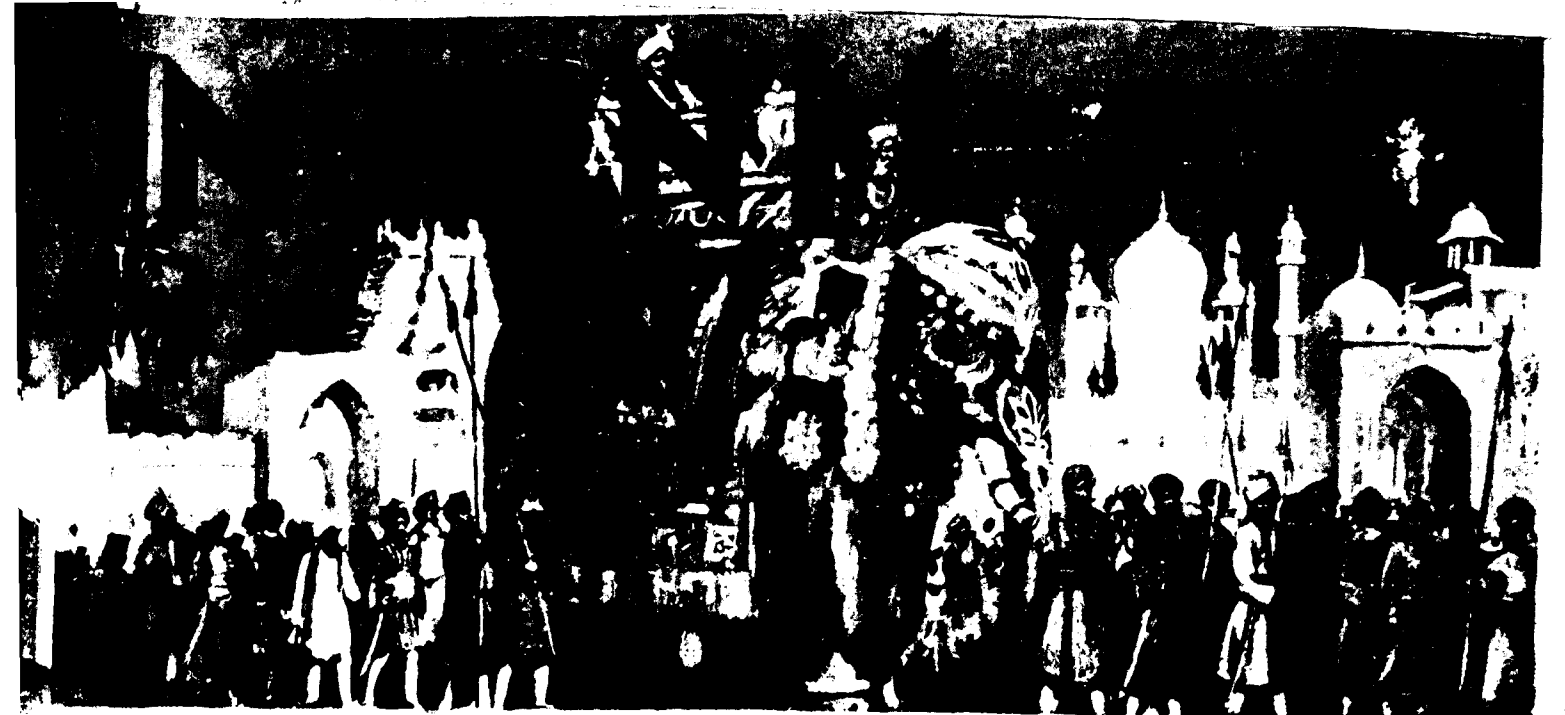




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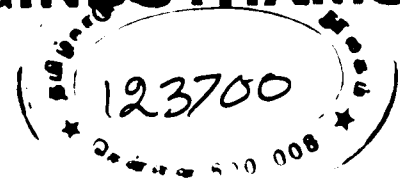
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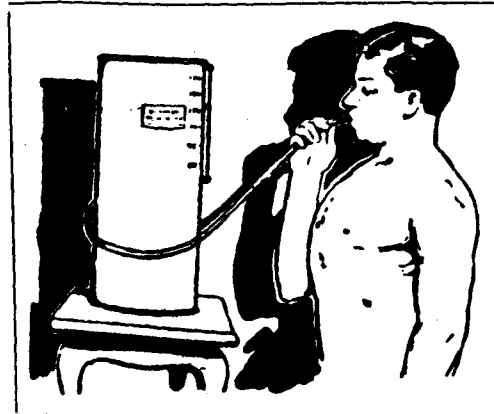
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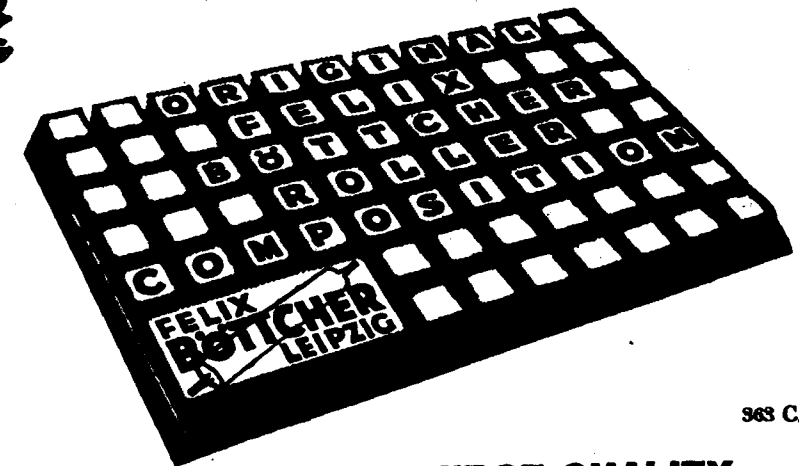
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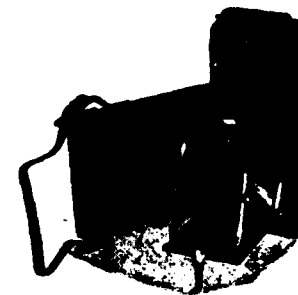
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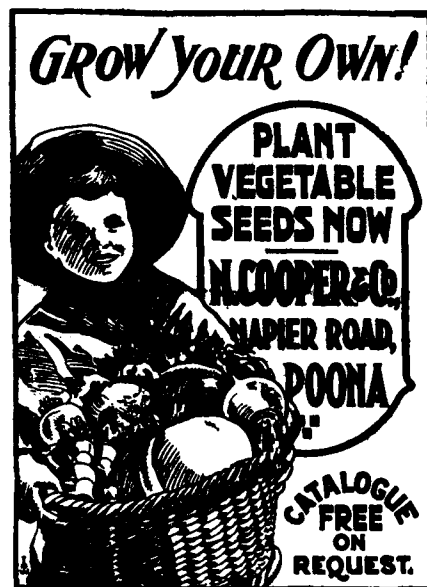


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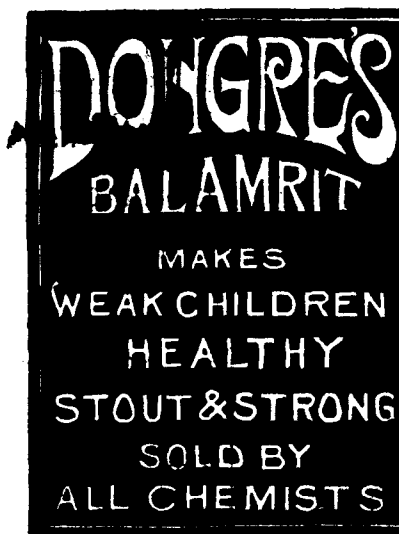
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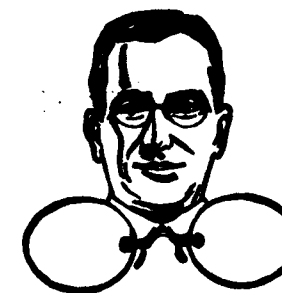
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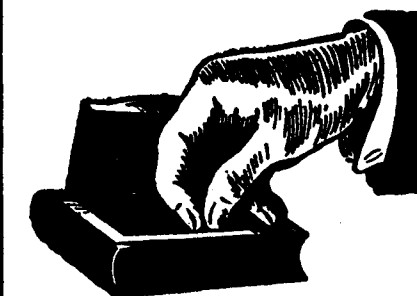
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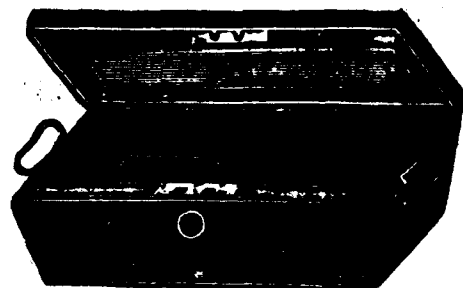
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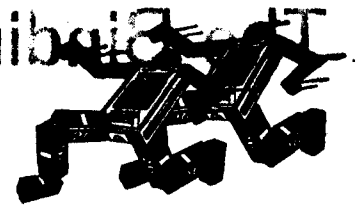
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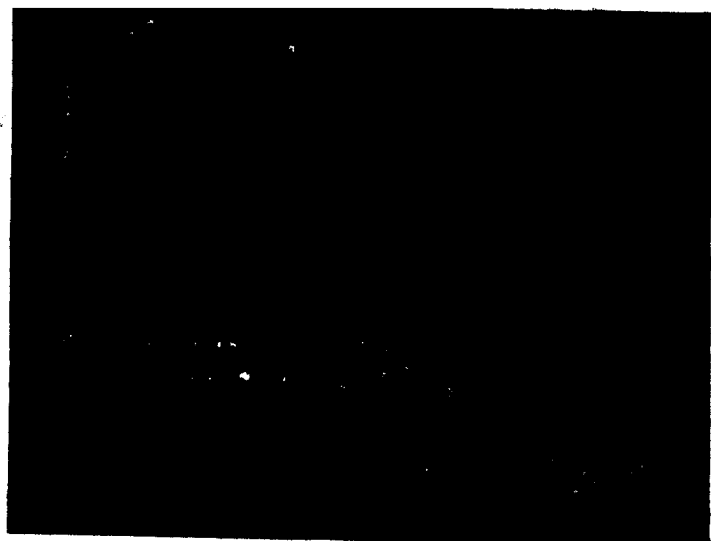
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# Indian Magazine

NO. 5 VOL. IV

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY F. H. RAULEDER

FEBRUARY 1934

## Prescience of Spring DR. LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS, M. A. M. M. M.

I hear the flutes of Southland blowing  
As now the South-winds o'er our land are going.  
They bear on them the tunes of palm and shine,  
And soon they all will on our lawns recline;  
And then again the trees will sprout  
And one and all may wander free about  
With cheer and shout.  
While the winter-blasts are away and away—  
And there is not a sign left here of snowing.  
  
I see the birds come flying fleetly,  
And in the trees their nests they trim so neatly  
I feel a sense that must have life full soon,  
That bursts in bloom when sound the lutes of June.  
And while these signs all tell me true  
That soon the skies will warm and shine so blue  
For me and you—  
Then am I glad the Winter is dead and gone,  
And Nature smiles again on us so meetly!

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# ARE BENGALLEES ARYANS?

RIGHTLY or wrongly, the majority of Europeans and Western Asians have persuaded themselves to believe that they are all descended from a common stock, known to the world at large as "Aryans". It is a term of honour, supposed to be able to protect its user against all charges of a possible barbaric origin, away in the dim twilight of the Past. Indeed, so great is the glamour, that it is nothing unusual to come across instances of Europeans hating an Indian most cordially, nevertheless anxious to establish agnatic relationship with the latter, on the ground of Aryan consanguinity. To be able to call oneself an Aryan seems to be about as much flattering to one's vanity (at least in a large number of cases, Indian as well as European) as the claim of an English peer to trace his descent from an ancestor who had been attainted for high treason by the Plantagenets, or crossed over the Channel with the Conqueror. It is, so to say, the Hall Mark of aristocracy.

Leaving Historians and Archaeologists to determine once for all how far it is compatible with actual facts that the ancestors of the present dwellers of the globe from England in the West to India in the East, all lived together in some tract of land near about the Caucasus Mountains, speaking the same language, worshipping the same gods and goddesses, observing the same rites and ceremonies, and calling themselves "Aryans", we shall, in this present article of ours, at least try to find out if the *Bengalees* of the present day, may truthfully be called Aryans. We do not, at this stage, desire to be misunderstood, and that is why just to be precise, we think that it would be better for our purpose if we mentioned that it is perfectly immaterial for this enquiry if, instead of the polarised expression (cf. Holmes) "Aryans", we used any other term, say, "X".

In plain and unvarnished language, we mean that if the present inhabitants of other parts of Northern India be designated as "X", then we Bengalees, whatever else we might be, are certainly "not X". If they are Aryans, we are decidedly non-Aryans. There is nothing at the same time, to prevent both of us from being two distinct types of non-Aryans, and certainly nothing to prevent the tradition of a common Aryan origin of Europeans, Indians, Mohamedans etc. from being a cock-and-bull story, a heraldic myth.

I certainly mean no offence, either to Bengalees or non-Bengalees, when I say this. Nor do I mean for a single moment that the mere fact of our differing in origin from the people of other parts of India, need stand in our way of fighting shoulder to shoulder for the cause of our mother land, India—Aryans or no Aryans. We should be (and I hope are) Indians first, and the rest afterwards. It is a purely historical

problem, the sole aim of which should be the elucidation of truth, independently of all possible bias or preconceived notions. I am one of those who hold most emphatically that it is neither a crime nor even a misfortune to be a non-Aryan. The Japanese do not claim to be Aryans, but they hold their heads equally high, if not higher, with any Aryan alive in any corner of the globe, whether in India or in Europe or in America.

Nor is it my object to achieve a cheap notoriety by taking the reader by surprise by saying something bold and staggering. I cannot lay any claim to originality, as it has been already said more than once by others. I do not even hope to be able to solve the problem definitely, one way or the other. My object, I humbly beg leave to state, will be served if this little article of mine can induce some scholars and savants to take up cudgels for or against this statement, and thereby, "add to the accumulated store of the world's wisdom", by arriving at some conclusion with respect to this controversial question.

With these prefatory remarks (rather lengthy, but none the less necessary, to avoid misunderstanding), I shall now try to show that the Bengalees, at least of the present day,—by not having anything in common with the rest of the inhabitants of the rest of India—cannot be called Aryans.

