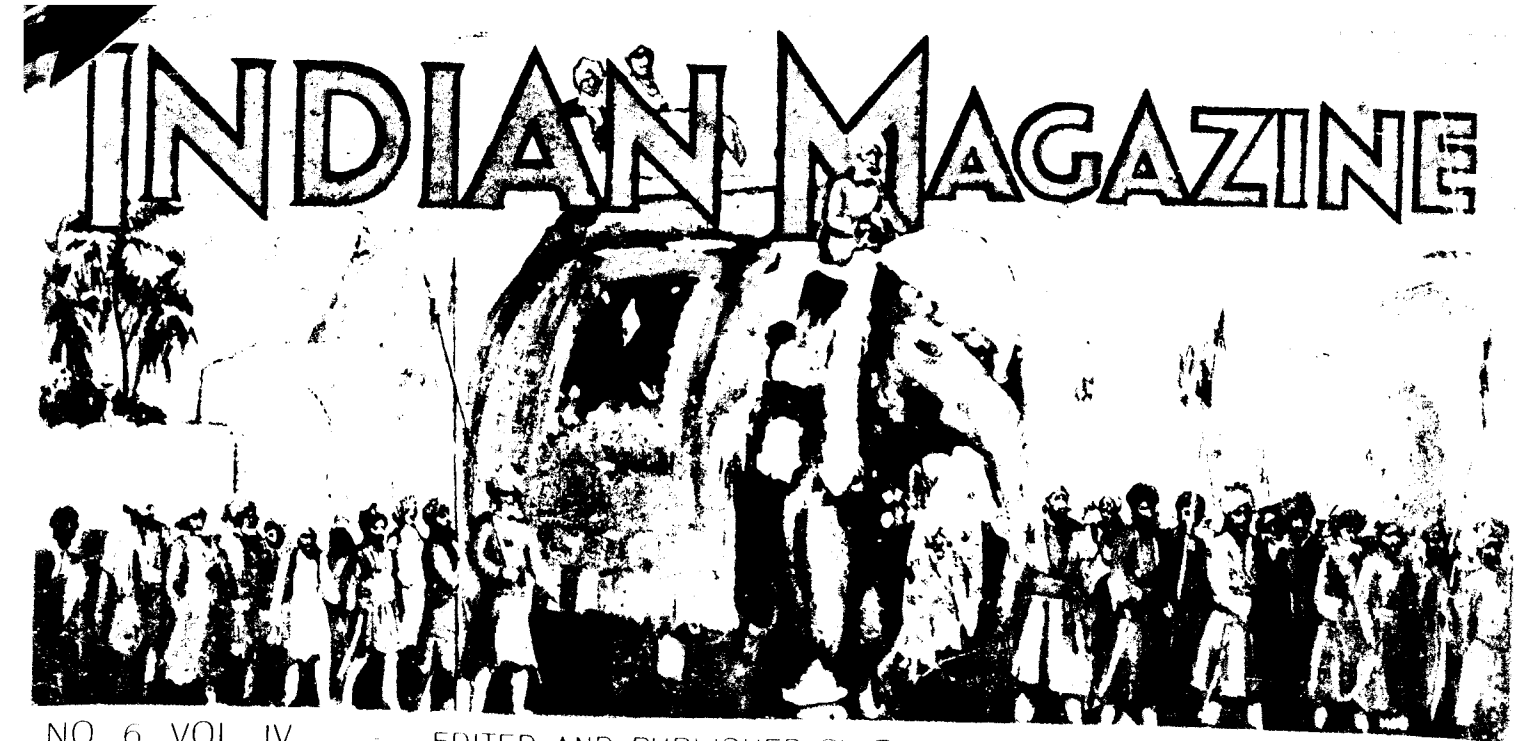




NO. 6. VOL. IV

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY F. H. RAULEDER

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$$\begin{aligned}
\mathcal{L} &= \mathcal{L}_1 + \mathcal{L}_2 + \mathcal{L}_3 + \mathcal{L}_4 \\
\mathcal{L}_1 &= \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial \phi}{\partial t} \right)^2 - \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial \phi}{\partial x} \right)^2 - \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial \phi}{\partial y} \right)^2 - \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial \phi}{\partial z} \right)^2 \\
\mathcal{L}_2 &= \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial \phi}{\partial t} \right)^2 - \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial \phi}{\partial x} \right)^2 - \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial \phi}{\partial y} \right)^2 - \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial \phi}{\partial z} \right)^2 \\
\mathcal{L}_3 &= \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial \phi}{\partial t} \right)^2 - \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial \phi}{\partial x} \right)^2 - \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial \phi}{\partial y} \right)^2 - \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial \phi}{\partial z} \right)^2 \\
\mathcal{L}_4 &= \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial \phi}{\partial t} \right)^2 - \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial \phi}{\partial x} \right)^2 - \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial \phi}{\partial y} \right)^2 - \frac{1}{2} \left(\frac{\partial \phi}{\partial z} \right)^2
\end{aligned}$$

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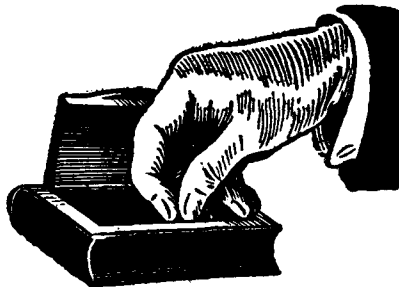
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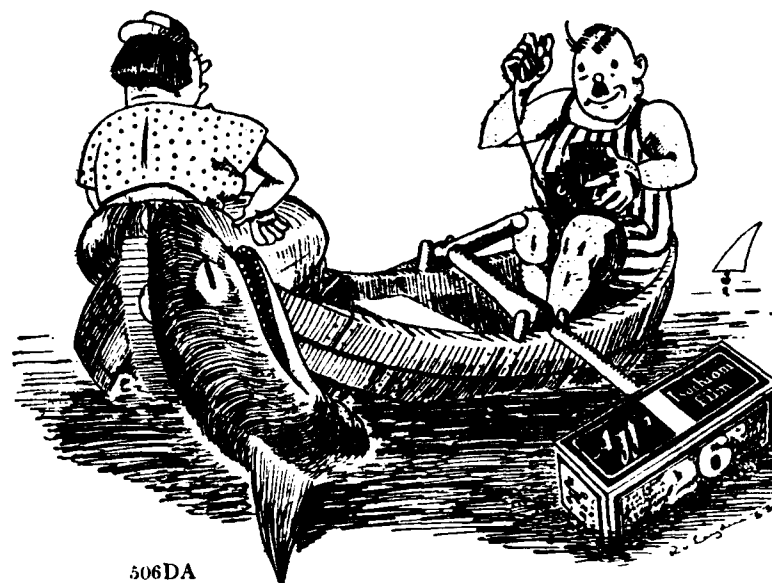
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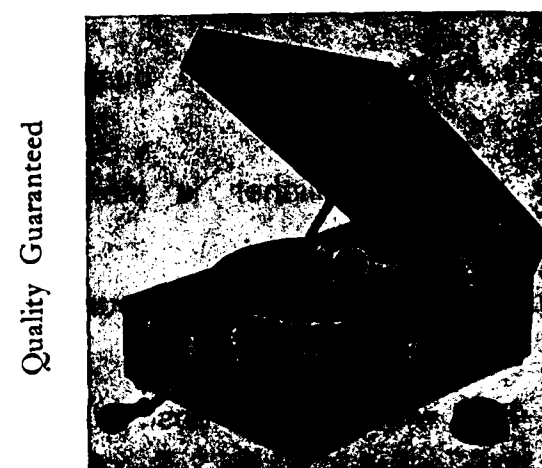
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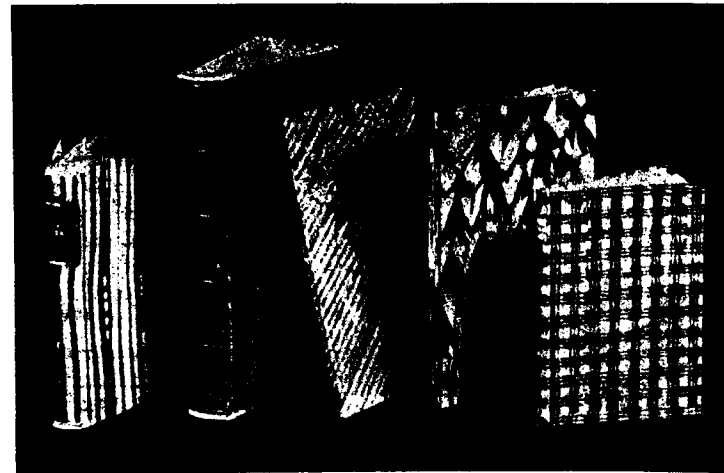
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Indian Magazine

NO. 6 VOL. IV

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY F. H. RAULEDER

MARCH 1934

Rise! A. A. PROCTER

"Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on,
To others have buckled their armour
And forth to the fight have gone!
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day.

"Rise from your dreams of the future
Of gaining some hard-fought field,
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Or bidding some giant yield
Your future has deeds of Glory
Of honour (God grant it may!)
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BIG-GAME THRILLS IN MALABAR FORESTS

M. P. Sivasdas Menon

THESE was a time, not so long ago, when I was thrilled by the sight of a deer at full gallop crashing head over heels as I pressed the trigger of my rifle. But that kind of joy has ceased to be satisfying now. I go about these days looking for something more worth while,—something which will not leave an after-taste of inhumanity in the memory. I spend almost every available week in the dim tangled recesses of the deeper jungles questing for such dangerous game as bison and tiger. But even in these remote haunts one comes on these magnificent creatures rarely, and then quite unexpectedly. Shooting under such conditions is necessarily hurried, and for a middling performer like myself, the results are nearly always unsatisfactory. Many times within the last six years, I have found myself in the path of stampeding herds of bison, and fired left and right at the great plunging forms as they crashed through exploding clumps of bamboo and sent stout saplings flying like twigs in their wild career. Again and again I have seen a big bull take a heavy rifle bullet as easily as a man might take a pill and race back home "stout as Julius Caesar" to tell his wife and children of a fool, an egregious noisy fool, he had met in the forest. Now and then, indeed, one was so badly wounded that he could not go very far, and I went after him and finished him after some wary stalking. On one occasion an old bull broke into a great clump of bamboo a few yards away and stood sulking there. I could not get at him from outside, and had to crawl in after him through the gap he had made. As I went in he turned with a fearful snort, but my bullet caught him about the middle of the spine and he sat back on his haunches swivelling round and round in frantic attempts to get up, and saying unprintable things while I emptied round after round into him. It was the eighth bullet that sent him heeling over. Another time I was charged so furiously by a young fellow that I was obliged to shin up a tree, *sans* hat, *sans* rifle, *sans* shame, thanking the good God for trees. Yet another galloped off in a lopsided manner which registered a good hit, and led me on in the most tantalizing fashion for over a mile, when a persistent crack-crack-crack of branches all round warned me that I was in the middle of a great herd of foraging elephants. Now, shooting an elephant leads to a great deal of trouble with watchers, forest officers, and owners; and at the end of all that correspondence and bother you have to pay fines and give up the tusks to some hateful paunchy fellow who has been asleep in his "wife-house" all the time and now comes forward to claim *jenmi* rights. The sensible man leaves elephants alone and make a bee-line for camp as unostentatiously as possible. And that was what I did. I went back thinking of the vast *burra khana* I had provided for the forest dwellers, and the great feasting that would go on for days there.

With tiger, it is all different. He is, of course, the greatest master of the vanishing trick in the wilds. Coming on him sleeping or feeding or walking about in the day time is a most unusual occurrence. The slightest stir in the jungle sets him on the move, and all you know of it is the sobbing of the agitated monkeys in trees many yards away. Day after day I have wasted time and energy trying to stalk these elusive creatures. You see the pug-marks everywhere,—on sandy river-beds, on the loose earth of the jungle paths, on soft damp spots in the grassy treeless spaces (called *poyils*) which interperse the jungle. You follow these marks,—some as much as eight inches in diameter,—and spend a whole day walking about in continual alertness. Often it leads you back to the spot you started from, or it weaves in and out of the jungle, leads you across a river a number of times; in some places, indeed, he has been there just a minute before you, for the water is still oozing into the deep prints; but he himself is never visible. Sometimes the tracks get lost on stony ground, but you may be sure he is never very far off, for tigers have definite beats which they seldom abandon except in seasons of drought or game shortage or other special disturbances of routine. That is all very well, but where is he? It is a heart-breaking business altogether.

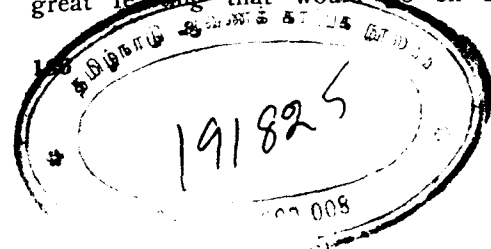
Have I then never met them? I have, and shot a few, too, as you shall hear if you don't grow too old to read before I finish; but mostly, alas, our encounters have been in the nature of a fiasco with the laugh definitely against me.

One moonlight night some years ago, I was sitting under a clump of bamboo waiting for a herd of bison which was expected to pass along a great game path in front. About eight o'clock I was suddenly enveloped in a stench, a big thick nauseating stench, which seemed to have floated down from behind me. Almost overpowered, I asked my guide, a Moplah boy, what it was. He did not speak, but just formed the word tiger with his lips. A slight rustle behind made me turn; I glanced over my shoulder and saw a huge tiger standing just a yard away its blazing eyes regarding us with that odd suggestion of a squint they have. I turned round sharply, but the fore-sight of my rifle got entangled in the thick-growing bamboo tendrils, and before I could free it the tiger made quietly away. In my excitement, I went after him on all fours through the bamboos. It was a mad thing to have done, for apart from the danger, it was like looking for a needle in a bottle of hay, with every strand of hay a thorn-covered tendril or creeper, which tore at my face and neck and threatened to gouge out my eyes. When I desisted and came back, my face looked as if it had been stroked by the tigers' paw.

On another occasion I happened to be staying on an estate of my own near Nilambur. I was walking



AFTER THE BATH



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back to the farm house at about eleven in the morning when a Paniya ran up and told me he had just seen a big tiger making a meal of a deer it had killed in a patch of jungle about half a mile away. I had with me a young officer of the Malabar Specials, a daring sportsman who had shot—and eaten—seven tigers, and a Moplah shikari who talked as if he ate a tiger for breakfast every morning of his life. I immediately sent for our weapons, mobilized the Paniyas on the estate and surrounded the bit of jungle in which the tiger had been seen. My soldier friend entered the jungle along with the Paniyas to prevent the timid fellows from bolting; the Moplah and I took our places covering a fire-line which was the only way the tiger could have escaped. We could not see each other because of a hump in the ground between us, but the tiger could not have crossed the fire-line without having been seen by one or the other of us. The Paniyas advanced along tree branches shepherded by the officer below, and soon began to shout and scream as the tiger moved to and fro underneath. I could distinctly hear his angry growls, but he must have seen me standing by the fire-line and did not come out. For five minutes I stood in tense watchfulness, rifle poised, ready to take him as he made his catapulting leap across the path; but the beat closed and nothing came. The Paniyas came down and joined us chattering, and swearing they had seen the tiger making off to the left where the Moplah had been posted. One of them ran off in that direction and came back with the report that the shikari had been seen climbing down a tall tree and that his gun lay on the ground below. The conclusion was prettily obvious, but we were too polite to stress it. The Paniyas were not so considerate, however; though they were themselves timid, they had no sympathy for a non-Paniya who showed such lack of spirit, and reviled the poor boaster all the way home.

