

# THE SPHERE

SPECIAL DURBAR NUMBER



Vol. XLVIII, No. 624. [REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.] January 6, 1912.

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# THE GREAT DURBAR AT DELHI : THE EVER-CHANGING SCENE IN THE STREETS OF THE NATIVE CITY.



A VISION OF THE VARIED THROG IN THE CHANDNI CHAUK, THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF DELHI

DRAWN FOR "THE SPHERE" BY CHRISTOPHER CLARK

To understand what native life is the tourist should spend an hour or two without any fixed goal in the Chandni Chauk usually called Silver Street. This is the Mooki of Delhi, though unlike that famous Calcutta highway the Chandni Chauk is a fairly wide avenue. The picturesque quality is not so much in the buildings, which lack the artist's outlines of those in the Mooki, as in the natives themselves. A striking feature of the street life is the extraordinary variety of

colour, though this, indeed, the visitor fresh from the Bombay bazaars expects as a matter of course. This living mosaic has at first a bewildering effect on the spectator, but after a while this kaleidoscopic crowd can be resolved into separate units, each unit being an independent blend of orange and magenta, green and violet, or silver and scarlet. Extremely picturesque are the women as they glide through the throng, carrying water jars or brass lotas on their heads, their silver anklets

jingling faintly. Then there is great variety in the animal and vehicular traffic. An elephant stalks along with heavy dignity, picking his way among a procession of gaily-painted rickshaws and carts drawn by sleek bullocks, like an ocean liner among a fleet of barges and ferry boats. The genuine native shops, as opposed to those which concern themselves chiefly with tourists, are seats of colour, the goods as often as not being spread out on the ground, the proprietor and his assistants squatting

among the wares and occasionally calling out their merits. In short, these street and bazaar scenes have a strong fascination for the observant traveller. What will probably impress the artistic visitor is the natural love of picturesque effect and the correct taste in colour possessed by the Hindus. In spite of the extraordinary variety of colours to be seen in the streets one seldom sees any colour discord. — *McClelland's description of "Delhi, the Imperial City."*

# THE SPHERE

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

Volume XLVIII. No. 624.

{REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST  
OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER}

London, January, 6, 1912

[WITH SUPPLEMENT]

Price One Shilling.



DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. MATANIA, AT DELHI, DECEMBER 12, 1911

## THE MOST ASTONISHING INCIDENT OF THE DURBAR

After the King's departure from the Durbar, just as the procession left from the one side the crowd rushed forward from the other, and running to the central coronation pavilion, before the police or the troops could stop them and prevent it, ascended to the royal throne, and bowing and kneeling kissed in adoration the place where their Emperor and Empress had stood a few minutes before

THE SPHERE

An Illustrated Newspaper



for the Home.

London, January Sixth, 1912.

EDITORIAL AND GENERAL OFFICES: Great New Street, London, E.C.

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GRAMOPHONE RECORDS FOR JANUARY

- (1) THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN. (Charles Wilbelly.) Sung by Madame Edna Thornton. (2) BEAUTIFUL LADY WALTZ. (From The Pink Lady—McLellan—Caryl.) Sung by Lucy Isabelle Marsh. (3) A FISHY, FISHY STORY. (Harley.) Sung by Mr. Tom Clare. (4) MORNING HYMN. (Hentschell.) Sung by Mr. Gertrude Elwes. (5) THE FARMER'S PRIDE. (Kennedy Russell.) Sung by Mr. Charles Tree. (6) A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK. (Squire.) Sung by Mr. Harry D'Arth. (7) HENRY V. AT HARLEQUE. (Shakespeare.) Spoken by Mr. Lewis Waller. (8) DEUKY LANE PANTOMIME OVERTURE, Part I. Played by Glover's Orchestra. (9) DEUKY LANE PANTOMIME OVERTURE, Part II. Played by Glover's Orchestra. (10) "PINK LADY" SELECTION I. (Caryl.) Played by the Mayfair Orchestra. (11) "PINK LADY" VALSE. (Caryl.) Played by the Mayfair Orchestra. (12) "PINK LADY" SELECTION II. (Caryl.) Played by the Mayfair Orchestra. (13) PLEUMSTONES. (Arthur Warlock.) Sung by Miss Margaret Cooper. (14) THE HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH. (Handel.) Sung by the Minster Singers. (15) THE CHILDREN'S HARLEQUINADE. (Robert Hale.) Spoken by Mr. Robert Hale. (16) IL CONTE D'ESSEX. (Mercadante.) Played by the Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards. (17) "POLONA" OVERTURE. (Wagner.) Played by the Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards. (18) GAITY ECHOS. (Monckton and Caryl.) Played by the Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards. (19) CHRISTMAS IN A MIXING CAMP. (Robert Hale.) Spoken by Robert Hale. (20) SERENADE. (Widor.) Played by Renard Trio. (21) HUSH, DEAR HEART. (Behrend.) Sung by Mr. Evan Williams. (22) OVERTURE "LEONORA," No. 3, Part I. (Beethoven.) Played by the New Symphony Orchestra. (23) OVERTURE "LEONORA," No. 3, Part II. (Beethoven.) Played by the New Symphony Orchestra. (24) OVERTURE "LEONORA," No. 3, Part III. (Beethoven.) Played by the New Symphony Orchestra. (25) TOY SAMPSONY. (Haydn.) Played by the Mayfair Orchestra. (26) THE THREE TREES OR, THE THREE, THREE, THREE. (Dudley Powell.) Spoken by Mr. Mark Sheridan. (27) THE FUTURE MRS. AWKINS. (Chevalier.) Sung by Mr. Albert Chevalier. (28) FOR I DO LOVE YOU. (Leonovalli.) Sung by Mr. John Hartigan. (29) THE HAIRDRESSER. (Fred Rome.) Spoken by Mr. Alfred Lester and Miss Buena Bent. (30) SONGS OF ARARY. (Clay.) Sung by Miss Ruby Heider.

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THE RATE OF POSTAGE FOR THIS WEEK'S SPHERE is as follows—Anywhere in the United Kingdom the rate would be 6d. Canada 1d. rest of world 1/6. If elsewhere abroad the rate would be 6d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies before forwarding.

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THE TATLER.

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THE CAMERA IN SOCIETY.

DIRTY LANE PANTOMIME AND "ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERGROUND."

NEW YEARS EVE AT THE SAVOY.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

SPORTING AND COUNTRY HOUSE SUPPLEMENT. Attacks on Golf, by Mark Allerton—Varsity, Automobile, and Fashion Notes—Green Room Gossip—Sporting Stories—"Bagmen," by Frank Bonnett, &c.

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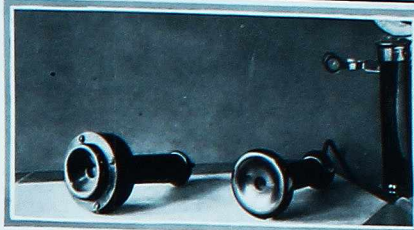
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# THE NEWSLETTER. Week by Week.

The New Year honours list included three peers, ten baronets, and thirty-four knight-hoods.  
 King Manuel and Queen Amelie arrived on a visit to Queen Alexandra at Sandringham.  
 The entire telephone system of the country was taken over by the State.  
 Sir George Askwith offered his services as mediator in the Lancashire cotton dispute.  
 A Thames warship demonstration was held in Trafalgar Square.  
 Mr. John Redmond, M.P., was injured in a carriage accident.  
 John Howard Ford, a wealthy American, was arrested by mistake at Dover.

**Events of the Week at Home**



A TELEPHONE RECEIVER OF 1877 COMPARED WITH A MODERN ONE

In view of the great telephone transfer on January 1 it is interesting to note that the first telephone was brought into this country in 1877 from America by Sir W. H. Preece, who was commissioned to report upon the Edison-Bell invention.

The King and Queen entered Calcutta amid scenes of unbounded enthusiasm.  
 The Turkish Cabinet resigned.  
 Owing to indisposition the Crown Prince did not attend the New Year reception at the Prussian Court.  
 A large death roll from a mysterious epidemic occurred among Berlin paupers.  
 The Rif tribes of Morocco opened a new campaign against the Spaniards.  
 A peace banquet in support of the arbitration treaties was held in New York.  
 Fighting was resumed at Hankow between Revolutionaries and Imperialists.  
 Serious floods occurred in France.

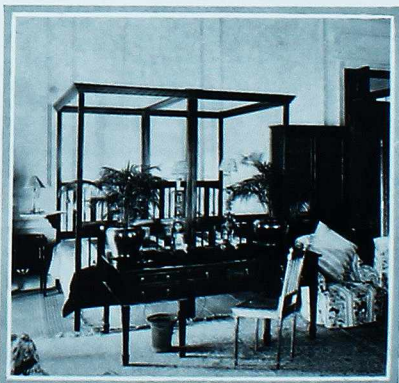
**Events of the Week Abroad**

**Some Juvenile Parties of the Season.**—One of the prettiest of the many juvenile functions given about this time of the year was the fancy-dress ball given to a large number of little guests by Lord and Lady Lytton at Knebworth House on Wednesday of last week. A children's party has also been given by the Lord Lieutenant and



A GROUP OF LITTLE GUESTS AT KNEBWORTH HOUSE

Countess of Aberdeen at Dublin Castle to some 400 children and their parents, in which a conjurer, tea, crackers, and dancing were the principal attractions. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk have also entertained two large parties of school-children at Arundel Castle, where a Christmas tree 40 ft. high was provided.



WHERE THE QUEEN SLEEPS IN CALCUTTA

**The Royal Visit to Government House, Calcutta.**—The accompanying view shows the handsome sleeping apartment occupied by Queen Mary during her stay in Government House, Calcutta. Muslin curtains were hung from the frame seen round the bed in order to protect her Majesty from mosquitoes, which even in the present relatively cool season are very plentiful in the old capital of India.

**The Progress of London's Quadriga Statue.**—Among the first public ceremonies to be performed by the King on his return to England from India will be the unveiling of the magnificent quadriga statue which is to be placed on the Burton arch at the top of Constitution Hill. Here we see a portion of the horse being removed on a trolley from the studio of Captain Jones, who is executing the work.



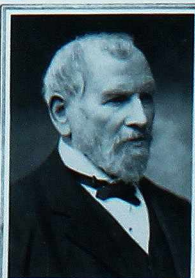
A PORTION OF THE HUGE QUADRIGA STATUE

**Theatricals at Eaton Hall.**—The Duchess of Westminster gave a theatrical entertainment in aid of charities at Eaton Hall last Saturday. The plays selected were *The Open Door*, a duologue by Mr. Alfred Sutro, and *Scaramouch*, by Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop. They were presented in the great library of the hall, which was filled with a



A SCENE FROM "SCARAMOUCH" AT EATON HALL

large audience. In *The Open Door* the parts were played by Princess Pless and Mr. George Cornwallis-West, and in *Scaramouch* by the Duchess of Westminster, Mr. Norman Forbes-Robertson, and Mr. Basil Kerr. Here we see the duchess as the beggar girl and Mr. Forbes-Robertson as John Delorme in the latter play.



**Sir Alfred Thomas**  
 A new peer. Many years leader of the Welsh party



**Sir T. G. Carmichael**  
 Has been made a baron of the United Kingdom



**S. Hope Morley**  
 A new peer. Director of famous City warehouse firm



**John Anderson**  
 Who has been made a knight bachelor



**Frederick Wedmore**  
 The author and art critic, who received a knighthood



**H. Rider Haggard**  
 The well-known author, who becomes a knight

**SOME INTERESTING PERSONALITIES WHO FIGURED IN THE NEW YEAR HONOURS LIST**

Portraits by Elliott & Fry, Finsbury, and Sargent

# A Sensational Dancer now the Rage on the Continent.



Two Portraits of Sent Mahesa, whose Novel and Sensational Dancing has Delighted London

This artist appeared with great success at the Little Theatre during the early London season of the past year. Her dream dance with large head wings is quite a novel conception and recalls to mind the days of the ancient Pharaohs of Egypt



A Pretty Menu Card

At a New-Year's-Eve supper at the Criterion Restaurant, Piccadilly Circus, London

## NEW YEAR'S EVE AT THE CRITERION AND THE METROPOLE

Probably there were never so many people taking their supper at restaurants as on the last night of the Old Year. We think that more restaurants than ever kept up the festival with their patrons. There were 900 guests at the Carlton Hotel, 500 at the Royal Automobile Club, 600 at Princes' Restaurant, and about 2,000 at the Savoy.

One of the most pleasant and popular functions was the gay scene at the Criterion Restaurant, where every available space was occupied with supper tables, the supper following an excellent concert, and being succeeded by a ball in the large hall. Here the New Year's gifts were not confined to the ladies as at so many other restaurants, the men guests each receiving a great variety of useful articles such as cigar cases and other masculine treasures. Mr. H. P. Stephenson, one of the directors of Spiers and Pond, presided with geniality and tact over the gay scene.

Some 400 guests took part in a most delightful celebration of New Year's Eve at the Hôtel Métropole. Beginning soon after nine o'clock with a concert in the Whitehall Rooms, the proceedings were continued in the large dining hall, which had been charmingly decorated. Supper, representing an excellent choice in the framing of the menu, was served at half-past eleven. Just as the clock began to chime the hour of midnight the lights were abruptly lowered, leaving only a glow on an immense picture in which was seen the figure of Father Time, while in the centre, enclosed in what looked like a shell, were a number of gay maidens.



A Pretty Menu Card

At a New-Year's-Eve supper at the Hôtel Métropole, Northumberland Avenue, London



The Irish Rugby Team which has Beaten France



The French Fifteen which was Beaten by Ireland

The match was played at Auteuil near Paris on New Year's Day, and resulted like the previous three in a victory for Ireland, who won by 1 goal and 2 tries (11 points) to 2 tries (6 points). All the scoring was done in the first half. The Frenchmen showed great dash, but were outplayed at all points of the game

WITH OUR ARTIST AT THE DURBAR.



DRAWN BY F. MATANIA AT DELHI, DECEMBER, 1911

WHERE THE LATEST FASHIONS OF THE WEST MATTER NOTHING

The chieftains of India and Further India who witnessed the Durbar celebrations presented a wonderful array of Eastern garb. The effect on the newcomer was simply bewildering. The capacity for variation in the turban was particularly astonishing. The correspondent of "The Pioneer Mail" (Allahabad) described the scene as follows: "The Assamese and Burman chieftains brought up the rear, as picturesque and richly-decked a group as one could wish to see. The lovely colours of Burmese silks are well known, but the golden head-dresses of the Shan and Kachin chieftains were a novel sight to most of us. In some cases the upper portion resembled a golden top hat, but the ears were also covered with plates of gold."



# WITH OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE DELHI DUR

# BAR : THE KING-EMPEROR ENTERING DELHI



THROUGH THE DELHI GATE



OF THE FORT—December 7, 1911

DRAWN BY F. MATANIA AT DELHI, DECEMBER, 1911

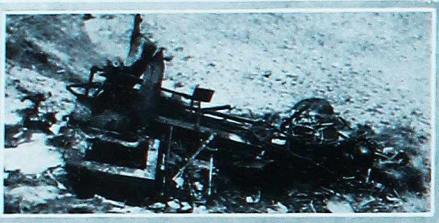
# Have you ever been in an Accident? No? But you may be—anyday. Are you protected for 1912?



A TRAIN ACCIDENT.

## £2,000 FOR INJURY IN A TRAIN ACCIDENT.

This sum will be paid to any holder of "The Sphere" coupon who happens to receive the injury detailed in the announcement on the third page of the cover of this issue.



A MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT.

## £2,000 FOR INJURY IN A MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT.

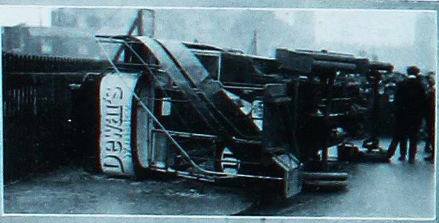
Are you in the habit of travelling in Motor-cars? Perhaps you only go in a friend's car; still, why not be insured? "The Sphere" coupon, signed by you, will do a great deal for you in case of serious injury.



A MOTOR-CAB ACCIDENT.

## £2,000 FOR INJURY IN A MOTOR-CAB ACCIDENT.

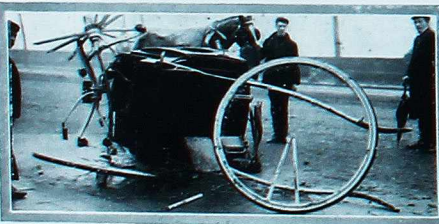
We all travel in motor-cabs and none of us are proof against accident and injury. Why not let "The Sphere" subscription insure you? If you are a subscriber you need not carry the paper about with you or even sign it.



A MOTOR-BUS ACCIDENT.

## £2,000 FOR INJURY IN A MOTOR-BUS ACCIDENT.

You need not be found with the copy of "The Sphere" upon you at the moment of the smash. A signature in ink is all that is necessary. The copy may be on your table at home—or at your office.



A HORSE CAB ACCIDENT.

## £2,000 FOR INJURY IN A HORSE CAB OR BUS ACCIDENT.

Several serious accidents have recently taken place to these types of vehicles. Why not let "The Sphere" coupon secure you against some of the risks of this type of locomotion? The subscription covers you for all the accidents mentioned on this page.



AN ELECTRIC CAR ACCIDENT.

## £2,000 FOR INJURY IN A TRAM-CAR.

It is not necessary for the subscriber to "The Sphere" to sign the coupon at all. If he obtains a certificate from the insurance office at the time when he pays his subscription, the thing is done for the year or half year as the case may be. Why not be secure?

**WHAT "THE SPHERE" ACCIDENT COUPON WILL DO FOR YOU IN ANY OF THE ABOVE ACCIDENTS.**  
For the actual terms of this Insurance offer and the various Compensations for Injury see the announcement on p. iii of cover.

# The Naga Spearmen and their Matted Shields.



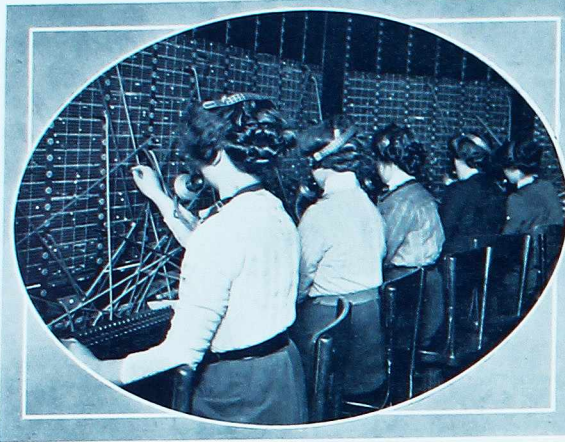
A SUPERB WARRIOR FROM THE NAGA HILLS NOW WITH THE ABOR EXPEDITION



THE SPLENDID NAGA SPEARMEN WITH NATIVE SHIELDS—ABOR EXPEDITION, 1911

These Naga spearmen are a very picturesque body with their long spears and woven shields. There is something Egyptian in the lines of their figure and garb. The latest despatch sent *via* Simla by Major-General Bower, in command of the expedition, states that the detachment sent out on December 19 returned without having sighted the enemy. A party has recently crossed the Dihong River to visit the Sissin neighbourhood. The troops engaged in the campaign were delighted by the receipt of a telegram from the King conveying his Majesty's hearty wishes for Christmas and the New Year and looking to a speedy and successful termination of the operations.

# The Great Telephone Transfer on January 1.



In a National Telephone Company's Exchange which has Become Government Property

Some of the 18,000 Telephone Employés who Passed into Government Employ on Sunday

## A WATERY CHRISTMAS: The Wettest December for 100 Years.

### THE CHRISTMAS FLOODS

From a meteorological point of view the Christmas holiday was disappointing. Christmas Day was ushered in with a torrent of rain almost sufficient, one would have thought, to damp even the ardour of the waits and carolers. As for the latter half of Boxing Day let it suffice to say that it rained. London presented a very deserted appearance, and there was none of that curious and aimless wandering about the streets which one usually associates with bank holidays. In the country things were no better, and floods were in evidence in almost every district in the neighbourhood of a river.



Christmas in England—A Cyclist Negotiating a Flooded Road at Watford

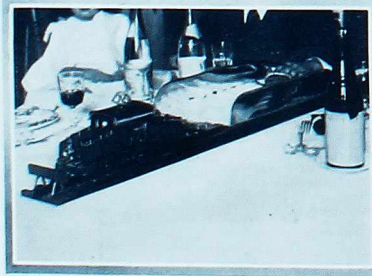
### THE TELEPHONE NATIONALISATION

The whole of the gigantic business of the National Telephone Company, with its 18,000 employés, passed last Sunday, after midnight, into the hands of the Government. The Post Office, which hitherto controlled about 600,000 miles of telephone wire with 120,000 subscribers' telephones, now controls 1,253,890 additional miles of wire and nearly 600,000 additional subscribers' telephones, making the capital value of the telephone system possessed by the State £25,000,000. Preparations for the great transfer have been going forward ever since October, 1910, by a staff of several hundred men.

## The DOMESTIC INSURANCE PROBLEM: An Electric Housemaid.



The Kitchen to Dining-room Electric Railway  
The cook loading the train with salad



The Electric Server on the Table

A wonderful toy has been presented by M. Hagnauer, an electrical engineer of Paris, to his little daughter, Jeanine. It consists of a miniature electric train which carries dishes along the passage from the kitchen to the dining-room. By touching a button on a circular ivory indicator messages are electrically transmitted to the kitchen for such articles as bread, knives and forks, water, napkins, and other portable requisites. The train, which cost about £50, can easily carry a load of 24 lb. from the kitchen to the dining-room table.



The Kitchen to Dining-room Electric Railway  
The train entering the dining-room

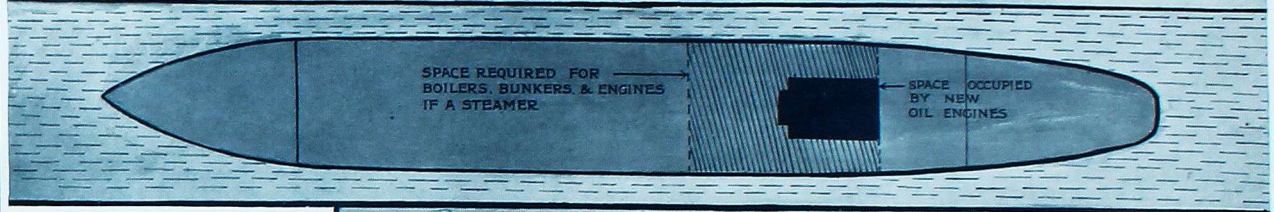
# THE COMING OF THE MOTOR LINER.