FIRST AND FOREMOST, our Nomenclature: A mere casual enquiry will satisfy the unbiassed mind that the manner of naming individuals in Bengal (I am speaking of the Hindu community) is entirely unlike that extant in every part of India. I do not propose to consider which is the best, and which second best, and so on. My object will be served if I can show that it is different and unique. Just a few illustrations will, I hope, be of great help in making my point clear. With the exception of a few Brahmin families (of whom, later) no other Hindu in any part of India, save and except Bengal, has a second, or family name. An inhabitant of Behar or U. P., for instance, goes by the name of Ramprosad. Now, although there are thousands of Bengalees answering to this commonplace appellation, not one of them will be met with not having another name in addition to Ramprosad. He is bound to be Ramprosad Ghose or Ramprosad Bose or Ramprosad Something. Even in these ultra-modern days, when all sorts of strange and unheard-of names are being saddled on poor unoffending babes by their parents, we have yet to come across a Bengalee urchin having no family name, and going about as "Tridivendrakrishna", "Jyotsnakumar", pure and simple. And the very fact that one goes by the name of Ramprosad Ghose is enough (excepting in very rare cases) to lead to the conclusion that all his forbears, right up to the ninth generation, were all Ghoses. This

is a more rigid rule than that which governs Englishmen in these matters. For instances are not at all uncommon where Englishmen are found to be changing both their Christian names and surnames at their sweet will. This, however, is foreign to our scope, all that is relevant being to show that the Bengalee custom cited above, is nowhere to be met with in any other part of India, Northern or Southern. Truth requires me to add that in the present day, attempts are being made by Indians of other parts of the country, especially by those who have imbibed Bengalee manners and customs by living with Bengalees, to change their system of nomenclature by adding a second name to their original one. Marwarrees, we often find, especially when they grow suddenly rich, do this. Very often this second name is borrowed from the name of the place they came from. But it is a familiar phenomenon to see a rich brother adopting a second name, while the poor brother having the only one with which he was christened at birth. But rich or poor, educated or uneducated, Brahmin or pariah, villager or townsfolk, no Bengalee would be found with only one name. As a matter of fact, I have seen Bengalees scattered in obscure nooks of Behar and U. P., often unable to speak the Bengalee language and apparently indistinguishable from their Beharee or other up-country neighbours, whose names are the only proof of their Bengalee descent. The Brahmins, it is true, in other parts of India, have got a second, or family name in addition to the first. But such names are very few in number when compared to the large number of family names possessed by the Brahmins of Bengal. In Behar and U. P., again, almost all the Brahmins go by the family names of Dubey, Tewari (or Trivedi), Chowbey, or Misser. Sometimes they are all indiscriminately known as Jha or Ojha. In Bengal, on the other hand, these names are legion, and nowhere found in India.

SECOND, Legislation: It is a most remarkable fact that although all the old jurists of every part of India profess to acknowledge the authority of the early Hindu (Aryan) sages like Vashishtha, Parasara, Jaimini, Manu, etc., and to declare themselves as mere commentators of these ancient authorities, the conclusions arrived at by the Bengal School of Hindu Law are entirely unlike—nay, sometimes diametrically opposite—to those of every other school of Law in all the Provinces of India. Every student of Hindu Law knows that Jimutavahana, the learned author of the *Dayabhaga*, whose authority is supreme and unchallenged in Bengal, while acknowledging the aforesaid sages and many others mentioned in the Vedas and Puranas, as the fountain-heads of his inspiration in all matters relating to adoption, succession, inheritance, alienation, etc., has propounded doctrines that would have shocked poor old Vijnaneswara, the author of the *Mitakshara*, which still holds undisputed sway in every other part of India, excepting Bengal. The absolute freedom of a *pater-familias* in Bengal,

to quote one of many similar instances, in dealing with property, ancestral or self-acquired, is recognised only in Bengal, and nowhere else in India. The subtleties with which that brilliant commentator of Bengal has distorted the ancient Hindu texts of the Vedic and Pauranik sages, just to meet the wishes of the men of his own province, shows beyond the shadow of a doubt that while nominally acknowledging them as inspired and infallible, Jimutavahana had his own axe to grind in the matter. No Pundit having Aryan blood in his veins would have thus dared to flout the authority of Aryan sages in the way he did. Then again, no people of Aryan descent would have continued to pay him the same deferential regard as the Bengalees have done and are still doing. Though different commentators are regarded with more or less veneration and followed in other provinces of India, it is undeniable that their commentaries are essentially similar in all important aspects. It is only in Bengal that we come across an entirely dissimilar code of Hindu Law, claiming to be based on the ancient texts, but altogether unlike that which governs the rest of the country.

THIRD, Dress: This is a comparatively minor factor, but certainly not a negligible one. It has some effect, especially in conjunction with the other elements, in determining the question in issue. It is noteworthy that no other people in other parts of India—male as well as female—put on their *dhoties* or *sarees* as the Bengalees, whether in the present or the past. I would ask the reader to forget for the time being the European costume in which we find all Indians, at least the educated section, clad to-day. Leaving that apart, and confining ourselves to the poorer classes of the different provinces of Upper India, we find them generally wearing their dhoties in the *mal-kocha* fashion. It is in Bengal, and in Bengal alone, that we come across the *kocha*. The manner of putting on the *saree* by Bengalee women is also entirely unlike that of women living in other parts of the country. There is no reason also to think that this fashion of wearing the *dhotie* and *saree* has undergone change in Bengal and that it was different in the past. Nothing that we have seen in old pictures, carvings or statues would lend colour to such a theory. Bengalees residing in other provinces of India may have, by long residence extending over generations, changed the manner of their dress, and taken to the local fashion. But that is always the exception and never the rule. I have, for instance, come across Bengalees in other parts of India, ashamed to appear in public, bare-headed. But, as every sensible man would admit, Bengalees are perhaps the only civilised people, not only in India, but in the whole world, who do not think it necessary to have a covering for the head. They prefer to go about in their own way. Unlike their Aryan neighbours, they do not consider bare heads as signs of indecency. The *Samla* and *Pugree*, as everybody knows, are imitations of the Moslems and have no

thing to do with the typical dress of the Bengalees. As a matter of fact, except the traditional *dhotie* and *chaddar*, Bengalees never had any other articles of dress, princes and rich men perhaps excepted.

FOURTH, Appearance: However unpalatable it might be, I have yet to put it down as a fact that the Bengalee, by his physical appearance, stands apart from the people of other parts of India, and that there cannot be the least doubt that if the latter are ranked as Aryans, the former must be included within the fold of non-Aryans. A close examination of the features of natives of every other province of Upper India leaves not a trace of doubt in the mind of a rational enquirer that the Bengalee is poles assunder from them. I would only beseech the reader to compare the features of a Kashmiri, a Rajput, a Maratha, or a high caste Hindu of the U. P., with those of a Bengalee, particularly of districts in East Bengal, like Chittagong, Mymensingh, or Siliguri, and then decide for himself if they can be placed in the same class. As already stated, there is not the slightest cause for affront at this, and I certainly mean none. I am a Bengalee myself, and to me, it is perfectly immaterial whether I am classed as Aryan or non-Aryan so long as I am a good Bengalee and a good Indian. Whatever we might have been in the shadowy past, our achievements in the present are by no means negligible. Our Aryan blood and descent will not save us from perdition in the fierce struggle for existence unless we are fit for the strife, and that alone, in my humble opinion, is the thing that counts, Aryan or no Aryan.

FIFTH, Manners and customs: These, too, entirely dissimilar in Bengal. I do not of course say that the manners and customs of the other provinces of Northern India are on all fours with each other; but their difference with each other is not so marked as their difference with those of Bengal. It is only in Bengal that we find widows of higher castes going without even a drop of water on the day of Ekadasi, and probably it was in Bengal that the largest number of them burnt themselves to death on the funeral pyres of their husbands. Bengal alone, of all the other provinces of India, can truthfully claim that "untouchability" is practically non-existent within her limits, when compared to what is said to exist in other parts. The rites, ceremonies etc., observed by Bengalees from birth to death will be found to differ widely from those observed in the other provinces. It is not possible, within the scope of this brief article, to illustrate this point by actual reference to these rites and customs, but the reader, it is hoped, can easily verify it if he is so inclined.

SIXTH, Food: This is a very important test, which, if applied cautiously and with an open mind, can no doubt enable us to arrive at a solution of our problem. It is an open secret that almost the whole of Northern India hates us for our fish-eating. The Brahmins at least (who ought to be Aryans before any-

body else) of every part of Bengal have not the slightest hesitation, along with their countrymen of other castes, to eat fish; and for this they are found fault with by Brahmins of every other part of India, Madras being no exception to the rule. Most Bengalee Brahmins also eat meat, at least goat-flesh, which is not the case elsewhere. This cannot be accounted for by difference of climate or other geographical reasons, which are sometimes cited to explain why rice is used as the exclusive staple food of the Province. To us, however, the thing appears to lie deeper, and difference in climate does not appear to be the sole reason why the Bengalees prefer this article of diet. Then again, a sea of difference will be observed between sweetmeats prepared in Bengal and those in other parts of India. I remember a Maratha friend of mine taking about a maund of our *rasa-gollah* on his way home from Calcutta. When asked why he was taking so much trouble for what appeared to me to be a trifle, he told me with a smile, that it was absolutely unknown in his part of the country, and that every other Maratha or Madrassite on his way home, did the very same thing. The *Luchi*, as it is made in Bengal, is practically unknown elsewhere, as also various other sweetmeats. The manner, too, in which our vegetable curries are prepared is completely different from that in which they are made in other parts of India, though curiously enough, there is some similarity between curries cooked by other Indians. Our *rooties*, again, are quite other things when compared with those made by up-country men. As a matter of fact, the more one goes into the matter, the greater will be the amount of divergence found to exist.

SEVENTH, Ancient History: I must confess that it is with the utmost diffidence that I venture to lay down my views under this head, not being much of a historian. I daresay, however, that some of my readers better informed than myself, will correct me if I am wrong. Most unfortunately for myself and my cause, there is an extreme lack of historic materials for one to proceed with. What we happen to have under the name of history is only a mass of legendary hearsay, unreliable to stand upon. But such as they are, I propose to use. And first as to the absence of evidence: There is nothing reliable to show when, if at all, the Aryans after their first settlement in Punjab, on the banks of the Saraswati and Driswad-vati, migrated and settled in any part of the province now known as Bengal—nothing whatever to show that the old Kings of Bengal, Adisur or Ballalsen, or Gopal or Dharmapal or Shashanka were of the Aryan stock. There is undoubtedly evidence to show that Bengal boasted of powerful and mighty Kings and Princes, whose fleet conquered Ceylon and founded colonies in Java, Siam, Phillipines etc., and left imperishable records and monuments in these far away lands, but not a word to show that they were Aryans. There is also evidence to show that the Bengalees studied Sanskrit and produced wonderful poets and

scholars in all branches of knowledge, worshipped gods and goddesses of the Hindu Mythology, etc., but that does not necessarily go to prove their Aryan descent. If the Sonthals of the present day choose to adopt Bengalee as their mother tongue and embrace Hinduism (as most of them are already doing), and produce wonderful geniuses in the fulness of time, that won't make them Aryans, will it? On the other hand, whatever its value might be there is some evidence,—call it legendary if you will—to show that the tract of country now known as Bengal was known to the ancients as having been abandoned by the Pandavas (pandava-barjita-pradesh) and as such, unfit for civilised Aryans to live in. The hearsay that King Adisur, in performing his *yajna*, found it necessary to import five Brahmins, their five servants and five *Karans* (?), also supports the theory that Bengal was then peopled by non-Aryans; albeit highly civilised. There is a couplet to this effect still extant, which is quoted here for what it is worth:—

"Bipra pancha, vritya pancha, karan pancha jan,  
Tripanchete upanita Adisurer bhavan".

EIGHTH AND LAST, Worship: This, too, is not an unimportant item, one which can throw a good deal of light on the subject matter of our controversy. Why is it that in Bengal, we find the worship of gods and particularly goddesses, that are not worshipped in any other part of India? Everybody knows that the Durga-poojah, so universally popular in Bengal, is practically unknown in every other part of India, excepting in places where Bengalees have gone and settled. Even in distant Burma, where Hinduism has almost no votaries, not only in Rangoon, but away in

the interior, wherever a handful of Bengalees are to be met with, there is Durga-poojah celebrated to remind the poor exiles of "home, sweet home". Why, we again ask, is the worship of the ten-armed deity so popular in every nook and corner of Bengal, and utterly unknown to the rest of this huge sub-continent? And not only Durga, but the worship of every other deity which follows Her, to wit, Kali, Jagat-dhatrī, Kartic, Saraswati and Basanti, are hardly known to the Aryans of other parts of India.

To me, it appears to be only another link in the chain of evidence, showing conclusively that the Bengalee, whatever he is, is radically distinct from the rest of his countrymen in India—it being irrelevant for our purpose to consider whether the latter should be called Aryans or otherwise.

I admit, in all humility, that none of the eight grounds taken above, if taken individually, can prove my case conclusively. But considered as a whole, and arguing on the principle of the "method of difference", familiar to every student of logic, there does not exist any rational doubt as to the non-Aryan origin of the Bengalee.

One word before I conclude, and it is this: In this article I have purposely left out the Madras Presidency from the scope of enquiry, as admittedly the people of that tract are Dravidians. And as to the vexed question:—how the Brahmins, a purely so-called Aryan caste, came to be included within the fold of Dravidian India, or for the matter of that, in Bengal, I would prefer to remain quiet. Let me hope somebody abler than my poor self will take it up.

A. Chatterjee.



# FIERY STRONGHOLD

By Nicholas Roerich

In this time of apparent decline of human values, when ruthless attacks are made upon the living ethics, we believe, with Roerich, who seeing the great future, asserts with invincible faith: "How wonderful that even now, amidst all the spiritual and material crises, we can affirm the Kingdom of the Beautiful! And we can do this not as abstract idealists, but armed by the experience of life, strengthened by historical events and by spiritual tenets."

Roerich has been compared to Leonarde da Vinci and it is right to compare the two geniuses of two widely separated centuries. The universal synthesis of Leonarde is practically reborn in Roerich. The fiery spirit, which in every pulse-beat, works for humanity, the noble heart which pleads for man's evolution according to cosmic laws, the flaming service to beauty in all its manifold forms—all this in a superb pattern passes before the reader of "Fiery Stronghold".

It has been said that he who has dedicated himself to beauty refuses to see anything but this eternal concept in all manifestations of life. This is evident in the lofty language and all-embracing tolerance so strikingly portrayed in the chapter "The Resistance to Evil". How very simple and almost parable-like we are told that "The good is not a nut, demanding only a strong tooth; not out of thoughtlessness or a drowsing consciousness will good be created." The remedies of him who transcends human weaknesses and shortcomings are clear-cut..... "Evil by its nature is active. It departed from good and by this departure already manifested the substance of activity; this means that the counterbalance must also be active."

This is not a denial of evil, simply because the trivial and vulgar utterances of bigots in multifarious shapes of humanity proclaim in a declamatory voice—Good must and will prevail!

On the contrary, Roerich analyzes with infinite patience the forces which assail humanity: "When we speak of enemies—and not only speak of them but also feel the pressure of their assaults—let us examine them well first and be sure that we do not mistake decomposition and decay for the anvil."

He imbues the reader with a great sense of responsibility towards his participation in the laws of evolutionary process. In the "Closed Eye" especially we are led into the "roots of error", when no ill intentions or neglect are apparent, but simply phases of "artificial blindness". But all this keen analysis is not

served with the knife of vivisection, but placed before those who wish to discern between the reality and evidence.

In this era of specialization and but recent threats of Technocracy, the author directs our striving towards multiformity. The "dignity of culture" is to be guarded sacredly—a "basic good-will will reject quarrels and doubts as anticultural".

In emphasizing benevolence, Roerich offers us the armour of constructiveness. He knows that this cannot be achieved without a spiritual battle, but this battle will not be fought for the sake of "condemnation nor mutual embitterment."

It would be well for the "street apostles" of our much-berated democracy to mark the following passage: "Our cultural organizations should also be based on the foundation of true freedom. As nothing else, it is liberty which is organically related to the conception of multiformity." And with the characteristic finality of a thinker who ponders over the decay of modern political and social structure, Roerich asserts that "anti-cultural liberty is only revolt—rude and chaotic."

Through the many and varied channels of vigour, patience, joyousness, reverence of beauty, safeguarding of culture, dedication to labour, the author points out the "possible radiant paths" for man's achievements.

The "Fiery Stronghold" in itself radiates the emanations of the great heart of its creator. If one wishes to adhere to the unifying principles which are proclaimed by Roerich in his well-known trinity, Labour, Knowledge, and Beauty, if one is sickened by vandalism and endless brutalities of man versus man, nation against nation, if one accepts the Banner of Peace as an indissoluble formula of guardianship of all cultural Treasures and achievements of man's spirit, then the "Fiery Stronghold" is a find for an earnest seeker. For those earnest seekers who direct their inner vision to the wisdom of the Great Heart, which pulsates through the entire Universe, the call to evolution—to the safeguarding of Culture—is a long-awaited sign of action. And precisely with this call to action Roerich finishes his book, saying in his inimitable, almost prophetic way, "Let us act according to our abilities. It means let us double all our forces for the glory of the creative concept of Culture undeferrable in its vitality."

