old mali. The sun had set and he was watering his marigolds. He belonged to the house, or said he did; and, when she had suggested that he was too old for work, he had just looked pathetic and said nothing. But all the other servants had given her to understand that he must stay: though she might get a second. She had not wanted marigolds, the flowers of death, always reminding you of funerals; and they were hideous. But the old man, always respectful, always obliging, had somehow had his way. As he had, too, over the poinsettia hedge. It had grown tall and thick and was beginning to shut in one verandah, but he would not cut it back.

They were all alike, hopeless, unmanageable, smelling of coconut oil, reeking of garlic: how Jack could tolerate, much less like them, she could not see. But he only smiled at her outbursts and said that one day she would come to understand, not them, but his sympathy with them.

Feeling irritated and helpless, she went in to dress, for she was dining out. A death's head moth blundered into her lamp then on to the ceiling. Those beams were a disgrace. But all the suave Parsi landlord had said in answer to her protestations was that when they did come down he would willingly have them replaced.

The dinner was a gay one, the talk lively and general. Colonel Butler of the 200th was chaffed over some "little trouble" in the regiment; but he laughed and said all they wanted was more to do. The "unrest" in the papers was commented on and lightly dismissed; a subaltern complaining that the papers were always promising scraps that did not come off.

After dinner Hesther felt tired and disinclined for bridge, so pleading a headache left early. The moon was full, and the night air heavy with scents. The poinsettias in her garden shone scarlet still, their glory but little dimmed, though the marigolds glowed more dully beyond them.

She stood, for a moment, held by the still beauty of the night, with its sharply-cut solid shadows, and hushed undercurrent of rustlings and murmurings. Then she went in, dismissing the servant who had waited with a lantern to bring her home. She was sleepy, and her bed looked soft. But the business of undressing is arousing, and once in bed she lay wide awake. The mali and his flowers, Hussain and his persistence, the fat Parsi and his beams, passed in turn through her mind. She could see no sense in any of them.

In the distant bazaar a tom-tom throbbed, maddening, haunting, suggestive. An owl hooted softly in the garden. Then from the Polo ground came a long-drawn wail, faint but shrill, then another deeper and menacing, and another and another; rising, falling, sobbing, till they burst into a chorus of yapps and snarls, that broke off short. Jackals!

The night wind that, in India, comes and goes like a lost spirit, shivered through the Casuarina trees, and a dog gave vent to his overburdened feelings in heart-breaking howls. Hesther covered her ears, but mercifully someone threw something at him. She turned restlessly, longing for sleep, her senses now too alert to allow of it; then suddenly stiffened and held her breath the better to hear. An unmistakeable rhythm had caught her ear. That was the tramp of troops, along the Mall; and at night! What could it mean?

She heard the jingle of accoutrements, she was sure, and horses galloping. The tramp broke into a scuffle, a shot rang out followed by a horrible scream. There was the blare of a motor horn, an echoing crash, and the din grew hideous. She must know. Should she get up and find someone? Or was she growing absurdly nervous?

"Memsahib, oh! Memsahib," called a soft voice from the door.

Hesther sat up and saw an old man in servant's dress. His haggard face was framed in a white beard; he was breathless, and afraid, and his eyes implored her.

"It is I, Hussain, Huzoor, and there is no time—no time. 'They' are here. Oh! Come quickly, Memsahib."

There was no doubting that old face, and without a thought of hesitation Hesther flung herself out of bed, tearing down the mosquito net, and followed him. Along the verandah, round the house and into the garden he went; moving quickly, but so stealthily, and peering from side to side.

Who was he? The Clarkes had an old bearer she remembered, but this man was unfamiliar. Someone must have sent him, knowing she was alone. Something awful had happened then. That ghastly noise in the Mall—there was a crash in the house behind them that made her jump. She glanced round, saw nothing—then stopped in horror.

A sepoy with grinning face was blocking their path. He stood in the shadow of a tree gloating, taunting the old man, using horrible words. Hussain pleaded piteously, but the sepoy only laughed. Then as Hussain made a movement towards her the sepoy threw up his rifle with a yell, and fired. The old bearer staggered, "Run, Huzoor, run—through the stables—there—is—" then a bayonet thrust into the old breast, plunged him choking into the poinsettias.

Hesther had stood as though frozen, but as the white head, its turban fallen off, sank into the scarlet flowers, she flung out her arms and screamed; then half strangled by sobs she fell across the bed of marigolds.

* * *

Just what followed she never knew. People had come and carried her away. She had been put to bed and made to drink something. She had been hushed and soothed and told not to talk, that all was well.

All well! with that devoted agonised face with the stained white beard, falling through the scarlet flowers. But in the end she had slept. When she awoke her brain was clear, though she ached, how she ached. She was alone in somebody's bedroom; not her own; and a whiteclad figure was seated on the threshold. It looked like her bearer. He had sat there since before dawn, had she but known it, ready to fetch and carry at a whispered command. The old mali had roused him in his little house in the bazaar; and the "Go thou quickly. The memsahib needs thee" he had obeyed without question No one did question how the mali knew, what he knew.

Then she heard a man's voice. Major Clarke's, surely. What was he doing here?

"How's the patient Nora?"

"Sleeping like a child after that draught Jim; but she looks half dead, poor little woman. What's the news? What did happen last night?"

"Well for one thing a rotten old beam came down in Mrs. Stanhope's room, bringing half the ceiling with it. But I don't think it was that somehow, that frightened her so badly."

Nora was horrified. "What an escape, Jim!"

"Yes. She would have been killed all right; if she'd been there. But that's not all. You know their bungalow is just off the Mall, and there was the devil to pay in the Mall last night. She must have heard it all, and enough to frighten anyone. Yet she's not the fainting kind. Well some of the 200th were route-marching last night as a punishment, and came in about twelve. Meantime some fool let off a squib in the mule-lines and stampeded a lot of them. Some got loose and away and went charging along like mad. They swerved into the 'Mall,' right into the 200th. The sepoys doubled round 'em, into 'em, after 'em. Anywhere they could; and one idiot let off his rifle by mistake, of course; but his company officer will be hard put to it to explain how the cartridge got there and wounded a mule that screamed like blazes. The General had been dining out, and came along, blowing that old banshee of his and turned a corner into the lot. I tell you there was a mix up, and the shindy was awful. Mules kicking, sepoys yelling, and the General cursing over the remains of his Fiat. There's a whole string of 'em waiting their turn on the mat this morning."

Nora Clarke listened amazed. Things certainly had been happening, though only a confused hub-hub had carried to her house, and she was used to turmoils at night. But she was puzzled. "Why should that make Mrs. Stanhope faint, Jim? She's not nervous. I can't get anything out of the servants. They only say "Memsahib frightened," and wriggle their toes into the ground. And you know what that means. If they won't speak, they won't. So I gave it up."

"It will come out in time, old girl. Better wait till Mrs. Stanhope is a bit better. Youv'e sent for him?"

Jack Stanhope, recalled by wire, returned that morning. He found a pale and shaken but calm wife. She had asked many questions, but had said little herself before he came; for she had found out that no one had seen or heard the sepoy and Hussain; and she felt there was something queer about it. She had longed for Jack, and the sight of him and the feel of his arms round her had brought strength and confidence. He would get to the bottom of it all if anyone could. Then she had told her story, when Major Clarke had told his.

"The mali glanced at him, still crouched over his work."

They were horrified and amazed, and completely mystified. A dead servant and an escaped sepoy are missed at once, and tracked; but no one yet wanted these two.

"Jack," Hesther had said later, "you must find out what has happened to that poor old man. He's past help but he may have a family. And that sepoy ought to be shot. No! Shooting's much too good for him."

Jack had promised, fervently; and gone out wondering. He rode over to his house and inspected the ruin. It was thorough enough. Hesther would have been crushed horribly. He turned away quickly. The old mali was there, he saw, sorrowfully trying with little bits of stick to mend his marigolds. Then he looked at the poinsettia hedge, and stood staring. Not a twig was broken. Not a scarlet flower was crushed. The mali glanced at him, still crouched over his work.

"The moon was full, was full," he murmured to the marigolds, "and Hussain he came, he came. Only to save he comes. For the memsahib he gave his life. He gave it first for her whom they killed in the Dark Days, long ago. And this is true, yes true. Did not my father see?"

There was silence: and then, "Thou art an old man

mali," Jack said at last. He had caught the words half chanted into the flowers.

"The Huzoor says," the mali answered stolidly.

"And thy speech is true?"

"Who am I to lie to the sahib?" he returned indifferently but with another glance.

"Then tell me who was this Hussain?"

The man stood up, and master and servant faced each other. "In the days of the trouble, Huzoor, when my people fought some on one side, some on the other, one Hussain, an old man and known to my father, was servant here. His sahib was good, his memsahib kind. They were as his father and his mother; as it might be you,

"She turned round. For a second, framed in the doorway, she saw the old man."

Oh! Protector of the Poor," and he salaamed, "but the memsahib was alone when they came. So Hussain went to save her; but it was too late. They killed him there," he pointed to the poinsettia hedge, "and afterwards my father crept out and buried him here," he pointed down at the drooping marigolds. "The memsahib they caught in the stable." He hesitated; "the roof fell on the memsahib's bed last night, Huzoor, but Hussain came first and called her."

Jack stared again at the poinsettias. "I—understand, mali-jee", he said.

* * * *

The ceiling was mended, and with new though less bulky beams. The fat Parsi had himself come to supervise the work; full of regrets at the calamity, so unforeseen, and of congratulations on the memsahib escape, so miraculous.

Hesther was quite recovered, though a little given to day-dreaming; and much to Jack's surprise, had insisted on moving back into the house as soon as it was possible.

The evening of their return, the boy Hussain came again, respectful, apologetic, quietly persistent.

"Let him speak," Hesther said.

"The presence requires a khitmatgar," he stated simply, "I," he glanced over her shoulder, "I am Hussain, grandson of Hussain. I will live in the compound Huzoor," his eyes looked past her again, "and then—so will the others, also."

She turned round. For a second, framed in the doorway, she saw the old man with the devoted eyes and anxious face. No. She would never understand. But now she could feel that there was something which, elusive and contrary though it was, in some odd way made a bond.

"Very good, Hussain," she said, "you can come tomorrow."

THE OLD COMMITTEE MAN

"Youth has the time to read long and the imagination to grasp all great things."—*Napoleon.*

You may think it thousands of pities
(And sometimes I think so myself)
That after a life of committees
I rest and shall rest on the shelf.

And I in the dust am discarded,
A little way under the tiles,
While schemes that for years I retarded
Are filed in municipal files.

The benches once rocked to my thunder,
The lizards once fled out of sight,
While I clove the welkin asunder
And potently pled for the right.

With questions on school sanitation
In ample Gibbonian style,
And claims that the trams of the nation
Should curtail their tariffs per mile.

Young Govind, my hope and my glory,
Shan't do as his daddy has done.
I'll teach him my sorrowful story
And caution my promising son.

He shan't speak of sewage and housing
With timely quotations from Burke,
Or schemes for uplifting, delousing
The millhand come home from his work.

I'll prentice the lad to a tailor
To watch that he comes to no harm,
Or learn him the trade of a sailor,
Or buy him a promising farm.

He shan't be returned Corporator,
He shan't be a failed M.L.C.,
But push in the timely potater
And cull the leguminous pea.

And there in the mists of the twilight,
And there in the dews of the dawn,
And there in the ordinary dry light,
And there when the homing kine yawn.

He shan't seem to throttle, or border
On madness, as I when I see
My enemy's statue on order,
But only a portrait of me.

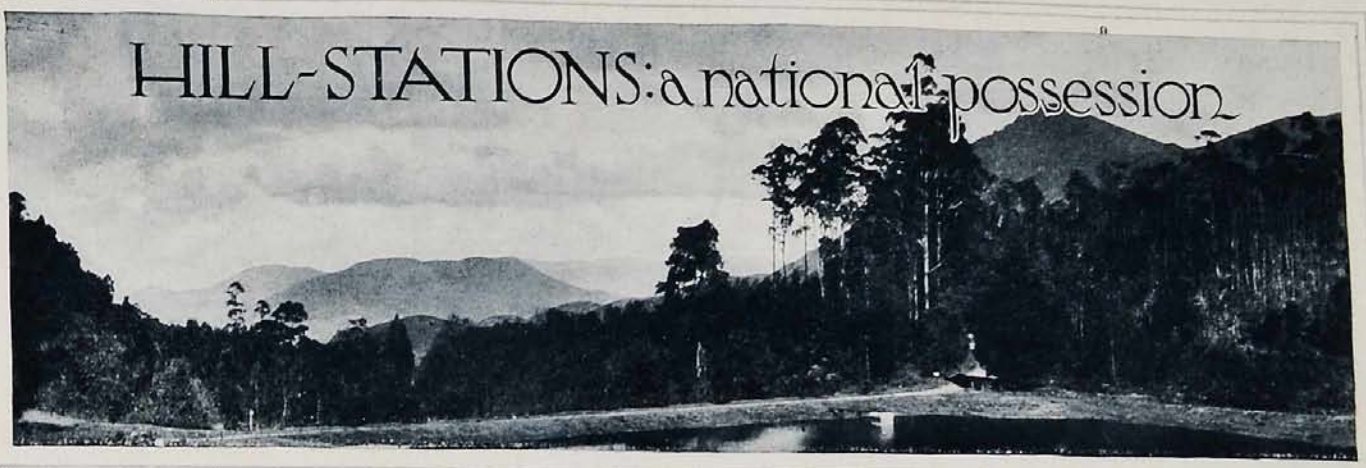
The scoundrels ! The suars ! The traitors !
The murderers ! The felons ! The fools !
The upstarts ! The third and fourth-raters !
The blood-sucking, corpse-digging ghouls !

Disgusting ! Disastrous ! Atrocious !
Reaction, Repression unheard !
Stupendous ! Outrageous ! Ferocious !
Appalling ! Insensate ! Absurd !

They called a retrenchment committee
And said, though they all must agree
That I was a pride to the city,
They'd give up the statue of me.

And I've sat on all those committees,
And now I'll be left on the shelf,
And so I sing sorrowful ditties
And mournfully comfort myself.

HILL-STATIONS: a national possession



WHEN the cynic asks what the British have given to India, it is possible for the most self-depreciatory of Englishmen to answer, "Petrol tins and Hill-stations." No one with eyes in his head can doubt the validity of the first plea. The white man could be buried anywhere in India under Wren's proud epitaph, *Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*. Lovely and pleasant is the petrol in life, and in its death tin and motorist are not divided. His bath comes to him in a petrol tin, his tea is boiled in the same tin. It makes roofs for his servants' houses and musical instruments with which they lull him to slumber. The loveliest of iridescent domes in Srinagar is entirely composed of petrol tins, and the outermost tea plantation of Ceylon knows them well. It is difficult to picture an Indian village unadorned by a petrol tin. Its undulating curves and opalescent silver have everywhere taken the place of the more rigid brass and copper pots of twenty years ago. The petrol tin is the true symbol of the changing East, and under the motto "East is not East, nor West West," a tin might be emblazoned on the banners of both nations.

Second only in importance to petrol tins ranks the West's introduction of a life alternating between hills and plains. It is true that the Moghul kings alternated, but it was a royal rather than a society habit. To-day the hill-station habit is strong among many ranks, not to mention our legislators who adopt it, as they say, of necessity. It received a strong impetus during the war, when the sea was closed to women, children, and travellers for pleasure. The movement hillward was ripe for suspension. Railways had already been built to the base of the hill ramparts. At Kaika, Darjeeling and elsewhere the trains defied gravitation and calmly, if slowly, crawled up the hill face. Other routes were well supplied with dak-bungalows, and sometimes with a public motor service, as on the road into Srinagar. Hotels of various degrees of inefficiency were ready for expansion at a dozen entrancing spots, at Mussoorie, Naini Tal, Murree, Ooty, Coonoor and Nuwara Elia, while the hinterland of some of these places, especially beyond Srinagar and Almora, was more attractive than the place itself. Rest-houses and house-boats developed into small hotels, and the Englishman, not from any Hunnish motives but through sheer necessity, pushed his women and children before him in a frontal attack on the goats, *murgi*, and less desirable denizens of the would-be hotels. The result was that hundreds of people discovered the health-giving resources of India.

