

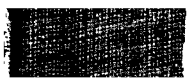
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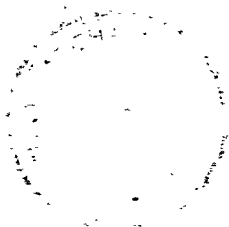




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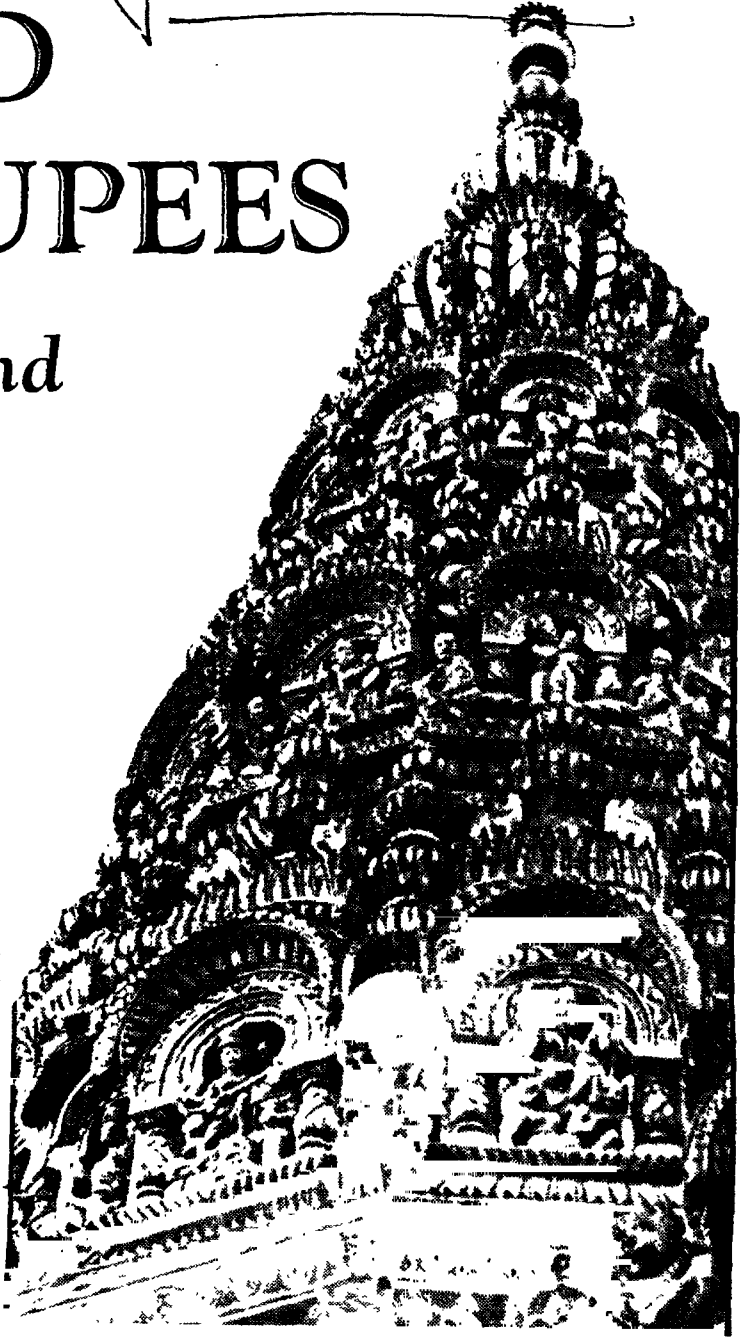


for the year 1938

TEMPLE PLATED WITH RUPEES

Shivaji's Patron Goddess And Her Great Wealth

TULJAPUR, THE HOME OF TULJA BHAWANI, NOT FAR FROM SHOLAPUR, IS REPUTED TO BE AMONG THE RICHEST TEMPLES IN THE COUNTRY, THE GODDESS WAS THE TUTELARY DEITY OF THE HOUSE OF SHIVAJI.



BRIGHTLY PAINTED Mahratta figures cover the towers of Bhawani Devi's shrine.

THE cheerful red and yellow walls of the temple changed abruptly to black of a curiously luminous texture. Even the floors of the inner shrine seemed much brighter than basalt is wont to be, though polished by the feet of countless lakhs of devotees. Near the main door, where the light was stronger, the rock had a honey-combed appearance.

Then our eyes became used to the gloom and we realised the cause of that strange



KUNK FOR A DEVOTEE. A pilgrim to Tulja Bhawani has her forehead marked with red powder from the brass footprints of the goddess. —Photos, Author (2), F. S. M. (1).

brightness. Rupees—thousands and thousands of them. The interior of the temple seemed completely plated with silver coins.

Shivaji's Goddess

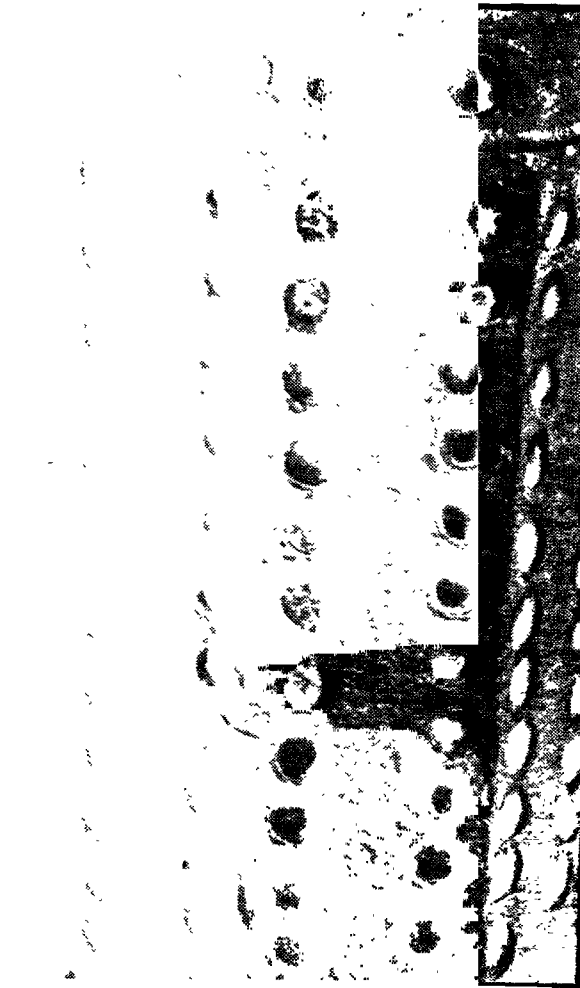
WE were in the shrine of Bhawani Devi at Tuljapur, some 28 miles from Sholapur, the focal point for devotees from all over Maharashtra, for is not Bhawani the goddess to whom the great Shivaji himself looked for protection?

It has been said that what Benares is to the East, Tuljapur is to the West, and

even in these unregenerate days the great Bhawani does not lack pilgrims, raja and ryot, who pour in their offerings as their fathers have done, so that Bhawani maintains her reputation as one of the richest goddesses in a land where there is no stint of jewels and cash for divinity.