Yet another incident in which I came off much less than second best occurred quite recently. A couple of friends and I were seated in the centre of an open glade after a hard morning's march. We were smoking and talking. It was a little past twelve o'clock at noon. Suddenly with a few loud grunts a big tiger came out from among the trees in front and started to walk straight past us. One of my friends, an officer, started up, surprised though he was, lifted his rifle, and fired. He fired hastily, because, as he said afterwards, he was afraid I might have got in my shot first. He missed. The tiger turned like lightning,—there was a flash of eyes and teeth as he glared,—and sprang back into the jungle. I fired as he vanished, and missed, too. For a long time we stood there looking at each other and feeling the mighty fools we were. We have not yet finished explaining to each other and to the world how we bungled so rare, so heavenly, a chance. There were other such occasions, but why talk of futilities?

II

Some of the most thrilling episodes in my experience happened when we ran into panthers on the hills round

about my own home at Malapuram. These lithe fierce animals are seen more frequently on the country side than in the major jungles. They prowl round human colonies preying on sheep, cattle, and pariah dogs. Several times, when going after wild boar, the dogs have started these marauders. Usually panthers are more than a match for any dogs, but a trained team brings them to bay with very exciting results. A small panther is soon "treed", as the Americans say, that is, forced to climb a tree (which he does as agilely as a monkey), and is then soon shot down. But the bigger ones put their back against a rock or tree and fight very gamely indeed. Valuable dogs are killed and torn to shreds in a little while, and it is a point of honour for the guns to go in and kill the beast before he does much harm. The honour of being the first to face him and shoot him is a highly coveted one, but usually there are not many in a party who would lightly venture into that raging pandemonium. It is a most comical sight when a line of guns streaming enthusiastically to the attack in the hope of bowling over a pig or two wavers and halts when the grim bass notes of a panther shake the hill-side. Then, on more or less convincing pretexts, the men scatter and seek points of vantage, whence they keep up a vague fusillade most deadly to all human life in the neighbourhood. The debate between the dogs and the panther continues in some tangled spot in the inner scrub. Presently the piteous cry of a stricken dog sounds sharply over the babel. The beaters shout and scream curses at the guns, for a dog's death-cry hurts a man more than any wound. One or two, goaded by that cry, and perhaps also the insults, creep into the scrub, weapons at the ready. The dogs bay louder, there is a shot or two, roars from the panther, and, perhaps, a human cry. It is none too infrequent for a party to return a man less from these encounters, for the panther is the most deadly and vindictive of animals when cornered or wounded. I know of at least a dozen men who have lost their lives in this fashion in South Malabar last year.

A comparatively tame way of shooting these cattle harriers is by sitting up for them over what is rather absurdly called a "live kill"—most usually a goat. I tried this method once with an old pariah dog as bait, but his pitiful clamorous fright so moved me that I cut him loose and went back to camp swearing never again to put any creature to such agonizing terror.

Very frequently it happens that the panther, which strikes in a flash, kills and carries away the bait before the sportsman can as much as raise his gun. A fellow would look a precious silly ass, coming home, then!

Three years ago I had the extremely rare luck to get a panther one night and a tiger the next without a kill, dead or alive. It came about this way.

III

I usually spend my Christmas at Akampadam, one of three or four places I own up Nilambur way, where

I devote myself to what may be described as intensive shooting, stalking animals by day, and going after them at night. The nights are well suited for such expeditions. Game comes out in plenty, because the detestable system of "light-shooting" is for the time impossible. The dazzling carbide lamp in which game stand helpless as they are massacred is quite ineffectual. The bright moonlight shows up the sportsman as clearly as the animals themselves, and shooting has a real element of sport in it. On such a night as this I went out to look for some wild boar which had been doing a lot of damage to some of our crops a couple of miles down along the Kurumampuzha river. I was accompanied by my nephew Govindan, a graduate in shikhar no less than arts. He carried my heavy magazine rifle just in case we should have run into big game wandering in from the Government Reserve across the river. He also had a small torch to light us along the darker spots on the jungle path. I myself carried my double twelve, loaded with buck-shot which is an ideal cartridge for boar, deer and other medium game. As we were passing through a particularly thick piece of jungle about half-way over, I noticed a pair of glinting eyes, distinctively of the *felix* type, in the gloom ahead about fifty yards away. The boy whispered "tiger, tiger", and we hurried forward our weapons at the ready. Before we had taken half a dozen steps, however, the eyes disappeared. We stopped behind a tree and remained perfectly still, keeping a sharp look-out in every direction. Presently there came a faint rustle behind, and I saw the eyes among the trees behind us, low down along the ground, and glowing and dimming in the uncertain moonlight exactly like flames in a draught. It would have been foolish to fire at two wavering points of light among such a tangle of roots and branches. We crept forward cautiously, but a twig cracked noisily under my foot, and the eyes disappeared again. We froze into stillness once more, crouching on the ground. We must have remained thus about five minutes when the eyes showed again, much closer, to the left. This time we rushed forward, openly, my nephew switching on his torch as we went. Caught in the light the animal started springing and rushing about with a steady menacing rumble in his throat; but the deftly handled torch showed him up wherever he went. It was a hot chase. It was extremely difficult to "get the bead on" to the dim figure streaking along among the trees and the undergrowth. Finally it stopped behind a worn stump and turned with a fine show of teeth. At the same instant my gun spoke and he rolled over and over on the ground. We ran up, guns levelled, but there was no trace of him. We were so keen on getting him however that notwithstanding the risk we searched all over the place for a good solid hour. But he had crawled away and fallen into a ditch some yards off, and it was only the next day that he was picked up. He was not a tiger, as we had supposed, but a good specimen of the climbing variety of panther.

Greater luck was in store for me. I arrived at the farm about five in the morning and rolled myself up in a rug on the verandah and went to sleep. I could not have been asleep more than half an hour when I was awakened by an excited voice crying "Tamburan, Tamburan". I sat up with a curse and found in the dim light the tall form of Raman, a farm-hand and a noted Shikhari from a place five or six miles away belonging to the Raja of Nilambur. The man had a great story to tell. He spoke of an incredible tiger, "as tall as a horse, and longer than a palmyra tree" which came down every night from the Perumbathor hills and raged around "coughing and groaning" in the most terrifying way. Tigers had been seen there at all times, but this particular monster had not shown himself till about a week previous. He walked about almost incessantly day and night, scaring the honest poacher and the dishonest timber-getter right away from all that area. He was so fearless that he walked unwavering on his course past groups of workmen; and when they shouted at him he turned and snarled, forcing them to drop their tools and climb into tall trees. And last night, he had walked into the glare of a venturesome shooting lamp asking the fellows what-the-dickens-they-were-doing-there in so nasty a manner that they had thrown away lamp and guns and scattered screaming. Two days ago he had disembowelled a Paniya who had blundered into him round a bend in the path. It was eight days since the farm cattle had been allowed out to graze, and the farm-hands turned in early, doors barred and big fires blazing round.

Now all this was rather extraordinary, for not even a man-eating tiger rages about like a rabid dog. The story sounded like the earlier cantos of a new *Beowulf*. I began to feel that Raman was trying to impress or frighten me. The suspicion was unjust, as it proved, but I felt angry that he should have tried to pull my leg so blatantly. I laughed as scornfully as I could manage and asked him if he could show me this fabled monster. Like the Cockney who was being married and was asked by the clergyman if he would take the woman to wife, he replied that he had come on purpose. He had heard I had arrived and had gladly hurried over. He knew how much I desired to get a first-class tiger; no country shikhari would face this particular one with the inferior guns he had. Would I start immediately, and bring along my most powerful rifle?

I swallowed a cup of tea, packed a rug and a few absolute necessities, and was on the march in less than an hour. I was accompanied by my brother, two young nephews, Achu my servant, and Raman, a workman-like party altogether, for every one was useful with a gun and dependable in a tight corner. It was a good six mile march, with a boulder-strewn river to wade across, half way over. About eight we came in sight of a lonely desolate farm overlooking some acres of miserable paddy flats which lay in the shadow of a high range of densely timbered hills. The place reeked of

malaria even in that beautiful season. The farm people showed notable spleens, the children had little else to show, the cattle looked famished. The only things that seemed to thrive in that depressing place were the *Paniyas*, the wild folk who worked in the fields, and the gaudy peacocks which flew about the edge of the jungle. Everywhere was black oozy mud with great black puddles out of which a rank growth of coarse grass rose over our heads. As we splashed through to the dull-coloured mud-built farm house we were surrounded by a group of miserable hollow-eyed humans who inspected us and our weapons in listless curiosity. Had the tiger been heard overnight? Oh yes. Would the *Paniyas* lead us up the hill? Emphatically not, for in addition to the tiger there was an elephant there. It appeared a marauding tusker had swept into the crops less than an hour previous, and had only gone away after having been repeatedly fired at. He had taken the timber track by which the tiger usually descended. The *Paniya* is scared of elephants in a way we cannot quite understand, but then he knows the jungle far better than we do. However that was, there was not too much enthusiasm in the matter of following us. Finally we went up by ourselves, and wandered up and down the mountain side for hours. It was an immense place, dark and dank and marvellous; great trees towered up like giant columns, the foliage mingling overhead and shutting out the sky; below rioted a tangle of lush undergrowth. Now and then great prairie-like stretches of rank grass waved deceptively over deep slush from which black slimy streamlets oozed and ran. Further on, acres of bamboo swayed and creaked and whispered eerily in the wind. I cannot tell you how small and helpless we felt as we played hide and seek among those dim endless clumps. It was almost with a sense of anti-climax that we saw game bounding away from us in all directions, fierce protesting boar, magnificent antlered sambhur sounding their conch-notes in alarm, bellowing bison crashing like tractors through the undergrowth. But there was no shooting that day, for it would have been foolish to disturb the jungle and possibly alarm our principal quarry.

I was looking for foot-prints all the time. The trouble was not that they were too few, but that they were too many. I saw fresh tracks of bison, deer of various kinds, bears, and tigers of all sizes, from teeny-weeny pugs to monstrous prints, one set of which measured about eight inches across. These I decided belonged to my beast, and I set about studying them methodically. I discovered they were seldom visible in the denser parts,—but they crossed and recrossed each other on the soft loose earth of the haulage paths down which timber was dragged down in the working seasons. There were three separate pathways, which led down from different points on the hill-side; all three showed the great pug marks more or less distinctly. At one point these paths joined into one track just above a rush-covered stream. The undergrowth

here was particularly dense, but there was a big tree which stood at the junction of the paths and over-looked a yard or two of each as they emerged from the thickets. Down one or the other of these narrow strips the great animal was almost sure to come, for I knew that except in very compelling circumstances the bigger tigers keep to a well-worn path and disdain crawling and sneaking through the undergrowth. Here then I decided to sit up; a couple of *Paniyas* were sent for and induced to rig up a seat on the tree, and we left for the farm below. We reached the place about four. We were badly in need of food, but the poor farm people could give us nothing but a few plantains. They promised to cook a little rice for us against night, however. My servant Achu started juggling with some tea dust and a pan he had brought along. God did not intend Perumbathor water for tea; the dust ran in and out resolutely refusing to mix with the thick grey fluid, and the promised miracle failed to come off. I swallowed the decoction such as it was, and was about to help it down with a couple of fever-flavoured plantain fruits, when Raman came up "dressed to kill" in blanket and balaclava, and told me it was time to start. I had been hoping it would have been time enough to move round about ten o'clock, after some food and rest; but Raman was in a professorial mood and pointed out that it was Thiru Ardra and full moon, and that tigers did unaccountable things on such nights. I laughed at the astrological theory, but felt that in any case it would have been extremely silly to let slip even the smallest chance after all this trouble. I rose up and prepared to get ready. The nights are intensely cold in these regions in December. The nip which had come into the air in the afternoon had become decidedly pronounced, and I therefore changed into thick flannels, hat, puttees, and all, bundled up my rug, torch, and cartridges, and started. As this kind of shooting is largely a one-man job, I decided to leave the others behind. They were not very sorry. My brother walked back home to our own farmstead, and my nephews stretched themselves on the floor to sleep, politely remarking that they would be quite satisfied with the reflected glory of my achievements. The weapon I had selected was my brother's combination Double, the right barrel bored for the heavy .500 Express rifle bullet, the left taking a twelve bore three-inch buck-shot cartridge. It was a beautiful new weapon, with luminous night sights which made it especially suitable for the work I had in hand; it had also the advantage of having hair triggers which release the firing pin almost on a thought. I had rejected for the time my own weapon, a heavy Mauser rifle of the German Military pattern as too temperamental for use on a narrow *machan*. It kicks like Beelzebub; the least little carelessness in flicking the trigger into the deadly second pressure throws you violently on your back the same moment your quarry is lifted off the ground by the impact of the bullet. Such impartiality is disconcerting when you are on a tree, and have to

fire in a hurry. The Mauser is assuredly for the "groundlings".

I reached the machan a little after six. It was a clumsily built contraption high above the ground, with an uncomfortable list to the right. I climbed in by means of a long bamboo which did duty for a ladder, disposed of my belongings and sat down. Raman said he had to watch his crops and went. Achu, who asked to be allowed to remain, lay down on the rug and presently went off to sleep.

I have heard superior people say that machan shooting "bores them stiff". I suppose they mean that they merely want to kill something, but do not have the patience to wait for it; that they have no eyes or ears for anything going on around them and cannot brook disappointment when the animal fails to appear. I do not think much of these extremely business-like sportsmen. Disappointment is of course quite common, but the waiting can never be tedious to a man of any imagination. In the first place there are few things on earth more unutterably lovely than the jungle as dusk descends on it and the slow moon works its magic on tree and shrub and living water. The practised eye sees comings and goings of innumerable creatures which go about unconscious of audience; the trained ear catches all the symphonies of love and hate and hunger, and all the details of a crowded passionate world pulsing beyond our civilised ken. No one, I believe, sees and loves Nature as the shooting man comes to do eventually in wiser years.

It was just sunset when I took my seat on the machan. The jungle fowl were sounding their Last Post, those beautiful long notes they utter as they go home to roost. An occasional sambhur coming out to graze sent its echoing challenge booming on the high hill side; below the clear musical calls of spotted deer floated up faintly from the grassy stretches far below. On a lofty tree-top quite close but quite out of view a peacock started talking to his wife in that loud harsh "peaow" of his which is so unlike his dainty appearance. The lady responded in suitable terms and the pair went to sleep. A little later, another couple took up the wonderous tale,—the oddest of all the sounds you hear in the jungle,—a pair of great Horn-hills plonking dull nothings into each other's ears. It starts—tum, tum-tum, tum-tum, tum—exactly like a couple of axes on a tree, and works up into a loud raucous rasp, sounding at the finale of its ecstasy like half-a-dozen bad handsaws working angrily on a dry stump. Gradually these sounds ceased. Even the chatter of the lesser birds died down into faint twitterings and the silence grew and intensified as night settled on the jungle. Even the faint rustlings below, and the sigh of the wind in the grass intensified the effect of desolation,—“where no man comes or hath come since the making of the world”. Now and then it was broken into by the querulous cries of owls turning out on guard duty for the night. They are alert all night, everywhere, these funny creatures. They perch them-

selves on lofty branches, their fierce heads jerking left, right and sometimes quite round about, in perpetual watchfulness. Nothing can move in the jungle without their knowing it. A monkey stirs in his sleep, a pig goes rooting along, deer come out looking intently left and right,—every incident is noted and announced protestingly to the world by these sentinels. The protest is loud and vehement when a bison cracks a sapling with his shoulder or an elephant tears up a branch for food. It becomes excited and alarmed, and is taken up by the whole tribe, when a tiger shows his slinking form in the shadows below. Indeed the owls represent the fourth estate of these dim realms.