## The First Big Funnelless Passenger Boat Built in the British Isles

25 STOKERS AND ENGINEERS EMPLOYED TO DRIVE A STEAMER OF EQUAL TONNAGE

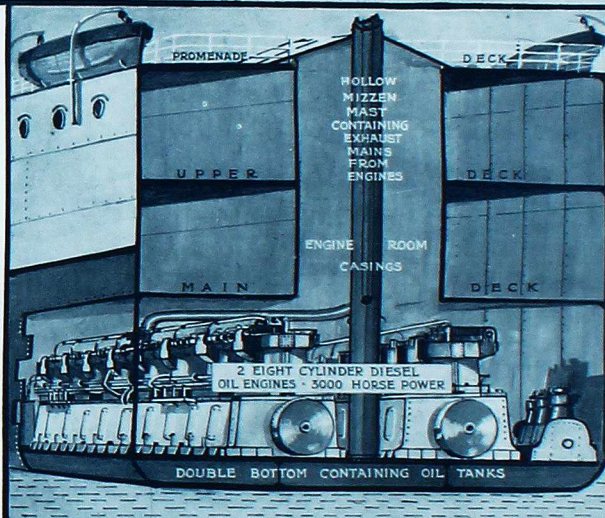


8 ENGINEERS EMPLOYED TO DRIVE THE "OILER"



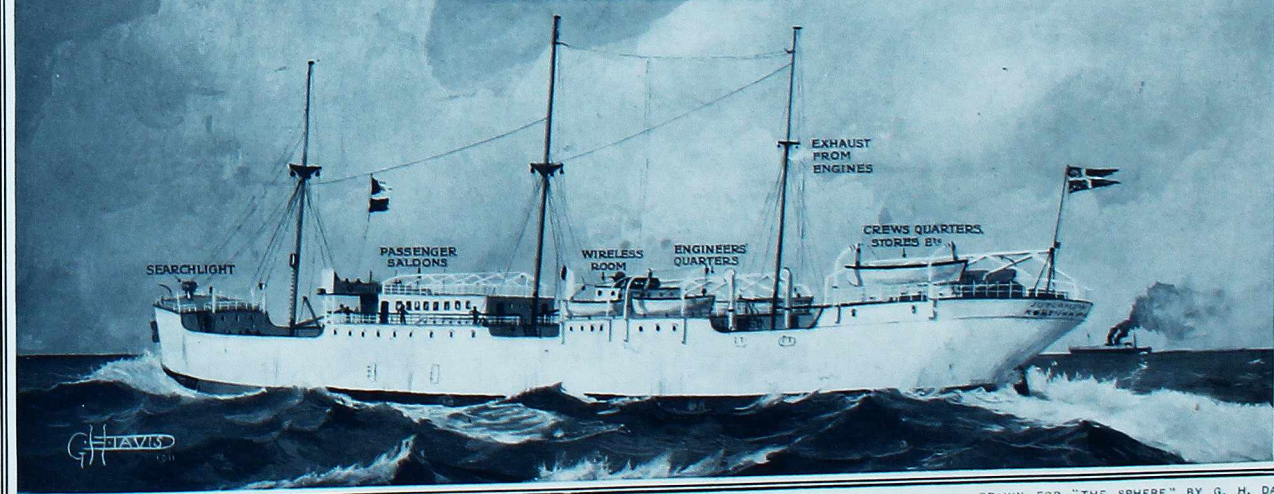
### SOME POINTS ABOUT THE NEW OIL-DRIVEN VESSEL

By a peculiar coincidence one hundred years separate two such important and far-reaching events as the introduction of the marine steam engine on the river Clyde and the launch at Glasgow of the first oil-propelled liner built in the United Kingdom. The vessel illustrated is the "Jutlandia," now being completed by Messrs. Barclay, Curle and Co., and is of 5,000 tons displacement, and will be driven by engines of 3,000 h.p. using a crude or heavy oil as fuel, which, as will be noticed, is carried in the vessel's double bottom. The accommodation for her passengers will be excellent; she will have magnificent staterooms, each fitted with its own bathroom and lighted throughout by electricity. There is a large dining saloon with smoking and music rooms. The oiler has many advantages over the steamer; she has no dangerous steam mains running everywhere, the dreaded and dirty operation of coaling disappears, and whilst the passengers enjoy the absence of excessive heat from the boilers and smoke from



the funnels, the owner will remember that the firemen's quarters, the boiler and bunker space, and the room occupied by numerous ventilation shafts and the funnel uptakes can be utilised for carrying more passengers and freight, the gain in the "Jutlandia" being over 20 per cent. The "Jutlandia" and her two sister ships, building in Denmark, will also be fitted with wireless apparatus, have twin screws, and the winches for removing cargo driven by electricity. The exhaust from the engines, as depicted in the illustration, will be carried up the hollow steel mizzen-mast so that no fumes reach the passengers, and likewise the galley chimney will be carried up the main-mast to carry off the smell of cooking. In addition to the "Jutlandia" and her sisters many oil-driven cargo boats are at work in the Russian and American oil trade, and further vessels of 3,000 and 6,500 tons are building in England and Germany. The paraffin and heavy-oil engine is being installed wholesale in the North Sea fishing fleet, whilst in the navies of the world the Russians have already a gunboat in commission driven by internal-combustion engines, and we have a destroyer building which will be partly oil-driven.

THE STRANGE APPEARANCE OF THE FUNNEL-LESS LINER AS SHE WILL APPEAR AT SEA



FORGING AHEAD, BUT WITH NO STEAM AND NO FUNNELS

DRAWN FOR "THE SPHERE" BY G. H. DAVIS

The uppermost portion of this page shows how in place of twenty-five engineers and stokers in a similar steam-driven vessel only eight engineers will be required to drive the new oil vessel. The third section shows how small a space is occupied by the new oil engines as compared with those of a steamer. The centre view shows the arrangement of the oil engines and the method of getting rid of the exhaust. The lower view shows the curious headless appearance of the new ship when at sea. The vessel will run between Europe and Siam.

# THE WRECK OF THE "DELHI" : How the Cargo was Landed.



Hoisting the Red Ensign on an Oar at the Cape Spartel Camp



Landing the Passengers' Baggage from the Wrecked "Delhi"

The P. and O. liner, *Delhi*, from which the Princess Royal and her husband, the Duke of Fife, and their two daughters were rescued on December 13, is slowly but surely going to pieces off Cape Spartel on the coast of Morocco, and will break up in the next gale. The royal party left Tangier on December 19 for Gibraltar, where they eventually embarked in the steamer, *Macedonia*, which sailed for Egypt at midnight on December 20. A salvage party after much arduous work has saved £300,000 worth of bullion from the wrecked liner.

## 1912. By A. A. Milne.

The first thing any nice man does when he wakes up on New Year's Day is to fetch a pencil and a piece of paper and try if the year is divisible by four. Generally it isn't, and after borrowing two or three noughts he goes back to bed in disgust. But every now and again the four goes delightfully in. He does it once more to make certain—there is no doubt of it. Then the young arithmetician realises eagerly that it is indeed Leap Year and that something exciting may happen to him almost at any moment.

But of course nothing does happen. Not one of the married men of my acquaintance was proposed to in Leap Year by his wife; and as for myself I have never received the smallest attentions. Leap Year, in fact, is a fraud—like the mistletoe. One only persists with them both for the sake of the press; a press which never grows up. If once our journalists stopped believing in things the world would be a very cynical place.

However, there is more in Leap Year than a fairy tale. There is the fact of the extra day. The whole business of the calendar is a mystery to any nice man, and so I am ignorant of the reason for giving the extra day to February. But it seems like sheer wilfulness. February of all months! Now, if we had had an extra day in June, or even October; if, as would have been most convenient, we had all started the year with this extra day in our pockets, to be taken when we liked—why, then, Leap Year would indeed have been a year to welcome. But February the 27th! True, it comes on a Thursday this time, and Thursday is one of the good days; my favourite day, to trust you with a secret. Yet how much a Thursday in February falls short of a Thursday in the first week of May. Two May Thursdays

running—there was a chance for the calendar-maker.

Still, as it is we have the fact that 1912 is different from the ordinary year, and in a wet winter any divergence from routine is a help. It is a pity that only the years divisible by four come to break the monotony. If I were asked to reorganise the almanack I should arrange also something striking for the years divisible by three. I think, perhaps, they would have a day less than usual—removable in November; and there would be a pretty old custom that in these years the employers make a point of suggesting to the employes a large rise in salary, instead of as in ordinary years the other way about. And if this custom also only obtained a following in journalistic circles, there would still be a good deal to say for it.

For the years divisible by five we must have something rather special. An extra week in December, let us say, together with a quaint old custom which permits you to manoeuvre your host under the mistletoe and pinch his watch. For the years divisible by seven I should have some startling effects. The four quarter days would be left out and the curious old practice of dropping hot lead on hawkers would be revived. And so one would go on. The calendar in the hands of an artist could be made a beautiful thing.

Meanwhile we have to get through 1912 as best we can. Having been presented with many calendars this Christmas I am in a position to talk at ease about 1912 for as long as you like. I have never been so intimate with a year. The dates of Quinquagesima Sunday—when you wish all your friends a merry Quinquagesima—of St. Patrick's Day, and of the commencement of Hilary Term, whatever that is; the number of pounds that you can send by parcel post for ten-

pendence; the truth about the moon's first quarter; the doubtful prospects of Greenwich residents; all these things are now within my knowledge. Other facts I have discovered for myself. For instance, if you add the digits of 1912 together you get thirteen, and much good may it do you; if you divide 1912 by 239—and why shouldn't you?—you get eight, which is one more than the number of days in the week; whereas, if you leave 1912 out altogether and take any other date, say 1893, you find that the result is entirely different and not nearly so interesting.

Of the centenaries in 1912 I have not troubled to inform myself. There must be something wrong with me that I can never get a thrill by saying, "Exactly a hundred years ago Charles Dickens was born." Sometimes I try saying it another way. "Just fancy! A hundred years ago Charles Dickens wasn't even alive." Still it conveys nothing to me. It is understandable that one should celebrate the centenary of, say, a school. It is something of a triumph that it should have flourished for so long as a hundred years. But to have been born a hundred years ago is hardly a triumph; thousands did it. It is not even as if we could say, "Dickens has stood the test of time; his books have been read for a hundred years." And so, however many "centenaries" of celebrities there may be in 1912, they will all leave me cold. Still, I am assured that it is a good season for them.

Let us then assume that one way and another 1912 will be a wonderful year. It starts well, for it has a good many of the remarkable adventures of 1911 to carry on; and anyhow it is Leap Year. That may not mean much now, but at least it gives us an extra day on which something might happen.

## THE WRECK OF THE "DELHI" : Scenes at the Cape Spartel Camp.



The Naval Boats which Saved the Royal Party

The distinguished travellers were on their way to Egypt. On landing from the wreck they were compelled to scramble three miles in drenching rain to a lonely lighthouse.



The Ship's Cat Rescued from the "Delhi"



The "Delhi" Ashore near Tangier

The P. and O. vessel cannot be saved. She is a twin-screw steamer with a length of 470 ft. and a speed of sixteen knots. She was launched at Greenock in 1905.

# THE STATE ENTRY INTO DELHI.



The King-Emperor and Queen-Empress made their state entry into Delhi on Thursday, December 7, beneath an absolutely cloudless steel-b'ue sky. The King-Emperor was wearing a field-marshal's uniform with the ribbon of the Star of India



UPPER VIEW

The Emperor of India with Lord Hardinge descending from the platform on arrival at Delhi to inspect the guard of honour, December 7, 1911



LOWER VIEW

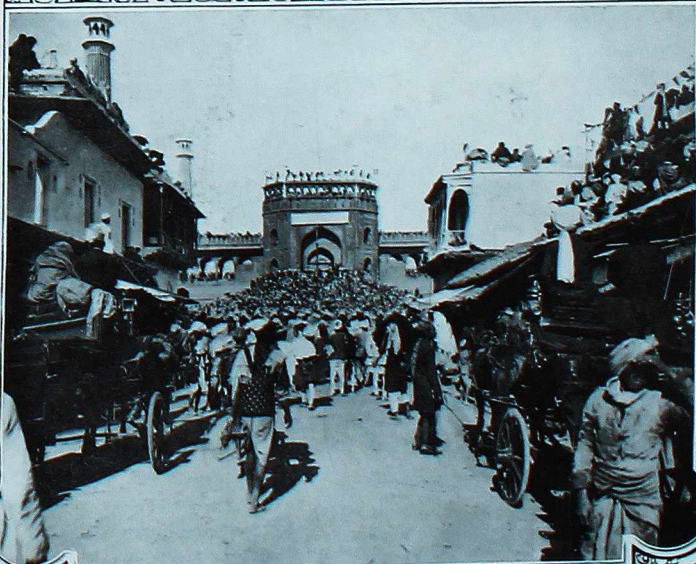
The uniform of the helmeted sentries guarding the entrance to the Kashmir camp in the great Durbar camp were the envy of the youth of Delhi





UPPER VIEW

The state entry into Delhi. The Queen passing the crowded steps of the Juma Masjid followed by an escort of Indian cavalry



LOWER VIEW

Scene in a side street facing the Juma Masjid. Natives in the street and on the rooftops waiting for a sight of the Emperor

# THE STATE ENTRY INTO DELHI—THE PROCESSION ASCENDING TOWARDS THE JUMMA MUSJID.



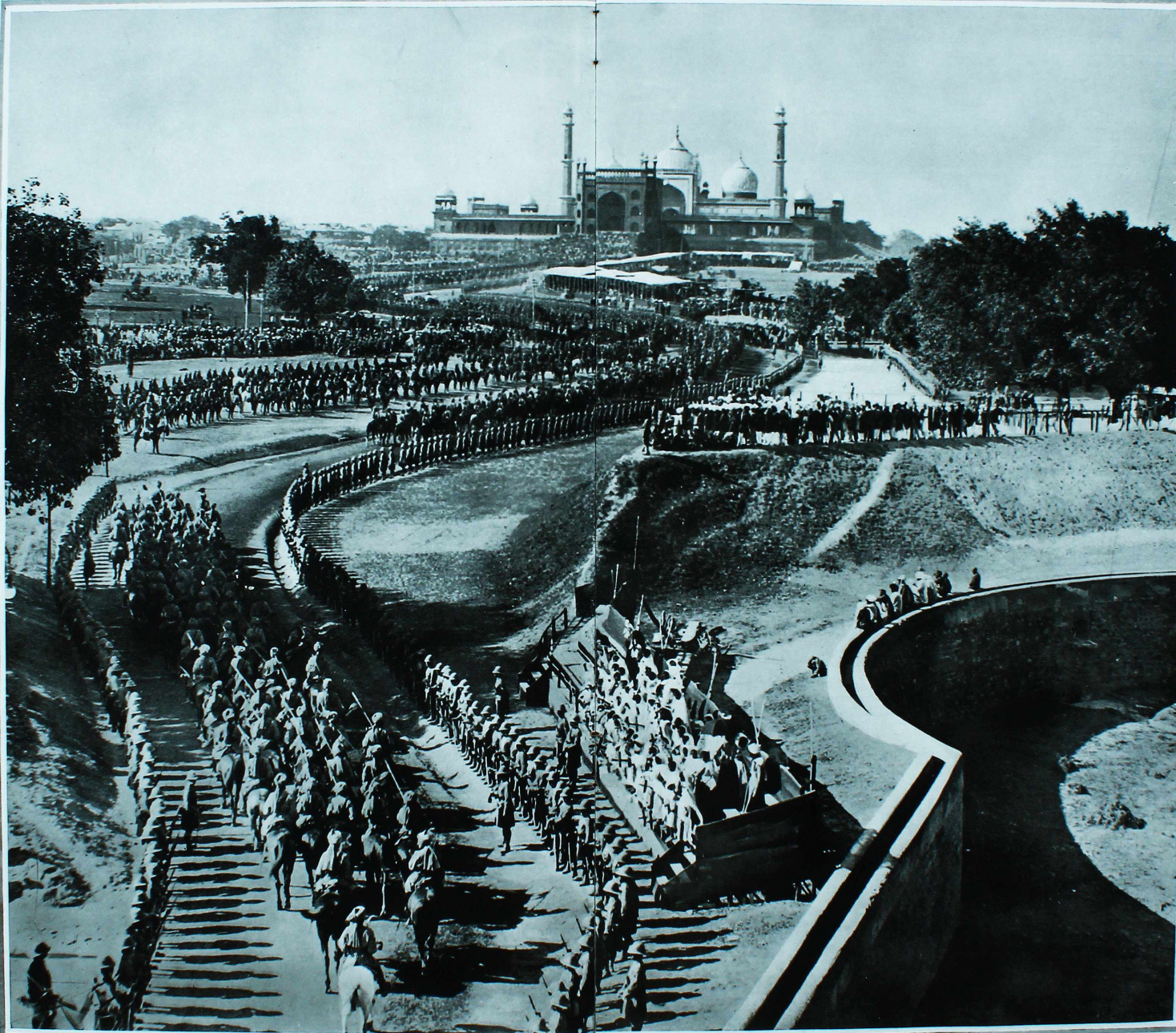
The Indian Coronet  
By permission of Messrs. Garrard, Ltd.



A Mutiny Veteran  
At the Durbar



A Mutiny Veteran  
Father and son. See opposite portrait



The Indian Coronet  
By permission of Messrs. Garrard, Ltd.



A Mutiny Veteran  
At the Durbar



A Mutiny Veteran  
Father and son. See opposite portrait

"Countless thousands of people were in waiting outside the Delhi Gate," writes an eyewitness. "This was the historic point of entry into the city, and the ceremonial here was vested with historic—if not in the eyes of many who witnessed it

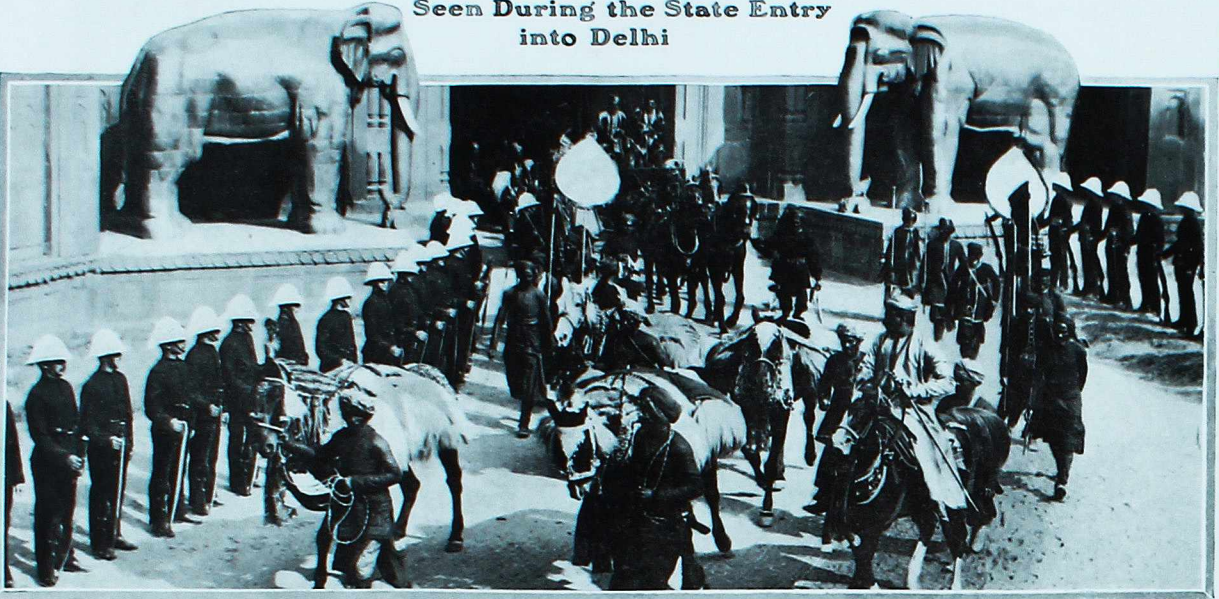
with sacred—significance, for through these portals in the days of old only princes of the blood royal rode while others dismounted. The Delhi kings of bygone dynasties came through the gate and went by carpeted roadways to the Jumma Masjid for

public worship. The road winding up the slope to the Jumma Masjid was lined with troops whose uniforms and accoutrements made a picture more imposing than any that the eye of Mogul emperor ever looked upon. Highland regiments, Gordons

and Black Watch, together with the 13th Hussars, lined the route from the Delhi Gate to the Jumma Masjid, the spaces around which were crowded with people in many colours, while the great building itself was covered with spectators from foot to top."

# The Romantic Horsemen of India's Princes.

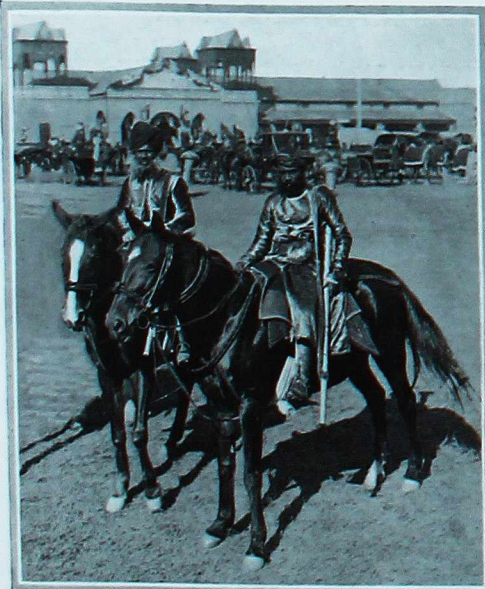
Seen During the State Entry into Delhi



HORSES LADEN WITH GIFTS ENTERING DELHI THROUGH THE HISTORIC GATE

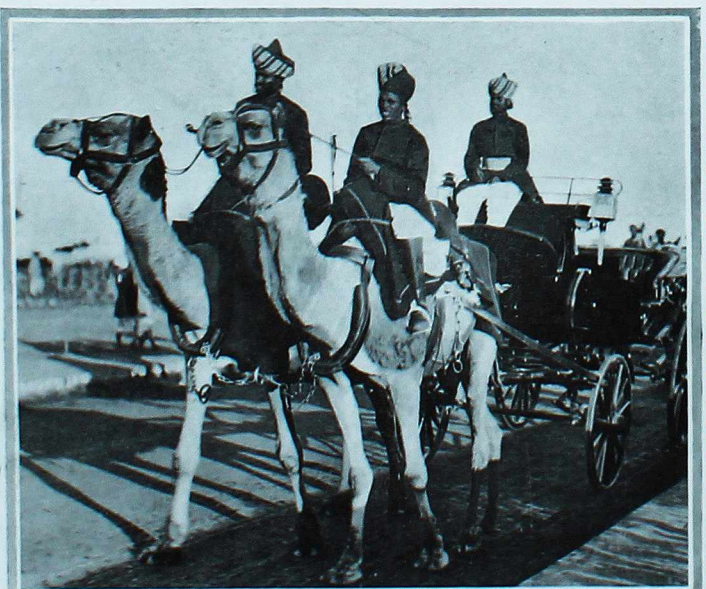


THE STATE ENTRY INTO DELHI—RETAINERS CLAD IN MAIL REMINISCENT OF THE CRUSADERS



*Underwood for Underwood*

Two Followers of the Maharajah of Sumphar



A Curious Turn-out—A Carriage Drawn by Camels

The State Entry into Delhi.



AN INDIAN RULER ENTERING DELHI WITH HIS RETAINERS WALKING BESIDE THEIR PRINCE'S CARRIAGE



The Indian Mail Crossing the Indus by Means of Carrier with Inflated Goatskin

## THE INDIAN MAIL : How the Emperor's Mail is Carried in his Eastern Dominion.

The mail-carrier shown above is seen crossing the mighty flood of the Indus, which has been termed the Nile of India. It is the great highway of Sindh and the southern Punjab, and on the river depends all the agriculture of Sindh, though since the railway has been opened the river traffic between Karachi and Multan has become insignificant. The river is full of the hilsa, sometimes called the Indian salmon. No Indian fish perhaps excels the hilsa in delicate flavour, but it is particularly troublesome to eat as it is full of extremely fine bones. The fish is caught in a peculiar fashion. The Indus is so extremely muddy, with finely-divided silt in suspense, that it is impossible to see an inch under water. The silt, by the way, when deposited on the land forms a capital fertiliser.