M. Andar.



WAYFARERS

# REMBRANDT AND RAVI VARMA

My aim in this brief study is not to propound and establish an antithesis. This is just an appreciative outline sketch of the two eminent artists, so vastly different and yet so marvellously alike. Rembrandt, unlike Ravi Varma, was born amidst humble surroundings. His forbears had been accustomed to a life of toil; they had ground corn for a livelihood and grew old beside the river Rhine, spending their evenings in songs, and plenty of beer to help them bear the tragedy of the times. Naturally the memory of the past was transmitted by word of mouth alone, for these poor homeless people had no such records as pictures, they did not even have a family name, and were merely children of a tradition. The boy's father was the Miller Hermens, son of Gerrit and his mother, daughter of the local baker, wearied with toil and childbirth called her fourth and last son Rembrandt.

Raja Ravi Varma, born of the Royal family of Travancore with a latent genius for Art in the year 1848 rose like a luminous star bequeathed with a blazoned talent and burning ambition to revolutionize the world of Indian painting. Thus we see that as late as 1868 he worked with a terrible determination and because he had the tranquil soul, the visioned eyes and the steady hand of the artist, he began to climb the first rungs of the ladder whilst other painters who started long before him with their pale profile studies were groping pitifully on the littered floor of discouragement and some of them grey at the temples were transmitting their indifferent skill to more indifferent pupils.

Let us now picture the scene of Rembrandt's boyhood. His father wanted him to soar above the lowlands of toil and sent him to a Latin school, but destiny had chalked out a definite course for the young boy. He was interested more in the pictures of his books and in the library than his studies and would spend hours together over engravings and prints. Then, wearied of school, Rembrandt fled home to the mill. Here we come across the lad at the age of fifteen in a squalid room hidden from everyone for a purpose all his own—he sat winking in the fitful light that came through a small slit which did for a window, the only source of light and ventilation. Stretched across his knees was a canvas and beside him lay a few colours. The boy was trying to catch this magical effect of subdued light and changing shadows made by the unrelenting tremor and to produce the scene of this twilight room.

The landscape from Rembrandt's window was one of great beauty, where the Rhine lost itself in the heaving bosom of the ocean and trees swayed in the breeze. It was of supreme indifference to him, for did he not love twilight and shadows more than the relentless brightness of the sun? Here, in the old home,

Rembrandt remained seven years alone with his enormous strength and galaxy of Pictures with its fitful light and mauve shadows. It is said that he painted the first picture of the human face from a tarnished piece of broken mirror on the wall, and he would laugh and frown, weep and worry, just to catch the expression lines and sketch them. So poor was he that he could not employ a model.

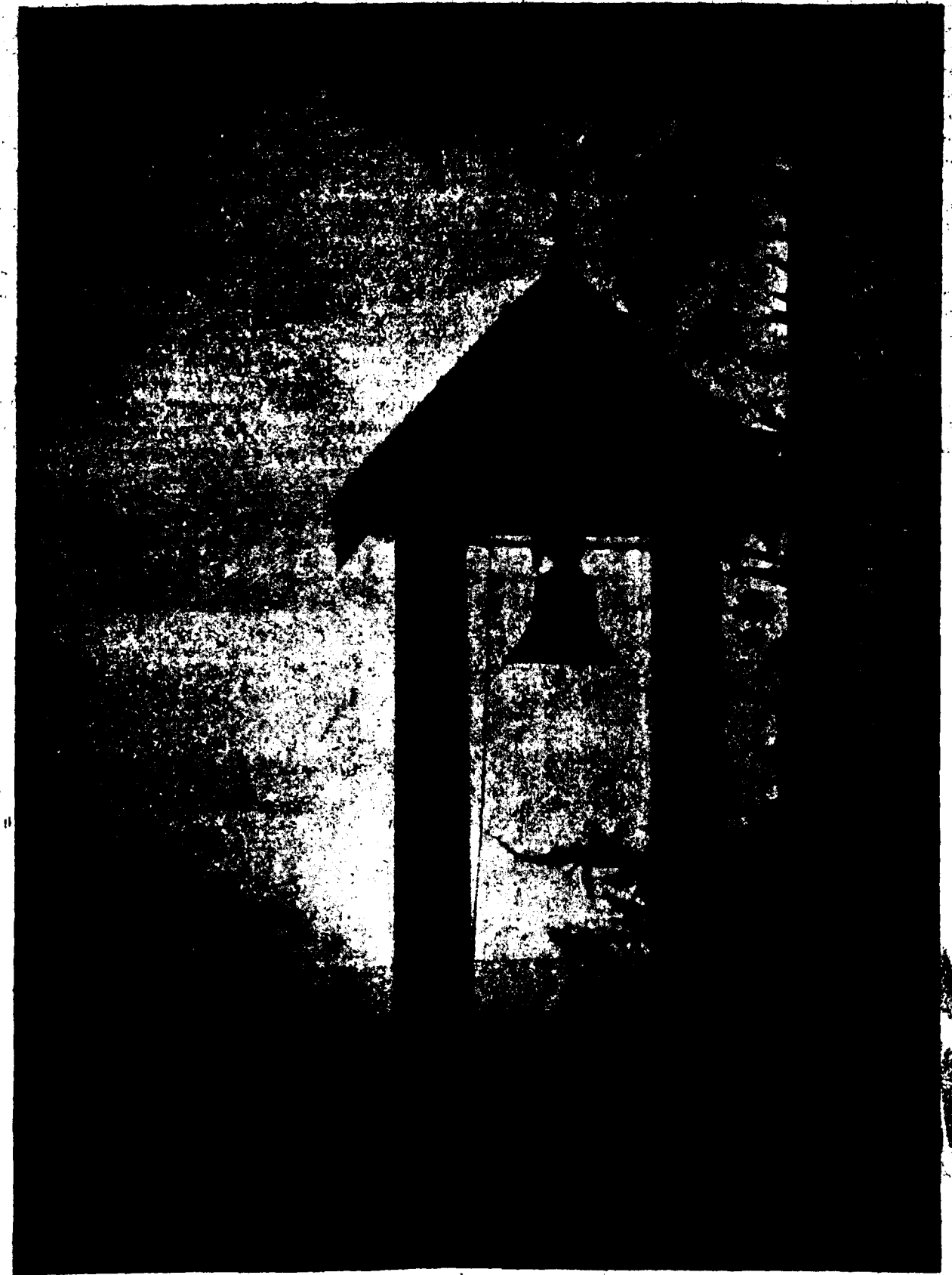
Like Ravi Varma Rembrandt was eternally groping for the soul for what was enigmatic in a river or the sky the fields or the clouds. And if there was no soul to paint, why paint at all?

When Rembrandt set out to group a picture, he always turned to the Bible for his subject and Ravi Varma got most of his inspiration from the soul-stirring stories of the Ramayana and Mahabharata.

The most wonderful specimen of his work is the six-faced God, Subramania, on his gorgeously plumed peacock. It's picture one cannot easily forget so full of religious sentiment and so exalted by noble ideas. Then we come to the Infant Krishna and Yasoda, the Lovely Lotus-born Lakshmi, Sri Rama, and Lakshman, Saraswathi with her pearl-white sari and veena, are all full of traditionary ideas.

Bombay was then the Mecca of Ravi Varma's dreams and here the two most notable incidents in his life occurred. He was commissioned for painting fourteen pictures illustrating the Ramayana and Mahabharata for the Gaekwar of Baroda and for the setting up of a Litho press that was named after him. It is now in the possession of Mr. M. A. Joshi, an artist and admirer of Ravi Varma and here thousands of Ravi Varma's pictures are painted and sent to all parts of the world. The portrait of the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos is a remarkable work as it is a sincere likeness and it is said that it took Ravi Varma no longer than a single sitting!

Rembrandt, unlike Ravi Varma had a great fascination for the crudities of life. He liked to paint pictures of men and women carved with creases which marked the course of experience like the signs of destiny. He painted the picture of Paul in Prison and the picture of the Sacrifice of Isaac was born of bitterness and sorrow when Rembrandt lost his little son. "Jeremiah in his Lamentations" is a gigantic work, he loved to paint beggars he found on the streets half-naked and clad in tatters. We find this queer young painter unconcerned with beauty or loveliness like an eccentric recluse studying want and despair in all its manifold aspects more out of thoughtlessness than love. His picture of Judas bringing back the thirty pieces of silver is a wonderful masterpiece and the remorse on the face of the betrayer claims full sympathy even from the most severe tribunal. What is more noticeable is that all his pictures are sur-



CALL ON THE MOUNTAIN

PHOTO: F. H. RAULEDER

rounded by darkness and gloom in his groups and grottoes his churches and cloisters. The light seems to fall in one particular place. It would seem Rembrandt lived in everlasting conflict with the sun as the creator of expression.

Ravi Varma was greatly charmed with the smooth-faced Madonnas of the Italian School. Cream-coloured skin like the marvellous texture of a petal always took his fancy and he would scour the country around along the misty coast with its wealth of palms and foliage just to catch the sight of a slip of brown-beauty with long black hair falling about her shoulders, eyes like that of a hunted stag bare-footed and brown-legged and retire in odd corners for undisturbed consideration of the problem of the most effective manner of depicting Indian womanhood at its best.

He adopted the principle of light and youth in nearly all his pictures. Ravi Varma painted masterpieces luminous creations of an old theme in the manner of a school of art. New but not bizarre, graphic but not photographic, realistic because it held within it the sparks of the Divine element without which the portrayal of humanity is naught but surface limning. The picture of "Seeta in Exile" and "Radha in her Bower" are exquisite reflections of the ideal and the picture of Sakuntala writing her love letter is a good example of girlish devotion and expectancy. In every

picture of Ravi Varma's the quest of the ideal is an outstanding feature.

Both Rembrandt and Ravi Varma had two things in common. Balance and harmony, and when one depicted darkness to its fullest advantage the other interpreted light in its sublimest form.

Ravi Varma was a great visionary and a great painter. The poorest Indian home is hallowed with the presence of some particular Deity painted by him just as Rembrandt painted the East giving the world a Saviour with agony in His eyes and understanding and light; yes light amidst the darkness of Christ's saddened countenance for man's sin.

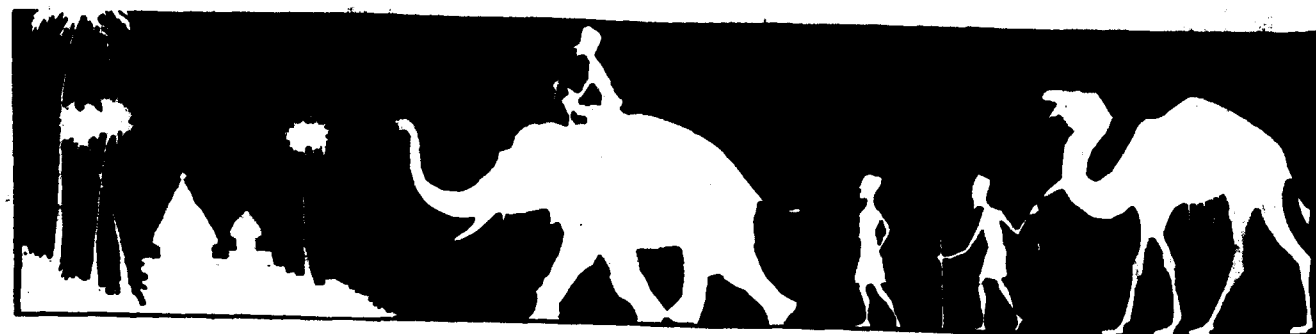
It is sad to note that whilst European critics speak in terms of praise concerning Impressionistic, Cubistic, Realistic and Post Tagoreic Art, not as much as a passing whisper is made of Ravi Varma one of India's greatest artists which is as absurd as going to Rome without visiting the Vatican. Ravi Varma, a child of the tropical sun with his inspiring art tends to lead us kindly to the light of God's presence through his immortal pictures.

Rembrandt a sheltered refugee of arctic nights felt and depicted a purer power radiating through his own dark manner and though his conceptions continually recede into the depth of instinct yet through the encircling gloom there comes the light..... S. Thampi.

*Not for a soul like thine the calm  
Of selfish ease and joys of sense;  
But duty more than crown or palm,  
Its own exceeding recompense.*

*Go up and on! thy day well done,  
Its morning promise well fulfilled,  
Arise to triumphs yet unwon,  
To holier tasks God has willed.*

Whittier.



## Instalment 2.

### Synopsis.

Harvey Greaves, flying home across the Channel, has engine trouble and is forced to land in the grounds of an isolated mansion in Sussex, in which all lights are suddenly extinguished. As he reaches the front door it is flung open and to his amazement his step-brother Charlie and a girl rush out.

It appears the 'plane had been sighted during a heated scene between Charlie and the owner of the house, Hendrich Baker, with whom he had been gambling to obtain money to satisfy the flying craze of Alethea Manders, with whom he is in love. He loses heavily and Baker says unless Alethea will join him as a decoy he will take Charlie's I. O. U. to his father. Thinking the 'plane carried police the lights had been put out and in the darkness Charlie and Alethea got away.

When Harvey insists on going in to telephone, the others follow. Then the lights suddenly go up and Charlie rushes off, leaving Harvey and Alethea alone.

### Back to the Library.

ALETHEA found immense comfort in the calm, assured voice of Harvey Greaves, and the fact that he was the not entirely unknown air pilot did much to add to her sense of security. Her whole outlook was bounded by what she dreamed of one day doing herself in the air, they were dreams only, yet somehow she felt

that the future might acknowledge her as a queen of the skies.

Briefly she narrated all that had happened in the dark interior of Threeways Manor.

Now and then Charlie butted in, agitatedly. He was anxious to get away, but Harvey would have none of it.

"I've got to telephone," he said. "And I'm going in here to do it."

"But they're crooks, I tell you," Charlie insisted. "Can't you put your engine right and let us get away. The fellow may shoot you!"

"I don't care whether they are crooks or not—I'm going in to find a telephone; they can't object to a stranded air pilot trying to get home, can they?"

With that he pushed his way into the great hall. For a moment or two Charles and Alethea hesitated. They were not enthusiastic about returning to the house of mystery. They had had their lesson and, as for Charles, he was already beginning to fear the outcome of his night's play at Threeways Manor. There was no doubt in his mind that Hendrich Baker would be true to his word and hold him up to his step-father, which would mean the end of his financial resources. And he was filled with an enthusiasm to aid Alethea in her overwhelming ambitions.

In the end both Charles and Alethea followed Harvey into the great building, more from Alethea's persuasion than anything else, for her companion was still overcome by fear.

Harvey switched on his torch, having found that the electric light switches would not work.

"Where's the telephone?" he asked abruptly. "This is all damned nonsense, Charles! Looks to me as if you've got yourself mixed up in a pretty thieves' kitchen!"

"You're about right," replied Charles dismally. "The telephone's in the library upstairs."

"I'll lead the way," said Alethea. To her there was something inspiring in Harvey's manner. He exuded confidence. He gave her new courage and she no longer felt fearful of what their return visit to the Manor might disclose. Charles followed last in the train with mingled feelings.

"You'll get plugged by Hendrich," he warned Alethea, but she ignored him. It was enough for her that Harvey Greaves was close by. She sensed something magnetic about the man. And was he not the great airman, representing the new freedom that she herself was seeking with such determination?

They reached the library.

Harvey entered first, flashing his torch round the room until its rays fell upon the telephone.

"Keep a watch on the door if you fear anything, Charlie," he laughed. He was just picking up the receiver when, without any warning, the room was flooded with light.

"They're coming back," cried Charlie nervously. "We'd better get out while the going's good." And before his step-brother could reply he had slipped from the room and was making his way speedily down the great staircase.