About eight o'clock these birds set up a mighty cackle, and I took up my rifle and peered down fully expecting the tiger. Presently the bushes parted and I caught a glimpse of an enormous grey boar, his tusks gleaming in the moonlight. I did not fire, of course. As I looked down, however, I realized for the first time how unskillfully the machan had been built. It was fully fifty feet above the ground, and there were numerous small branches and twigs beneath it which seriously obstructed the vision. Also it sloped painfully to one side where it had been fastened to a branch lower than the other. I began to wonder whether it would not be much better to go down and sit in the shadow of the tree. Just then a bear started wandering about with its uncanny human cry, sounding now and then like the voice of a lost soul. I resolved to keep to the machan. The bear wandered away in a little while and his voice grew fainter and ceased.

It was frightfully cold by now, and I shivered where I sat, all warmly clad though I was. Achu was still curled up by my side and fast asleep. I threw one end of the rug over him. About an hour later I too began to doze, but was startled into full wakefulness by a strange terrifying sound on the hill-side a little above me. It was not one sound, really, but a series of sounds, the most amazing I have heard in all my life. The first notes reminded me of the screaming shells I had listened to in Ernad in rebellion days; then, as they came together and fell into a scheme, it sounded like cats on the tiles. But such cats! By the scale volume of the sounds, they must have been bigger than elephants. The base note was a long shuddering whine, sustained and penetrating. It rose by shrill deafening screeches into an appalling crescendo of caterwauling, and then died down into a sibilance like escaping steam. Oh, the howling, the screeching, the grunting, the purring, the hissing, the roaring! I had not heard it before, but I seemed to know instinctively what it was,—tigers making love. I knew, too, that Raman's tiger was not entirely apocryphal, but a beast raging about for a mate. It was an extraordinarily rare experience; I listened with bated breath and prayed I might be vouchsafed a glimpse of the sacred rites of this Sylvan Mystery. Meantime the jungle shook and echoed to the awful serenade; as the long drawn out

notes thrilled over the hill side, all other creatures made away in terror; I could hear them scurrying and scampering and galloping in all directions, with a babel of frightened voices. I could not see the cats, of course, but I could visualize them clearly; I seemed to see them creeping round and round on their bellies, leaping high into the air, grabbing at each other in savage playfulness. It lasted for over a quarter of an hour, and stopped as suddenly as it had begun. Thereafter the silence was profound. For a long time I waited and watched, while the dew fell in showers, drenching me, and making the sloping machan slippery and dank. My limbs were in the grips of cramp, my finger quite numb. I placed the heavy rifle on the edge of the machan, shifted slowly into squatting posture and shook and shivered in that uncomfortable position. The moonlight formed strange illusions before my sleepy eyes. The ground seemed to have come up so close that I felt I could step on to it by merely dangling my legs over the edge. Odd visions of farms, men, and animals came up out of the surrounding foliage, dissolved, and formed again. Just as I was watching the form of a wonderful heraldic animal which the swaying grass formed on the stream-bed below, a loud crack of breaking bamboo came from a furlong below me in the direction of the open "Poyil". Achu woke up, and we listened intently. The sound came again. "It is either the elephant or a bison", Achu whispered. I had lost all hope of the tiger by now, and hoped it was a bison which was coming. It was better than nothing, any how. Keeping a sharp look out forward, I moved my hand stealthily towards the rifle and—knocked it off the edge! I made a clumsy grab, but my numbed finger refused to grip, and the rifle went down into the undergrowth with a crash and a thud. Fortunately the safety catch was on, or it would have gone off and ruined everything.

The next two minutes were crowded with breathless action. Almost automatically I swung myself down on to the perilously swaying bamboo ladder, slipped and slid down it to the ground, picked up the rifle gleaming among the bushes and turned to the ladder with the intention of clambering up it again. As I caught hold of the bamboo, however, I heard the "clup, clup" of rapidly moving feet in the stream below, and I turned to have a look at whatever was coming. And I saw,—not the elephant, not a bison, but the Father of all the Tigers already half way across the stream and about to clamber up to my side. It was just such an experience as one might have in a dream, terrible and yet curiously inconsequent; it seemed to me looking down in the haze-dimmed moonlight that a great magical carpet was floating up towards me, shadowy and soundless; in front of it was a massive head monstrously tattooed all round the fierce blazing eyes, and framed in a bristling ruff of white hair. I have often been asked how I felt at the moment. To-day, so long after the event, it is easy enough to spin out the psychology stuff; but such

efforts are mostly in the nature of picturesque after-thought. My own experience has been that the mind is a blank at such times, and that action is almost automatic. It was a rather awful moment, of course. The tiger was the hugest I had ever seen; its body seemed to span the whole width of that shadow-darkened stream, and it was within a few feet of me. There was a brief half-second of paralyzing fear when I stood irresolute, not knowing what to do. And then, I suppose, some sword-swinging predatory ancestor woke up in me and took command of my will. I did not try to climb, for I had known of men who did and had been mistaken for monkeys and brought down by a smashing paw. I did not run, because apart from the danger of being chased, I had to go back the next day and face the fellows who usually swore by me. I found myself leaning against the tree, my eyes looking steadily along the bright night-sights aligned point blank at the on-coming head. I moved the safety catch as the animal started climbing up the sloping bank, and pressed the trigger when he was nearly at the top. Just as the flash died down, and long before the roar of the discharge was caught and thrown back by the hills, he stumbled forward and fell to the left, and then slid helplessly to the bed of the stream. From the way he fell, I thought I had hit him in the brain; but I had not made allowance for his forward spring; the bullet had smashed his spine just over the shoulder. The hind legs and the main part of his body had been paralyzed; that was why he did not spring forward and up, as tigers usually do when hit. He was not dead yet, however, and the moment he struck the sandy bed of the stream he lifted his magnificent head and let out a deep roar the vibrations of which I felt through the thick soles of my boots and came to my ears in sawn off sections of voluminous sound. At the same time he hit the ground a resounding blow with his right fore-foot which sent the sand flying yards high. Then the great head leaned sideways and fell, and his spirit passed to the accompaniment of a low thundery growl which died down into a great sigh at the end.

Long before morning I was back at my own farm where I knocked up all our P'aniyas whom I sent to fetch home the body. It took twenty of them a whole day to carry it across. He measured considerably over eleven feet in length and had the most massive body of any tiger seen in those parts. I had him photographed, but the camera-man was an amateur and he cut off the tiger's legs in one exposure and all our heads in the next.

I have potted at cats since, a number of times and sometimes in exciting circumstances, as for instance this Christmas when a black panther I got gave me a most anxious quarter of an hour. But I look upon the Perumbathoor incident as the most complete and satisfying of all my experiences.

As the animal was being skinned, I had calls from

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PRITHVI RAJ

LO! Festive drums were throbbing in the streets of Kanauj fair
Where every man and woman moved with happy cheerful air.
For it was the wedding day of the Royal Princess fair
The lovely child of Jayachandra, his daughter and his heir.
The king of Kanauj, happiest father, had invited all
The chiefs and princes of royal blood; all heroes strong and tall.
And had by royal writ decreed that all the chieftains brave,
Appear in the wedding hall Samyukta's hand to crave.
"For the gallant bridegroom must be the royal bride's own choice—
This sacred freedom every Rajput maiden e'er enjoys."
But fair Samyukta, handsome like a tender rose in bloom
Sat in her chamber wrapt in thoughts of doubt and fear and gloom:
Her heart was set upon
The hero of Hindusthan
The flower of brave Chauhan
Her chosen bold bridegroom.

For the king, boldest warrior, had in anger proclaimed thus:
"Know ye men of my mighty city, Prithvi hath insulted us!
Our royal wish for his presence he hath basely scorned,
We shall make him palace-guard that others might be warned."
And so they put bold Prithvi's statue at the palace gate;
But wrathful Kanauj did not know the course of ruthless fate.
For Samyukta made resolve her father's wrath to dare;
She would wed the Chauhan gem and nothing would she spare.
Instead of living a loveless life, to die for love were good.
This was the glorious dictum of the Rajput womanhood:
Thus in days bygone
The heroic women shone
In holy Hindusthan;
In battles when they stood.

The swayamvar hall was decked with lovely flowers of varied hue,
The princely seats all gleamed with pearl and gold and diamond new.
Princes from the plains of India, chieftains from the hills,
Rulers from beyond the mountains peopled by the BHILS—
Every hero brave and honest, came with rich presents,
Silken shawls like fleecy clouds and sweetest-smelling scents;
From the south beyond the range of Vindhya mount there came
Golden jewels and rubies red, each gleaming like a flame.

And many gifts of varied kind and priceless quality
The royal wooers brought in loads of untold quantity.
And when the chieftains all assembled in the chamber grand
They found that Prithvi was not there to court Samyukta's hand.
And each thinking on him would fall the final bridal choice,
Of Prithvi's absence in their inmost hearts they did rejoice.
Thus on fancy's edge they sat; were borne aloft by pride;
And cast about them anxious looks; one with another vied.
And lo! there fell upon
The chiefs of Hindusthan
A silence and anon,
Entered the Royal Bride.

Right along the royal throng with swan-like grace she walked,
Her silver anklets tinkling; while the chiefs in whispers talked
Admiring of her slender form, her charming face and smile;
Her sweeping brows, her half-closed eyes, her finely-cut profile.
And not a look she cast upon the eager princely crowd;
She glided on towards the door while every chieftain bowed
In gallant respect, blind enchantment, firm and fond belief.
But she stopped not to see a single ruler, prince or chief.
And ere the wrathful king could rise and stop her action rash,
She flung the garland round the image of Prithvi in a flash.
And thunderstruck were all the princes by the maid's courage
Who, filled with gladness, gazed upon her chosen lord's image.
To chide his faithless child the king in anger boundless ran;
But from among the princes rose a handsome stalwart man!
He sprang forth like a nimble leopard; caught the blushing maid;
He turned upon the rushing throng unflinching, unafraid.
"'Tis he!" "'tis he!" went forth the cry, "'tis Prithvi in disguise!"
"Stop him!" cried the chagrined king, "Stop him ere he flies!"
But triumphant Prithvi clasped his bride and leapt upon his steed
To the flashing swords and clashing shields he paid not any heed.
Swift as thought and fast as wind the proud animal flew
On to Prithvi's deathless Delhi while war-like bugles blew.
And battle-drums were throbbing in the streets of Kanauj old,
Were every hero mounted horse to chase them. But behold!
The Rose of Rajasthan!
The pearl of Hindusthan!
Had flown with Prince Chauhan,
Her valiant hero bold.

P. G. Sundara Rajan.

PROTECTION AND PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS IN GERMANY

VETERINARY sciences are essentially based upon the same principle and comprise analogous branches and special sections as medical science applied to human patients. The physician as well as the veterinarian have since times immemorial—frequently in close collaboration—been serving the aims of science. The greater part of physiological experiments have at first been performed and tested on animals. In view of the strict interdiction of dissecting any human body, considered to be a sacrilegious abomination in the antique and mediaeval world, Hippocrates, Aristotle and Galenus as well as their successors during the middle-age were compelled to use animals for their anatomical and physiological studies.

The rigour of the said prohibition explains that we find in the course of the middle-age but a few courageous individual physicians who, clandestinely, hiding like criminals, dared at the risk of torture and stake to dissect human bodies in order to promote science. It was only in the course of the enlightened 18th century that new and more broad-minded ideas began to prevail; about the decline of that century the first veterinary institutes being installed in France, Italy and Germany, medical and veterinary science became two separate doctrines. The physician however, particularly the bacteriologist and specialist for tropical diseases, could not dispense with experiments on animals for medical purposes. Therefore medical and veterinary science, serving in many respects analogous purposes, show numerous characteristic traits in common.

Experiments on animals are in the interest of science indispensable; only the principle must prevail that they should only be effected if they are really necessary and promise to yield satisfactory results, and furthermore such experiments shall by all means only be carried out by absolutely competent specialists.

Much has been said—not always have such statements been impartial and objective—about the cruel and atrocious manner in which the vivisection of domestic animals, cats and dogs, has in numerous cases been handled. Personally, I must truthfully state that I have during all the years of my studies and in the course of my activity in various sections of the Berlin institute never witnessed even one single case where the dissecting of a living animal was effected without the use of intoxicating drugs.

As a matter of principle we apply since long at least local anaesthesia in performing surgical operations on animals, and generally speaking we follow the simple rule that all available means must be used to save animals from all avoidable physical pain and suffering; practically the same rules are therefore to be followed as applied to human patients in the case of surgical operations.

Decisive steps have of late been undertaken in Germany for the protection of animals, the prevention of cruelty and unnecessary suffering.

In accordance with the spirit of the new legislature settling this matter, experiments on animals, provided they are absolutely indispensable, may only take place in official governmental veterinary institutes. Furthermore it must be borne in mind that only experiments likely to yield scientifically valuable results are permissible. Regarding experiments on animals necessary for the scientific training of university students and future veterinarians, we now use almost exclusively the film to that effect whilst formerly a great number of animals was daily dissected for educational purposes.

In England we are keeping in touch with Sir Frederick Hobday and Earl Howe with whom we arrived at a thorough mutual understanding for a closer and more intensified collaboration between physicians and veterinarians in Germany as well as in Great Britain.

To quote a practical often occurring example; it is in accordance with the new law strictly forbidden to castrate stallions without anaesthesia, undoubtedly a justified demand for the owner of any horse can afford the trifling sum of about 3 Marks to that effect. In spite of all protectional measures regrettable cases of cruelty to horses are still occurring. Thus it reiteratedly happened that horses exported from Poland to Belgium for slaughtering purposes pass in transit through German territory. Sometimes 36 of these old worn out horses are in order to save money on their transport cruelly crammed into one railway waggon normally holding a load of not more than 8 horses.

For the protection of animals and prevention of cruelty the Prussian Prime-Minister, General Göring, has taken the lead. Although we naturally feel inclined to vote for the total abolishment of vivisection it is in practice not possible to arrive at a radical suppression of experiments on animals. One need only point to bacteriology and tropical diseases, malaria and the sleeping sickness to convince the reader that the total suppression of experiments in such a connection would in the highest degree be detrimental to science.

It is sometimes not an easy task to perform surgical operations on animals. In numerous cases such operations may only be effected at a great personal risk. Thus I well remember having once operated a female black jaguar, one of the fiercest beasts of prey, in the Zoological Garden in Berlin. It was a case of abnormal birth. I let ether through a tube into the cage surrounded to that effect by a large glass casing and when the jaguar lay motionless and consciousnessless, the very complicated operation deemed impossible by the



FAKIR

PHOTO: KLEIN & PEYERL

keeper had to be effected as quick as lightning before the jaguar recovered her senses. Fortunately I succeeded just in time so that the valuable animal as well as her cub were saved.

It is a still more serious problem to send an elephant asleep. To this effect when operating an elephant bull in the Berlin Zoo I used not less than 30 grammes of morphia and two bottles of rum.

Thus all available means are being used for rendering operations on animals as painless as possible. As stated before the same rules and principles are observed

as applied to human patients. Collaboration between veterinarians and physicians has therefore of late become very close, and the Koch Institute has for the gaining of serum its own veterinary section.

An experiment that saves the life of many a domestic animal is that on the surviving organ. The intestines of dogs and cats produce during several hours certain physiological reactions which are surveyed by a level placed at the end of the intestine, the reaction being shown graphically by curves on a sheet of blackened paper.

Hins.