Delhi Durbar Camp Post Office

### THE OVERLAND MAIL

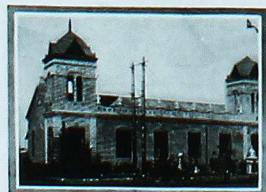
By RUDYARD KIPLING

From "Departmental Ditties," by permission of Messrs. Methuen and the Author

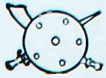
*Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim.  
Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb  
by the cliff.  
Does the tempest cry "Halt"? What are tempests  
to him?  
The service admits not a "but" or an "if."  
While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear without  
fail,  
In the name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.*

*From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to fir,  
From level to upland, from upland to crest,  
From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge to  
spur,  
Fly the soft-sandalled feet, strains the brawny,  
brown chest.  
From rail to ravine—to the peak from the vale—  
Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.*

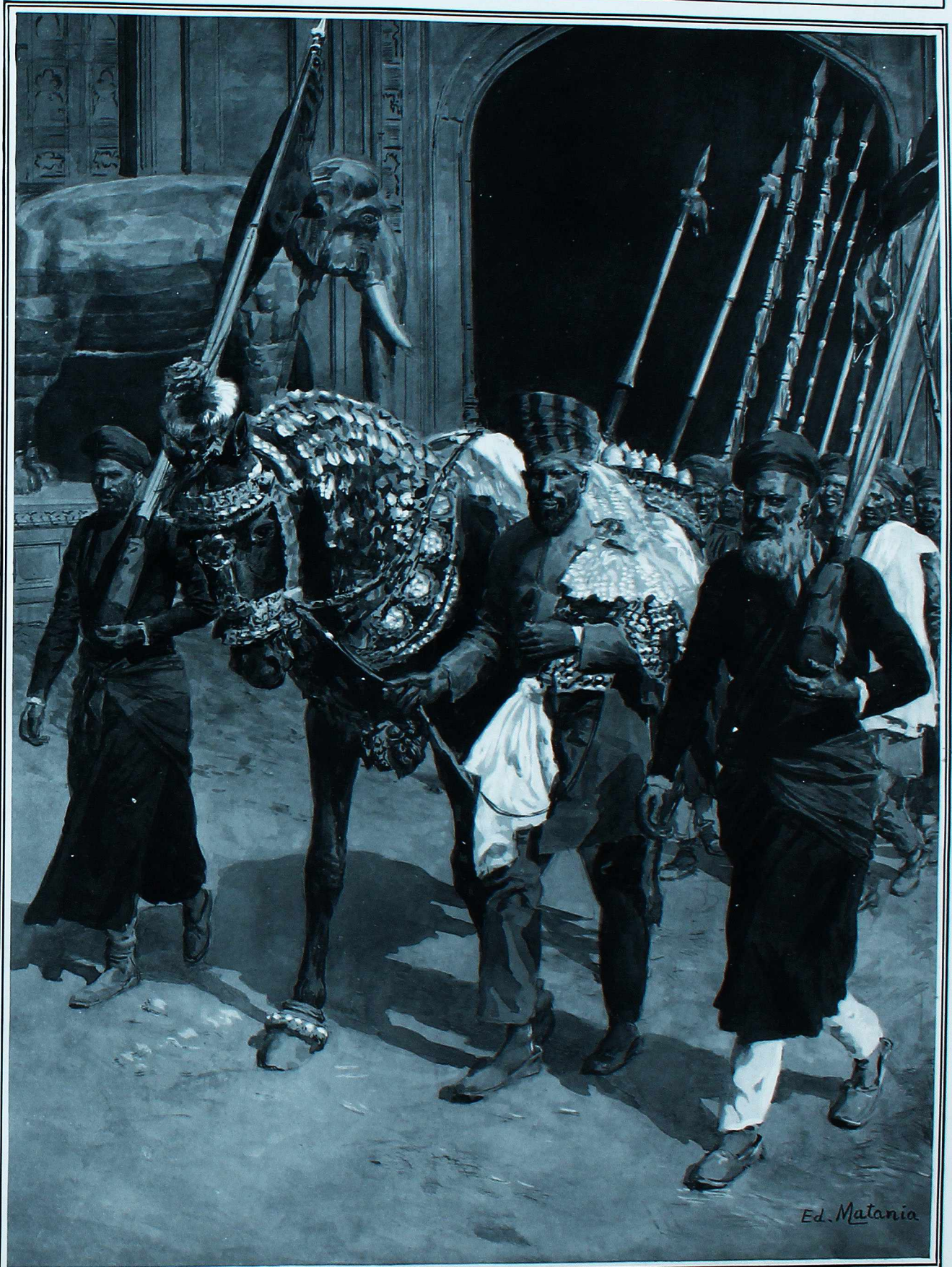
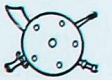
and is so fine in quality that it serves admirably as a colour wash for houses where whitewash is too glaring in an Indian sun. Each fisherman is provided with the narrowest of loin cloths, a large earthenware vessel (gurrak) something like a lobster pot in shape, and a split bamboo with a long handle and a net stretched across the slit. He slips into the water and lies with his abdomen across the mouth of the vessel, which is both float and storage to him. He floats downstream, merely guiding his course with his feet—his hands are employed in holding his net perpendicularly in the water—and so he goes downstream during the night. When he catches a fish he raises his body slightly and pops the fish into his earthenware vessel, and then drops his net again and goes on.



Delhi Durbar Camp Post Office



# THE STATE ENTRY INTO DELHI.



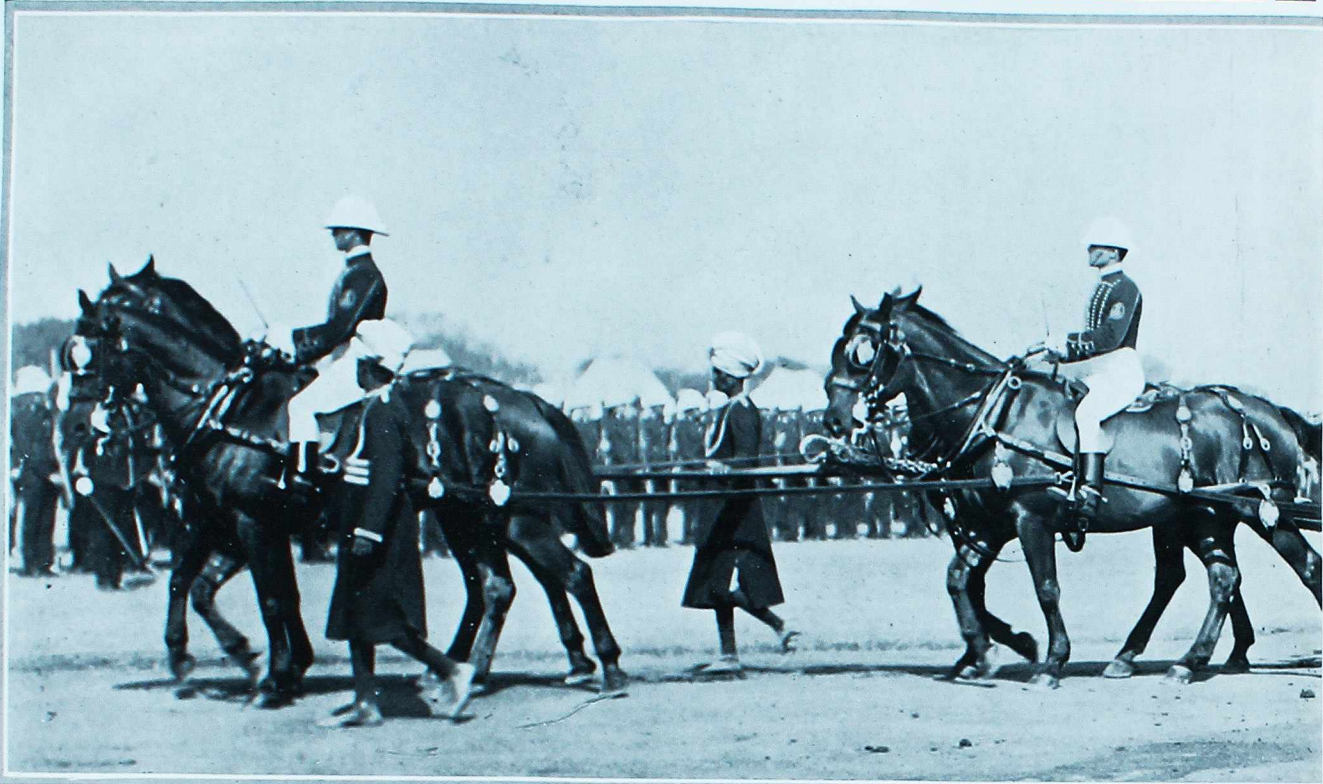
*Ed. Matania*

DRAWN BY E. MATANIA FROM PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIAL

THE ROMANCE OF OLD INDIA AT DELHI

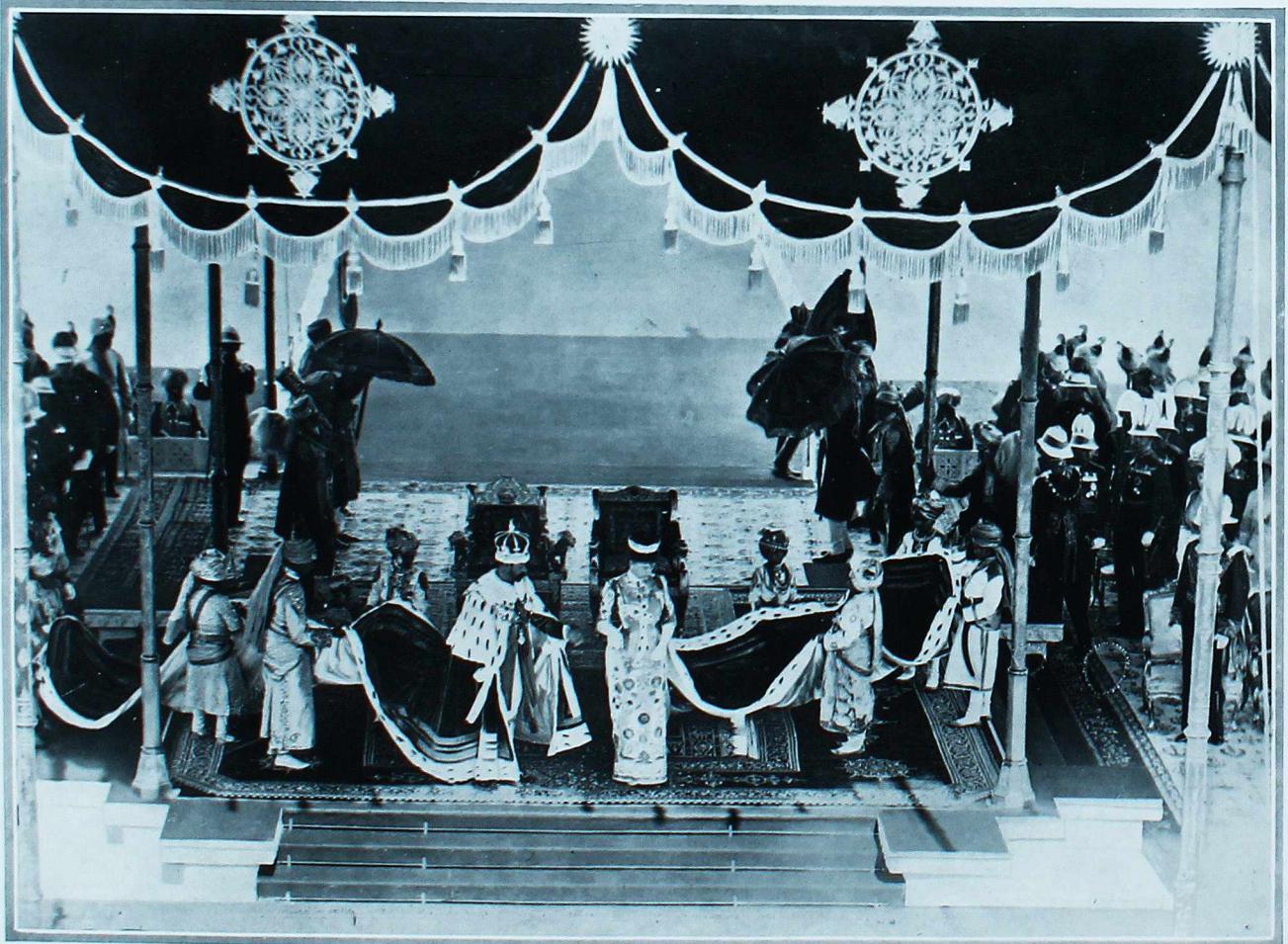
A prince's beautifully-caparisoned horse with ornaments on hoofs passing with attendants

# The Emperor and Empress Arriving at the Great



THE IMPERIAL AND ROYAL EQUIPAGE DRIVING

The Emperor and Empress drove to the Durbar amphitheatre in a state carriage with a canopy in addition to the Royal

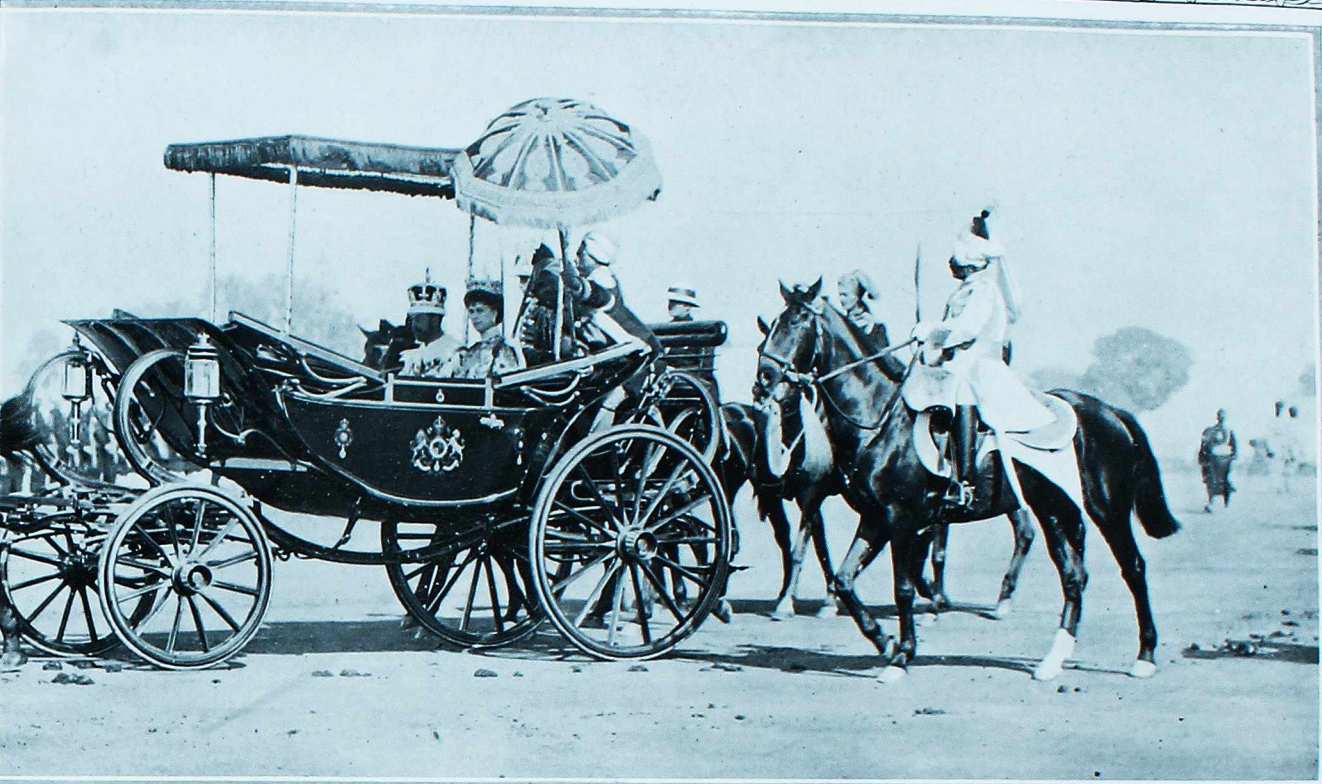


THE EMPEROR TAKING THE EMPRESS'S HAND TO LEAD HER TO THE ROYAL PAVILION

The King wore a robe of imperial purple and a surcoat of purple, white satin breeches, and silk stockings, with the collars of the Orders of the Garter and the Star of India and the Star of the latter

order. His Majesty wore an imperial crown consisting of a band of diamonds studded with large emeralds and sapphires with rubies in the centre, and a cap of purple velvet turned up with ermine. The Queen

# Durbar Amphitheatre on December 12th, 1911.



TO THE DELHI DURBAR AMPHITHEATRE  
umbrella. Sir Partab Singh and Captain Keighley of the Viceroy's bodyguard rode beside their Majesties' carriage

Views by Ernest Brooks, official photographer, Delhi Durbar, 1911



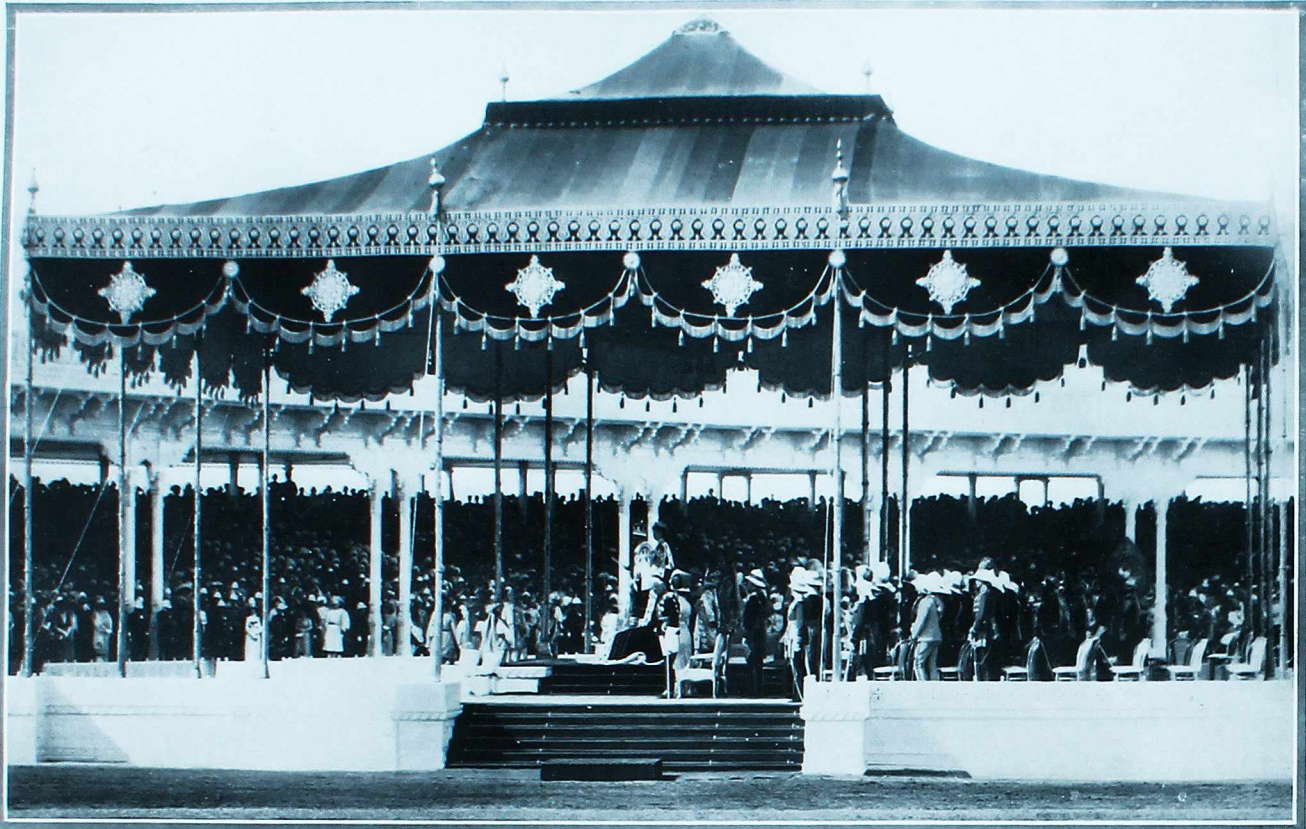
THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS LEAVING THE DURBAR AMPHITHEATRE IN THEIR SPECIAL CARRIAGE WITH HOOD

wore a white satin dress embroidered with a design of gold roses, thistles, and shamrock, with a border of lotus flowers. The Star of India was embroidered on the front of the dress. Her Majesty's robe

was of purple velvet trimmed with ermine and a border of gold braid, and she wore the Orders of the Garter and the Crown of India. Her ornaments were a diamond and emerald necklace and brooches



# THE EMPEROR READING HIS SPEECH FROM BE



THE KING READING HIS SPEECH FROM THE SHAMIANA

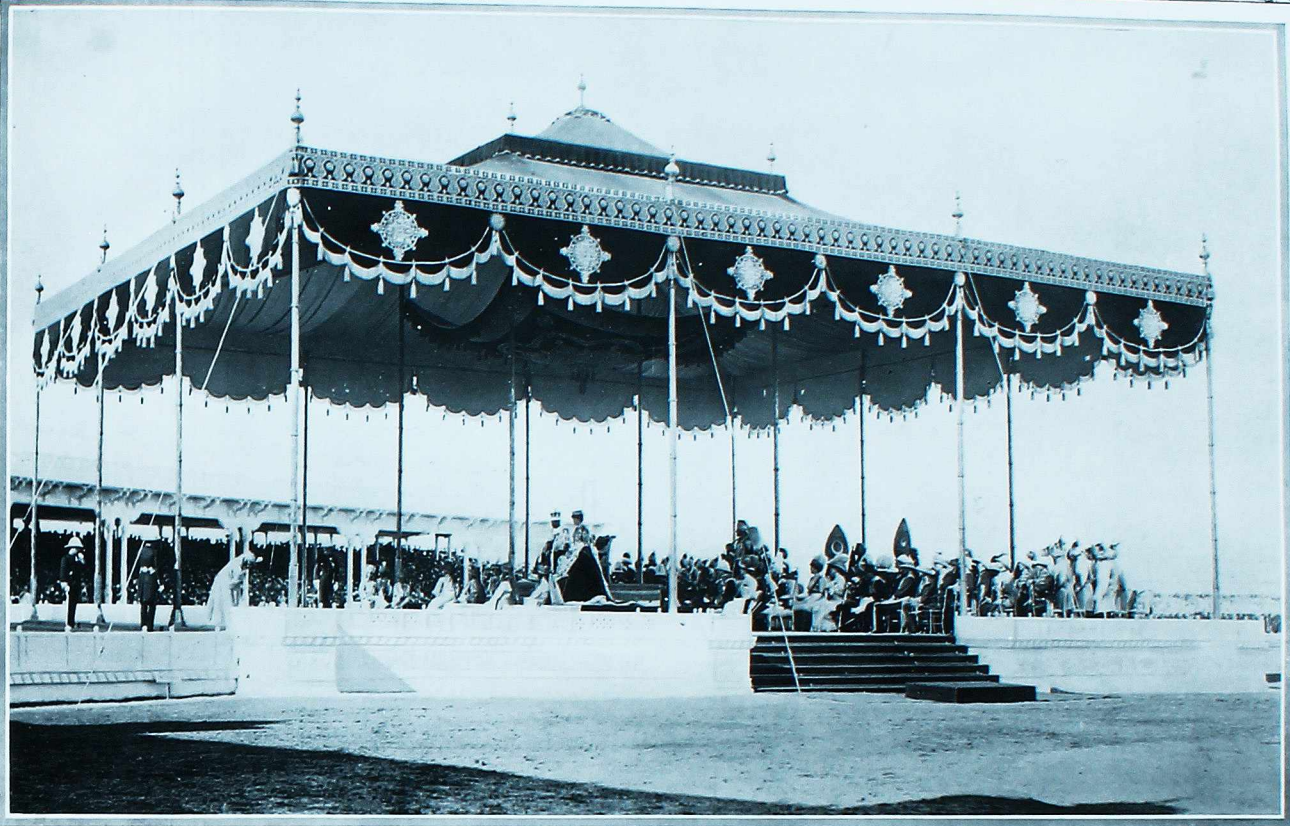


THE JAM OF NAWANAGAR (RANJITSINHJI) IN HIS SILVER CARRIAGE WITH CROCODILE BAR BENEATH

There were two beautifully-constructed canopied areas in the Durbar amphitheatre. One was the shamiana illustrated here, and the other was the imperial dais illustrated on other pages. "In the centre rose the imperial canopy looking like pure white marble domed with

gold," wrote *The Morning Post* correspondent. "It emerged like a shrine out of a silent sea of glittering bayonets, swords, and lances, and the golden thrones on a golden carpet were sharply outlined against the sky. . . . The King-Emperor's throne was slightly taller than the Queen's"