We had come over from Sholapur, through the crops ripening in the December sun, over the new road which Hyderabad State was constructing with such thoroughness that the neighbouring British authorities might go and take lessons there. Then ahead of us lay the Balaghat with the long, white posted road leading up to the big village of Tuljapur hidden over its brow.

Only two buildings were visible, the tall tower of Tulja Devi's summer house, where she takes an airing on hot days, and the long white police headquarters, the newest building in the village.



PLATED WITH RUPEES. One of the pillars inside the shrine, a typical example of the quantities of coins sunk into the stonework.

In A Ravine

EVEN in the village there is little evidence of Bhawani and her shrine for it lies in a ravine half way down the ghat—a ravine tightly packed with shrines, halls, pools and courtyards. The temple seems to have been built around itself so often that from the main shrine on the lower level the buildings climb the steep faces of the rock until it is impossible that more stone and mortar could be introduced.

Once one has torn one's attention away from the brilliantly coloured cloth shops of the village bazaar, the temple is entered by an unpretentious gateway and one steps into a second and much busier town. With all its broad stairways and and courtyards the temple seems bigger than the village to which it is attached.

To reach the shrine of the goddess herself one must pass barefoot through three great gates which are built near the heads of staircases. After that long climb down it is no longer strange that one of the greatest temples in Western India is invisible from the surrounding countryside. The rocks of the top of the ghat are high above.

High Rents

SINCE this is a pilgrim place par excellence and pilgrims perpetually require clothes and food, the outer courtyard of the temple is full of shops which are let out by the Hyderabad Government, the administrators of the temple revenues. Pilgrim traffic is so heavy that shops in such favoured surroundings fetch from Rs. 125 to Rs. 200 a month—an amazing price when one considers Tuljapur's isolated position.

There is also a great tank in the outer courtyard and there are many bathers, especially at Dasara, so that it is essential to keep the water clean. It certainly was much cleaner than most temple tanks I have

(Please Turn Over.)

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Agonising corns made life a misery for this woman. On one occasion corns wrecked her holiday, for she simply could not get a shoe on and therefore had to stay indoors. But Radox got rid of her corns in three weeks! Read her letter:—

"I suffered intensely from corns for three years and having been confined to the house for a whole week (through not being able to wear a shoe) which spoilt my fortnight's holiday, I tried Radox in desperation as a last resource. At the end of three weeks' treatment the corns entirely disappeared, with no recurrence since. Radox must be used daily, with perseverance. I will never be without Radox, as I am confident it will eradicate the worst form of corn."—(Mrs.) E.A.

As soon as Radox is put into a foot-bath, oxygen is released, which carries the softening salts of Radox right to the roots of corns. The corns are soon loosened, and then you pick them out, complete with roots—pain and discomfort vanish for good.

RADOX is obtainable of all Chemists, Stores and Bazars.

Temple Plated With Rupees

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

seen. But pilgrims to Bhawani might reasonably expect such a refinement; they are charged four annas a head for entering it.

And so down to the main shrine with its two fine towers. Here there is no thought of a conservative and weathered greyness which might denote age or poverty. The administrators apparently believe in fresh paint and plenty of it, so the walls are cheerfully red and yellow and the towers with their crowding Mahratta figures, are picked out in a hundred colours.

Only at the door of the shrine does the colour abate, to be substituted by the scheme of black and silver already mentioned.

Women's Offerings

NO-ONE seems to know just how many rupees are let into the stone-work, but the amount must be colossal for the practice has been going on for generations.

In the middle of the corridors where the traffic of bare feet is heavy, the coins have been worn to thin bright discs or have disappeared altogether, though how many times this wearing out process has been repeated would be difficult to judge.

On door jambs where pilgrim's clothes brush repeatedly, the silver has taken on a high polish, while off the main track of people walking to the shrine, many of the coins have tarnished so that they are nearly invisible in the dim light.

The reason for all this coin is that the goddess who sits in magnificent robes in the tiny airless shrine in the heart of the temple, is regarded as a

giver of fertility. Wives who are as yet childless bring their offerings here, and the custom is that they give rupees to be let into the pavement.

The offerings are so plentiful that there is an official rupee sinker, a post held by the same family for several generations of course. He is kept busy, especially at festival times, even though his charge is an anna for each rupee cemented into the wall or floor.

Famous Jewels

RUPEES, however, do not complete the temple's store of wealth. The goddess, a black basalt figure, evidently a form of Kali in one of her milder manifestations, is brilliantly robed and jewelled. Even on ordinary days she can afford to be well dressed. Indeed she is so covered in fine stuffs that at first glimpse into her warm and heavily scented shrine, only hands and eyes are visible.

In the buildings around the main shrine, however, is housed her wardrobe which is of course famous. There are enough jewels and costly saris to make first, second, and third class sets, worn according to the importance of the festival.

In the collection are two large rubies for eyes, numerous head pieces and necklaces made of fine gold and studded with precious stones and pearls. One of the most curious of the necklaces is about three feet long and made up of gold coins of Shivaji's time. Other remarkable pieces include a pair of gold ears and a pair of gold feet. One of

her magnificent chariots also has a pair of solid gold horses.

All these treasures, it should be added, have been given by rich devotees so that in the centuries during which Tuljapur has been a place of pilgrimage the goddess has piled up one of the most remarkable collections to be found among all the temp'les in the land.

How She Came

THE story of Tulja Bhawani's connection with this spot relates that she came down to earth to do battle with the demon king Mahesha, who appeared in the form of a buffalo and was threatening the gods themselves.

The goddess defeated him and severed his head with a single stroke of her sword.

How long her worship has been going on at the site where she delivered heaven and the world from the powers of evil is not known. It is said that the present buildings do not date further back than the sixteenth century.

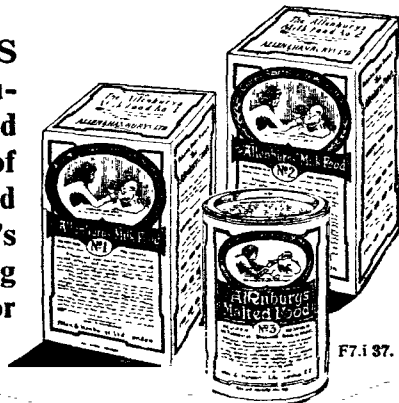
However that may be, it is certain that Tulja Bhawani became much more widely known as a result of Shivaji's devotion to her. Tradition has it that the fortunes of the Bhosles (Shivaji's family) were founded on the discovery of treasure trove by Maloji Bhosle, the grandfather of Shivaji. He attributed the find to the goddess's assistance, and from that day she became the tutelary deity of the Mahratta ruling family who carried her fame all over the Deccan.