"And that," Harvey remarked with slow deliberation, "is typical of brother Charles!"

"Hendrich Baker's got another main switch controlling the lights of the house. He must have discovered that the police don't yet come silently at night on aeroplanes—" Alethea, too, was not without a certain amount of fear. The words fell a little lifelessly from her lips. She did not want to see Hendrich again in his present mood.

"Don't worry—I'll give him a most courteous explanation, and properly ask permission to use his telephone. After all, I've really no right to be here."

Once more Alethea reassured herself with Harvey Greaves' presence.

"You take things very calmly," she said.

"When you fly you just have to," he replied.

#### A SUAVE VILLAIN

They did not have to wait long. The door was pushed open and Hendrich Baker admitted himself, startled to find Alethea still there, and more startled to find her with a stranger.

"A foolish evening, Miss Manders," he said, "and a rather queer one. I leave you here with Charlie and—lo! he vanishes into thin air to give place to what appears to be a very gallant airman. A most expert landing, if I may say so, sir!" he added, looking at Greaves. "Perhaps Alethea will introduce us?"

"This is Mr. Harvey Greaves," Alethea said quietly.

"Not an unknown quantity," Hendrich remarked suavely. "I've read of some of your exploits. Curious you should alight here and find a lady who also has aerial ambitions. Most fortuitous! Most fortuitous!"

"How d'you do," Greaves said shortly. "It was a lucky landing, and I merely called to ask if I might use your telephone. I want to stay at the nearest hotel, put my machine right in the morning, and then get away to Croydon."

"I should be charmed to have you as my guest," said Hendrich. "Why go to all that trouble?"

Alethea glanced meaningfully at the airman.

"I don't think Mr. Greaves would care to trespass on your hospitality," she said.

"I won't put you to the trouble," Greaves agreed.

"Thanks, all the same. It's very kind of you, I'm sure—"

"Not at all! Not at all! If you would prefer to telephone by all means do so. The nearest inn is the Red Dragon, half a mile away. Number 31. I will drive you there in my car with the greatest of pleasure. Miss Manders will no doubt return with her friend Charles, who was here a moment ago." He smiled blandly.

Harvey Greaves watched Hendrich very closely. It was obvious that the owner of Threeways Manor gave him little credit for mental astuteness, unless Charles had chosen to visit the house under an assumed surname.

Alethea was disturbed by Hendrich's attitude.

"You know Charlie's gone," she said suddenly.

"I shall have to get the Red Dragon people to let me have a car to take me into Brighton. I'll stay there with my sister and return to town in the morning. Surely you don't begrudge me a lift as far as the inn!"

"The pleasure will be mine," Hendrich said coolly.

"I'll pick you up in the morning," promised Greaves. "Perhaps you'd like to fly back with me, Miss Manders?"

Alethea thrilled at the thought. To fly back with a pilot of Greaves's reputation!

Greaves got on the telephone and arranged his room. Then he turned to Hendrich and said:

"I hope you won't think I'm impertinent, sir, but who is—or was, rather—your other guest; this Charles?"

"Oh, well—you ought to know—a bit of a young scamp, if I may say so!"

Greaves nodded.

"I see."

Well-away.

"We'd better be getting along," Hendrich urged. "Stella's already gone—she'd have taken you back if you hadn't missed her; a splendid driver, that girl—"

Alethea marvelled at the man's graceful lying. He led the way down to the main hall. His car was already outside on the drive, Stella Wrenington having left it there for him in case of emergency. It was she who had made the discovery that only a single pilot had arrived in the disabled aeroplane, and it was obvious to her then that their earlier fears had been unfounded.

The huge car drew away silently, and when it deposited its passengers at the Red Dragon, Hendrich Baker was still a shining example of extreme self-possession and effrontery. He bid them a courteous adieu and was off again into the night.

Just before the driver let in his clutch to bear Alethea on her journey Harvey put his head into the car again.

"Mr. Hendrich Baker wouldn't be quite so bad," he said, "if he happened to be Mr. Hendrich Baker, but, as a matter of fact, he happens to be someone else entirely!"

And with that he repeated his good-night, leaving Alethea to ponder a new mystery as she was driven away through the dark and comforting leafy lanes of Sussex.

On the morrow Harvey was up early, breakfasted in haste, and was soon at the great iron gates of Threeways Manor. They were fast bolted. He hauled at the massive bell pull and expected again to be received by Hendrich Baker, but in this anticipation he was mistaken. After a few minutes' wait he caught sight of a grey-bearded man of about fifty walking round the bend of the drive evidently with the purpose of letting him in. Harvey took him to be the head gardener.

"Good morning, sir," the man said as he reached the gate. "Sorry to keep you waiting. You're about early. The boss told me you'd be wanting to look at your piece of machinery."

Harvey greeted him pleasantly.

"Sorry to drag you down here so soon, but I want to get to Croydon and I've got to go to Brighton first."

The gates clanged open.

"Come in, sir—and if you'd like some coffee or anything the master said you were to go to the house."

"Thanks. Is Mr. Baker up yet?"

Disturbing Memories.

"Lord, sir, yes; and was away mighty early. He had to go off on urgent business—and I was to tell you to excuse him for not waiting for you. But he couldn't have been much use, he said, because he doesn't know nothing about mechanics."

"Oh! I see," Harvey remarked thoughtfully. "But thanks, I can manage all right alone." He smiled with amusement as he considered the man's apologies. Hendrich Baker know nothing about mechanics! That was a good one."

"But if I can give you a hand, sir, I will."

"No thanks—I'm used to this, and I'll soon find the trouble. By the way, were you here last night?"

As they walked up the drive and across the grass the head gardener turned sharply to the pilot.

"Lord, sir, no! We don't live in, here, big as the mansion be. We all come from the village. Mr. Baker won't have anyone living in. You evidently never heard of him. Rather a strange gentleman. Loves loneliness, and doesn't like people about him."

"I see—bit of an eccentric?"

"Yes—I suppose that's what you'd call him. But a good employer—he pays everybody well, and he's done an awful lot of good since he came here three months ago. Bought the place, lock, stock and barrel, he did!"

"Does he have many visitors?"

"That I couldn't say, sir. We don't see much of him—and he doesn't call much on the county. Seems to be a very busy man in a studious way. The only time he ever goes about locally is when there are any police sports. And then he gives lots of prizes and presents them to the winners afterwards."

Harvey smiled again. Hendrich Baker was certainly doing his job pretty thoroughly, he mused.

"Well, it was very decent of him to give me assistance last night." He slipped five shillings into the man's hand.

"Thanks very much, sir. If you want me I'll be in the large conservatory over there by the north wing. Good morning, sir. Afraid you'll find a bit of dew on your machine."

"That won't hurt," laughed Greaves. "'Morning—and thanks to you."

The man pattered away lighting his pipe, quite disinterested in the graceful grey machine as she glinted peacefully in the early morning sunlight.

So Hendrich Baker had seen fit to leave Threeways Manor at a rather freakish hour, Greaves reflected, wondering at the same time where his destination might be. Perhaps it was to see Greaves Senior about Charles; yet that struck him as unlikely, for he was fairly certain that Baker had realised that his identity had been penetrated. The man had changed since Harvey Greaves had last seen him, but the little tell-tale mark, small though it was, still remained beneath the man's chin—and this sign, coupled with other less conspicuous characteristics, had given him away completely.

As Greaves worked at his ignition he called to mind the last occasion when he had come across Baker. It was some years back now, in Berlin, at a queer little haunt off the Friedrichstrasse. A strange business it was, too, and just when the German authorities had hoped to lay their hands on the man, he had flitted and was gone in a flash. A queer, mysterious fellow, with whose activities Harvey Greaves was once again to be concerned.

Off Again.

In half an hour the engine of the 'plane was ticking over nicely, the pilot again at the controls. A south-west wind was beginning to freshen. He taxied the craft slowly to the north-west corner of the field. Then, heading into the wind, he opened the throttle

wide and went roaring across the grass. It was not going to be an easy take-off, for there were trees studded about the grounds in odd places, and at the far end of his run there was a line of poplars bowing in unison towards him.

Harvey pulled back the joy-stick, climbing steeply and shooting by a gnarled oak, finally soaring above the poplars and levelling his craft. It occurred to him to have a look round Threeways Manor from above before heading east to Brighton.

Circling two or three times he spied out the land. There were great gardens stretching northwards, where long rows of glasshouses glinted in the sunlight, and to the west there were fine stretches of lawn backed by trimmed foliage and wild woodlands. Hendrich Baker was evidently doing himself well.

As Harvey flew over the estate he brought his automatic camera into use, releasing half a dozen plates. They might he thought, serve some purpose later on—and if not they would go pleasingly enough into his enormous collection of aerial photographs. Aerial prints had before now revealed uncanny secrets not visible to the naked eye.

Steering south he was quickly over the sea, where he could follow the coastline. Before long he passed Shoreham, his old aerodrome which at one time he knew so well, for he had learned to fly there on a rickety old bus that had a variable temper and frequently let him down.

As he swept along the coast in the face of the sun he could not help thinking of Alethea. Indeed, she had been in his mind all night, sleep evading him because of the somewhat mystical impression that she had made on him even in so brief and remarkable an acquaintance. What right had his step-brother Charles to be mixed up in her life? Already there was some commotion stirring in Harvey's heart.

He laughed aloud at himself for his foolishness. He was going home to his father to surrender; to take

a part in the tea business; to settle down—with just an occasional week-end flight, and perhaps a flying holiday once a year.

He sighted the two Brighton piers. Alethea, he thought, might be watching him from her sister's house in the Royal Crescent. He dipped a salute as he raced by the promenade, then turned north-east towards the racecourse. It was his intention to land there. Throttling down, he lost more height, crossed the downs, came back nose into wind—then sank gently on to the downland turf.

Romance in the Air.

The flight from the racecourse back across Sussex and Surrey to Croydon in his side-by-side passenger 'plane was an experience that Harvey Greaves was to remember for all time. The nearness of Alethea, the beauty of the morning, and the keen upper air through which the 'plane swept at a hundred miles an hour all went to the making of one of the most romantic flights he had ever journeyed on.

Alethea was thrilled. She watched the pilot's sure hand controlling the machine, his bright eyes alert, and his whole being filled with a new inspiration.

She counted the moments as heaven-sent, and from time to time watched the green countryside unrolling like some huge map stretched before her vision. So this was flight with a real pilot! She had been a passenger before, but only on odd trips with men who had just about known how to push a craft through the air and nothing more. Now she learned what flight really was. Harvey Greaves turned toward her and smiled. He throttled down the engine until there was hardly any sound. Then he spoke:

"Would you like to try your hand at it?" The rush of wind partly drowned his voice, but she understood.

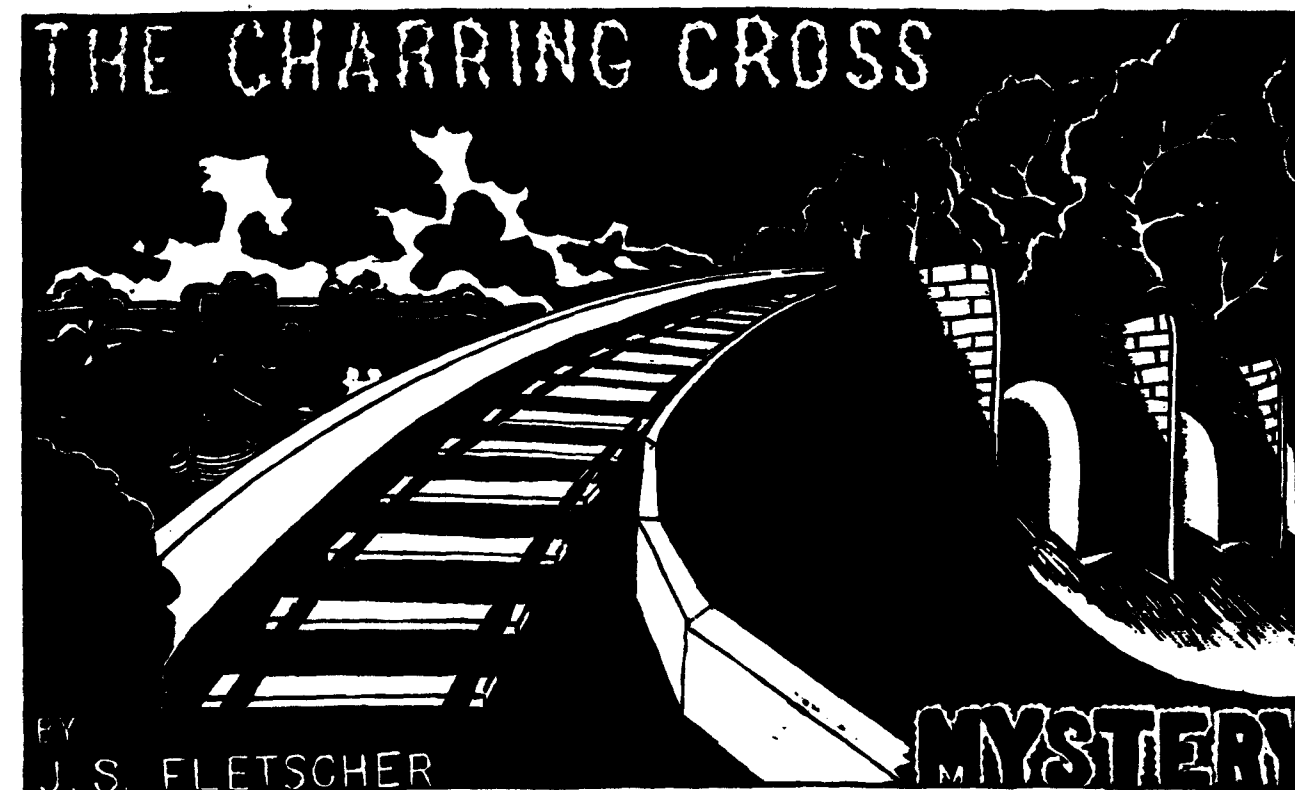
"Rather!"

He took her hand and placed it gently on the controls.

"Follow my movements," he said.

This was glory indeed.

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Chapter 3.

### THE POTENTIAL FORTUNE

ELDER and younger woman alike took Matherfield's intimation quietly. Rhona made no remark. But Mrs. Keeley spoke impulsively.

"There never was a more popular man than he was—with everybody!" she exclaimed. "Who should want to take his life?"

"That's just what we've got to find out, ma'am," said Matherfield. "And I want to know as much as I can—I dare say Miss Hannaford can tell me a lot. Now, let's see what we do know from what you told me this morning. Mr. Hannaford had been Superintendent of Police at Sellithwaite for some years. He had recently retired on his pension. He proposed to live in London, and you and he, Miss Hannaford, came to London to look for a suitable house, arrived three days ago, and put up at this hotel. That's all correct? Very good—now then, let me hear all about his movements during the last three days. What did he do? Where did he spend his time?"

"I can't tell you much," answered Rhona. "He was out most of the day, and generally by himself. I was only out with him twice—once when we went to do some shopping, another time when we called on Mr. Kenthwaite at his rooms in the Temple. I understood he was looking for a house—seeing house agents and so on. He was out morning, afternoon and evening."

"Did he never tell you anything about where he'd been, or whom he'd seen?"

"No. He was the sort of man who keeps things to himself. I have no idea where he went nor whom he saw."

"Didn't say anything about where he was going last night?"

"No. He only said that he was going out and that I should find him here when I got back from the theatre, to which I was going with Mrs. Keeley. We got back here soon after eleven. But he hadn't come in—as you know."

"You never heard him speak of having enemies?"

"I should think he hadn't an enemy in the world! He was a very kind man and very popular, even with the people he had to deal with as a police-superintendent."

"And I suppose he'd no financial worries—anything of that sort? Nor any other troubles—nothing to bother him?"

