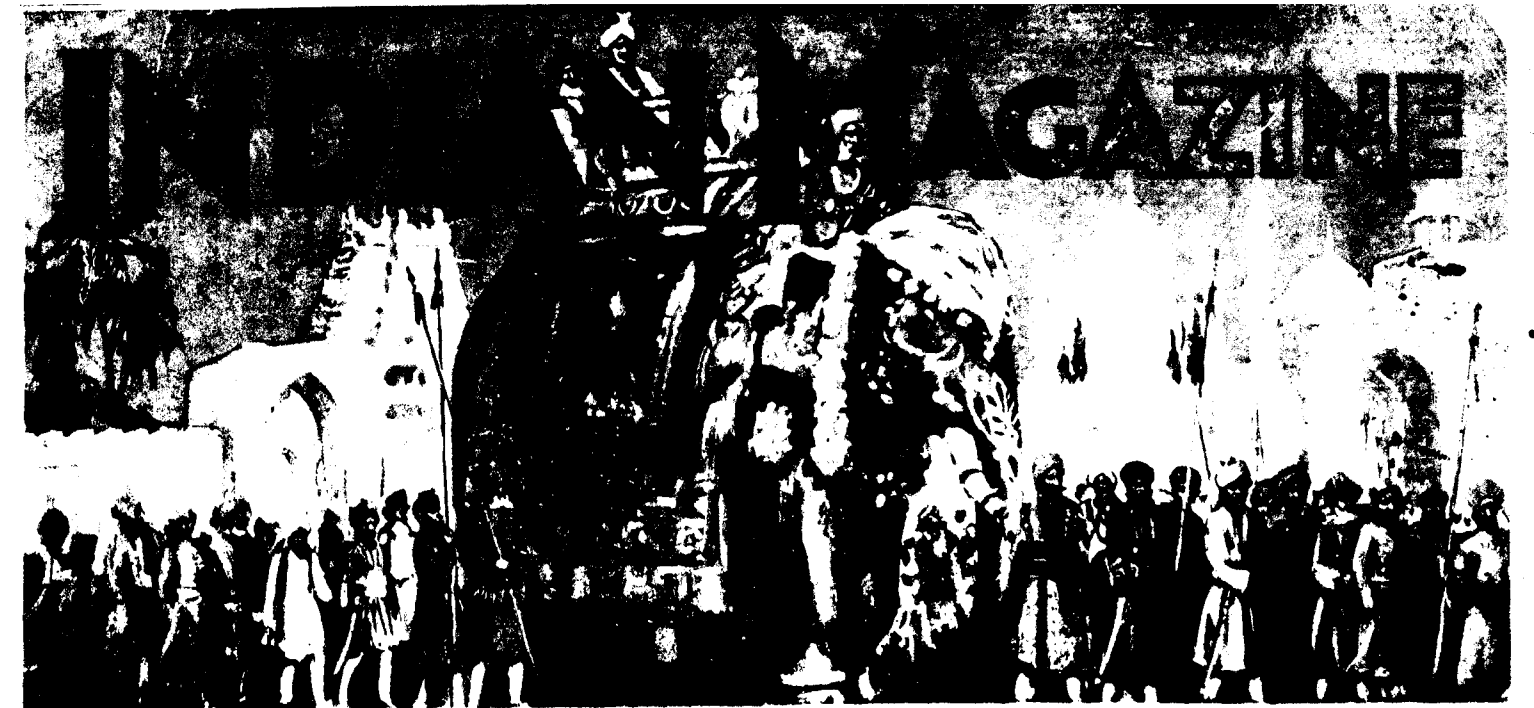




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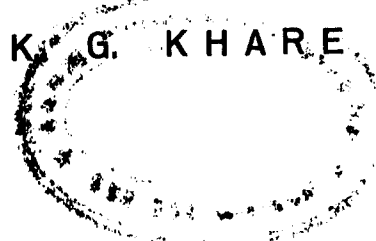
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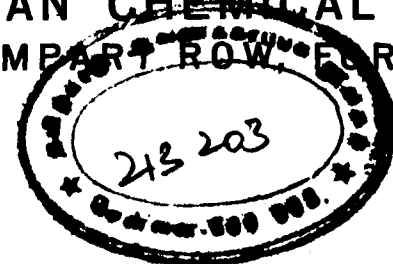
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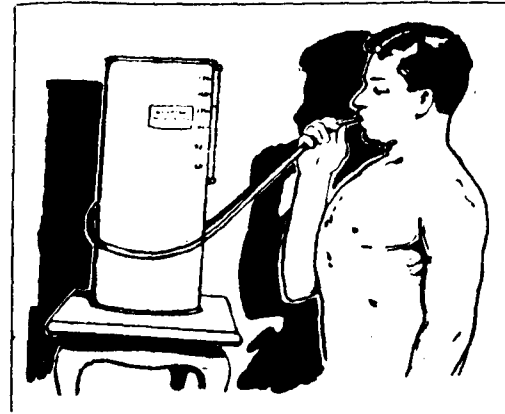
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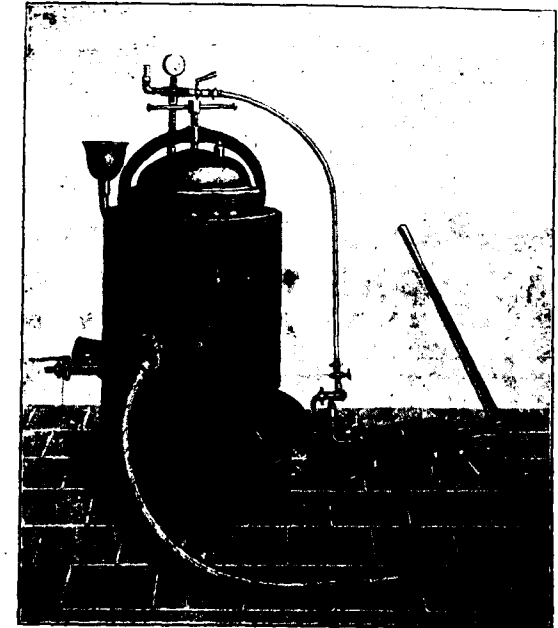
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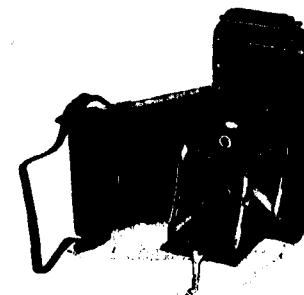
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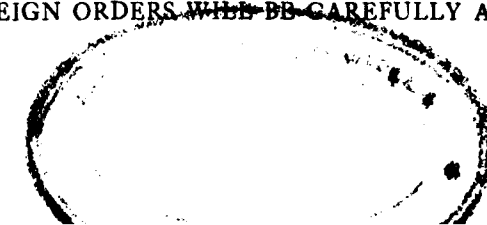
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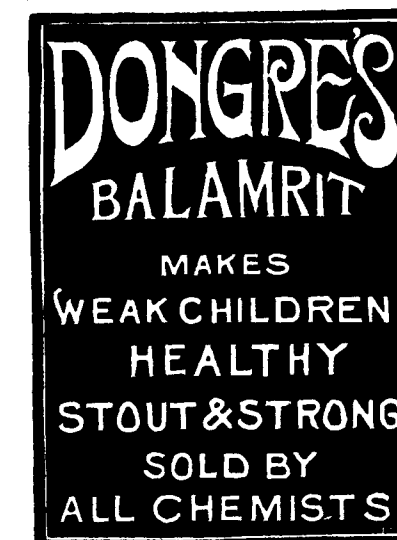
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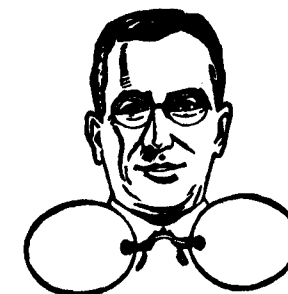
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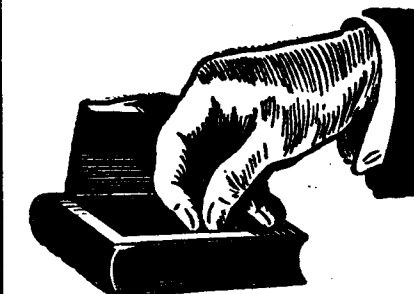
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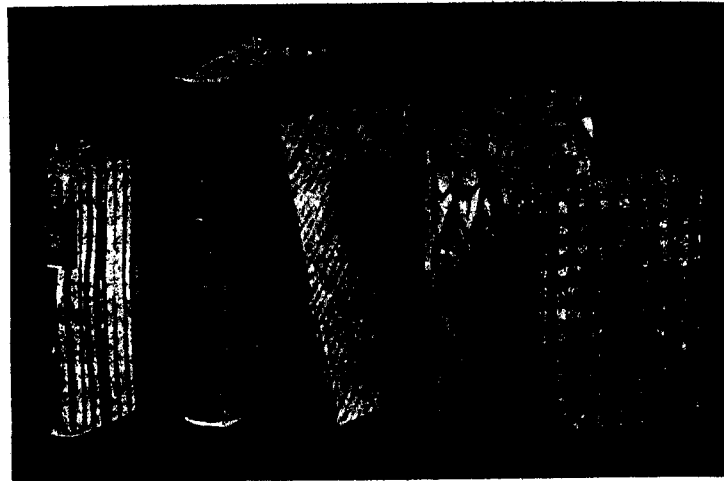
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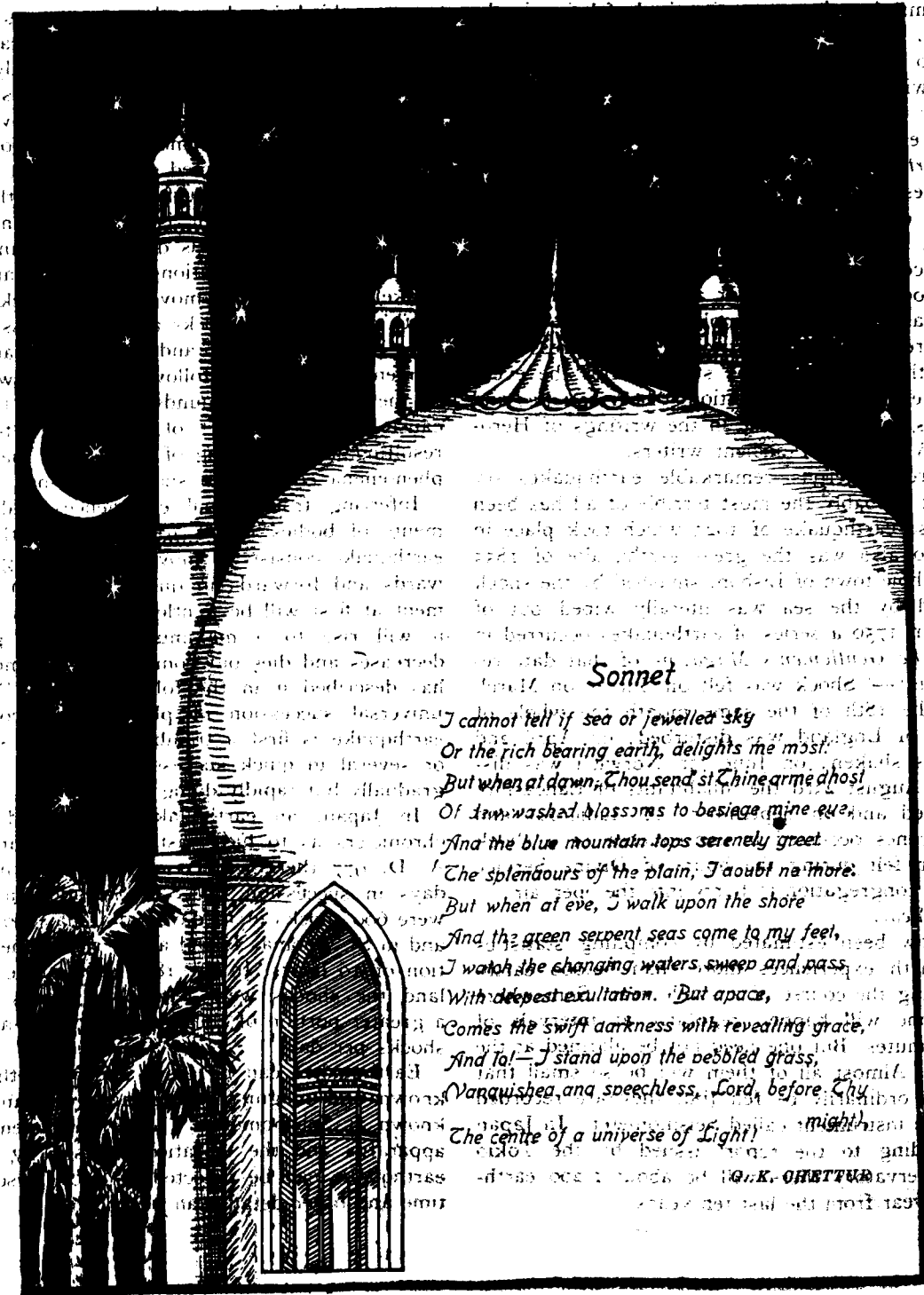
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Sonnet

I cannot tell if sea or jewelled sky
Or the rich bearing earth, delights me most.
But when at dawn, Thou send'st China arms ahost
Of low washed blossoms to besiege mine eye,
And the blue mountain tops serenely greet
The splendours of the plain; I doubt no more,
But when at eve, I walk upon the shore
And the green serpent seas come to my feet,
I watch the changing waters sweep and pass
With deepest exultation. But apace,
Comes the swift darkness with revealing grace,
And lo! I stand upon the pebbled grass,
Vanquished and speechless, Lord, before Thy
The centre of a universe of Light!

G. K. ORETUA

EARTHQUAKES

SOME FACTS ABOUT THEM

"THIS earth of ours, encircled on all sides by the seven mighty seas, is borne on the shoulders of eight divine elephants standing at the eight principle directions of the compass. These elephants that bear the weight of the world have been standing for thousands of milleniums that they get quite tired of being in the same place. So they occasionally change their posts. In doing so the earth trembles at the point where the support is withdrawn and the result is an earthquake." In this way the pious Hindus of ancient India used to explain an earthquake.

Biblical Earthquakes.

The earliest mention of an earthquake is made in the Bible when one occurred in Palestine under the reign of Ahab in B. C. 918. Another, the most terrible of all took place in the reign of King Uzziah in B. C. 811 when it shook the ground for a long time and completely devastated a fine temple. The people of the country were so much awe-stricken and impressed by the shock that an epoch was started after the event had happened. Numerous mentions of earthquakes and their results have been made in the writings of Herodotus, Pliny and other ancient writers.

There are numerous remarkable earthquakes on record. But probably the most terrible of all has been the Japanese earthquake of 1923 which took place in Kwanto. So also was the great earthquake of 1855 when the whole town of Lisbon, smashed by the shock and flooded by the sea was literally wiped out of existence. In 1750 a series of earthquakes occurred in England. *The Gentlemen's Magazine* of that date records it thus:—"Shock was felt on Surrey on March 14th. On the 18th of the same month the whole of South-west of England was disturbed; on April 2nd Chester was shaken; on June 7th Norwich was disturbed; on August 23rd the inhabitants of Lancashire were alarmed and on September 30th ludicrous and alarming scenes occurred in consequence of a shock having been felt during the hours of Divine Service causing the congregation to hurry into the open air." 60,000 An Year.

It has now been estimated by compiling statistics that the earth experiences more than 60,000 earthquakes during the course of a single year. Somewhere or other, one will happen regularly at intervals of about 10 minutes. But one need not be alarmed at the huge figure. Almost all of them will be so small that they cannot ordinarily be felt (but they are recorded by a delicate instrument called Seismometer). In Japan alone according to the report issued by the Tokio Central Observatory there will be about 2,200 earthquakes per year from the last ten years.

In order to understand the principle causes of earthquakes, one must know the exact shape of the earth. Probably many think that it is a perfect ball—while the fact is that its diameter from one pole to another is shorter by 27 miles than the diameter near the equator, this being due to the action on its crust by the rotation. As everyone knows tides are caused by the attraction of the earth by other heavenly bodies especially the Sun and the Moon. In the same way as the form of the sea is changed regularly the earth's crust also undergoes some changes in form. Usually these changes are effected gently without causing any visible motion on the surface of the earth—but occasionally the adjustment is made suddenly with the result that the surface is distorted and an earthquake is the result. The vibrations that accompany an earthquake are due to the movements of rocks inside the earth's crust. These rocks are under pressure of many tons per square inch and when they are displaced tremendous vibrations follow shaking the whole surface of the land that surrounds the origin. This shaking causes the softer part of the ground to give way resulting in the opening of cracks and the other usual phenomena common in such happenings.

Inferring from actual experiences and the movements of bodies which are subject to the shock an earthquake consists of movement of the ground backwards and forwards in quick succession. The movement at first will be gentle, then after a few seconds it will rise to a maximum and then gradually it decreases and dies out completely. A famous scientist has described it in the following way. "The almost universal succession of phenomena recorded in an earthquake is first a trembling; then a severe shock or several in quick succession and then a trembling gradually but rapidly dying away."