M. H. B.

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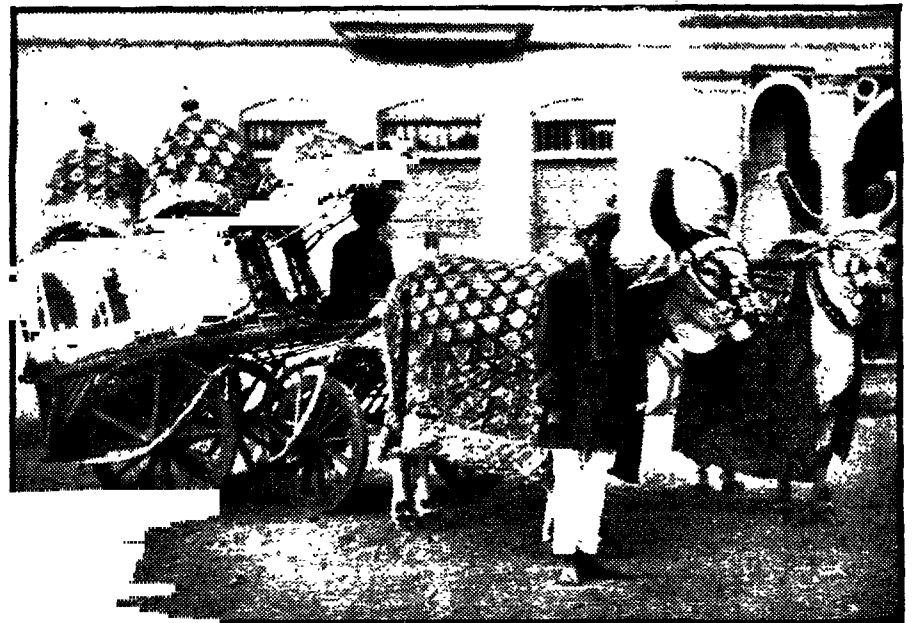
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FOR HARIPURA PROCESSION



THE STATE CHARIOT, lent by the Ruler of Bansda, in which the President of the Haripura Congress will ride.—Photo, P. P. Co.

BEAUTY MASSAGE FOR PAVEMENTS

EXTRAORDINARY results are being obtained from a new method of preparing concrete by "vibrating" it. Strength is increased up to 15 per cent. and the hardening process speeded up enormously.

The method is much the same as that practised on faces in beauty parlours, except in this case it is a hard rubber

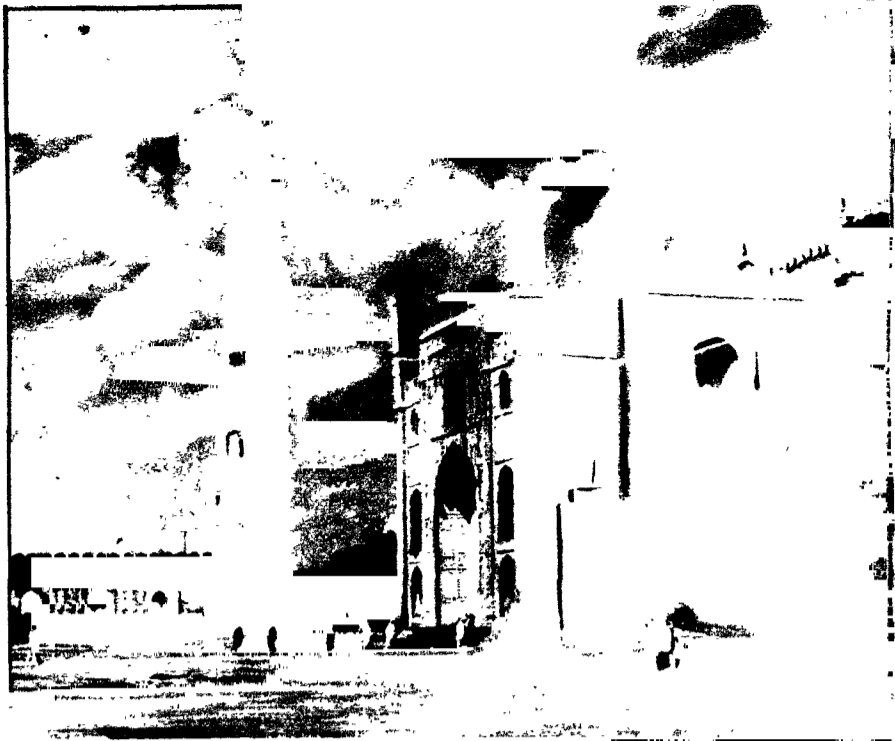
ram punching at the rate of 4,000 vibrations a minute on the surface of a two-ton quantity of concrete mixture in the vibrating machine.

The result is a reduction in the number of "honeycombs" or air pockets in the mixture. These air pockets are literally shaken out of it, and strength and density correspondingly increased.

M. L.



INSIDE THE COURTYARD OF THE PUNJAB'S BIGGEST MOSQUE.—This building is one of the most famous mosques in the world.



THE HANDSOME ENTRANCE to the Mosque faces the Akbari Gate of Lahore Fort.

The Badshahi Masjid

AURANGZEB'S IMPOSING MOSQUE AT LAHORE FOR WHICH AN ENDOWMENT FUND HAS BEEN STARTED

FOUR towering minarets of red sandstone rising high on the sky-line, set within them, like treasure guarded, three noble domes of marble, and you have an idea of the view from a distance of the Badshahi Masjid at Lahore, a prominent land-mark for miles around. From near, the effect is indeed imposing, the great building presenting a majestic appearance with just the austere simplicity which we associate with its builder, the Emperor Aurangzeb Alamgir.

Its prominence is enhanced by its setting. East of it is the historic Moghul Fort, and between the two a delightful garden, the Hazuri Bagh, with the remains of Maharaja Ranjit Singh's pavilion in the centre, and in a corner, his mausoleum and other Sikh buildings. North, the ground slopes to an extensive stretch of open land divided into play-grounds. In the west, on a lower level, are modern hospitals. Lahore city spreads almost entirely to south. The marble domes and red minarets of the Mosque dominate the entire surroundings not even excluding the vast pile of the Fort.

Handsome Entrance

THE main entrance of the Mosque, built on a well raised platform, is through a handsome archway of sandstone and marble which faces exactly the Akbari Gate of the Fort. A flight of 22 steps running on three sides mounts to the gateway, above which is an inscription showing that the mosque of Alamgir was completed in 1673 A.D., under the superintendence of Fidai Khan, the Emperor's foster-brother. In the upper storey of the archway sacred relics of the Prophet and his times are housed.

The prayer court is a vast square with its sides about 530 feet long. At its centre is a fine reservoir for ablutions, beside which stands a metal lamp of excellent workmanship, the gift of Lord Curzon.

Prayer Hall

THE prayer hall to the west is also built on a raised platform and has an imposing facade of red sandstone and marble with 11 arched entrances. Surmounting the hall are three magnificent domes of marble each crowned with its gilded pinnacle, the central dome being bigger and raised above others. Four ornamental minarets relieve the corners



IN THE PRAYER HALL to the west. Three fine domes of marble with gilded pinnacles surmount the Hall. BELOW RIGHT: Lahore City seen from one of the minarets of the mosque.—Photos, Z. D. Berni

of the hall, thus repeating in a minor key the minarets at the corners of the main square. Arcaded rooms for students line the north and south of the square; similar rooms on the east were demolished by the British authorities.