# NEATH THE CURTAINED ROOF OF THE SHAMIANA.



THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS SEATED IN THE SHAMIANA



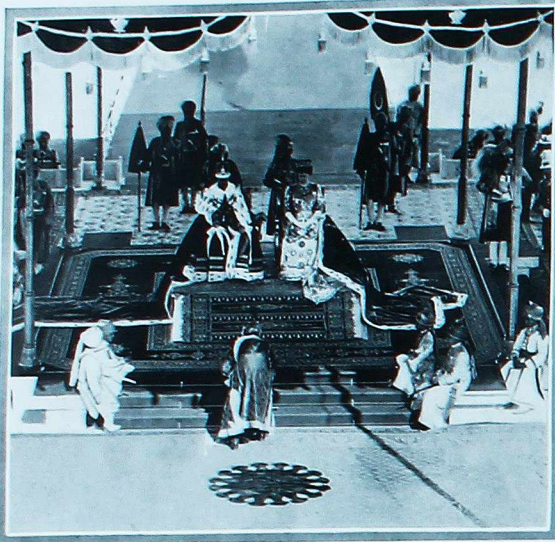
THE EMPEROR'S ATTENDANTS—YOUNG PRINCES OF INDIA

*All four views by Ernest Brooks, official photographer*

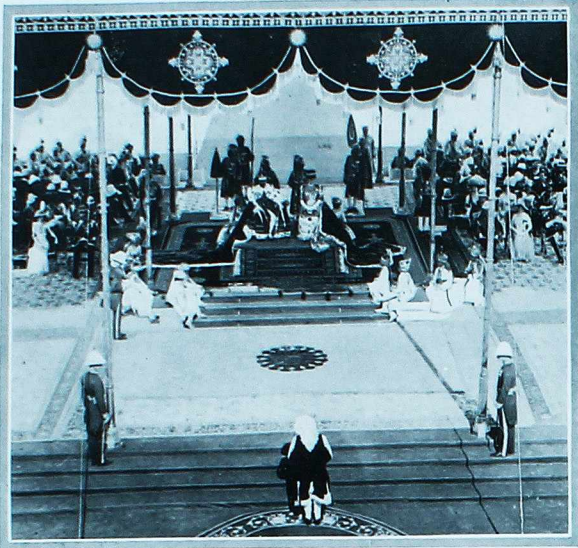
The shamiana structure was also very beautiful. It was hung with fringed cloth supported by slender shining poles. The King-Emperor's pages were the Maharajahs of Bharatpur and Jodhpur and the Maharajahs of Orchha and Idar. The Maharajkumar of Faridkot and the

Maharajkumar Prince of Rewa attended upon the Queen-Empress. The Princes of Orchha and Patiala acted as trainbearers to Lord Hardinge and the grandson of the Begum of Bhopal waited on Lady Hardinge

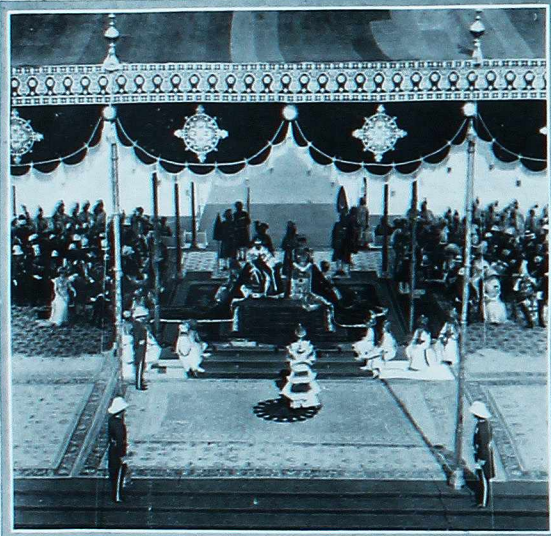
# How Indian Chiefs Saluted their Majesties.



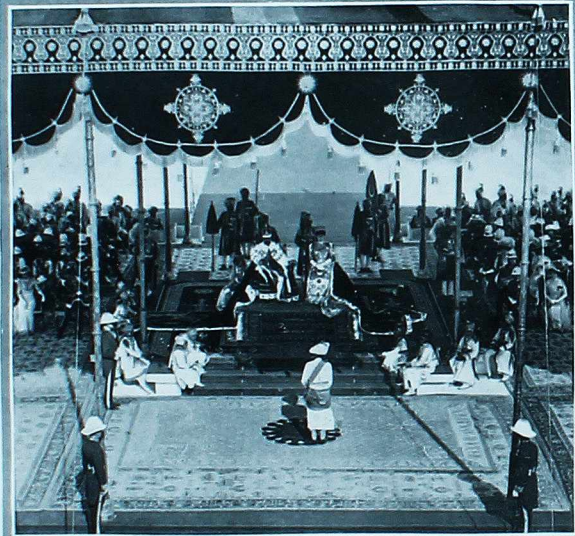
Colonel H.H. Maharajadhiraj Sawai of Jaipur



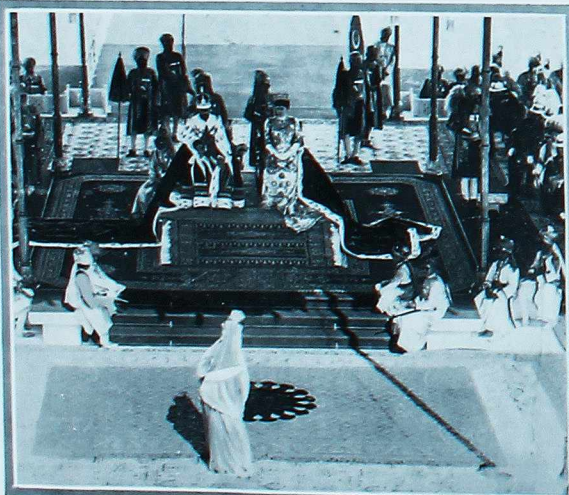
A Chief of Bengal Paying Homage



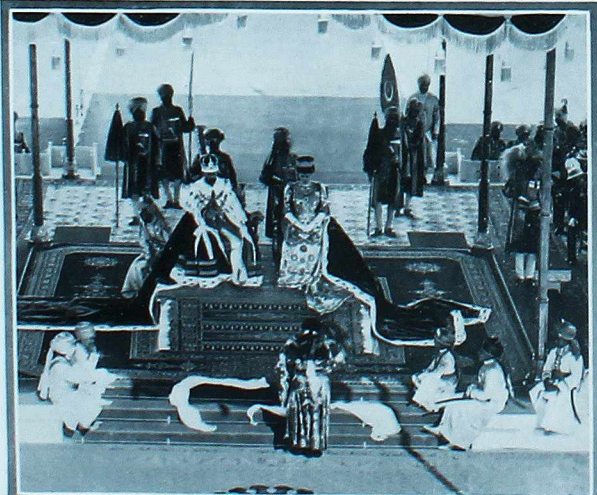
A Ruling Chief of Burma Paying Homage



H.H. Rajah Udaji of Dhar about to Make his Salute

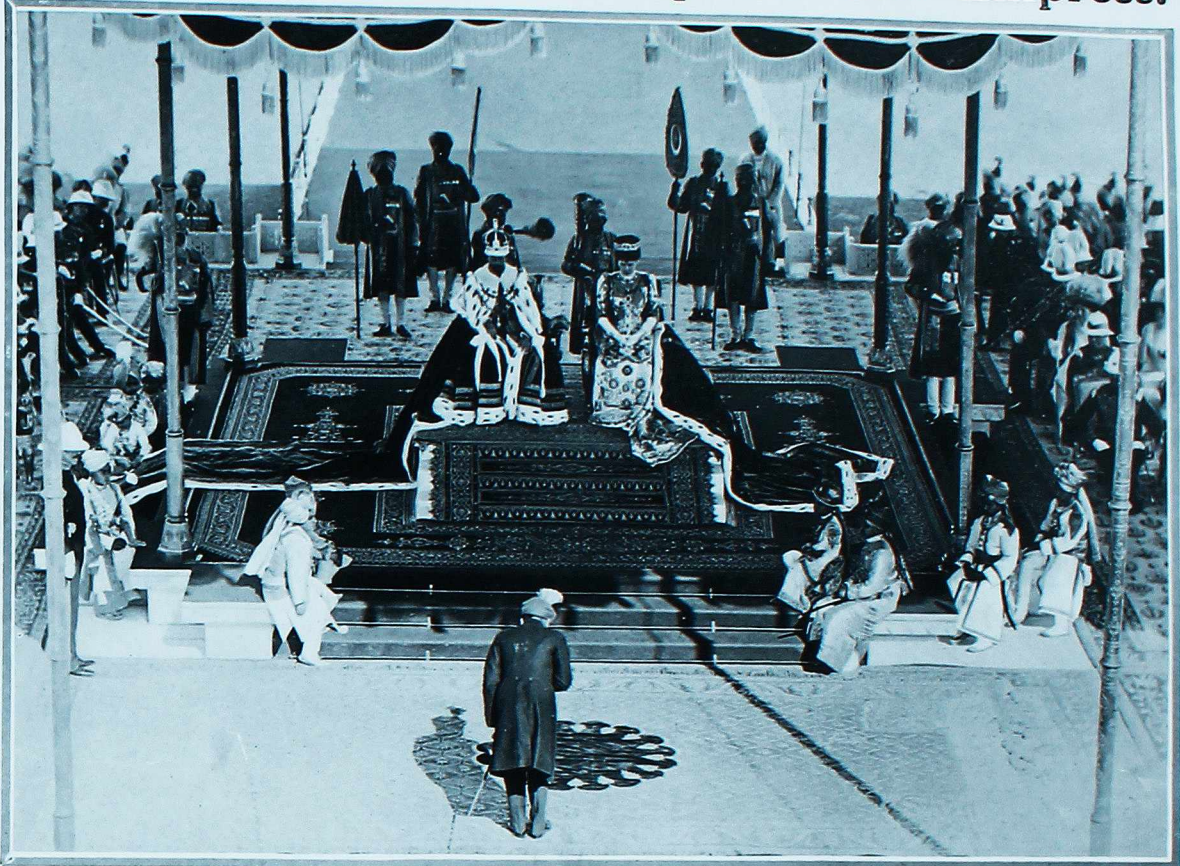


H.H. Nawab Sultan Jahan, Begum of Bhopal

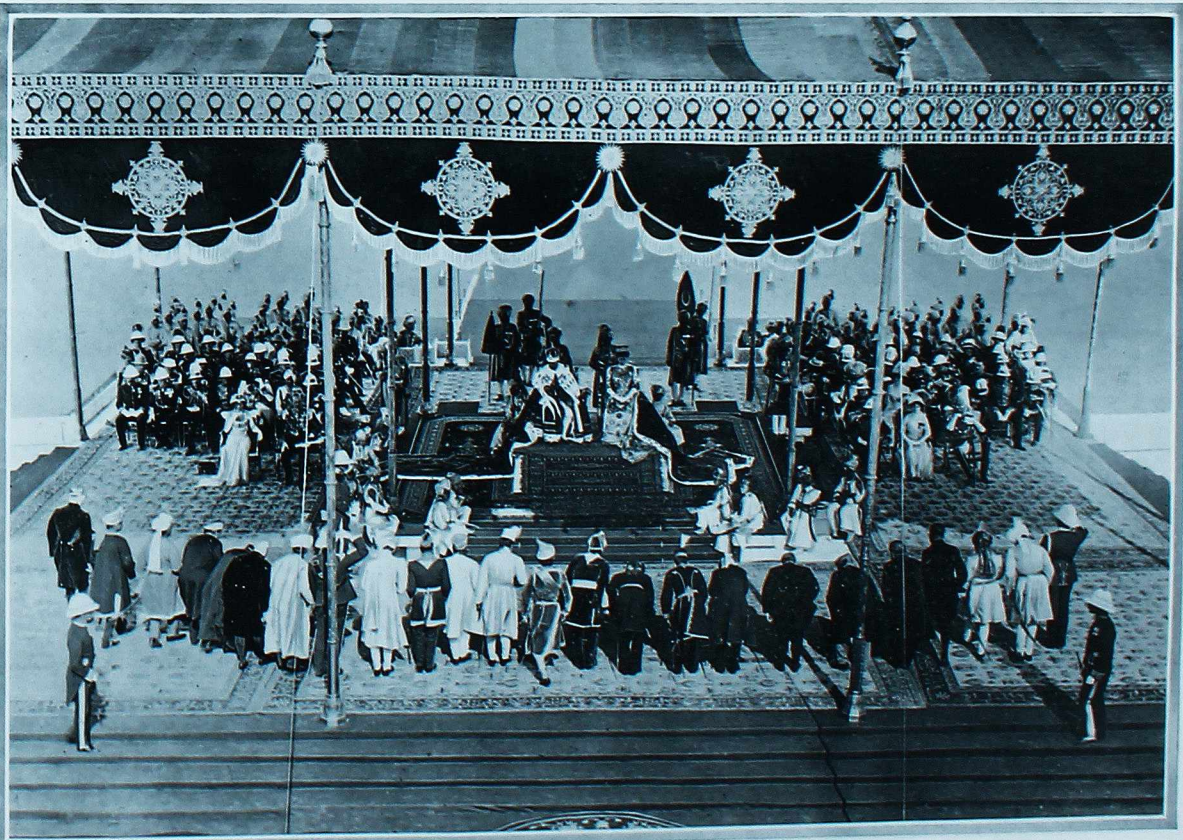


H.H. the Rajah of Bhutan

# Scenes of Homage to the Emperor and Empress.

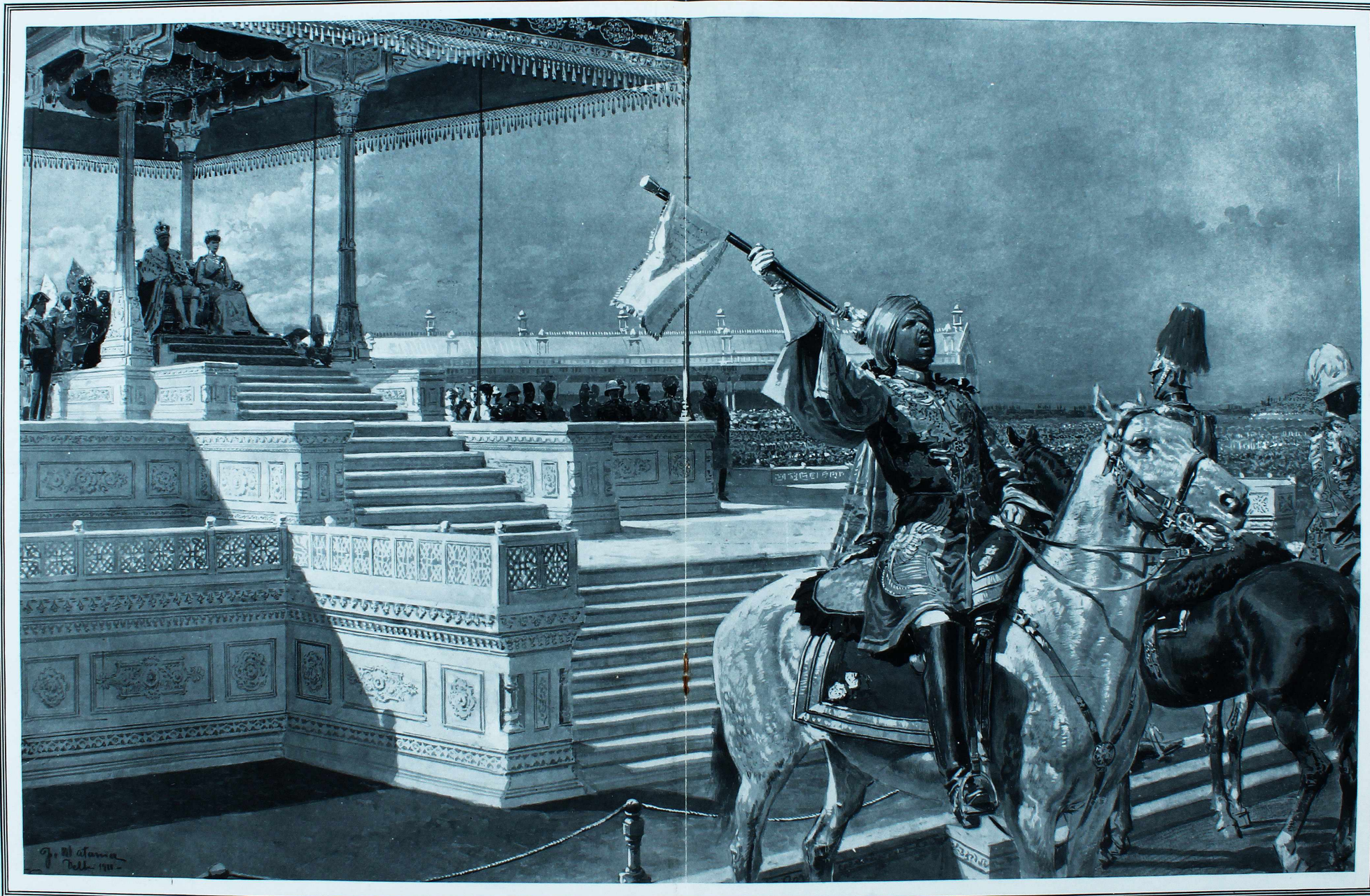


THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD, INDIA'S PREMIER PRINCE, PAYING HOMAGE TO THEIR MAJESTIES IN THE SHAMIANA



THE RULING CHIEFS OF THE PUNJAB DOING HOMAGE TO THE KING-EMPEROR AND QUEEN-EMPRESS

# WITH OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT THE DELHI DURBAR : THE BRILLIANT PROCLAMATION SCENE.



THE DURBAR—THE PROCLAMATION BY THE NATIVE HERALD. From the drawing by F. Matania at Delhi, December 12, 1911

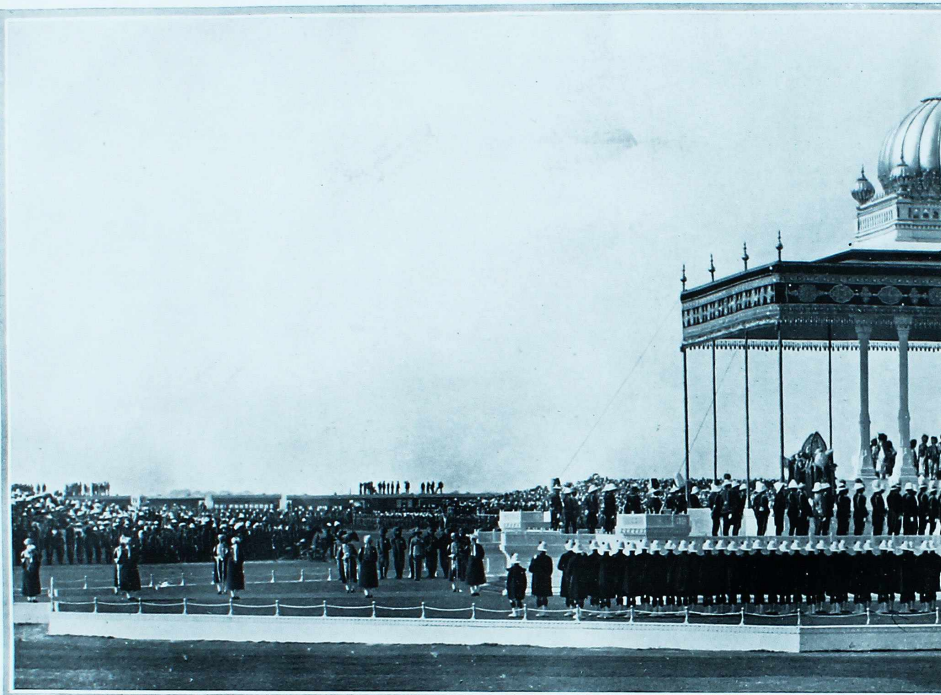
"The brass and drums of the massed bands sounded a fanfare summoning the heralds," says "The Times" account of the incident. "From the plain came the sweet, clear notes of silver trumpets in reply. Through the gap in the vast mound rode the tall, soldierly Delhi herald, General Freyton, in a talwar bearing the Royal Standard front and back, together with the assistant herald, Malik Umar Hayat Khan, a Punjab magnate of martial bearing. Twelve British and

twelve Indian trumpeters, all on white horses, followed the heralds, blowing a stirring fanfare. At the Baghath they divided and wheeled right and left, trotting round the lesser amphitheatre and meeting again before the throne, where they sounded another flourish. The King-Empress, through Sir Henry McMahon, commanded Delhi herald to read the proclamation announcing his Majesty's coronation. Wheeling round and facing the troops and populace the herald read the document in

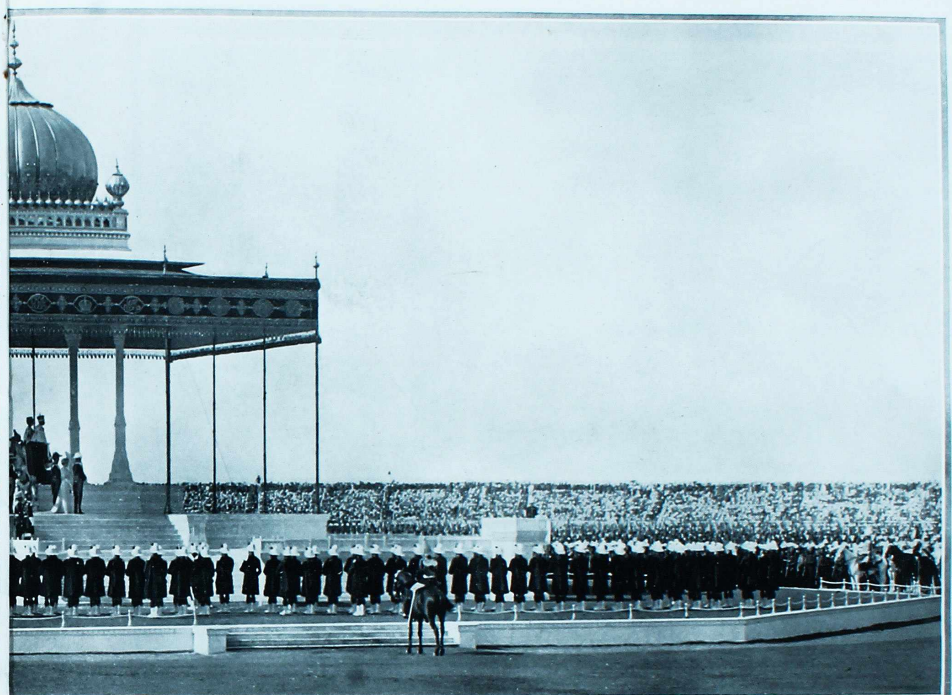
far-reaching dramatic tones. The assistant herald, whose voice was singularly penetrating, repeated the proclamation in Urdu. Hardly had the resonant monotone of the second herald ceased when the silver trumpets sounded once again. The massed bands played the National Anthem, the troops presented arms, and all rose from their seats. Cannon roared without. Another imperial salute of 101 guns was being fired by the batteries massed to the north-east of the Durbar area.