THE WOOD-CUTTER

*Alone upon the slopes of yonder hill
Where grow the plants of Nature's endless list,
Where reigns the silent warmth of noonday still
Where floats the smoke of village huts like mist,
There toils a man with axe;
Who patience never lacks
To fell the sturdy trees with none to assist
Or tread the thorny tracks.*

*The noise of his axe that glistens in the sun
Resounds with rhythmic beats all through the place,
While birds all fly and frightened squirrels run.
The broken chips from the fallen tree-trunk chase
The darting butterflies
That fly with sightless eyes,
And through the forest's darkness humming race,
As each to a flower hies.*

*When part of the tree is hewn into bits and piled,
The wood-cutter stops his work. His eyes he shields
With his hand and peers beyond the wild
Adown the vale across the spreading fields,
And sees his lonely hut
Whose doors are never shut.
And with a sigh he takes his food and wields
His axe more wood to cut.*

*He splits and cleaves with renewed might until
The sun has gone below the western sky,
And then he ties his sticks and leaves the hill
And singing goes to a town his trade to ply.
His bundles there he sells.
His heart with gladness swells
As on returning home with glowing eye,
His wife the news he tells.*

P. G. Sundara Rajan.



Instalment 3.

Synopsis.

Flying home across the Channel Harvey Greaves has engine trouble, and is forced to land in the grounds of an isolated mansion in Sussex. To his surprise he meets his step-brother Charles and a girl rushing out of the door. He learns Charles has been gambling to try to win money to enable Alethea Munders to follow her flying ambitions, but, instead, has lost heavily. In spite of a warning Harvey insists on entering, and recognises in the host Hendrich Baker, a shady character he had met abroad under another name. Charles goes off, and Harvey sees Alethea is sent to her sister at Brighton. Next day, after repairing his engine, he takes Alethea back to London in his plane.

Alethea's First Flying Lesson.

HARVEY showed Alethea how the machine responded to the lightest touch. Every evolution was a new experience to her. She felt the spirit of flight and knew that it was good. Never before had she enjoyed such ecstasy, for here she was, five thousand feet above ordinary humanity, hurtling through space and partly controlling the greatest modern symbol of power.

The engine was roaring now, and they flew for another ten miles before Harvey again throttled down.

"I'll teach you to fly—Alethea!"

She could find no reply, but she knew she had awakened some response in the man who had been thrown so accidentally across her path.

Harvey opened up the engine, and it was not long before they sighted Croydon. Alethea took her hand from the control, leaving the pilot free to make his descent. The huge expanse of grass lay below. Two or three machines were resting on the concrete near the hotel, awaiting their time to depart—one to Paris, another to Zurich, yet a third to some other part of the earth; all epitomising the romance of the new age which was gripping the world.

With what seemed to Alethea a solemn sigh the huge craft in which she was flying began to sink to the ground.

Harvey Greaves found a place for his machine and then telephoned for a private car to be sent to the aerodrome. Afterward he took Alethea into the lounge, where they sat over coffee.

"You were very lucky last night, Alethea," he said, assuming the use of her Christian name without any feeling of misgiving. "Our friend Hendrich Baker is not all that he seems, you know."

Alethea smiled.

"You have your knife in him. I don't like him very much myself—but I don't think he's really harmful, although Charlie fancies he's a bad sort. Of course, he gambles—but a lot of people do."

Her kindness towards Hendrich amused Harvey. If only she knew!

Well," he replied, "if you feel like that about

him—all right. But, as I said last night, he wouldn't be so bad if he happened to be Hendrich Baker."

"What did you mean by that?"

"I happen to know the gentleman. He's in England for no good purpose, you see. Up to his old tricks. I don't know whether I ought to tell you—or even whether you'd believe me."

"Of course I'd believe you. Tell me—I'll keep it secret."

"Even from Charlie?"

"Why, certainly. Charlie means nothing to me. It's unfortunate that I mean a lot to him—or at least he tells me so."

"He's in love with you?"

"He's in love with love, if I know my Charlie!" Alethea exclaimed with some amusement. "It was funny you should turn out to be his step-brother. And it was extreme luck that you should glide into Three-ways Manor last night as you did. What would have happened to me if you hadn't I don't know."

"Charlie would have looked after you," Greaves suggested magnanimously.

Marcoski, alias Baker.

"I wonder. But do tell me about Hendrich Baker, please." There was an intriguing appeal in her voice difficult to refuse. Harvey relented.

"Hendrich Baker," he said, "is, first of all, not his real name. I came across him in Berlin and also in Vienna, not to mention one or two other places where his quiet activities have led him. All this gambling business is part of his blind. If he gets the police on to him for that they are apt to overlook more serious matters. He's in England for something far more important than gambling. His real name is Stefan Marcoski, and at one time he was in the service of the Tsar. Afterwards he went over to the Soviet people. And he has been known to act for various other Governments, but never for Great Britain. I don't think we'd trust him an inch."

Alethea was startled. She had always looked upon Hendrich Baker as a gambler above all else, but never as a spy.

"You see," continued Harvey, "he's mad about flying—and flying commercially and from every point of view is of the greatest importance to the world nowadays. Mr. Baker's business is the acquisition of all the latest developments in aeronautics. He doesn't care a hoot where he gets them from either, or where he sells them so long as Hendrich Baker does well over the deal. How he got into England passes my comprehension, for he's known. It must have been by air, though it's not easy even to do that nowadays."

"Then you think he's after some secret in this country?" she asked.

"I'm sure of it."

"Well, you can report him."

"It's not quite so easy as that. I've no doubt he's covered his tracks with his usual skill."

"But—Mr. Greaves—how do you know all this?"

"That," replied Greaves, "is another matter! I will explain all that another time."

Alethea had to be content, for at that moment Greaves was called back by the Customs authorities.

When he returned the car had come in from the town. He paid his bill and he and Alethea drove away. What he was going to say to his father he did not know. He had descended upon mystery, and as Alethea was concerned in it he felt that he could not leave it at that. He would have to get some extension of time from his father.

Apart from the mystery there was Alethea herself. When she explained to him her overwhelming ambition he, as a pilot of some years' standing, felt it keenly. He was full of enthusiasms on her behalf. He wanted her to fly. He wanted her to have everything she desired, and, above all things, she desired to know the freedom of the air. It was the new craze for women, and if the woman he had met in such queer circumstances wanted to be in the vanguard of the movement, then it was he who could help her more than anybody else.

Then there was Charles. He had little respect for him, but he could not stand by and see him in the clutches of Hendrich Baker.

Stella Wrenington, too, was a problem; Alethea had told him about her. He must find out more about this particular lady. Hendrich would not be mixed up with her unless there was something big behind the association.

Angus Greaves.

On that day, after Harvey had left Alethea at her tiny flat in Bloomsbury, he saw his father. They lunched together in a West End restaurant.

Angus Greaves at first was not in too happy a mood. He was a little annoyed by his son's late arrival. There was something very unsatisfactory, he thought, about this younger generation—a generation that was all for speed and enjoyment. Harvey's father was a little piqued by it all. He inclined to the old-fashioned school which had known what work was, for he had started out as a boy at a few shillings a week and was now reputed to be worth millions.

Why he preferred Charles to the more energetic of the two boys remained obscure to all his associates. Most of them were familiar with at least one or two of the more conspicuous performances of Harvey. But, if the truth were told, it might explain that Angus Greaves saw in the land-lubber at least an element of safety, whereas he felt that Harvey might, in the luck of the game, fall a victim to accident. Charles might in time be brought to toe the line of parental authority, but the father doubted very much whether he would ever retain much of a hand over his other son. He felt, however, a certain interest in Harvey's return, and he made his way warily.

"How long do you think you'll stand the tea business?" he inquired after the usual family preliminaries.

"Well, I wanted to talk to you about that," Harvey

replied. "You see, I had every intention of coming back and settling down—but something's happened."

"Ah! the same old story, Harvey. I thought so—I thought so." Greaves, senior, knew that he could hardly expect anything else!

"You don't understand, guv'nor. No one could have been more surprised than I was at what happened to me during the last twenty-four hours."

Angus Greaves eyed his son closely.

"Well, you know what it means. I've made up my mind that if you don't come in with us you shall stop out—and Charles—well, you know the rest and it's only waste of time to repeat it."

"Really, guv'nor, I want to do what is best. And what seems best to me doesn't seem best to you. That's all there is to it. As a matter of fact, I will settle down—but not yet. There are too many vital issues at the moment. Say, in a couple of months I'll join you, and you know I'll put my best into the job."

"It's been a year, and then six months, before, and now you want a further two. Is there ever going to be an end of it?"

Cool Impertinence.

Harvey did not answer.

He had turned round and was looking back into the room from under the great glass windows where their table was. Something, or someone, had fixed his attention quite by accident, for he meant no discourtesy to his father.

Seated three tables away was Hendrich Baker, watching father and son with some interest. When he caught sight of Harvey looking at him he nodded politely; then got up and moved across to them. He walked with all the easy assurance that he had displayed the night before, and for a moment Harvey now doubted if Hendrich Baker had really been aware of recognition. His doubts were soon to be dispelled.

"I hope you didn't think I'd run away from you this morning, Mr. Greaves," he said to Harvey lightly. "But I really had to leave early on very important business. Air business, in fact."

The cool impertinence of his manner roused in Harvey a sudden viciousness, but he managed to suppress it. He longed to take him by the scruff of the neck and shake him into some semblance of submission. Hendrich's mention of air business contained a hint of warning, as much as to say that he knew Harvey had recognised him, but dared him to do anything about it. Besides, he had Charles' I. O. U. in his pocket—and Angus Greaves was only two yards away!

"Your father. I believe?" Hendrich inquired courteously, slowly caressing his chin with his long, tapering fingers.

Introductions were thereupon effected, much to Harvey's chagrin. Hendrich was certainly getting the best of the game. But where that game was going to end was another matter. And who could foresee what the scoring would be and by how much one or other would win?

"Mr. Baker is very important—internationally," Harvey was explaining to his father, at the same time watching the effect that the word "internationally" might have upon the intruder. "He has come over to England for a brief stay—"

Hendrich Baker smiled pleasantly, showing no signs of annoyance.

"Yes," he agreed. "I'm interested in one or two air inventions. There's a lot of money in them, Mr. Greaves. In fact I wonder you've not turned your attention to the air, considering the prowess of your son. Things are moving in that direction just now."

Harvey reflected on the man's impertinence. He really was a cool customer, but that might be expected in view of his vast experience in international affairs.

Shrewd Judgment.

Greaves, senior, pulled a chair up and invited Hendrich to sit down.

"Well, now you come to mention it," he said, "I have thought of it from the money point of view. Only that, mind you! I'm a bit old-fashioned, but if new things mean money—well, what can an old-fashioned man do about it? Besides, some of the more normal securities are now as much a gamble as anything new. But as for flying myself—why, nothing would induce me to leave the ground!"

"Not 'like father like son' in this case, then," Hendrich commented. "Still, though I've flown myself I admit I'm mainly interested in the cash side"—he looked boldly at Harvey—"because, after all, money lends zest to a life that would be dull and miserable without it. Really, Mr. Greaves," turning to Harvey's father again, "we must get down to this business. It's not only the pilots that know a thing or two! You must come down to my place in Sussex and talk it over. And, if you'll excuse me, I'll be getting off now. I've two or three more meetings this afternoon."

He took his farewell, leaving Harvey somewhat disturbed.

There was no room for doubt as to what Hendrich Baker's little game was, and it was clear that he was confident enough, otherwise he would have done his utmost to keep as far away from the young pilot as possible. Actually, there was a challenge thrown out, and Harvey felt it a personal, as well as a public, duty to accept it.

"What do you think of him?" Harvey asked suddenly.

"Don't trust him," said Greaves, senior.

There was a keen shrewdness in the old man when it came to judging character, and Harvey could have wrung his father's hand with gratitude on hearing his pronouncement.

The boy immediately took advantage of an obvious opportunity.

"Then I will tell you this much, guv'nor. It's partly because of Hendrich Baker that I ask for an extension of time; and I will tell you this much more—it is also

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"ZEPPELIN" THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD

The Triumph of an Idea.—The record of the "Graf Zeppelin".—Early Struggles and Ultimate Achievements.—The Airship as an Instrument of International Communication.

ALTHOUGH the undertaking known as "Luftschiffbau Zeppelin" (Zeppelin Airship Construction Works) has just celebrated its twenty-fifth birthday, the history of the Zeppelin dirigible balloon is, as a matter of fact, ten years older. No other event in the remarkable and romantic story of modern scientific development illustrates so eloquently the triumph of an idea. At first scorned and ridiculed as the mere product of a phantastic brain, the rigid airship has in course of years triumphed over every obstacle and proved its claim to be an unsurpassed—indeed, in many respects unrivalled—instrument of international aerial communication.

The present airship "Graf Zeppelin", built by means of a national subscription in 1927 in order to provide a substitute for the airship delivered-up to the United States by way of reparation in 1924, has now been in service continuously for over five years. In the course of these she has completed 355 journeys in every conceivable climatic and meteorological zone, from the Arctic to the tropics. She has flown over Europe and Asia, Africa and the two Americas, the Rocky Mountains and the Alps, the Sierras of Iberia and the Urals, the boundless steppes of Siberia and the impenetrable forests of Brazil, the Atlantic and the Pacific. In 1929, after a preliminary flight from Friedrichshafen to New York and back, on which the return journey was accomplished in 55½ hours (the crossing of the Atlantic being effected in 42 hours and 42 minutes), the airship set out on August 15 for a tour round the world which from more than one point of view constituted the most memorable flying achievement hitherto recorded. In 1931 the "Graf Zeppelin" commenced her regular scheduled flights from Friedrichshafen to Brazil and back, carried-out over six months of the year, thus establishing for the first time a regular aerial service for passengers, mails, and freight between Europe and South America.

It must be borne in mind that the admirable French airplane service between Toulouse and South America via Dakar (1) only transports passengers overland, from Toulouse to Dakar and from Natal (Brazil) to Rio-de-Janeiro and Buenos Aires, (2) transports mails, but not passengers, by sea from Dakar to Natal by means of specially constructed fast steamers.

The most remarkable feature of the 355 journeys of the "Graf Zeppelin" is that the airship has accomplished them without a single serious accident and without the loss of a single human life or even of a single mail-bag. What other transport enterprise the world over could boast such an impeccable record?

BERLIN (By Mail).—

But between this triumph of achievement and its humble origins, what an incommensurable difference! What a tragedy of often vain efforts culminating in despairing tears! What a sublime story of perseverance in the face of seemingly insuperable obstacles! What a battle of unconquerable human energy against the terrible odds of Fate! The public sees only the carefully ordered drawing-room when the stage-curtain is raised, and has no notion of the disordered room and dishevelled figures of the human drama that has been enacted behind that curtain, unrevealed to its eyes before the raising.