In Japan, an earthquake is recorded by ancient chroniclers as to have lasted for 60 hours. Again in A. D. 977 there were a series of shakings for 300 days in succession. At San Salvador in 1879 there were 600 shocks in 10 days; at Lima, 200 in 24 hours and in St. Thomas Island about 285 in the short duration of 10 hours. In the 1848 earthquake of New Zealand the shocks were felt for 5 weeks and during a greater portion of the time there were actually 1000 shocks per day.

Earthquakes can be easily recorded, their position known and magnitude determined by an instrument known as Seismometer. This is an extremely delicate apparatus and the vibrations caused by any distant earthquake can be detected at once. Also the actual time and other details can be known.

In this connection it will be of interest to know that the Chinese hundreds of years before detected earthquakes. In A. D. 136, Choka, a scientist completed an instrument by which he was able to detect earthquakes happening in any direction. It was an ingenious invention and the principles employed very closely resemble that of a modern Seismometer.

Devastating After-Effects.

Many will be the devastating after-effects of an earthquake. No structure however strongly built can stand the shaking given. Many are completely razed to the ground; many more experience smaller shocks which cause the roofs and the upper stories to fall while the more fortunate ones escape with slight crackings in the walls. This house-falling causes the greatest number of deaths. At Lisbon in 1755, the earthquake took the citizens unawares and before they had time to get out of their houses a very large number of them perished in the debris of the very same roofs that had sheltered them a few minutes before. The whole town was laid bare within five minutes and the total number of dead were 50,000, while many more were mortally wounded.

The next important changes wrought on land is the opening of cracks or fissures in the ground. In small earthquakes they may be a few inches deep and wide and many yards long while in bigger ones as the Calambrian earthquake one of the cracks was 100 feet in breadth and 200 feet in depth while the length was more than a mile and a half. In some cases these fissures appear at the first shock and by the next they are again closed. In this way many have perished by falling in and being entombed and crushed to death by the repeated shocks. In 1692 a very pitiable scene was witnessed in Port Royal. At the first shock small fissures were formed at some places. Many unconsciously fell into them. In the next second everyone of the cracks closed again. Many of the victims were caught in the middle and the poor wretches unable to extract themselves out of the deadly grip slowly perished. Their heads and shoulders visible over the surface of the ground afterwards because the food for the hungry dogs which prowled about the city.

The Angry Earth Spits.

In some cases these fissures throw out materials like water, mud, ashes, vapours, gases and even flames. On many occasions along with the boiling

water and the mud the bodies of the fallen men will be thrown out. After an earthquake in Japan some of this fissures emitted poisonous vapours that 3,000 people died immediately inhaling it. Thousands of rat, mice and other vermin were also destroyed. If these cracks happen under the seas, the poisonous vapours will kill a countless number of fish and other inhabitants of the sea. Fire is another immediate result of an earthquake. Once some 30,000 houses in Japan were burnt down on account of the fire caused by an earthquake.

Rivers overflow their banks after a shock has been felt but some also dry up. The drying up is caused by huge rocks being thrown across their courses thereby forming a dam. In this way new lakes are formed and when the lake fills up the river will flow through a new course. If an earthquake proceeds from the bottom of the sea huge waves will be formed. These waves rolling on land have caused unimaginable havoc among the port-towns. During that memorable Lisbon earthquake a series of waves 30 to 60 feet higher than tide waves proceeded towards the already devastated city and completely drenched it. So powerful were they that a great portion of the survivors who had sought shelter in the open air were drowned.

Seas Recede Back.

Some seas go away from the coast. Thus in Jamaica Island the sea went off a mile inland from the former shore. In many other places the sea after remaining for two or three hours away from its usual position has returned again with a greater force. On October 28th of the year 1724 when Lima (in Peru) was destroyed by an earthquake the sea rose and proceeded inland. There were 29 ships in harbour. Of them 19 were sunk and the rest were stranded many miles inside the coast. In the 1923 earthquake of Japan, the gulf of Tokio which was formerly 2500 feet deep became shallow and measured only 500 feet the rest 2000 feet being occupied by the land raised. Again in 1819 there was an earthquake in India in which a vast area of land near the Rann of Cutch (Gujarat) sank under the level of the sea.

Can modern science that has achieved so many things that were once considered as impossible effectively fight and control earthquakes? The answer to that question lies in the bright future that science hopes and strives for.

N. N.



EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES

RECENT earthquakes in Northern India have called attention to the most terrible and mysterious characteristics of the earth beneath our feet. The catastrophe in Ischia, some years ago overwhelming a brilliant and pleasure-seeking society with an array of tragic circumstances that recalls the disaster of Pompeii, has brought home to European sympathies the horror of those tremendous phenomena that are of yearly occurrence on the far shores of less familiar lands. Science, however, tends to assure us that these exceptional cataclysms are merely the more striking examples of the working of an ever active process that tends to shift the field of its effects from land to land, and that bears an essential part in the daily economy of our earth, adjusting the fair proportions of mountain, plain, and sea, varying the bounds of climate, and maintaining the innumerable harmonies of animal and vegetable life. But the results of science, as regards the deeper sources of the phenomena, are strangely conflicting and obscure; the simple theories assumed in the infancy of geology have been tried and found wanting; and the ancient allegory of the buried giants whose struggles were evinced in the earthquake and the eruption was at least, in its frank admission of ignorance, more rational than the foolish dogmatism of many popular explanations of our day. Observation and patient research are rarely, however, without reward. In seeking the solution of fascinating enigmas we gain valuable information on many matters of high practical interest. We gather new facts regarding the resources and the economy of our immediate habitation. We gain novel and suggestive though ever partial outlooks on the infinitely complex machinery of nature. Often we learn that seemingly trifling circumstances, long despised or forgotten, are the true keys to the interpretation of the grandest natural events.

While spending a summer in the island of Ischia I had occasion to carry out excavations in an ancient burying-ground, situated a few feet above the sea, beside the village of Lacco. Together with a coin of Antoninus Pius, found in the mouth of a skeleton, I extracted many glass vials employed about the same date for containing the tears of the friends and relations of the deceased. A few feet below the surface the volcanic heat was like that of a Turkish bath; but during the seventeen centuries through which the brittle glass had been exposed to the pressure of a few feet of earth and stones the temperature could never have much exceeded, and probably never attained, the boiling-point of water. Yet the vials had been crushed, twisted, and folded, as though composed of wax, and clearly by no other force than the long-continued pressure of the few feet of soil, assisted by the moderately-heated vapour which penetrated it throughout.

A few days since, in a Spanish lead mine, my atten-

tion was called to a thick vein of granite similarly softened, at a depth of about sixty yards, simply by pressure and moisture; and often in the deep mines of Cornwall and Germany I have met with similar examples of the plasticity induced at moderate temperatures in the hardest rocks by long-continued pressure and moisture. Yet, like the glass vials of Ischia, a brief exposure to the air restores the very specimens dug out with the fingers from a freshly-broken surface to a hard and brittle condition that would lead one to imagine that their dents and twistings could only have been effected in a state of fusion.

Near where I live, a distinguished member of the French Institute of Sciences has constructed an observatory, within which is a solid tower of masonry about forty feet in height. At the bottom is a well of mercury, from which a ray of light is so reflected that the minutest vibrations of the structure can be registered in the field of a microscope fixed at the summit of the tower. Seventeen years ago I first witnessed the startling movements of the earth thus revealed to science; and from before that date a record has been registered of movements previously unsuspected. These are not only daily, but sometimes during a whole day an incessant oscillation of the earth can be detected; although earthquakes, as commonly recognised, have rarely been registered in the district.

The collection of such facts, and the daily endeavour to apply them as keys to the interpretation of the intricacies of mountain precipices and subterranean excavations, forms, perhaps, the most fascinating of scientific pursuits. To do it justice requires incessant change and unrelenting toil. The pictures that are imprinted on the memory are of the strangest and most vivid contrasts. The soft mysterious outlines of the Mediterranean volcanoes, with all their wondrous teachings of the power and work of fire, recall the shabby little laboratory in Paris, where a famous scientist is gradually producing with a crucible and a gas-jet the most perfect imitations of every form of volcanic product, or remind one of the great smelting works at the roots of the Brocken, where pools of molten silver flash like fairy mirrors, and streams of glowing slag pour down the iron floors. The wild bare precipices of the Spanish Pyrénées, scoured into dusky canons by torrential rains, and cleared of vegetation by the torrid sun, recall the deep and watery mines where the inner structure of such mountain masses must be sought by the light of the miner's lamp, amidst the reverberations of dynamite and the incessant echoes of the hammer and the drill. The chemical laboratory, the assayer's furnaces, the microscope, and the museum are no less necessary to such pursuits; and even in remoter fields of action, while working canon in naval evolutions, or watching the bombardment of towns in Italy and Spain, I have

gathered no less instructive lessons than when driving the miner's drill or wielding the furnace rake. For in such experiences one finds due elements of comparison with the earthquake shocks and the volcanic outbursts that leave in memory a peculiar imprint—the memory of hurrying crowds rushing from their swaying houses and calling loudly on the Virgin and the saints; of the dusky glow of Stromboli, as I have seen it on a black winter's night, lighting the faces of four hundred men on the deck of a heaving liner, tossing helplessly with shivered topsails in a gale, or again reflected in the deep blue water while steaming past it on calm summer evenings; or of the glorious peak of Etna, piercing far above the drifting clouds, delivering its thin stream of vapour from its solitary and snowclad summit, as if belonging to some other structure than that of any earthly mountain, or of such Greek islands as Santa Maura, where in all the town that skirts the bay you see no house above a storey high, because of danger from perpetual earthquakes.

The direct observation of such phenomena imparts a living interest to the splendid records of scientific research that are gradually tending to throw light on the inner workings of our earth's economy, and to class the earthquake and the volcano as inevitable accidents of slow but incessant processes that have originated and that maintain the diversity of land and sea, and all their beautiful adaptations to the variety of life. But it is well to bear in mind that such researches are but the work of imperfect intellect, dependent on fragmentary observations, struggling with innumerable illusions and bounded by the inevitable limitations of human energy and life.

The actual results of research, as they stand at the present date, are summarised in a masterly work by Suess, of Prague,* who has specially devoted himself to the branch of science which deals peculiarly with earthquakes and volcanoes. As this work has the rare merit of presenting an impartial survey of the very latest results of observation, and in a form singularly exempt from the empty pedantries of dogmatic speculation, a summary of its contents will afford an outline of what we really know regarding those subterranean workshops where the earthquake and the volcanic outburst are gradually elaborated.

Lyell has suggested the wondrous processes of subterranean activity that would meet the eyes of an intellectual gnome, such as might flit with dusky pinions through the hidden recesses of the solid rocks. Suess prefers to picture the inhabitant of another orb penetrating the brown clouds of terrestrial vapour that enwrap our planet, and viewing with an eye unwarped by preconceived opinions the most striking features of the earth's accessible and already investigated surface. The great leading features of the boundaries of land and water would first impress him; above all, the wedge-like form of the continents, ending in sharp promontories towards the south, that plunge precipit-

* "Das Antlitz der Erde," von Eduard Suess. Prag, 1883.

ously down into the depths of the southern oceans; a form that indicates the action of some widely-distributed and uniform process. He would further remark that around the Pacific the great mountain chains all skirt the sea, that about the Atlantic region they appear to run independently of the coasts, while in the intermediate region the two forms of arrangement occupy vast districts, separate, but side by side. Supposing that the same observer could next survey the details of the rocky structure as revealed in mines and by careful study of the surface, he would recognise such evidences of tremendous and repeated shiftings of the rocks as would suffice to convince him that, however general and seemingly permanent are the grand features of the earth's surface, they are really like the latest pattern traced by a slowly-turning kaleidoscope. If the same observer, entering next the schools of science, should ask the explanation of these varied phenomena, the answers would be conflicting and obscure. He would learn that the satisfactory explanation of the leading features of the earth's history must be left in great part till much laborious observation has been completed, but that already many aspects of that history are deeply interesting and brilliantly suggestive. Suess is himself inclined to believe that it is a mistake to measure the earth's forces with direct reference to the energies and stature of man, and to attempt to explain all past phenomena by such slow and gradual processes of change as happily prevail in the contemporary world. He, however, begins his book with a minute critical examination of the Biblical and other accounts of the Flood, and satisfies himself that these records of the greatest catastrophe of human times distinctly indicate a local earthquake combined with a cyclone, which together submerged the inhabited region of the Lower Euphrates. But the remainder of his work, independent of such speculations, affords the following outline of the facts of observation:—"Earthquakes are the effects of sudden shifts and ruptures of the rocks that along mountain chains are in a constant state of strain, in process of rising into greater mountains, or sinking back to be again covered by the sea. Such movements frequently arise along the great lines of fissure which mines and tunnels have abundantly revealed, often where least suspected, beneath thick loose accumulations of later soils. Volcanic outbursts naturally tend to find vent along such lines of weakness in the rocks, and are thus connected with earthquakes, but in no very direct relation. The concussions that accompany and precede volcanic eruptions are of a different and more local kind, produced by the explosions and expansions in the actual furnace of the volcano, such as would occur in most smelting operations if not prevented by special technical precautions. In the deep gorges of mountain chains, and in deep mines and tunnels, we can examine the roots of old volcanoes and study the features of innumerable fissures. The surfaces of the fissures exhibit abundant marks of powerful and repeated rubbing, as well as

innumerable instances of great mutual displacement of their sides. The volcanoes pass down into masses of crystallised rock, different from those once poured from their craters, and terminate in granite roots of considerable extent. Some examples of such granitic roots have been found in the vast precipices of America, presenting apparently isolated masses embedded in the stratified rock, like great cakes, which have never broken through to the surface; and many of the granitic expanses of geological maps may be nothing more than similar isolated cakes, exposed by the eroding action of seas and streams that have cut away the rocks that formerly covered them.

Sometimes these peculiar masses, resembling a disease of the earth's crust, are sporadically scattered in groups; sometimes their material has found vent along some extensive fissure, attaining the surface at its weakest points, and in other portions only rising towards it, squeezed upwards like the water welling through the cracks of a shrinking sheet of ice. But all these phenomena are only subordinate features of very widely extended changes that seem ever in progress over vast districts of the earth's crust, and which are evidently in the main to be attributed to a gradual settling down of the outer shell of the earth upon the smaller successive shells beneath. The tremendous lateral squeezing produced by this endeavour to adapt itself to a smaller internal circumference presses up those ridges of the outer crust that are known as mountain chains; and, with the aid of the fractures and volcanic injections, enables great tabular masses to remain aloft on plateaux, or to sink deep as ocean beds." The successive examination of the structural details of each great mountain chain bears out these views with striking force, appearing to justify the conclusion that mountains, plateaux, plains, and ocean beds act and react upon each other, so that the explanation of any prominent feature of the earth's surface must be sought over a wide area. Thus the Alpine chain is only a part of a more extensive ridge that extends in the form of a squat letter S from the mountains of Transylvania to the Sierra Nevada, the line running continuously by the Carpathians, Alps, Apennines, and mountains of the north coast of Africa; the arrangement and nature of the rocks, and their relation to neighbouring sea and plain, presenting striking similarities along the entire line. Other great mountain systems present other forms. Some features of what may be called the earth's physiognomy are, however, very generally distributed. Suess promises, in forthcoming volumes, to indicate the explanation of these more general traits. He intends, moreover, to maintain that changes in the level of the oceans have borne a weighty part in the process by which land and sea have slowly shifted their mutual places in the course of the earth's history, as registered in the fossiliferous rocks. But the great lesson of his present volume, as a summary of recent research, is the doctrine that each feature of the earth's face must be considered as no isolated structure, but as

a local effect of the mutual action and re-action of the surrounding expanses that to our limited senses seem too remote to have any practical bearing upon the problem.

Such being, according to the latest and most masterly summary of recent research, the general manner in which such phenomena as those of earthquakes and volcanoes should be regarded; we may pass on to particulars with some confidence that they will not lead us altogether astray.

Most theories on our subject have been suggested by Vesuvius. That fiery mountain has impressed the imagination of generations. The first glimpse of its drooping smoke-flag as you enter the Bay of Naples from the sea affords an altogether new sensation. The volcano rises, completely isolated, from a flat, far-reaching plain, ringed round by precipitous mountains in the distance. It has clearly risen from the sea, and all the land around it is nothing more than the accumulated ashes of its eruptions. Narrow streams of congealed lava course down the sides of the cone, and here and there extend, like rivers of black pitch, far out among the vineyard of the plain. White steam and dusky smoke perpetually pour out in great forcibly ejected rolls from the small flat platform on the summit. The daily variations of the smoke jet, now rolling down the side of the cone, now rising far aloft like a pillar, and again stretching like a long flat cloud to the horizon, according to the wind and weather, lend an endless variety to the Neapolitan landscape; while at night a dim sullen glow, varied at short intervals by bright gleams of fire, or by discharges of glowing fragments, keeps alive the expectation of an eruption. In ascending the mountain you pass by degrees from fertile soil, produced by many centuries of decay, to arid black and grey expanses of slags and ashes, resembling the barren mounds and blasted soil that surround great iron furnaces. The fresh lava streams, covered with a solidified and brittle crust, appear like heaps of great black cinders, that slip and shift beneath the feet, clinking together with a sharp metallic ring. As you approach the summit you hear a sound like the panting of a gigantic monster; as you step upon the final platform you see before you what resembles a gigantic wash-tub filled to the brim with black smooth coils of solidified pitch. From its centre, about fifty yards from where you stand, there rises an object like a dust-heap, with a broken irregular summit, and perhaps a broken valley at one side, giving access to the edge of a great well some thirty feet in diameter, with perpendicular sides sliced down through the centre of the dust-heap. Up this pit rushes steam and dust, and at brief intervals a sudden puff of denser vapour, accompanied by small stones shot perpendicularly high into the air with a sound like the report of a gun. Cautiously you approach the edge and venture to look over into the crater. Between the rushing jets of steam, here of snowy whiteness, there stained brown by mingled ashes, and sometimes black like coaly smoke, you

observe that the perpendicular walls are glowing with a dull red heat, and that some twenty feet below the edge there rise faint tongues of salmon-coloured flame.