"I don't think he'd a care in the world," said Rhona confidently. "He was looking forward with real zest to settling down in London. And as to financial worries, he'd none. He was well off."

"Always a saving, careful man," remarked Mrs. Keeley. "Oh, yes, quite well off—apart from his pension."

Matherfield glanced at Hetherwick, who had listened carefully to all that was asked and answered. Something in the glance seemed to invite him to take a hand.

"This occurs to me," said Hetherwick. He turned to Rhona. "Apart from this house-hunting, do you know whether your grandfather had any business

affair in hand in London? What I'm thinking of is this—from what I saw of him in the train, he appeared to be an active, energetic man, not the sort of man who, because he'd retired, would sit down in absolute idleness. Do you know of anything that he thought of undertaking—any business he thought of joining?"

Rhona considered this question for a while.

"Not any business," she replied at last. "But there is something that may have to do with what you suggest. My grandfather had a hobby. He experimented in his spare time."

"What in?" asked Hetherwick. Then he suddenly remembered the stained fingers that he had noticed on the hands of both men the night before. "Was it chemicals?" he added quickly.

"Yes, in chemicals," she answered with a look of surprise. "How did you know that?"

"I noticed that his hands and fingers were stained," replied Hetherwick. "So were those of the man he was with. Well—but this something?"

"He had a little laboratory in our garden at Sellithwaite," she continued. "He spent all his spare time in it—he'd done that for years. Lately, I know, he'd been trying to invent or discover something—I don't know what. But just before we left Sellithwaite, he told me that he'd solved the problem, and when he was sorting out and packing up his papers he showed me a sealed envelope in which he said were the particulars of his big discovery—he said there was a potential fortune in it and that he should die a rich man. I saw him put that envelope in a pocket-book which he always carried with him."

"That would be the pocket-book I examined last night," said Matherfield. "There was no sealed envelope, nor one of which any seal had been broken, in that. There was nothing but letters, receipts and unimportant papers."

"It is not in his other pocket-books," declared Rhona. "I went through all his things myself very early this morning—through everything that he had here. I know that he had that envelope yesterday—he pulled out some things from his pocket when we were lunching with Mr. Kenthwaite in a restaurant in Fleet Street, and I saw the envelope. It was a stout, square envelope, across the front of which he had drawn two thick red lines, and it was heavily sealed with black sealing-wax at the back."

"That was yesterday, you say?" asked Matherfield sharply. "Yesterday noon? Just so! Then as he had it yesterday at noon, and as it wasn't in his pockets last night and is not among his effects in this house, it's very clear that between, say, two o'clock yesterday and midnight he parted with it. Now then, to whom? That's a thing we've just got to find out! But you're sure he wasn't joking when he told you that this discovery, or invention, or whatever it was, was worth a potential fortune?"

"On the contrary, he was very serious," replied Rhona. "Unusually serious for him. He wouldn't tell

me what it was, nor give me any particulars—all he said was that he'd solved a problem and hit on a discovery that he'd worked over for years, and that the secret was in that envelope and worth no end of money. I asked him what he meant by no end of money and he said: 'Well, at any rate, a hundred thousand pounds—in time.'"

The two men exchanged glances; silence fell on the whole group.

"Oh!" said Matherfield at last. "A secret worth a hundred thousand pounds—in time. This will have to be looked into—narrowly. What do you think, Mr. Hetherwick?"

"Yes," answered Hetherwick. "You've no idea, of course, as to whether your grandfather had done anything about putting this discovery on the market—or made any arrangement about selling it? No! Well, can you tell me this: What sort of house did your grandfather want to rent here in London? I mean, do you know what rent he was prepared to pay?"

"I can answer that," remarked Mrs. Keeley. "He told me he wanted a good house—a real good one—in a convenient suburb, and he was willing to go up to three hundred a year."

"Three hundred a year," said Hetherwick. He exchanged a meaning glance with Matherfield. "That," he added, "looks as if he felt assured of a considerable income, and as though he had already realised on his discovery or was very certain of doing so."

"To be sure," agreed Matherfield. "Of course, I don't know what his private means were, but I know what his retiring pension would be—and three hundred a year for rent alone means—a good deal! Um!—we'll have to endeavour to trace that sealed envelope."

"It seems to me, Matherfield," observed Hetherwick, "that the first thing to do is to trace Hannaford's movements last night, from the time he left this hotel until his death in the train."

"We're at that already," replied Matherfield. "We've a small army of men at work. But as we want all the help we can get, I'm going to stir up the newspaper men, Mr. Hetherwick—the Press, sir, is always valuable in this sort of thing!—and I want Miss Hannaford, if she's got one, to give me a recent photograph of her grandfather so that it can appear in the papers. Somebody, you know, may recognise it—somebody who saw him last night with somebody else."

Rhona had a new photograph of the dead man, taken in plain clothes just before he left Sellithwaite, and she gave Matherfield some copies of it. Reproductions appeared in the *Meteor* and other evening papers that night, and in some of the dailies next morning. And, as a result, a man came forward at the inquest, a few hours later, who declared with positive assurance that he had seen Hannaford early in the evening of the murder. His appearance was the only sensational thing about these necessarily only preliminary proceedings before the coroner; until he stepped forward nothing had transpired with which Hetherwick

was not already familiar. There had been his own evidence; somewhat to his surprise neither coroner nor police seemed to pay much attention to his account of the conversation about the woman's portrait; they appeared to regard Hannaford's observations as a bit of garrulous reminiscence about some criminal or other. There had been Rhona's—a repetition of what she had told Matherfield and Hetherwick at Malter's Hotel: police and coroner evidently fixed on the missing sealed envelope and its mysterious secret as a highly important factor in the case. Then there had been the expert testimony of the two doctors as to the cause of death—that had been confined to positive declarations that Hannaford died from the administration of some subtle poison, the exact details being left over until experts could tell more at the adjourned proceedings. And the coroner was about to adjourn for a fortnight when a man, who had entered the court and been in conversation with the officials, was put into the witness-box to tell a story which certainly added information and, at the same time, accentuated mystery.

This man was a highly-respectable person in appearance, middle-aged, giving the name of Martin Charles Ledbitter, manager of an insurance office in Westminster, and residing at Sutton, in Surrey. It was his habit, he said, to travel every evening from Victoria to Sutton by the 7.20 train. As a rule he arrived at Victoria just before seven and took a cup of tea in the refreshment-room. He did this on the night before last. While he was drinking his tea at the counter, an elderly man came in and stood by him, whom he was sure beyond doubt was the same man whose photograph was reproduced in some of last night's and some of this morning's newspapers. He had no doubt whatever about this. He first noticed the man's stained fingers as he took up the glass of whisky-and-soda which he had ordered; he had, at the time, wondered at the contrast between those fingers and the general spick-and-spanness of the man and his smart attire; also he had noticed his gold-headed walking-cane and that the head was fashioned like a crown. They stood side by side for some minutes then the man went out. A minute or two later he saw him again—this time at the right-hand side bookstall; he was there obviously looking out for somebody.

This was the point where the interest really began; everybody in court strained eyes and ears as the coroner put a direct question.

"Looking out for somebody? Did you see him meet anybody?"

"I did!"

"Tell me what you saw."

"I saw this. When I approached the bookstall, to buy some evening papers, the man whom I had seen in the refreshment-room was standing close by. He was looking about him, but chiefly at the entrances to the big space between the offices and the platforms. Once or twice he looked at his watch. It was then—

by the station clock—about ten minutes past seven. He seemed impatient; he moved restlessly about. I passed him and went to the bookstall. When I turned round again he was standing a few yards away, shaking hands with another man. From the way in which they shook hands, I concluded that they were old friends, who perhaps had not seen each other for some time."

"Their greeting was cordial?"

"I should call it effusive."

"Can you describe the other man?"

"I can describe a sort of general impression of both. He was a tall-man, taller than Hannaford, but not so broadly built. He wore a dark ulster overcoat, with a strap at the back; it was either a very dark blue or a black in colour. He had a silk hat—new and glossy. He gave me the impression of being a smartly-dressed man—smart boots and gloves and that sort of thing—you know the general impression you get at a quick glance. But as to his features, I can't tell you anything."

"Why not?" asked the coroner.

"Because, to begin with, he wore an unusually large pair of blue spectacles, which completely veiled his eyes, and to end with, his throat and chin were swathed in a heavy white muffler, which covered the lower part of his face as well. Between the rim of his hat and the collar of his coat it was all muffler and spectacles!"

The coroner looked disappointed. His interest in the witness seemed to evaporate.

"Did you notice anything else?" he asked.

"Only that the new-comer took Hannaford's arm and that they walked away towards the left-hand entrance hall, evidently in earnest conversation. That was the last I saw of them."

"There's just one question I should like to put to you in conclusion," said the coroner. "You say that you are confident that the photograph in the newspapers is that of the man you saw at Victoria. Now, have you seen the dead man's body?"

"I have. The police took me to see it when I volunteered my evidence."

"And you recognised it as that of the man you saw?"

"Without doubt! There is no question of that in my mind."

Five minutes later the inquest stood adjourned, and those chiefly concerned gathered together in the emptying court to discuss the voluntary witness's evidence. Matherfield manifested an almost cheerful optimism.

"This is better!—much better," he declared, rubbing his hands as if in anticipation of laying them on something. "We know now that Hannaford met, at any rate, two men that night. It's easier to find two men than one!"

Rhona, whom Hetherwick had escorted to the coroner's court, looked her astonishment. "How can that be?" she asked.

"Mr. Hetherwick understands," answered Matherfield with a laugh. "He'll tell you."

But Hetherwick said nothing. He was always wondering—always wondering—about the woman whose picture lay in his pocket.

#### Chapter 4.

##### THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

The conviction that there was more than met the eye in Hannaford's cutting out and putting away the handsome and distinguished woman's photograph grew mightily in Hetherwick's mind during the next few days. He recalled all that Hannaford had said about it in the train in those few short minutes before his sudden death. Why had he been so keen about showing it to the other man? Was he taking the other man, specially to his hotel to show it to him—at that time of night? Why did the recollections which his possession of it brought up afford him—obviously—so much interest and, it seemed, amusement? And what, exactly, was meant by the pencilled words in the margin of the cutting?—*Through my hands ten years ago!* Under what circumstances had this woman been through Hannaford's hands? And who was she? The more he thought of it, the more Hetherwick was convinced that there was more importance in this matter than the police attached to it. They had proved utterly indifferent to Hetherwick's account of the conversation in the train—that, said Matherfield, with official superiority, was nothing but a bit of chat, reminiscence, recollection, on the ex-superintendent's part; old men, he said, were fond of talking about incidents of the past. The only significance Matherfield saw in it was that it seemed to argue that whoever the man who had disappeared was, he and Hannaford had known each other ten years ago.

At the end of a week the police had heard nothing of this man. Nor had they made any discovery in respect of the other man whom Ledbitter swore he had seen with Hannaford at Victoria. The best Scotland Yard hands had been hard and continuously at work, and had brought nothing to light. Only one person had seen the first man after he darted up the stairs of Charing Cross calling out that he was going for a doctor; this was a policeman on duty at the front of the Underground Station. He had seen the man run out; had watched him run at top speed up Villiers Street, and had thought no more of it than that he was some belated passenger hurrying to catch a last bus in the Strand. But with that, all news and trace of him vanished. Of the tall man in the big blue spectacles and white muffler there never was any trace, nor any news beyond Ledbitter's. Yet Ledbitter was a thoroughly dependable witness, and there was no doubt that he had seen Hannaford in this man's company. So, without question, Hannaford, during his last few hours of life, had been with two men—

neither of whom could be found. Within twenty-four hours of his death several men came forward voluntarily who had had dealings or conversation with Hannaford since his arrival in London. But there was a significant fact about the news which any of them could give—not one knew anything of the tall man seen by Ledbitter, or of the shabby man seen by Hetherwick, or of the secret which Hannaford carried in his sealed packet. The story of that sealed packet had been told plentifully in the newspapers—but nobody came forward who knew anything about it. And when a week had elapsed after the ex-Superintendent's burial, the whole mystery of his undoubted murder seemed likely to become one of the many which are never solved.

But Hetherwick was becoming absorbed in this affair into which he had been so curiously thrown head-first. He had leisure on his hands; also, he was well off in this world's goods, and much more concerned with the psychology of his profession than with a desire to earn money by its practice. From the moment in which he heard that the doctors had found that Hannaford had been poisoned, he felt that here was a murder mystery at the bottom of which he must get—it fascinated him. And all through his speculations and theorisings about it, he was obsessed by the picture in his pocket. Who was that woman—and what did the dead man remember about her?

Suddenly, one morning, after a visit from Matherfield, who looked in at his chambers casually, to tell him that the police had discovered nothing, Hetherwick put on his hat and went round to Surrey Street. He found Rhona Hannaford busy in preparing to leave Malter's Hotel: she was going to live, for a time at any rate, with Mrs. Keeley. Hetherwick went straight to the matter that had brought him.

"That print of a woman's photograph which your grandfather had in his pocket-book," he said, "and that's now in mine. Out of what paper did he cut it?—a newspaper, evidently."

"Yes, but I don't know what paper," answered Rhona. "All I know is that it was a paper which he got by post, the morning that he left Sellithwaite. We were just leaving for the station when the post came. He put his letters and papers—there were several things—in his overcoat pocket, and opened them in the train. It was somewhere on the way to London that he cut out that picture. He threw the paper away—with others. He had a habit of buying a lot of papers, and used to cut out paragraphs."

"Well—I suppose it can be traced," muttered Hetherwick, thinking aloud. He glanced at the evidences of Rhona's departure. "So you're going to live with your aunt?" he said.

"For a time—yes," she answered.

"I hope you'll let me call?" suggested Hetherwick. "I'm awfully interested in this affair, and I may be able to tell you something about it."

"We'd be pleased," she replied. "I'll give you the

address. I don't intend to be idle though—unless you call in the evening, you'll probably find me out."

"What are you thinking of doing?" he asked.

"I think of going in for secretarial work," she answered. "As a matter of fact, I had a training for that, in Sellithwaite. Typewriting, correspondence, accounts, French, German—I'm pretty well equipped."

"Don't think me inquisitive," said Hetherwick, suddenly. "I hope your grandfather hasn't forgotten you in his will—I heard he's left one!"

"Thank you," replied Rhona. "He hasn't. He left me everything. I've got about three hundred a year—rather more. But that's no reason why I should sit down, and do nothing, is it?"

"Good!" said Hetherwick. "But—if that sealed packet could be found? What was worth a hundred thousand to him, would be worth a hundred thousand to his sole legatee. Worth finding!"

"I wonder if anything will be found?" she answered. "The whole thing's a mystery that I'm not even on the edge of solving."

"Time!" said Hetherwick. "And—patience."

He went away presently, and strolled round to Brick Court, where Kenthwaite had his chambers.

"Doing anything?" he asked, as he walked in.

"Nothing," replied Kenthwaite. "Go ahead!"

Hetherwick sat down, and lighted his pipe.

"You know Sellithwaite, don't you?" he asked when he had got his tobacco well going. "Your town, eh?"

"Born and bred there, and engaged to a girl there," replied Kenthwaite. "Ought to! What about Sellithwaite?"

"Were you there ten years ago?" demanded Hetherwick.

"Ten years ago? No—except in the holidays. I was at school ten years ago. Why?"

"Do you remember any police case at Sellithwaite about that time in which a very handsome woman was concerned—probably as defendant?"

"No! But I was more interested in cricket than in crime, in those days. Are you thinking about the woman Hannaford spoke of in the train to the chap they can't come across?"

"I am! Seems to me there's more in that than the police think."

"Shouldn't wonder. Let's see: Hannaford spoke of that woman as—what?"

"Said she'd been through his hands, ten years ago."