The four minarets, though without ornament of any kind, impress one by their simple grandeur, each being over 65 feet in circumference and 140 feet in height. Like the peerless Qutb at Delhi each minaret has lost the highest storey and its ornamental

cupola. Narrow spiral steps lead to the top of each, from where an interesting panorama is to be seen.

The paved court with its pattern of prayer places looks like a vast carpet spread out below. To the north flows the Ravi lost in the trees and still further, floating above a sea of haze, is the mausoleum of Jehangir.

Turning right, the eyes rest on the pleasant green of the Hazuri Bagh, tastefully laid in the enclosure between the Mosque and the Fort. The half ruined marble pavilion at its centre, the Maharaja's Baradari, has decayed rapidly in recent years.

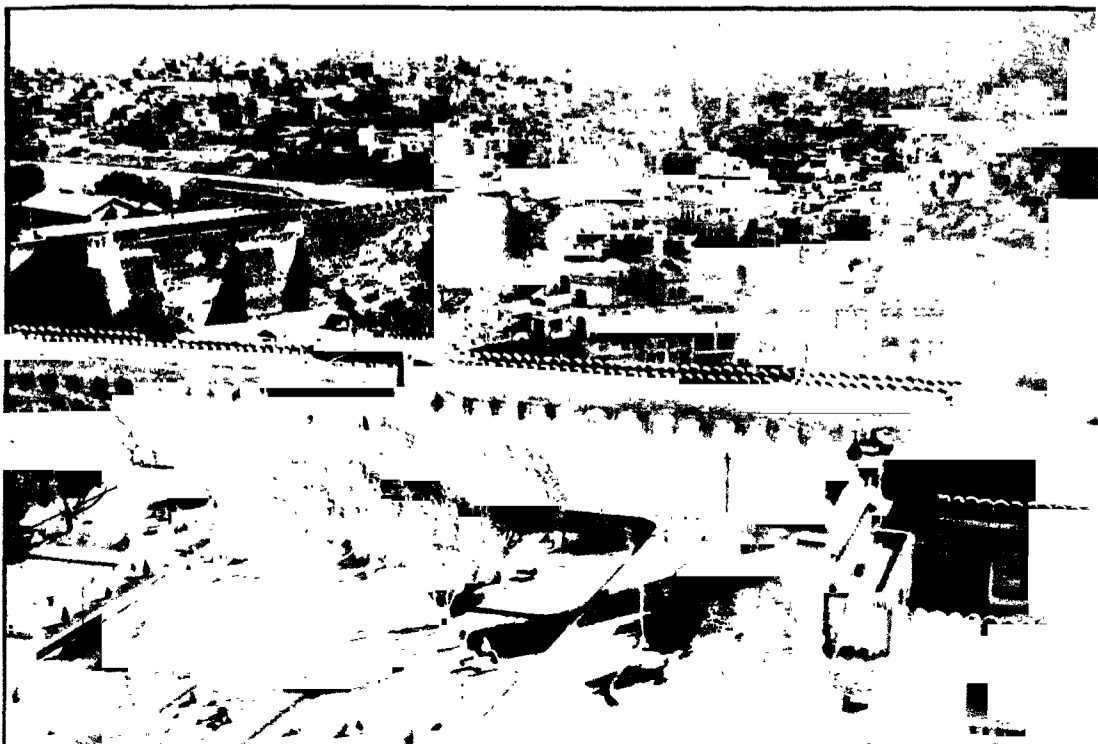
Commanding Situation

IN a line with the mid-points of the archway and the Baradari is the Akbari Darwaza, once the main entrance of the Fort. Beyond it, enclosed by formidable walls the buildings in the Fort are spread out like a map.

The modern city extends far into the distance, richer, busier and certainly far more noisy than in the days when the lofty minarets were built. Is it too much to ask that the north side which is now open may never be handed over to the mercies of the jerry-builder?

The British Government restored the Mosque to Muslims 70 years ago, and since then to keep it in repair has been the task of the community. The recent decision of the Punjab Assembly approving of the creation of an endowment fund is indeed welcome news.

M. A. AZIZ.



New Light on SIND'S BURIED PAST

IMPORTANT TOMBS NEAR KARACHI

By C. R. ROY

(Curator, Victoria Museum, Karachi.)



ONE OF THE NEWLY DISCOVERED TOMBS near the Gandh Ko Mountain. Observe the stepped construction and the sculptured lotuses. These combined with the absence of sculptured human figures, suggest that the tombs are those of a Mahomedan tribe of Hindu origin. RIGHT :—The back view of one of the tombs.



AN unexplored site, containing more than 50 tombs of a very remarkable type, was lately discovered by the writer in Las Bela State, Baluchistan. The spot is situated between the Gandh Ko Mountain and the village of Bhawani, about 27 miles from Karachi, with the tombs lying in waste land and surrounded by thick bushes of cactus.

These tombs are of a kind not found anywhere else in India. They are formed in steps or tiers, from five to nine in number. They are made of slabs of carved stone placed horizontally on the ground with around them other beautifully carved slabs placed



Mr. C. R. ROY, the writer of this article, who has discovered the historic site in Las Bela State.

vertically forming box-like rectangular chambers. A series of five to nine similar chambers one on top of another and diminishing in size towards the top, goes to make up one tomb.

The chambers are generally closed on all sides, but in some tombs the lowest chambers are open on all sides with arches in the four upright slabs. Some of the tombs have one or two short stumpy pillarettes with vase-like projections placed on the top in the front. The length of each tomb is about seven feet, the height about nine feet, and the width about three feet, at the base of the tomb tapering down to about six inches at the top.

Sculptured Designs

GEOMETRICAL designs carved in the slabs stand out in bold relief. Common to the decorative schemes of most of the tombs are the lotus and half-lotus which are the characteristic designs of the Hindus.

Locally these tombs are called by old people "Rum-Ka-Kabbar", but they are unable to say anything about their history. These are, however, purely Mahomedan tombs.

From the workmanship and design of various remains of ancient tombs in Sind, I have come to the conclusion that these tombs were probably built during the period of Samma Dynasty of Sind, dating back to between the 15th and 17th centuries of the Christian era.