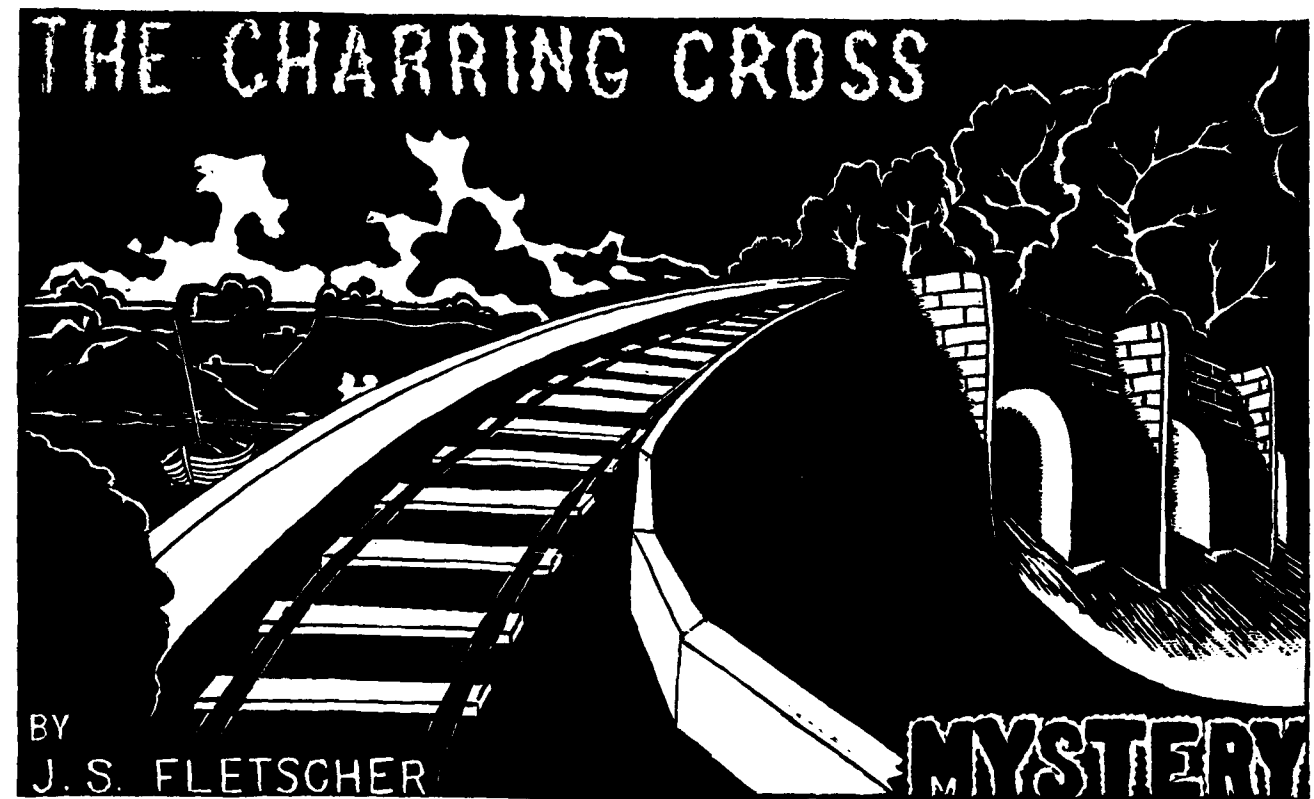
The retired officer Count Zeppelin fought a desperate fight against desperate odds. The story of his Odyssey is worthy of comparison with the epic examples of classical antiquity—and that is saying as much as can humanly be said. Like all inventors of genius he was pooh-poohed—until success came, due to his own unaided efforts. Then the established authorities "dei gratia" were condescending enough to take an interest in him and his work. Icarus-like, the lonely Count had gone on his flight—but not merely a flight of imagination. And the bread he had cast upon the waters came back to him after many weary and disconsolate years.

Count Zeppelin started work in 1898 on the construction of a dirigible which was not only the largest balloon yet built, but which differed from all previous ships in that it possessed a rigid framework. In the course of a first ascent in July, 1900, the machine was damaged, but a second trial flight was made in October of the same year, when a speed of nearly 20 miles an hour was attained.

In the following year 1901, Alberto Santos Dumont won the Deutsch de la Meurthe prize of 100,000 francs for flying round the Eiffel Tower in his non-rigid airship, a distance of about 7 miles, in under half-an-hour. The speed was not high, but it must be remembered they were still early days for motoring.

Count Zeppelin at first found the greatest difficulty in raising funds for what was considered the realisation of an entirely phantasmagorical idea. However, by 1905, he had collected enough to build an improved model very slightly smaller than his "No. 1", but with two 85 h. p. motors, which were actually lighter than the 16 h. p., of the former—the whole airship weighing 9 tons, or a ton less than its predecessor. The first trial of this ship was unfortunate, the tow rope fouling a propeller. On landing, the airship did damage to itself, which took six weeks to repair, at the end of which time a second trial was commenced. This was not too successful and the airship anchored for the night, when a strong wind so damaged it that Count Zeppelin had it destroyed. He then started work on "No. 3", an airship which in 1906 justified his faith.

Continued on page 164



Chapter 5.

"WELL," responded Hetherwick. "It's this, briefly. You're aware, of course, of what befell your late Police-Superintendent in London—his sudden death?"

"Oh, yes—read all the newspapers, anyway," assented Hollis. "You're the man who was present in the train on the Underground, aren't you?"

"I am. And that's one reason why I'm keen on solving the mystery. There's no doubt whatever that Hannaford was poisoned—that it's a case of deliberate murder. Now, there's a feature of the case to which the police don't seem to attach any importance. I do attach great importance to it. It's the matter of the woman to whom Hannaford referred when he was talking—in my presence—to the man who so mysteriously disappeared. Hannaford spoke of that woman as having been through his hands ten years ago. That would be some experience he had here, in this town. Now then, do you know anything about it? Does it arouse any recollection?"

Hollis, who was smoking a cigar, thoughtfully tapped its long ash against the edge of his coffee-cup. Suddenly his eyes brightened.

"That's probably the Whittingham case", he said. "It was about ten years ago."

"And what was the Whittingham case?" asked Hetherwick. "Case of a woman?"

"Of a woman—evidently an adventuress—who came to Sellithwaite about ten years ago, and stayed here some little time, in this very hotel," replied Hollis.

"Oddly enough, I never saw her! But she was heard of enough—eventually. She came here, to the 'White Bear', alone, with plenty of luggage and evident funds. I understand she was a very handsome woman, twenty-eight or thirty years of age, and she was taken for somebody of consequence. I rather think she described herself as the Honourable Mrs. Wittingham. She paid her bills here with unfailing punctuality every Saturday morning. She spent a good deal of money amongst the leading tradesmen in the town, and always paid cash. In short, she established her credit very successfully. And with nobody more so than the principal jeweller here—Malladale. She bought a lot of jewellery from Malladale—but in his case, she always paid by cheque. And in the end it was through a deal with Malladale that she got into trouble."

"And into Hannaford's hands!" suggested Hetherwick.

"Into Hannaford's hands, certainly," assented Hollis. "It was this way. She had, as I said just now, made a lot of purchases from Malladale, who, I may tell you, has a first-class trade amongst our rich commercial magnets in this neighbourhood. Her transactions with him, however, were never, at first, in amounts exceeding a hundred or two. But they went through all right. She used to pay him by cheque drawn on a Manchester Bank—Manchester, you know, is only thirty-five miles away. As her first cheques were always met, Malladale never bothered about making any inquiry about her financial stability; like everybody else, he was very much impressed by her. Well,



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in the end, she'd a big deal with Malladale. Malladale had a very fine diamond necklace in stock. He and she used to discuss her acquisition of it: according to his story they had a fine old battle as to terms. Eventually, they struck a bargain—he let her have it for three thousand nine hundred pounds. She gave him a cheque for that amount there and then, and he let her carry off the necklace."

"Oh!" exclaimed Hetherwick.

"Just so!" agreed Hollis. "But—he did. However, for some reason or other, Malladale had that cheque specially cleared. She handed it to him on a Monday afternoon; first thing on Wednesday morning Malladale found that it had been returned with the ominous reference to drawer inscribed on its surface! Naturally, he hurried round to the 'White Bear'. But the Honourable Mrs. Whittingham had disappeared. She had paid up her account, taken her belongings, and left the hotel, and the town, late on the Monday evening, and all that could be discovered at the station was that she had travelled by the last train to Leeds, where, of course, there are several big main lines to all parts of England. And she had left no address: she had, indeed, told the people here that she should be back before long, and that if any letters came they were to keep them until her return. So then Malladale went to the police, and Hannaford got busy."

"I gather that he traced her?" suggested Hetherwick.

Hollis laughed sardonically.

"Hannaford traced her—and he got her," he answered. "But he might well use the expression that you mentioned just now. She was indeed through his hands—just as a particularly slippery eel might have been—she got clear away from him."

THE POLICE RETURN

Hetherwick now began to arrive at something like an understanding of a matter that had puzzled him ever since and also at the time of the conversation between Hannaford and his companion in the train. He had noted then that whatever it was that Hannaford was telling, he was telling it as a man tells a story against himself; there had been signs of amused chagrin and discomfiture in his manner. Now he saw why.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "She was one too many for him. Then?"

"A good many times too many!" laughed Hollis. "She did Hannaford completely. He strove hard to find her, and did a great deal of the soade-work himself. And at last he ran her down—in a fashionable hotel in London. He had a Scotland Yard man with him, and a detective from our own police-office here, a man named Gandham, who is still in the force—I'll introduce you to him tomorrow. Hannaford, finding that Mrs. Whittingham had a suite of rooms in this hotel—a big West End place—left his two men downstairs, or outside, and went up to see her alone. According to his own account, she was highly indignant at any

suspensions being cast upon her, and still more so, rose to a pitch of most virtuous indignation when he told her that he'd got a warrant for her arrest and that she'd have to go with him. During a brief interchange of remarks she declared that if her bankers at Manchester had returned her cheque unpaid it must have been merely because they hadn't realised certain valuable securities which she'd sent to them, and that if Malladale had presented his cheque a few days later it would have been all right. Now, that was all bosh!—Hannaford, of course, had been in communication with the bankers; all they knew of the lady was that she had opened an account with them while staying at some hotel in Manchester, and that she had drawn all but a few pounds of her balance the very day on which she had got the necklace from Malladale and fled with it from Sellithwaite. Naturally, Hannaford didn't tell her this—he merely reiterated his demand that she should go with him. She assented at once, only stipulating that there should be no fuss—she would walk out of the hotel with him, and he and his satellites could come back and search her belongings at their leisure. Then Hannaford—who, between you and me, Hetherwick, had an eye for a pretty woman!—made his mistake. Her bedroom opened out of the sitting-room in which he'd had his interview with her; he was fool enough to let her go into it alone, to get ready to go with him. She went—and that was the very last Hannaford ever saw of her!"

"Made a lightning exit, eh?" remarked Hetherwick.

"She must have gone instantly", asserted Hollis. "A door opened from the bedroom into a corridor—she must have picked up hat and coat and walked straight away, leaving everything she had there. Anyway, when Hannaford, tired of waiting, knocked at the door and looked in, his bird was flown. Then, of course, there was a hue-and-cry, and a fine revelation. But she'd got clear away, probably by some side door or other exit, and although Hannaford, according to his own account, raked London with a comb for her, she was never found. Vanished!"

"And the necklace?" inquired Hetherwick.

"That had vanished too", replied Hollis. "They searched her trunks and things, but they found nothing but clothing. Whatever she had in the way of money and valuables she'd carried off. And so Hannaford came home, considerably down in the mouth, and he had to stand a good deal of chaff. And if he found this woman's picture in a recent paper—well, small wonder that he did cut it out! I should say he was probably going to set Scotland Yard on her track!—for, of course, there's no time-limit to criminal proceedings."

"This is the picture he cut out", observed Hetherwick, producing it from his pocket-book. "But you say you never saw the woman?"

"No, I never saw her", assented Hollis, examining the print with interested curiosity. "So, of course, I can't recognise this. Handsome woman! but you meet

me at my office—close by—to-morrow morning, at ten, and I'll take you to our police-station. Gandham will know!"

Gandham, an elderly man with a sphinx-like manner and watchful eyes, laughed sardonically when Hollis explained Hetherwick's business. He laughed again when Hetherwick showed him the print.

"Oh, aye, that's the lady!" he exclaimed. "Not changed much, neither! Egad, she was a smart 'un, that, Mr. Hollis!—I often laugh when I think how she did Hannaford! But you know, Hannaford was a soft-hearted man. At these little affairs, he was always for sparing people's feelings. All very well—but he had to pay for trying to spare hers! Aye, that's her! We have a portrait of her here, you know."

"You have, eh?" exclaimed Hetherwick. "I should like to see it."

"You can see it with pleasure, sir", replied the detective. "And look at it as long as you like". He turned to a desk close by and produced a big album full of portraits with written particulars beneath them. "This is not, strictly speaking, a police photo", he continued. "It's not one that we took ourselves, ye understand—we never had the chance! No!—but when my lady was staying at the 'White Bear', she had her portrait taken by Wintring, the photographer, in Silver Street, and Wintring was that suited with it that he put it in his window. So, of course, when her ladyship popped off with Malladale's necklace, we got one of those portraits, and added it to our little collection. Here it is!—and you'll not notice so much difference between it and that you've got in your hand, sir".

There was very little difference between the two photographs, and Hetherwick said so. And presently he went away from the police-office wondering more than ever about the woman with whose past adventures he was concerning himself.

"May as well do the thing thoroughly while you're about it", remarked Hollis, as they walked off. "Come and see Malladale—his shop is only round the corner. Not that he can tell you much more than I've told you already."

But Malladale proved himself able to tell a great deal more. A grave, elderly man, presiding over an establishment which Hetherwick, unaccustomed to the opulence of provincial manufacturing towns, was astonished to find outside London, he ushered his visitor into a private room, and listened to the reasons they gave for calling on him. After a close and careful inspection of the print which Hetherwick put before him, he handed it back with a confident nod.

"There is no doubt whatever—in my mind—that that is a print from a photograph of the woman I knew as the Honourable Mrs. Whittingham", he said. "And if it has been taken recently, she has altered very little during the ten years that have elapsed since she was here in this town".

"You'd be glad to see her again, Mr. Malladale—in the flesh?" laughed Hollis.

The jeweller shook his head.

"I think not", he answered. "No, I think not, Mr. Hollis. That's an episode which I had put out of my mind—until you recalled it".

"But—your loss?" suggested Hollis. "Close on four thousand pounds, wasn't it?"

Mr. Malladale raised one of his white hands to his grey beard and coughed. It was a cough that suggested discretion, confidence, secrecy. He smiled behind his moustache, and his spectacled eyes seemed to twinkle.

"I think I may venture a little disclosure—in the company of two gentlemen learned in the law", he said. "To a solicitor whom I know very well, and to a barrister introduced by him, I think I may reveal a little secret—between ourselves and to go no further. The fact of this matter is, gentlemen—I had no loss!"

"What?" exclaimed Hollis, "No—loss?"

"Eventually", replied the jeweller. "Eventually! Indeed, to tell you the truth plain, I made my profit, and—er, something over".

Hollis looked his bewilderment.

"Do you mean that—eventually—you were paid?" he asked.

"Precisely! Eventually—after a considerable interval—I was paid", replied Mr. Malladale. "I will tell you the circumstances. It is, I believe, common knowledge that I sold the diamond necklace to Mrs. Whittingham for three thousand, nine hundred pounds, and that the cheque she gave me was dishonoured, and that she cleared off with the goods and was never heard of after she escaped from Hannaford. Well, two years ago, that is to say, eight years after her disappearance, I one day received a letter which bore the New York postmark. It contained a sheet of note-paper on which were a few words and a few figures. But I have that now, and I'll show it to you".

Going to a safe in the corner of his parlour, the jeweller, after some searching, produced a paper and laid it before his visitors. Hetherwick examined it with curiosity. There was no name, no address, no date; all that appeared was, as Malladale had remarked, a few words, a few figures, typewritten:—

Principal	£3,900
8 years' Interest at 5 per cent.	1,560
	£5,460

Draft £5,460 enclosed herein: kindly acknowledge in *London Times*.