It was fired in salvoes and was divided into three portions. After each portion the troops outside the amphitheatre fired a feu de joie, which ran right through the camps to the King-Empress's pavilions beneath the Ridge. Clouds of smoke rose from the guns and drifted across the mound; the crackle of musketry was heard in the distance. After each feu de joie the bands played a few bars of the National Anthem, and at the close of the salute the anthem was played right through."

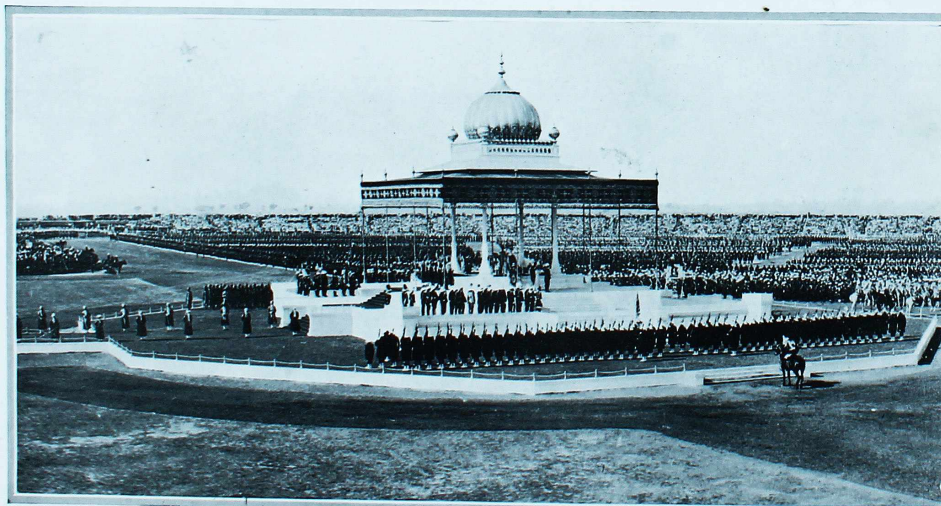
# UNDER THE GILDED DOME IN THE DELHI DURBAR AMPHITHEATRE, DECEMBER 12, 1911.



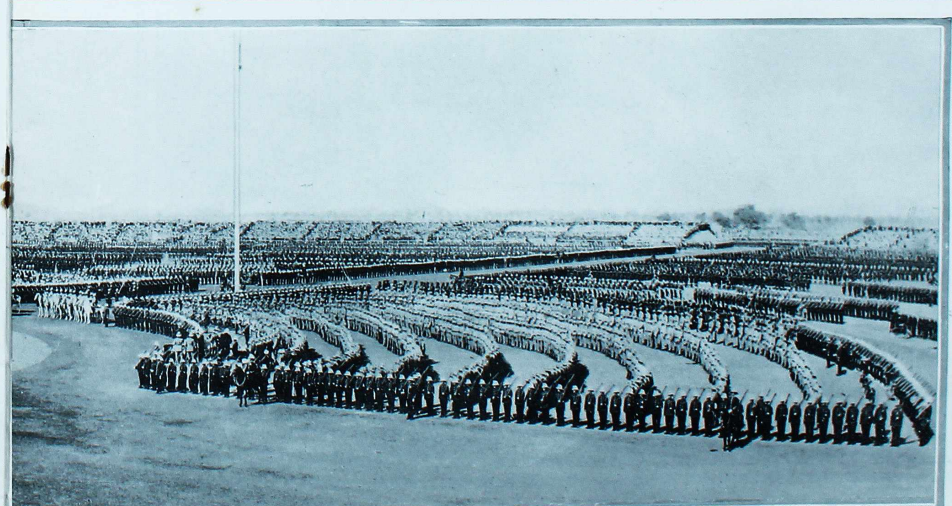
THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS STANDING BENEATH THE



BEAUTIFUL DOMED CANOPY IN THE DURBAR AMPHITHEATRE

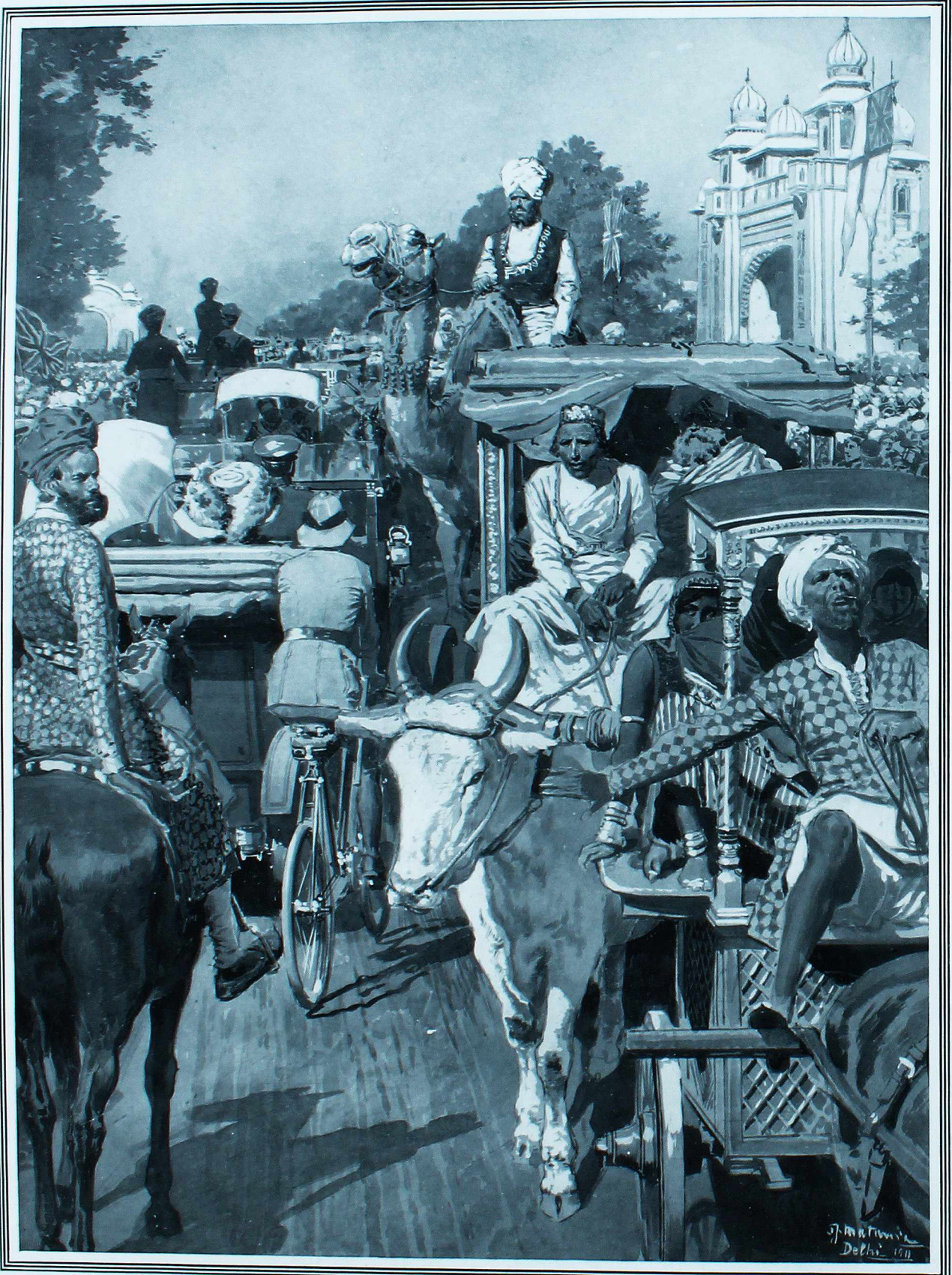


HOW THE TROOPS WERE ARRANGED ROUND THE EMPEROR IN GEOMETRIC DESIGNS, MAKING A



GORGEOUS COLOUR SCHEME—THE PEOPLE'S MOUND COVERED WITH SPECTATORS IN THE BACKGROUND

# With Our Special Artist at the Delhi Durbar.



A TYPICAL DURBAR SCENE

DRAWN BY F. MATANIA AT DELHI, 1911

Our artist's drawing shows the animation in Kingsway, where many native chiefs had their camp during the Durbar

# With Our Special Artist at the Delhi Durbar.



*F. Matania  
Delhi 1911.*

WATCHING A FIRE IN THE DURBAR CAMP

DRAWN BY F. MATANIA AT DELHI, DECEMBER, 1911

A rather serious fire broke out in the Punjab camp. A large tent belonging to Sir Louis Dane and four smaller ones were burnt before it was got under. Our Special Artist writes: "I was on this place (the Ridge) when it happened and I saw the scene exactly as I have drawn it."



# The Presentation of the Emperor and Empress to



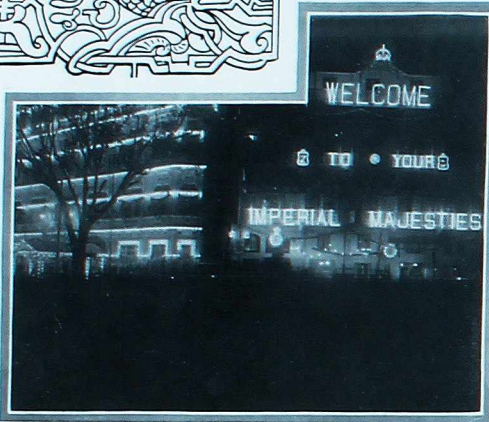
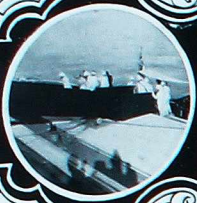
THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS WALKING TO THE BALCONY ON THE FORT AT DELHI

# the People of India at Delhi, December 12, 1911.

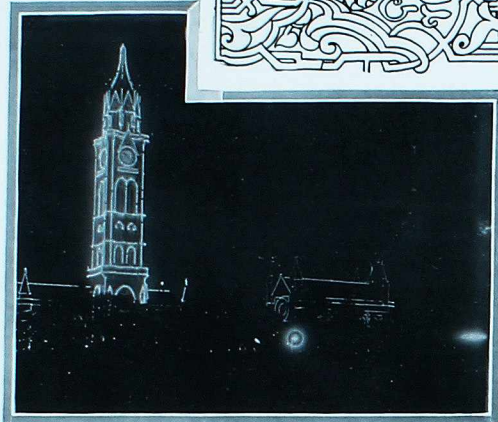


THE CYNOSURE OF INDIA'S PEOPLE—THE PRESENTATION OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS

How the Indian  
Night was Lit  
with Unsurpassed  
Illuminations.



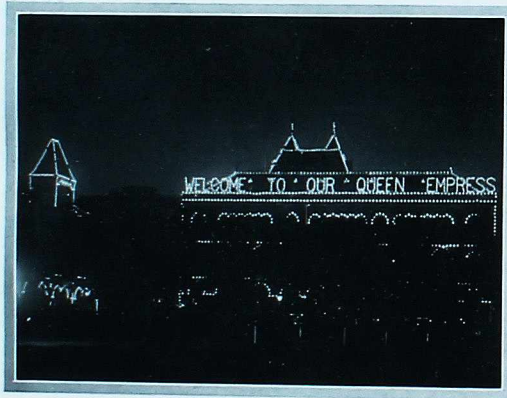
An Illuminated Building in the Fort, Bombay



The Illuminated Clock Tower at Bombay



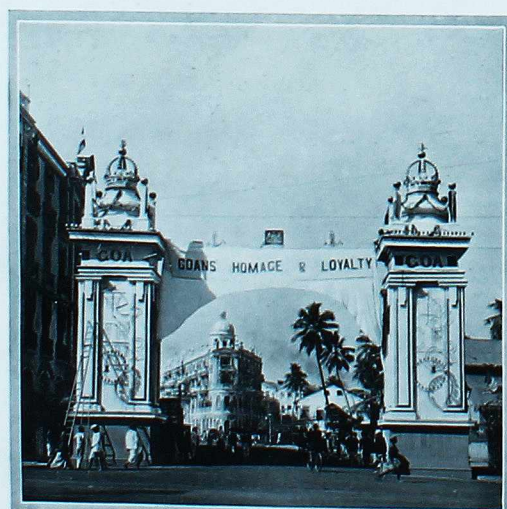
The Illuminations at the Secretariat, Bombay



Loyal Greetings Over the Public Works Office



An Arch Erected by the Bombay Cotton Dealers' Association



An Arch Erected by the Goan Community, Old Bombay

The small circular views show the royal party landing at Bombay and his Majesty inspecting the guard of honour at the Apollo Bunder, Bombay, on December 2

# The State Entry into Delhi.



THE QUEEN-EMPRESS RIDING INTO DELHI

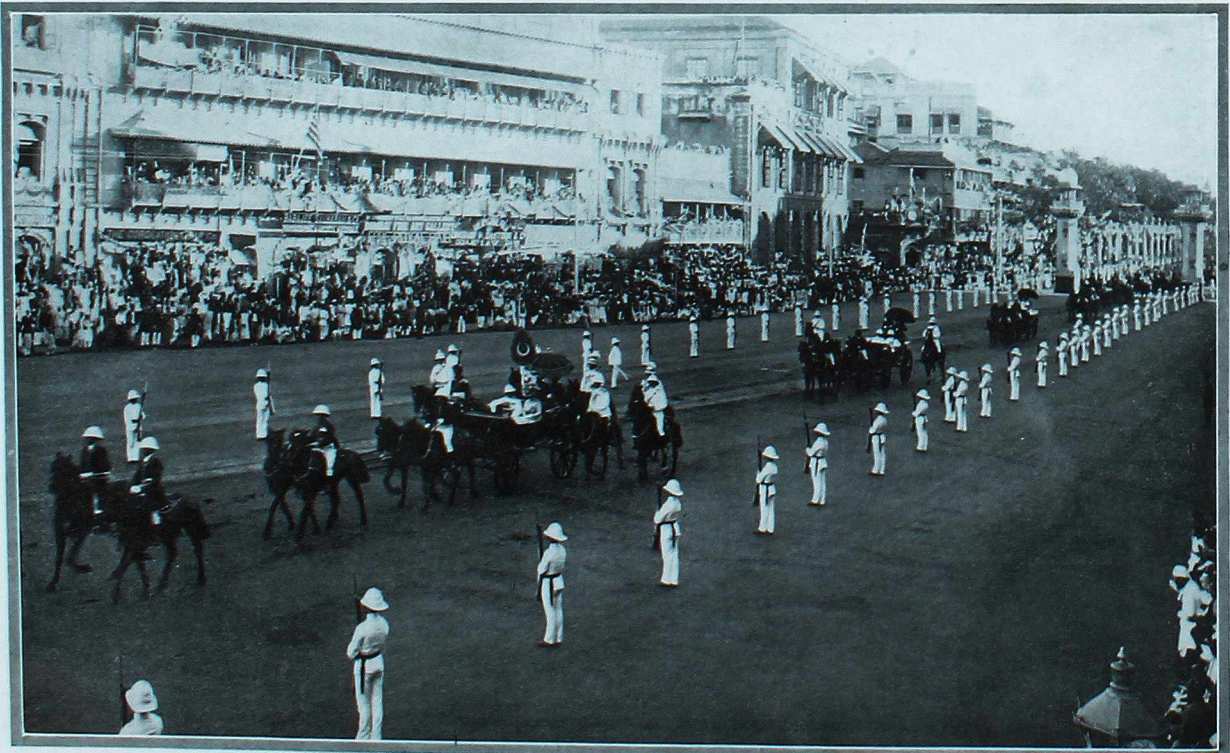
The Queen-Emress, attended by the Duchess of Devonshire and the Earl of Durham, drove in a state carriage drawn by six bays with postillions wearing the royal livery. The Queen-Emress wore a dress of soft white satin with the Order of the Garter and the Crown of India and a hat of white straw with shaded Natt er-blue feathers and a white moire parasol. Behind the carriage were attendants in scarlet and gold, who in turn held golden umbrellas over her Majesty. On the right of the Queen's carriage rode Captain Keighley of the Bodyguard, and on the left Sir Partab Singh, honorary commandant of the Imperial Cadet Corps, which followed fifty strong under the command of Major R. Taylor and Captain Skinner, its ranks including the chiefs of Kishangarh, Ratlam, Dholpur, and Baria, and scions of the noble houses of Hyderabad, Kathiawar, Kolhapur, and other states

## The Arrival of the Emperor at Bombay.



THE READING OF THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY SIR PHIROZESHAH M. MEHTA SEEN FROM THE AMPHITHEATRE

On December 2 the King and Queen landed at the Apollo Bunder, Bombay, and were received in state by the Viceroy and other officials. In the huge amphitheatre opposite the landing place all the prominent officers and civilian officials not taking an active part in the actual reception of their Majesties were gathered to the number of over 3,000. Behind them was massed a representative gathering of the population of the city. The levee dress of the officers and the toilettes of their ladies mingled their colours with the gorgeous hues of the ceremonial attire of Indian chieftains and of the sirdars of the Deccan and Gujerat.



THE EMPEROR PASSING ALONG ESPLANADE ROAD AFTER THE LANDING CEREMONY

In Esplanade Road an interesting arch was erected by the Parsee community. It was supported by columns surmounted by characteristic two-headed bull capitals. At the corners of the towers which flanked the arch were gilded posts carrying the Parsee emblem of the sun, while the base of the towers was supported by a winged bull of Persian design. All the decorative features of Indian art were in evidence along the route. Carved elephants on latticed balconies bore in their trunks the ends of floral festoons.

# THE STATE ENTRY INTO DELHI.



A CROWDED SCENE IN THE CHANDNI CHAUK, DELHI

*Underwood & Underwood*

During the passing of the state procession on December 7. It is this street which is illustrated in the Special Coloured Supplement given with this issue

## INDIA UNDER THE KING-EMPEROR GEORGE.

**A**NGLO-INDIANS who revisit India after an absence of only two or three years tell their friends at home that they have been greatly struck by the changes which have taken place in the interval. This rapidity of change is inevitable, for whereas Macaulay could describe the India of his day as similar to the Europe of the fifth century, we have brought her into line in many respects with the equipment and ideals of the twentieth century. The journey is, of course, far from completed, and its steadfast pursuit is accompanied by new problems and new developments. The India of King George is not the

India of the last years of Queen Victoria; it is not even the India of King Edward. The change is typical in the transfer of the Indian capital to Delhi and in the complete rearrangement of the Bengals and Assam to form three distinct administrations.

The great constitutional reforms of the Morley-Minto régime were shaped while King Edward was on the throne, but there had been little experience of their practical application when the Empire was thrown into mourning by his death. It is now clear that they have altered the political perspective and changed the relations between the Government and the representatives of the people.

The rights of supplementary interpellation, to propose resolutions, to move amendments to budgets, combined in the case of all the provincial legislatures with non-official majorities, have given the debates a vitality they did not before possess. With new power has come a deeper sense of responsibility; there is less of mere destructive criticism and more of intelligent and constructive co-operation with the Government for the public good than in the past. Indians now share in the deliberations of all the Council Governments as in those of the Secretary of State's Council, and while Indian opinion cannot control the executive, which remains responsible to Parliament, it can and does enormously influence its policy, both within and without. That this influence will be used more and more in the direction of obtaining for the authorities in India greater freedom from being overruled from Whitehall in fiscal matters in deference to the exigencies of British party interests has been predicted by the ex-Viceroy among others.

This anticipation, which accords with all that we know of Indian sentiment, is symptomatic of the extent to which attention has been diverted from the political demands which formerly held the field to the problems of commercial and industrial development. The "unrest" of which so much was heard two or three years ago seems to have dwindled down before the aspirations of economic advancement now so widespread. An era of industrial transformation has dawned for India, and her sons are increasingly bent on raising the economic status of the country by the exploitation and home manufacture of her resources. This spirit may not be palatable to the Lancashire or Yorkshire manufacturer, but it is entirely reasonable and indeed praiseworthy. It is both the duty and interest of the British Government to encourage the sentiment, and it is to be hoped that the removal from Calcutta to Delhi will not mean a slackening of effort in this respect.

The public services and the liberal professions do not provide sufficient outlets for men of education. The diversion of the energies of many of them into channels contributing to the economic development of the

country is most desirable in their interest and our own. In his important book published towards the close of last year Mr. Chirrol convincingly pointed out that "there can be no better material antidote to the spread of disaffection than the prosperity which would attend the expansion of trade and industry and give to increasing numbers among the Western educated classes a direct interest in the maintenance of law and order."

A phase of the economic awakening is the demand for more adequate facilities for technical instruction in the country. This would incidentally restrict if not entirely obviate the need for young men looking forward to business careers to come to Europe or America for technological study. It is widely recognised that the artificial value put on English

degrees or calls to the English Bar, by custom and regulations giving precedence in India to their possessors, is mistaken, and that in particular great harm has been done by thus arbitrarily stimulating the migration of hundreds of Indian law students to our shores. In the words of an able Indian who investigated the subject when on a visit here a few months ago, "Their opinions unformed, their judgment unripe, their general education meagre, they are thrown at a critical age on the turbulent and often turbid waves of modern Western life to swim, float, or be drowned."

Side by side with calls for reform and advancement in

higher and technical education we have the active advocacy of a system of free and compulsory primary instruction for the illiterate masses. The demand is premature and impracticable. But its formulation has led to the increased grant announced at the Durbar, and shows how far we have travelled in the last ten or twelve years, for until quite recently the apathy of the Western-educated Indian in respect to the illiteracy of the masses was a subject of just and frequent criticism. The change is due to a recognition that if the ideal of raising India in the scale of nationhood is to be achieved the masses cannot be left in the state of ignorance which now obtains. Much the same feeling exists among men of enlightenment as to the need for generally raising the status and outlook of the "depressed" classes, numbering more than fifty millions, and condemned by Brahmanical tradition to lives of degradation.