Such was the appearance of the crater when I first saw it during a tranquil phase. A few days before a great eruption the summit still preserved the same aspect when I visited it at night; but it was then impossible to attain the edge of the great well, for it seemed filled with glowing lava vividly reflected from the clouds of vapour, and at intervals showers of molten fragments were shot from its surface, falling over some yards of the only practicable approach. The great eruption was preceded by premonitory symptoms. I heard from Professor Palmieri's assistant how the increasing frequency and intensity of disturbances of the special instruments of the observatory had warned him before daybreak that the crisis had arrived; how he had walked from the observatory, which stands on a safe, projecting ridge, towards the great cone which forms the active portion of the mountain; how as he approached its base he found the ground quaking with the violence of the concussions in the furnace, and cracks opening around him with dangerous frequency and suddenness. A little later several streams of lava broke out where this cracking process had been in progress, and gave vent, at the foot of the cone, to the whole molten mass which had slowly welled up to the summit. These streams were now gliding down the valleys on either side of the projecting promontory that bears the observatory. The lava welled out of the mountain side, accompanied by outbursts of gases and vapours that made it dangerous to approach the vent. A few yards from where it first attained the surface the stream was like liquid treacle, curling over obstacles and round corners, pouring swiftly over ledges in cataracts of fire, and bearing dark blocks of solid lava on its glowing breast. About a mile farther down the stream was already dark, presenting only scattered red points at intervals, like a heap of cinders freshly raked from a furnace. But the pressure of the still molten stream beneath the solidified crust pushed on the cooled fragments of the surface, so that the mass advanced at its extremity in the form of a broad embankment of black heaps, slowly but resistlessly progressing, with a perpetual clinking sound, caused by the rolling of the higher fragments down the advancing talus as the pressure of the hidden fluid urged them forward from behind. So little formidable was the aspect of the lava front, that when it had already destroyed the wall on one side of the carriage road, I found the whole stream of sightseers from Naples passing along the narrow channel left between the farther wall and the advancing lava, which a few hours later had completely cut the road.

Such being the typical phenomena of volcanic action, we may next find in the same district not merely numerous examples of the limited effects of purely volcanic shocks, but also examples of true earthquakes, such as that of 1857, which has formed the basis of

much of the scientific literature of the subject. About ten o'clock on a still winter's night I was sitting writing on a third floor of one of the great houses that extend along the Chiaja of Naples, towards the hill of Posilippo, where the vast masonry foundations of ancient Roman villas project far out under the clear blue waters of the Mediterranean. Suddenly, with no preliminary warning, I experienced a peculiar sensation of something new and terrible that was passing around me. It was difficult at first to realise what it was. It was not like the vibration of heavy passing carts, not like the shaking of a storm, but a rapidly increasing irresistible movement, as if the earth had been seized and shaken in sport by some Cyclopean hand. All the bells of the house rang violently. The chandelier above my head swung to and fro like a pendulum. The floors creaked and strained as though about to start from the walls. The doors seemed ready to fall from their hinges. Although the duration of the shock appeared considerable to the strained and startled senses, it in reality hardly exceeded eight seconds; but after a brief interval a second shock succeeded, lasting twice as long, and of such violence that it was estimated by observers that, had it continued only about four seconds longer, the whole of Naples would have been in ruins. As it reached its climax I saw the walls bulging out as if about to fall inwards upon me, and, unable to bear longer the protracted suspense of waiting patiently for a catastrophe that seemed inevitable, I made for the arched stone staircase of the house, and, at first with difficulty maintaining my footing on the swaying steps, I reached the street after the vibrations had died away. The wide Chiaja, extending a mile along the shore, and which two minutes earlier had been silent and deserted, was now thronged with a dense crowd, all dressed in white night-clothes, and all hurrying, terror-stricken, towards the famous church of Posilippo, the favourite shrine of the superstitious Neapolitans. It seemed like a sudden rising of the sheeted dead, thronging in a moment the streets of the sleeping city. But soon the silence of the terrified crowd was broken by the loud cries of women, calling for mercy and protection to the patrons of their idolatrous devotion.

In the southern districts of the Neapolitan kingdom some 15,000 persons perished in this earthquake, amidst the ruins of many villages and towns. In Naples I remember hearing that about eighty small subsequent shocks had been registered, in the course of the succeeding fortnight, at the Royal Observatory. During several succeeding nights the native population lighted great fires and camped around them in the streets. The legacy of terror left by earthquakes among superstitious populations, and the difficulty of exact observation when in the utterly helpless expectation of sudden death, or mutilation and entombment, has certainly rendered the records of earthquakes, before the invention of self-recording instruments, peculiarly liable to exaggeration and the growth of sensational fables.

A VINTAGE TO GLADDEN THE EARTH

Where to find the precious nectar. In the land of forgotten cares.

"The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine".

Byron—"Childe Harold's Pilgrimage".

YOU remember the story of the Drachenfels?—the legend perpetuated in "The Nibelungen", that matchless epic of Nordic saga.

You cross the Rhine in a ferry boat from Bonn to Königswinter. That brings you to the foot of the seven hills called Siebengebirge. If you lack the energy to climb, the rack and pinion railway will take you to the top in a quarter of an hour. Five minutes walk then brings you to the Drachenfels—or Dragon's Rock—the gleaming Rhine at your feet, threading its tortuous way through enchanted country. On the summit you find the ruins of the ancient castle. And nearby is the cave where the dragon lived.

Struggling hand-to-hand at home with the grim realities of life, you would scorn to waste your time listening to fairy tales. But up here you feel in the grip of some mystic spell. The other life then seems unreal. Here you can believe in the daring feats of Siegfried, hero of Germanic mythology, youngest son of King Sigmund and Queen Sieglind, setting out to fight for his fame, his kingdom and his bride, armed with the magic sword so hard that it would cleave an anvil, so sharp that it would split a feather floating in the air. Because these tales are not just the lyrics of some morbid imagination. They are rich in meaning. They are pictures of life—symbols of all that is real.

Up on the Drachenfels you feel nothing grotesque about in the idea of Siegfried setting out to slay the dragon that infested the crag and guarded the treasure hidden in the Rhine, so as to make himself invulnerable in battle by bathing in its blood. Of how this had to be accomplished by thrusting the monster through the heart. Of how Siegfried discovered the path by which the creature came down to the Rhine to drink. Of how he dug a pit, hid himself by covering the mouth with green boughs, plunged his sword into the colossal body and immersed himself in its boiling blood.

Only unluckily a leaf dropped between his shoulders and stuck to the skin, preventing one tiny place from becoming immune. And in the end, Siegfried's enemies discover the secret, trick him into stooping at a spring to drink and spear him through the fatal spot.

That story is well over a thousand years old. Had it not been true it would never have survived. Life was just as harsh to the warriors of those days as in the year of crisis 1934. The ancient Teutons were not naive enough to believe that physical dragons ever real-

ly infested the Rhine. But the mystic grandeur of this hallowed region awakened in them the same emotions that they stir in us to-day. They felt aroused to great and heroic deeds. Siegfried was their symbol. The story embodies the idealism of the whole Teutonic race. Wagner chose it as the theme of his immortal musical dramas. And when Byron visited the Drachenfels, his imagination was so inflamed that he left us this wondrous arresting four-line word picture.

But that's only the threshold of the Rhine country. All the way from Bonn to Bingen—a whole day's steamboat travel—you are passing through a country of castle-capped crests, of legend-laden landscapes. And every slope is covered with vines. They were there when the Siegfried story was told for the first time. And the wine they yielded, setting men free from the cares of perpetual warfare, was part of the enchantment of the country. How the vines succeed in getting a grip on the hill-sides at all is a mystery. The soil is poor and slatey. In places, no less than sixty per cent. of its content is rock. The threadlike roots of the wine have to force their way far down into every narrow crevice.

Warriors from ancient Rome first discovered the marvels of the Rhineland as a wine country. Its ravaging picturesqueness reminded them strongly of the mountain slopes of sunny Italy. They laid out the first stone terraces and planted the first grape vines. In the Wine Museum at Speyer, you may see two bottles of Roman wine, believed to be more than two thousand years old, probably from one of the first vintages raised by Roman legions in Germany.

Scenically, the Rhine must look now very much the same as it did then, except that the age of chivalry has intervened, built the castles that top every peak and peopled them with the shades of bold knights and the fair ladies whose smiles they cheerfully slew one another to win. As you pass by, you listen to the stories and look up at the ruins of the strongholds they left behind to perpetuate their memory.

But at least the wine of the Rhine has changed. It is nobler by far to-day than ever it was. And when we say "the Rhine" in connection with wines, we mean—of course—its tributaries the Moselle, the Ahr and the Saar as well. Time has enriched our experience and taught us skill in enticing the nectar from the bounty of Nature. But the wine only casts the full power of its subtle charm over those who know the home from which it comes.

On the Drachenfels, you drink a rich, ruby-red wine appropriately called "Dragon's Blood"—full of fire, only for strong men! It comes from one of the most idyllic retreats in Europe—the little-known valley of the Ahr. You must stay at Bonn for a couple of days if you want to make its close acquaintance. Here you

find the choicest of the red wines of Germany. And you drink them at little inns by the roadside, kept by simple peasant-folk whose faces are always abeam with good humour.

And how many people really know Assmannshausen? It is little more than a village, situated at one of the prettiest bends of the Rhine. But a jewel! Its charming old riverside hostel "Die Krone"—centuries old—is just as homely as when it was put up originally. And when that was, nobody can tell. Over one of the cellar doors is carved the date 1541.

At Assmannshausen one gets the only red champagne made in Germany. And among the treasures the host likes to show his guests is a goblet from which three German emperors all drunk on the same day! Many a poet and thinker in search of rest and inspiration has made the "Krone" his refuge.

Early October is the ideal time to go to Assmannshausen,—just after the vintage has been garnered. Especially in a good wine year. Behind the "Krone" is a narrow, twisting lane, lined with quaint old houses and rural inns. They cannot be seen from the steamer. The gables of the houses are richly ornamented with carvings. The windows are made of those curious, little leaded panes they used in the Middle Ages.

From the precincts of every tavern, after dark, come sounds of music, laughter and song. Open the door but the least little bit and you will find yourself hailed by shouts of "Herein! Herein!" from the whole company. You are compelled to go in to make one of the jovial crowd. You are expected to shout in chorus all the ballads in praise of the glories of the Rhine. The good lady of the house who brings your bottle of wine will hand you a little book to take away as memento, containing the words of the whole collection.

Geniality, merriment, exhilaration grow stronger as the evening wears on. Care is forgotten. The company chants its favourite songs again and again, joins hands round the table, rises now and again and dances from the sheer joy of living. But never a word of discord. For the wines of the Rhine animate but never make one quarrelsome. They contain no adulterans. And no matter how much you may drink down on the Rhine, you will never have a headache in the morning!

Or you cross the river from Assmannshausen by ferry to spend a day in the mediaeval city of Bacharach—a gem unspoilt by the passage of time. You are right back in the Middle Ages. Hardly a thousand people live there now and probably there were never more at any time. You may still walk right round its stone walls, sit in its rustic taverns and see the tiny back gardens where the good citizens of former days grew corn to make provision against the time of seige. You wander along among its picturesque old shops and dwellings, painted in all the colours known to nature, dreaming of the days when Bacharach thrived in a miniature world as the centre of a vast wine trade.

Finally, you pass on to Rüdesheim and Hochheim—the country where the very finest German wines are

found, the district that gave to German wines the name by which they are known all over the world—"hocks".

When you know the Rhine, you will know why there are no finer wines in the world. Admittedly, true comparison is strictly speaking impossible. For no article of commerce exists in such widely differing variety as wine. The heavy ports of Portugal, the light chiantis of Italy, the oily syrups of Greece, the light acidulations of the Moselle, the sparkling ambers of Champagne and the flowery richnesses of Tokay—are all "wine".

But none has to be so carefully nursed through to maturity as the wine of the Rhine and Moselle. Here is the most northerly region in Europe where wine can be grown at all. Every ray of sunshine must be trapped by the grapes. Neglect of the vines for a single season ruins the vineyard. And as you pass through in summer, you see people toiling away on the terraced slopes in the scorching heat of the day. The vines have to be pruned, staked, manured, watered, freed from grubs and flies, thinned of leaves to let the sunlight get at the fruit. You will, in fact, notice that in many places only one side of the river is planted with vines—the other side does not catch sunlight enough.

And every single vineyard has its own characteristic wine. Of course the variety of grape is an important factor in wine-growing. Most of the vintners on the Rhine cultivate the famous Riesling "the queen of German grapes"—the one that gives the wine the richest bouquet. Climate and soil account for subtler differences. Fineness of aroma, delicacy of fragrance, piquancy of flavour are all qualities that distinguish the products of the different vineyard from one another. But so marked are they that an expert can tell you with certainty on which side of a certain hill a given wine was grown!

There is an old saying that "Der Wein lässt sich vom Rhein nicht trennen" ("The wine declines to part from the Rhine"). To get the best, you must drink it where it is grown, among the smiling faces and hearty laughter that go with society you find on the Rhine. It is said that the old adage is indeed true—the best wines never leave the Rhine. Because wines of inferior quality would never find a sale among a population of connoisseurs.

All the same, the industry is largely dependent on export. Since prohibition came into fashion, the area under cultivation has dwindled. Many a famous vineyard has disappeared. Before the war, the United States used to buy about 20 per cent. by quantity of each vintage or 50 per cent. by value. But prohibition and the world depression between them nearly killed the industry.

At last a new prospect has opened out. This year there is joy along the Rhine and Moselle. The National-Socialist regime sees the Rhineland problem from an economic angle. Directly and indirectly, wine-growing in Germany gives employment to over 1,000,000 people.

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Instalment 4.

Synopsis.

Harvey Greaves, a pilot of some repute, flies home from abroad to find his step-brother Charles in the clutches of Hendrich Baker, a shady character, out to steal aeronautical secrets to sell at a profit. Baker, whose real name is Stefan Marcoski, holds Charles's I. O. U. for gambling debts incurred trying to win money to enable the girl with whom he is in love, Alethea Manders, to follow her flying ambitions. Harvey determines to fight Baker, but is prevented from doing so openly, lest Baker takes his step-brother's I. O. U. to their father, Angus Greaves, who sternly disapproves of gambling. Harvey is captivated by Alethea and determines to teach her to fly, hoping that she may win the £10,000 prize offered by his father for the most outstanding aeronautical achievement by a woman during the next six months. He takes Alethea off to Hendon to give her her first real lesson.

A Woman with Personality.

THREE days later Harvey Greaves took the opportunity of again calling upon Alethea Manders in Bloomsbury, where she lived with her mother in a small flat that was typical, to some extent, of Alethea herself.

It had been furnished by her in the semi-modern style out of a capital legacy left to her by the late

Colonel Manders. No trace of Victorian drabness was left. The ugliness that went with an age now past had entirely vanished, and though Mrs. Manders had considered the change an extravagance she had grown to love it mainly because it represented the revolutionary effort of her only daughter. The lounge, where tea was served, displayed how much could be done in these days on very little money—and when Harvey entered it for the first time he felt again Alethea's indisputable personality.

"Miss Manders will be down in a minute," the maid said. "Mrs. Manders is out visiting at the hospitals."

"Thank you," Harvey replied.

He took a glance around the room, observed a photograph of the colonel, and was not displeased when he spotted another of himself—an ordinary postcard some years old, sold in the shops at a period when he had been in the limelight for some aeronautical achievement. He gazed at it reflectively.

"Rather better than the tea business," he mused. "Still—the guv'nor's a great fellow. I've promised to join him, and join him I will; but first of all there are a few things to be done."

His reverie was disturbed by the sudden arrival of Alethea.

"Oh! how delightful of you to come, Mr. Greaves. I've been thrilled all day at the prospect. Mother's out—she's a dear and goes visiting people—" Alethea was a little breathless. She received his fine, steady gaze—and it did not fail to thrill her.

"I'm very glad indeed to be allowed to come," Harvey replied, taking her hand. "And I suppose," he added graciously, "your mother is the most wonderful woman on earth. I thought she would want to chaperon us!"

They both laughed.

"Oh! don't think she didn't want to meet you," explained Alethea. "She did; but even a famous airman couldn't keep her from visiting her sick friends, as she calls them."

"Splendid! Splendid!" Harvey exclaimed. "We'll meet all right, and the sooner the better. I want to meet her because—well, she must be wonderful, and I've also got something to ask her; but I'll tell you about it over tea."

In the presence of Alethea he was like an overgrown schoolboy.

Alethea poured out the tea.

"Help yourself to the foodstuffs," she said, "and make yourself thoroughly at home—if you remember what home's like after all your wanderings!"

"First of all," remarked Harvey more seriously, "I must break the unpleasant news to you." He paused. "I've heard from Hendrich again. It's pretty certain he suspects me. I'm absolutely positive, in fact, that he knows I know who he really is. He as good as told me, because he's already dangled Charlie's I. O. U. in front of me as a kind of warning not to do anything that might upset Hendrich's own little plans."