"Enclosed, as is there said, was a draft on a London Bank for the specified amount", continued Mr. Malladale. "£5,460! You may easily believe that at first I could scarcely understand this: I knew of no one in New York who owed me money. But the first figures—£3,900—threw light on the matter—I suddenly remembered Mrs. Whittingham and my lost necklace. Then I saw through the thing—evidently Mrs. Whittingham had become prosperous, wealthy, and she was honest enough to make amends; there was my principal, and eight years' interest on it. Yet, I felt some-

what doubtful about taking it—I didn't know whether I mightn't be compounding a felony? You gentlemen, of course, will appreciate my little difficulty?"

"Um!" remarked Hollis in a non-committal tone. "The more interesting matter is—what did you do? Though I think we already know", he added with a smile.

"Well, I went to see Hannaford, and told him what I had received", answered the jeweller. "And Hannaford said precisely what I expected him to say. He said 'Put the money in your pocket, Malladale and say nothing about it!' So—I did!"

"Each of you feeling pretty certain that Mrs. Whittingham was not likely to show her face in Sellithwaite again, no doubt!" observed Hollis. "Very interesting, Mr. Malladale. But it strikes me that whether she ever comes to Sellithwaite again or not, Mrs. Whittingham, or whatever her name may be nowadays, is in England".

"You think so?" asked the jeweller.

"Her picture's recently appeared in an English paper, anyway," said Hollis.

"But pictures of famous American ladies appear in English newspapers", suggested Mr. Malladale. "I have recollections of several. Now my notion is that Mrs. Whittingham, who was a very handsome and very charming woman, eventually went across the Atlantic and married an American millionaire! That's how I figured it. And I have often wondered who she is now".

"That's precisely what I want to find out", said Hetherwick. "One thing is certain—Hannaford knew! If he'd been alive he could have told us. Because in whatever paper it was that this print appeared there would be some letterpress about it, giving the name, and why it appeared at all".

"You can trace that", remarked Hollis.

"Just so", agreed Hetherwick, "and I may as well get back to town and begin the job. But I think with Mr. Hollis", he added, turning to the jeweller, "I believe that the woman is here in England: I think it

possible, too, that Hannaford knew where. And I don't think it impossible that between the time of his cutting out her picture from the paper and the time of his sudden death he came in touch with her".

"You think it probable that she, in some way, had something to do with his murder—if it was murder?" asked Mr. Malladale.

"I think it possible", replied Hetherwick. "There are strange features in the case. One of the strangest is this. Why, when Hannaford cut out that picture, for his own purposes, evidently with no intention of showing it to anyone else, did he cut it out without the name and letterpress which must have been under and over it?"

"Queer, certainly!" said Hollis. "But, you know, you can soon ascertain what that name was. All you've got to do is to get another copy of the paper".

"Unfortunately, Hannaford's grand - daughter doesn't know what particular paper it was," replied Hetherwick. "Her sole recollection of it is that it was some local newspaper, sent to Hannaford by post, the very morning that he left here for London".

"Still—it can be traced", said Hollis. "It was in some paper—and there'll be other copies".

Presently he and Hetherwick left the jeweller's shop. Outside, Hollis led his companion across the street, and turned into a narrow alley.

"I'll show you a man who'll remember Mrs. Whittingham better than anybody in Sellithwaite", he said, with a laugh. "Better even than Malladale. I told you she stayed at the 'White Bear' when she was here? Well, since then the entire staff of that eminent hostelry has been changed, from the manager to the boots—I don't think there's a man or woman there who was there ten years ago. But there's a man at the end of this passage who was formerly hall-porter at the 'White Bear'—Amblet Hudson—and who now keeps a rather cosy little saloon-bar down here: we'll drop in on him. He's what we call a bit of a character, and if you can get him to talk, he's usually worth listening to".

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THE DIVINE CALL

His voice rings from misty caverns of dingy clouds;

From rock and plain and flower and grass, the call has come.

Ye children fair, you need not care, for thou art He.

Play on, play on, with pebbles on the shores of Life.

Gather the grapes, ere the boat is launched on the waves.

Ye children fair, you need not care, for thou art He.

T. S. Ramanathan

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

TRADE AND INDUSTRIES WITH REFERENCE TO KARNATAK

K. S. Rao, L. T. M., A. T. I.

IN a poverty-stricken country like India with an extremely low standard of living—in spite of its rich natural resources in agriculture, forests and mineral wealth etc. university education has been practically a luxury for the selected few who are fortunate enough to leave their home and get admitted into various seats of learning. There is no denying the fact that this education appeals to most of them for its occupational value and has been so far a means of securing lucrative employment in such learned and honoured professions as civil service, law and teaching. I shall not be far wrong when I say that very few of us in our present economic plight can afford to avail ourselves of this expensive university education with the only object of acquiring culture and advancing research.

2. *Higher culture to be built on solid economic foundation.*

The people in India are hungry and their clamour for a satisfactory solution of the problem of unemployment is general and insistent. Under the circumstances unless our physical needs are first satisfied by a substantial improvement in our economic condition, the progress in the development of higher culture should necessarily be slow, if not unsatisfactory. We have all heard of the 5 years' plan, the policy of "Planned Economic Order" adopted by Soviet Russia for the rapid industrialisation of that country. This policy—as stated by Mr. Walter N. Polakov, the head of a consulting engineering firm of New York, whose services had been engaged by the Supreme Economic Council of Russia as a consultant of that body—is not merely a programme for the economic development of a backward country, not an improvement in itself, but a means to an end, to lay a solid economic foundation for the development of a higher cultural standard.

The industrial backwardness of this country, which at present employs not even one per cent. of the population in modern industries was clearly recognised by the Government of India in a despatch to the Secretary of State dated the 26th November 1915 in the following terms:—

"It is becoming increasingly clear that a definite self-conscious policy to improve the industrial capabilities of India will have to be pursued after the War unless she is to become more and more a dumping ground for the manufactures of foreign nations which will be competing more keenly for markets the more it becomes apparent that the political future of the larger nations depends on their economic position."

The recent establishment of the Imperial Council

of Agricultural Research by the Government of India for the improvement of Indian agriculture is another instance of the recognition of the urgent and immediate need for the improvement of the economic condition of our people.

3. *Defects of present Educational System.*

We are living in an epoch of great changes. The present century has brought on vast changes not only in our social habits and political thought but also in our economic condition. It has forcibly been brought to our notice that the struggle for existence is getting more acute. We are passing now through an unprecedented economic crisis and are faced with calamitous consequences such as unemployment, poverty and starvation. Education is said to be a panacea for all evils, social, political and economic. But no education can be complete or worth the name if it neglects the work of preparation for life and fails to contribute to the general prosperity of the people. The recent multiplication of universities in India, instead of improving the present situation, has aggravated the evil of unemployment even among the educated, for, their educational policy as it is now planned and carried out, by men of learning and not by those having intimate knowledge of the economic life of the people, is mostly limited to the imparting of instruction in literary subjects or in pure science. Practically none of them seem to aim at ideals which prompted the establishment of such modern universities in advanced countries as those of London, Manchester, Leeds and Nottingham which prepare youngmen for professions mainly in industries, trade and commerce. Are we therefore justified in continuing to confine our educational efforts to the acquisition of knowledge of mere literary subjects? While eminent educationists like Dr. Urquhart spiritedly defend the present system of university education—as he had done in his recent address at the rotary luncheon meeting at Calcutta—many leaders of our country have been pointing out that our schools and colleges lay too much emphasis on purely literary education and neglect the work of preparing the youth to face successfully the practical problems of life. Sir M. Visveswaraya, the great patriot and a leading statesman of Karnatak, in the course of his address delivered on the foundation day of the Annamalai University, went to the extent of advocating a temporary cultural holiday in our country for a number of years and urging the replacement of the present day educational institutes by the establishment of faculties of science, commerce and technology in order to give a training to our youths in the practical arts by which wealth is created and

the standard of material life of people is raised. While it is too much to expect to bring about such a revolution in our present educational system a rational change, aiming at the preparation of our youths for agriculture, industries and commerce the development of which is largely responsible for the wealth and power of the progressive nations of the world, is certainly desirable. In short, a satisfactory economic development should now precede any new schemes for further cultural advancement in this country.

It is gratifying to see a change in the angle of vision in recent years on the part of those charged with the conduct of education in this country. The possibility of linking up university activities with practical experience in the more prosaic fields of human activities namely agriculture, industries and commerce is receiving their consideration. The Hindu University of Benares has already taken a lead in modernising university education by introducing mining and metallurgy, agriculture, mechanical and electrical engineering, chemical, pharmaceutical and ceramic technology as university subjects for study. Although a satisfactory start has been made by one of our premier universities to train our youths in practical arts, a vast amount of work has yet to be done for the rationalisation of higher education in this country. To mention an instance, though textile industries are the most important not only in India but in almost every country of the world, not a single university in India has so far included textile technology in their curriculum of studies nor do they award degrees in this subject. Commercial education in such subjects as banking, accountancy, modern salesmanship, business administration, cost accounting, advertising etc. which is so essential for the preparation of our youths for intelligent leadership in industries and business receives practically no attention.

4. *Natural resources in Karnatak.*

Having made the above few preliminary remarks with a view to emphasise the imperative necessity of the educated classes and the universities in India taking an active interest in professions pertaining to the production of wealth, let me acquaint you with the industrial and commercial possibilities that await development, in Karnatak. The Nature has been exceptionally generous and bounteous to the people of Karnatak. Under its surface there are vast stores of mineral wealth which await the capital and enterprise of its sons and the persistent tap of the prospectors hammer and pick. It has within its borders such valuable metals as gold, iron, manganese and asbestos. Limestone and clay deposits are common and can supply suitable raw material for cement and ceramic industries. A porcelain factory has just been started in Mysore and Mangalore tiles have already earned a wide reputation for their quality.

Magnificent water power is available in several parts of Karnatak. Converted into electric energy this will do much for industrial progress. Besides several rivers

which are and can be advantageously dammed both for irrigation and the generation of power, we have the highest water-fall in the world at Gerasopa which has yet to be harnessed for the service of the Karnatakas. Large sums of money have already been invested by the enterprising Government of Mysore in the construction of huge reservoirs of water and hydro-electric schemes which will considerably help the industrialisation of that part of the country.

Karnatak is exceedingly rich in forest wealth. Its virgin forests are among the largest in extent in India and are a great source of wealth. Not only they are great for constructional and cabinet timbers, bamboos and pulpwoods they contain, they are of immense importance in supplying fuel, in the absence of coal. The trees, that are of greater economic value, are those that give the world the famous sandal and eucalyptus oils. Mysore Rosewood, Ebony, Red sandal and Cedar and Kanara Teak are famous and have won for themselves places in the timber markets of India.

Karnatak with an ideal climate and rich soil offers to the farmer the widest choice of industry. The whole field of agricultural endeavour is open to him. There is practically no species of commercial crop, not to speak of food grains and oilseeds, that cannot be grown to perfection either under natural conditions or through irrigation. Cotton of good staple is being grown on the black soil of Dharwar, Belgaum and Bijapur Districts. The sandy soil of coast districts produces tobacco. The sugarcane cultivation is rapidly extending particularly in Mysore, where the development of irrigation is a big feature of its agricultural progress. Mysore and Mercara coffee has been famous and is largely exported with Nilgiri tea to foreign countries. The possibilities of extending the cultivation of fruit trees are amply demonstrated by an European planter who owns an extensive orchard near Bangalore and grows a variety of the choicest fruits, including seedless oranges, apples and grape fruits. Coconut is extensively grown mainly in the coast districts and the Western Ghats produce such rare spices as arecanuts, cardamoms, pepper and cinnamon for the markets of the world. The insignificant cashew-nut of Kanara of which Mangalore has now a profitable export trade with America, has shown to Karnatakas what wealth Karnatak can draw from the more prosperous nations of the world by the export of a part of its surplus produce either raw or manufactured, if only necessary enterprise and capital are forthcoming.

Sericulture is an important agricultural industry of Mysore and supports a large rural population. Mysore silk is said to be the best in certain qualities and its annual production is estimated at over a crore of rupees in value.

5. *Why these resources have so far remained undeveloped?*

I am afraid I shall be trying the patience of the

readers by narrating a list of uninteresting commercial commodities, for the economic manufacture and efficient merchandising of which local effort is practically absent at present. But I hope that I have said enough to convince one of the abundance of the natural resources which are so essential for the industrial development of any country. Blessed by Providence with such a variety of choicest gifts, why are the Karnatakas so poor economically and why do they go about all over India in search of petty jobs and become slaves for others, when opportunities await them to be masters of themselves in their own wonderful Karnatak? The answer to this question is obvious. Our traditions and customs—I am not sure if our religion is not also partly responsible—have taught us to look down upon such wealth-producing professions as agriculture, industries and trade as sordid and unfit for intellectual classes. Our schools and colleges give us an education and training which make us unfit for any kind of practical and useful work and which can only be utilised for quill-driving professions or similar soft jobs. Lastly, our pride of literary education and our contempt of labouring classes keep us away from them with the result that the higher culture and nobler ideals of life which we had the good fortune to imbibe in the various seats of learning have little chance of filtering down to the masses in the villages. So long the industrial and agricultural callings are looked down upon and are left to the tender care of the illiterate and poor masses, it is useless to expect any advancement of our country. It is therefore my earnest appeal to our educated young men that at least some of them should come forward to shoulder their legitimate share of responsibility in developing the economic resources of their country.

6. *Present position of industries in Karnatak.*

In spite of the present indifference of the educated classes towards the material aspects of life, certain amount of success has been achieved in the introduction of modern factory industries and the resuscitation of indigenous handicrafts in Karnatak. Credit for the same is largely due to the initiative taken by the enterprising missionaries of the Basel Mission on the west coast and that progressive and enlightened state of Mysore which is pioneering a number of modern industries. Bhadravati Iron-Works, Mysore Sandal Oil, and Bangalore Soap and Porcelain factories, besides the recently started ones for silk-weaving and sugar manufacture, are some of the important industrial concerns financed and worked by the State. Cotton mill industry has been established at Bangalore, Hubli and Gokak. Smaller industrial enterprises such as ginning factories, rice, oil and flour mills, tileries, fish oil factories, tanneries, printing presses, engineering workshops are also started and managed in different parts of Karnatak mostly by persons who have not had the benefit of higher education. The successful working of these various industrial concerns both private and Government, along with the more ambitious

and difficult hydro-electric scheme at Sivasamudram prove beyond doubt that an average Karnataka is lacking neither in organising nor business capacity and that he can adapt himself to new conditions and walks of life if he is trained for the same. Our scattered cottage industries producing cotton, silk and woollen textiles, iron, copper, brass and bell-metal wares, cutlery, perfumery, jewellery, footwear and other leather goods, furniture, basketry, mats, artware, toys, toilet-requisites and various other articles that are daily in demand, both among the rural and urban population, support at present several lakhs of poor and conservative but highly skilled artisans in Karnatak. These ancient and important industries which have so far been neglected are in urgent need of organisation on rational lines. These craftsmen, who are like sheep without a shepherd, can no longer work for themselves, as they are doing at present. They should be guided by men having necessary technical qualifications and knowledge of modern commercial methods. Intelligent co-operation based on scientific knowledge of markets and the co-ordination of sales and production make for efficiency and economy in industrial operations. Who can organise these handicrafts on rational lines and supply the shepherds required for the village artisans, but the men with education?