It is not to be supposed that this movement, following on the earlier and still growing advances

towards social reform among the middle and well-to-do classes, is universally upheld, for as Mr. Justice Sankaran Nair recently pointed out, while Western education has on the one hand swelled the ranks of the social reformers it has had the effect on the other of strengthening and hardening the reactionary elements in orthodox Hinduism. Indeed, like Sir Bampfylde Fuller, he believes that if these men had their way the prohibited practice of suttee—the burning alive of widows at the funeral pyres of their husbands—would be revived. But the ideals of humanity and justice we have implanted are firmly rooted, and under the continued encouragement of British standards will prevail over a reactionary orthodoxy which is in reality the greatest obstacle to the growth of that Indian nationality it professes to support.

Social reform is one of the instruments by which India's more enlightened sons are seeking to give her unfettered conditions of life, which, while remaining distinctively Indian, shall in essentials embody the conceptions of the West. They seek to make life in India less restricted by outworn conventions, and much more attractive and social. This ideal is at the root of the large measure of favour with which the opinion of at least the wealthy classes in India has received the repeated suggestion that the King should be represented there by a member of his own family as Viceroy, the governor-generalship being retained as a separate office so that the Prince may be relieved from direct participation in administration and be free to devote himself to ceremonial and social functions. The idea is that the Court would become the rallying and unifying point of Indian social life. While there are many serious objections to this change, it would unquestionably specially appeal to the ruling chiefs, who will be brought into closer touch with Government by the transfer to Delhi. As that

clear-sighted and competent foreign observer, M. Joseph Chailley, has pointed out in his admirable book, they have ceased to be pure despots and have taken cognisance of their duties as rulers. At the same time their sons and relatives, together with members of the landed aristocracy in British India, are claiming that they should not be debarred from opportunities for careers as officers in the Indian Army on a footing of equality with British officers.

Thus in manifold directions India under King George is bent upon progress and transition, and in the duty of guiding her footsteps along these paths Great Britain, as Lord Morley has said, is entrusted with "one of the most glorious tasks ever confided to any powerful state in the history of civilised mankind."



A Prohibited Hindu Custom—Widow-burning

Note the musicians employed to drown the cries of the sufferer



A Cosy Corner at the London Centre for Indian Students

Which is maintained mainly at the cost of Indian revenues

# KING GEORGE AS EMPEROR OF INDIA.



THE EMPEROR OF INDIA WEARING THE STAR OF INDIA  
The Star of India is in the centre of a radiant sunburst. The sash is worn with the star

W. & D. Downey



## THE PANTOMIME SEASON: Some Old-time Tricks.



The Old Woman Carrying a Harlequin

This illusion was carried out by the harlequin alone. The old woman was entirely a dummy with a false arm carrying a stick. The harlequin could make his jokes from the basket and wave his hand. The toes of his shoes appeared beneath the old woman's skirt to complete the deception.



The Tailor on an Animated Table

"The industrious tailor and his magic table" was a very popular illusion. The table would glide in from the wings, the industrious tailor apparently seated the while on the centre of the table busily stitching. As no one would expect him to move his legs the illusion was a very successful one.

## A FEW DAYS AGO: A Random Chronicle. By V. V. V.

Three days before Christmas Day I received a bill—not for anything just bought but a quarterly statement. Tradespeople who have so little imagination as to thus untimely present their miserable accounts deserve drastic treatment of some kind. It is bad enough to receive bills after Christmas—but before!

And this is not the worst. On Christmas Eve I received the demand for income tax. Income tax is sufficiently a wound; to apply for it on Christmas Eve is to rub salt in.

The old song gave the policeman imitator—before anything else—a knowledge of the time. That was his special line of information and usefulness. But this has been improved upon now, and the force can not only claim to be financiers but financiers to the Royal Family; for in Sandringham church on Christmas Day the Prince of Wales suddenly found that he had no money, and hurried out before the collection in order to borrow some from the policeman on duty. This is turning Robert into an "uncle" too.

A great deal was written this last Christmas-time about the Post Office and its treatment of parcels, but I saw nothing anywhere about the postman's complete inability to keep the letters dry on his rounds. To one house that I know came so many cards with soaked corners that it is fair to calculate that some millions were injured in the rain all over England.

One of the magazines has been asking a number of the most photographed of our stage ladies for their favourite bills of fare. Oysters and caviar naturally occur, and that joy

of all their kind, the *pêche Melba*. But one of them confesses to having burst into tears when she saw tripe and onions on her supper table—tears not of delight, but disgust. How tired I am of this parrot cry against almost the best dish ever devised for unworthy creatures. "Tripe and onions—don't mention the horrid stuff" is the natural comment, yet when one comes to examine into the case one finds in seventeen out of twenty protesters that they have never tasted it but act solely on a dislike to the sound of its name. Some clever *restaurateur* should rechristen it "Food of the Gods" or something like that and get sense into the world again.

The Three Wishes symposium in *The Evening News* did not yield much novelty, but Miss Ellen Terry's one desire for larger type in books many people would support, particularly now when the tendency is to reprint so cheaply that in order to save paper smaller type is in fashion. Mr. Starr Wood also struck out an originality in asking for a statue of Phil May, and Sir Harry Poland in his wish that Consols might rise to a hundred in the next few months. Sir Harry also wished that Germany might realise that England would prefer to be on good terms with her. But perhaps *The Miracle* will cause that.

According to despatches from abroad the two great prizes in the Spanish Christmas lottery have been won by workmen. The ticket for the £240,000 prize was bought by someone at Barcelona with various partners; that for the £200,000 prize was bought by a manufacturer in Catalonia and divided among

his factory hands. But what one wants to know is how much of the prize is paid by the lottery promoters. The deductions from the Budapest lottery prizes are I know gigantic.

If the answers to correspondents in the sporting papers may be taken as evidence, an enormous number of persons want to know how to buy tickets in the Calcutta Derby Sweepstakes, and this and the prevalence of betting indicate how popular the restoration of the lottery would be in England if it were ever managed. But what an outcry there would be too. I seem already to catch the Savonarolic tones of the Rev. F. B. Meyer.

The collapse of the second millionaires' theatre in New York, though it is to be regretted on artistic grounds, is not to be wondered at. Experience has shown that there is no business at which the amateur—no matter how brilliant a commercial genius he may be in other walks—is so certain of failure as that of the theatre. But the New York scheme failed not only for want of good management but for want of plays. In spite of all the activity among playwrights to-day and the huge reward that success means, the number of new plays worth presenting by a really fine company is lamentably small, even though a professor of dramatic literature has been installed at either Harvard or Yale, or perhaps both.

A Frenchman struggling with English slang is always amusing. "Comment vous portez vous?" was the question to one the other day. "Fearfully well," was the reply; "I fit like a fiddle."

## IS THIS A BRITISH DREYFUS CASE? Concerning Captain Edwin Bryce-Wilson.

Considerable interest is being excited over the case of Captain Edwin Bryce-Wilson, of whom General Sir John French, it would seem, has reported that "in his opinion should not be permitted to rejoin the 5th Lancers on account of the bad influence he exercised over the junior officers in the regi-

ment." Captain Bryce-Wilson was nicknamed "Flash," but this name it is said is only a relic of Eton days. In the pages of *The Outlook* there has been an interesting correspondence on the subject extending to many columns. Mr. Rowland Hunt, M.P., in particular has interested himself on behalf of Captain Wilson and writes:—

Why is it that no open inquiry was or is to be allowed at which Captain Bryce-Wilson could have a chance of proving to the Army Council that he had been unjustly turned out of his regiment? Lord Haldane complains of the difficulty of obtaining officers. Can he wonder that parents refuse to put their sons into the army when after nineteen or twenty years' service during the best part of their lives they can be turned out of their regiment on the adverse confidential report of one man without any open inquiry or court-martial being granted to them in order to obtain justice?

The affair, we must admit, is shrouded in mystery. Lord Haldane—as all who know him, whatever their political opinions may be, will admit—is one of the most high-minded as also one of the kindest of men. We are therefore driven to the supposition that red tape is still abounding at the War Office, which makes it impossible for the Secretary of State for War to give the suggested inquiry. Clearly no

man should be dismissed from the army without the public understanding fully all the reasons for it. Yet such dismissals seem to happen periodically. No one, however, will withhold a kindly word for the zeal with which Mrs. Bryce-Wilson is fighting her husband's cause.



Captain Edwin Bryce-Wilson

Who has been compelled to leave the army



Mrs. Bryce-Wilson

Who is fighting her husband's cause

# Regatta Scenes at the Henley of Australia.



THE HENLEY-ON-YARRA REGATTA—MELBOURNE BASKING UNDER THE CLOUDLESS SKIES OF GLORIOUS NOVEMBER  
 The small view shows two smartly-dressed ladies watching the race for the Melbourne Cup. The total attendance was estimated to exceed 100,000



THE COURSE CLEARED FOR A RACE AT THE HENLEY-ON-YARRA REGATTA, MELBOURNE

*Sears' Studios*

The above views show the gay scenes at the annual regatta held at Henley-on-Yarra near Melbourne. Jolly boat-crews of girls in light costumes and men in flannels made a pretty panorama almost rivalling in beauty our summer water pageant at Henley-on-Thames. The decorated houseboats would have done credit to Hampton Court or Thames Diton

# OUR TEN-GUINEA SHORT STORY.

The Editor begs to announce that having already accepted for publication a great multitude of stories he will be unable to consider any more for this page for some time to come

## THE BACK OF BEYOND.

"Why, yes," said Dan as we drove along the broad road which runs between lake and mountain down to Derryhill, "it does look beautiful surely. Every house as clear upon it as the stars in the sky on a frosty night and the roads criss-crossing like the lines on the palm of your hand. You'd never believe, so plain and close it seems, that it's a matter of five miles from here to the foot of it. And wouldn't you imagine for a man like myself, who's been driving over the country these twenty years and more, that once in my life anyway I'd have the luck to cross over and see the back of it? I never will now. No, sir, I'll die with the longing upon me. And sure maybe that's just as well, for I've noticed that wanting a thing is better than getting it often. Like Betty Troy, when she found the missing will, maybe the best gift I have is what Jerry, the husband, called her ignorant imagination."

"Did ever I tell you the story of Betty and the will? No. Well, here it is then. Before Betty was married to Jerry she kept house for a bachelor uncle—a full-bodied tub of a man with short legs and a big head and a face with two double chins—who had made a pile of money driving niggers in the West India sugar plantations. The two lived in a snug thatched house two miles beyond Bann on a nice forty-acre farm. Very comfortable they were. I've often gone past in the summer season and seen the uncle sitting in a wicker chair in the front garden, and himself with white trousers on his short legs and a floppy straw hat on his big head, and sometimes a white umbrella sheltering him from the sun, and always a long black cigar in his mouth. And at times you'd see Betty sitting beside him talking or maybe sewing. She was an orphan who'd been reared by relations in the wild mountain country where there's neither school nor chapel. So you'll understand she had little in herself to recommend her more than a share of good looks. Ignorant as the mare. Couldn't tell B from a bull's foot. But what of that? She could keep house and cook the uncle's meals. She had all she wanted in the shape of dress and comforts. There was a pony and trap to drive. Didn't we all believe that when the uncle died she'd inherit everything, money and all? And wasn't there many a man in the countryside who had hated in his heart of Jerry Troy because it was himself she favoured?"

"The uncle hadn't Betty's admiration of Jerry, and, indeed, that's no wonder, for what was he but an ordinary kind of mortal with a gift of smart talk and a pleasant manner and himself manager in Morrison's shop, where he'd served his time as a 'prentice hand? However, Betty was fond of him, and in spite of the uncle's objections she kept loyal to him. But she suffered at last, for when the old man died it came out in his will that only the house and farm went to her, and all the money was left to a sister of his, Ellen Harper by name."

"That was a hard blow for Betty you may be sure, and for Jerry too. They talked of disputing the will. Betty swore there was another one somewhere giving the money to her, but high or low, in the house or outside the house, it wasn't to be found, so nothing could be done but make the best of a bad bargain. And she married Jerry and they settled down on the forty-acre farm."

"They weren't too happy together. Jerry was a poor farmer; Betty missed all the comfort she had been used to. It was natural for her to throw envious eyes at them who had possession of what she called her money. She fell into a sighing, discontented way of life. Instead of getting Jerry his dinner she'd sit lamenting and worrying in the kitchen, with the beds not made and the children not washed and the whole house upside down, and when the poor man came in rampaging hungry most likely he'd find her searching in books and presses and drawers for the will she had in her ignorant imagination. Then he'd start talking and she'd answer back, and there would be diversion. But no sooner had peace come than down on her knees she would be at the searching again. It was a kind of madness. 'You'll end your days in a strait waistcoat,' Jerry used to shout at her. 'Shewenly hour, isn't a thousand times enough to show you there's only ould bills in that drawer?'"

"And she'd sit back on her heels and smooth her tangled hair back out of her eyes and she'd say, 'If it's not here it's somewhere, I know it is. He'd never leave me without a penny. Think of how I served him faithfully through all those years.'"

"Think of how you served him by wanting to marry me, Jerry would answer with a laugh. 'Yes, by the Lord, and think of the faithful manner you're serving myself now. It's my supper I want, can't you see? What kind of a meal will your ould dirty bills and letters make me?'"

"So they went on according to the neighbours. Most likely half the talk was lies."

"Anyhow it happened that one day Betty took a notion to clean out the parlour, and behind a big picture that hadn't been moved for years what did she find amongst the dust and cobwebs but a long, stiff, crackly lawyer's document. And seeing it Betty just sat down on the floor in the thick of all the

litter she'd made, and she eyed the lovely round handwriting with flourishes over it and names signed at the bottom, and a fine warm glow of a smile spread over her countenance, and she lifted her eyes to the ceiling, and says she, 'I've got it. Thanks be to God. Now I'll show them. Now I'll take some of the pride out of their high hearts. Ah, praise be, praise be,' says she, then puts her face in her hands and breaks into a whillaballoo of crying."

"Jerry was away at a fair that day, so when she had cased her heart Betty dresses herself in the best of her finery, asks a neighbouring woman to keep an eye on the children, and starts out to pay Ellen Harper a visit. Since coming into the windfall Ellen and her husband had bought a fine farm, built a grand house upon it, stocked it well, started a new jaunting car, fixed themselves up with elegant clothes and carpets, and a piano and pictures on the wall, and Belleek china and every other kind of grandeur. A lady was Ellen to be sure; and James, the husband, was by way of being made a magistrate soon; and the children went to school in Bann to learn French and music and other polite foolishness; and the heads of the family were shining up among the stars."

"Well, Betty raps on the brass knocker, is marched into the beautiful parlour by the servant and asked kindly to take a chair. So she takes one, and with a grim smile on her face amuses herself by taking stock of all the fine things about her. 'Just so,' says she, running her eyes from one thing to another. 'She's been spending my money pretty-free,' says she. 'Well, she'll pay it back now—every farthing—even if it means selling the roof over her head and the very bed she lies on.'"

"In less than half-an-hour Ellen sails in wearing a new dress and other embellishments, and she lifts her eyebrows at Betty, shakes her hand politely, sits on a corner of the sofa, and says, 'Think of it being you, Betty, my dear. Why, I'd never have expected this honour. And how's your health?'"

"It's good," says Betty. 'I feel in the best of health and spirits this day.'"

"That's well. Indeed I'm delighted to hear it. And how's Jerry and the children?" asks Ellen."

"They're first-rate," answers Betty; 'but soon I hope they'll be far better. I'm expecting to give them a kind of change.'"

"Are you now?" says Ellen. 'Sure and I'm glad of it. Would it be to the seaside you'd all be thinking of going?'"

"Ah! no. Not yet anyhow. The change will be nearer home," says Betty; then looks about her. 'I've been admiring your parlour, Ellen,' says she. 'It's surely to good purpose you've put poor uncle's money.'"

"Now you'll understand that the subject of the poor uncle's money wasn't one that Ellen, being a kind-hearted let-sleeping-dog-like kind of mortal, was anxious to discuss. Besides, there was a threatening look in Betty's eye, and it seemed strange, considering all that had happened, to have her sitting there on one of the bow-legged chairs. So with a laugh she changed the talk, and in a few minutes the servant brings in what is called afternoon tea set out on a tray with a fringed cloth upon it. And Ellen pours Betty a cup and takes one herself, and they two sit conversing about trifles, and when Betty had all she wanted of the afternoon tea she puts her Belleek china cup and saucer on the table and she sniffs and says, 'If I know anything, Ellen Harper, it's likely you'll soon be taking your tea from a common delf mug and yourself sitting at a bare table in the kitchen below. Grandeur, indeed! You and your piano and pictures and antimaccassars! Ah! you've been up, my woman, but you're coming down quick, let me tell you, and then you've defrauded out of their rightful dues will take your place.'"

"That talk to be sure made poor Ellen blink, but she set her lips and answered, 'Those are hard words, Betty, and I don't understand them or what you mean by defrauding. Maybe, in return for my hospitality, you'd explain yourself.'"

"I will in time through Mr. Morrison, the lawyer," says Betty, rising and pulling on her black cotton glove with one sound finger in it, 'and as for what you call your hospitality, that's little compared with what you owe me.'"

"I'm thankful to you, Mrs. Troy," says Ellen, rising too. 'I might have known 'twas something kind you'd come to tell me.'"

"What else?" snaps Betty. 'Haven't I been experiencing your kindness these long years past? Well, it's my turn now. I'll see you in your right place before a week, please God. 'D'you hear it?' says she, fumbling at the crackly document in her breast. 'And now I'll be going to interview Mr. Morrison,' says she, marching out of the parlour with her head as high as one of the King's dragoons."

"You can imagine the condition of mind she left poor Ellen in, but didn't that rejoice Betty's heart? Out she goes, stepping along like a filly, and the document warming her breast better than a mustard leaf."

"When she got home Jerry was sitting in the kitchen a trifle elated after his transactions at the fair. 'And where have you been traipsing in your Sunday best, Betty darling?' he asks, smiling round upon her."

"I've been visiting at Mrs. Harper's if you want to know," she answers. 'And I'll trouble you to be less free in your remarks, Jeremiah, to me in future.'"

"Ho, ho," laughs Jerry with a slap on his knee. 'It's Jeremiah, is it? Well, and if it isn't too free, Elizabeth Jane, may I inquire what took you to Ellen's?'"

"Business took me," answers Betty. 'I had something to tell her. Yes; and I've said it. Who-ever sees her now will be wondering if a ghost has been taking tea with her in that bandbox of a parlour. The upstart! The robber! She'd ape the lady with my money! Ah, but I've bent her knees. I'll strip her,' says Betty. 'If it's to the gutter she comes I'll glory in her downfall.'"

"At that Jerry puckered his brows and sat staring at the woman. 'In Heaven's name, what romancing is this you're letting out of you?' he asks. 'Are you in your senses or is it drink you've been taking, or what?'"

"I was never more in my senses than I am this minute," answers Betty. 'And as for drinking, I wonder at your shamelessness. How dare you come home to me in such a condition? Have you no respect for me and your lawful children? Look at you, blinking there like a fool. Romancing indeed! 'D'you hear that?' cries Betty, making the document crackle in her breast. 'I've found it; I've found it at last. Ah, glory be,' she cries, flinging up her arms. 'Twas good to be born that I might live to see this blessed day.'"

"Jerry was getting sober. 'Found it?' he asks. 'Found what?'"

"The second will," cries Betty. 'It's the hand of Providence.'"

"A will?" says Jerry, his eyes now as big as a cow's. 'rrah, nonsense, woman. Give me a look at it, Betty.'"

"Not I," she answers. 'Out of my possession it'll never go until Mr. Morrison reads it in my presence. Never, never!'"

"Then Jerry took to wheedling and persuading and coaxing; but nothing would move Betty to satisfy his curiosity, and sure the poor man was now in as excited a condition as herself, and at last says he, 'Well, supposing the two of us go this minute and interview Morrison?'"

"I can do my own business," says she.

"You'd be better with a witness," says Jerry.

"I can wait till the morning," she says.

"He's going to Glann in the morning," says Jerry. 'Come away, Betty.'"

"Well, sir, Betty gave in. And the two walked on air along the road, and it paved with sovereigns, and with diamonds shining on every twig of the hedges. And they came to Morrison's house in the Lawn, and they went into his room and sat down in two chairs facing him on the other side of a table piled with papers. And putting his hands together Morrison looks over his specs at Jerry, and says he, 'Well, what can I have the pleasure of doing for you this evening, Mr. Troy?'"

"It was Betty answered him, and sure in her woman's way it took half-an-hour and about fifty thousand words to get rid of her story. And Jerry sat on the edge of his chair twisting his hat and listening mute and quiet as a mouse. And Morrison, sitting back with his fingers tip-tapping together, watched Betty through his specs and waited for the end of her story."

"She stopped at last, and then Morrison took off his specs and wiped the glasses with a corner of his jacket, and says he, 'May I have a look at it, my dear woman?'"

"So Betty for the sake of modesty turns her back upon him, extracts the document from her breast, and then carries it round the table and hands it to Morrison."

"He took it, sat back in his chair, opened the document, and fell to reading. He didn't hurry; his face never moved. At his side stood Betty, the heart panting in her. And facing him sat Jerry bent forward over his knees, and he squeezing his hat between his hands with excitement."

"At last Morrison finished his reading, laid the document on the table, put his fingers together, and looked up at Betty."

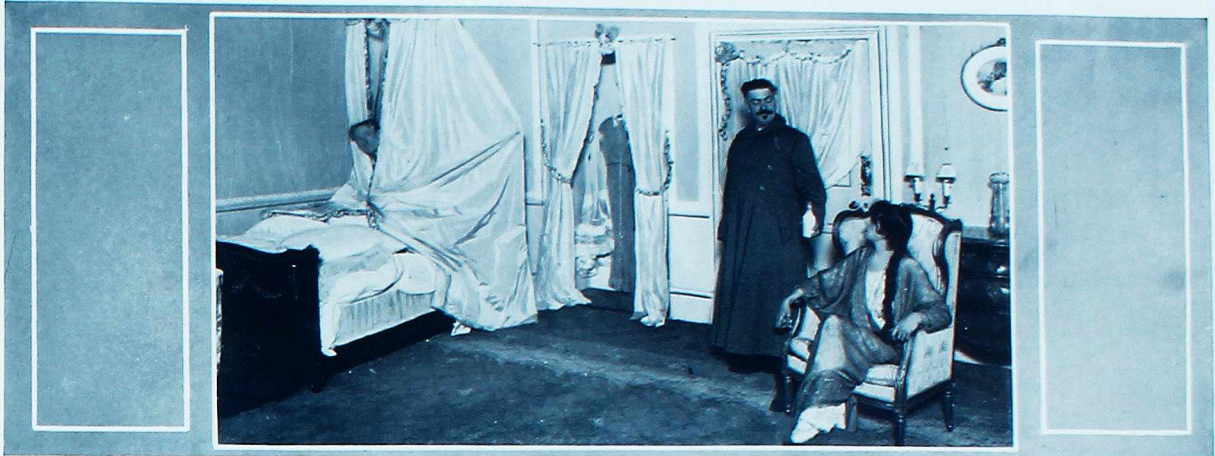
"I'm afraid you'll have to go on searching a while longer, Mrs. Troy," says he. 'This doesn't give you just what you expected; in fact—'"

"Morrison stopped and sat looking up at Betty. I suppose he had a sort of pity for the woman. She said nothing, but she went pale and swayed on her feet like a stalk of corn in the wind. 'Well, what is it?' asks Jerry; 'put us out of our misery, man alive.'"