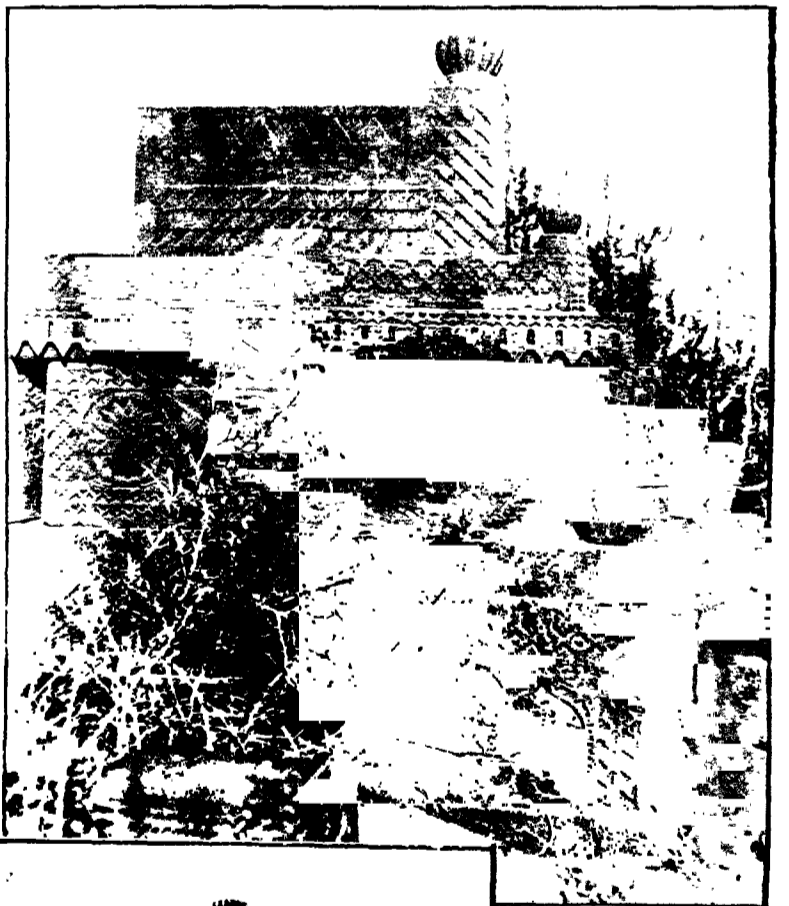
In workmanship and design these tombs are strikingly similar to the tomb of Jam Nizamuddin, the 14th prince of the Samma Dynasty at Tatta, though differences in construction indicate that they do not belong to the Samma people.

During the period referred to there lived in some part of Sind and Baluchistan three powerful Mahomedan tribes other than the Sammas—the Karmatis, the Jokias and the Numrias. It is very probable that these tombs belong to the Numrias. The word "Rum" in "Rum-Ka-Kabbar" was probably "Num" originally.

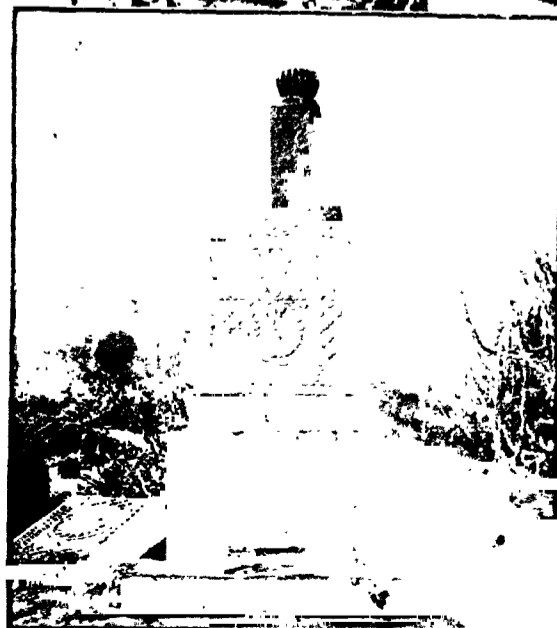
Hindu Influence

THOUGH these are Mahomedan tombs, we find a marked Hindu influence in the workmanship and designs. This is probably due to the Hindu origin of the Numria tribe. The Numrias, as well as Jekias and Sammas, were originally Rajput Hindus who were later converted to Mahomedanism.

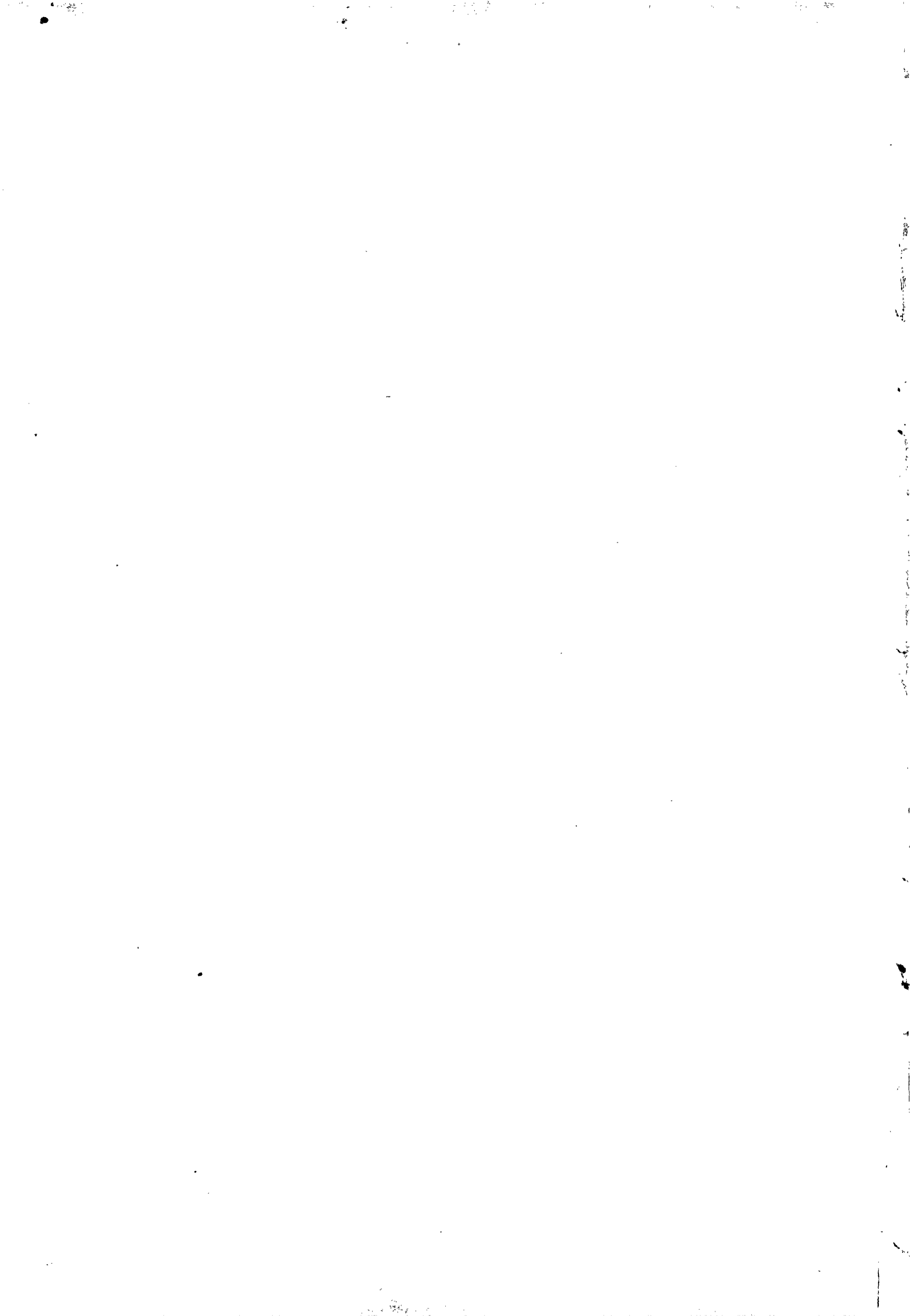
The step-like construction of these tombs was probably due to the influence of the Karmatis who came from Persia and who intermarried with the Numrias when they settled in the valley of Pabb Hills.