7. *Intelligent leadership urgently required for economic development.*

In short, the industrial development in Karnatak, as in the rest of India is at present negligible in comparison with similar progress in European countries and Japan. We still adhere to mediaeval system of agriculture, and commerce and trade are being carried on, on most primitive lines. A vast amount of work has therefore yet to be done before our material resources are developed and our economic condition is improved to a reasonable extent. To whom can this country look for necessary guidance and leadership in this matter but to the energetic youngmen, coming out of the universities? For the scientific management of the industrial concerns and the efficient administration of business that is now being carried on in various commodities, Karnatak alone needs several thousands of enterprising educated young men as leaders and captains for various industries. By taking up industrial and commercial pursuits they will have not only new openings suited to their talents and education but also relieve the increasing pressure of the educated classes in the more favoured fields of employment.

Before concluding let me express my hope that what has been stated above about the industrial and agricultural possibilities in Karnatak will give sufficient thought to at least some of our enterprising young men to engage their attention in the exploitation of our material resources for the benefit of not only themselves but also of our less fortunate brethren in the villages. While exhorting them to win fame and fortune in industries, trade and agriculture which at

present offer the biggest field for employment of all classes of people, I firmly believe that our future prosperity and our existence as one of the civilised nations of the world largely depend on the part, the "intelligencia" of this country would take in its economic development. Let me tell them that no work in this world howsoever humble it may be is to be considered low if it is honest. This should be the key-note for those who enter into industrial and commercial life. If they glance at the pages of that interesting book "Romance of great Businesses" by Mr. Wm. Henry Beable they will learn that all the great industrial achievements which have changed the face of earth, had their origin in very insignificant beginnings.

Let it, therefore, be remembered that the sure and shortest way to success in industrial enterprise lies in making small beginnings and putting forth the best of efforts in utilising the latest knowledge in arts and sciences.

The questions affecting education, India's economic development and the employment of the educated classes have been so widely discussed in recent years that what is said above may not be new to the readers. But unemployment particularly among the educated people has assumed such sinister aspect that the importance of these considerations has to be repeated and emphasised till satisfactory conditions are established in this backward but highly endowed country.

WHAT IS THE PRESENT POSITION IN REGARD TO WIRELESS LONG-DISTANCE WRITING?

Up to recently no satisfactory answer could be given to this question, except that the problem of long-distance writing is confronted with so many difficulties that a solution is still a long way off. Electrical communication of news by wire has long been possible and presents no complications any longer. The replacement of the Morse code by the five-unit code has made type-printing by wire so easy that even unskilled operators can satisfactorily attend to it.

The reason why it has always been so exceedingly difficult to make any progress in the domain of wireless long-distance writing must be sought in the fadings and atmospheric effects that are always encountered. After prolonged tests German engineers have now succeeded in designing an apparatus which—even though it does not overcome the difficulties presented by fadings and atmospheric effects—nevertheless avoids by an ingenious device. The wireless Siemens Telewriter, inaugurates, in fact, a new era in connection with wireless telegraphy.

The new Telewriter is designed in such a manner that satisfactory reception is still ensured even when the disturbances incurred are so considerable that a Morse telegraph cannot record a single signal. That this is possible is due to the fact that the written symbols registered on the receiving paper are always legible even if they deviate more or less from the standard forms. The new system, moreover, makes it impossible for the operator to record a signal different from the one actually transmitted—a danger which, of course, is always present when the Morse code is used.

The Siemens Telewriter Transmitter consists in the main of a typewriter keyboard and a transmitting roller.

The latter is made to revolve at uniform speed with the aid of a motor. A circular cam disc is fitted to the roller, serving as a former for each written symbol. When a letter is struck, a contact glides along the circumference of the disc concerned and the cam closes the contact. Thus, a sequence of current impulses and current interruptions which are different in the case of each letter is brought about and is transmitted to the ether via the transmitting aerial.

The impulses are then taken up by the receiving aerial and are transmitted to a magnet after first being magnified. The magnet presses a slip of paper which moves at a uniform speed against a rotating writing screw and thus reproduces the written symbols point for point. The uniform rotation of the transmitting roller and the receiving paper is ensured by means of a special governor.

The operation of the Siemens telewriter is as simple as can be. It is important, however, to see to it that the rhythm in accordance with which the typewriting keyboard is used for writing is absolutely uniform. On the receiving side only an untrained attendant is needed, whose work it is to insert the paper slips and to read the records. The telewriter can be adjusted to any wavelength and the methods of utilizing it are extremely diversified. It is impossible for unauthorized persons to listen in to the transmissions by means of head phones.

It may be assumed that the new German telewriter will meet with a great response throughout the world, as it is likely that it will lead to fundamental changes in connection with the communication of news.



INDIA IN OUR LENS LIGHT
Top Left — Musician. Right — Snake Charmer. Bottom Left — Hindu Girls. Right — Blind Man



THINGS OF INTEREST

England's "Flying Fortresses"

London: Another English mammoth flying boat of the type known as "flying fortresses" has now made its appearance. Its weight is 30 tons and its equipment includes a quick-firing aero-gun, several machine guns and a bomb-throwing device. It is the second of its class, and more are to follow. The first of this type of flying boats has been assigned to the British fleet in the Mediterranean.

Return of a German Government Flag

Wellington, New Zealand: The flag which was formerly flown from the residence of the German Governor at Apia, Samoa, will be returned to Germany through the intermediary of the Wanganui Rotary Club, one of the objects of the Club being to promote international peace and good will. When Samoa was occupied by New Zealand troops, the flag was hauled down by Captain Brydon, who subsequently died in France. His widow recently found the flag among her late husband's belongings and it is due to her desire that it is now returned to Germany.

The German Example—Bengt Berg's views on the youth of Scandinavian Countries

Copenhagen: Mr. Bengt Berg, the well-known Swedish writer and naturalist, recently granted an interview to representatives of the German press, in which he emphasised that Germany had exercised a tremendous influence upon his development and his activities as an explorer. No nation, he said, has made greater contributions towards the science of biology than Germany. He compared Germany to a strong man who had long suffered from a serious illness, but whose healthy constitution had overcome the poison in his body.

If National Socialism, he said, remained faithful to its ideals and continued to be national as well as socialist, this new religion of patriotism had every chance of becoming the faith of youth throughout the countries inhabited by the white race. The most sublime feature of this mighty movement was its capacity for uniting the new generation now growing up. Among the youth of the Scandinavian nations there were many who were out of sympathy with professional politicians and who hated parliamentary log-rolling and corruption.

Mr. Bengt Berg intimated that he would soon start upon his fifth visit to India. When asked his opinion on the situation in that country, he replied that he could give no better answer than referring his ques-

tioner to Herr Hitler's book, "My Struggle." It is marvellous to see, he said, how lucidly and how correctly Herr Hitler had stated his views on the Indian question and on England's unshakable hold upon that country.

Attempt to conquer Nanga Parbat

Details of the most important expedition likely to be undertaken in 1934—an attack on Mount Nanga Parbat by a party of German climbers under the leadership of Dr. Merki of Munich, who made a gallant attempt in 1932—are contained in the annual report of the Himalayan Club. The party will consist of 12 members including three scientific experts and nine climbers. Dr. Merki has asked for the assistance of one or preferably two British Officers with a knowledge of Urdu and of Himalayan conditions. They propose to employ Sherpa-Bhutia porters for the expedition which is to last from May to September. Several applications have been received from British Officers who are keen on joining the expedition and Dr. Merki is anxious again to secure the services of Lieut. R. N. Frier who rendered valuable assistance to the 1932 expedition. The Honorary Secretary on behalf of the Club "wishes Dr. Merki every success in his undertaking the difficulties of which he will have learned to appreciate in 1932. The conquest of Nanga Parbat would be a great achievement and would mean the establishment of a new record as regards the highest actual summit reached, now held by Mr. F. S. Smythe and his party when they made their successful ascent of Mount Kamet in 1931.

Next Everest attempt

That it would be at least 18 years before permission was granted for another attack on Mount Everest was the view expressed by Colonel P. T. Etherton who was a member of the Houston air expedition speaking at the Authors Club. He based his view on the fact that it would be 18 years before new Dalai Lama came into power. He said that it was largely due to the Maharajah of Nepal's tremendous admiration for King George that he gave permission for the last Everest flight.

Smart work by a Sub-Inspector of Police was responsible for the arrest of five persons with whom a loaded revolver, a knife and certain other articles were discovered. It is understood that they were walking under suspicious circumstances in Churi walan when the Police challenged them and arrested them. It is alleged that they belong to a gang of dacoits.



MONTH IN INDIA



Things have been very quiet in the Indian political world for some weeks past and everybody appears to be waiting for the report of the Joint Parliamentary Committee. Even the conviction and the imprisonment of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru for sedition did not produce the slightest ripple of excitement. It is significant that taking advantage of the peaceful atmosphere, the Muslims have been putting their political organisations in order. Thanks largely to the intervention of H. H. The Aga Khan the executive board of the All-India Muslim Conference has been reconstituted with Nawab Sir Mohamed Said Khan of Chattari as its chairman. The Nawab who has twice acted as the Governor of the United Provinces and was until April last year a member of the U. P. Executive Council, thrice receiving extension since his first appointment in 1923 has acquired a reputation as a strong opponent of narrow and bigoted communalism. The advocacy of that creed in season and out of season by certain leaders, regardless of true national interests, has been responsible not only for the international quarrels in the Muslim Conference but also in the two rivals Muslim Leagues and for all the resulting confusion of thoughts and ideas in the Muslim fold.

There is no mistaking the implications behind the advent of a moderate of the reputation and influence of the Nawab of Chattari as the executive head of the Premier Muslim organisation in the country. The plan for the amalgamation of the two Muslim leagues with the Conference has not materialised. The Aga Khan alone could have brought it about but His Highness is now convinced that it must wait and the original League must continue to function as the left wing of Muslim thought under Mr. Linnah's guidance. Whether the lead find general acceptance by the people concerned remains to be seen, but His Highness has at all events, succeeded in so recognising the centre Muslim organisation as to make it truly representative of the best kind of the Muslim community.

Considerable interest has been aroused in the supplementary memorandum which Sir R. K. Shanmukham Chetty, the President of the Legislative Assembly has submitted to the Joint Parliamentary Committee on behalf of himself and the Presidents of the Provincial Legislatures. The Memorandum points out that at present the Presidents of Legislative Bodies in India are subject to jurisdiction of the Court. Under Section

110 of the Government of India Act of 1919, the Governor-General, each Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Chief Commissioner, Members of Executive Councils and Ministers are exempted from the jurisdiction of the High Courts. The omission of Presidents of Legislatures from this exemplifying clause has all along puzzled constitutional experts, and remains to this day a mystery.

The omission was possibly due to oversight; or as he has been suggested in certain quarters it may have been that Parliament in 1919 desired that there should be reserve powers to deal with refractory or obstructive Presidents, like the late Mr. V. J. Patel, under the ordinary laws of the land. Whatever the motive, if any, which caused Parliament to omit these Presidents from Clause 110 in 1919 the suggestion is that it cannot be said to operate to-day. Presidents of Indian Legislatures have generally shown a sense of responsibility which inspires confidence that whatever else they may do—they will do nothing to derogate from the importance of their high office or wilfully obstruct the Legislature in the performance of its lawful duties.

Interest in the Railway budget consists in the fact that pending the presentation of the general budget of the Government of India it provides a good index of the trade of the country. The figures presented by Sir Joseph Blore, the Railway Member of the Legislative Assembly and by Sir Guthrie Russell, the Chief Commissioner of Railways to the Council of State show that there has recently been greater movement of traffic. The fact that the increase has not been confined to any particular commodity is of considerable significance as affording some sign of the beginning of a general revival in trade. At any rate that is how Government view it.

Though the Railways are expected to show a deficit of Rs. 7½ crores for the current year and of Rs. 5½ crores for 1934-35 there are reserves on hand, accumulated in times of prosperity to meet these losses. "If we were in the happy position of being a company" said Sir Guthrie Russell "with only ordinary shares and no fixed interest charges, we would, if our anticipations in respect of next year's earnings prove to be correct, be in a position to pay a dividend of about 3½ per cent. on our shares". The position is comparatively so strong that the Railway Board are undertaking in the coming year works programme estimated to cost over Rs. 13 crores.



CURRENT TOPICS



WASHINGTON

The campaign of last autumn to induce wheat-growers of the United States to reduce production will be responded in response to a widespread demand from farmers who did not sign the agreement in 1933. This announcement has been made by Mr. Davis, Head of the Farm Administration who adds that the campaign which applied approximately to 13 millions of uncontracted land normally used for wheat-growing is now being reopened because the 1933 campaign had not accomplished the 15 per cent. reduction agreed under the international wheat agreements.

RUGBY

A further contract has been placed with Messrs. Yarrow and Company by the Portuguese Government for the construction of two more torpedo boat destroyers bringing the number of vessels ordered from this firm to a total of seven.

B. O. W.

MOSCOW

The Soviet is organising a new Commissariat for International Affairs corresponding to the British Home Office. It will take over the functions of the OGPU which will be largely disbanded and also those of the existing militia services. The new move is the outcome of a feeling that the worst of the battles against internal enemies have been won. Nevertheless the fight against enemy elements will not be slackened.

LONDON

One hundred and seventy-six warships were built for the British Empire, the United States, Japan, France, Italy, the Soviet and Germany during the year ended February 1 according to official return. This is fewer than the total of the previous year by 16. In the building returns Britain has 24 destroyers scheduled and the United States 32. Submarines: Britain 9, United States 6, Japan 6, France 15 and Italy 22. Cruisers: Britain 10, United States 11, Japan 2, France 6 and Italy 6. The Soviet owns 3 battleships, 6 cruisers, 2 cruiser mine-layers, 17 destroyers and 16 submarines.

COLOMBO

COLOMBO
A Buddhist preacher who is charged with having
ordered a Buddhist priest and having attempted to
an acolyte and an old man by assaulting them

with an axe appeared at the Tangalle Police Court, where he claimed to be a descendant of Napoleon Bonaparte and said that he was going to conquer the whole world. On the Magistrate ordering him to cease speaking, he lay flat on the ground and remained in that position until the case was adjourned. The accused was remanded for observation.

CALCUTTA

"Death caused by heart stoppage under Chloroform" was the verdict of Calcutta Coroner's jury at the inquest of Mrs. H. Mowle (22) of 116 Elliott Road, Calcutta who died on the operation table of the outdoor dispensary of the Medical College on January 24 while she was under chloroform. Dr. S. K. Battacharjee, House Surgeon, Medical College Hospital stated that on January 24, he examined Mrs. Mowle and found that she was suffering from an internal complaint. He decided to operate on her under chloroform and she agreed. Her hearts and lungs were examined and were found to be normal, but when chloroform was being given her heart beats were slowing down. Within a minute of administering chloroform her breathing stopped. Witness sent for the resident Surgeon. He stated that all attempts to bring her round were ineffective.

Madras Mail commenting on this says:

We would suggest that when chloroform is being administered, the surgeon who is to perform the operation should be present. We further recommend that before an operation under chloroform is undertaken the diagnosis should be made by a senior and experienced officer of the college.

NEW DELHI

Information has been received from London that Her Majesty the Queen when visiting the British Industries Fair examined the exhibits of the Indian Cotton Inquiry Committee, Mr. Houghton the Acting Chairman of the Committee was present and answered a number of questions put by Her Majesty who admired cretonnes and other articles manufactured from Indian Cotton. H. M. The Queen showed much interest in a variety of products whether of Cotton or in combination with other textiles which could be manufactured from Cotton of Indian origin. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York had previously seen the Committee's exhibits and had secured some of the articles shown.

A. P.

BOMBAY

Apropos of the shooting recently at Kottayam (Travancore) of a snipe, which was found to have an aluminium ring on its leg with the letters MOSK-WA, inquiries at the Bombay Natural History Society reveal that the letters MOSK indicate that the bird was ringed and released by the Russian Ornithological Society at Moscow with a view to studying the migratory habits of the snipe species, while the letters WA indicate the serial number.