"It's just an agreement drawn up by myself," answers Morrison, 'between the old man and a neighbour about the grazing of the farm. Worth nothing at all now—nothing at all.'"

"And at that Betty gave a long broken-hearted groan and collapsed upon the floor. The mountain was too much for her, you see. Only in her ignorant imagination was she ever to have sight of what lay at the back of it."

# Dramatic and Mimic Notes of the Hour.



"THE MAN IN THE CASE" AT THE PALACE THEATRE

Campbell-Gray

Harold (Mr. Arthur Bouchier), the husband, handing a bottle of embrocation to Anna, his wife (Miss Violet Vanbrugh), says: "One must be human. This is the bottle of embrocation for Tony (Mr. Allan Aynesworth). I think he has learnt his lesson"—he (Harold) slept on Tony all night



Mlle. Lecoquer of the Gaité, Paris

Ta. net



Madame Kschesinska, the Beautiful Polish Dancer

10-24

TWO DAINTY FOREIGN DANCERS WHO ARE DELIGHTING CONTINENTAL AUDIENCES



THE NUNS BEFORE THE MADONNA IN "THE MIRACLE" AT OLYMPIA

This wonderful production at Olympia continues to attract the public in increasing numbers. As a spectacle the whole pageant is most wonderful

## A LITERARY LETTER: The Resignation of a Successful Editor—"Crowned by the Academy"—Patriotism Real and Sham.

LONDON, December 29, 1911.

I regret to have to announce the resignation from the editorship of *The Evening Standard* of Mr. Arthur Woodward, who has occupied the position of editor of that very successful evening journal since its amalgamation with *The St. James's Gazette*. Mr. Woodward dropped quietly into a great position and he has dropped quietly out of it, but his has been a remarkable achievement. The absence of recognition of Mr. Woodward's achievement is symbolical of a change which has lately become very much in evidence in London journalism—the triumph of the news department, the fact that the newspaper-buying public is keener to receive well-tabulated news than it is the most profound opinions upon politics and statecraft, or even the brilliant literary essay. Literature and literary journalism suffer by the transition. There will never again be editors of the type of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, of Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, or of Mr. Henley, but I think I am right in saying that the successors of these distinguished literary men—the commercially-minded editors or managing editors of our day—have brought their journals to circulations the like of which were never attained by their greater predecessors.

Mr. Woodward took up the task of editing *The Evening Standard* and *The St. James's Gazette* at a critical moment. It was the hour of the amalgamation of that good newspaper, *The Evening Standard*, which had many points of superiority to its smaller-sized penny rivals, and of a well-written literary journal, *The St. James's Gazette*, in which "news" played a subordinate part. But there is no reason to believe that Mr. Woodward lost to either journal a single subscriber. In fact, I understand that within a very short time *The Evening Standard* in its new dress and reduced almost to the size of its twin sister, *The St. James's Gazette*, had a larger circulation than the total of the two papers when separated.

People discovered that here was all the latest news well presented, and although I had never met the editor and had no knowledge of the inner life of *The Evening Standard* office I recall asking a friend a very few months after the amalgamation who it was that was editing *The Evening Standard* so well. I then heard Mr. Woodward's name for the first time. He has continued this capable editorship until the other day, when after a dinner given to him by many of his colleagues in journalism he set off for Sydney, Australia, his resignation having taken place solely on account of his wife's health.

All who appreciate thoroughness in work, whether they be readers of *The Evening Standard* or of one of its many capable opponents, will wish Mr. Woodward a new life of successful achievement at the Antipodes. While shrinking from advertisement (his name is not to be found in that happy hunting ground of the notorious *Who's Who*) he has done a good piece of work in England and left his mark on English journalism. I trust he may come to place his mark in an equal degree upon the journalism of Australia.

Another change that I note in the world of journalism is the threatened amalgamation of *The Daily News* and *The Morning Leader*. Ominous rumours have been afloat for some time as to the nature of this change, and it has even been hinted that *The Daily News* may modify its title in some way to indicate its absorption of the other journal. I see that already Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes's capital article, "Sub Rosa," is appearing in both journals. But that feature is all that *The Morning Leader* can possibly give to *The Daily News* with advantage.

*The Morning Leader* has been on my breakfast table with the other London and many provincial newspapers for some years now, but although it has, I understand, a circulation of between 300,000 and 400,000 I find it a soulless journal. In any case, many of my readers will join with me in the hope that *The Daily News* will not change or modify in any way a name that has interesting traditions behind it. Mr. Cadbury will be well advised if he retains the old title unadulterated.

Mr. W. P. Wright has already won laurels for himself by his book on *Alpine Flowers and Rock Gardens*. He will enhance his reputation by a new and beautiful book entitled *Roses and Rose Gardens* (Headley Bros.). Mr. Wright fills us with enthusiasm for the bloom which he delights to honour, lets us into many a secret of its perfections, and dilates upon all the methods of growing roses. There is a good chapter "Of Roses and Humanity," and there are a number of fine plates in colour which will enable you to identify many of the roses in your

garden if perchance the name should have dropped from your memory. Buy the book this winter and you will have a fine rose garden next June and July.

Mr. Walter De La Mare has long been known to me as a capable critic although I had not read his *Henry Brocken*. His new story, *The Return*, has been crowned by the Academy, or rather with what does duty at present for an Academy in this country, the "Academic Committee." This has awarded Mr. De La Mare the Edmund de Polignac prize of £100 for the book of greatest literary promise of the year. This is very nice for Mr. De La Mare. One likes to hear of anyone with literary talent receiving financial recognition from whatever quarter.

There is very little money to be made out of writing in these days and so I am disposed to commend the Academic Committee although I do not like it in the least. The notion of thirty or forty individuals, most of them of quite mediocre talent, setting themselves up to adjudicate on English literature is absolutely repellent to me. And have they read all the 13,000 books of the year, or even a hundred of them, I wonder? How do they know that there are not fifty novels of this season as good as *The Return*?

It is true that there are three or four names of great distinction associated with this droll society. There are four names at least that I hold in the highest reverence, and for the owner of one of them I have a profound personal devotion. They are Mr. Thomas Hardy, Lord Morley of Blackburn, Lady Ritchie, and Mr. Austin Dobson. But I can only deplore that these four should have allowed themselves by



MR. W. ARTHUR WOODWARD

Who has been the successful editor of the combined journals, *The St. James's Gazette* and *Evening Standard*, from the date of their amalgamation, a post he has just resigned to go to Australia

sheer excessive good nature to have been beguiled into the business.

I am quite sure that not one of these four was responsible for giving Mr. Walter De La Mare a prize for *The Return*. They would not have been guilty of the questionable taste of differentiating one book in this way from a hundred others, and moreover in robbing the average newspaper critic of his work in the world. However, *The Return*—which is published by Mr. Edward Arnold, who, while he publishes few novels, has a talent for selecting good ones—is certainly a well-written story.

The idea is common to many previous stories. There is, for example, Chamisso's *Peter Schlemihl*; or, the *Man who had Lost his Shadow*; there is *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and there is a clever little dream story by Mr. Rudyard Kipling. I have never thought Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson a great novelist in spite of the praise and popularity that he has enjoyed. He is to me primarily a good essayist, but really one feels what a considerable achievement is *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* after one has read *The Return*.

The story is that of a sober married man, one Arthur Lawford, blessed with a comfortable home and a wife and child, finding himself one September afternoon in a churchyard, where he falls asleep over the grave of an old suicide named Sabathier. He wakes and returns to his home to discover that he has taken on a new face. Instead of the comfortable face of a man still comparatively young he possesses the cadaverous features of the self-murderer.

His wife does not recognise him, does not in fact at first believe in him, until he gives substantial evidence of knowing every detail

of the house arrangements that only her own husband would know. Here might seem an opening for a humorous story, but this one is in grim earnest, and we have the whole of the later events—the wife's recognition that this has happened to her husband, his persuasion that he has taken on by some subtle process the outward form of the long-gone French suicide—set down in the terms of tragedy.

The first half of the book is the best; the falling off is considerable in the latter half. Here is no development of character, but little ingenuity, and indeed much dullness. The book, however, is remarkably well written in a literary, unimaginative way—passionless, remote from life. One can imagine that it will find a great many readers by virtue of the circumstance that it has been "crowned," but one rather despises the people who are responsible for the crowning. Again one asks, why a Royal Society of Literature, and, above all, why an Academic Committee?

That *A Study in Nationality*, by J. V. Morgan, D.D. (Chapman and Hall), has an introduction by Mr. Andrew Lang will tempt many to read it. It is a superficial political tract. One has only to read the chapter on "The Welsh Ideal" to see that the author is a manufacturer of false analogies with no insight whatever into the conditions which govern a nation's growth. Mr. Lang confesses his ignorance of the subject matter of Dr. Morgan's book, but his introduction is the only good thing about it.

Mr. Alex. J. Wilson writes to me from Harlesden in reference to my strictures on Mr. Fortescue's views of Americans propounded in a Ford lecture:—

Why not go to the United States, where there is no English patriotism to offend your feelings.

While Mr. Joseph Banister of West Hampstead writes to *The Outlook* and gives my little bit of autobiography as to my Spanish ancestry as a reason why I cannot be supposed to be a patriot. These comments call for immediate reply.

Mr. Banister has misunderstood a reference that I made to Mrs. John Spottiswoode's book, *Marcia in Germany*. I actually deplored Mrs. Spottiswoode's lack of patriotism so far as this country is concerned. Her evident hatred of Germany needed explanation, and I find it in the fact that she is partly of Polish and partly of Austrian extraction—two countries that have reason for not loving Germany.

It seemed a pity that it should have gone forth in Germany that *Marcia in Germany* was written by an Englishwoman. It is not good patriotism to be always engaged in irritating other nations with whom we are at present at peace. I am for peace with America and with Germany, and I deprecate the constant attempt at presenting irritants to one or other of these great nations. A war with Germany would cause incredible suffering, and, whichever the victor, would leave things much as they were before—exactly as the Franco-German War did. Southey's *Battle of Blenheim* is as sound patriotism now as it was in his day. No one in his day ever charged Southey with lack of patriotism, but then he wrote of events a hundred years earlier.

The other day I went to see Mr. Arthur Collins's beautiful pantomime at Drury Lane, in which my clever friend, George R. Sims, has collaborated so successfully. I was not in the least impressed with the "patriotism," or rather truculence, of the principal song:—

In the annals of our race  
We have always held our place,  
And by Jingo, if it's coming to a mill,  
We've the ships and we've the men,  
Strong and steady now as then,  
And we mean to be the top dog still.

This was sung, and admirably sung, by a young lady in tights while standing on the Union Jack with a very frightened bulldog in the foreground. My patriotism would prefer to build ships, to trust in God and keep our powder dry, and to leave the Union Jack floating in the breeze. Clearly the Drury Lane audience thought as I did, for they took this sham patriotism very coldly.

But Mr. Arthur Collins has a genius for adapting himself to sane public requirements, and since I wrote the above I note that he and Mr. Sims have modified this song.

Mrs. Thomas Hardy sends me an acceptable Christmas card a dainty little volume of poems entitled *Alleys*, one or two of which originally appeared in *The Sphere*. C. K. S.

A list of books received by "The Sphere" will be found on the second page of this issue.

# ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION



**THE USES of Elliman's Embrocations** are explained in illustrated booklets enclosed with bottles of Elliman's; these booklets afford other serviceable information. The R.E.F. Booklet, 96 pages (illustrated, (Human use of Elliman's), explains also the nature of the Elliman R.E.F. Book, 238 pages, illustrated, and upon page 1 of that booklet may be found the terms upon which that larger book may be obtained. The E.F.A. booklet, 72 pages, illustrated, (Animals' Treatment), explains also

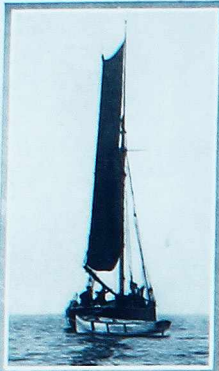
the nature of the Elliman R.E.F. Book, 204 pages, illustrated, and upon page 1 of that booklet may also be found the terms upon which that larger book may be obtained. The R.E.F. Booklet is enclosed in cartons containing bottles of *Elliman's Universal Embrocation*, for Human use, price 1/11, 2/9 & 4/-; The E.F.A. Booklet, (Animals' Treatment), is enclosed inside wrappers of price 1/11, 2/9 & 4/-; *Elliman's Royal Embrocation*, for Horses, Cattle, Dogs and Birds, price 1/-, 2/- & 3/6 per bottle. ELLIMAN, SONS & Co., Embrocation Manufacturers, SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

*All rights reserved.*

## How the Inhabitants of Lundy Island Receive their Letters.



A Trained Donkey with Lundy Island's Mails



The Sailing Mail Boat



Landing the Mails on Lundy Island

The letters sent to the thirty-three inhabitants of lonely Lundy Island often perform a perilous journey, but no mail bag has ever been lost. After crossing the Bristol Channel in the wildest weather the mails often have to be drawn up precipitous cliffs to the post office, a task which is sometimes exceedingly difficult. After they have been drawn up the steepest part of the cliff the trained donkey, shown above, carries them up the rugged slopes. The little sailing cutter, *Gannet*, has for forty years carried the mails every week from Instow in Devon to the island. Her owner, Captain Dark, who has just relinquished the contract, has steered the vessel across in some of the worst weather ever experienced off the northern shore of [Devon]. The *Gannet* is England's only sailing boat to carry the royal mails.

Mr. Frederick Harrison has brought into line the prices of seats at the Queen's Theatre with those at the Haymarket. By this arrangement the first five rows of the dress circle are reserved at 7s. 6d. and the other rows at 5s., and the entire upper circle is reserved at 2s. 6d. *The Blue Bird* is being given for six weeks only.

The forty-sixth season of the London Ballad Concerts under the direction of Messrs. Boosey and Co. begins at the Albert Hall this afternoon (January 6). This first concert of the New Year will include the following artists: Mlle. Alice Wilna (by permission of the Grand Opera Syndicate), Miss May Sansom and Miss Carrie Tubb, Miss Lucy Nuttall and Miss Margaret Baxter, Mr. Ivor Walters, Mr. Ivor Foster, Mr. Harry Dearth, and Mr. Wilfrid

Douthitt; solo violin, Miss Marie Hall; and the Westminster Singers.

Madame Christie Murray is a name which recalls a brilliantly clever husband. Since his death she has been making a reputation for herself by a series of unique and interesting concerts which were started two years ago for the purpose of introducing British women artistes to the public. These concerts have been given at the Eolian Hall and have been the means of revealing some very fine hitherto unknown talent. Madame Christie Murray is a New Zealander by birth; she is an accomplished musician, having taken the Gold Medal for the Colonies. Particulars of her efforts may be obtained by application to her at 88, Holland Park Avenue, W.

Among the cards that have reached THE SPHERE and its friends during the Christmas holidays was one from Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Astington of Hawthorn Road, King's Norton, in which the following lines are neatly printed in the midst of some admirable pictures:—

December the twenty-fifth,  
Aged is the year,  
Sent one to another  
From far and near  
Reiterated wishes—  
The old, old cheer.  
Not send greetings?  
Things would seem queer  
Were one to refrain  
From wishing our SPHERE  
A very merry Christmas,  
A happy New Year!

## A New Lease of Health

"The wonders brought about by this preparation are no less manifold than amazing."

So writes a well-known physician in *The Medical Press and Circular*—one of fifteen thousand doctors who have testified to the value of Sanatogen in various kinds of weakness, loss of nerve-power, impaired digestion, brain-fag, sleeplessness, and general debility.

Sanatogen, the tonic food with lasting effects, has given a new lease of health to more than a million sufferers, including many of the most distinguished people in the land. "Sanatogen certainly restored me to health in the worst nervous breakdown I ever had," writes Madame Sarah Grand, the well-known novelist and author of "The Heavenly Twins." And Doctor Andrew Wilson says: "Recovering from influenza and suffering from severe weakness, I gave Sanatogen a fair trial, and without the use of any other medicine or preparation I was restored to health."

## Nerve Power Restored

"In cases of weakness or exhaustion of the nervous system," says *The General Practitioner*, "Sanatogen will often effect a cure."

The reason for Sanatogen's great efficacy in nervous disorders has been pointed out by no less an authority than Sir Charles A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., etc., who states: "Sanatogen is an excellent nerve food, containing a large amount of organic phosphorus in exactly the form in which it can be easily absorbed."

## Fresh Vigour & Strength

But Sanatogen does more than revivify the nervous system. It also builds up the muscular tissues and has a beneficial effect upon every organ of the body. As Lady Henry Somerset says, "When the body is subjected to a course of Sanatogen, the blood condition improves, the skin assumes a more healthy colour, the soft flabby flesh is replaced by hard muscle, and the whole human machinery is made fit for fulfilling its functions in the most perfect manner."

## Write for a Free Sample

All who feel run down, weary and depressed—Nature's warning of nervous debility—should write to-day for a free sample of Sanatogen to the manufacturers, Messrs. A. Wulffing & Co., 12, Clarendon Street, London, W.C. Kindly mention this paper and enclose two penny stamps to cover postage, etc. Sanatogen is sold by all chemists, price 1s. 9d. to 9s. 6d.



"I have watched the effects of Sanatogen upon persons suffering from various kinds of weakness and loss of nerve-power, and I have proved it to be most valuable."—Lady Henry Somerset.



WILL OWEN  
Try them on your Clients - They help business.

# MATINÉE

## HAND-MADE TURKISH Cigarettes

The most pleasant MORNING SMOKE and equally a delight :: at NOON and NIGHT. ::

Size	Per 100	50	25
1	8/-	4/-	2/-
3	6/-	3/-	1/6

**ONE QUALITY ONLY.**

*Of all High-class Tobacconists in the Kingdom.*

If your Tobacconist does not stock them send P.O. (for Carriage Paid Parcel) to West End Agents—WHITMORE & BAYLEY, 163a, Piccadilly, London, W.

Another  
**Mellin's Food**  
Baby

Write to-day, enclosing 2d. for postage of large Sample of Mellin's Food. Also valuable Handbook for Mothers, Free for 2d. extra postage. Mention this paper. Address: Sample Dept., Mellin's Food Ltd., Peckham, S.E.

## Nothing goes to Waste when you use PEARS.

PEARS is of such complete purity and of such incomparable quality that every particle of it comes into use as SOAP.

# Pears

IS NOT MIXED WITH WATER.

A touch or two, well worked up, yields lather enough for face and hands. That is why Pears lasts so much longer than common toilet soaps; indeed it wears TO THE THINNESS OF A SIXPENCE, and will then adhere to a fresh tablet if you wet it. Thus there is no waste and

*Not afraid of Chaps! It's fit for the Angels!*

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# ABOUT WOMAN'S SPHERE AND INTERESTS.

DECEMBER 30, 1911.

The New Year will have passed ere these words appear in print and we shall have settled down, the elders for the most part to bargain-hunting at the various January sales and the younger ones to the enjoyment of dances, parties, and pantomimes and plays. Mothers have much cause for congratulation in the fact that this juvenile theatrical season there are to be seen some really charming pieces free from vulgarity yet full of fun to which they can take or send their boys and girls with a perfect sense of security. Our old friends, *Peter Pan* and *The Blue Bird*, are again drawing crowded houses; so, too, is that charming and absolutely simple fairy play at the Aldwych Theatre. *The Golden Land of Fairy Tales* admirably describes what is really a natural and fascinating rendering of *Red Riding Hood*, *Cinderella*, and other of those fairy tales beloved of childhood. The very clever quartet of child artists as also the beauty of the Burne-Jones tableaux delight the elders just as much as the small playgoers.

As Miss Ellaline Terris very aptly says in her most interesting article, "Children and the Theatre," in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, with the substance of which all having the welfare of the young at heart will heartily agree, "It delights a child beyond measure to see these creatures of his imagination come into real being on the stage, and he loves to witness their frolics, their gambols, and their fun." This he certainly can do both in the above plays and in *Hop o' My Thumb*, by the new pantomime author, Mr. G. R. Sims. It is quite delightful—and herein lies our pleasure—to look round the house at a matinee performance of these Christmas plays and see the keen enjoyment when their interest has once been awakened, and more to hear the childish laughter of the wee mites and the hearty applause of the school girls and boys. It is no wonder that such an audience specially appeals to all that is best in the artistes, with the result that there is a freshness and charm about their acting which we all alike appreciate and respond to.

The work of the Colonial Intelligence League, which is to benefit girls and women of the educated classes and to find remunerative openings in our colonies, is growing apace. At the recent meeting of the league very valuable and trustworthy information as to these openings was promulgated by the Hon. Mrs. Grosvenor, who presided, by Lady Selborne, Miss Sykes, and Miss Faithfull of Cheltenham College. The league's aims are large; it will obtain information as to the changing conditions in the dominions and as to the new developments and form of work, educate public opinion as to the training of girls to make them fit for colonial life, and will dissuade unsuitable persons from going out. Already it has the co-operation of the Head Mistresses' Association, and a few high-school mistresses have shown their practical sympathy by getting lady experts to lecture on "Openings for Girls for our Colonies."

Mrs. Grosvenor confirmed the statements that have from time to time appeared in this column as to the unsuitability of an English gentleman for the position of home help. There is, however, an unlimited market for poultry, eggs, early vegetables, and flowers, and farm settlements and hostels are greatly needed. The above speaker appealed for money for the loan fund, which is used to defray travelling and other expenses of suitable would-be women settlers.

Lady Selborne, who of course speaks with much experience of life and possibilities in South Africa, said that no very suitable agricultural work offered for women but dairies, and to be successful with the latter girls must learn to make butter by machinery. There is a great demand for typists, stenographers, and nurses who have been trained for a colonial life, and Lady Selborne declared that it would be a good thing if girls took part of their education in the dominions instead of entirely at home. This suggestion seems an entirely sensible one and has been put forward before by experienced colonists. Much of interest and value regarding openings in Canada was told us by Miss Ella Sykes, who knows as a former lady help what real hard work and drudgery is. Excellent openings, she contended, were to be found in the establishing of restaurants and boarding-houses, and in vegetable and flower growing and poultry farming, whilst for the clever milliner and dressmaker there was a positive fortune in view. The league is certainly deserving of substantial support, and working as it does in co-operation with the two leading emigration organisations offers to all girls and women desiring openings in Canada, South Africa, and our other colonies every facility for the obtaining of reliable information of such openings as exist.

As usual the winter sale at Messrs. Liberty's, Regent Street, W., is attracting great attention, and no doubt every reader of "Woman's Sphere" has ere this possessed herself of the very excellent catalogue issued by the firm and obtainable post free on application. Both at East India House and Chesham House there are even now veritable bargains to be had; indeed, the opportunity offered of buying dress fabrics, gowns, gold and silver work, and furnishing fabrics, etc., appears to me to be most exceptional. In silks, for instance, there are several thousands of yards of heavy-coloured shantings at 2s. 11d. the yard, reduced from 6s. 6d., whilst the rajah silk, a pure, heavy silk with crepe surface, 44 in. wide, at the same price instead of 5s. 11d., suggests a most desirable purchase. Others that I would suggest are the dainty white Swiss embroidered muslins in floral and conventional

designs at 1s. 3d. per yard only, whilst there are a number of charming blouses in Ranza and Japanese silks, delaines, ninons, crêpe de chînes, etc., at bargain prices.