"What a rotter he must be," Alethea exclaimed.

"Well—he is; but he's a very clever one, and he'll want a bit of beating. He knows very well I can't move much, for fear he'll present Charlie's document to the guv'nor. And I don't want to see Charlie let down—fool though he is—in front of the old man."

"You're a good sort," Alethea said. "But I know how you feel. In fact, everyone feels a bit sorry for poor Charlie."

"Everyone but Hendrich Baker," Harvey assured her.

"Yet we've got to beat him," he continued. "He's up to something that isn't to his credit. And while I've not made any definite move yet, because I can't, it doesn't seem that anyone knows he's in the country."

"But you've only got to tell the right people," remarked Alethea simply.

"And while they were moving he would have seen the guv'nor with the I. O. U. and ruined Charlie for ever. No, I couldn't have that. Charlie may be a fool, but the guv'nor loves him. His own flesh and blood, you know—and partly mine if it comes to that. You can't let your own people down, whatever they may be, can you?"

Alethea nodded.

"I must help you," she said.

Harvey smiled with satisfaction. He knew he could trust this girl, might, in fact, have need of her when

his plans matured, and underneath it all was the feeling that she had come into his life so very definitely that he could never imagine her going out of it again.

"You can help me," he agreed.

"I want to," she said, and somehow, at that moment, their hands touched as Harvey received from her another cup of tea. "If it hadn't been that Charlie was so good to me I should never have met Hendrich Baker."

"And I should never have met you," cried Harvey, boldly. "Charlie's a good-natured fool—and, thanks to that, I'm here to-day," he laughed gaily.

"You see, if Charlie hadn't been such a—such an idiot as to gamble for high stakes I just shouldn't be here now, so I owe him something—a terrible lot—for that! If I had the capital at this moment I'd pay Hendrich Baker the two thousand and settle that part of the business." He paused again thoughtfully. "But I've only my allowance, for what little I've won at flying has been spent on other flying—so there you are!"

What Hendrich was After.

Alethea looked at him gravely.

"I wish I had the two thousand—I'd pay it willingly myself."

"Why?"

"Well, I'm sorry for Charlie."

"He's in love with you," Harvey said, suddenly.

"He's in love with love and a few girls as well. I don't think he knows his own mind two days running."

"Still, the evening at Threeways Manor was a queer business altogether. What I couldn't at first understand was what plan Hendrich Baker had for you."

"That certainly was queer," Alethea confessed. "To begin with he knows I wouldn't act as decoy for gambling. That was all nonsense. It may have been said to annoy Stella Wrenington and keep her up to her job. There was something deeper than that, though, I fancy."

"Do you know any important air people?" Harvey asked.

"A few—but what would that have to do with it?"

"Perhaps a lot. Hendrich Baker may have wanted to use you to worm information out of them."

"Oh, I see now!" Alethea said. "Isn't Montague Simons, the designer, working out something new at his works? Yes, that's it. Baker must have been aware that I know Mr. Simons rather well. His father was in my father's regiment."

"We've about hit it. You may hear more of Hendrich Baker yet. But you needn't trouble yourself much about that. I think we'll get him in the end. I can see what his idea was—to use you against Simons, who might suspect him, but would never think of suspecting you."

"Why didn't I think of that?"

"How could you? You didn't know anything about Hendrich Baker's other activities. But you'll know a

good deal more about them before long. Especially when he knows I'm going to teach you to fly."

"But did you really mean that?" asked Alethea almost unbelievably.

"Of course—and for a very good reason. This is where the good part of the news comes in. The guv'nor's offering a big prize for the most outstanding flight by a woman during the six months beginning with July. It doesn't give us very long—but I want you to win. You must win. It's ten thousand pounds he's offering, and I want your mother to agree to your entering for the prize."

Alethea gasped.

"Ten thousand! Why, that would mean complete freedom! Of course mother will agree!"

"And more! A big prize always leads to other things. It's your great chance, and I want you to be ready for your first real lesson to-night."

Alethea tried to possess herself in quiet happiness, but, try as she would, she could not hide her excitement. To learn to fly! And to be taught by Harvey Greaves! It was—or seemed to be—all too thrilling to be true.

"Oh! but why do you do this for me?" she asked.

Excitement Runs High.

"Well," he said, a trifle hesitantly. "It would give me considerable pleasure—and I think you'll make a fine pilot; and it's all part of a plan I've got." He was obviously disturbed, and if he had had as much courage in Alethea's lounge as he had in the air he might have given her another reason which would not have been unconnected with his heart.

"I want you to start to-night—the sun doesn't set till after nine o'clock, and I've got another machine at Hendon. It's a nice little Moth and you'll just love it. When you're through on that I shall put you on to my big bus and see how you get on then. And, of course, we've got to fix up some big stunt so that you win the money. And then, Alethea—Miss Manders—you'll have achieved your ambition, and we shall both be happy!"

He rattled on like an excited schoolboy, entirely absorbed by the question of Alethea's success, which now meant more to him than anything else in the world. If he could make her the greatest, or one of the greatest, women pilots he would be sufficiently rewarded, though there was no certainty that he could, for there are pupils and pupils, and some of the least promising turn out better in the end than those that start well. And some that begin brilliantly fail sadly later on.

Alethea began brilliantly as he was to find out that evening. Before they left for the aerodrome, Mrs. Manders returned from her visiting, and Harvey was presented to her. She was of the right stuff, he concluded, for she showed the closest interest in her daughter's prospective lesson. There was no question of opposition.

"Alethea has always wanted to fly by herself," she said. "But I really do hope it's safe, dear. Still, you

wanted to do it, and your chance has come, and I'm sure Mr. Greaves will look after you."

"You can be quite certain of that," Harvey asserted. "And before very long you'll be flying with her!" he added.

Mrs. Manders laughed.

"Perhaps I will," she said, with some delight. "That would be very exciting."

"Might be more exciting than you want mother—with me," Alethea remarked happily. "I may not be the slightest bit of good in the air!"

"Nonsense, child. If a pilot like Mr. Greaves says you'll be all right, then you will."

"Thank you," said Greaves, "and—if you'll excuse us, Mrs. Manders, we'll be getting along to Hendon."

Instalment 5.

Harvey Goes Home.

After the lesson that evening Harvey took Alethea back to her flat and then motored down to Woodcote, his father's country home. The cool night air, scented with summer blossoms, almost intoxicated him and sent wild romantic thoughts coursing through his brain.

He had been agreeably startled by Alethea's progress. She had the "touch" for flying—an instinctive gift—and though she had been very much under her instructor's control he sensed her ability and prophesied that she would make good. This "touch," common to horsemen and horsewomen, was far more valuable than fearlessness. Indeed, Harvey did not care much for the fearless type of pilot, for, as he told Alethea, so many of the fearless ones had been killed, and he insisted that it should be the ambition of all airmen to remain alive, which they might very well do without failing to perform spectacular and great achievements.

He swept through the country lanes of Surrey, avoiding the main Portsmouth road, and dreamed and dreamed. There were sweet things in his life now, though they were counteracted somewhat by the presence of Hendrich Baker. And Harvey, for the moment, was unable to move a finger, thanks to his step-brother's foolish behaviour. He intended to have it out with Charles. It was a pity the boy was in love—or thought he was—with Alethea. That, too, was a complication—a minor one, according to Harvey's conception of the affair, but a complication nevertheless.

He reached Woodcote, put his car away in one of the garages, had a bath, and went down to his father's favourite room. The Old Man's Den, they called it, because Angus Greaves was nearly always to be found there when he was at home and not entertaining. Harvey discovered Charles playing draughts with his father—an innocent family scene, he thought, and very tame work for Charles.

"Hope I'm not spoiling a move," Harvey said.

"Help yourself to a drink, boy," returned his

father. "I've got this young scoundrel beat. Absolutely tied up. Four kings to two."

Charles glanced up and watched Harvey carefully.

"Been flying, Harvey?" he asked.

"Yes—giving a few lessons to a very promising pupil."

"Oh!—back to the old business. That must be a dull game for you!"

"Not at all. I used to think instructing was the worst job in the world, but—" he sighed reminiscently as he thought of Alethea.

"A beautiful pupil," remarked Charles, laughing.

"That's the explanation. I must take up flying myself."

"You'll have to take up work, my boy," from Greaves senior.

"As a matter of fact," observed Harvey, "my latest pupil does happen to be beautiful—and she's going to prove very clever, too. If the guv'nor's not very careful his ten thousand will go to her!"

"Stow it," cried Charles. "New pupils don't walk off with big prizes straight away. You're romancing, Harvey."

"You've no imagination, Charles," retorted Harvey.

Greaves senior took one of Charlie's kings.

"Damn!" Charles exclaimed.

"How much will you lose on this game?" Harvey inquired, looking intently at his step-brother.

"You know we don't play for money," came the reply.

"Only fools play for money," Angus Greaves said, a little bitterly. "Your grandfather lost a fortune through gambling—and I had to build up another. Gambling's a mug's game." He had risen, but quickly sat down again.

Harvey noted a dark frown furrow on his father's brow. It told him that his views on gambling had not changed a little bit.

"Flying for ten thousand pounds is a bit of a gamble," Charles put in with some annoyance.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed his father. "I wish, Charles, you wouldn't be so silly. I've been converted to flying."

Harvey smiled and Charles knew better than not to hold his tongue at this stage.

"You've got to get down to the conditions of your offer, father," said Harvey. "You'd better see the Aero Club people tomorrow. They'll do all that's necessary. All you've got to do is to guarantee the money."

"I'll see to it to-morrow, Harvey."

Angus Greaves took Charles's final king and rubbed his hands with glee. It gave him considerable pleasure to win a game of any sort. His whole life had been spent in winning. "Now I'm going to bed. Just a little nightcap first. Ah! thanks, Harvey. See you to-morrow at breakfast about the great prize. Good-night my boys—and don't go dashing off out again."

The two sons watched their father retire, one in admiration, the other with a certain amount of fear which he was trying to conceal.

"What the devil did you mean by dragging in gamb-

ing to-night?" Charles demanded of Harvey, directly their father had gone.

Harvey was serious.

"It wasn't an attempt to get at you. I thought you'd think that. I just wanted to find out how bitterly the guv'nor still regarded the vice. Now I know. It's the world's greatest sin according to him. If he'd changed I was going to advise you to go straight to him and make a confession."

"What do you mean?"

"That would have saved me a lot of trouble. It would have left me free to deal with Hendrich Baker as I liked. As it is, I am tied because he has your I. O. U. And Baker's a very dangerous rogue."

"I don't believe it—bit of a scamp, if you like—"

A Straight Talk.

"Believe it or not as you wish—but take a long look at this." Harvey drew from his pocket two or three aerial photographs and passed them to his step-brother.

"They look like pretty air pictures of Threeways Manor. You're a damned good photographer, Harvey."

"Don't you notice anything special about them?"

"Only that they're exceptionally good."

"Agreed—they are. But take a careful look at the long stretch of grass leading to the dense thicket at the far end there. Do you see anything?"

Charles examined the prints carefully.

"Well, there is a kind of thin line running across it."

"Right. Now, if you were to look for that thin line on the ground you wouldn't find it. If you were to look for it from the air you also wouldn't find it. But what the naked eye can't see the camera invariably reveals."

"A Sherlock Holmes come to judgment," said Charles, lightly.

"No—only a Harvey Greaves putting two and two together from a certain amount of aeronautical experience. And a certain amount of knowledge concerning Hendrich Baker. You'd better take this seriously, Charles, for your own sake. Unfortunately, you're the pivot of this business."

"But I don't see how."

"You wouldn't. You're too dense. Hendrich Baker is holding your I. O. U. against me to prevent me from taking certain action which I will later explain to you. But for this wretched debt I could go right ahead."

"Sounds as if you're standing by me," said Charles, rather stupidly. He could not quite fathom what was in his step-brother's mind.

"Of course I'm standing by you. Also, I don't want to let the guv'nor down."

"It's awfully decent of you, Harvey. I don't know why you should really do it. But what is Hendrich Baker's little game, and how does this print affect it?"

"I'm not sure yet. You see, that line denotes a path-

way. It is probably a secret pathway, but it is regularly trodden—by Hendrich Baker, I think. And it leads to a rather remote part of the ground. Now there's nothing in that, I admit. The same thing could happen in every single estate of its kind in Britain; but you've got to remember we're dealing with Hendrich Baker, and I surmise that at the end of that pathway there's something of special interest. I don't know what it is, but I have my ideas—I am going to find out, and I want you to find out with me. On Wednesday we're going down to Threeways Manor by a roundabout route, and we're going to investigate—very quietly."

The idea did not appeal very strongly to Charles. He had an engagement at a night club at eleven on that evening, and Harvey stressed the necessity of going down into Sussex after dark.

"But what about the fellow's various alarms? You can't possibly get into the place without giving a warning when he's there gambling."

"I've thought of that—but we'll find a way. As a matter of fact I don't want you to get in. Your job is to hold the car in readiness for me."

Charles heaved a sigh of relief.

"You've got to keep your mouth shut about all this. Remember, Charles, that Hendrich Baker can finish you at any time he likes by going to the gov'nor with the I. O. U. that you signed. Two thousand's nothing to the gov'nor, but if he knew about it you'd be cut off for ever. He's already overlooked quite a lot of your little activities."

"That's right, Harvey. Rub it in! But I see what you mean and it's awfully decent of you to stand by me. Of course, if it hadn't been for Alethea I shouldn't have got into this mess."

Charles has a Blow.

Harvey's face flushed and he glared angrily at his step-brother.

"Don't bring Alethea's—Miss Manders'—name into this. Hiding behind a woman's skirts isn't a man's game—" He stopped suddenly. The mention of Alethea's name had disturbed his reputed calm, and it was not only because Charles was trying to excuse

himself by bringing her into the conversation. There was another reason. Alethea was beginning to mean a lot to him. He idealised her. He saw her as the most wonderful woman he had yet had the privilege of meeting. She had brought something into his life that had not been there before, and when he had been flying with her earlier in the evening he felt as if he had found an entirely new inspiration. Flight had never been so edifying.

Charles and Harvey were facing one another—and then Charles seemed to know. There was something about Harvey's demeanour that revealed his secret.

"Alethea's made an impression on you, Harvey," was all Charles said.

"I think I'm in love with her," replied Harvey. "You'd better know."

"You're teaching her to fly?"

"Yes—I am."

"You're giving her what I set out to give her?"

"If you care to put it that way—yes. You know she thinks of nothing else."

It was a grave blow to Charles. He took another whisky and tossed it off neat. He had got himself into his present awkward predicament solely to help Alethea achieve her ambition. He wanted to have her taught flying, and to buy her a little 'plane which she could just about manage to run on her meagre legacy, and now his own step-brother had come along and ousted him. He thought it was not quite fair, and he was inclined to talk pretty straight to Harvey. But he realised that Alethea did not care for him, and would only have accepted his services on condition that she flew in races and paid him back for his initial interest and enthusiasm, for she intended to compete for big money prizes whatever happened. She was ambitious to blaze a trail across the airways, and Charles knew well enough that helping her was to be its own reward.

So he held his peace, realising his position, and decided that for the time being he had lost the game—though it might yet be retrieved.

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THE DIVINE CALL

He comes in many shapes and He knocks at many doors.

Why weep ye, children, for Light, with love in your heart.

Why seek ye, men, for stars, with flowers beneath your feet.

He comes in many shapes and He knocks at many doors.