Inevitably the movement threw up its supermen and superwomen, even its superbabies. The writer has personal knowledge of white babies born in Kulu, informally vaccinated on the Zogila Pass, and on one occasion met an English lady doctor wandering about the Pindari glacier with a forceps, offering any high-spirited Englishman a unique opportunity of removing several of her teeth without an anæsthetic. Strange to say the hour (and the tooth-ache) produced the man. Camping at high altitudes became quite an ordinary holiday arrangement, especially in Kashmir, and was no longer the privilege of the forest officer or sportsman.

One result of the hillward movement has been a better knowledge and greater love of India, not only among Englishmen, but among Indians, who became infected with the travel bacillus and began to explore their own country. Indian cooked food is now purchaseable on many routes beyond the rail-head, for those who can use non-caste food, and houses are being rapidly bought up by Indian families, who ten years ago would have thought a yearly outing for their children a most unnecessary disturbance of the routine of city life. A few years ago Indians thought that the hillward exodus of English women and children was simply a bad habit born of western incapacity to rest. Now they see that it has marked results on the strength of their own children. If to-day you asked "When is a bad habit not a bad habit?" even the most conservative of grandmothers would be forced to reply, "When it scotches the malaria germ, and brings bloom to hollow cheeks." House agents at Mahableshwar, Pachmarhi, Almora and many other places are well aware of this change in the Indian point of view. If the new spirit prevails, and aeroplanes learn to land on needle-points of rock, there seems no reason why the whole Himalayan range should not become the world's pleasure-ground, and a health-resort "compared to which," as the Red Queen said in *Alice*, Switzerland "would be a valley."

If the people of India, or even a fraction of her dominant classes, should take into their heads to think the pursuit of health and renewed vitality worth while, the history of India would be entirely altered. It is a complete mistake to suppose that only the alien in India needs to escape from the soul-and-body-destroying enervation of the plains. The India-born inhabitant needs invigoration even more than the outsider, since he starts with a handicap of languor from which the child of temperate zones is free. When the Englishman, half dead with malaria, spru, or dysentery, is told that he must go home or die, he goes home. The Indian dies, not because he need, but for want of an obvious alternative. He is just beginning to realise that the alternative exists, and in his own country. "If there be a paradise upon earth, it is here, it is here, it is here." No other country possesses such mountain gloom and mountain glory, such cavernous depths of valley, such eerie pinnacles of rock, such multitudinous murmuring of forest, and unearthly mystery of snow. To have penetrated the mountain silences even twenty miles from Simla Mall, or up the Gilgit road, is to be for ever haunted by their beauty. All the rest of the world becomes an exile to the lover of the Himalayas. And the moral of that is "Don't fall in love with Nanga Purbat or Trisul, if your home is in Cheltenham." And for Indians the moral is "Rise up and inherit your earth."

The Hill-station as a national asset is still in its infancy. From Haramosh to Kinchanjanga a hundred hill stations.

each as wonderful as Darjeeling, might be built. The Nilgiris clamour for development. Even the lowliness of Adam's Peak, a mere 7,400 feet, dwarfs the highest mountains of Scotland and, pace the ever sensitive Scot, can give them many points in beauty. But many hill-stations are still difficult of approach and ill-equipped. It is true that to meet the monumental prejudices of the Briton, Bhimtal and Mussoorie have developed fishing as a sport, Pahlgam, Binsar and Chikalda offer big game; the Wular Lake has its house-boats and Naini Tal its sailing boats; Gulmarg and Nuwara Elia have golf courses and Ooty its motor roads. But these are mere "passing shows of being," mere excrescences on the physiognomy of the mountains. Their essence is to give vigour and to enhance life. You can keep your eye on the ball at Jhansi or Bareilly. To lift your eyes to the hills, you must go further afield. The hills will supply India with health, by means of far more schools for the young, and hospitals for the convalescent, and more houses for the jaded plain-dweller. Only so can Indians inherit their greatest national possession. Man must catch the water and build the roads. The hills will do the rest.

It is the property of the rarefied hill air to bring out people's peculiarities in a more marked degree. Some of the shackles of life on the plains are cast off. Grandmothers, for instance, and husbands are often left at the bottom, and Indian ladies venture on modernities unknown to their ancestral halls, while the doings of Englishwomen have passed into a Kipling Saga. Kipling spoke the truth but not the whole truth. It is true that the flirt flirts more in the hills. But then the domestic woman is also more acutely domestic. The one person who is never abandoned on the plains is the baby. He rules supreme in hill-stations. There is one hotel, nob seven miles from—— where it is a positive scandal to arrive without a perambulator. It is known as "The Henhouse" and there mothers learn the ephemeral and episodical value of fathers in family life. In the hills every one rejoices in freedom from his past. Idiosyncracies can be indulged more freely. The Commissioner is found understanding the *mali*, and the official, raised to the nth power is popularly supposed to do nothing at all.

Here and there the acute manager of a Bombay or Calcutta firm, attempting a more scientific management of his material, is insisting that every member of the staff shall take one month's leave in a cool climate. Compare this sound preventive measure with the appallingly high rate of sick leave, both for Indians and English, in firms which have no such clause in their agreement. Common-sense demands the annual breather for plain-dwellers. The hill-stations have proved the salvation of the Northerner working under a tropical sun. They will just as surely prove the salvation of the Indian who needs the life-giving hills even more.

But the probability is that the hills will never become a national possession till a poet arises who will speak of them to all India in a voice which she can understand. Just as the mountains of Wales, Scotland and the Lakes were a local and unsung possession until Wordsworth and Coleridge became their advertising agents, and as the sea was twice the sea after Shakespeare took it up, so the Himalayas and the Indian people will only inherit each other after a proper introduction by a national poet. Meantime we can all peg away at developing the hill-stations, by using them, and great is the reward.

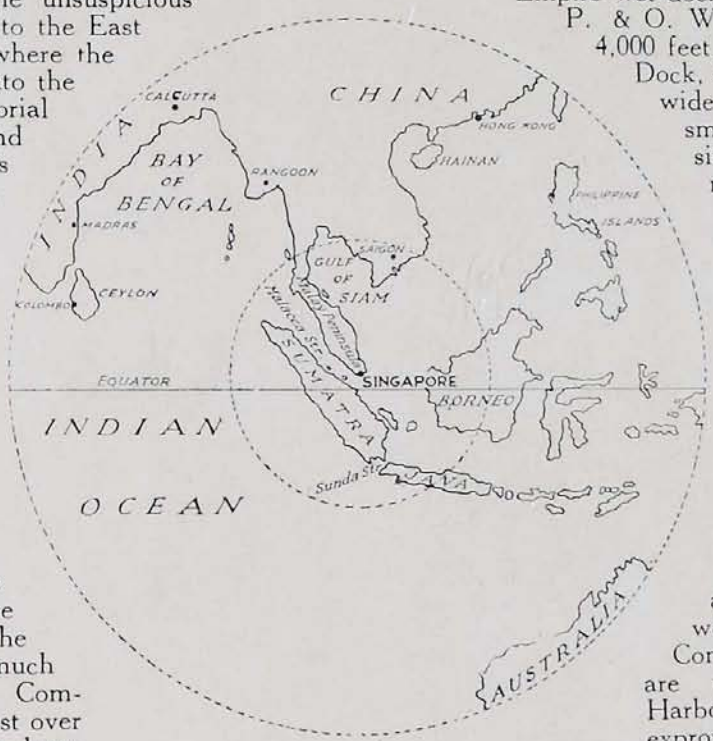
From Captain Bellew's "Views in India" 1833.

A distant view of Almorah.

SINGAPORE: *the gate of the East.*

By Walter Makepeace.

THE Island of Singapore lies at the foot of the Malay Peninsula, within a degree of the Equator, being separated from the mainland by the Straits of Johore, now traversed by a Causeway for the railway, a road, and the water mains bringing Singapore's water supply. The railway from the City of Singapore will then be in direct rail connection with Penang, Kedah and Siam (Bangkok) and the future will see connection with Burma and French Indo-China. Think of the Isle of Wight, and a good idea is obtained of the size and shape of Singapore Island, sixteen miles across, with the city and the mercantile port on the southern shores. In olden days all traffic for China went through the Straits of Johore, in whose creeks the pirate craft lay lurking for the unsuspicious merchantman. The new Gate to the East is to the south of the Island, where the Straits of Malacca open out into the China Sea, between the equatorial possessions of Holland and Britain. The Dutch Islands are six or seven miles to the south of the Singapore Roads and are themselves outliers of Sumatra and Java.



Singapore City is not exactly beautiful, save in the suburbs, but the style of building is gradually improving, as well as the half million people, who inhabit it, more than half of them Chinese, others being representatives of half the races in the world, with Malay as the common language. The capital of the Colony and the seat of the Government of the Federated Malay States,—inasmuch as the Governor is the High Commissioner of those States, is just over a hundred years old, having been established by Sir Stamford Raffles in 1819 as a free port in opposition to the Dutch.

But this article is less concerned with Singapore as a City than with Singapore as a Port, the sixth or seventh in the world, counting by the tonnage which passes through it. Occasionally a twenty thousand ton ship comes along, but the ten thousand tonner and the local lines make the Port always lively—American liners adding to the tonnage, since the United States came into the merchant shipping business. It is primarily a liner port, tramps using it as a terminus being now few and far between.

The Port of Singapore has hitherto consisted of two parts—the Roads to the East, and the Docks and Wharves to the West. In the future it will be, as Gaul was, in three parts, those two just mentioned and the naval works on the north side of the island.

The Roads are in full view of the City. We saw the ill-fated Russian Fleet creeping by under the shadow of the Dutch Islands in 1894. Only by making a great detour, through devious straits, could any fleet avoid the Singapore Roads. A breakwater encloses a sheltered area for vessels up to eighteen feet draught, shelter only being needed for easterly winds, for the Roads are landlocked save to the rising sun.

The Wharves and Docks lie between Singapore Island and two islands to the south, both strongly fortified. Keppel Harbour, or the New Harbour, is well supplied with modern port machinery. The Wharves, recently constructed and massive, stretch for seven thousand feet from the East, in the centre being the entrance to the Empire wet dock. Then comes a gap and the P. & O. Wharves, followed by another 4,000 feet of wharves, with the King's Dock, 897 feet long, one hundred feet wide and 34 feet on the sill, and smaller graving docks. Here is situated the Oil Wharf, and the naval pumping station for the oil fuel, the chief *raison d'etre* of the new naval base. The tanks, at present 31 in number, each of 12,000 tons capacity, are in the western part of the island. But it must also be remembered that five miles to the west of the harbour entrance is Pulau Bukom, the Asiatic Petroleum Company's depot, of considerable capacity, and fifteen miles to the south-west, on the Dutch island of Sambau, are the extensive tanks and works of the Royal Dutch Oil Company. The affairs of the Port are managed by the Singapore Harbour Board, which took over by expropriation the private companies which owned and practically rebuilt them. The western entrance to Keppel Harbour is narrow, and the tides are strong, but the water is deep and the pilots know their work.

Every man can see for himself the huge tank installation, the provision for making Singapore a fuel base, but the other naval plans have not been divulged, but there is very little secret about the site. I have mentioned the old Strait of Johore, and the Causeway built across it, closing that ancient highway for ships, except for a lock that will permit vessels of fifteen feet draft to pass through. The western entrance to the strait would have needed a vast amount of dredging to be available for big ships. So the construction of the Causeway was sanctioned by the Admiralty, effectually closing that entrance, except for our own torpedo boats or submarines.

Singapore river crowded with Chinese craft.

Thus is created a closed harbour, except to the East, where high land exists for forts. The harbour is over ten miles in to the Causeway, deep water, good firm shores, and islands of granite. Two thousand acres are marked out for acquisition for Admiralty purposes now, stretching to the east from the Causeway, and crossing the mouth of the Selitar River, which may be dredged and may possibly shelter the floating dock. The workshops will thus abut on the main railway line, which is little liable to interruption by an enemy, stretching away north through the Peninsula to Penang and Siam. The land forts will probably be pushed out into the blue, but any way, the sites of the Navy and Air yards are well out of enemy fire from the sea.

As to the strategic position of the new Naval Base of the Pacific: If you use Singapore as a centre, a circle with a radius of 750 miles takes in all Sumatra, nearly all of Java and most of Borneo, all the Straits of Malacca and up to Mergui, and to Bangkok and Saigon to the north-east. The 2,000 miles radius brings in Ceylon, all the Bay of Bengal, a belt of 150 miles width of the East coast of India, including Madras and Calcutta; on the other side Hongkong, the whole of the Philippines, New Guinea, and the northern and western shores of Australia. That is why Singapore is a strategic centre—four days steaming to Colombo, Madras, Calcutta, Hongkong, Manila and Australia. Within the 750 radius lie the oil-fields of Borneo and Sumatra, the Burma oil-fields, and everywhere rubber, tin, rice, and some coal—not, of course, all in British hands, but within the British fields of friendliness, for neither Holland, Siam nor France are ever likely to be hostile.

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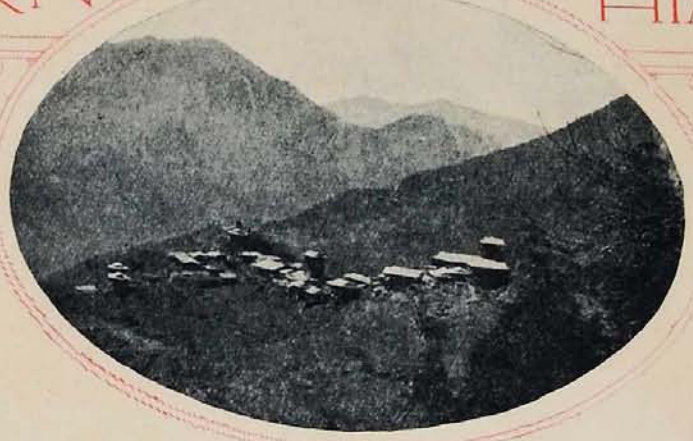
A VILLAGE FESTIVAL IN THE WESTERN HIMALAYA.



HINDU pilgrims, who in their thousands throng to the great religious 'Melas' or fairs of Hindustan, regard their attendance as an act of devotion or worship. So, even while they are deriving a natural pleasure from their novel surroundings and from their contact with a multitude of their fellowmen, they do not for long forget that they are carrying out a solemn duty. In contrast to the serious and decidedly impressive atmosphere of such gatherings, a visit to one of the village 'Jatras' or festivals in the Western Himalayan valley of Kulu suggests that the occasion is one of light-hearted merry-making and social enjoyment—in fact an Eastern version of St. Bartholomew's Fair of Old England—rather than one of honouring or placating the local deity.

The whole country-side is on holiday; work in the fields is at a standstill; the paths leading to the fair ground are packed with peasants in their best clothes, the tall and somewhat heavily built men wear clean white woollen coats, full in the skirts, girt in at the waist and partly hidden by neatly arranged black and white checked or coloured shepherds' plaids; the comely featured and rosy complexioned women have knotted their best kerchieves on their heads Italianwise, have decked themselves out with masses of heavy silver ornaments and wear their skilfully draped blanket dresses with bright borders; men, women, and children are gay with chaplets and posies of wild flowers, and the sound of drums, trumpets, horns and pipes echoes among the mountains. Friends meet each other, greetings and jests are exchanged and excitement runs as high as in a Derby Day crowd on the Epsom road.

Tibetan mendicants, with two Kulu Devtas in the tent in the background.