AN UNCOMMON EVENING GOWN

Of black satin and Chantilly lace with cross-over tunic embroidered in jet and steel beads (Margasine Lacroix)



THE BACK VIEW OF SAME GOWN

Showing the fashionable Capuchin trimming and steel-fringed shawl

An inspection also should certainly be made of the Liberty day and evening dresses to be disposed of at less than half their usual price, which means that the unattainable to many is now within the reach of all my readers. The same remark applies to the few day, evening, and burnous wraps, which are purchasable for quite a modest sum. A large collection of model coats and skirts, children's frocks and coats, and Japanese kimonos in exclusive and fascinating designs is to be seen and bought, all bargains too, at East India House, where also some substantial reductions will be noted in silverwork and English pewter.

To those about to furnish, a magnificent opportunity is afforded of securing quite remarkable bargains in antique Persian, Turkey, and other carpets, several of which are noted in the sale catalogue. Rich curtain brocades in exquisite old Portuguese and other designs have been marked down to almost half-price, and all furnishing fabrics, specially the cretonnes and hand-painted linens, which are in designs unobtainable elsewhere, show very large reductions from the original prices.

No matter what is worn outside, I need hardly say the importance of good underwear cannot be over estimated. If we really understood that protection in raw weather is not so much a question of keeping cold out as the proper preservation and utilising of bodily warmth we should pay more attention to underwear and less to the multiplication of heavy, cumbersome over garments. Wrong ideas adopted for the very purpose of resisting cold and damp are more often than not the very cause of the chill so dreaded. Good underwear—that is most vital—and for choice of absolutely pure wool made of the right texture, unshrinkable, warm, hygienic, in fact perfect in every respect. These requisites will all be found in the Wolsey brand of underwear, but be careful to see that the Wolsey head trade mark is on every garment. There is protection and comfort in Wolsey that you will never get by merely asking for underwear.

Messrs. Chivers and Sons, Ltd., the well-known fruit growers and manufacturers of Histon, have received the royal warrant of appointment as purveyors of jams, jellies, and canned English fruits to his Majesty King George V. The honour thus conferred is of more than local interest as Messrs. Chivers were the first fruit-growers to commence the manufacture of jams in this country and were also the pioneers of the British canned fruit industry, two branches of fruit-preserving which have given an immense stimulus to fruit-growing in the United Kingdom. ANGELA.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

MRS. D. B. (Yorks).—(1) There are many excellent stoves, but for the room you mention where an open fire is not desirable I would suggest one of the Carron smokeless stoves that costs but 11d. a day and needs very little attention. There is no dirt and little labour attached to their use as they require feeding but once in twenty-four hours. Write, however, to the Carron Company Phoenix Foundry, Sheffield, your nearest depot, mentioning *THE SPHERE*, and they will send you all particulars. (2) If you have two unmarried daughters who are "out," have the name of the elder printed immediately beneath your own and then that of the younger.

DOROTHEA.—I cannot advise your going to Paris for the purpose you name as your capital is so small and everything in the way of food, etc., so abnormally high at present; several residents are contemplating returning to London for this reason. The new servant insurance laws, I am told, are just as irritating and difficult of comprehension as our own. If you decide to go notwithstanding these serious drawbacks, let me advise you to live at a good pension for a month before definitely committing yourself, and look round and make inquiries for yourself. As regards your second query, the Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company, 125, 126, Fenchurch St., E.C., and 188, Oxford St., W., keeps the sterling silver-mounted, engraved, and cut-glass powder jars from 12s. according to the size, and the designs are quite charming.

PERPLEXED (1).—You will not need any evening gown as only those with high transparent necks are worn. A perfectly-cut tailor-made of black or blue faced cloth is essential in addition to the plain one for morning wear. I gather you will not be going to any afternoon parties or, of course, suitable toilettes would be necessary for these. Now is the time to buy the shantung for your summer coats and skirts and dresses at Liberty's sale at East India House, Regent Street.

M.B.—A vegetarian diet should not be ordered indiscriminately, and frankly I find it suits few women. If the flesh meat is confined to poultry, game, and lamb, and fish and eggs are included, I feel sure that the combination would suit you far better, and I speak from much experience of the malady you are suffering from—a very common one, alas, nowadays. Hot camomile tea drunk at the close of luncheon and dinner, and hot water the first thing in the morning, will effect wonders. Always soften the hot baths with two good tablespoonfuls of Scrubb's ammonia and substitute Droitwich salts for the powder you mention.

ANGELA cannot undertake to reply to letters by post, but for the convenience of her many correspondents will in future answer in this column questions on dress, the toilet, and all matters of interest to women. She will be most grateful if readers will send her gratuitous information concerning the latter or of any new openings at home or abroad for educated women. All letters concerning this column must be addressed to ANGELA, *THE SPHERE* Office, Great New Street, London, E.C., and must contain the writer's real name and address, and pseudonym for publication.

*"Teach without noise of words without confusion of opinions without the arrogance of honor without the assault of argument."*

# THE KING OF PHYSICIANS—PURE AIR

"A constant succession of colds implies a mode of life in which all aerial microbes are afforded abundant opportunities."—Dr. LEONARD WILLIAMS.

STRENGTHEN YOUR LUNG TISSUES AND THUS INCREASE THE VIGOUR AND RESISTING POWER OF YOUR BODY.

"Thirty deep inspirations taken every morning in a pure atmosphere will do more for the colour of the cheeks than a tumbler of Chalybeate or a dose of Iron Pills."—NIEMEYER.

"The worst strain of modern city life is not on the Brain but on the Lungs. A large percentage of the Germs of our deadliest diseases will die in from half an hour to two hours in well-lighted, well-ventilated rooms, and nearly all of them perish quickly in direct sunlight and in the open air."—HUTCHINSON.

"Remember that it has now been well proved that this disease (Pneumonia) owes its origin to the Tubercle Bacillus—a germ which is practically universal and ubiquitous, but which is unable to grow or to take root properly unless it can be undisturbed in its quarters for about eleven clear days. Now, what chance has such a germ to settle in the lungs of an individual who at stated times freely admits nearly eight times the normal amount of pure life-giving air, reaching to the farthest recesses of his lungs? Practically none."—A. BRYCE, M.D., D.P.H.



G. B. Cipriani, Fecit

Engraved by F. Bartolozzi

## WINTER.

*"All Nature feels the renovating force of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye in ruin seen."*—THOMSON.

"All disease is the same in all parts of the body. Its cause, morbid humour, which obstructs the circulation of the blood and the electricity or motive power of the brain. Its source, Indigestion and Constipation, or the Putrefaction arising therefrom."—W. RUSSELL.

"Recent researches have led to the establishment of the fact, to the satisfaction of the medical profession of the whole civilised world, that the chief cause of the infirmities of old age as well as of a large proportion of the diseases of adult life, is the process known as 'Auto-Intoxication,' or self-poisoning.

"This poisoning of our own bodies is due to putrefaction taking place in the large intestine, which in turn is the result of decomposition of food material set up by germs, or microbes, which infest the bowel, and which flourish most where the bowel cleanliness least obtains.

"The dual problem therefore of maintaining health and postponing the evils of old age resolves itself into the question as to how intestinal putrefaction may be averted, or prevented, or in other words, how the bowel may be kept clean."—CHARLES REINHARDT, M.D.

There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable remedy which will, by natural means, get rid of dangerous waste matter, without depressing the spirits or lowering the vitality than

## ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

AN IDEAL PREPARATION FOR THE WINTER—HEALTH-GIVING, REFRESHING & INVIGORATING.

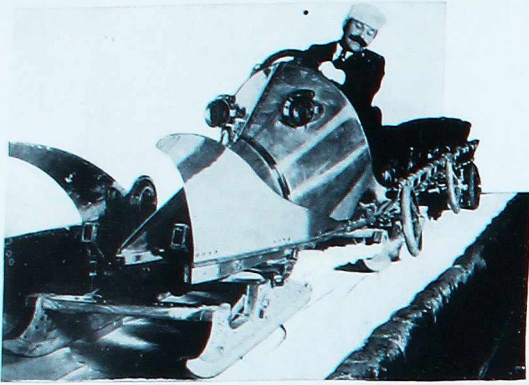
Where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, prevented a Serious Illness. Its effect upon any Disordered, Sleepless, or Feverish Condition is simply Marvellous.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

# IN THE PETROL WORLD.

## Leaves from an Observer's Notebook

By R. P. HEARNE



THE NIDOPLANE FOR USE AS CAR OR SLEIGH

### THE ALL-CONQUERING MOTOR

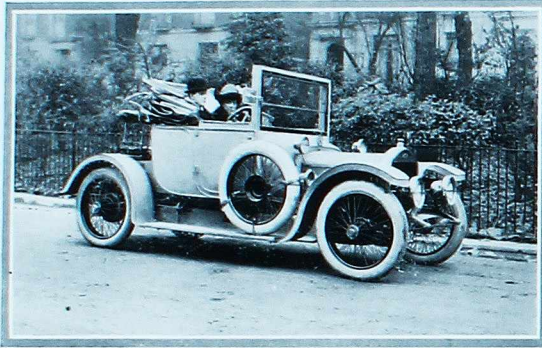
When Gottlieb Daimler experimented with his first motor cycle he could not have dreamt of the many strange uses to which the petrol motor would be applied. In our time it has opened up a new era in road locomotives; it has given motor-boats to the world, and it has made the navigation of the air practicable. The motor sleigh is a later form, and a French inventor now seeks to combine wheels and runners on the same vehicle so that it can travel on the road or over snow.

It is appropriate in this issue of THE SPHERE to touch upon the part played by the automobile in the Delhi Durbar and in connection with all the functions associated with the visit of their Majesties to India. Without exaggeration it may be said that the motor car rendered immense assistance, and it was in the nature of things that the Indian Government should set aside a special fleet of cars for service during the festivities. By no other possible means could the transport of so many people have been facilitated in a country where other forms of rapid locomotion are scarce.

The official cars were but a small proportion of the immense number of automobiles utilised, for almost every Indian potentate has his own well-stocked garage; and every prominent soldier and official makes good use of the motor car in India. By the enterprise of the Indian Government a network of splendid roads has been laid out, and with the limited railway facilities the need for the motor car is very pressing. To India the automobile is a most important ally, and we are only at the beginning of an immense development in road traffic which will open up the country and increase its wealth.

During the Durbar a remarkable number of cars was seen in operation. A special fleet of Standard cars had been engaged, and the Indian Government had

also commissioned a number of Rolls-Royce, Wolseley, and Daimler cars. Such brands as the Napier, Austin, Maudslay, Talbot, Adler, Fiat, and De Dion—to mention but seven of the many types which are popular in India—were also conspicuous, and in addition there were amongst the visitors' cars representatives of practically every well-known motor on the market. From inquiries it would appear that a considerable number of people who went from England to witness the Durbar took their cars with them in order to enjoy motor touring in India, and the foresight of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company in preparing a road atlas for their use must have been much appreciated.



THE ALL-WEATHER STRAKER-SQUIRE CAR WITH CABRIOLET-COUPÉ BODY

Organised by the Royal Automobile Club of Sweden, the winter trophy race is the great motoring event of the year in that country. The 1912 race, which takes place early in February, promises to be of greater interest than ever before inasmuch as the British automobile industry will be represented. This, we believe, has not been the case on any previous occasion. In addition to the prizes offered by the Swedish club the R.A.C. intends to award a cup to the British car making the best performance in the trial.

## SCOTTISH MOTOR SHOW, GLASGOW—Jan. 12th to 20th.

The Daimler Company, Ltd., are exhibiting four 1912 models, as follows:—

- 15 h.p., 4-cyl. "Claremont" landaulette.
- 25 h.p., 4-cyl. "Eversley" torpedo phaeton.
- 38 h.p., 4-cyl. "Lynhurst" landaulette.
- 30 h.p., 6-cyl. "Earlham" limousine.

Full particulars obtainable at

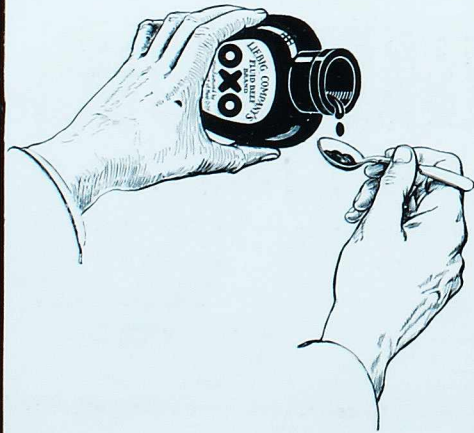
## STAND 33

or from our Scottish Agents:

Rossleigh, Ltd., Edinburgh, Dundee,  
Glasgow, Aberdeen.

# Daimler

The Daimler Company, Ltd., Coventry.



Do what 50 million  
people did in 1911—

## MAKE OXO A HABIT

during 1912



# THE EARL OF HARRINGTON,

writing regarding his 25 h.p. Hudson car, says:

## “The DUNLOP TYRES

have worn better and been more satisfactory than any others I have ever used, and I have tried a great many.”

*Dunlop Tyre Manual for 1912, post free on application.*

The Dunlop Tyre Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham; and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.  
Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll. Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.  
Dunlop tyres with Pneumatic filling supplied on demand.

Elvaston Castle,  
Derby.

I have now used the 25 h.p. Hudson car for two months and I cannot pick a single hole in it; on the contrary I think it the best car I have ever been in. I cannot imagine any improvement—I do not think there is room for it. It is the finest hill-car I have ever seen, and the easiest car to drive. The other day a very powerful car came past me, the only one that has done so since I have used the Hudson, but we sailed past it on the first long hill that we came to, and never saw it again.

I am surprised to see how little wear the tyres show, and I cannot speak too highly of the Dunlops fitted. I have now run 2,516 miles and have never had to stop for anything—not even a puncture—though much of the distance travelled has been over very bad roads, and, as you know, the tyres were not new to start with. The Dunlop tyres have worn better and been more satisfactory than any others that I have ever used, and I have tried a great many.

HARRINGTON.

DUNLOP QUALITY IS THE  
STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

**ONE TYPE ONLY. BRITISH THROUGHOUT.**

# The STRAKER-SQUIRE Is THE BEST 15 H.P. CAR

By virtue of 5 years' concentration on the ONE MODEL only.

“Acknowledged to be as fine a medium-powered car as is on the world's market.”

—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, 4/11/11.

“The Straker-Squire is certainly one of the best all-round British-made cars of to-day.”—*Financial News*, 3/11/11.

1912  
Chassis with Tyres suitable  
for all types of bodies,

**£325**

S. STRAKER & SQUIRE, Ltd., 75, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

# MAUDSLAY



That name means the luxury of Travel—that mark, a merit unequalled in the history of Motor Car construction. Of that merit, ample evidence will be found in our latest model, the

## Sweet Seventeen—

the most efficient and luxurious carriage ever offered to the public. Its many refinements in detail, finish and construction will immediately appeal—its perfect service on the road convince you of the justice of our claim.

Now we would like to demonstrate to you “the delights of Maudslay Travel” —  
Let us do so.

Trial trips arranged either in London or Coventry.

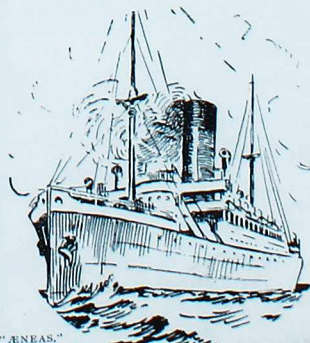
The Maudslay Motor Co. L<sup>d.</sup>,  
60, Piccadilly, London.

Tel.: 9123 Gerrard.

Works:  
Coventry.



## THE BLUE FUNNEL LINE



# AUSTRALIA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

SALOON PASSAGES.  
MODERATE FARES.  
ONLY ONE CLASS CARRIED.

For full particulars and illustrated pamphlets apply to:—GEORGE WILLS & Co., 57, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3; ATKEN, LILBURN & Co., 80, Buchanan St., Glasgow; or to  
**ALFRED HOLT & CO., LIVERPOOL.**

“PENEAS.”  
Two 10-horsepower,  
10,000 tons.

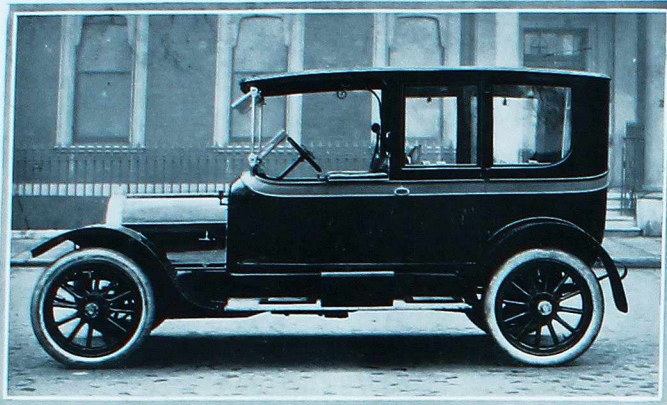
For the Vauxhall company Mr. Percy C. Kidner and Mr. H. Kjellgren are taking over a couple of cars, the type selected being the 20-h.p. Prince Henry Vauxhall, the touring car which has already proved its mettle in Germany and in the Russian reliability trial. The race is from Stockholm to Gothenburg and back, about 600 miles. The Swedish roads in February are generally blocked with snowdrifts, and the temperature is arctic. Under such conditions the quality of a car is very soon found out.

For all-round purposes it would be difficult to find the equal of the 15-h.p. Straker-Squire with cabriolet-coupe body as illustrated. Cosy and compact, it is ideal for winter conditions, and at any time it can be readily opened up.

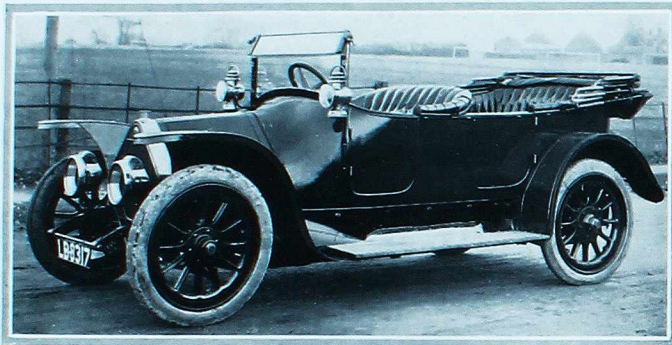
The introduction of graceful flowing lines in carriage-body design has done much to improve the appearance of the modern automobile, and I illustrate a particularly handsome design turned out by the Maudslay Motor Company. This is its latest type of limousine, and in every respect it is a superb production.

At the meeting of the International Association of Recognised Automobile Clubs held in Paris the R.A.C. on behalf of the companies concerned put forward through its delegates the undermentioned applications for world's records made on the Brooklands track. All these records were passed and adopted as world's records by the delegates present, who represented all the national clubs: (1) The Thames Ironworks, Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Ltd., Greenwich, S.E.—59'850-h.p. (R.A.C. rating) Thames car, 50 miles, 100 miles, 150 miles, 200 miles, 300 miles, 1 hr. to 3 hr. inclusive; (2) the Sunbeam Motor Car Company, Ltd., Moorfield Works, Wolverhampton.—30'127-h.p. (R.A.C. rating) Sunbeam car, 400 miles, 500 miles, 600 miles, 700 miles, 800 miles, 900 miles, 4 hr. to 12 hr. inclusive; (3) Messrs. S. F. Edge, Ltd., 14, New Burlington Street, London, W.—60-h.p. (R.A.C. rating) Napier car, 13 hr. to 24 hr. inclusive.

The 15-h.p. Iris torpedo phaeton illustrated below was specially built for Mr. H. F. Hodges, and the coachwork is by Brown, Hughes and Strachan. Note how beautifully the bonnet merges into the dash and how the lines sweep along the length of the car.



THE LATEST TYPE OF MAUDSLAY LIMOUSINE



MR. H. F. HODGES' 15-H.P. IRIS PHAETON

No more striking evidence of the growth of the motor trade can be adduced than that afforded by the tyre industry. As a case in point the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company is a remarkable example. Thirteen years ago in a little office on Holborn Viaduct Mr. Paul

Brodthmann started the English branch of this company. The contrast between this office and the present home of the Continental Tyre Company in Thurloe Place, Kensington, is amazing. Here we have an imposing pile of buildings where a large staff grapples with the business. During a recent visit I was much impressed by the up-to-dateness of the arrangements and the skillful planning of the whole concern. The ground floor, first floor, and second floor are devoted to the offices; the basement is a storeroom for pneumatic and solid tyres, a big business being done in the latter for commercial cars. The third floor is for pleasure-car tyres, and the fourth is for motor-cycle and cycle tyres, mechanical rubber goods, and aero materials.

It is not only to Kensington that the little office on Holborn Viaduct has developed, however, for Mr. Brodthmann has established a complete system which covers the United Kingdom. There are works at Willesden where the main stock of motor tyres is kept, and the company has its own depots in Glasgow, Dublin, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, and Newcastle-on-Tyne, and in all the depôts hydraulic presses similar to those at Thurloe Place, Kensington, have been put down for the fitting of solid tyres. There are in addition about 950 "stockists" who hold stocks of Continentals.

The high-grade fittings and accessories sold by the Rotax Accessories Company were used, I am informed, on the Standard cars prepared for the Durbar. This firm makes many useful and ingenious articles which will prove valuable on every car.

Dunlop tyres are very popular in India, and, as might have been expected, they were found on a considerable number of the special cars which were employed during the Durbar.



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THREE-RIBBED

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The following letters are published as evidence of Mr. Vance's ability. Mr. Lafayette Redditt writes:—"My Reading received. With the greatest amazement I read as step by step you outlined my life since infancy. I have been somewhat interested along these lines for years, but had no idea that such priceless advice could be given. I must admit that you are indeed a very remarkable man, and am glad you use your great gift to benefit your clients."

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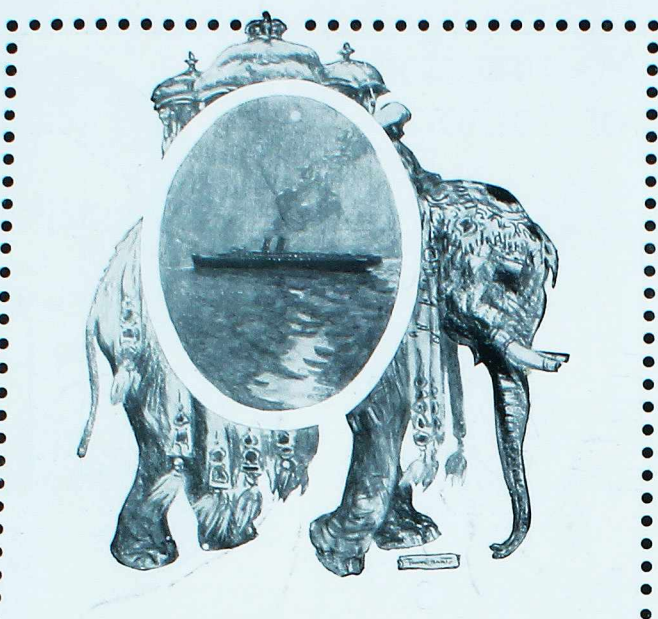
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