ABOVE : A side view of a slightly different type of tomb. Observe the pillarettes with vase-like capitals.



LEFT : Front view of the same tomb with the Gandh Ko Mountain in the background. The area around the tombs has been neglected for very many years.—Photos, Author.



TUKARAM

First Sang Here

Dehu Remembers Her Poet



TUKARAM'S SHRINE in the temple of Vithoba at Dehu, the poet's home village not far from Poona.

WE had been feeding roast groundnuts to the mah-seer of the Indrayani and they had churned up the river's opaque water with gratifying thoroughness. As we returned up the ghat the pujari led us to the little temple which guards this pool of sacred fish. "Krishan", he said, indicating a small figure clad in traditional Mahratta garments. "Krishan, Pandurang".

"Pandurang of whom Tukaram sang", I remarked, memories coming back both from the library and the cinema.

"Of course, Shri Pandurang. This is where the Bhajan was first sung. This is the Pandurang. This is the river where they threw away Tukaram's books. He lived over yonder".

Walled Village

OVER yonder" was the old walled village of Dehu, about a quarter of a mile down the Indrayani. We had wandered by chance into the home of perhaps the greatest poet Western India has ever produced; certainly one of the most famous singers of all India. And there was not the slightest sign outside that they remembered him.

Dehu lies back among its fields and coppices, several miles from the main Bombay-Poona road, in one of those dips in the Deccan which stay green when the plain around is uniformly ochre. No doubt the soil experts could explain the cause of this verdure, but for us it was sufficient that Tukaram's birth-place should be one of the pleasanter, more fertile corners of Maharashtra.

In Tukaram's day it was undoubtedly pleasant and fertile, but it certainly wasn't always peaceful—as the thick, earth-packed walls and sturdy gate pillars bore witness. Today most of the wall is still there but its outer facing of stone is disappearing rapidly. I suppose the local builders know something about that. Most of the earthen core is naked to sun, wind and monsoon, and it is steadily wearing away in spite of several centuries of compression be-

forgotten the past. There is the Shri Shivajichhatrapati Mandir, with restaurant attached, and further along both Shivaji and Tukaram figure on the shop signs.

Then overlooking the river is the temple—a big place when compared with the modern village. The main dedication is to Vithoba and there is a close connection with the great Vithoba temple at Pandharpur, one of the most famous pilgrimage places in the whole of western India.

To the left of the main shrine is a temple to Rama, and to the right the shrine of Vithoba's greatest devotee, Tukaram.

Miracle Of The Books

ACCORDING to tradition, the great poet's spirit still resides here, and he is represented by a bust clad in fine fabrics and wearing the old style Mahratta turban. When one remembers how much Tukaram scorned the luxuries of this world the pomp with which his memory is now surrounded strikes a rather odd note.

Inside the shrine is a square tomb-like structure bearing the words "Shri Tukaram Maharaj Mandir". The bust of the poet placed in front of it,

tween the stone facings. Soon Tukaram's home will be open to the rest of the Deccan.

Shivaji

IT is quite a long walk down Dehu's main street, and I imagine that in the great days of the Mahratta empire the place was far more populous.

However, once inside the village it is clear that the heirs of the great tradition have not really

was heavily garlanded with maigolds. Over the doorway an oil painting of the scene on the banks of the Indrayani showed how Tukaram's manuscripts were miraculously saved from a watery end.

The figure of Tukaram in this painting has evidently been used by the makers of the film "Sant Tukaram" as one of the bases when reconstructing his likeness. Certainly the similarity between the painting and the actor is extraordinary.

Incidentally, the very long run the film enjoyed—about 13 months continuous showing in Bombay alone—goes to prove the immense popularity which Tukaram still enjoys among Mahrattas, even though he died in 1649.

It is commonly said that many Bombay Mahrattas, unable to make the pilgrimage to Pandharpur went to the cinema instead, because by seeing "Sant Tukaram" they had darshan of the god celebrated by this poet.

Seeing The Film

NEARLY everyone in Dehu seemed to know all about the film which had brought their saint before the rest of the world. I gathered that there had been several quite imposing expeditions into Poona to see it. And the local ex-



DEHU as it is today. The main street of the village which was once Tukaram's home.

perts, usually the most destructive of all critics, were well pleased with the result.

I wonder how many American producers could say the same thing?

It is to be hoped that the interest in Tukaram which has been re-stimulated by the film will result in some generous admirer of his songs helping the temple financially so that it may remain a permanent memorial to the poet.

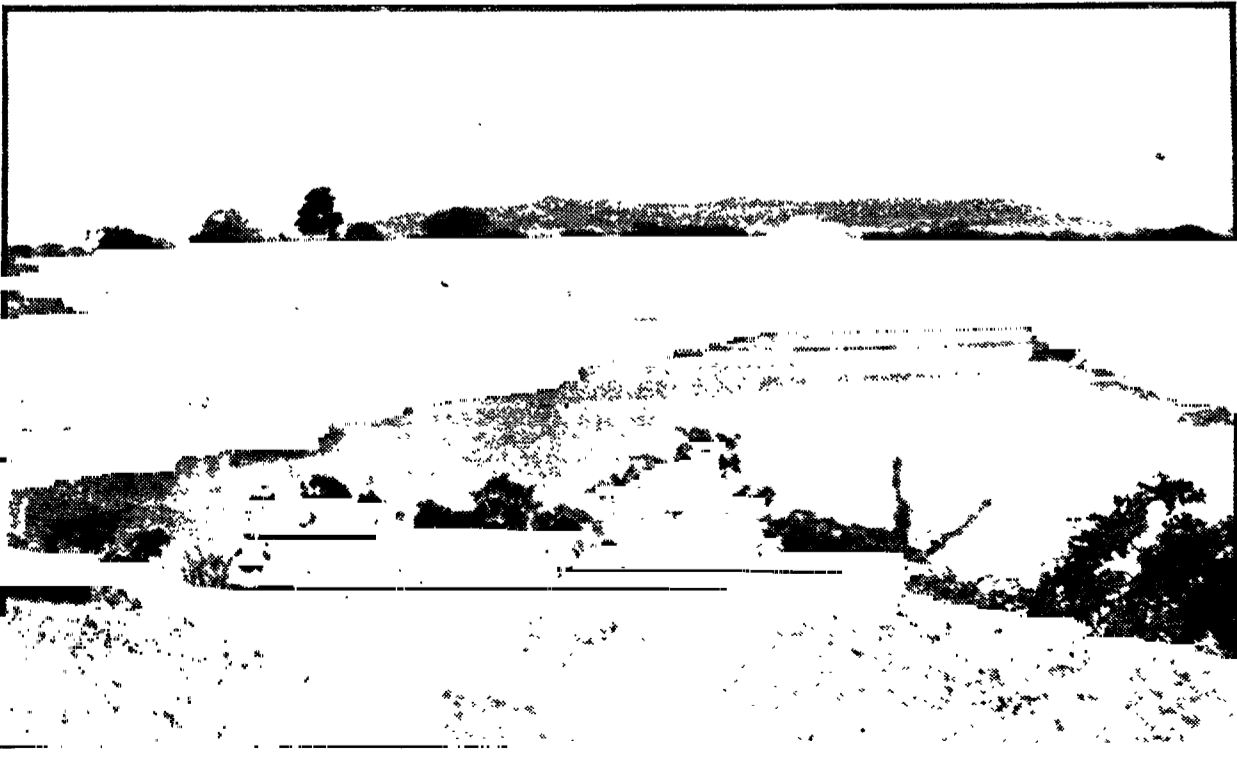
For example, there is an exquisite old carved wood nakakhana over the main gateway, which is in a very bad state. Village tradition says that gunfire damaged it in the Mahratta wars and that the British are to blame.