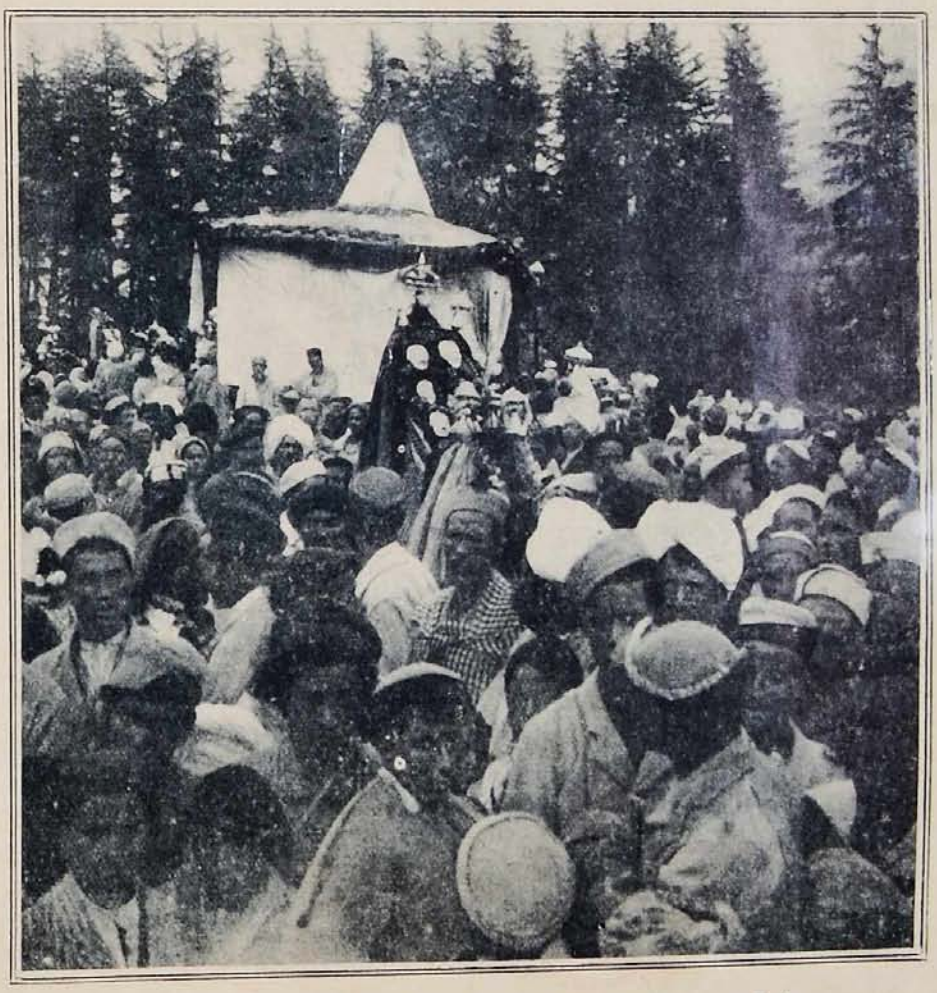
But, when a strange looking procession draws near, in its van a motley band of vigorous drummers and performers on cymbals, long trumpets, and enormous curved horns, in its centre four men, who bear on long poles a litter, containing a small conical cloth covered erection, to the front of which is attached a number of silver masks, surmounted by a kind of miniature doll's umbrella of gold or silver, and in its rear a tail of attendants, we begin to realise that the gathering is not quite an ordinary mundane one, but one in which the Gods themselves take a part, in a different, more material and decidedly more primitive fashion than they do in the Indian plains. For the festival is not only adorned by the presence of the emblems of the village 'Devta' or god, in whose honour it is held, but also by the attendance of some half dozen or so of visiting deities from other hamlets, and it is the unquestioning belief of the people of Kulu that on these occasions the spirit of the god himself accompanies the emblems, carried on the litter. If we scan the immediate entourage of the litter closely, we shall observe one man of singular aspect with bare head, long hair and few clothes but a loin cloth and shirt, whose eyes betray a far off and intent look. This is the 'Chela' or prophet of the 'Devta,' whom from time to time the god possesses and through whose agency he expresses his wishes or orders to his worshippers, just as did Jehovah of the Old Testament.

This curious class of prophets, in Kulu also known as 'Gur,' is found throughout many other parts of the Himalaya, and has even survived in Buddhist Tibet, with other remnants of the early Bon worship. To it there are, also, many parallels in other countries in both early and modern times. One recalls the Delphian and Sibylline oracles of classical antiquity, and even nowadays encounters many instances of temporary inspiration in the Pacific Islands. It is difficult to refrain from frequent quotations of Sir James Frazer's 'Golden Bough' on such a topic, but we must be content with one brief but striking extract on the general phenomenon. "The belief in temporary incarnation or inspiration is world-wide. Certain persons are supposed to be possessed from time to time by a spirit or deity; while the possession lasts their own personality lies in abeyance, the presence of the spirit is revealed by convulsive shiverings and shakings of the man's whole body, by wild gestures and excited looks, all of which are referred, not to the man himself, but to the spirit, which has entered into him; and in this abnormal state all his utterances are accepted as the voice of the god or spirit dwelling in him and speaking through

A pagoda temple in Kulu.

him." The prophet carries a censer, in which he burns pieces of the 'Devidear,' or Pencil Cedar. Inhalation of the aromatic smoke of this wood probably helps to induce the state of possession. At ordinary times such a man professes to remember nothing of what he has said when in his trance, and in everyday affairs he has as much common-sense as most. In Kulu, these men are in no way to be confused with priests. They may belong to any class at all; though usually of the Kanet, or land-owning class, they often are but menial Kohlis with whom Kanets will not even eat, drink, or smoke. They have nothing to do with the temple service or rites. Their function is that of entirely passive media. I have only heard of a single case, in which a Kulu man has knowingly acted fraudulently in pretending inspiration. He was a man, whom the divine afflatus had left some time before, and who, when under suspicion by the police in a serious case of theft and murder of an old woman, and anxious to place the blame elsewhere, pretended to discover the stolen goods and the criminal by means of the God's inspiration. His unheard of action created such local indignation that his sentence of a long term of imprisonment was hailed with delight by his fellows, whose feelings he had outraged, not by his heinous crime, but by his gross impiety. The spectacle of the divine frenzy entering a 'Chela' is one that inspires awe and horror, even in the mind of a sceptical Westerner, and one can well realise the extraordinary effect it produces on credulous peasants.

This is not the place to pursue this interesting topic further. But it must be mentioned to show how men and gods are brought into close contact at these festivals, and to explain the local belief that the gods take as active an enjoyment in them, as do their pleasure-loving worshippers. In Kulu there is little of the deep philosophic speculation and sublime monotheistic beliefs of the best phases of Hindu philosophy. Brahman ideas have only to a small extent and of late years entered Kulu, and except in the small towns, such as Sultanpur and Manikaran, we find no approach to orthodox Hinduism, as we know it in the plains and lower hills. In the villages of Kulu we still meet with a very rude and primitive worship and conception of the deity. Men consider their gods, as greater than themselves in power, and decidedly more capricious. But their gods are not thought to be so very much more powerful or clever than men, that they cannot be compelled by punishment or humoured by giving them suitable offerings to comply with human wishes. They are far from being supposed to be omnipotent. As they are credited with being susceptible to much the same pleasures and pains as men, it will be readily understood that the main object of the Kulu village 'Jatra' is to give the 'Devta' a really good time, so as to keep him in a good temper. And, therefore, for the good of the village in



Village Devta and Rath of Siri Raghunathji at Sultanpur, Kulu.

the coming year; the 'Devta' is feasted on succulent kids and other rich fare, is honoured by visits of other gods, is invited to take part in the dance, which he often does by causing his litter-bearers to sway their divine burden from side to side to the rhythm of the dance music, and is finally returned to his temple in befitting state in his litter, smothered with the garlands of flowers, which both Kulu gods and men delight in.

This native and childlike view of religion results in an amusing relationship between villagers and village god, who is sometimes treated as a naughty child. Perfectly serious requests have been addressed to me in court for a devta to be fined for some petty misdemeanour or for one to be sent to the lock-up for a few days on account of some graver misconduct. I have just heard at the time of writing that several upper Kulu gods have, owing to their failure to bring on timely rain, been punished by removal from their comfortable shrines and confinement in the cold cave of a grim and much revered Devi, Harimba by name, who can be relied on to make things decidedly nasty for them. For she and two or three other important divine personages are great and powerful nature spirits, who rank far above the local godlings.

The surroundings of a Kulu festival are picturesque in the extreme. A small flat grassy lawn is set aside for the fair ground and used for no other purpose, though level ground is scarce and valuable in these hills. Usually towards one end of the lawn there are two or three flat stones or low built up platforms, on which the gods' litters are placed. The plot may adjoin a high gabled temple in a village. That at Nagar, where we lived, is in a glen by a brook with deodar forests above on two sides and a triple roofed pagoda temple behind. Or it may be by some modest pent-roofed shrine standing alone in a forest glade, or even quite by itself in a natural clearing in the midst of some ancient grove of giant deodars, which must not be felled or lopped, except in the god's service.

A "Nag" Temple in the Kulu Hills.

A Woman in Kulu.

Here from early afternoon till dusk the gay proceedings run their course, after being opened by the initial animal sacrifice and blood offering. Perhaps, the fair will go on for three or four days. The lawn is reserved for the Devtas' litters, their attendants, the orchestras and the dancers, while the bulk of the spectators find excellent seats on the adjacent hill slopes. The scene is a pleasing and varied one. The deep green forests, which climb up the mountain slopes, and far above them the snow clad peaks, provide an unsurpassed background; here and there through the trees we get a glimpse of the rich stretches of cultivation that slope towards the alder girt Beas, which far below us rushes down the valley with its incessant deep roar.

In the immediate foreground, seated under the grateful shade of the forest trees are rows and rows of festively attired men and women, who in the mass present an harmonious blend of bright colouring against the more subdued setting of green grass and darker foliage. The spectators never seem to tire of watching the dancing, which is the same from year to year, or of gossiping with each other. They often munch food brought from home or purchased from the numerous little booths for the sale of sweetmeats or more solid viands, that have sprung up in the morning and will disappear with the termination of the fair. The good humour and orderly behaviour of the crowd is surprising and no policemen are required to preserve order. It is only towards night, when the men have indulged in deep potations of the country beer, known as 'lugri' or 'sur,' that we may meet with any rowdyism. Drinking to excess on festive occasions is one of the worst vices of the Upper Beas Valley, though elsewhere the habit has not been acquired.

As one wanders among the crowd, one can often tell

by the various head-dresses of the women, which tract they hail from. In general the women of the main valley wear the knotted handkerchief, mentioned before, over their heads and let their single plait of hair, which is lengthened by the addition of a pigtail of coloured wool, hang down their backs. But we shall also meet with women from the higher villages, such as Jana, and from near the Manda border, who prefer to coil their plait tightly round and round to form a cone over the head. In it they attach a jaunty little flat round cap with a decided tilt to the front or side. Others wear a larger round hat. The wives of down country shopkeepers can easily be distinguished by their large muslin saris, which even Kulu Brahman or Rajput ladies affect, though their dress in other respects is that of Kulu. Among the Kanets there is no seclusion of women, who as often as not rule their husbands and sometimes own separate property. After the shroud-like female forms of the plains, due to the prevalence there of the purdah system, it is quite a pleasure to see the cheery unveiled countenances of the Kulu women and the natural mingling of the sexes on social occasion. The elegant and serviceable female attire provides a pleasing contrast to the exaggerated size and crude colouring of the Hindu skirt and Moslem pyjamas of the women of the Punjab. The hill silver and enamelled ornaments are roughly made, but are barbarically attractive.

On these days of festival the men yield little to the women in splendour of dress. Some dandies enliven their round black wool caps with the brilliantly irridescent plumes of the Monal, that most gorgeous of Himalayan peasants. Indeed, I have seen men wearing entire caps made from such plumes. Or bunches of bright flowers in the cap may take the place of crests and plumes. Almost all wear garlands of flowers, either around their caps or hanging down in loops to the side. A few will carry grass fans or coloured scarves for use in the dance, in which only men take part in Kulu. Many of the young bloods and not a few of the old men make a brave show on such gala days. Even the poorest landless Kohli will specially wash his clothes for the occasion and don his newest plaid.

While we have been wandering among the audience, the scene on the lawn has been an animated one. The trumpeters with their long straight instruments with mouths more than a foot in diameter, the blowers of the grotesquely curved 'S' shaped horns and the cymbal-clashers have little to do except when a procession is on the move. For the dance music is supplied by the drummers, who give the time, and the pipers, who provide the melody. The number of tunes does not seem to be very large. Often a popular one will be played for one or two hours. Some of the tunes, all of which have songs belonging to them, celebrate English rulers of old days, such as Barnes, Lawrence and Lyall, all household names in Kulu. The time is slow, but now and then is accelerated. 15 or 20 men, led by some old Negi, or headman, form a segment of a circle, and intertwining arms commence a peculiar step, half forwards, then a little back and then to the right. Frequently the body is bent forward as if towards the Devtas, which are carried near by. So a slow circular dance is performed. The same dancers are capable of continuing for hours. After dark they will commence again in the village round a bonfire and go on dancing and singing till dawn. Even after this I have seen old men of seventy, who have danced afternoon and all night for two or three days, start again for a final dance before 8 a.m., while the Devta was being replaced in the temple.

At most festivals the men dance without any disguise. But at one very early spring dance at Chichogi, a little village high above Nagar, there are two sets of dancers, who pass and repass. The one set is of ordinarily attired peasants, the other is of four masked dancers, decked with pale yellow shoots of young barley and the fresh leaved branches of trees, led by a dancer without a mask, but also adorned with foliage. On this occasion the dancers do not intertwine arms, but at times hold each other by the hand; much of the dance is of the nature of a measured walk, during which the two lines take a curved course, but make no attempt to keep to a circle. The masked men are no doubt supposed to represent earth or tree spirits and the dance is meant to induce them to cause the young crops to prosper. Both to the south of Kulu in Saraj and to the north of Lahul women, as well as men, dance at festivals, but even there each sex keeps to a separate line of its own. In these hills all dances are closely connected with religion and are not merely a matter of social enjoyment as they are in the West. The dance of the ancient Greek chorus round the altar of Dionysus and its lyrical chanting of songs, not always entirely connected with religion, may well have been developed from primitive dances in forest glades before the divine emblems, such as we witness in Kulu to-day. In these out of the way Himalayan valleys we often obtain glimpses of customs and of the state of society, which prevailed long before Hinduism and Brahmanism had developed. The Kanets of Kulu speak an Indo-European language, parallel to Punjabi or Hindi. Though racially they may be said to belong to the Aryan group, it is unlikely that their ancestors entered India along with the comparatively civilized invaders from Central Asia, who brought with them the Vedic religion and highly developed and rich language, in which their hymns to the great nature gods are written. It is not improbable that the Kanets belong to an even earlier Aryan wave of colonists, who under pressure from other tribes of their own kin were pushed right up to the vicinity of the Great Himalayan Range, beyond which Mongolian races have held sway from the dawn of history. Sanscrit writers of old appropriately described Kulu as the end of the habitable world. In Kulu and Lahul there are survivals of a still earlier Himalayan race, speaking languages not Aryan at all and with only a slight affinity to Tibetan, but this is another story. How or when the Aryan Kanets supplanted or absorbed their predecessors in Kulu will never be known. In the lower hills to the west the inhabitants are orthodox Hindus and, as was inevitable, some Hindu customs and practises have crept in, but in neighbouring Kangra, there is no parallel to the religious festivals and dances of Kulu. The village festivals that have been described above nearly all take place in the spring, between the end of March and of May. This year the last of the spring series of village fairs, that at Nagar, was held on 19th, 20th, 21st and 24th of May. The great Autumn 'Dussehra' at Sultanpur is of a different character altogether. It was only established as late as the middle of the 17th century and is in honour of Sri Raghunath ji, a Hindu god imported by Raja Jagat Singh from Oudh. In this 'mela' the overlordship of the Vishnu incarnation over the minor godlings of the countryside is strikingly emphasised.

THE VILLAGE STREET

CRYSTAL

by Irene Burn

CRYSTAL sat with her mother on the verandah of the Boat Club watching the men and girls who passed up and down the steps that led to the lake. Both ladies were extremely shocked at the costume which the Kishtipur Club deemed necessary for "real" rowing. Here in this Himalayan station girls wore the most horrifying khaki shorts, displaying very pink bare knees when they went afloat with men in dangerous racing fours.