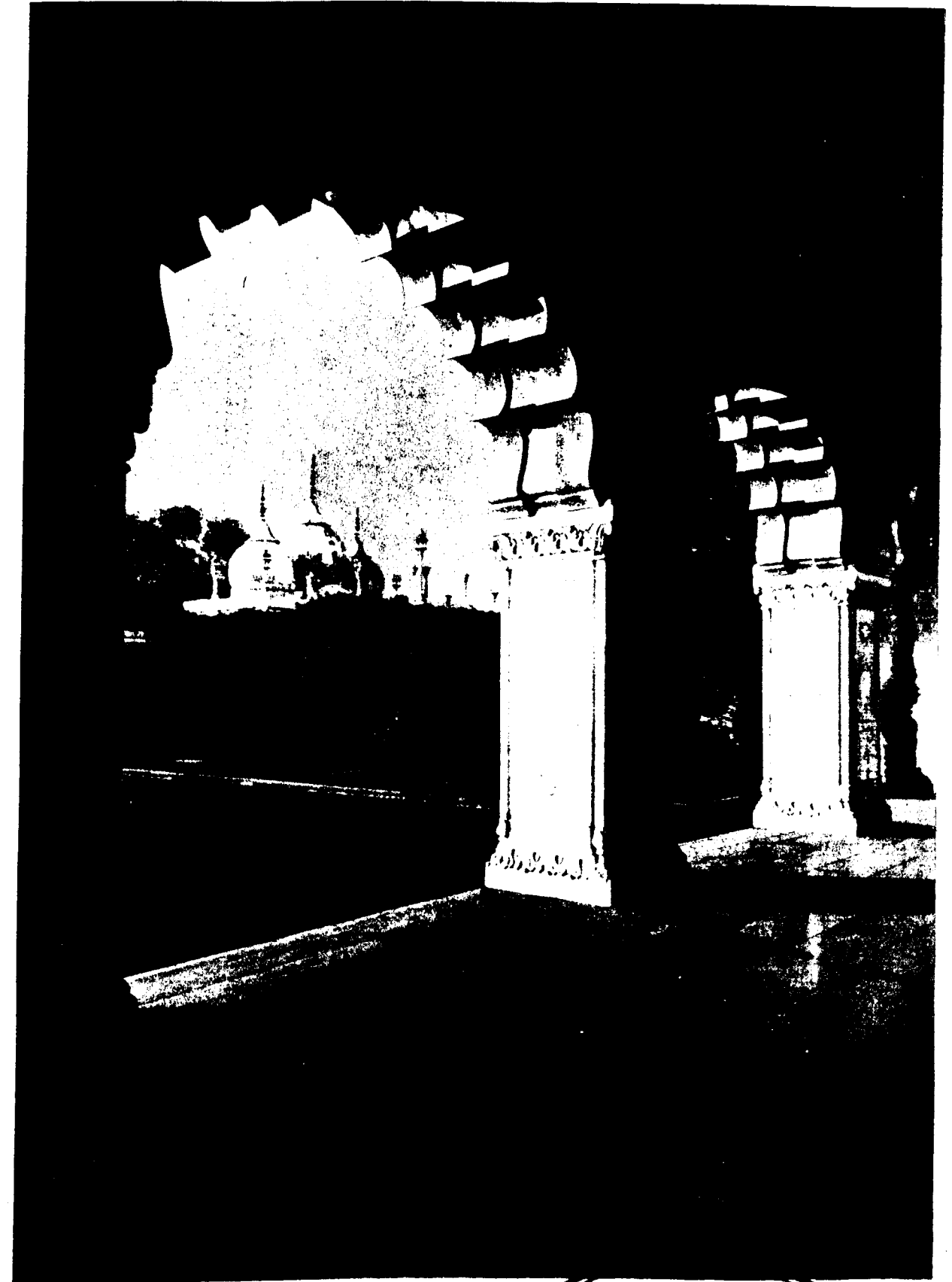
Why weep ye for jewels, when there are pebbles in the brook.

Why seek ye for wine, when there is dew in the grass.

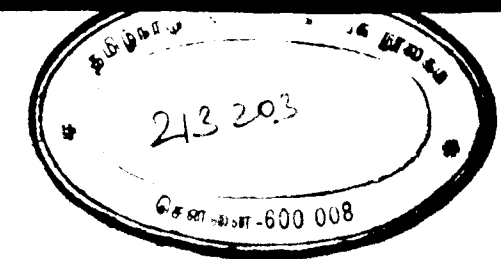
He comes in many shapes and He knocks at many doors. In Light thou art; still, Light thou longest,

Like one that longs for the dawn, having gazed at the stars.

T. S. Ramanathan

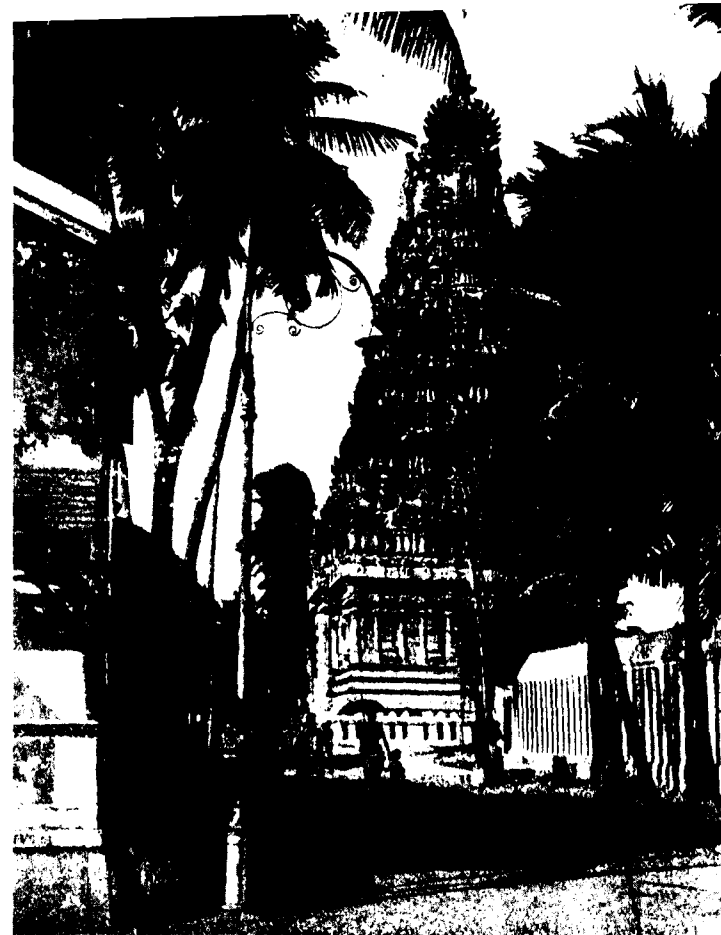


Through the Gate





Madurai, Lily Tank and Temple



Mylapore Temple, Madras



Gunturaya, Karkala



Madurai, East Gopuram



Chinnestaram Temple



Two Central Pillars of 100 Pillar Hall, Chinnestaram

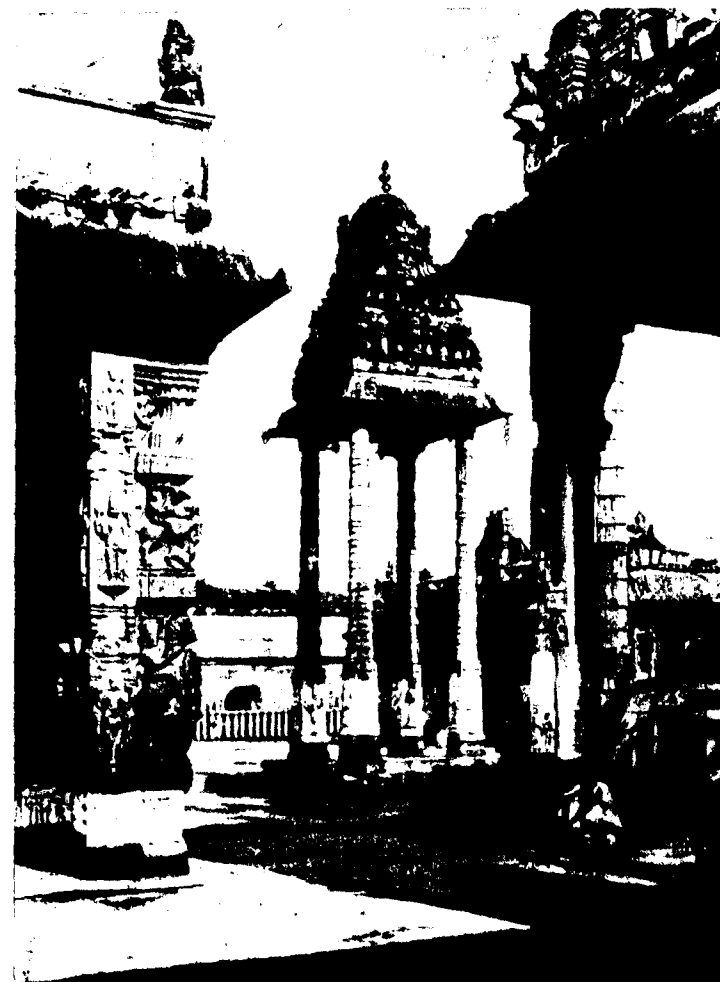




Figure 10-11

AN EXCITING DAY AT ZERMATT

We were at Zermatt, and we had determined to make an ascent on the next day.

While talking it over in the smoking-room of the hotel after dinner we were warned that, owing to the fresh snow which had fallen, we should not find the climb an easy one, and that probably the rocks would be coated with ice. However, we would not be deterred, so we told "boots" to call us at four o'clock in the morning. We went to bed at nine. I had taken some black coffee; this, combined with the talk of danger in the smoking-room, had got a little on my nerves, making me dream of all sorts of horrors and hair-breadth escapes. It seemed to me that I was constantly slipping down sharp ice-bound rocks, and just avoiding falling into crevasses as the snow gave way beneath me..... I had a worse slip than usual—I gave myself up for lost—and was going down, down, down, when I awoke with a start. I became aware of a light in the room, and I heard an old voice saying, in a kind of doggrel German, that it was four o'clock, and time to get up.

M., who was near the window, pulled up the blind; it was pitch dark; it appeared, however, to be fine; and after dressing in a kind of semi-conscious state we both crept down as quietly as we could to the *salle-à-manger* to breakfast.

Two candles dimly lighted the large room, for nobody else was astir; even the servants were not yet up, and we were waited on by the friendly old "boots." There was something weird in this contrast to the brilliantly lighted and noisy room of the night before.

It was too early to eat much, so, as our guide was outside in readiness, we all three started by a few minutes after five o'clock.

Turning sharp to the right at the end of the village, we began mounting at once. At first the path lay over grass, which rapidly became steeper. It was getting light, but as yet there was no break in the sky; it was the light of dawn heralding the sunrise. The valley was shrouded in a grey mist, everything looked confused and indistinct; the Gorner Glacier loomed through the pall like some huge monster. All seemed still asleep.

At starting I had declared that I could not shake off the unpleasant sensations produced by my dreams, but M. and the guide had laughed me to scorn.

Ah! on the other side of the valley, high up in the sky, a faint gleam of light appears. This quickly grows; we all stand still watching intently. Each instant the light spreads and intensifies, driving night before it. Presently rays flash out, then one by one the wonderful snow-mountains begin to show themselves, and the glorious sun rises. His rays gild successively the glittering white peaks of Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, Castor and Pollux, the beautiful snowy mass of the Breithorn, and the jagged Little Matter-

horn. The lion of them all, the magnificent Matterhorn, is shrouded in mist.

Some way on the other side of Monte Rosa are the Taschhorn and the Dom. These two majestic and grim peaks of the Mischabelhorn frown down in fierce blackness streaked with white; the sunlight glinting on the tops of the mountains has an indescribably beautiful effect. But we dared not linger as we had far to go, and we knew the fast-rising sun would make the snow which lay before us softer every hour, and therefore more dangerous.

Steadily we walked on; Zermatt already was becoming a speck in the distance below us. For some distance the walking was more level, though rocks and stones grew more frequent. At about half-past eight o'clock a halt was made for breakfast. Our guide produced, out of a strange leather wallet which he carried on his back, cold meat, bread, butter, cheese, and wine. We all three fell to heartily, for the hard exercise since five o'clock had made us hungry, and we had taken little before we started.

The sun was now quite up, but it was gradually clouding over, and the lofty peaks were hiding themselves again. Our guide, to lighten his load, left part of the food and drink beneath a piece of rock. To mark the spot, he stood a long white stone on one end and put another smaller stone on the top of it.

At nine o'clock we started again; the grass was growing scanty, rocks and stones taking its place, until soon the path lay almost entirely over solid rock; this became broken up into small loose stones which slipped down with every step, making progress very slow and tedious; sometimes one of us would slide down several feet with a mass of loose stones. Next came a bit of easier walking; this was succeeded by a steep climb over large stones, many of which were very rickety and wobbled in a most uncomfortable fashion, thereby trying the ankles greatly and calling for considerable ingenuity in balancing.

Zermatt has entirely disappeared, and the whole valley in which it stands is shut out of sight by the rising ground over which we have come. The Gorner Glacier is visible for a great part of its course, it looks like a gigantic grey serpent in the morning light; some of the outline of the vast Matterhorn can be traced through the mist which still hangs about; the scene grows awfully wild and desolate. The only sign of life or habitation is the Riffel Hotel far off on the other side of the valley. Patches of snow begin to appear here and there, for we are now some 9,000 feet up.

At last we reach the foot of one of the peaks of the jagged mountain itself; we see the cruel iron-looking and precipitous rocks towering up into the sky above us.

The guide paused.

"What are you going to do?" said M. to him.

"I am going to put on the rope, and then we will go straight up," said he.

He rapidly roped me, then M., and finally himself; he left some twenty feet of rope between each of us. The climb before us seemed desperate; the rocks looked so precipitous, they appeared to be almost perpendicular. The guide led the way, next came M., I was last. At first all went comparatively smoothly, but the way quickly became steeper, and it was literally a clamber holding on by fingers and toes; there was often no larger foothold than for the toe. Presently M. sang out to the guide.

"You really must give me a pull, I cannot find hold for either hand or foot."

At this the guide, who had managed to scramble up like a cat, hauled up M., almost dangling like a cork; I in my turn had to be pulled up in similar fashion. Difficulties like these occurred three or four times. Once when I was in the act of being hauled my hat came off; I had to clutch wildly at it and only just managed to save it. The sensation of hanging on a rope in space is anything but a pleasant one, save perhaps to the most hardy. Soon my hands were cut and bleeding from my wild clutches at the sharp rocks, and after a few of these pulls up I began to feel rather disorganised. Sometimes a piece of rock which looked perfectly secure would become slightly loosened as the guide stepped on it, M. would loosen it still more, and when I came to it, it would probably give way altogether, making me either cling desperately with my hands and other foot, or slip several feet down with a sudden jerk, thereby throwing a strain on the rope which would have pulled down an ordinary man, but our guide was a tower of strength, and even if M. slipped too he was quite capable of holding up both of us. The dislodged bit of rock rolled down fast in the early stages of its fall, then it began to leap, gathering velocity at every yard, finally it took one mad flying bound of several hundred feet,—pitched with a crash, and was dashed into a thousand fragments in the rocky valley below.

After about 1,000 feet of this arduous climbing we came to a plateau; this plateau formed the shoulder of the mountain, and was entirely covered with snow. The sun now came out bright and strong, making the white surface wonderfully dazzling. The guide put on his glasses and plunged cautiously into the snow; he probed carefully with the handle of his ice-axe before venturing to make each step. A quantity of fresh snow had fallen in the night, which made the walking unusually soft, and we sank up to our knees at nearly every step. It was tiring work, the glare too from the snow was most trying to the eyes. Occasionally M. or I would sink in up to the waist, and remain helplessly imbedded until pulled out by the guide.

As the snow appeared to stretch for some way, M. and I would fain have turned back, for we were getting tired, and had had almost enough for one day, bear-

ing in mind the distance we had to return, but our guide urged us on; he told us that there was, as he called it, "a nice little bit of rock-climbing farther on."

After nearly two miles' walking, or rather shuffling, we came to the end of the snow-field. Then we saw the actual peak of the mountain fiercely rearing its head above us in grim black-and-white majesty. We left our alpen-stocks at the foot, for the climb, the guide told us, would be steeper than ever, and the rocks were half covered with snow, which made them still more hazardous.

Now that the goal is in view we push on eagerly. It is a severe scramble; the rocks are slippery with snow, but at last, after a cat-like crawl, we reach the top, a sharp jagged point with just room for the three of us on it. On all sides the rocks shelve precipitously down for thousands of feet. The sun by this time has become quite overcast, clouds are gathering round, and soon it begins to snow, while the cold is bitter.

Suddenly there is an awful roar, a deep, terrifying vibration, like a prodigious peal of thunder.

"What is that?" cried I.

"It must be an avalanche on the Matterhorn," replied the guide, "caused by all the fresh snow which has fallen."

There is a dead silence, followed presently by another terrific roar, announcing that the avalanche is going farther on its way, or has been succeeded by another one higher up.

Our guide has been looking intently down over the edge of the mountain on to the glacier beneath; all at once he calls out,

"They are lost, they are lost!" M. and I hastily ask him to explain.

He says, "Do you see there, right beneath us? There has been an avalanche quite recently. Now, F. and T. were to start this morning soon after we did; they meant to come up here where we are, but by another route, and this would take them just where that avalanche is. I do not see them, and they ought to be in sight by this time. It is only too probable that they are buried."

There is positive pain in his voice.

M. and I both look anxiously in the direction the guide pointed out; we distinctly see by the disturbed appearance of the snow and ice that there must have been a recent avalanche, but we cannot see any sign of human beings.

The guide grows very excited. "I will climb up the next peak; I think I can see better from there," he says. He unropes himself as he speaks. "You two stay here, and do not move while I am gone," he adds.

He immediately begins to clamber down the rocks, then up again to the neighbouring point. He is as cool and easy about it as if he were going up a ladder against a house. From where M. and I stand we can see that the rocks up which he climbs are very steep; a false step would mean death, as he is alone and without any rope to help him. Our eyes follow him

anxiously; to our relief, he reaches the top in safety; he leans far over the edge, and looks down earnestly for some seconds, then he gives a joyful shout,

"Ah, there they are!"

He challenges them with the wild mountain cry the guides use so much. Faintly comes up the answer.

M. and I look over the edge of our peak as much as we dare; we can just distinguish two figures at a dizzy depth moving on the glacier. Our guide climbs back to us.

"They will soon be here safely now," he said, "but I really feared at first that they were overwhelmed beneath the avalanche."

He roped himself again, and we, all in good spirits, prepared for the descent. I went first, the guide last, so as to best bear the strain in case of a slip.

The way down was easier than M. and I had expected, and the snow-field was reached in safety without great difficulty. The keen air and the rest on the summit had braced us up thoroughly. We retraced our steps over the snow; here the guide again went first to see that all was safe; we went exactly the same way as we had come, carefully walking in the old steps except where too deep a hole had been made.