But whatever the past history of the damage, it is a great pity to allow such a piece of old carving to fall into irreparable ruin. Similarly a good deal of the plaster work on the towers of the shrines would repay attention.

Temple Sign-Posts

IN many other respects however, it is obvious that the temple has been controlled by a most methodically minded person. It is kept scrupulously clean and every shrine, hall, and alleyway has been meticulously sign-posted.

On the riverside a great wall protects the sacred precincts, and in the past it has acted in addition as the river defence of the village. A small door leads to the broad, steep ghat and the bed of the Indrayani, though, unfortunately during most of the year it is little more



THE INDRAYANI RIVER, looking towards Dehu. Tukaram must have known this scene well.—Photos, Author. (Please Turn to Page 78.)

D. G. A.

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TUKARAM

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

than a trickle over the weir, which conserves water for the village and, incidentally, for the sacred fish.

Back in the temple all is peace—the quietude of old established buildings and long hours of meditation. The sellers of kunk and flowers are made to keep their distance, for they are outside the gate. It is the atmosphere which Tukaram himself must have loved in the days when his wife first drove him out of their home, enraged by his singing.

Poet's Life

Poor Tukaram in those days could well know what trials the world brought. Both his father, Balhoji, and his elder brother Shivaji, retired from the world, and young Tukaram, then about 13 years old, had to carry on the family corn business. That was about 1621.

Seven years later, his parents and one of his wives died, his brother left the house to go on a pilgrimage and then one of his children died. Famine appeared and his business went to rack and ruin.

Jijabai, the surviving wife, was by all accounts a virago and it would seem that she so broke his spirit that he resigned himself to religion for relief.

The god Vithoba, of whom he became a devotee, is a form of Krishna, but scholars have held that he is really a link with the old Jain and Buddhist



THE RIVER MIRACLE: This oil painting hangs over the doorway of Tukaram's shrine. It represents the poet standing on the bank of the Indrayani into which the manuscripts of his songs were ordered to be thrown, but were miraculously saved.—Photo, Author.

world which existed in Western India before the Brahmanical revival.

Inspiration

It is unlikely, however, that Tukaram knew anything about that because there is no evidence to suggest that he received more education than a Sudra shopkeeper would need to run his business.

Like other great spiritual leaders he was a simple man, relying on inspiration, rather than letters, for his mess-

age. His Abhangas, or hymns, are said to have been sung extemporaneously and they sprang from his deep devotion to Vithoba, a god who seems to produce a tremendous yearning among his followers.

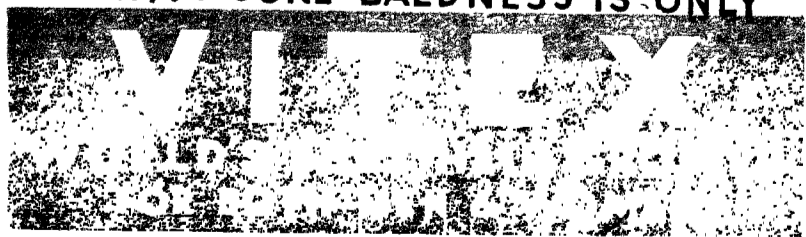
Such was the force of his inspiration that he soon became famous, and towards the end of his life, even Shivaji, the great warrior, sought out his ashram to find peace for a while.

But one cannot help wondering what the history of Dehu might have been had Jijabai had a softer tongue.

M. H. B.



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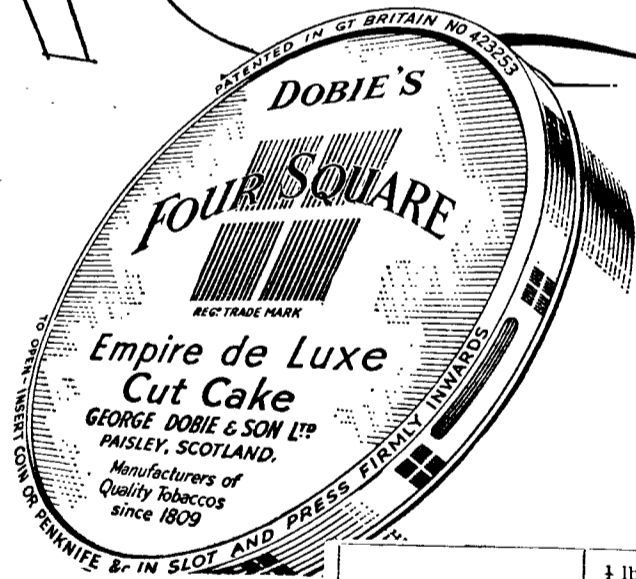