"The fatter they are the shorter their knickers," said Mrs. Colne gloomily.

"Shorts, mother, not knickers," reproved Crystal. "That girl is knock-kneed," she went on quite sharply, though sharpness was not really in her style. "Her knees positively rattle like castanets. I can't think how that man stands it."

He seemed to bear it with perfect ease as he escorted his scantily clad partner down the steps and saw that the sliding seats slid properly while she preened herself fatly on the raft.

Mrs. Colne sighed. She would gladly have uncovered Crystal's unimpeachable knees if the bold action might attract men to her girl's side. But unattached men were scarce this season. Many had been axed and the remnants were in the Plains, each doing double work with little hope of leave. There were far too many women in Kishtipur. It was dull for everyone but especially for those strangers, the Colnes.

Crystal was an heiress who, finding Lancashire too narrow, persuaded her mother to tour India. Of course they knew nobody and had none of the right kind of introduction since Lancashire recks nothing of India save its cotton mills, and up-country India does not worry about Lancashire.

The heat drove them to Kishtipur almost as soon as they landed. Crystal with visions of hydros at Southport had insisted on a house instead of a hotel. Hotels were noisy and crowded with too obtrusive guests.

Their mountain shelf was not noisy and too few callers intruded on their peace. The Club nicknamed them the Waif and Stray. Crystal was the Waif, since to hide loneliness she cultivated a lost expression; and Mrs. Colne the Stray because she looked violently astray on club verandahs. The Colnes knew nobody in either service, they seemed to possess no past of any kind, and,

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A SURGERY IN A TWO-INCH BOX

therefore, their present and their future were doomed.

"That girl can't row a bit," said Crystal more cheerfully as she watched the wild progress of the slender boat that zig-zagged instead of shooting forward like an arrow. "They'll upset in a minute, it keeps on cockling."

And at that very moment the boat did upset for the girl caught a crab, gave a wild yell and slid over the side into the green waters.

A double scull, lay ready always, its crew intent on the yachts that heeled dangerously in sudden gusts sweeping down the mountain gullies. It shot out into the lake at once, but before the Indian rowers could cover the distance a tub had lumbered out from the Y.M.C.A. boat house further down the shore. From it dived a white man who swam vigorously towards the overturned skiff.

"He'll get there first," said Mrs. Colne, "Much nicer for that girl in that disgraceful costume not to be saved by a black man."

Crystal watched anxiously at the verandah rails. There were weeds in the lake's malachite depths and she had heard of the pitiless goddess who demanded the bodies of two white people each year. Death was surely too severe a punishment for those bare knees she had disapproved.

The rescuer dived from his boat at a dark shadow. He came to surface again towing some one in the approved fashion of life saving charts while a second appeared shaking a head blindly above the water.

"He's got the girl," said Mrs. Colne. "How awkwardly she's climbing into his boat. Anyhow no one is drowned, and he's rowing them both back here."

The whole Club stood on the overhanging verandahs to cheer the return. Crystal, a little apart, noted that the girl's bare legs were as blue as her face which was streaked with meshes of sodden hair. Only a cinema heroine can look beautiful after total immersion in a cold lake. Crystal felt rather glad about that. She rejoiced still more when her eyes met the upward gaze of the rescuer, for he was the most beautiful man she had ever seen and she knew at once that he was aware of her. All the way up the steps as he guided the dripping girl, who leaned upon his arm more heavily than was necessary, he gazed up into Crystal's eyes. He had taken off his coat and put it round the girl's shoulders, and this was all in his favour for the garment was of hideous dirzi cut while his wet shirt concealed nothing of his splendid chest and arms. Between the bottom step and the top Crystal had fallen in love with a pair of blue eyes which seemed to question hers all those long seconds of the ascent.

"That girl will have another young man now," said Mrs. Colne, persistently gloomy, "though she does look so plain at the moment. You always fall in love with people you save from drowning."

The procession passed out of sight dripping its way towards dressing rooms and hot drinks. There was a buzz of feminine questions. No one knew, even by sight, the young man from the Y.M.C.A. boat. Nobody was much interested in Miss Sturt's ducking but all the women wanted to know the name of the rescuer. Perhaps he danced. He would make one more man——.

They watched the door of the bar until they could pounce upon a victim to question.

"No, he doesn't belong to the Club. Never has belonged to a Club except the Y.M.C.A. I should think. Wouldn't have even a spot of whiskey or a cocktail, and doesn't smoke. He's some kind of missionary taking a holiday at the Christian Young Men's hostel. But he's got shoulders and muscles! Even Pat's sailing clothes were too small for him."

The disjointed replies reached Crystal's ears. The interest of the women to whom they were addressed wilted at once. An unalcoholic missionary living in the Y.M.C.A. might possess the beauty of an Adonis, but even in the deplorable scarcity of men he could be of use to nobody.

Crystal fluttering at his absorbed and compelling gaze knew that they must meet again.

CHAPTER II.

The lofty perch of their house was not even on the same hill as the Y.M.C.A. hostel but Crystal invented a call next day that took her near his abode. The winding steeps disclosed nobody in the least like her cinema hero; she crumpled up in her dandy with a strange feeling of disappointment.

And then, when she had descended the hill again, there he stood at the little gate which barred the sacred enclosure of the Boat Club grounds. Quite obviously he was waiting for some one. Crystal's heart rebuked her for her want of faith in that long message of the verandah steps. Yet even so he did not speak to her, only watched with steadfast eyes as she stepped out of her dandy and turned to face him.

He moved slightly to allow her to pass inside the gate, but still he did not speak. After all, thought Crystal miserably, he was probably waiting for a shop girl from the draper's across the Mall. She tried to achieve disdain, had even advanced a few steps along the garden path when in spite of herself she turned swiftly and spoke.

"I hope you did not catch a chill yesterday," she said. "We were all much impressed by your bravery." Her words were stilted, her tone almost patronizing. The sight of his ill-cut clothes and country-made shoes had suddenly stripped him of romance. She did not dare to meet his eyes.

"That was nothing." He waved aside her formality. "I don't catch chills, and the girl's all right. I went round to see her this morning and she'd gone for a ride. Her mother wanted to give me a ten rupee note. Like you she thought my boots too cheap. But never mind them; I've been waiting here ever so long in the hope that you might come."

Crystal's pallor flushed. Her eyes brightened. It was romance after all in spite of the fell work of dirzis and mochies wrought upon her knight.

"Of course, you knew I saw you on the Boat house verandah yesterday. I meant you to know," he went on with perfect calm. "I would have spoken to you then only I was too damp. Your eyes looked so unhappy, as if you wanted help. So I thought I'd better get to know you and I willed you to speak to me."

Crystal's disappointment was bitter. Every woman is sure that one day a man will fall romantically in love with her at first sight. None of the young men of Kishtipur had even looked her way for they had passed sentence from the beginning on the dull and provincial couple. The absorbed gaze of the wet youth on the steps had for a blessed day and a night consoled her for all masculine neglect. She had mistakenly read love where she ought to have seen pity.

"I am perfectly happy," she said icily.

"You aren't, of course." He nodded with an air of wisdom. "Are you going into that parrot cage to tell more lies to the other parrots or are you going to walk round the lake with me?"

Unaccountably the ice melted. The young man was rude, but he was the first young man, who had invited her to walk round the lake. She forgot her mother awaiting her in uncomfortable isolation; she even forgot the clumping shoes and the thick socks which wrinkled over them. She looked into his eyes and consented.

"I'll come," she said. "But please don't ask me if I'm saved or preach to me. I may be lonely." She conceded him that and he smiled. "But I can't stand Salvation Army drivel."

He laughed outright at that.

"You're only lost mentally, not morally," he assured her and swept her round the lake at a pace which was torture to her feet hobbled in Louis heels. But Crystal's starved and lonely heart rejoiced so much at her unexpected friend that she forgave the young man her present discomfort and future blisters.

"One could always smarten him up," she thought as she listened to his monologue which dealt with his own life and not with her loneliness. If he had talked

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about her mental and moral outlook she would, of course, have forgotten his clothes altogether.

"I'm a missionary," he said. "But I don't belong to any special Society. I'm on my own and I live in one room in Jehangirpur City and I've no money at all."

He looked at Crystal to see how she took these appalling statements. When she smiled up at him he could not know that she comprehended hardly a word of his speech.

"Does money matter?" asked the girl to whom money was nothing since she had always possessed too much of it. "One room in Jehangirpur City" called up no vision of squalor set in a fetid lane since she had not yet seen an Indian city. By the time they had made the two mile circuit of the lake he had overwhelmed Crystal in a flood of his hopes, of his experiences, his enthusiasms. But he had said nothing about her life or her loneliness.

They stopped at the Club gate again.

"I can't come in there." He nodded disparagingly at the snug erection with its green tubs of daisies and its hanging baskets of pink geraniums. "You'll have to come to the Y.M.C.A. boat house to-morrow. I'll take you on the lake and then we'll have tea and buns somewhere."

"But I don't even know your name." The assured Crystal dissolved into helplessness.

"It's a horrible name," he said gravely. "Stanley Ellis. Of course, it could have been worse. It could even have been Syd or Bert."

She refused to face this horror.

"Mine is Crystal Colne," she returned.

"You're rather like a crystal," he said. "You've simply got to have the light of happiness, or appreciation, or love, to shine on you or else you look dull."

So swiftly had he come upon the truth of her ineffectiveness on the Club verandah. It would be for him, she thought, to shine upon the facets of her soul and intellect and make them sparkle into prismatic hues.

She did not put it quite like that for she was wondering how on earth to explain her long absence to an almost hysterical mother. One couldn't explain

He had taken off his coat and put it round the girl's shoulders.

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an object like Mr. Ellis to a rich Lancashire parent who grew unhappier every day. She tried to go everywhere with the two but Crystal bought a pair of real shoes and became capable of vast distances. When she accompanied them on the lake she had to sit at the Y.M.C.A. among shop girls and soldiers to await their turn for a boat, an agonizing experience, worse than walks. She wrote Home but posts took so long and even the most expensive cable could never explain the circumstances of her daughter's entanglement.

Crystal glowed into unexpected beauty. Quite calmly Mr. Ellis claimed all her days, yet romance halted. After a fortnight's companionship not a word of love had been said and Crystal knew quite definitely that she longed to marry her knight of the lake and live with him for ever in that one room in the city.

Now religious or literary flirtations are excellent affairs to speed dull hours but they hold no real satisfaction. He lent her books on sociology and comparative religions. He told her she was lonely because she was lazy and insisted that she must work for humanity. He talked interminably while she, half listening, half dreaming of kisses withheld, walked by him in a trance. She could not understand why he demanded all of her except her love.

His leave was almost up; yet the parting seemed of no account. He remained cheerful, talked of renewed zest in his work. Then a sudden gleam dispelled her sadness.

"It's my money," she said. "He's too proud to ask me to marry him. I must just propose myself."

Triumphing over the spirit of Lancashire forbears she thrilled at the immodesty which urged her to assume the man's privilege. On their last day she took him up the mountain that dominated the lake and there, as they sat side by side at rest upon its wild summit, she gathered all her courage. Quite unskilled in the tiny arts which girls use to lure men into unmeant declarations, Crystal must plunge headlong into her business. She held her head proudly, disdaining to play with twigs or pebbles, disdaining to leave herself the loophole of a pretended joke. She was certain that he loved her, foolishly sure that a man could see wealth as a barrier to authentic passion.

"I wish I wasn't so rich," she began.

"You'll do some good with your money now," he returned. "Make up for all you've wasted on clothes and amusements. I've shown you the way."

This was not promising. She gave up hope of any assistance from him.

"I suppose you think you could do something if you had my fortune," she persevered.

"Couldn't I just!" He sat upright, gazing past her across the ridges to the swimming plains, and she caught in his eyes that look which had charmed the soul out of her on the Boat house steps. Now what he really saw was an eye hospital and a baby clinic in Jehangirpur City, but Crystal's egoism mirrored herself in his exalted gaze.

"Won't you take it then? And me with it?"

The words were out. They seemed to reverberate through a deadly silence which terrified her. "I'm asking you to marry me," she flung at his averted face.

He had imagined himself provided at all points against any dealings with sinful mankind. He could have dealt easily with Crystal if she had confessed to him the most shocking crime. Criminals, repentant or hardened in sin, were merely a joyful field for his energy. But no woman had ever proposed to him before and for once in his life Mr. Ellis felt at his wit's end. If there had been any place of refuge in sight the romantic knight of Crystal's dreams would have bolted. But he could not bolt from the top of a high mountain and leave her alone to the mercies of bears, leopards and hillmen. The descent would take two hours. How difficult to walk for two hours by the side of a girl whom you have refused to marry! He could not bolt and he could not refuse her brave offer. If only he could have invented an engagement—but his principles did not allow him to lie even to save himself. He was not in the least in love with her, he had not wanted to marry anyone, but in some mysterious way he had set his feet into this net. His own fault. He must pay. He looked round at her, became aware of the beauty of her waiting face. He could not quench that beauty. Swiftly he took her hands and drew her to him.

"Clear and candid like your lovely name," he said. "My Crystal."

CHAPTER III.

Crystal embraced her new life with zest. She did not enter on it by the side of the fetid drain which had entirely escaped her husband's notice. Mrs. Colne saw to that before she took her broken-hearted way home.

They lived in the best house in the station and when the plaster fell off the walls Crystal sent to London for thick brocades to drape the gaunt rooms. Their price would have endowed the eye-hospital which was already planned, but fortunately Stanley did not notice the costly splendour which surrounded him. He was glad of her wealth for the new power of hospitality it gave him. Crystal moved amid a tangle of seditious Bengalis, Punjabi students intent on anything but study, Indian ladies who had torn aside the pardah to fall headlong into political questions which they were incapable of comprehending.

Jehangirpur called upon the bride and accepted her first invitations.

"But I shouldn't think of going again," said one injured guest to another. "There was a swami on the drawing room sofa dressed in a pink rag, ten missionary ladies all looking anxious, a dreadful hag from the Widows' Home, a mob of those appalling youths from the Government College that spit when you pass, and that seditious Hindu poetess. Such an atmosphere and such a gabble! And Mrs. Ellis looking perfectly impassive in a sixty guinea frock while her husband hurled himself at every one in turn. He took both my hands, my dear, and gazed wildly into my eyes. He's gorgeous to look at, but what a life for that prim little provincial. And I brought an insect home."

Crystal, bewildered, soon felt almost as lonely as she had felt at Kishtipur. Her neat mind failed to range her visitors and the sight of the holiest swami revolted her. Then to her horror one day she intercepted that same eager look of his into which she had read love. But this time it shone not upon her but upon a repulsive Hindu with an oily skin, purple sock suspenders and religious doubts. The shock set her to long thinking. Laboriously she went back over those first days. Why had he looked at her like that, why had he sought her out, defied all custom with his continual insistence on her companionship? If it hadn't been love, what was it? He couldn't love Narain Das. Nobody could. Yet that same eagerness for him. Dimly she began to see that her husband's fancy for playing with souls had found no scope in that Y. M. C. A. hostel full of furlough soldiers and indifferent shopmen. And she had been at hand, flinging herself at him. He had never loved her.

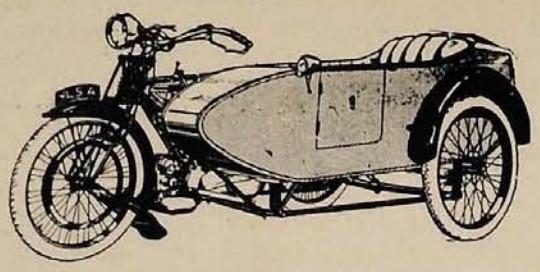
"Must you have that creature in my drawing room?" she asked, lacerated by her thoughts.

"He's tremendously interested in our faith," said Stanley, boiling with enthusiasm. "He may even become a professing Christian in time. Think of that, Crystal, Another soul."

Crystal's lips s t in a hard line. "I hate the sight of him," she said, "I don't see why my drawing room cushions should be ruined by his oily hair."

He was shocked at her trivial complaint. To think of cushions when a soul was in question! But he took Narain Das into his study.