I had quite forgotten my bad dreams and the sensation of uneasiness with which I had started in the early morning; the air and exercise had steeled my nerves completely, and I had come down so far with full confidence in spite of the steepness and difficulty of the way. We had got half way across the snow, and were congratulating ourselves that we should soon be over it, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, M. disappeared up to his shoulders; the guide and I at the instant both felt a sharp jerk on the rope.

"Hullo!" cries the guide, making light of it; "what is the matter now?"

"Quick! quick!" calls M.; "pull me, or I shall be through. My feet and legs are dangling in the air, and I can feel I am rapidly sinking."

The guide pulls as urged, necessarily shortening the rope and approaching M. As M. is pulled out I have to follow on with the rope, and so draw nearer the fatal spot. We all three got close together, and it becomes a momentous question whether the snow will hold until M. is safely out and I have passed the hole; the snow seems to be giving way and gradually sinking in. M. grows white with apprehension. He had faithfully promised his wife before he left England that he would attempt nothing hazardous. Now this promise comes vividly before him, and he thinks of his wife and children with a keen pang. The danger is imminent; life and death seem close together. With a strong effort the guide pulls M. free, but all risk is not yet over, for I have still to pass. I walk cautiously, stepping as lightly as I can. I come up to the dreaded place; I see a black yawning hole where M. has been through. Shall I escape? The chances are ten to one that I shall go right through with a sudden drop and disappear entirely, throwing perhaps a violent strain

on the rope and dragging the other two with me, for the snow all round is soft and affords a very insecure footing. Steadily I walk on. Now I am by the side of the hole; three steps more and I shall be safe. A sort of fascination makes me pause and look down; the hole seems to be of unfathomable depth. At this instant I feel the snow giving way. I seem to be falling, but with a last determined spring I plunge forward, and helped on by a vigorous pull from the guide I just manage to get on to the firm snow as the soft mass gives way precipitately, and falls several hundred feet on to the rocks beneath.

I stand gazing down, breathless and awestruck at the narrow escape. One second later and we might all have been dashed to death on the sharp, jagged rocks.

The rest of the snow-field was safe enough, and no one went in deeper than up to the waist; there was still, however, the long scramble down the steep rock before all danger was over.

I went first as I had done coming down the rocks above; sometimes I had to let myself slip several feet, entirely trusting to M. and the guide to hold me up until I came to a ledge where I found foothold; at other times I had to shout up to the guide to ask him which way I was to go, as all ways looked equally dangerous and impracticable; then I would hang by my arms, feeling about in the air with my feet for a hold; in places the rocks were so abrupt that I had to turn my face to them and clamber down that way.

At last the bottom of the lower peak was reached, and we stood once more on a level plateau in all security. The guide took off the rope and another rest was made for refreshment.

It was past twelve o'clock; M. and I were for the moment thoroughly beat and sorely in need of a little rest. There was a small pool close at hand formed by the melted snow; the water was deliciously cool and proved most refreshing when mixed with our wine.

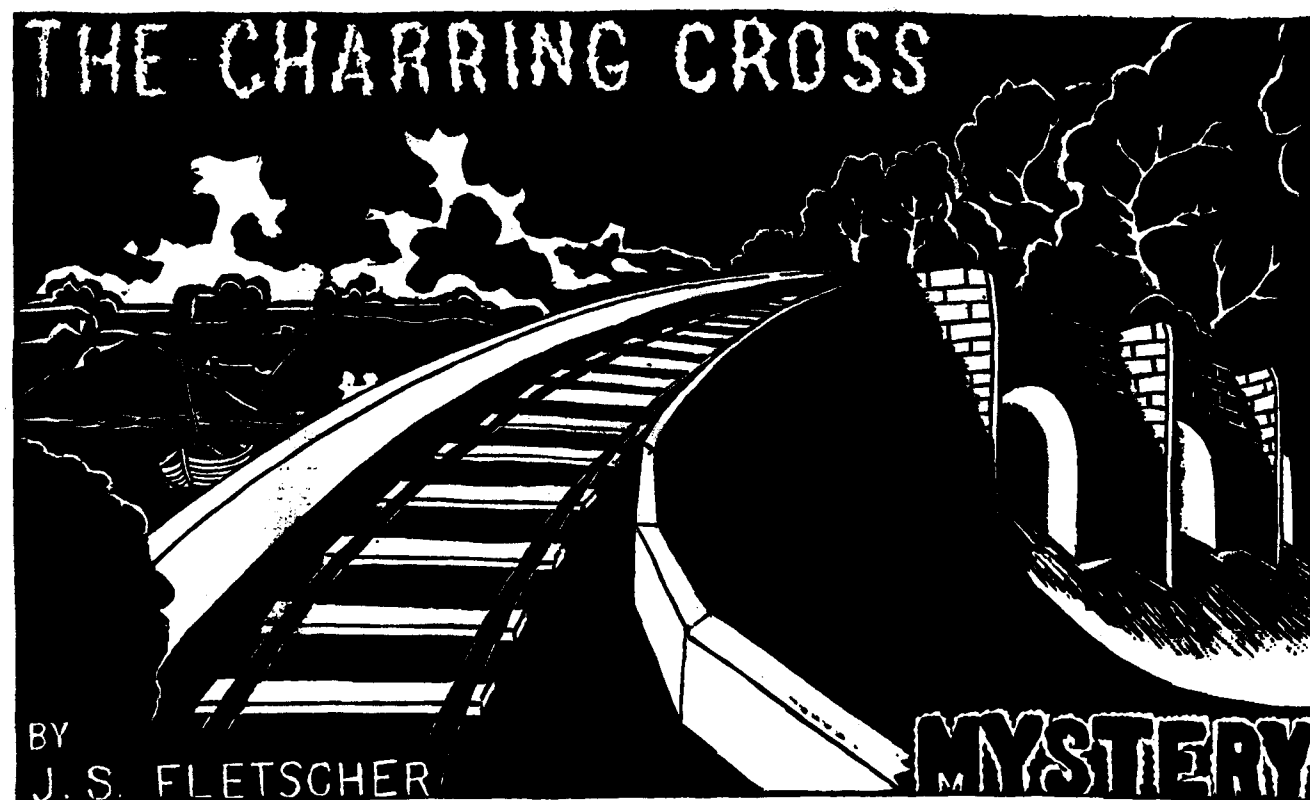
After a halt of about twenty minutes we go on again over the shaking, rickety rocks; then comes a long, weary walk over the loose stones and rubbish; then a tedious tramp skirting round the mountain, though the walking is much better here, being half turf and half rock. The Riffel Hotel now comes in sight, betokening that we are nearing Zermatt.

M. and I fully thought that our guide had missed his trophy of stones which he had set up to mark the place where he had left the provisions; but, with unerring and eagle-like glance, he had spied it from afar, and all in a moment we found ourselves on the very spot.

We rested again for a few minutes, taking a drink of wine to invigorate us, then we made our final start for home; but there were still several weary miles before us.

About this time we came upon little clumps of edelweiss here and there, brightening up the desolate scene with their silvery blossoms. The way was now quite

Continued on page 191



Chapter 6.

Samples of Ink.

HOLLIS led the way farther along the alley, between high, black, windowless walls, and suddenly turning into a little court, paused before a door set deep in the side of an old half-timbered house.

"Queer old place, this!" he remarked over his shoulder. "But you'll get a glass of as good port or sherry from this chap as you'd get anywhere in England—he knows his customers! Come in".

He led the way into a place the like of which Hetherwick had never seen—a snug, cosy room, panelled and raftered in old oak, with a bright fire burning in an open hearth and the flicker of its flames dancing on the old brass and pewter that ornamented the walls. There was a small bar-counter on one side of it; and behind this, in his shirt-sleeves, and with a cigar protruding from the corner of a pair of clean-shaven, humorous lips, stood a keen-eyed man, busily engaged in polishing wine-glasses.

"Good morning; gentlemen!" he said heartily. "Nice morning, Mr. Hollis, for the time o'year. And what can I do for you and your friend, sir?"

Hollis glanced round the room—empty, save for themselves. He drew a stool to the bar and motioned Hetherwick to follow his example.

"I think we'll try your very excellent dry sherry, Hudson", he answered. "That is, if it's as good as it was last time I tasted it".

"Always up to standard, Mr. Hollis, always up to standard, sir!" replied the bar-keeper. "No inferior qualities, no substitutes, and no trading on past reputation in this establishment, gentlemen! As good a glass of dry sherry here, sir, as you'd get where sherry wine comes from—and you can't say that of most places in England, I think. Everything's of the best here, Mr. Hollis—as you know!"

Hollis responded with a little light chaff; suddenly he bent across the bar.

"Hudson!" he said confidentially. "My friend here has something he'd like to show you. Now, then", he continued, as Hetherwick, in response to this, had produced the picture, "do you recognise that?"

The bar-keeper put on a pair of spectacles and turned the picture to the light, examining it closely. His lips tightened; then relaxed in a cynical smile.

"Aye!" he said, half carelessly. "It's the woman that did old Malladale out of that diamond necklace. Of course!—Mistress Whittingham!"

"Would you know her again, if you met her—now?" asked Hollis.

The bar-keeper picked up one of his glasses and began a vigorous polishing.

"Aye!" he answered, laconically. "And I should know her by something else than her face!"

Just then two men came in, and Hudson broke off to attend to their wants. But presently they carried their glasses away to a snug corner near the fire, and the bar-keeper once more turned to Hollis and Hetherwick.

"Aye!" he said confidentially. "If need were, I could tell that party by something else than her face, handsome as that is! I used to tell Hannaford when he was busy trying to find her that if he'd any difficulty about making certain, I could identify her if nobody else could! You see, I saw a deal of her when she was stopping at the 'White Bear'. And I knew something that nobody else knew".

"What is it?" asked Hetherwick.

Hudson leaned closer across the counter and lowered his voice.

"She was a big, handsome woman, this Mrs. Whittingham", he continued. "Very showy, dressy woman; fond of fine clothes and jewellery, and so on; sort of woman, you know, that would attract attention anywhere. And one of these women, too, that was evidently used to being waited on hand and foot—she took her money's worth out of the 'White Bear', I can tell you! I did a deal for her, one way or another, and I'll say this for her: she was free enough with her money. If it so happened that she wanted things doing for her, she kept you fairly on the go till they were done, but she threw five-shilling pieces and half-crowns about as if they were farthings! She'd send you to take a sixpenny telegram and give you a couple of shillings for taking it. Well, now, as I say, I saw a deal of her, one way and another, getting cabs for her, and taking things up to her room, and doing this, that, and t'other. And it was with going up there one day sudden-like, with a telegram that had just come, that I found out something about her—something that, as I say, I could have told her by anywhere, even if she could have changed her face and put a wig on!"

"Aye—and what, now?" asked Hollis.

"This!" answered Hudson with a knowing look. "May be I'm a noticing sort of chan—anyhow, there was a thing I always noticed about Mrs. Whittingham. Wherever she was, and no matter how she was dressed, whether it was in her going-out things or her dinner finery, she always wore a band of black velvet round her right forearm, just above the wrist, where women wear bracelets. In fact, it was a sort of bracelet, a strip, as I say, of black velvet, happen about two inches wide, and on the front a cameo ornament, the size of a shilling, white stone or something of that sort, with one of these heathen figures carved on it. There were other folk about the place noticed that black velvet band, too—I tell you she was never seen without it; the chamber-maids said she slept with it on. But on the occasion I'm telling you about, when I went up to her room with a telegram, I caught her without it. She opened her door to see who knocked—she was in a dressing-gown, going to change for dinner, I reckon, and she held out her right hand for what I'd brought her. The black velvet band wasn't on it, and for just a second like I saw what was on her arm!"

"Yes?" said Hollis. "Something—remarkable?"

"For a lady—aye!" replied Hudson, with a grim laugh. "Her arm was tattooed! Right round the place where she always wore this black velvet band there was a snake, red and green, and yellow, and blue, with its tail in its mouth!—wonderfully done, too; it had been no novice that had done that bit of work, I can tell you! Of course, I just saw it, and no more, but there was a strong electric light close by, and I did see it, and saw it plain and all. And that's a thing that that woman, whoever she may be, and wherever she's got to, can never rub off, nor scrub off!—she'll carry that to the day of her death".

The two listeners looked at each other.

"Odd!" remarked Hollis.

Hetherwick turned to the bar-keeper.

"Did she notice that you saw that her arm was tattooed?" he asked.

"Nay, I don't think she did", replied Hudson. "Of course, the thing was over in a second. I made no sign that I'd seen aught particular, and she said nought. But—I saw!"

Just then other customers came in, and the bar-keeper turned away to attend to their wants. Hollis and Hetherwick moved from the counter to one of the snug corners at the farther end of the room.

"Whoever she may be, wherever she may be—as Hudson said just now", remarked Hollis, "and if this woman really had anything to do with the mysterious circumstances of Hannaford's death, she ought not to be difficult to find. A woman who carries an indelible mark like that on her arm, and whose picture has recently appeared in a newspaper, should easily be traced".

"I think I shall get at her through the picture", agreed Hetherwick. "The newspaper production seems to have been done from a photograph which, from its clearness and finish, was probably taken by some first-class firm in London. I shall go round such firms as soon as I get back. It may be, of course, that she's nothing whatever to do with Hannaford's murder, but still, it's a trail that's got to be followed to the end now that one's started out on it. Well! That seems to finish my business here—as far as she's concerned. But there's another matter—I told you that when Hannaford came to town he had on him a sealed packet containing the secret of some invention or discovery, and that it's strangely and unaccountably missing. His grand-daughter says that he worked this thing out—whatever it is—in a laboratory that he had in his garden. Now then, before I go I want to see that laboratory. As he's only recently left the place, I suppose things will still be pretty much as he left them at his old house. Where did he live?"

"He lived on the outskirts of the town", replied Hollis. "An old-fashioned house that he bought some years ago—I know it by sight well enough, though I've never been in it. I don't suppose it's let yet, though I know it's being advertised in the local papers. Let's get some lunch at the 'White Bear', and then we'll

drive up there and see what we can do. You want to get an idea of what it was that Hannaford had invented?"

"Just so", assented Hetherwick. "If the secret was worth all that he told his grand-daughter it was, he may have been murdered by somebody who wanted to get sole possession of it. Anyway, it's another trail that's got to be worked on".

"I never heard of Hannaford as an inventor or experimenter", remarked Hollis. "But there, I knew little about him, except in his official capacity: he and his grand-daughter, and an elderly woman they kept as a working housekeeper, were quiet sort of folk. I knew that he brought up his grand-daughter from infancy, and gave her a rattling good education at the Girls' High School, but beyond that, I know little of their private affairs. I suppose he amused himself in this laboratory you speak of in his spare time?"

"Dabbled in chemistry, I understand", said Hetherwick. "And, if it hasn't been dismantled, we may find something in that laboratory that will give us a clue of some sort".

Hollis seemed to reflect for a minute or two.

"I've an idea!" he said suddenly. "There's a man who lunches at the 'White Bear' every day—a man named Collison; he's analytical chemist to a big firm of dyers in the town. I've seen him in conversation with Hannaford now and then. Perhaps he could tell us something on this point. Come on! this is just about his time for lunch".

A few minutes later, in the coffee-room of the hotel, Hollis led Hetherwick up to a bearded and spectacled man who had just sat down to lunch, and having introduced him, briefly detailed the object of his visit to Sellithwaite. Collison nodded and smiled.

"I understand", he said, as they seated themselves at his table. "Hannaford did dabble a bit in chemistry—in quite an amateur way. But as to inventing anything that was worth all that—come! Still, he was an ingenious man, for an amateur, and he may have hit on something fairly valuable".

"You've no idea what he was after?" suggested Hetherwick.

"Of late, no! But some time ago he was immensely interested in aniline dyes", replied Collison. "He used to talk to me about them. That's a subject of infinite importance in this district. Of course, as I dare say you know, the Germans have been vastly ahead of us as regards aniline dyes, and we've got most, if not all, of the stuff used, from Germany. Hannaford used to worry himself as to why we couldn't make our own aniline dyes, and I believe he experimented. But, with his resources, as an amateur, of course, that was hopeless.

"I've sometimes seen him talking to you", observed Hollis. "You've no idea what he was after, of late?"

"No. He used to ask me technical questions", answered Collison. "You know, I just regarded him as a man who had a natural taste for experimenting with

things. This was evidently his hobby. I used to chaff him about it. Still, he was a purposeful man, and by reading and experiment he'd picked up a lot of knowledge".

"And I suppose, it's within the bounds of possibility that he had hit on something of practical value?" suggested Hetherwick.

"Oh, quite within such bounds!—and he may have done", agreed Collison. "I've known of much greater amateurs suddenly discovering something. The question then is—do they know enough to turn their discovery to any practical purpose and account?"

"Evidently, from what he told his grand-daughter, Hannaford did think he knew enough", said Hetherwick. "What I want to find out from a visit to his old laboratory is—what had he discovered?"

"And as you're not a chemist, nor even a dabbler", remarked Hollis, with a laugh, "that won't be easy! You'd better come with us after lunch, Collison".

"I can give you a couple of hours", assented Collison. "I'm already curious—especially if any discovery we can make tends to throw light on the mystery of Hannaford's death. Pity the police haven't got hold of the man who was with him", he added, glancing at Hetherwick. "I suppose you could identify him?"

"Unless he's an absolute adept at disguising himself, yes—positively!" replied Hetherwick. "He was a noticeable man".