"Well, that's easy! If she was through Hannaford's hands, as Superintendent of Police, ten years ago, that would be at Sellithwaite. And there'll be records, particulars, and so on at Sellithwaite."

Hetherwick nodded, and smoked in silence for awhile.

"Think I shall go down there," he said at last.

Kenthwaite stared, wonderingly.

"Keen as all that!" he exclaimed.

"Queer business!" said Hetherwick. "Like to solve it."

"Oh, well, it's only a four hour's run from King's Cross," observed Kenthwaite. "Interesting town, too. Old as the hills and modern as they make 'em. Excellent hotel—'White Bear.' And I'll tell you what, my future's brother is a solicitor there—Michael Hollis. I'll give you a letter of introduction to him, and he'll show you round and give you any help you need."

"Good man!" said Hetherwick. "Write it!"

Kenthwaite sat down and wrote, and handed over the result.

"What do you want to find out, exactly?" he asked, as Hetherwick thanked him, and rose to go.

"All about the woman, and why Hannaford cut her picture out of the paper," answered Hetherwick.

"Well—see you when I get back."

He went off to his own chambers, packed a bag, and drove to King's Cross to catch the early afternoon train for the North. At half-past seven that evening he found himself in Sellithwaite, a grey, smoke-laden town set in the midst of bleak and rugged hills, where the folk—if the railway officials were anything to go by—spoke a dialect which, to Hetherwick's southern ears, sounded like some barbaric language. But the "White Bear," in which he was presently installed, yielded all the comforts and luxuries of a first-class hotel: the dining-room, into which Hetherwick turned as soon as he had booked his room, seemed to be thronged by a thoroughly cosmopolitan crowd of men; he heard most of the principal European languages being spoken—later, he found that his fellow-guests were principally Continental business men, buyers, intent on replenishing exhausted stocks from the great warehouses and manufactories of Sellithwaite. All this was interesting, nor was he destined to spend the remainder of his evening in contemplating it from a solitary corner, for he had scarcely eaten his dinner when a hall-porter came to tell him that Mr. Hollis was asking for Mr. Hetherwick.

Hetherwick hastened into the lounge, and found a keen-faced, friendly-eyed man of forty or thereabouts stretching out a hand to him.

"Kenthwaite wired me this afternoon that you were coming down, and asked me to look you up here," he said. "I'd have asked you to dine with me, but I've been kept at my office until just now, and again, I live a good many miles out of town. But tomorrow night—"

"You're awfully good," replied Hetherwick. "I'd no idea that Kenthwaite was wiring. He gave me a letter of introduction to you, but I suppose he thought I wanted to lose no time. And I don't, and I daresay you can tell me something about the object of my visit—let's find a corner and smoke."

Installed in an alcove in the big smoking-room, Hollis read Kenthwaite's letter.

"What is it you're after?" he asked. "Kenthwaite mentions that my knowledge of Sellithwaite is deeper than his own—naturally, it is, as I'm several years older."

(Copyright) (To be continued)

# THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL CHARACTER OF ADVERTISING ART

WE are far from home in a great, strange city, in a country with whose language we are not familiar. Unfamiliar pictures and ideas either wound our sensibilities or die away as a call unheard. We feel alone, separated from the world about us, in a condition of confusion, such as arises in the mind of every conscientious being as soon as he feels that he has lost touch with his surroundings.

Suddenly, at the corner of a street—an advertising sign, a poster or a window display catches the eye and holds it. Or we turn over the pages of a magazine and suddenly stop at an advertisement which seems as familiar to us as an old acquaintance, whose very name seems that of an old friend.

But these pictures and names are only the names of firms or of their goods: Kodak, Parlophone, Philips, Electro-Lux, Ford, Citroen, Côté, Palm-olive, Chesterfield and they suddenly make us one with our fellow-men, who seemed so strange to us and to whom we now feel ourselves related. We do not speak the same language, but we use the same camera and the same loud-speaker, wash ourselves with the same soap and smoke the same cigarettes.

And this is the point where advertisement becomes in our consciousness the agent of human brotherhood, a word which to some people is no more than empty echo and which yet comprises some of the most profound truths. These people whom one meets in strange lands are of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, their nervous system is the same, they suffer from the same aches and pains, they have the same wants, however many divergencies there may be in the actual outward form of their civilisation. Their senses are subject to the same illusions, their feelings react to the same depths of emotion, their understanding expresses itself in the same manner.

The advertising artist who wishes to convince them, to rivet their attention, to prove to them the uses of some product or incite a desire to possess it, must in the end make use of the same simple arguments which scarcely differ from one another. He says to these men and women of his audience: "You will be strong, you will be beautiful, you will overcome sickness, suffering, boredom, death"—and again "You will be loved, preferred, you will have power, more power than others, you will run quicker, run farther..."

Such are just about the simple ideas which the imagination of the artist must clothe in the most fascinating and convincing form—without any distinction of nationality. Therefore advertising art has an international character, although this is perhaps not a characteristic of advertising art alone, but one which it

shares with all other arts, inasmuch as they are the expression of human truths common to all mankind. But there is the difference that fine art is merely endeavouring to express an idea, whereas advertising art, using coarser means, must compel the applause of the masses.

Ever since there has been such a thing as advertising, it has been found to be the best means of winning the masses. Here we have an instrument of international propaganda which to-day is enlisted only in the service of commerce and industry, but which might be made to serve a far more noble purpose, namely, the cause of peace, which according to Pascal, is "man's highest good".

Indeed, an examination of universal advertising, while revealing the deep underlying unity of mankind, at the same time displays at the first glance the differences which distinguish the nations, differences which reflect the influence of climate, the character of the soil, race, education and manners and customs.

We can distinguish between American, German, French and Italian advertising, however much the countries may influence, imitate and exchange ideas with one another.

This is not at all to be regretted, for is it not precisely one of life's charms that there should be contrasts, differences, nuances of variation in the identity of the true? If it be good for every artist to preserve his individuality, then it must also be good for any people, not to attempt to resemble its neighbour, but to adopt and adapt only those elements which appeal to its own nature.

In the end we must recognize that advertising art is more subject to the influences of its country and its age than any of the fine arts, for instance, painting. The painter is free to choose his subjects at will, he can create things that please himself, even if he should not encounter anyone who shares his admiration. The advertising artist must work up subjects which have been exactly prescribed for him by economic conditions, his country and his age. This is particularly true in times like the present, when supply and demand no longer go hand in hand and the heads of commercial enterprises incline to turn to the advertising man as their rescuer, the man who can influence the masses and increase consumption in a measure adequate to absorb the prevailing over-production.

The advertising artist must exercise influence, and in order to acquire such an influence over the mass of the public, he must pandy to their likings. With but a few exceptions, his efforts are not confined to influ-

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# AGE AND YOUTH IN ADVERTISING

AGE and Youth, these two eternal contrasts in life, naturally grave the symbols of their will and effort, hopes and endeavours into the mysterious Gorgon's mask of advertising. Youth strives after success and power. Age defends its position. As a means of propaganda, to be sure, youth has a monumental advantage over age. Age indeed, is also used as an object of demonstration, but mostly only in order to show how strong and healthy, that is, how young someone feels on account of using the advertised panacea daily. As a rule, however, youth dominates as an advertising bait. Never was the urge to keep young, by all possible means, stronger than it is to-day. The motto "It's no virtue to be young" comes down from ancient days. To-day to be young is the highest virtue, carrying the greatest privileges. Therefore the advertiser takes pictures of youth to work with. In advertising as a profession, too, the youthful spirit is much valued. Age, with its experience, is not reckoned so high as the daring and unchecked energy of youth. Venerable wrinkles are despised, even though wisdom may have graven them. As far as possible, they are massaged out of existence. The young generation is a battle-cry. People who had the misfortune to be born in the last century, make shame-faced attempts to disguise the fact. A particular characteristic of the youth of to-day is its radicalism. Every moderate opinion arouses hatred. Does radicalism also express itself in advertising? Well, we might cite modern typography. But the elect and the inelect have written so much on the subject that it suffices to mention the mere catchphrase.

Graphic form is an important element of advertising, but it is nothing more than an element. Text can seldom be avoided. Does the radicalism of youth become evident in the text-captions? If we ignore the practice of certain text-writers of beginning sentences and proper nouns with small letters instead of capitals—which after all is purely an outward pose and has nothing to do with the meaning of the text—then we do not find much evidence of a new spirit. We may at once acknowledge that there are isolated instances of a new eloquence in captions to be observed. But they occupy no dominant position in professional circles. Their predominant feature is a certain itch to instruct, an elaborate and ingratiating verbosity—characteristics which we are accustomed to regard as attributes of advanced maturity. It is the same in this case as in many others: the impulse comes from without and not from experts within.

Experts soon grow old (speaking professionally, that is). Age makes a man cautious. This is why advertising texts by experts are nearly always so gracious, so windy and so empty of content. One must go to the amateurs to find out anything of real importance about

the new tone in advertising of our day. In the small advertisements, which are usually not composed by professional advertising men, you will find the signs of the times more strongly marked than in the large advertisements of manufacturers of patent goods. Here, in the small advertisements a new note is forcing its way, often clumsy and exaggerated, but demanding attention betimes if we want to realize its soul. It is therefore extraordinarily instructive to study a number of small advertisements with an unprejudiced and open mind (naturally a limited number, but typical). The reader will soon observe that we have not chosen examples because they are worthy of imitation but just as signs of the times.

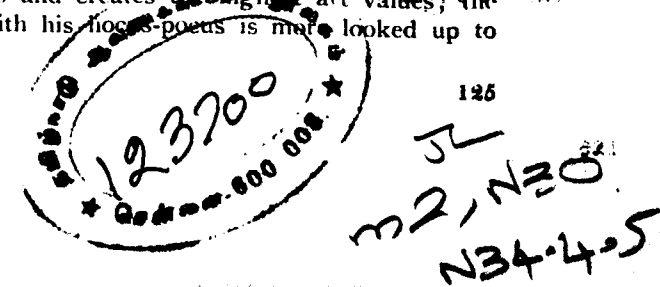
Even Veterans can learn to Play the Piano in 2—3 mths correctly from notes! Marvelously easy. Unequaled success.

Discovery of a blind musician.

Prospectus No. 80 free from etc., etc.

Even veterans!—Formerly, in such cases, we said "A child can do it," in future, one must say "A veteran can do it." This advertisement certainly does not bear witness to any particular reverence for age. These advertisers apparently regard an elderly person as the clumsiest thing in existence. The idea behind this advertisement is the following: However foolish and clumsy anyone may be—we have discovered a method which is so incredibly easy to learn that even old people can grasp it. Poor old people! Once they were objects of reverence and were looked up to, to-day they are a quantité négligeable, at the best useful as an object of derogatory comparison, to indicate, the intellectually inferior. Really any young person ought to be ashamed to learn piano-playing by this method, for he would not wish to put himself on a level with old veterans! And—let us imagine that the three months did not suffice to convert the aspirant into a perfect piano-player, what then? Then he may as well give up the ghost, for he has the evidence of complete idiocy certified him on the printed page.

And now to the blind musician: Why does the advertisement make a special point of the fact that the invention with the unequalled success was discovered by a blind musician? To arouse our pity? Or is this a proven fact that blind musicians are better pianists than those who can see? None of all this. The advertiser is counting upon a remarkable human trait, the inclination to believe that abnormal or unusual people are gifted with higher powers. Popular superstition is inclined to think more of a blind musician than of one who can see. The armless Raphael or the eddy boy with an artistic bent ranks higher with the masses than the artist who has learnt his profession, possesses all his members and creates the highest art values, the charlatan with his lousy poems is more looked up to



than the learned physician. Credo quia absurdum. (I believe, because it is impossible.)

This advertisement is also worthy of special note because it shows how irreverent impudence is linked often with the most ancient and deep-rooted prejudice, and how barefacedly and cynically both are acknowledged. Quite in the spirit of the new objectivity is the next advertisement:

Money to any amount!

X. Y. in Z.

Here we have an advertiser who knows exactly what his clients want. Money to any amount! Besides the name and address, no other communication is necessary. A client urgently in need of money is particularly apt to succumb to the laconic brevity of this eloquent and enticing advertisement. Just as typical is the following application for a position:

Elegant young Lady

perfect

private secretary

steady-handed

Chauffeuse

experienced, competent linguist

seeks suitable sphere of action,

preferably private employer. Apply, etc.

Even at first sight, there is a good deal that is worthy of notice in this advertisement. But there is far more to be read between the lines. A private gentleman who does not possess a very comfortable car in addition to an extremely well settled income will scarcely risk providing this experienced, competent linguist of a secretary with a suitable sphere of action.

We will content ourselves with this small selection. It serves to show how the impresario of a blind musi-

cian (to-day one should say manager), a beauty parlor, a money-lender and a private secretary and chauffeur react to the world crisis. If the advertisement "Money to any amount" be the most successful of all, one must not forget the fact that it is also the one which promises the most success. It is not hard to find purchasers for money. Here the demand is large, whereas in the labour market the supply is large. Of the applicants for positions, the private secretary is the best expression of the spirit of the age. She is young, but already experienced and understands how to guide a car and—as she seems to think—also the private employer who owns the car. Private secretary and chauffeuse—a typically modern double profession.

Thus the new generation advertises. With such means it confronts the already established and tries to take up the fight. In spite of all contrasts, age and youth are dependent upon one another. Nevertheless it cannot be denied that property and power to-day are still in the main in the hands of age. How does age respond to this new form of advertising? Age is always apt to mistrust the new. The relentless, cynically objective manner of the young generation must be doubly repellent. What must an old gentleman, who must still pay the costs of training his nephew or grandchild, feel when he reads an advertisement like "Even veterans" and so on? Or the proprietor of a business, when an application for a position contains nothing more than a mention of nobility (as if it were a trump card) and the guarantee of youthfulness? Would it not be wise of the young generation, in view of the fact that their elders still enjoy property and power, to pay a little more consideration at any rate in their advertising, to age and its mentality?

#### THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL CHARACTER OF ADVERTISING ART CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

encing a small number of chosen spirits, on the contrary he must carry conviction with the broad mass of the public. This is why advertising in every country seems to reflect the popular character, such as is attributed to every people.

The Americans with their preference for fine-looking young people, fresh young girls, well-preserved elderly gentlemen, show their loyalty to the ideal of a healthy life, in which gymnastic exercises take up more room than philosophical speculation and comfort is more important than pure esthetics.

French advertising might be regarded as a compendium of everything that is being done. Here we find the best and the worst, the newest creations and the most abject imitations, the boldest experiments and the dustiest traditionalism. There are traces of the influence of all nations but these are worked up anew

and sorted by minds with a perfect genius for assimilation. We find repellent vulgarity cheek by jowl with perfectly preserved ancient tradition of taste and inimitable elegance; we find the narrowest chauvinism and the most humane internationalism.