Although the froth of the city continued to seethe in his house, the missionary began to lose touch with the people who really needed him. Living among them in poverty and service, comforting them in sickness, he had come very near to them. He had been in their eyes almost a holy man, of an alien religion yet holy. And



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Beautifully made in finest materials. Dainty, cosy, light, draught-proof. Folds up. Washable Hammock. Packs small for travelling.

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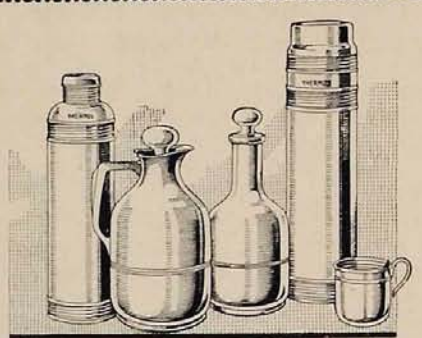

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AT PRICES RANGING FROM

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EVERYTHING IN ARMS AND AMMUNITION.

Mofussil orders receive prompt attention.

THE BOMBAY ARMS & AMMUNITION STORES,

York Building, Hornby Road, BOMBAY.

now, forgetting all his renunciation, he had receded beyond their horizons. In vain he tried to recover lost ground, but he was no longer single-minded. His unsought bonds held him so that he could no longer live to himself alone, give himself up to his work. He worried over his wife's discontent, yet Crystal felt that she had given all and that he gave less than nothing. Their hill loneliness had betrayed both of them into a snare which irked the idle woman more cruelly than the busy man.

He sought to combat her idleness and one day with much of his old enthusiasm he led into her splendid drawing-room the shrinking figure of a veiled woman.

"I've brought you someone to look after," he said. "Someone who needs your help. She has escaped from persecution in her zenana and wants to be a Christian. I've told her we'll keep her here. Up till now she has been *pardanashin* and you must be very gentle, very loving with her."

The veil slipped aside from the woman's face. Furiously Crystal looked into a pair of eyes half bold, half furtive, not the eyes of a modest secluded lady, as even her ignorance realised.

"You mean, you've brought her to stay here, in my house?" She had never felt so high a surge of anger. "I refuse to harbour a native woman of her kind. You can do as you like with her, she can't come here. Send her away at once."

"You can't be so hard, Crystal." He was incredulous "You won't turn out a woman, who has given up all to follow Christ."

The woman, understanding that her fate hung on the balance glanced from one to the other, all pretence of hidden features set aside. Crystal pointed at her with scorn.

"Look at her if you haven't looked at her already. She's bold—wicked. It isn't religion, she wants to find, but liberty."

"So do we all." The exaltation had dropped from his gaze and his voice. He had been so sure that he was doing his best for both women; yet Crystal was angry—strangely angry, he thought, since he had no clue to her bitterness of disappointment.

He stood aside and the woman of the East and the woman of the West stared into each other's eyes for a long moment, East too bewildered as well as too indolent to battle against this hatred, and West burning with a slow rage that blinded her to everything.

"Go," said Crystal, in no way realizing that she doomed the woman to whom she refused sanctuary.

"And whither shall I go?"

For a moment Crystal softened, then eagerness, springing again in her husband's eyes, reminded her of her own mistake of the lake-side.

"I don't know," she said in her halting Urdu. "Back to your house, perhaps."

"It's impossible," he began, but Crystal stopped him

"You've made everything impossible," she said hardly. "You looked at me as though you cared and made me care. And then I've seen you look at everyone in the same way, and I count for nothing at all. I've given in to you in every way and let you do as you liked with your hateful souls to be saved. But this is the end, I won't have this woman to live indefinitely in my house Take her away at once or I shall call the bearer to turn her out."

He looked at her once more and knew her hard as a stone. Then he touched the woman's arms and the two left Crystal, lonelier than she had ever been. He did not come back to dinner and when bed time found him still absent Crystal told the servants he would sleep in the city. He had not given up the single room of his earlier shepherding and sometimes stayed in it all night after some long discussion or some untimely visit.

Crystal lay alone in her room with its three doors wide open to the verandah. After her passion she slept heavily with a familiar nightmare of creeping dark forms that held swords and knives to hack her living flesh to pieces. And suddenly it was no nightmare for the dim oblong of the doorways was darkened by substance of reality and not of dreams.

She heard their voices whispering about the empty bed at her side.

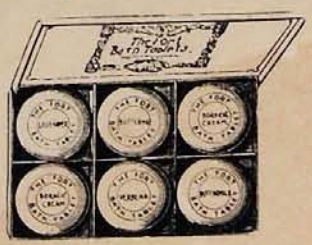
"The man who stole our woman is not here, but his woman.

Before she could scream a hand was on her throat. Her anguished eyes saw the weapons that descended. Not for her the clean slice of a sword, the merciful edge of a dagger that let the soul slip easily through the open mouth of a wound. The iron shod lathis rose and fell, battering her sweet flesh slowly into loathsome pulp.

And thus she paid for all, poor Crystal, dull, illuminated, hardened, and now ground to powder.

EVANS, FRASER AND CO., BOMBAY.

Ladies' Fine White American Ribbed Cotton Chemise Vests, similar style to sketch but with one inch wide plain band tops and shoulder straps. Low neck, no sleeves, in all sizes. Rs. 1-4 each. Special offer 6 for Rs. 7-4.



The "Fort" Bath Tablet, a finely milled soap for bath or toilette especially made for us in England. Absolutely pure. Lavender, Buttermilk, Boracic Cream, or Verbena. Weight approx. 6½ ounces. Ans. 11 per tablet.

Rs. 3-15 per box of six.

OUR WONDER CORSET.

THE "FORT" SPORTS.

Made especially to suit the Indian climate. Of good quality white coutil, elastic waist (front only). Scientifically cut to assure ease and comfort.

Sizes 19 to 33. Two suspenders.

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London Made Grey Flannel Trousers. Soft Grey Flannel of a nice medium weight and in an attractive medium shade. Well cut and finished. Two side straps, and loops for belt. Waist sizes 32 to 40.

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A useful quality for ordinary use, camping, etc. Hard metal with a good nickel finish, design as sketch or old English pattern.

Table Spoons or Forks.	Rs.	7-8	doz.
Dessert ,,	,,	5-12	,,
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Heavy White Cotton Sheets, Pure bleached and hemmed ready for immediate use.

54×90 ins., 66×108 ins.

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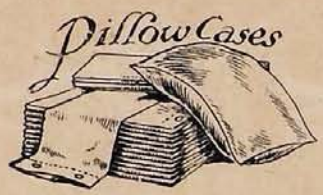

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Horrockses Plain Frilled Pillow Cases, Size 18×28 inches Rs. 1-15 each.

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White "Woolnap" Cotton Blankets of a beautiful downy finish. With Pink or Blue stripe borders and whipped ends to match. Size 60×84 ins. **Rs. 10-8** each.

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LION BRAND VALUES.

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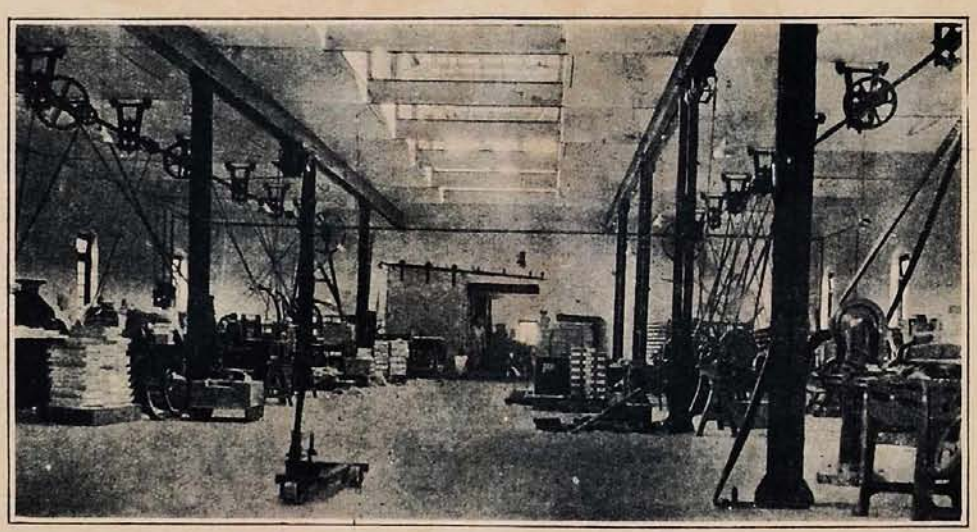

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Gillette

SAFETY Gillette RAZOR

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO., BOSTON, U.S.A.

THE ONLY SAFE LIGHT

IN addition to the several advantages which the Coleman Quicklite possesses you will find that the Quicklite is the only safe light. It burns safely in any position, any temperature, any atmosphere—no danger if upset. The Coleman Quicklite may be allowed to burn dry without any harm or ill after effects. It cannot explode nor can fuel spill out even if it should be tipped over. Children may romp safely around the Coleman Quicklite there is absolutely no danger. It is foolproof too, because it cannot be filled while lighted. The Coleman Quicklite will last a lifetime with ordinary use. This cannot be truthfully said of other lamps. The Coleman Quicklite is the only petrol light that lights with matches. Hold a lighted match to the coil for sixty seconds and the Quicklite streams into the most brilliant white light you have ever seen. ¶ You can burn kerosene in the Quicklite too. Only you must use the Coleman torch to light it. A match does not burn long enough to heat the generator sufficiently. ¶ Get a Quicklite to-day and have its nighttime daylight in your home to-night. ¶ If your dealer cannot supply you write us.

LAMP **Rs. 43/-**

LANTERN **Rs. 37/-**

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The COLEMAN and the ARCO LITE are the same.

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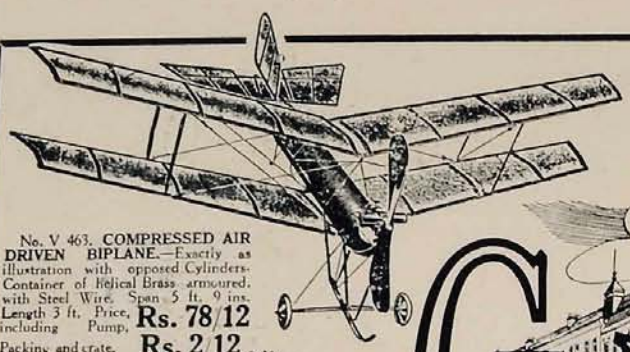


No. V 463. COMPRESSED AIR DRIVEN BIPLANE.—Exactly as illustration with opposed Cylinders. Container of Helical Brass armoured, with Steel Wire. Span 5 ft. 9 ins. Length 3 ft. Price, including Pump, **Rs. 78/12**
Packing and crate. **Rs. 2/12** extra

BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. THE QUEEN

Greeting from— GAMAGES

The World-Famous Holborn Store extend to their many thousand friends in India every seasonable wish.

The spirit of Xmas is held captive at Gamages the whole year through, and how many vast crowds of children visit their galleries of toys it is impossible to calculate.

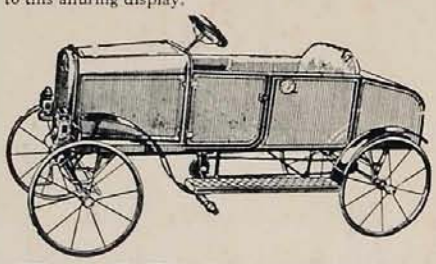
They pass through wide eyed with wonderment, and he is a very clever Father indeed who can safely pilot his child by the stocks of Motor Cars, Model Engines, wonderful Cycle Cars, Little Ladies' Prams and Dolls Houses, etc., without falling a victim to this alluring display.

They have an even more wonderful show this year, and their only regret is that all their little Overseas friends are not here to see it.

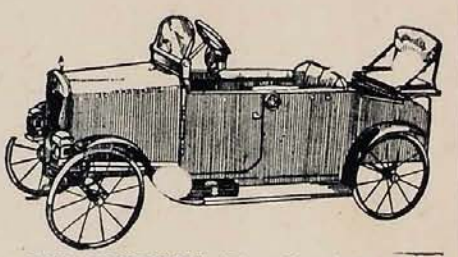
We are merely showing only a few items of toys and various Conjuring Tricks on this page, but this is naturally only a very small part of our huge business.

Gamage values in every class of Sports Goods, Guns, Fishing, Photographic, Clothing, Furniture, Household Goods, Stationery, Silverware, and Jewellery are still the keenest in England.

A complete catalogue of any of the above will be sent upon application. We send by V. P. P. without deposit wherever possible. Goods which are too large for post and have to go forward by Freight, we prefer cash with order with the addition of approximately 25 per cent. extra for Packing, Insurance and Shipping charges. Freight however can be collected forward if desired.

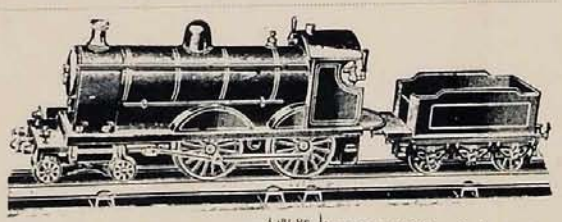


THE "RATTEN TEN."—This realistic and handsome car is beyond comparison the best value on the market to-day. The illustration hardly gives an idea of its beautiful finish and light yet substantial construction. The high and round-fronted metal radiator is something new on children's motors. Seat upholstered all round in good quality cloth, best chain and pedal action, and steering gear. 12×4 in. cemented-on rubber tyred wheels, two lamps, windscreen, starting handle, tool box, and spanner included. Suit child 6 to 11 years. Price **Rs. 90**



THE "CORINTHIAN."—This model maintains our well-known superiority of design and workmanship. The body work and upholstery are worthy of the magnificent chassis. It is fitted with a Dicky seat which when not in use folds down into the back of body. Windscreen, mudguards, running boards covered rubber with brass edge, fine model Sunbeam shape round fronted metal radiator. Two plated head-lamps. Coach painted and lined in best style. Mounted on 12×2¼in. wired-on tyred wheels. Price - - **Rs. 100**
Mounted on 14×2¼in. wired-on tyred direct-spoke ball-bearing wheels, and with brake and gear lever and spare wheel. Price - - - - - - **Rs. 150**

SWITCHBACKS.—50 ft. long×11 in. wide×30 in. high. Car as No. 2, length of Car 31 in.×11 in. wide. This is a very firm Switchback, and is fitted at end with steps. Price - - - - - - - - **Rs. 113**
EXTRA TRACK in 6 ft. lengths. Price **Rs. 7-12** per length.

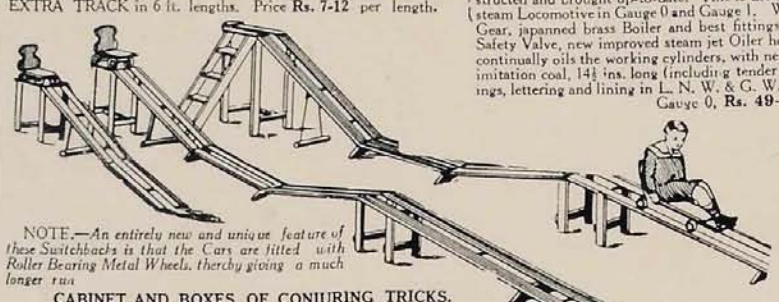


Gauge 1.

No. V 297. NEW MODEL EXPRESS STEAM LOCO, entirely reconstructed and brought up-to-date. This is the first really good model of an 8-wheel Steam Locomotive in Gauge 0 and Gauge 1. With 2 fixed Cylinders and Reversing Gear, japanned brass Boiler and best fittings, Steam Dome, new Flame Guard, Safety Valve, new improved steam jet Oiler holding a large quantity of oil, which continually oils the working cylinders, with new gas generating Lamp, Tender with imitation coal, 14½ ins. long (including tender). Correct colour scheings, lettering and lining in L. N. W. & G. W. R. colours. Price **Rs. 86/4.**
Gauge 0, **Rs. 49-12.**

THE "ROYAL"
V 2244. This is an extra large Carriage of good quality mounted on outside strap hung Cee springs, nickel plated finish with plated combination tubular levers and on 12 in. equal wheels. Very comfortable for an extra big dolly. Body measures 27×13 in. on top. Finished Blue, Grey. Price **Rs. 79/6**

LBLTD 13.C.T (New Pattern)



NOTE.—*An entirely new and unique feature of these Switchbacks is that the Cars are fitted with Roller Bearing Metal Wheels, thereby giving a much longer run.*

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Rs. 26-4.	31-5.	47-4.	63-0.	78-12.