Another snipe with a ring bearing similar lettering was shot very recently at Deolali, and the Bombay Natural History Society, as is usual in such cases has written to the shikari concerned to forward the ring to them so that they may pass it on to Moscow.

"This is the procedure we follow in the international system of bird-ringing", said an official of the Society in an interview, and explained how the various societies collaborated with each other in recovery of these ringed (or banded) birds and maintained complete records of the countries of release and capture.

The principal countries, apart from America, where bird-ringing bureaus are actively at work at present are Southern Germany, Austria, England, India and Russia.

The birds generally used for purposes of the study of migratory habits are herons, snipe, starling cranes, and wild ducks, the last named being generally released from India. The rings or bands in use are made of aluminium and in releasing birds of prey larger bands of the locktype are used to prevent their being torn off by the birds themselves.

Each of the societies in these countries has its own marking system which it communicates to all other societies to enable the identification of the country of release when the banded birds are captured in distant lands.

In India, the Bombay Society is the main centre of these activities and other bodies working in distant places like Sind, under Bombay's control, liberate and recover ringed birds and keep Bombay informed from time to time of their work in this branch of natural history.

history. "The late Maharajah of Dhar was a great enthusiast in the study of the migratory habits of birds", continued the official. "At one time the late Maharajah released no less than 500 ringed birds. Most of those migrated via Kashmir to Siberia and one of them returned from Siberia after an absence of three years and alighted on the exact spot on the tank in Dhar State from where it had been liberated."

A number of birds of the biggest stations outside way to Siberia. One of the biggest stations outside India where birds are ringed is Heligoland. One of the birds released from Heligoland was recovered in Bikaner. Some others ringed in other parts of Europe flew as far east as N. Zealand and were captured there.

Sketching the movement of the migratory birds from Europe and Russia, the official said:

"They usually leave the cold and freezing north when the winter sets in there and they have nothing to live on. Some would migrate via Gibraltar to South Africa, others straight down to Persia, yet others via Baluchistan and Kashmir down the west coast of India right up to Cape Comerin or via China down to the east coast of India or to the Malay States. The migration in some cases begins about September when monsoon is in full swing in many parts of India and worms and insects are available in abundance. The migratory birds feed on those and when hot weather sets in here the birds start to Europe and Russia where they settle down and start building nests."

A. S.

MADRAS

According to the present arrangements His Excellency Lord Willingdon will fly from Delhi to Karachi on May 16 and will leave Karachi by aeroplane the following day on about four months' leave. His Excellency Sir George Stanley who will act as Viceroy during Lord Willingdon's absence, will proceed from Ootacamund and meet Lord Willingdon at Delhi on May 16. After this Sir George Stanley will leave for Simla where he will be sworn in as Viceroy on May 17.

Sir Mohamed Usman who will act as Governor of Madras during Sir George Stanley's absence from the Province will be sworn in as Governor at Ootacamund probably on May 17. It is understood that two A. D. C.'s from Madras one of whom will be Capt. Mathews will accompany Sir George Stanley to Delhi and Simla to join his personal staff.

Mr. A. D. Crombie, I. C. S., and Lieut. Col. S. E. L. Baddeley will serve as Private Secretary and Military Secretary respectively to the Acting Governor. It is learnt that the next Governor of Madras in succession to Sir George Stanley has been selected but that his name will not be announced till June next.

BANGALORE

In attempting to trace a thief, a man named Mathia who called himself a conjuror has been arrested recently by the Bangalore C. and M. station police on a charge of having administered stupefying drugs to three employees in an European household. Captain George, a resident of C. and M. Station lost some valuable articles from his residence. His orderly offered to trace the thief through the help of a conjuror and brought Mathia for the purpose. After performing a "poojah" in the presence of the assembled household Mathia asked for some plantains. It is alleged that he mixed sugar and other things with the plantains which he then asked the servants to eat, warning them that the thief would become dizzy and fall in a swoon. The assembled staff, it is said, ate some of the fruit and three of them became giddy. An uncle of the three informed the police who arrested Mathia on the charge mentioned above.

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BIG-GAME THRILLS IN MALABAR FORESTS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 141

sundry forest watchers and agents in the Nilambur Raja's service, who pointed out that I had shot without a permit, a fact I had quite forgotten in my excitement. But Shakespeare and Tennyson called me to Calicut urgently and I left Nilambur without stopping to argue with them. The skin was forfeit to the palace,

and was confiscated, and now adorns the poacher's museum there.

Incidentally the tail was cut off by an enterprising Moplah youth, and thereby hangs a tale, as the newspaper-men say.

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THE ATLANTIC FLIGHT MYSTERY CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149

partly because of a very charming young woman who might be in danger from one or other of his activities." Angus Greaves smiled a little knowingly.

"I see," he said.

Contrary to Hendrich's expectations, his intrusion into the little private luncheon had, to some small degree, bridged a rift between father and son. He had unknowingly brought them together on at least one point—that of his own uncertain character.

From that moment they drew a little closer together.

In the end, Harvey had his way—and more, for without revealing too much he had managed to convey sufficient to intrigue his father's interest to the extent of having persuaded him to offer a substantial money prize for any outstanding aeronautical achievement performed by a woman!

This was victory, indeed, and more than he had expected—but he was still afraid of the outcome of Hendrich's possession of Charlie's I. O. U.s, which he was holding for use at the proper time. *(Copyright.)*

"ZEPPELIN" THIRTY-FIVE YEARS OLD CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150

German patriotism and enthusiasm were now roused; subscriptions were started and upwards of £250,000 quickly raised. The Kaiser decorated Count Zeppelin with the Order of the Black Eagle, and shortly afterwards issued orders that "No. 3" should be known as "S. M. S. Zeppelin No. 1".

By the outbreak of war no less than 30 "Zeppelins" had been built. By the end of the war Germany had constructed well over 100 rigid airships. Incontestably, however, the value of an airship does not consist in its applicability as an instrument of war. As such, it has proved far too expensive, far too cumbrous, and far too fragile. It will retain its supreme value as a means of peaceful international communication.

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THE TALE SPINS PAGE

"It is the duty of everyone to make at least one person happy during the week," said a Sunday school teacher. "Have you done so, Freddy?"

"Yes," said Freddy, promptly.

"That's right. What did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt and she was happy when I went home."

* * *

Household Question: Why do they put so many holes in Swiss cheese when its limburger that really needs the ventilation?

* * *

Teacher—Tommie, what is one-fifth of three-seventeenths?

Tommie—I don't know 'zactly but it ain't enough to worry about.

* * *

First Frosh—What kind of oil do you use in your car, Bill?

Second Frosh—Well, I usually start out by telling them I'm lonely.

* * *

It's a pretty big shop when it takes about two weeks for a good joke to get from the superintendent back to the superintendent.

* * *

"Come on, Mack," said the passerby to the Scotchman. "Let's go for a sail."

"No, sir," replied Mack. "I just paid six bits for my dinner and I'm taking no risk of losing it."

* * *

I was taking tea with a great editor last Sunday afternoon when his little daughter came back from Sunday school with an illustrated text card in her hand.

"What's that you have there, little one?" the editor said.

"Oh," said the little girl, "just an ad about Heaven."

* * *

"Stop!" cried a man carrying a red flag as he rushed up to two ladies who were taking a stroll in Hollywood. "They are shooting a picture here."

"Well," said one of the ladies, "if it's the picture we saw last night, it deserves to be shot."

* * *

"Jones commutes now; I hear he is getting to be an expert at it."

"Yep, he eats his breakfast before he goes to bed every night."

* * *

Doris was radiant over a recent addition to the family and rushed out to tell a passing neighbour.

"Oh, you don't know what we've got upstairs!"

"What is it?" the neighbour asked.

"A new baby brother," said Doris, and she watched very closely the effect of her announcement.

"You don't say so," the neighbour exclaimed. "Is he going to stay?"

"I think so," said Doris. "He's taken all his things off."

* * *

"Well, Parson, they tell me I ain't got long to stay."

"That's what I hear, John. And you still insist in drinking. Do you want to face judgment with liquor on your breath?"

"I expect, Parson, I'll leave my breath behind me when I go," said John.

* * *

She—"Every time I look at you I think of a great man."

He—"You flatterer! Who is it?"

She—"Darwin."

* * *

Child—"Is Santa Claus really and truly a saint, Mummy?"

Mother—"Yes, darling."

Child—"Then how does he know the size of your underwear?"

* * *

Teacher—"What's the fastest growing thing in the world?"

Boy—"Fish."

Teacher—"Yes?"

Boy—"Dad caught one once and it grows six inches every time he tells about it."

* * *

The sexton had been laying a new carpet in the pulpit, and had left a number of tacks on the floor.

"See here, James," said the parson "what do you suppose would happen if I stepped on one of those tacks right in the middle of my sermon?"

"Well, sir," replied the sexton, "I reckon there'd be one point you wouldn't linger on."

* * *

I-C (at after-dinner speaking)—My watch has stopped. How long have I been speaking?

Another One (impatient): You'll find a calendar in the hall.

* * *

Chief—"We must dismiss that traveller. He has been telling all our clients that I am an ass!"

Partner—"I'll speak to him and tell him not to discuss business secrets."



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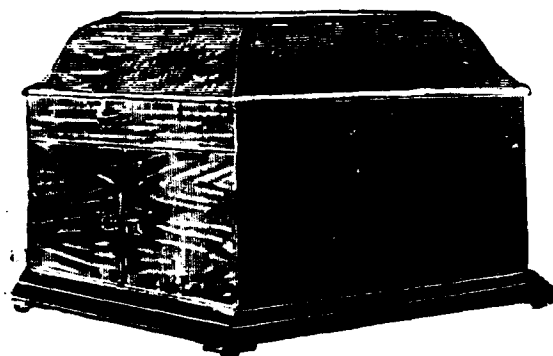


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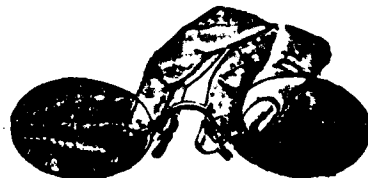
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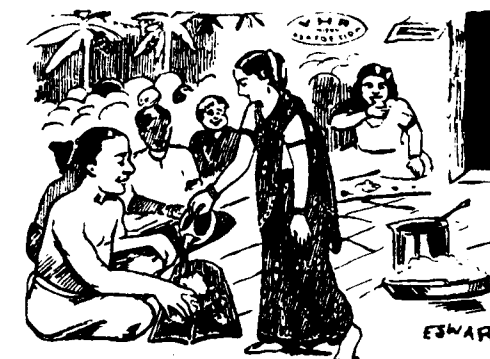
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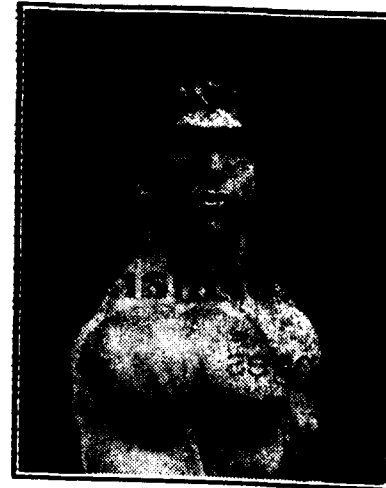
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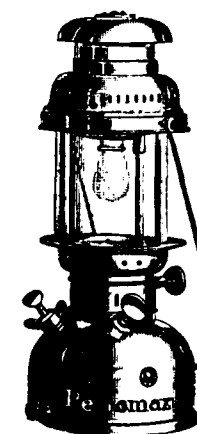
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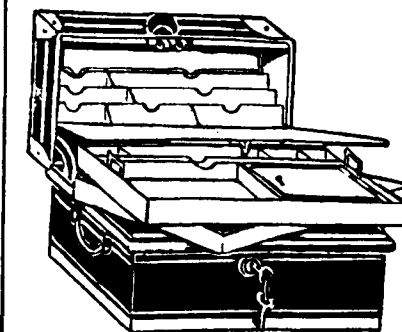
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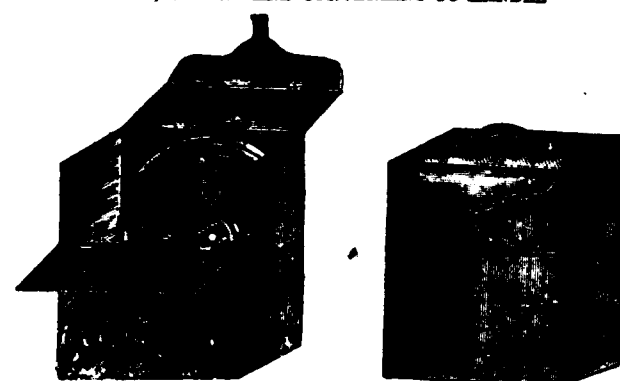
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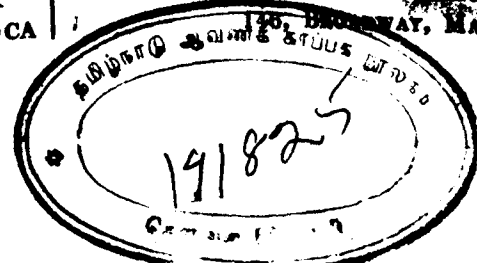
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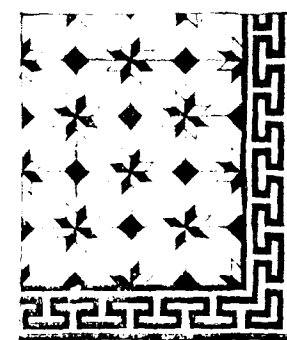
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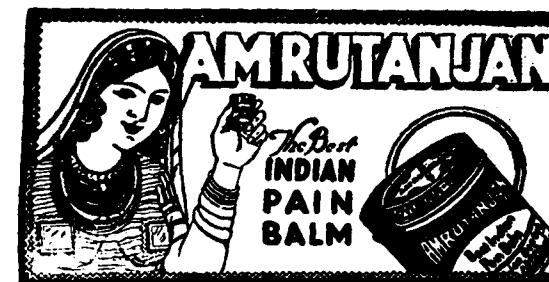
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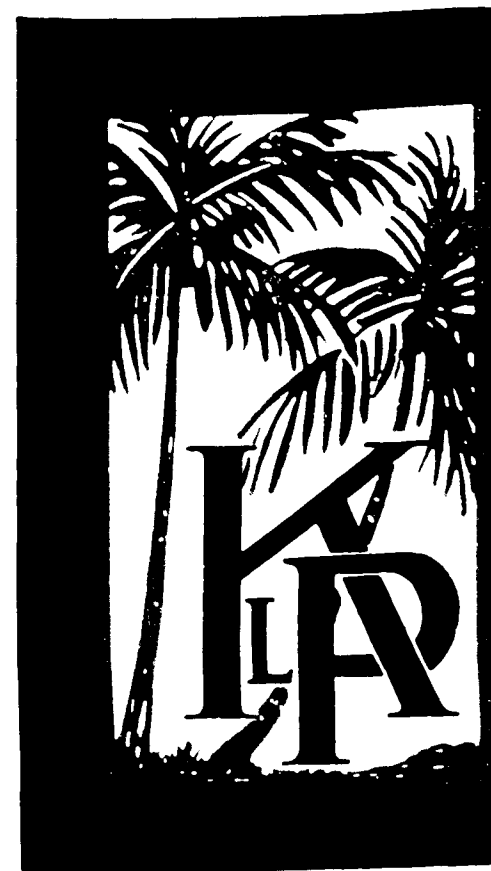
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