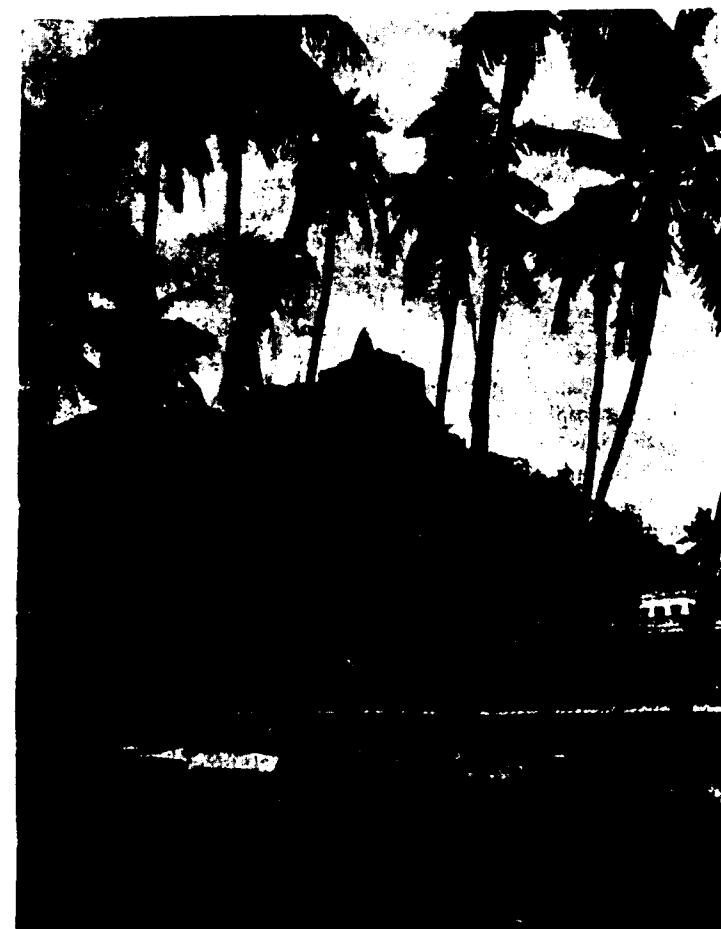
The great characteristic of French advertising—inasmuch as it can be regarded as a characteristic—is the endless variety of its manifestations. No doubt one of the reasons of this is that in this individualistic country, every artist is more prone to follow his own path than he would be anywhere else, since he feels no obligation to tread in the footprints of any previous generation. This is why foreign artists feel at home in France and are so speedily recognised.

I consider it unnecessary to enlarge further upon the national and international character of advertising art.



## INDIA IN OUR LENS LIGHT

Top Left—Temple Music, Right—Holy Car Festival, Triplicane; Bottom Left—Hill Temple, Tirukalukundam, Right—Mahabalipuram.



## THINGS OF INTEREST

### German-made special machinery for agriculture in tropical countries.

A special branch of the engineering industry in which Germany enjoys a particular reputation is that for the construction of agricultural machines used in tropical and subtropical countries. Thus, for instance, Messrs. Fr. Haake—one of the leading firm in this domain—have brought out the following machines among many others: machinery for husking and separating raw groundnuts, for shelling groundnut kernels according to the centrifugal system, for ginning cotton by means of roller gins fitted with rollers made of buffalo leather or paper or by means of saw gins (the former kind being used for long-stapled and the latter for short-stapled cotton), for ginning kapok, for shelling cotton or kapok seeds, for disintegrating and cleaning such seeds, for splitting cocoanuts, for grating coconut pulp, for separating coconut fibres, for general disintegrating purposes, for separating thick-shelled nuts (e. g., corozo, coquito, cocode, babasson and paraguay nuts) from their shells, for shelling coanuts and hazelnuts, etc.

This long series has recently been enlarged by two further innovations brought out by the same firm. One of them is used to separate the seed-cases from the fruit of the castor oil plant, which is effected between two adjustable horizontal rubber disks (oilproof), the lower of which rotates. The seed-cases are then removed by means of the suction separator attached to the machine. The second innovation serves to shell the beans of the castor oil plant and to remove the shells after such separation. A centrifugal apparatus is used for this purpose, whilst the shell is removed by means of a suction separator.

Equally indispensable to agriculturists in tropical and subtropical countries are the excellent machines turned out by the Grusonwerk Department of Messrs. Friedrich Krupp A. G., who specialise in plants for the manufacture of cane sugar, such as rolling mills for extracting the juice from the canes as they leave the plantations. Seeing that the price for sugar has been exceedingly low for a number of years past, producers find themselves compelled to extract a maximum of juice from the canes. This means that there must be high degrees pressure between the rollers, whilst there will also be a very considerable strain on the machines. The life and efficiency of the rollers largely depend, however, on the quality of the materials used for their making, because there are certain limits in connection with the size of the rollers which cannot be exceeded. For this reason the rollers are manufactured from the best possible kinds of materials.

Another speciality of the Grusonwerk is represented by the Corona machines for the manufacture of sisal. The simplest type of a sisal machine is the raspador. It consists of a revolving drum fitted with a knife by which the pulp is removed from the leaves until the bare fibres are exposed. The most primitive kind of raspadors are worked by hand. In larger plants machines with several drums are used, and the leaves are made to pass through them automatically. This type has been turned out for decades by the Grusonwerk and has undergone numerous modifications in the course of time. Its latest development, known as "Corona IV", represents the highest degree of efficiency, the raspador drums being fitted with bearings which can be adjusted to a nicety. It thus becomes possible to adjust the drums themselves in such a manner that the hemp is absolutely clean when it leaves the machine. The ideal before manufacturers is a machine which turns out fibres completely cleaned, washed, dried and pressed into bales. Although it has not yet been possible to achieve this end, its realisation is only a question of time.

The new Raoeng pulpers—another speciality of the Grusonwerk—are a great improvement on the older types. It is a well-known fact that the coffee beans are surrounded by a pulp which has to be removed before they are suitable for further treatment. But even then they are still covered with a kind of film, so that it was necessary until recently to subject them to a process of fermentation. The plant formerly used for this rather complicated process consisted of a machine—the pulper—by which the pulp was removed, a number of large tanks in which the beans were allowed to undergo fermentation for several days, and a washing machine. When the coffee beans left the latter, they were dried. The Raoeng pulper enables all this work to be done with the aid of mechanical friction in one single process, so that considerable savings can now be effected, more particularly in regard to the number of hands employed.

By means of constant consultation with the producers of rubber the Grusonwerk engineers were able to turn out some extremely efficient machines for the treatment of raw rubber. The juice obtained from the rubber-producing plants (*Hevea brasiliensis*, etc.) is made to coagulate. The cakes thus obtained must then be subjected to a rolling process with a view to depriving them of their water contents, this being necessary for purposes of transportation and storage. Two different methods are in use in order to effect rolling. The first is called the sheet process, by which the soft rubber cakes are transformed into sheets. Small rolling

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## MONTH IN INDIA



There is clearer appreciation now of the extent of the disaster which last month's earthquake spread upon North-East India. The worst affected areas are certain districts in Bihar where a desperately difficult problem confronts Government and other relief agencies of providing food and shelter to thousands of persons rendered homeless and of aiding peasants whose fields have been drowned by floods. Estimates of casualties still vary but as His Excellency the Viceroy has stated in his appeal for relief fund "there has been appalling loss of life, countless homes have been destroyed and over a wide area property and possession have been annihilated and have ceased to exist."

Relief measures will have to be undertaken on a very large scale unless famine and diseases are to follow one of the worst earthquakes that have afflicted India in modern times. The catastrophe cannot be measured by the death roll alone whether it be five thousand or ten thousand. Following the destruction of their property—in some districts whole towns and villages have been wiped out—the suffering of the poor is bound to be acute. Already hit hard by the economic depression, they have no margin of wealth to fall back upon and the reconstruction of their homes and villages is beyond the scope of individual efforts. It is up to every citizen in India—no matter where he resides to give whatever you can afford to provide relief for the people of the stricken area.

The Ceylon State Council recently passed a resolution urging the British Government to amend the terms of the constitution that has been in force since July 1931. It is suggested that the reserve powers vested in the Governor should be abolished and that the Ceylonese Board of Ministers should have full financial control. The Legislature has in short demanded "dominion status" for Ceylon. It is however significant that not a single member of India, European or Moslem parties in the State Council voted for the recent reform proposals. There are six Indian Members in the present council headed by the Hon. Mr. Peri Sundaram, the Minister of Labour, Industry and Commerce. Not one of those members believed that further reforms would be of benefit to Ceylon to-day. Clearly they do not believe that the interests of the Indian community will be safe if self-government is granted to the Island.

The feelings of insecurity that would undoubtedly exist amongst the Indian in self-governed Ceylon can

hardly be exaggerated. There are 1½ million Indians in the Island at the present time out of a total population of 5½ millions, yet there are only six Indian members in a State Council of 53. No fewer than 37 Sinhalese members, however, represent the 3½ million of their community. Competent observers maintain that self-Government in Ceylon would result in the interests of the Indian being largely at the mercy of the Sinhalese majority community.

The latest report of the Public Health Commissioner with Government of India has arrested considerable attention in the country, for, its outspoken comments. Major General J. D. Graham has indulged in a retrospect of the decennium during which he has held office as Public Health Commissioner and his conclusions are of a far-reaching character. Careful study extending over a life time has led the Health Commissioner to the deliberate conclusion that it is useless to talk of India's economic uplift unless the problem of improving public health is simultaneously tackled with vision and courage. He complains that public health has not received the attention from the Central and Province Governments which its importance deserves, and that its implications are apparently not yet realized, notwithstanding the revelations contained in the latest census report and the plea periodically made by experts.

It is officially announced that the Madras Air-Taxi Service will operate a bi-weekly air service between Madras and Calcutta stopping at Gannavaram, Vizagapatam and Puri to connect the East and West bound services of Indian Trans-Continental and Indian National Airways. The first plane on this services will leave Madras for Calcutta on 10th Feb. and the reverse direction will leave Calcutta on the following day.

"It is the duty of the legal profession to enforce and maintain obedience to Law and when an open and defiant violation of the Law comes from a member of a profession, that action implies a defect of character which renders the member in question unfit as a pleader" was the observation made by the Calcutta High Court recently, which suspended Chandra Benode Das, pleader, Sunamganj (Sylhet), for practice for six months from February. Das was called upon by the Court to show cause why he should not be dealt with under the Legal Practitioners Act for his conviction in connection with the Civil disobedience movement for assisting an unlawful Association.



## CURRENT TOPICS



### LONDON

The existing vacancies in the Indian Forest Service have been at present left unfilled and recruitment to the service has been suspended for reasons of economy, stated Mr. R. A. Butler (Under-Secretary for India) in the House of Commons last week, in reply to a question asked by Wing-Commander, A. W. James.

The possibility of an Anglo-American current war was discussed by the Hon. Rupert Beckett, Chairman of Westminster Bank, London, in a speech at the annual meeting of the Bank on 31st January. He expressed the opinion that such a conflict was unlikely unless it was proved that 60 per cent. dollar would detrimentally affect Britain's export trade. In that even a cash between the trade interests of the two countries might culminate in a disastrous currency tug-of-war. This possibility he added however remote must be guarded against but it was more probable that the British equalization fund would support the pound in the event of any strong buying of francs by the American fund and correct any artificial under-valuation of the pound and over-valuation of the franc.

### BERLIN

The Foreign creditors of Germany have reached a provisional understanding with the Reichsbank. For the next six months ending June 30 the Swiss and Dutch creditors will continue to receive full interest on their loans, but others will receive compensating advantages, for instance their script, issued during the next six months will be purchased by the Gold Discount Bank at 67 per cent. which means that the Bond holders will get approximately 76.9 per cent. of their interest.

Herr Hitler has ordered the police not to interfere in the German Protestant Church dispute and to refrain from making arrests, domiciliary searches and confiscations. The Nazi church authorities have been simultaneously forbidden to ask the help of the police against defiant pastors.

### RUGBY

Programmes received from local authorities in connection with the Government's five years' scheme for the abolition of slums show that the demolition and replacement of 224,515 houses containing over 1,000,000 persons is contemplated.

### CAIRO

A Royal decree which it is suggested is designed to protect the constitutional regime of Egypt has been published enacting that henceforth new ministers shall swear fidelity to the King, the country and the Constitution.

### COLOMBO

Hopes and fears regarding the prospects of rubber restriction kept the local market in a spirit of great uncertainty. Apparently the favourable news received from Europe resulted in the rapid rise of many shares and also in the price of commodity, though the latest telegram from Hague, couched in somewhat bearish language, may possibly have a slight damping effect, if only temporarily. The Bullish factor however is the news that the Minister of Agriculture and lands of the Ceylon Government who is conferring with representatives of local rubber interests will consider the situation arising from the recent negotiation between British and Dutch representatives. An official announcement in this connexion is anticipated.

### NEW DELHI

Interesting particulars are now available from a Lhasa message received here regarding the question of succession to the late Dalai Lama. It is learnt that the Regent will be installed pending the discovery of a new Dalai Lama. It seems probable that the Administration will be carried on by the authorities who have acted since the power personality of the late Dalai Lama was removed from the scene of his labours. The Prime Minister, who is a layman, has a Cabinet of four Ministers and is assisted by some high Military Officials and the heads of three chief monasteries. And then there is a Tibetan Assembly. Prayers are being offered, adds the message, throughout Tibet for the speedy re-incarnation of the Dalai Lama. No belief is placed in the report from Peking that a new Dalai Lama has been found on the outskirts of Lhasa. The new ruler is not usually found until three or four years after the death of a Dalai Lama. The Dalai Lama normally gives some indication before the death as to where his re-incarnation will be found. He may for instance leave instructions for a search to be made in a village with such and such characteristics. Children born about the time Dalai Lama died are then examined for certain traits of which the length of the lobes of their ears is apparently one. Those children with

the maximum number of these characteristics are questioned and on the strength of their replies a further selective process takes place. The Regency lasts until the young Ruler is eighteen. There can therefore be no question of a search being made for the new Dalai Lama at present as it is held in Tibet that children likely to be the incarnation of a deceased ruler, are not intelligent enough until the age of three or four to answer the ritualistic questions addressed to them at the testing ceremony. The latest news of the Tashi Lama who fled to China as a result of a quarrel with the Dalai Lama is that he is going to Nanking from inner Mongolia where he has been attending a conference. The quick selection of a Regent has apparently spoilt his chances of assuming the post. The death of his late Holiness, who was a strong ruler has made no difference in respect of the peaceful condition of Tibet internally.

### NAGPUR

Whether a "Gandhi note" bearing the words Rs. 15,000 constituted property within the meaning of Sec. 379 I. P. C. was an interesting point of Law discussed in the Court of Mr. F. H. Staples, Additional Judicial Commissioner on 31st January, in a criminal revision application filed by Vithal Babu Mahar against the sentence of 16 stripes on a charge of stealing a note by the sub-divisional magistrate of Amraoti. Mr. Staples ordered notice to be issued to the District Magistrate to show cause why the conviction should not be set aside.

### PATNA

An interesting manuscript of an earthquake 100 years ago recorded by Muslim divines of Phulwari-sharif Muslim shrine at Patna has been discovered. It records that 100 years ago Bihar suffered from a similar violent earthquake which started in the Nepal Valley and extended as far as Madras giving graphic descriptions of the earthquake scenes then. It says that considerable areas were flooded, many lives were lost and buildings destroyed. Shocks were felt at intervals for about a year.

### MUSLIPATAM

Cholera which prevailed in various parts of the district is abating and many villages are already free. The District Board appointed a special staff to combat the epidemic and the arrangements were being supervised by the Rajah of Chellapalli, President of the Board.

### MADURA

At a meeting of the Madura Municipal Council held on 26th January under the presidency of Mr. Umapathy Ayyar, a motion brought by Mr. G. Alagiriswamy Nayudu requesting the council to sanction a contribution of Rs. 1000 for H. E. the Viceroy's Earthquake Relief Fund, was voted down on the ground

that the present finances of the Council did not permit them to take such a step.

### PONDICHERRY

The Government of Madras have issued an order on the petition of certain members of the Valavanur Panchayat Board stating that it had been brought to the Government notice that acute faction among the members of the Valavanur Panchayat Board in the South Arcot District has paralysed the Administration Report for 1932-33 and not yet been passed by the Board, that arrears of taxes and other dues amounting to over Rs. 2,500 remained uncollected, and that the salary of the office staff had not been paid since April 1933 and that of the sweepers and scavenging establishment since June 1933. This state of affairs clearly shows, observes the Government that the Board has persistently made default in performing duties imposed on it by Law, and that faction has rendered it incompetent to perform those duties. Therefore under sub-sec. 2 of Sec. 45-A of the Madras Local Boards Act the Government hereby call upon the Valavanur Panchayat Board, the Villupuram Taluq Board and the South Arcot District Board to show cause, if any, within one month from the date of this order, why the Panchayat Board should not be superseded for a period of one year under sec. 45-A (1) of the above Act.