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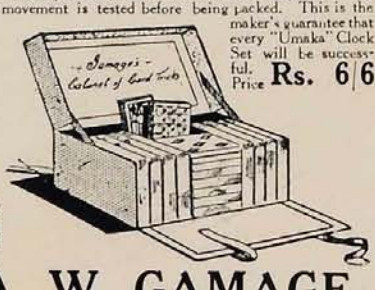
A REAL CLOCK KEEPS RIGHT TIME.—Size of clock face 6 in. Every set consists of upwards of 40 interchangeable parts all neatly carded, named and boxed, with booklet of full and simple instructions and all necessary screws, nuts and screw-driver complete. Every movement is tested before being packed. This is the maker's guarantee that every "Umaka" Clock Set will be successful. Price **Rs. 6/6**



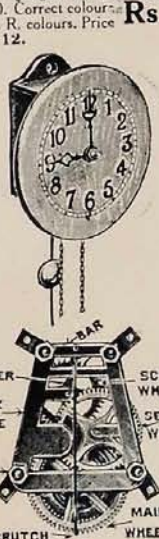


FIG. 2.

No. F. 104. THE GAMAGE CABINET OF CARD TRICKS.—This handsome Cabinet contains a number of first-class card tricks, the same as performed by our famous professional magicians. We wish to point out that it is absolutely impossible to obtain a more complete and surprising set of up-to-date card tricks at the price. Cabinet, complete with full instructions and apparatus. **Rs. 26/4**
Small Cabinets. **Rs. 18-6.**

V 94. THE FAIRYCYCLE AND SIDECAR. **Rs. 120**

V 392. THE "FAIRY CYCLE."—Is the latest high-class toy. The illustration gives a fair idea of the joy with which the kiddies will regard it.
Note low centre of gravity: this means safety. Price - - **Rs. 56**
Including brake and free wheel.

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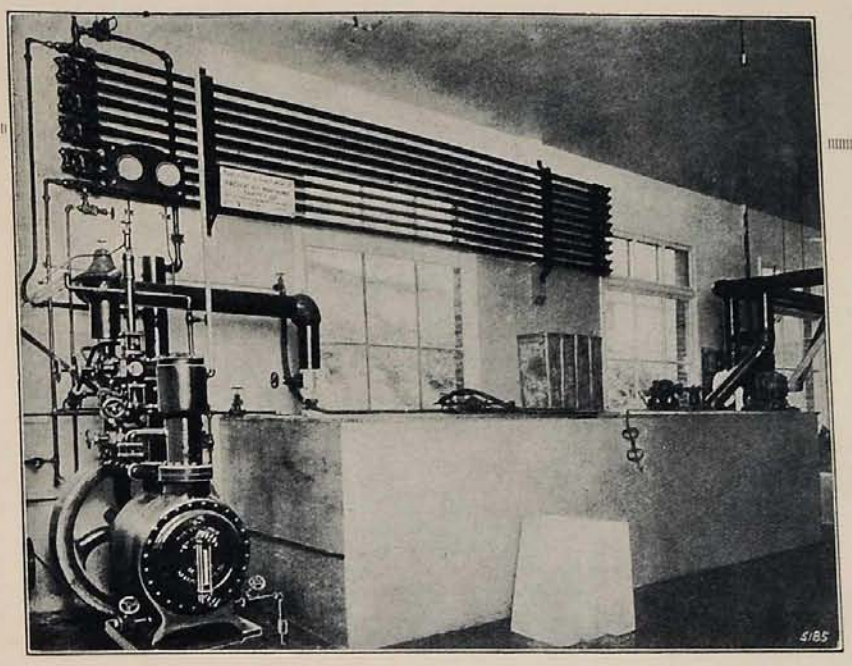

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ARE furnished in standard sizes especially designed for service in hot climates and varying in capacity from 250 pounds to 8 tons daily. The illustration above shows a typical two-ton plant; the cuts below illustrate two popular, portable types; that to the left is a combined ice-making and refrigerating plant which produces twenty pounds of ice per day while keeping the refrigerating compartments constantly cool; that to the right is the standard portable type which produces 250 lbs. of ice daily.

Brunswick ice plants are the finest of their kind. Their construction is simple. Their parts are few and interchangeable Strong and rugged, they withstand hard usage and function properly, year in and year out. The running parts move free and true; the action is smooth and easy; the adjustment of the parts precise.

Brunswick ice plants are in operation all over the world. We want you to investigate these plants. You will find them built right, easy to operate and wonderfully efficient.

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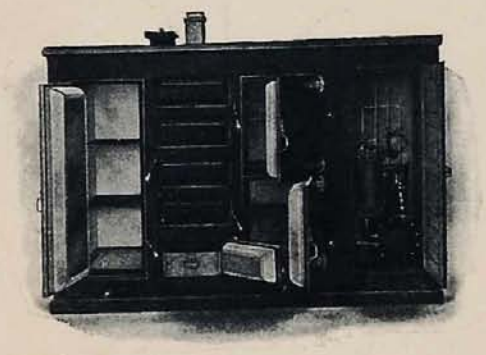

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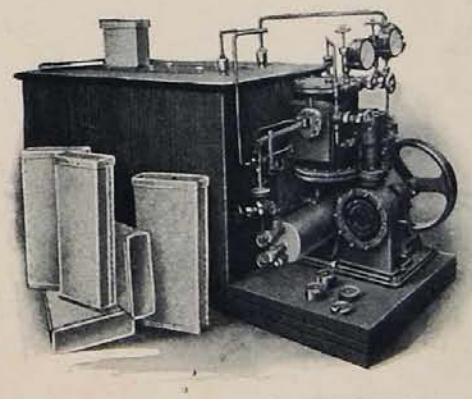

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"CLINCHER Regd. TRADE MARK CORD"

MOTOR TYRES

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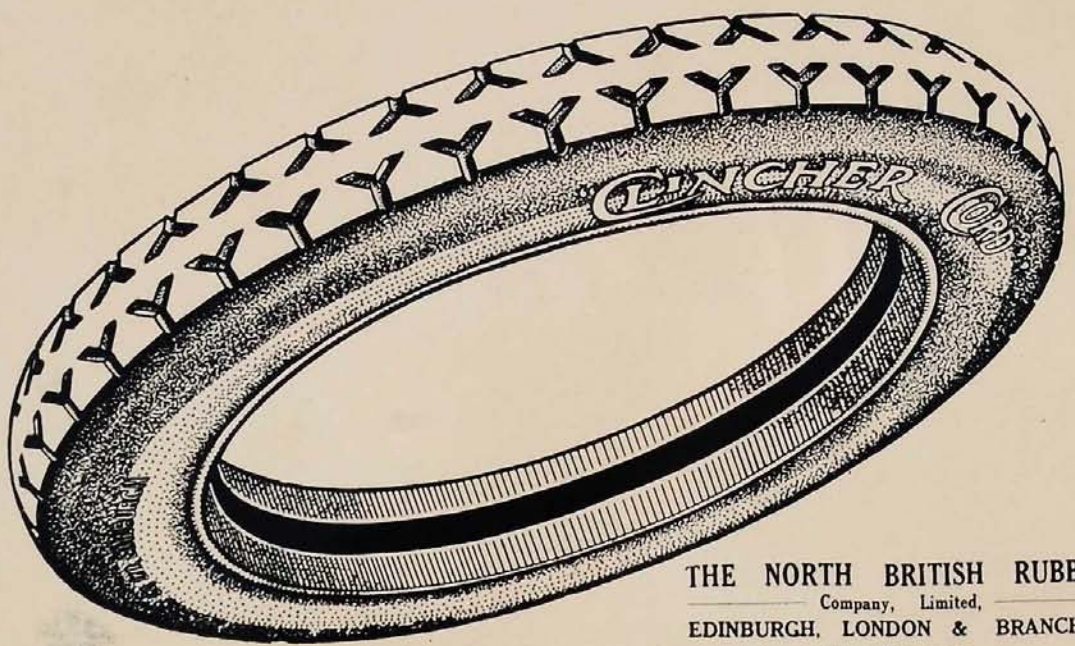
Maximum Safety Comfort and Economy.

Scientifically constructed from strong resilient materials the "**CLINCHER-CORD**" Motor Tyre gives maximum riding comfort, and the long satisfactory service given by "**CLINCHER-CORDS**" under all conditions of road service means a substantial saving on running costs.



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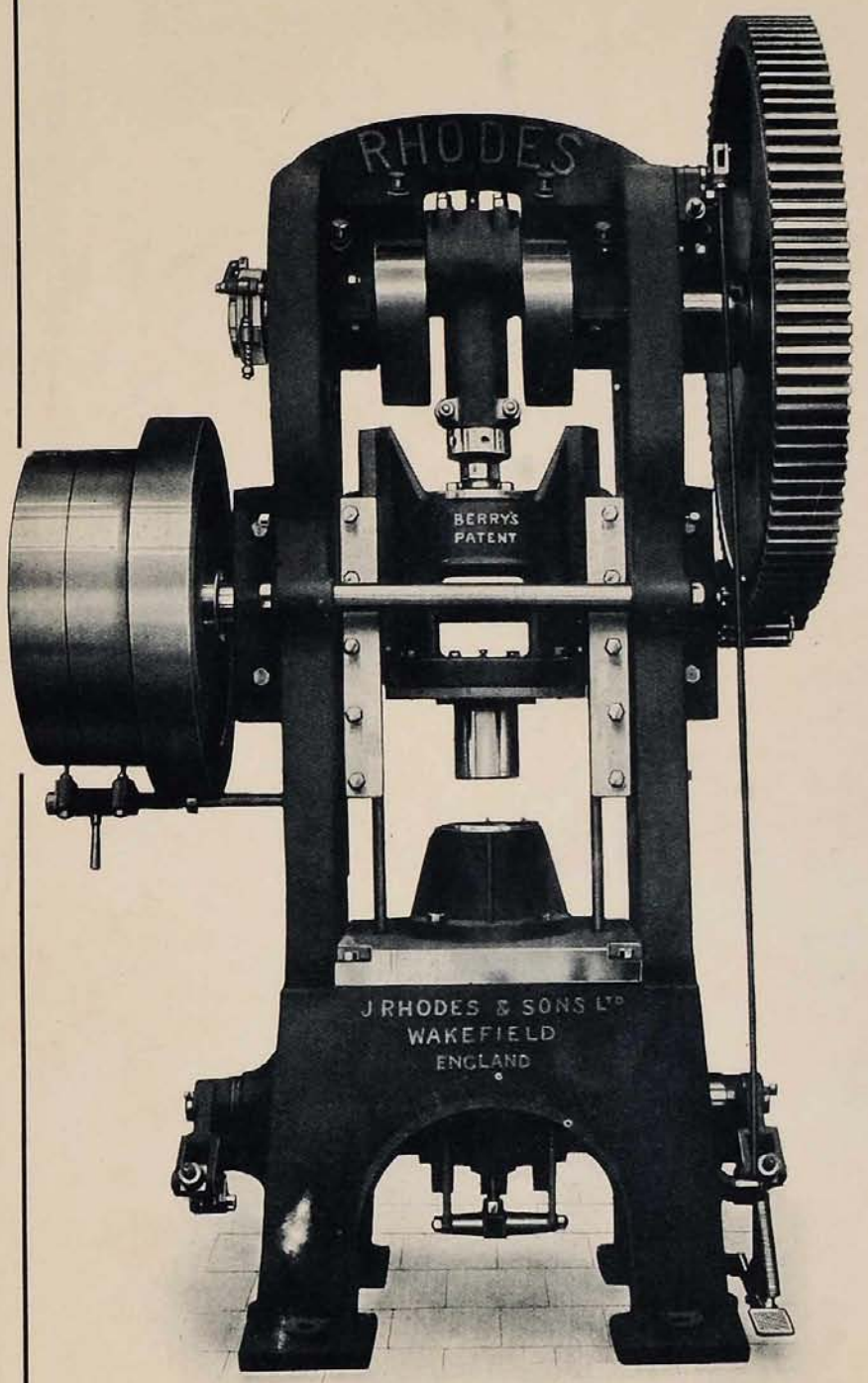

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Made in 7 Sizes.

Illustration shows No. 3 Size. Dimensions as follows :—

Width between sides - -	30"
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Standard Stroke - - -	10"
Max Blank - - - - -	18"
Deepest Article × dia.	6"×10" dia.

Produces Stampings of equal diameter and depth in ONE OPERATION.

Output increased at least 200%.

BACKED BY A CENTURY'S REPUTATION.

J. Rhodes & Sons, Ltd., Grove Iron Works, WAKEFIELD, ENGLAND.

ESTABLISHED 1824.

Superb Underwear

Pesco

THE vogue of PESCO continues, and day by day an ever-increasing number of Ladies are buying this famous brand.

"PESCO" is delightful to wear because of its pure wool textures, which are comfortable and protective, and satisfactory in wear, by reason of its thoroughly reliable manufacture. It is popular because it is genuine, and genuine because there goes into it the most complete experience and knowledge of Underwear processes and requirements, and the most conscientious effort to make it the best Underwear and the best Underwear value on the market.

Trade Mark.

PESCO is obtainable everywhere in every Underwear Shape also in Hosiery and Sports Wear. Every garment is guaranteed Unshrinkable. In case of difficulty write the Makers for names of nearest Agents.

ASK FOR PESCO!

SCOTCH—AND BEST.

PETER SCOTT & CO., LTD. (Dept. 40), Hawick, SCOTLAND.

The All British

Standard

LIGHT CARS

Under extremes of temperature and climate, under the most trying conditions and over difficult roads, the fortunate owner-driver of a STANDARD can implicitly rely upon its trouble-free performance, its strength, power, speed and ease of control.

Specially designed for the owner-driver.

Agents in all leading Cities of India.

THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD.

COVENTRY - ENGLAND

London office - 40 Pall Mall, S.W.1

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TRADE MARK

SMOKE AN OAKES' CIGAR

Manufactured at the Pagoda Cigar Factory, by hand, 48 different Brands to choose from.

The Trade Mark above stands for quality and value.

Complete Price List sent post free.

Sole Manufacturers:

OAKES & CO., LTD.,

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TELEPHONE 4644 CITY
(4 WIRES.)

TRADE MARK

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FINSURY, E.C. 2.

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LONDON."

PHONE 5518/9 LONDON WALL.

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Winterbottom

Book Cloth Company,

Limited.

Manufacturers of

BOOKBINDERS' CLOTHS

OF ALL KINDS

Art Vellums, Art Linens, Buckrams
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Also Sole Manufacturers of

"IMPERIAL," "SAGARS," "DOWSE,"
AND OTHER TRACING CLOTHS.

SAMPLES AND PRICES UPON APPLICATION.

Get the Genuine

Don't be deceived by imitators!

Because BROMO Toilet Paper sales have increased over all the world, many imitations have sprung up. Often they are sold under names that sound or look like BROMO. Even the colours of our label—black and yellow—are imitated.

Don't be misled. Be sure you buy this, the genuine package. Look for letters B-R-O-M-O, on the *label* and *watermarked* into *every sheet.*

Genuine BROMO Paper has been the leader for over 40 years. It is made *only* by

DIAMOND MILLS PAPER COMPANY,
44, Murray St.,
New York, U.S.A.

About your Beauty & Helena Rubinstein

Mme. Helena Rubinstein is the originator of the universally famed

"Valaze"

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS.

The mediums acknowledged all over the world to foster loveliness, build complexion-beauty, and rouse good looks that are dormant to become dominant. When you buy anything bearing the name "VALAZE" you are securing something more than a cream or a lotion, or whatever form of compound you may have chosen. The word "VALAZE" signifies that you are buying HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S twenty-five years' experience, study, research, knowledge, inventiveness, resourcefulness, and chemical skill—concentrated.