An hour later the three men drove up to a house which stood a little way out of the town, on the edge of the moorland that stretched towards the great range of hills on the west. The house, an old-fashioned, solitary place, was empty, save for a caretaker who had been installed in its back rooms to keep it aired and to show it to possible tenants. The laboratory, a stone-walled, timber-roofed shed at the end of the garden, had never been opened, said the caretaker, since Mr. Hannaford locked it up and left it. But the key was speedily forthcoming, and the three visitors entered and looked round, each with different valuing of what he saw.

The whole place was a wilderness of litter and untidiness. Whatever Hannaford had possessed in the way of laboratory plant and appliances had been removed, and now there was little but rubbish glass, whole and broken, paper, derelict boxes and crates, odds and ends of wreckage—to look at. But the analytical chemist glanced about him with a knowing eye, examining bottles and boxes, picking up a thing here and another there, and before long he turned to his companions with a laugh, pointing at the same time to a table in a corner which was covered with jars and dust-lined pots.

"It's very easy to see what Hannaford was after!" he said. "He's been trying to evolve a new ink!"

"Ink!" exclaimed Hollis incredulously. "Aren't there plenty of inks on the market?"

"No end!" agreed Collison with another laugh, and again pointing to the table. "There are specimens of

all the better-known ones—British, of course, for no really decent ink is made elsewhere. But even the very best ink, up to now, isn't perfect. Hannaford perhaps thought, being an amateur, that he could make a better than the known best. Ink!—that's what he's been after. A superior, perfectly—fluid, penetrating, permanent, non-corrosive writing-ink—that's been his notion, a thousand to one! I observe the presence of lots of stuffs that he's used".

He showed them various things, explaining their properties and adding some remarks on the history of the manufacture of writing-inks during the last hundred years.

"Taking it altogether", he concluded, "and in spite of manufacturers' advertisements and boasting, there isn't a really absolutely perfect writing-fluid on the market—that I know of, anyway. If Hannaford thought he could make one, and succeeded, well, I'd be glad to have his formula! Money in it!"

"To the extent of a hundred thousand pounds?" asked Hetherwick, remembering what Rhona had told him. "All that?"

"Oh, well!" laughed Collison, "you must remember that inventors are always very sanguine; always apt to see everything through rose-coloured spectacles; invariably prone to exaggerate the merits of their inventions. But if Hannaford, by experiment, really hit on a first-class formula for making a writing-ink superior in all the necessary qualities to its rivals—yes, there'd be a pot of money in it. No doubt of that!"

"I suppose he'd have to take out a patent for his invention?" suggested Hetherwick.

"Oh, to be sure! I should think that was one of his reasons for going to London—to see after it", assented Collison. He looked round again, and again laughed. "Well", he said, "I think you know now—you may

be confident about it from what I've seen here—what Hannaford was after! Ink—just ink!"

Hetherwick accepted this judgment, and when he left Sellithwaite later in the afternoon on his return journey to London, he summed up the results of his visit. They were two. First, he had discovered that the woman of whom Hannaford had spoken in the train was a person who ten years before had been known as Mrs. Whittingham, appeared to be some sort of an adventuress, and, in spite of her restitution to the jeweller whom she had defrauded, was still liable to arrest, conviction, and punishment—if she could be found. Second, he had found out that the precious invention of which Hannaford had spoken so confidently and enthusiastically to his grand-daughter and the particulars of which had mysteriously disappeared, related to the manufacture of a new writing-ink, which might, in truth, prove a very valuable commercial asset. So far, so good; he was finding things out. As he ate his dinner in the restaurant car he considered his next steps. But it needed little consideration to resolve on them. He must find out all about the woman whose picture lay in his pocket-book—what she now called herself; where she was; how her photograph came to be reproduced in a newspaper; and, last, but far from least, if Hannaford, after seeing the reproduction, had got into touch with her or given information about her. To the man in the train Hannaford had remarked that he had said nothing about her until that evening—yes, but was that man the only man to whom he had spoken? So much for that—and the next thing was to find out somehow what had become of the sealed packet which Hannaford undoubtedly had on him when he went out of Malter's Hotel on the night of his death.

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AN EXCITING DAY AT ZERMATT CONTINUED FROM PAGE 187

easy, down a steepish turf mountain-side. Occasionally we went at a half trot, helping and steadying ourselves with our alpen-stocks by sticking them into the turf and throwing all our weight on them. As we got lower down it began to rain, and the air became much milder. M. and I were getting quite exhausted.....

At last Zermatt shows itself—a joyous sight! We hurry on, the guide, to all appearance, as fresh as when he started. M. and I are thoroughly worn out,

our legs almost fail us at every step. We reach the end of the village, stumble on, and at last stagger into the hotel as the church clock strikes four. We have been walking for nearly eleven hours, several of which were spent in severe climbing.

M. and I say good night to our guide and crawl in. We have warm baths and go to bed. We are soon in a delicious sleep, which lasts until we hear the welcome sound of the bell for *table d'hôte*.

THINGS OF INTEREST

Cobras used by Murderers

It is my serious belief that cobras are frequently used in India as an instrument of murder," said Lieut.-Colonel R. S. Elliot, formerly Superintendent of the Government Ophthalmic Hospital in Madras, lecturing at the Institute of Hygiene, London.

Such murders, he said, could be carried out by hiring from a snake charmer a hollow bamboo in which a cobra had been inserted all ready for the crime. The snake's tail was tied with a piece of string passing through two holes at one end of the stick. The bamboo was then laid beside the sleeping victim and the string untied. The cobra, which was in no very amiable mood, did the rest. The murderer could then rush in, seize the bamboo, and cover himself with glory by killing the snake.

Record Year for British Motors

British motors have had a record year. According to *The Motor Trader*, the production of motor vehicles in British-owned or British-controlled factories during the year ended September, 1933, was far in excess of that of any previous year.

This record was entirely due to the remarkable increase in the output of private cars, commercial vehicle production being only slightly greater in 1933 and considerably less than in 1930.

It has been calculated that 216,149 private cars were produced during the manufacturing year ended last September. The number of commercial vehicles was 64,377 giving a total of 280,526 units. For 1932 the total production was 227,945 made up of 116,115 private cars and 61,830 commercial vehicle units.

The production of cars therefore, advanced by 30.1 per cent., and that of commercial vehicles by 4.1 per cent. The previous best year was 1928 when 236,884 vehicles were turned out.

The Motor Trader adds: "The most remarkable feature of these figures is the big proportion of small cars. They represent 60 per cent. of the total, whereas for the previous year they accounted for only 48.2 per cent."

The Oldest Trade

There are differing claims as to which is the oldest trade in the world. But an interesting and rather surprising contention was advanced when a deputation of Licensed Vintners waited on the Belfast Corporation. They declared that they represented "the oldest trade in Christendom," and protested against the insults of temperance advocates.

Their visit was a sequel to a previous deputation which had asked the Corporation to insert a clause

prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor in the leases of certain corporation lands.

The Rev. Professor Corkey, M. P., urged in favour of this request that Belfast had over five hundred licensed premises and the Corporation would be justified in taking action to prevent their increase. Having heard the Temperance and the licensed vintners deputation, the Lord Mayor promised that a responsible committee would carefully consider both sides.

An India Mutiny Echo

The report that an ex-Connaught Ranger who had taken part in a mutiny in India was to be appointed Keeper of the War Memorial Park roused the indignation of the British Legion. The matter was immediately raised in the Dail and the Government denied that any such appointment had been made.

This has not allayed British Legion concern, and it becomes clear that the Government is giving sympathetic consideration to the position of some of these men.

The Labour member for Limerick has asked the Minister for Defence whether the Government will set up a Committee to consider the provision of compensation to certain ex-members of the Connaught Rangers who took part in the mutiny in India eighteen years ago. The reply was that it is proposed to set up such committee at an early date. Naturally this answer has resulted in the renewed vigilance of the British Legion.

Hidden in a dug-out

Like a page from a detective novel was the story unfolded at Wexford when three men were charged with robbing a bank at Taghmon. There was dramatic evidence of finding a concealed man, a bag of silver and firearms, in a dug-out behind a secret panel.

This was the story told by Detective-Sergeant Kinsella, who added that crawling on his stomach he gained entrance to the dug-out, and seeing a man, shouted, "Come out, Jack, and put your hand up." The man eventually emerged.

When the dug-out was searched, rifles, revolvers, a sword and scabbard, a loaf of bread, a bottle of whisky, and a bag of silver coins to the value of over £200 were found. The three men pleaded not guilty. On defendant declared that the money referred to was his life savings. All three men were committed for trial.

We have received a copy of the audited balance sheet with revenue account for the period ending 31st December 1933 of the Kanara Industrial and Banking Syndicate, Ltd., Udipi and our review over this will appear in the forthcoming issue.

MONTH IN INDIA

Many exaggerated reports of the present state of Kashmir have been appearing in the press, both in India and in England, which, though promptly denied by those in authority, are apt to do considerable mischief. Not only do these canards lead to communal ill-feeling amongst H. H. the Maharajah's subjects, but they also tend to deter visitors—both European and Indian—from spending their holidays in this Switzerland of the East. The truth of the matter is that the recent disturbances that have occurred in Kashmir—much as they are to be regretted—have not affected the life of the visitor in the slightest. The Kashmir, far from bearing any enmity towards the British or Indian visitor, realises full well that a great deal of the prosperity of his country depends upon the foreigner. Not only is he anxious to encourage the visitor to come to Kashmir to buy his goods, but, above all, desires to enlist his sympathy towards his grievances.

The average visitor to Kashmir is content, when in Srinagar, to remain in the European quarter and seldom visits the city, where trouble, if there is any, occurs. Even if he or she does go to the city, nothing but courtesy will be met and there is no fear of any personal danger. Gulmarg is, from this point of view, even safer, since it is so far from the centre of unrest, and the visitor to the valleys will find the inhabitants just the same peaceful and harmless people as in former years. Latterly, even the attitude of State Officials towards visitors has changed considerably for the better. A very efficient Visitors' Bureau is now in existence and has at its head a most charming and well-informed Director in the person of Rai Sahib Sham Sundar Lal. The visitor will find here a veritable mine of information and he may expect to receive the greatest consideration at the hands of officials all over the State.

It is really astonishing how such rumours as the above will affect holiday traffic in Himalayan hill stations. For instance, here is a letter to us from the Darjeeling Progress Association—we like that name and it might be copied in other stations—showing that the public of Darjeeling wish to inform India that rumours of the damage there from the earthquake have been greatly exaggerated. Darjeeling certainly suffered to some extent and property was damaged, but under expert supervision and guidance the Association can

assure everyone that the work of rebuilding and repair will be completed in practically all cases by the commencement of the Season, when Darjeeling will be ready for its full quota of Tourists and Visitors. Rumours are also afloat that rents will go up, the cost of living will increase and accommodation will be limited, but these are only rumours and not facts, and the residents are determined to make this Hill Station more attractive than previously and prices more moderate. The Association will be delighted to give not only information, but every assistance regarding accommodation, etc., to any intending visitors this season to the Hill Station.

The League of Nations' Union, which has some branches throughout the East and is making great headway, contemplates running a summer class in Simla during May. This is an excellent idea for those who want a hill holiday and something more than idle hours, which they prefer to turn to good account. Those who are interested in this idea should write to the Hon. Secretary, League of Nations' Union, Bombay, who is also considering other suggestions for furthering the work of the Union in India, including a monthly magazine, the celebration of Peace Memorial Day, and a miniature session of the 14th Assembly of the League of Nations. The Bombay Branch has already organised a Study Circle and a number of debates, and the Union generally does good work by focussing attention on international topics and making it possible for the Indian public to follow current events in the correct perspective. The membership fee for a year is only ten Rupees; and for those who cannot pay even this, there are classes of membership on five Rupees and one Rupee a year.

Afghanistan seems to have settled down after the recent assassination of her King, who did so much to restore peace and prosperity. Just recently the country has been able to find an outlet for its emotion in the second General Election in the history of Afghanistan. There were contests in almost every constituency for the 124 seats in the Afghan Parliament. Afghanistan is in the happy position of having no party cries and none of the inevitable wire-pulling, which accompanies party politics. All the hereditary local chieftains compete for the right of representing their own districts at Kabul.



CURRENT TOPICS



WASHINGTON

American goods priced at not over 20 per cent. above competing foreign products will now receive preference in purchasing for Civil and Public Works controlled by the Department for the Interior. The increase of the differential from the former 10 per cent. to 20 per cent. follows a protest that German Cement was being offered for projects in the Virgin Islands at a rate so low that the 10 per cent. was ineffective.

JOHANNESBURG

A record Gold Mining cheque of £2,463,903/3/2 has been signed on behalf of the Government Gold Mining Areas (Modderfontein) as the Government's share in the profits of this leased mine for the year ended December 31 last. The influence of the premium is shown in a comparison with the previous year's payment for this mine which was nearly £1,000,000 less. The contribution of the New State Areas nearly doubled in a payment of £1,258,038. In all payment is being made by the mines to the Government of over £9,000,000 nearly £5,000,000 being the State's share in the profits from leased mines for the full calendar year 1933, the remainder representing ordinary income-tax and excess profits duty from other mines for the six months ended December 31.

LONDON

Negotiations for the development of Indo-Irish trade by means of traffic preference, which began but which were not taken beyond the preliminary state at the Ottawa Conference are expected to be resumed in London towards the end of the current week. Sir Bhupendra Nath Mitra, High Commissioner for India and Sir George Rainy have been appointed to represent India. The Irish Free State will be represented by Mr. Dulanty, Free State High Commissioner in London who will be assisted by Officials of the Departments of Industry, Commerce, and External affairs.

Because he drew Egremont in the Irish Sweepstake on the "Grand National" Albert Davis aged 25 a Railwayman of Swindon was given the choice of leaving the Salvation Army or sacrificing his prospective fortune of £30,000. After some hesitation it is understood that Davis replied that he did not feel that he had committed any crime and was not going to forfeit his chance of winning a fortune. He said "It is the first bit of real luck I have had in my life". This deci-

sion had been taken after Davis had been informed that if he pleaded that he had been lead astray in a weak moment and forfeited his right to the ticket, drastic action would not be taken but that in any case he would be suspended temporarily by Salvation Army. A Local Salvation Army Officer stated that the Army's principles, which did not permit gambling must be upheld. "I have never gone in for anything like this before," Davis said "and should not have done so this time. Only I was pressed to buy a ticket".

Mr. A. F. K. Schlepegrell (University College), who has been elected secretary of the Oxford Union Society, is the first German to hold office since the War.

He is one of the five Rhodes scholars at Oxford and is studying economics with a view to becoming a lawyer. He was educated at Hamburg.

He is in his third year at Oxford. He is an ex-president of the German Club and president of the Bryce Club.

Mr. K. R. F. Steel-Maitland (Balliol), son of Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland, has been elected president; Mr. G. Murray (Balliol), librarian; and Mr. D. Lewis (Lincoln), treasurer.

When Mr. Winston Churchill visited the Oxford University Conservative Club recently Mr. Schlepegrell questioned him as to whether he thought the German people were responsible for the War.

When Mr. Churchill answered "Yes," Mr. Schlepegrell rose and left the hall.

TOKYO

The farmer's lot in Japan is not a happy one and bumper rice crops in Japan, Korea and Formosa threaten to make the conditions desperate. Seven hundred farmer delegates are now in Tokyo hoping to stir the Diet to take measures for their relief. With a total debt estimated at six thousand million yen on their farms, they want the Government to declare illegal the seizure by creditors of food produced by agrarian debtors which is indispensable for the support of the debtor and his family during the period between the crops. One of the delegates declares that the average income of a farming family of five persons is only 12s. a month, or less than 2s. 6d. per head adding: "This can't go on. The Government must do something for us. So far their hopes have been dashed for the Diet is concentrating its attention on the Budget and on the accusations of "graft" against

certain ministers. Meanwhile fifty farmers have been fasting and praying for eight days at the Imperial Mausoleum of the late Emperor Taisho.

KARACHI

Presiding over the Sind Hindu Conference last week Mr. Lalchand Navalrai, M. L. A., quoted the view of the Simon Commission to show that the separation of Sind was administratively unsound and economically and financially ruinous. Mr. Navalrai said that Sind was treated as a pawn in the Muslim game. Muslims holding Sind as a hostage for the good conduct of Hindu Majorities in other provinces towards Muslim minorities. There could be no real provincial autonomy for Sind, he added with a subvention from the Central Government which would control the finances of the province in direct and indirect ways. He appealed to the British Government to stop this "ruinous policy".

NEW DELHI

The origin of the present talks is stated to be a letter received by Mr. Munshi in which Mr. Gandhi stated that the decision of the Poona Conference could not be altered till an honourable settlement is arrived at with the Government but that those who wished to chalk out supplementary progress could do so and he would welcome it and that in fact if they did not do so they would prove a burden to Mr. Gandhi. A letter has also been received from Mr. Aney on the subjects before the Conference. A long telegram is being sent to Mr. Gandhi reporting the opinions expressed at the Conference and Mr. Gandhi would be requested to send an immediate reply for consideration by the conference.

BOMBAY

During the last week ended Saturday 31st bar Gold to the value of Rs. 92,09,864 was booked from Bombay to Europe and America. The total value of Gold so far exported from Bombay since Great Britain went off the Gold standard amounts to Rs. 1,75,17,93,812.

An earnest appeal to the leaders assembled in Delhi to keep the question of the communal settlement in the forefront of their present deliberations is made by Mrs. Nayudu in a telegram addressed to Dr. Ansari regretting her inability to attend the conference.