### TRIVANDRUM

Sir Mohamed Habibullah who has been appointed Dewan of Travancore in succession to Mr. T. Austin, will it is understood, arrive here on February 18th and assume charge of his on the following day.

### VIZAGAPATAM

A syndicate of the Andhra University, it is understood, has recommended to the Academic Council that steps be taken to institute pass courses in B. A. and B. Sc. degree examination in the University Colleges with effect from the Academic year 1934-35 in Mathematics, Philosophy, History and Economics for the B. A., and Physics and Chemistry (main) and Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry (subsidiary) for the B. Sc.

### ANANTAPUR

"Indians are wonderful in passing resolutions in conferences; wonderful in making huge organizations and asking for all sorts of things. But when we are called upon to put our shoulder to the wheel, some psychological paralysis overtakes us. You engage in a long discussion 'Is it right or is it wrong?' 'This is our natural weakness.' This observation was made by Sir Radhakrishnan, Vice-Chancellor of Andhra University, in the course of his presidential address at the 14th College Day celebration of the Ceded Districts College. He exhorted the students "to pour the fruits of contemplation into the energy of action".

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mills are required for this treatment. In small works they are used singly, drive being effected by hand or by belting. In large works, however, they are used in series, and belt drive is exclusively resorted to. The second method is that by the crepe process, in which hard rubber cakes are used. Heavy machines are required for this purpose, because of the greater resistance offered by the hard blocks or cakes. The work can only be done in large undertakings, the rolling mills being installed in rows of four or more. By making use of high-power batteries of the most modern types it is now possible to achieve results far superior to those previously achieved. The thin crepe bands

turned out by the rolling mills are combined in the manufacture of crepe soles, for which purpose either the standard types of crepe machine are used or special ironing mills with pressure rollers made of rustproof steel. The progress made in tropical and subtropical agriculture thanks to the German machines of special type is exceedingly great. Without them the agricultural development of South America or the colonial territories would be unthinkable. The firm of Fr. Haake—among others—has acquired a considerable amount of experience in this domain and has constantly brought out new and improved designs ever since 1902.



THE TALE SPINS PAGE

The new office boy had been instructed how to answer callers. Just before noon a man asked, "Is the boss in?"

"Are you a salesman, a bill collector or a friend of his?" the boy inquired.

"All three," was the answer.

"Well, he's in a business conference. He's out of town. Step in and see him."

Sonny (at breakfast)—I don't understand it, I don't. "What, sonny?"

"How chickens know the size eggs that fit my egg cup."

A farmer came home suddenly from town and found the hired man in the house kissing his wife. The embarrassed farm hand packed his suitcase, and started to leave.

"Where you goin'?" inquired the farmer.

"Goin' in town. You don't want me any longer after what's happened, do you?"

"Don't you worry about that, Ed," replied the old man, "you put your grip back in the bunk-house, an' if you an' me can't love 'er enough, by gum, I'll hire another man!"

Stagehand—What's the leading lady peeved about?

Electrician—She was making a quick change backstage, when she called for tights, and I thought she said lights.

"Well, doctor, how am I?"

"Very well; your legs are still a bit swollen, but that doesn't disturb me."

"Sure, doctor, if your legs were swollen, it wouldn't disturb me, either."

Doctor—Pat, you did a very bad job on my walk—it's all covered with dirt and gravel.

Pat—Yes, doctor, and a lot of your jobs are covered with dirt and gravel, too.

John, who was visiting in a distant city, received a telegram from his wife reading, "John, remember you are a married man."

His answer read: "Telegram received too late."

Cop—Madam, didn't you see me hold up my hand?

Lady Driver—I did not.

Cop—Didn't you hear me blow my whistle?

Lady Driver—I didn't.

Cop—Well, I guess I might as well go home. I don't seem to be doing much good here.

First Gambler (at race track)—Say, do you know that Lady Godiva was the greatest gambler who ever lived?

Second Gambler—What, that dame? How come?

First Gambler—She put everything she had on a horse, didn't she?

"Going to a fire?" asked the traffic officer sarcastically of the speeding motorist.

"W-well, not exactly," answered the motorist. "Just trying to prevent one."

"Yes, and how were you going to do that?"

"Well, the boss said that's what he'd do if I were late again, and I was hurrying to get to the office in time."

Him—I can read your thoughts.

Her—Well, what are you waiting for, then?

Judge (in traffic court)—I'll let you off with a fine this time, but another day I'll send you to jail.

Driver—Sort of a weather forecast, eh, Judge?

Judge—What do you mean?

Driver—Fine to-day—cooler tomorrow.

A teacher in an arithmetic class was having a bit of difficulty with six-years-old Johnnie.

"Now, I'll try one more example," she said patiently, "so think hard and see if you can't get the right answer this time. In a room are your mother, father and baby brother. How many does that make?"

"Two—and one to carry," was the snappy reply.

Dear Editor: If you don't quit printing those jokes about stingy Scotchmen I'll quit borrowing your paper.

We understand that the Students Aid of Vassar is publishing a booklet of advice for girls on house-party dates. The title, probably, will be, "What Every Young Lady Should No."

Bill Yeagher, of the Master Crib, says his wife is too smart for him. We learned that she recently asked Bill for a new fur piece. "Wty darling," replied Bill, "I bought you one two seasons ago." "Yes," she replied, "but you must remember the fox had it three years too!"

Capt. Sniff—Sgt. Bjones, don't you know you are exposing yourself to an imaginary enemy over there three hundred yards away?

Sgt. Bjones—Yes, sir, but I am standing behind an imaginary rock twenty feet high.

**Messrs. Peirce, Leslie & Co. Ltd., Cochin, Calicut and Mangalore**

**COIR AND ROPING YARNS.** Since our last report has been fairly steady with a rise by a couple of rupees in certain grades partly due to European firms' purchases and partly due to poor arrivals because of the paddy harvest season. Market is slightly easy at present.

*Current Market prices are as follows:—*

|                    | Average price | Rs. 72/- |
|--------------------|---------------|----------|
| SUPERIOR ANJENGO.  | "             | 68/-     |
| ORDY. ANJENGO.     | "             | 62/-     |
| IMT. ALLAPAT.      | "             | 90/-     |
| REAL ALLAPAT.      | "             | 70/-     |
| ARATORY YARN.      | "             | 64/-     |
| FINE WEAVING YARN. | "             | 40/-     |
| ROPING YARN.       | "             |          |

per candy of 6  
cwt. baled wt.  
terms.

**PEPPER.** Since our last report the market has fluctuated to some extent on account of Indian and European demand. From Rs. 20/- as per our last report the market rose at the beginning of this month to Rs. 25/- but due to complete absence of interest it has now fallen to about Rs. 22 8/- per cwt. ready garbled ex godown

**GINGER.** Since our last report there has been a general demand for India and a certain amount of business has also been transacted by European firms. Current quotations are:—

|                                                   |             |
|---------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| Ra. 13/- per cwt. garbled ex godown for Bleached. |             |
| Ra. 11/8/- " " " " " "                            | Unbleached. |

**COCOANUT OIL.** As this is the season for large arrivals of Malabar Copra and as there is no demand for Oil the market is very weak. Present quotations:—

|          |                                |
|----------|--------------------------------|
| Rs. 58/- | per candy of 600 D. lbs. ready |
| " 58/-   | " " for 1 month delivery.      |
| " 58/-   | " " for 2 months "             |

**COPRA.** Tendency of the market is weak. Demand poor and arrivals on the increase. Daily arrivals now about 300 candies. Present quotation Rs. 37/- per candy of 656 lbs. for ready delivery.

*Calicut Market as on January 24th 1934.*

**COIR YARN.** Market remained steady throughout the month owing to European and Indian demand. Present quotations:—

## TRAIN TIMINGS

Arrival and departure of the principal trains at Central and Egmore Stations (Madras) and the times of arrival and departure of the same trains at termini elsewhere in India

|                     | DEP:                   | ARR:                | DEP:                 | ARR:                    |
|---------------------|------------------------|---------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| CALCUTTA MAIL       | Cen. Station 8-30 P.M. | Calcutta 10-20 A.M. | Calcutta 7-10 P.M.   | Cen. Station 8-25 A.M.  |
| BOMBAY MAIL         | Cen. Station 8-40 P.M. | Bombay 6-00 A.M.    | Bombay 10-00 P.M.    | Cen. Station 5-55 A.M.  |
| BOMBAY EXPRESS      | Cen. Station 8-30 A.M. | Bombay 10-15 A.M.   | Bombay 1-45 P.M.     | Cen. Station 5-05 P.M.  |
| GRAND TRUNK EXPRESS | Cen. Station 9-20 A.M. | Delhi 10-00 A.M.    | Delhi 4-30 P.M.      | Cen. Station 3-30 P.M.  |
| BANGALORE MAIL      | Cen. Station 9-30 P.M. | Bangalore 6-35 A.M. | Bangalore 9-00 P.M.  | Cen. Station 6-15 A.M.  |
| BANGALORE EXPRESS   | Cen. Station 1-00 P.M. | Bangalore 7-40 P.M. | Bangalore 7-40 A.M.  | Cen. Station 2-10 P.M.  |
| BLUE MOUNTAIN EXP.  | Cen. Station 9-15 P.M. | Ootacamund 12 NOON  | Ootacamund 8-00 P.M. | Cen. Station 6-35 A.M.  |
| MALABAR EXPRESS     | Cen. Station 8-03 P.M. | Mangalore 4-20 P.M. | Mangalore 9-55 A.M.  | Cen. Station 7-15 A.M.  |
| WALT AIR PASSENGER  | Cen. Station 7-30 P.M. | Waltair 9-45 P.M.   | Waltair 6-25 A.M.    | Cen. Station 10-30 A.M. |

|                                     |           |
|-------------------------------------|-----------|
| Quilandy Yarn per candy of 70) lbs. | Ra. 47/8- |
| 1st Quality Beypore                 | do. 50-   |
| No. 1 Beypore                       | do. 45-   |
| No. 2                               | do. 40-   |
| No. 3                               | do. 35-   |
| Fine Unsoaked Yarn                  | do. 33-   |
| Kallai Unsoaked Yarn                | do. 24-   |
| Parapanagandy                       | do. 16-   |

**GINGER.** Market was strong on account of purchases to cover bear sales to Europe and also due to Bombay demand. Current quotations:—

|                                    |          |
|------------------------------------|----------|
| Bold Cherrad per candy of 700 lbs. | Ra. 95/- |
| Ordinary           "       "       | 80/-     |

**PEPPER.** There were some fluctuations during the month owing to European demand and probably also due to the covering of bearing sales. Market is slightly easy at present.

Price per cwt. f.o.b. Rs. 27/6/-

*Mangalore Market as at date.*

**PLANTATION COFFEE.** During the first week of January the Mangalore market was quiet with prices down to Rs. 40/- per cwt. ex bags Mangalore for fair average quality Assortment. This quiet period was of short duration and since about the end of first week of January we have had a firm to strong Market with prices rising until the close of the month, fair average quality spot Assortment is worth Rs. 46/- to Rs. 46/8- ex bags Mangalore.

The quantity of coffee marketed in Mangalore during the month has been rather less than usual for January owing to adverse weather conditions which has slowed down curing.

Prices being offered by Europe have improved considerably during the month.

**NATIVE COFFEE.** Comparatively small quantities of Native Coffee have been marketed in Mangalore during the month and have found a ready market up to Rs. 206/- per candy of 576 lbs. for good quality coast cured Cherry.

A limited amount of business has been done in Mysore and Coorg planting centres during the month for forward delivery at up to the equivalent of about Rs. 190/- per candy of 576 lbs. for Mangalore delivery whole crop Native coffee.

As in the case of Plantation Coffee prices being offered by Europe have improved considerably.

**CASHEW NUTS.** During the month the Bombay price of raw cashews has risen to a small extent and now stands at the equivalent of about Rs. 3/- per moora of 65 lbs. Mangalore delivery.

Enquiry for cashew kernels from U. S. A., has been poor during the month.

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9. **Bovotens**.—Best tonic powder for cattle and growing calves and is a good lactagogue. This improves the appetite and general condition of the animal. Fattens the cow, sweetens the milk and at the same time increases the yield of rich and creamy milk. Price per 4 lbs. Tin Rs. 3-8-0. 2 lbs. Tin Rs. 1-12-0.

10. *Specific for Fowl-pox or Rancholet Disease*.—Acts wonderfully well. Price per 4 oz. Bottle Rs. 2.  
*Specific for Rheumatism*.—A wonderful Specific for all kinds of pains and sprains. Price per bottle As. 8.

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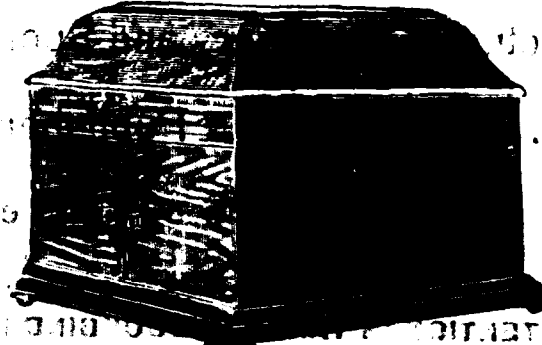
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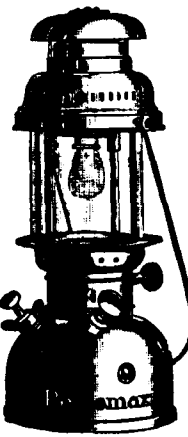
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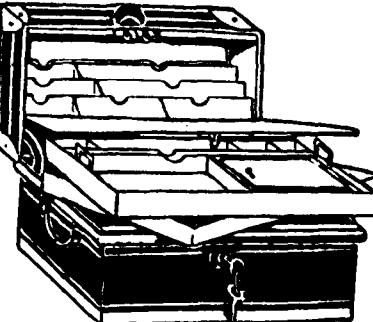
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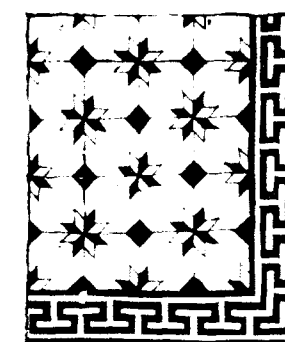
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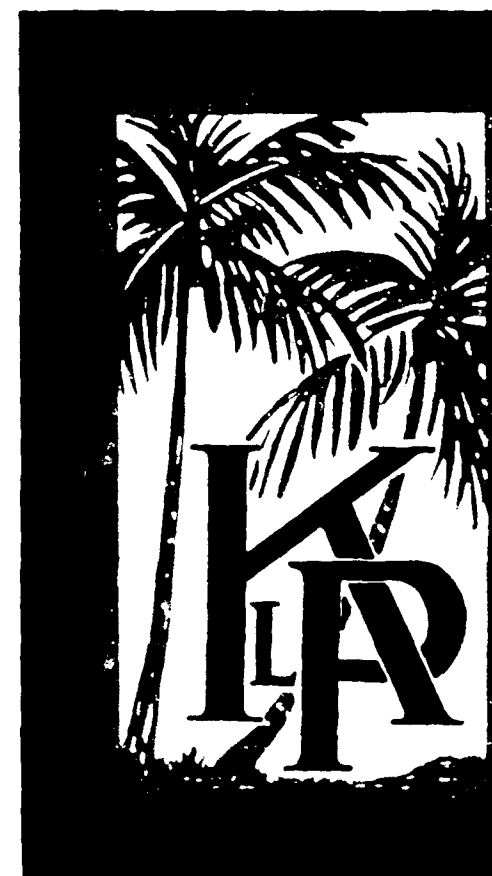
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