Mme. Rubinstein is happy to help you carry out the idea of intelligent specialization in the care of your looks. She will choose the correct preparations for you, if you write her; and will send you her booklet, "Secrets of Beauty," telling you of different skin conditions, explaining the functions of her preparations, and how to select and apply those which your state of skin indicates would be good for it.

Sunburn, Freckles and Tan.

Valaze Sun-proof Cream absolutely prevents sunburn, freckles and skin discoloration, no matter how much exposed to sun the skin may be. It is also a splendid foundation for Powder. 3/6, 6/6. Valaze Beautifying Skinfood stimulates and nourishes so that the skin is kept in the wholesome, healthy condition that enables it to maintain its beauty. It removes freckles, tan, discoloration of all kinds and corrects sallowness. 4/6, 9/6, 18/6.

For Oily Skins.

Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste used when washing, causes wholesome skin activity, and removes greasiness and coarseness. 2/6, 4/6. Valaze Refining Lotion diminishes the size of large pores, improves the texture of the skin, and effaces shine and greasiness. 5/6, 5/-.

For Dry Skins.

Novena Cerate cleanses, softens, strengthens, gives sapfulness and a smooth velvetiness of surface. 2/6, 5/-.

POSTAGE ABROAD ADDITIONAL.

24, Grafton Street, Mayfair, London, W. 1.

Paris: 126, Rue Faubourg St Honore. New York: 46, West 57th Street. Melbourne: 274, Collins Street.

Who's a Cyclist?

Are you riding a bicycle to business, to pleasure, for your health, to do your shopping? There is a wonderful invitation to everywhere awaiting those who go comfortably on a cycle fitted with a

BROOKS SADDLE

BROOKS
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
SADDLE

18 Models fully described in Catalogue. Let our dealer fit one suited to your style of riding.

J. B. BROOKS & CO., LTD., Criterion Works, Birmingham, England.
Agent in India: A. R. SPIERS, G.P.O. BOMBAY.

FOR PRINCES AND RICH MEN ONLY.

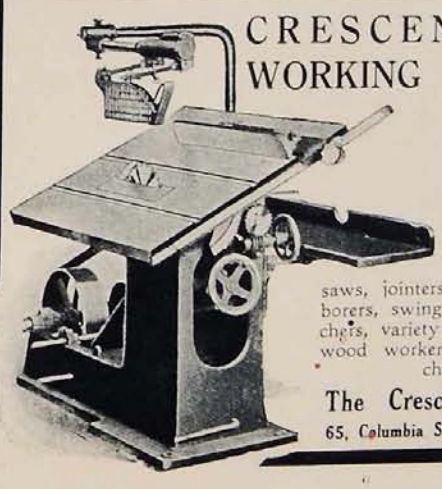
THE ROYAL YAKUTI

THIS YAKUTI or life giving nectar has been prepared from the best, choicest, and richest vegetable drugs. It has wonderful properties of increasing virile power and it rectifies urinary disorders. In fact it makes man a man. This valuable medicine is used in large quantities not only by our Rajas, Maharajas, Nawabs and many of the nobility, aristocracy and gentry in this Country, but it is greatly patronized by people in all countries of Europe, America, Asia and Africa. It is needless to expatiate upon the magical qualities of this our invaluable medicine. We recommend it especially to those persons who desire to tone the nervous system, to strengthen the body, refresh the memory, and to guard against debility. Suffice it to say that the use of this medicine is recommended to those who have any faith in the Ayurvedic medicines. It works like a charm and the effect is lasting. It replaces lost power and rejuvenates the emaciated and it is enough to say that musk is not that which a perfumer admires. It is that which diffuses fragrance of its own accord. Price per tin containing 40 pills, Rs. ten only (13s. 4d.)

Dr. KALIDAS MOTIRAM, Rajkot-Kathiawar (INDIA).

For MOTOR BOATS of all descriptions write to

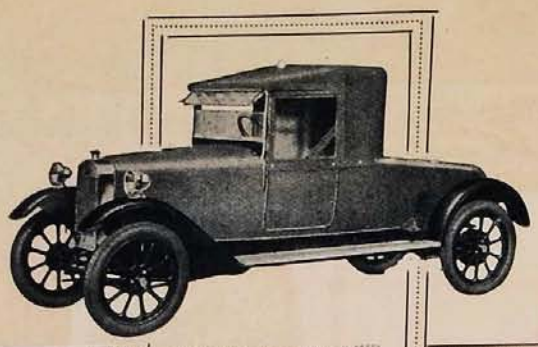
B. R. HERMAN and MOHATTA, LTD.,
VULCAN IRON WORKS, KARACHI.



CRESCENT WOOD WORKING MACHINERY

is popular wherever there is wood work to be done. The machines are moderate in price, simple in construction, substantial and durable. ¶ Send today for our complete catalogue describing band saws, jointers, saw tables, planers, borers, swing saws, planer and matchers, variety wood workers, universal wood workers, disk grinders, hollow chisel mortiser.

The Crescent Machine Co.,
65, Columbia Street, Leetonia, O., U. S. A.



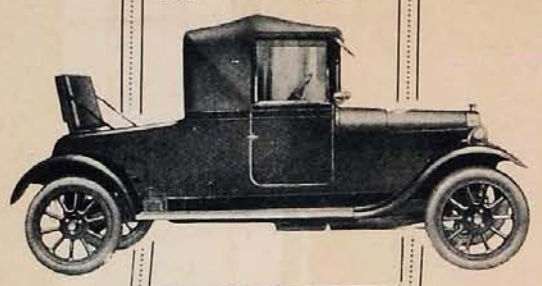
The 2-Seater All Weather "KK" Model (illustrated above) is provided with a real roomy double dickey seat, and is fitted with all-weather hood and side-curtains which open with both doors, and a double adjustable windscreen. Equipment consists of C. A. V. Electric lighting and starting, electric horn, tire & fuel gauge, speedometer, spare wheel and tyre and tools, and the price is

£280.

PRICES QUOTED ARE FOR DELIVERY AT WORKS.

The model illustrated below is the Coupe "M" Model with double dickey seat. It is fitted with an adjustable head of the finest quality real leather lined inside with cloth, and frameless plate glass side-windows. Equipment is similar to "KK" Model.

Price - - **£330.**



Lagonda

THE ALL-BRITISH LIGHT CAR

For Every Purse & Purpose

LAGONDA claims are based on fact. For over twenty years British brains and labour have gradually and carefully built up its solid reputation. As it stands to-day it is unexcelled as a real value for money proposition—a good car at the right price.

The long list of successes it has gained in tests and trials of every description, and under all sorts of conditions, bear adequate testimony to its thorough reliability.

The numerous letters we continually receive from proud owners are unanimous in praising its enduring service and economical running costs.

Moreover its luxurious comfort, its graceful lines and exquisite finish are duplicated only in a few far more costly cars.

Full particulars will gladly be sent on request.

LAGONDA LIMITED
STAINES - - ENGLAND

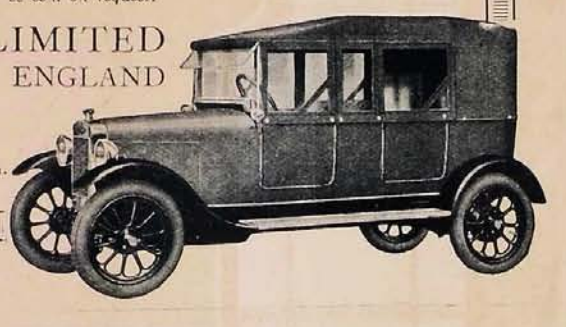
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:
"LAGONDA STAINES".
CABLE CODE: A. B. C. 5TH EDITION.

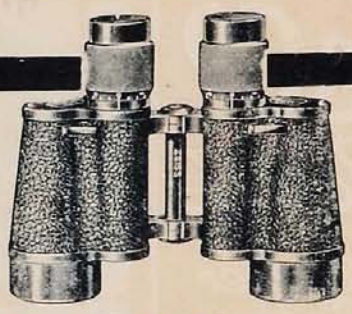
BRIEF SPECIFICATION.

12 H. P. Engine, 4 cyl. Monobloc. Thermo Syphon cooling. Three speeds and reverse. Gate change. Central control. Both hand and foot brakes operate on large drums on rear hubs. Transverse front spring. Quarter Elliptics at rear. Petrol consumption 35-40 M. P. G. Oil about 1,500 M. P. G. Tyres average 8,000 miles. Wheelbase, 9 ft.; Track, 3 ft. 9½ inches; Ground clearance, eight and half inches.

The 4-Seater All Weather "L" Model illustrated below is fitted with one man operated hood and all-weather side curtains which open with the four doors, and a double adjustable windscreen. Equipment as other models.

Price - - **£310.**





The New

ZEISS

"Wide-Angle" Field Glasses

combine with their powerful magnification of 8 diameters a field of view as large as that hitherto obtained only with the best 6 power prism glasses. The **ZEISS** model "DELACTIS" depicted above, has, in the remarkably short space of time, become the most popular eyepiece focussing race glass in the British Empire. It is also much in demand for big game shooting and all forms of sport. It is absolutely dust and moisture proof, and therefore especially indispensable in the tropics. Your dealer will show it to you and a line to the Distributors will bring a new illustrated **ZEISS** Catalogue "T 36" which describes the whole range of over 30 **ZEISS** Models.

Wholesale Distributors:

ADAIR, DUTT & CO., LTD.,
22, Canning Street, CALCUTTA and at BOMBAY.

J. W. ATHA & CO., LTD.,
8, Southampton Row, - LONDON, W.C.1.

Why Remain Grey?

FREE TREATISE.

How Society men and women guard against the social and business handicap of Grey Hair is revealed in a dainty little Boudoir Book just published.

This book will not take you ten minutes to read yet it discloses the secret by which you can grow glossy, abundant, and silken hair, and—most important of all—preserve it from the greying and disfiguring touch of Time by the one treatment endorsed by the Press.

THE FOLLY OF DYES.

Dyes and artificial hair paints are, of course, strictly tabooed by men and women of refinement. This is not only good taste, but good sense as well. Dyed hair is always conspicuous. It literally shouts the embarrassing information that its colour came out of a bottle. Further, dye ruins the hair's structure and health, rots it away, and cause it to fall out.

There is only one satisfactory method of curing greyness and hair loss of colour. This is to re-create, naturally, your hair's real colour from root to tip. You will find how to do this between the gold and ivorine covers of the book mentioned above. You can obtain a copy of this book gratis and post free.

Remarkable results follow this method.
Right from the first your hair becomes less and less grey.
No matter how long the greyness has existed, the lost colour is restored.
And not only is it completely restored, but is restored permanently—it is not painted from outside.
You can easily prove this. When the colour has been restored, just wash your hair and scrub it as hard as you can. Not a speck of colour comes away. This is because the colour is part of the very structure of your hair, and not a dye or stain.

IMPROVES HAIR-HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Besides restoring the lost colour, this treatment improves and tones up your hair in every way.
It removes all accumulations of Scruf or Dandruff.
It banishes irritation of the scalp.
It invigorates and vitalises the hair and promotes a strong luxuriant growth.
It prevents the hair falling out and baldness.
It makes your hair beautifully glossy and silky and endows it with a soft lustrous shimmer, and facility in handling and dressing.
Finally, by restoring your hair to exactly the same shade and depth of colour as it possessed before it became faded, dull or grey, it makes you look years younger, and even takes as much as *10* to *15* years from your apparent age.

THE ONE METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

"The Queen" (and "Court Chronicle") says:—"FACKTATIVE certainly is admirable in its result. Its effects are permanent, it is delightfully clean and easy to use."—"There are other points which commend it, its admirable effects upon the general health and condition of the hair, and so on; but it is in its wonderful powers of restoring the actual colour to the hair that its chief interest lies."

"The Lady" says:—"Many who object to using dyes will be glad to know of this excellent preparation, for it has none of the drawbacks of a hair stain. 'FACKTATIVE' soon establishes a sheen and brilliance which greatly enhances the beauty of the hair."

"Sunday Times" says:—"'FACKTATIVE' is Nature's own remedy and of its efficacy one can scarcely speak sufficiently in praise. . . . I have personally used this restorative. . . . I can myself testify to the truth of all it professes to accomplish."—HYGEIA (Editress "Secrets of Health and Beauty.")

Space forbids but a few brief extracts only, but accompanying the free Boudoir Book is sent full, independent and unsolicited testimony which the sterling merits of "FACKTATIVE" have called forth from these and numerous other authorities from all parts. Readers should write to-day to the—

"FACKTATIVE" Co., (Dept. 24), 66, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1, England.
For a free treatise, which will be sent post free in plain sealed envelope.

BOOK OF HAIR-HEALTH & BEAUTY FREE.

Should you be troubled with white, grey, greying, faded or otherwise discoloured hair you should write to-day to the "FACKTATIVE" Co., (Dept. 24), 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, England, for a copy of their book describing how to cure grey or faded hair without the use of dyes or stains. Just mention your address, and a copy of this book will reach you by return, gratis and post free, in plain sealed envelope, free from observation. The price of "FACKTATIVE" is *11-6* per bottle, post free.

The Oil of Real Economy

A universal oil so serviceable in so many ways and so superior in keeping so many things in perfect condition no household or office can afford to be without it.

Your Furniture :—Removes grime and dust from table, chairs, side-board, piano, etc.—Polishes and keeps them bright and fresh-looking, restores lustre and newness.

Your Gun :—No rust, pittings, dirt or grease to wear parts and impair action if you use Three-In-One.

Your Sewing Machine :—Lubricates perfectly every moving part—cleans out grease and dirt—reduces friction—keeps machine working smoothly and easily—polishes and preserves the wood and metal parts—prolongs the life of the machine many years.

Your Car :—Stops and prevents the squeak of springs—lubricates magnetos, thus assuring perfect timing—lubricates self-starter, etc.—Prevents rust and tarnish—preserves finish of wood, metal and leather.

Your Talking Machine :—Prolongs life of machines—silences noise of motor—prevents disagreeable "whirr"—cleans and preserves records—polishes and brightens case.

Your Cycle :—Finest lubricant in the world for bearings, chains and contact points—preserves and keeps pliable leather-seat—prevents rust everywhere, any weather—wonderful for magnetos.

Useful for hundreds of other purposes described in our free gratis dictionary. Send for it.

Three-In-One lubricates, cleans, polishes and prevents rust perfectly—no disagreeable odour—no soiling of clothes. A real boon to everybody, everywhere.

Sold at bazaars, chemists, grocers, stores and dealers everywhere, in 1 oz., 3 oz. and 8 oz. bottles; also in 3 oz Handy Oil Cans.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO., 130, William Street, New York City, U.S.A.

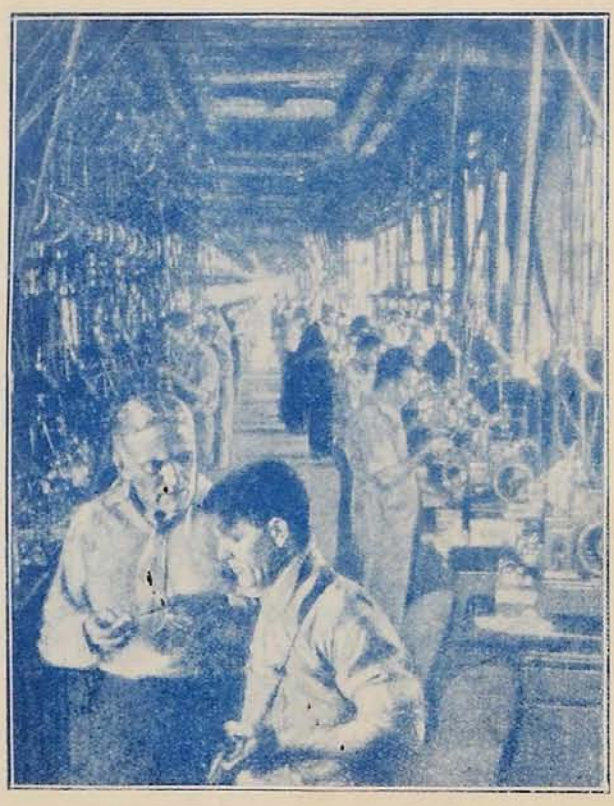
Agents for India and Burma:

AHMUTY & CO., 86, Clive Street, CALCUTTA.