"I regret that heart trouble prevents my travelling but I urge the necessity of keeping the question of the communal settlement in the forefront of the present deliberations. Progress otherwise is impossible. The convening of the All-India Committee is desirable as it is solely competent to decide controversial issues," she says.

PATNA

Mr. S. N. A. Jafri, Deputy Director of Public Information, Government of India has been placed on special duty as Publicity Officer, Bihar Government to help in disseminating knowledge and information to the Public

and Press regarding the earthquake situation in the province and the Government relief activities.

SECUNDERABAD

It is strongly rumoured here that Sahebzada Azam Jah Walashan Bahadur, Heir-Apparent of Hyderabad will assume the Office of the Commander-in-Chief of H. E. H. the Nizam's regular forces in succession to the late Major General Nawab Osman Yarud Dowlah Bahadur. Brigadier Kader Beg Sardar Bahadur has been officiating Commander-in-Chief since the death of Major General Osman who was also Military Secretary and A. D. C. to the Nizam. An Official announcement is shortly expected.

TIRUVARUR

Government have issued orders announcing the abolition of the Turiyur and Ariyalur Circle Temple Committees in the Trichinopoly District and the constitution in their place of a single committee, called the Lalgudy Circle Temple Committee with headquarters at Lalgudy.

TANJORE

The Tanjore District Panchayat Officer's report on the working of Panchayat Boards for 1933 shows that there were 362 Panchayat Boards in the District during the year. Their total income amounted to Rs. 66,476, of which the Government contributed Rs. 24,028. Ninety elementary schools were maintained, Manargudi and Nannilam taluqs maintaining the greatest number. Nineteen Panchayat Boards maintained street lighting, and in seven taluqs the boards attended to the cleaning of streets.

UDAMALPET

A meeting of the Municipal Council held on March 28, Mr. K. Chellamuthu Gounder presiding, decided to levy a lighting tax at the rate of 2½ per cent. of the property tax from April 1. The Council adopted the rules framed by the Government in regard to the levy of license fees on motor vehicles.

CHIDAMBARAM

Barbers in Chidambaram who are on strike as a protest against the License fee levied on their shops met under the presidency of Mr. R. Sokkanadha Pillai and passed resolution pleading inability to pay the tax and requesting the special officer of the Municipality to cancel it. The meeting decided to continue the strike until the grievances of the barbers were redressed.

BELLARY

A reception committee has been formed with Mr. C. Balaji Rao as President and Mr. Abdul Nabi as Secretary for the Provincial Conference of the All-India Postal and R. M. S. Union to be held in Bellary on May 27th and 28th.

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A VINTAGE TO GLADDEN THE EARTH CONTINUED FROM PAGE 175

If they lose their occupation in wine-growing, they cannot turn to anything else. Their life has become too specialised. Moreover, the slopes of the Rhine will grow nothing else. So to save them, the consumption of wine must again be raised.

The great mass of the German people are not habitual wine-drinkers at all. Whereas, in France, for instance, the average consumption of wine per head per year is 140 litres, in Germany it is only between 4 and 5 litres a year! The actual amount of wine grown in Germany is small by comparison with the average production in warmer countries. About 65 per cent. of German wine is consumed at home already. If the consumption per head could be raised by 50 per cent., that is by an extra 2 litres a year, the whole of the vintage would be sold at home every year and the industry thus put on a sound basis. But just at the moment when the wine crisis was at its worst, the United States came back into the market. The American demand will be much smaller than formerly. Partly because the dollar has depreciated, partly because wine-growing in California has made such strides. But the increased demand has already sent up prices to a level at which the vintners earn a profit.

To bring the wine back to the quality of former days, the government has appointed inspectors to supervise the industry. They must be men who know all about wine, its growth, its fermentation, its treatment and its sale. These inspectors are allowed to have no other occupation. Every vineyard, cellar and shop will be inspected at least once in three years. Just to make sure that the products are what they claim to be! And the inspector *always* drops in by surprise. No inferior wines will be allowed to leave the country, to spoil the fine old reputation of the Rhine.

And lastly, Nature has joined in the conspiracy to bring the Rhine back to its own. They tell you down there that only once in a hundred years—at most once in a life time—is the wine of supreme excellence. 1921 broke all records. By all accounts, we had no right to expect another such vintage for a generation. But 1933 has proved even better! Not in quantity, but certainly in quality. Only—the supply is limited.

But those who drink the wines on the Rhine in the next few years will carry the memory of 1933 as long as they live!

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THE TALE SPINS PAGE

Petting is a good deal like parking space—there is always plenty of it for the fellow who gets there first.

"Say, Joe, can you tell me why there are fewer railroad accidents than auto accidents?"

Joe: "Well, perhaps, not exactly, but I think the main reason is because the engineer isn't always hugging the fireman."

"How long you in jail fo', Mose?"

"Two weeks."

"What am de charge?"

"No ch'ge, everything am free."

A teacher called for sentences using the word "beans."

"My father grows beans," said the bright boy of the class.

"My mother cooks beans," came from another pupil.

Then a third piped up:

"We are all human beans."

Judge (in dentist chair)—Do you swear that you will pull the tooth, the whole tooth, and nothing but the tooth?

"What do you sell?"

"Salt."

"I'm a salt seller, too."

"Shake!"

"Are you familiar with mules," asked the farmer of the coloured employee.

"No, sir; ah knows too much about dem to be familiar with 'em."

"Ever since our baby was born my wife has been forced to abandon her vocal lessons."

"I always said children were a blessing."

Arthur was being drilled in arithmetic by his primary teacher. "If I put eleven nuts in your hands, and you eat four, how many will you have?" she asked Arthur.

"Eleven," said Arthur.

"But can that be true if you've eaten four? Think again."

"Yes," insisted Arthur. "I'll have eleven. Four inside and seven outside."

A New York City schoolboy was asked to write an essay on the metropolis. His teacher was surprised to read the statement:

"The people of New York are very stupid."

"Why, Johnny," she asked, "where did you get that idea?"

"It says in my geography," Johnny replied, "that the population is very dense."

Buddy Kortjohn was pushing his baby brother down the street in a brand new baby carriage, when a friend hailed him:

"Hey, Buddy, do you get paid for that?"

"Naw," he replied in disgust, "this is a free wheeling job!"

"Since Howard lost all his money, half his friends don't know him anymore."

"What about the other half?"

"They don't know him well enough to know he had any."

A red-headed boy, fresh from Ireland, applied for a position in a Chicago messenger office. After engaging him the manager sent him on an errand in one of the fashionable districts. Half an hour later the manager was called to the telephone.

"Have you a red-headed boy working for you?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is the porter of Oakland Mansions where your boy delivered a message. He insisted on coming in the front way and was so persistent that I was forced to draw a gun."

"Good Heavens, you didn't shoot him?"

"No, but I want my gun back."

"Let's go in here and get something to eat."

"But it's closed; the proprietor must be out. Don't you see that sign, 'Home Cooking'?"

A movie producer was giving a beach party at his Malibu place and an actress, venturing too far out into the surf, got swamped. Before they brought her in she went unconscious.

Two lifeguards were working over her when the host walked up.

"What are you doing?"

"We're giving her artificial respiration."

"Like H—you will. There's going to be nothing artificial around here. You give her the genuine. I can afford it."

"Are you saving any money since you started your budget system?"

"Sure. By the time we have balanced it up every evening it's too late to go anywhere."

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

Cochin Market as on 24th March 1934.

COIR AND ROPING YARNS: Since our last report the market has been very firm and prices of certain qualities advanced by Rs. 5/- to Rs. 10/- per candy owing mainly to Indian demand and to a certain extent to the rising of European firms. Lately enquiry has subsided and the result that prices are easier, particularly for Amengo quality.

Current Market prices are as follows:—

SUPERIOR ANJENGCO: Average price Rs. 76/-
ORDY. ANJENGCO: 67/-
IMIT. ALLAPAT: 78/-
REAL ALLAPAT: 78/-
ARATORY YARN: 95/-
FINE WEAVING YARN: 75/-
ROPING YARN: 42/-

PEPPER: Up to end of February the market remained quiet on the basis of Rs. 23-8/-, but during the earlier part of the present month, there was some demand for India with the result that prices rose to Rs. 24/- The demand has again fallen away and there is a correspondingly easier feeling. Current quotations:—Rs. 23-8/- per cwt. garbled ex godown.

GINGER: This market has been neglected to a large extent. The price of unbleached is now Rs. 12-8/- per cwt. after being down to Rs. 11-4/- Today quotations for unbleached and bleached are Rs. 13/- and Rs. 14-8/- respectively per cwt. ex godown.

TURMERIC: The price has fallen from Rs. 10/- and Rs. 4/- to Rs. 8-8/- and Rs. 4/- respectively. Both Indian and Foreign markets are very quiet and show no interest. Current quotations:—

Rs. 8-8/- per cwt. garbled ex godown
 Rs. 3-8/- per cwt. garbled ex godown

COCOANUT OIL: No demand for export. Market continues to be lifeless. Present quotations:—

Rs. 51-8/- per candy of 600 D. lbs. ready
 Rs. 51-12/- per candy of 600 D. lbs. for 1 month delivery
 Rs. 52-4/- per candy of 600 D. lbs. for 2 months delivery

COPRA: Tendency weak. Stocks and arrivals good. Present quotation Rs. 33-8/- per candy of 656 lbs.

TRAIN TIMINGS

Arrival and departure of the principal trains at Central Station (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.	Cen. Station 8-25 A.M.
BOMBAY MAIL	Cen. Station 8-40 P.M.	Bombay 6-00 A.M.	Cen. Station 5-55 A.M.
BOMBAY EXPRESS	Cen. Station 8-30 A.M.	Bombay 10-15 A.M.	Cen. Station 5-05 P.M.
GRAND TRUNK EXPRESS	Cen. Station 9-20 A.M.	Delhi 10-00 A.M.	Cen. Station 3-30 P.M.
BANGALORE MAIL	Cen. Station 9-30 P.M.	Bangalore 6-35 A.M.	Cen. Station 6-15 A.M.
BANGALORE EXPRESS	Cen. Station 1-00 P.M.	Bangalore 7-40 P.M.	Cen. Station 2-10 P.M.
BLUE MOUNTAIN EXP.	Cen. Station 9-15 P.M.	Ootacamund 12 NOON	Cen. Station 6-35 A.M.
MALABAR EXPRESS	Cen. Station 8-05 P.M.	Mangalore 4-20 P.M.	Cen. Station 7-15 A.M.
WALT AIR PASSENGER	Cen. Station 7-30 P.M.	Waltair 9-45 P.M.	Cen. Station 10-30 A.M.

WHEN IN BOMBAY STAY AT THE MODERN HINDU HOTEL

(Ballard Pier Tram Junc. Fort.)

Situated in a healthy locality and within easy reach of Railway Stations, Docks and all business centres.

Provides at Moderate charges well furnished rooms fitted with Electric lights and fans and excellent vegetarian food, specially suited to South Indians.

Patronised among others, by:

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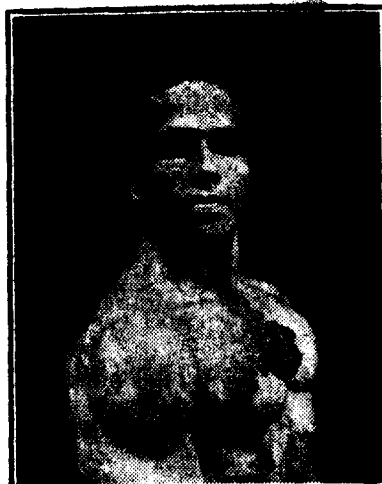
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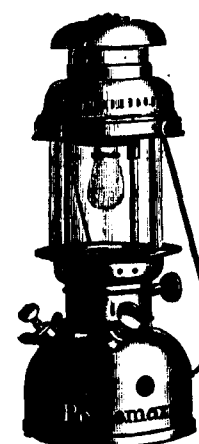
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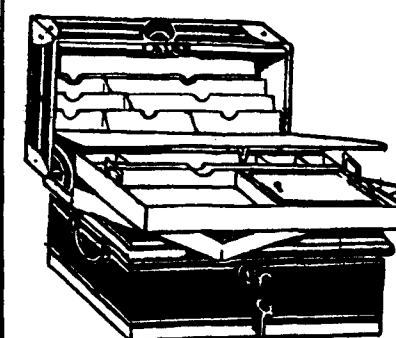
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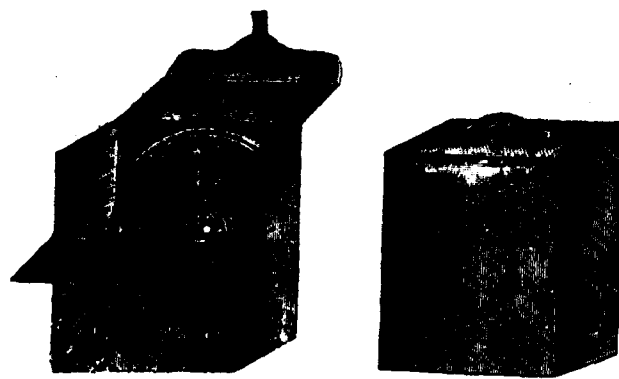
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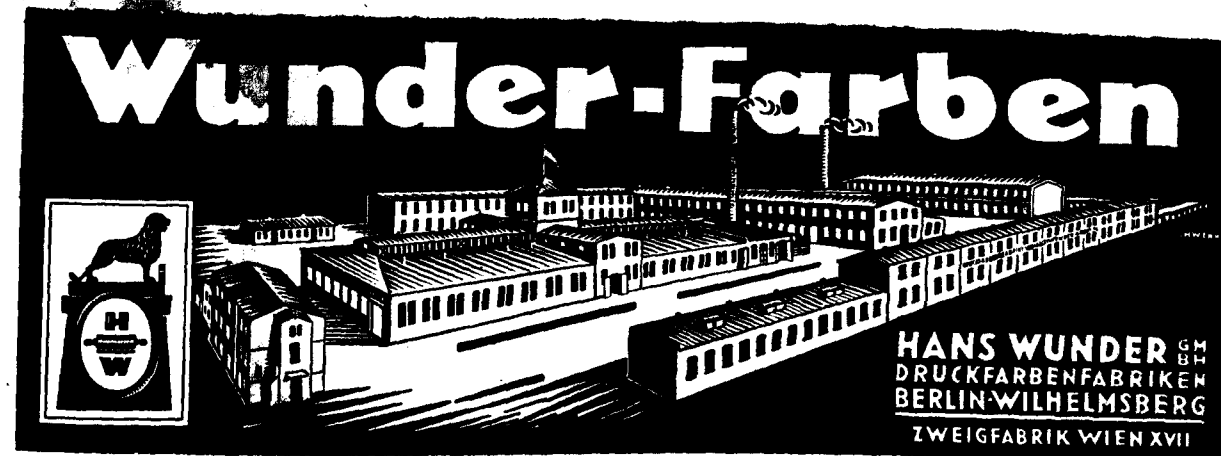
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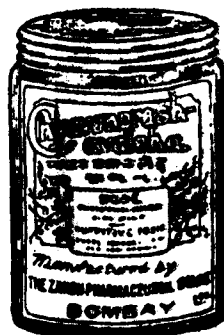
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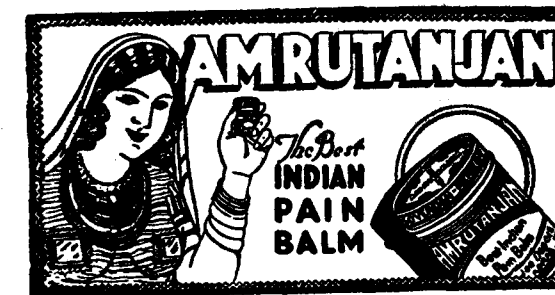
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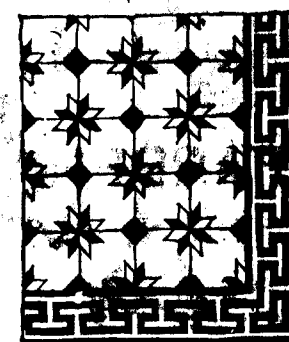
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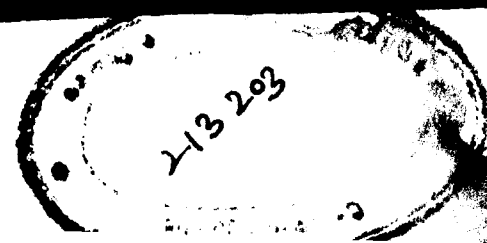
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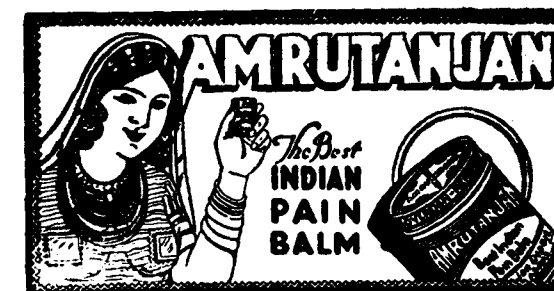
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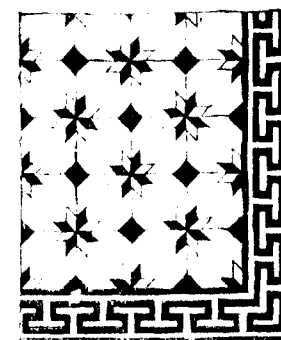
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