One of the inspections: Checking the balance, set in beat, against a master balance. The balances being tested are those of the Yankee, the lowest priced Ingersoll. This same method is used for the highest priced watches made.

How Ingersoll Inspections and Tests Assure Accuracy

INGERSOLL Watches are built to keep accurate time. Every Ingersoll, before it leaves the factory, has to undergo an elaborate series of inspections and tests, to insure its accuracy. ¶ One of these inspections checking the balance, set in beat, against a master balance is pictured above. The balances being tested are those of the Yankee, the lowest priced Ingersoll. ¶ It is hard to grasp the thoroughness of the Ingersoll system of inspections. In the Yankee model, for instance, there are 127 inspections and tests before the movement is finally assembled. Then follow twelve days of testing in six different positions, after which at each branch an additional 24 hour test is given. ¶ Yet Ingersolls are *the* low-priced watches! Quantity buying of good materials, quantity production and interchangeable parts cut manufacturing costs, and are the explanation of the low prices. 20,000 watches are produced daily in Ingersoll plants over five million a year. Agents are wanted in all parts of the country to sell them.



Ingersoll Factories produce 20,000 watches daily. Quantity production and interchangeable parts explain Ingersoll low prices.

Ingersoll

If you have only a high-priced watch, if your watch does not tell time in the dark: or if you have no watch at all look for the dealer with an Ingersoll display and let him help you select the model especially designed to meet your particular needs.

AGENTS WANTED:

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS. **AHMUTY & CO., LTD.,**

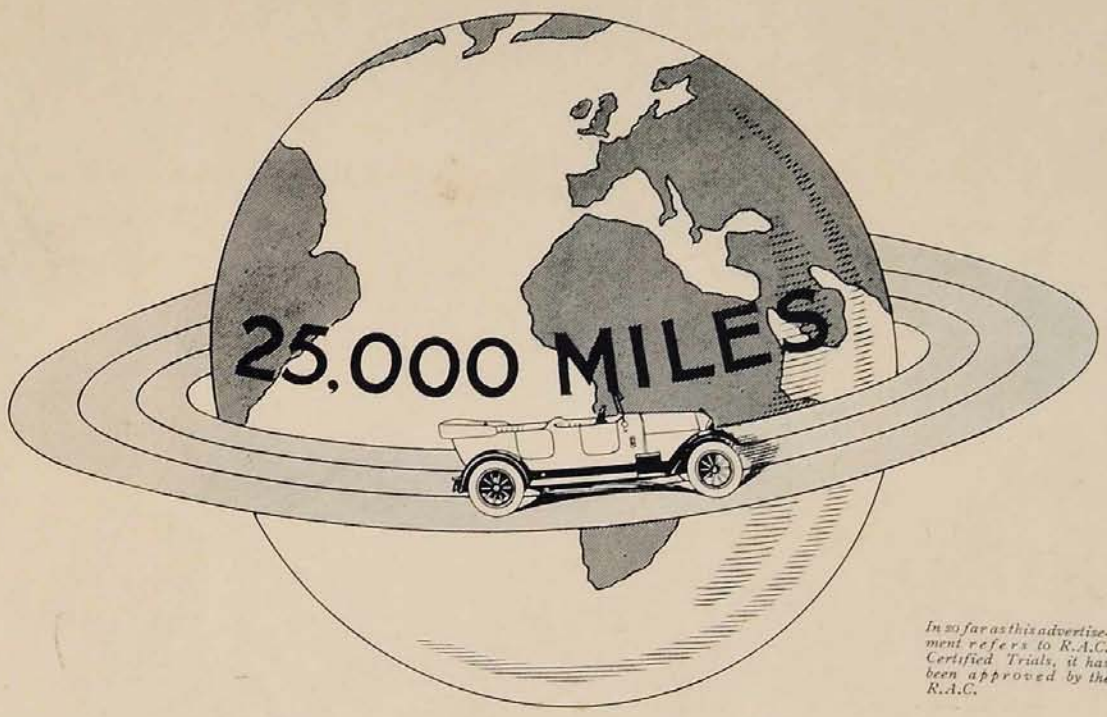
CALCUTTA, BOMBAY, CAWNPORE RANGOON.

ESTABLISHED 1815.

YANKEE. The most famous watch of the Ingersoll line and the lowest priced.

RADIOLITE. The lowest priced Radiolite ideal service watch for outdoor workers, holiday makers and boys.

WRIST RADIOLITE. A serviceable wrist watch for outdoor men, women, boys and girls.



In so far as this advertisement refers to R.A.C. Certified Trials, it has been approved by the R.A.C.

25,000 MILES

3½ Minutes Road Stop

1¼d. per mile

For Oil, Fuel, and Tyres

THE Crossley, which was the first car in the world to complete 25,000 miles under R.A.C. observation, equal to the distance round the world or to five years' average motoring, is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be absolutely standard in every respect. Only 3½ minutes were spent on adjustments on the road, and using retail figures we have calculated that the total running costs for oil, fuel and tyres were 1¼d. per mile.

After 25,000 miles the Crossley attained a speed of over 58 m.p.h. on Brooklands without any alteration or adjustment whatsoever. The 25,000 miles were covered in two trials, one for 20,000 miles and one for 5,000 miles. No adjustments were made between the trials, nor did the car leave the hands of the R.A.C. from the start to finish of the trials.

Crossley

The certificates issued by the Royal Automobile Club contain full information concerning petrol and oil consumption and tyre wear. Copies will be gladly sent on request.

All Crossley Models are built with the same care and precision throughout. Ask for details of (1) The Record Breaking 19·6; (2) The Crossley 14; (3) The 20/70 h.p. Sports, guaranteed speed, 75 m.p.h; (4) The famous 25/30 h.p. R.F.C. Models.

Full details of all Crossley models from

Resident Agent in India: F. W. BARLOW, 14-16, Green Street, BOMBAY.

A. HYLAND, Ltd., Hughes Road, BOMBAY.
ADDISON & Co., Mount Road, MADRAS.
HOARE & Co., COLOMBO, CEYLON.
G. McKENZIE & Co., (1919) Ltd., 208, Lower Circular Road, CALCUTTA; and at RANGOON.

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., GORTON, MANCHESTER

London Showrooms & Export Dept.: 40-41, Conduit St., W.1. Manchester Showrooms: Royal Exchange

The Vital Foods Abound in Quaker Oats

It's the supreme food—make it delightful

Malnutrition, from which countless children suffer, means largely lack of minerals. Calcium and phosphorus to build teeth and bones — iron for the blood.

Our table shows the amount of each contained in a dish of Quaker Oats. Under the new composite ratings — based on balanced food values — oats far excel any other grain or meat food, as the other table shows.

One Dish of Quaker Oats

Protein	6.06 grams
Calcium	.048 grams
Iron	.0013 grams
Phosphorus	.149 grams

When served with cream

Food Ratings
By the new standard

Quaker Oats	2465
Sirloin beef	1460
Eggs	1341
White bread	1060

Each per pound

That's why Quaker Oats are so important. They form the food of foods. A growing child should always start the day on Quaker Oats. The oat is almost a complete food.

The love of oats will last a lifetime if you foster it correctly.

Then make this dish delightful. Serve the extra-flavory flakes. You can get Quaker Oats wherever you ask.

In this supreme food you should serve the best.

Quaker Oats

Made to delight

This brand is made to foster the love of oats.

It is flaked from just the finest grains—the rich, plump, flavory oats alone. We get but ten pounds of such flakes from a bushel.

The result is a flavor which has won the world. Millions of mothers send overseas to get it. Yet you will find it anywhere you ask.

It comes in tins, compressed and hermetically sealed—the only packing insuring indefinite retention of freshness and flavor.

"KING GEORGE IV"

"TOP NOTCH" SCOTCH WHISKY

"The 19th Hole"

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY has during the last 30 years entirely displaced All-Malt Whisky as a stimulant. It is lighter and is therefore medically recommended. "King George IV" is the finest of Blended Scotch Whiskies and guaranteed Pre-war Quality and Age.

The Sweets of Empire.

Intrinsic worth and honest workmanship have made British goods unsurpassed throughout the world, and MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE LUXE upholds that great tradition. Only the best is good enough, only the richest of thick cream, only the purest of sugar and fresh farm butter are used in the manufacture of

Mackintosh's Toffee de Luxe

The result is

Quality, Deliciousness and Goodness.

Delicious beyond description, it is healthful, wholesome and GOOD — a lasting joy to all.

Sole Manufacturers:

JOHN MACKINTOSH & SONS, LTD.,
TOFFEE TOWN, HALIFAX, ENGLAND.

By Appointment

Agents for India: **GRINDLAY & CO.,**
P.O. Box 93, BOMBAY.

THE WORLD'S ART SERVICE

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT — IN THREE REIGNS

QUALITY · NOVELTY · VALUE

LOOK FOR NAME AND TRADE MARK

Tuck's Christmas & New Year Cards

POSTCARDS
BIRTHDAY CARDS
OILETTES
ETCHINGS
PHOTOGRAVURES

CALENDARS
GIFT BOOKS
PAINTING BOOKS
TOY BOOKS
ZAG-ZAW PICTURE PUZZLES

USED BY ROYALTY, SOCIETY & THE GREAT PUBLIC.
Of all leading Dealers throughout the World.

RAPHAEL TUCK & SONS LTD.
RAPHAEL HOUSE, *MOORFIELDS*, LONDON, *EC2.*

• APPRECIATED EVERYWHERE •

LISTS POST FREE ON APPLICATION

WHY SO?

In the course of the past quarter of a century this fine old brand has received the flattering compliment of being imitated more than any brand of whisky on the Indian market.

Club Blend

has never been lavishly advertised, but it has always been good, and once used, always used. There is no finer or more reliable old whisky in the market, and these are the days when reliable brands are wanted. Beware of strange brands, and continue to use

Club Blend

if you desire really first-class old whisky. See that it is in a **SQUARE** bottle and bears the OLD LAMP

TRADE MARK.
REGISTERED.

SLATER RODGER CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

GOULDS

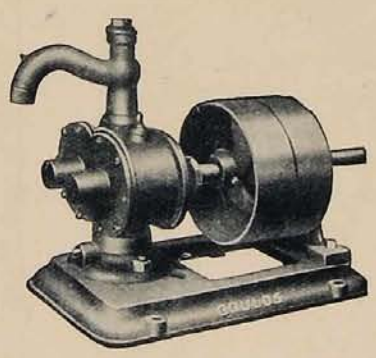


Figure 1185½

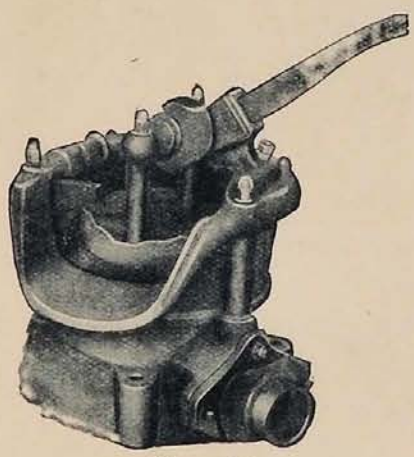


Figure 1223

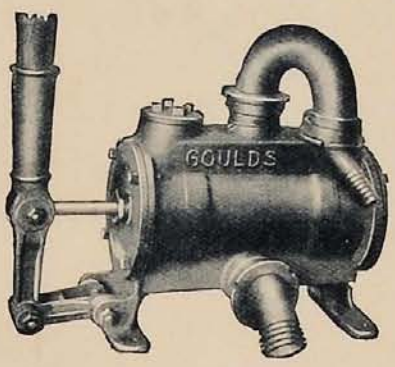


Figure 1465

We manufacture Pumps for every *household, farming* and *industrial* purpose. If you have a Pumping Problem, write us for a complete recommendation.

Catalogue and Bulletins sent on request

The Goulds Manufacturing Co.
Seneca Falls, N. Y., U. S. A.

Representatives:
MULLER & PHIPPS (INDIA) LTD.
Calcutta Bombay Madras Karachi Rangoon

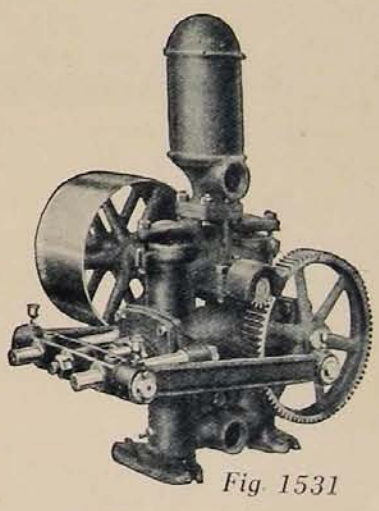


Fig. 1531

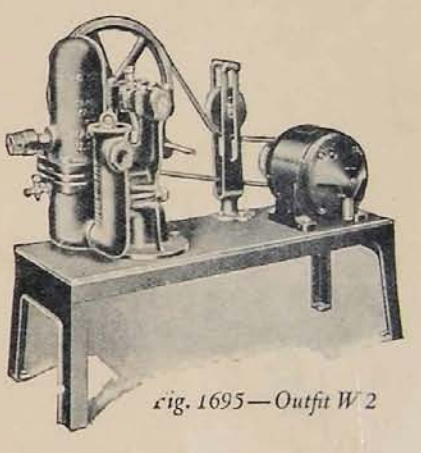


Fig. 1695—Outfit W 2

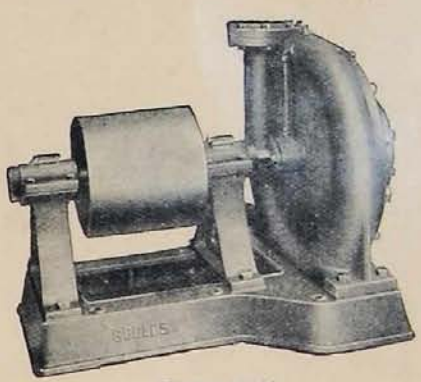
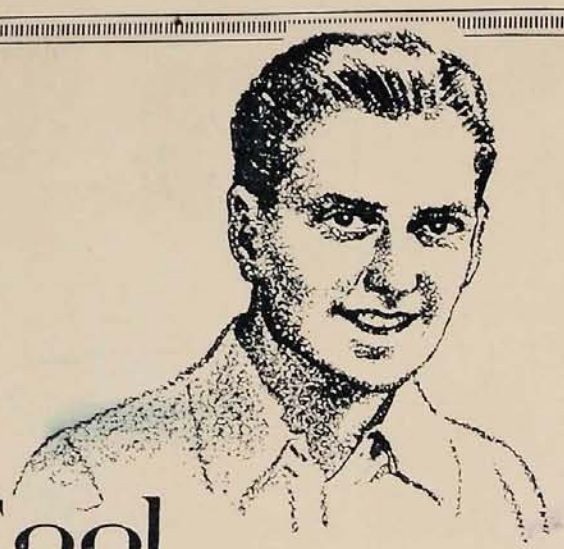


Figure 3010

PUMPS



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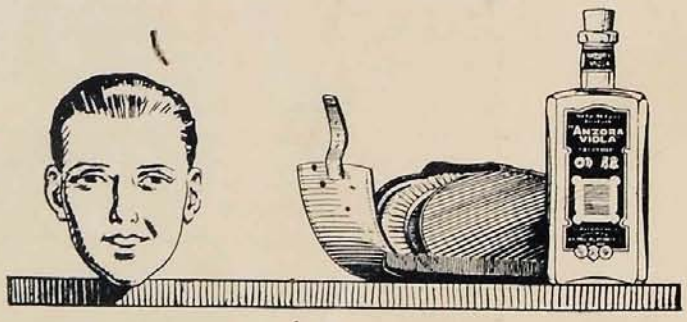

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