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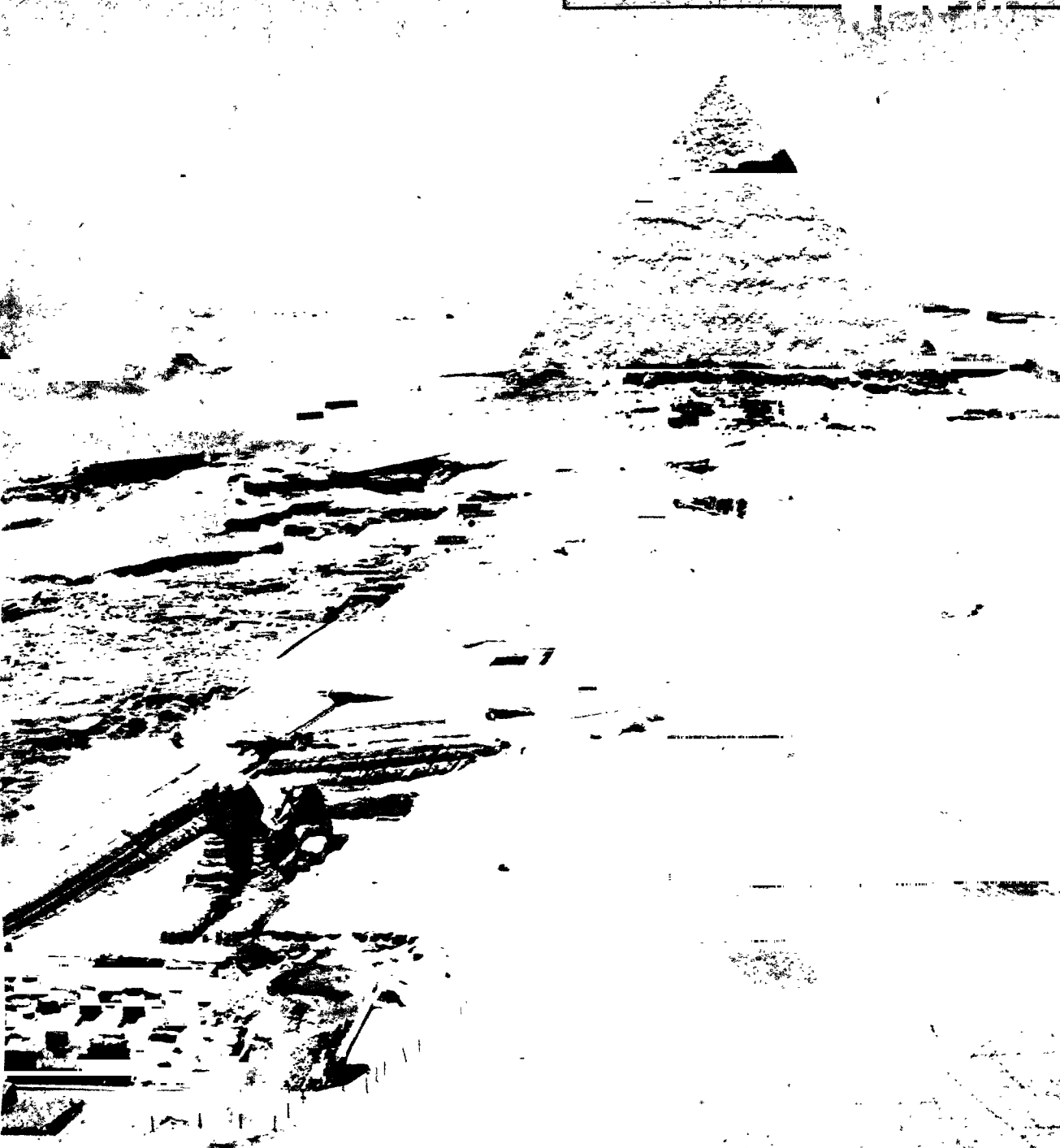
EGYPT'S WONDERS *from the Air*

The Valley of the Nile, cradle of history and of human culture, has a fascination all its own, and its colossal monuments still hold the traveller spellbound. Viewed from the sky they are no less impressive, and to fly over the pyramids and the monuments of Thebes, Karnak and Memphis, in that translucently clear atmosphere so typical of Egypt, is an experience not to be missed.

LEFT:—THE COLOSSI OF MEMPHIS.—The two great statues of Rameses II standing on the site of the ancient city that was one of the most renowned and populous capitals of antiquity, and now bears but few traces of its former grandeur.

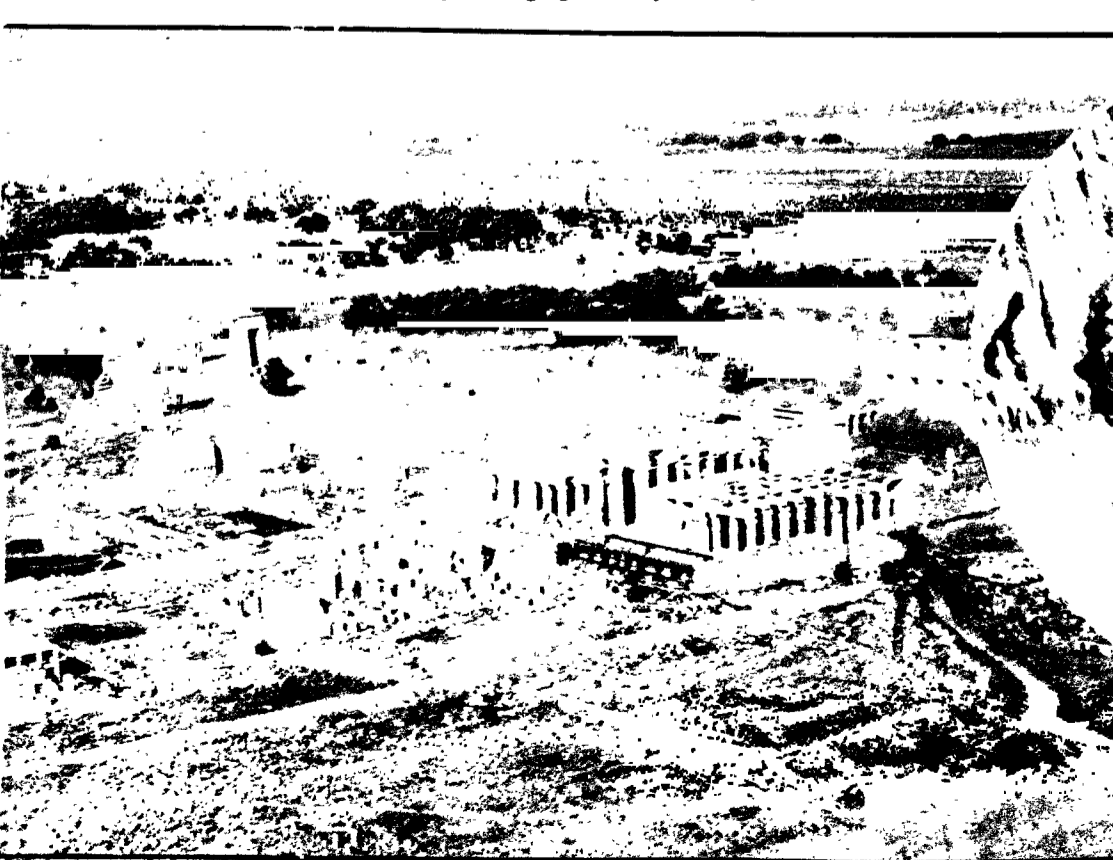
BELOW:—THE TEMPLE OF DEIREL-BAHRI, built and adorned with reliefs and inscriptions by Queen Hatshepsut, sister and Queen of Thotmes II. It is of most imposing appearance and is constructed in a series of noble terraces at the foot of a great cliff on the West Bank of the Nile at Thebes. The Temple had a chequered beginning, as when the Queen was expelled from the throne by Thotmes III, building operations came to a halt and Thotmes caused the name and figures of her to be obliterated in all the finished sculptures there, as elsewhere throughout the country. Hatshepsut eventually regained the throne, however, and building was resumed. On the introduction of Christianity, centuries later, a community of monks established themselves in the precincts, and the chambers in the Temple were converted into Chapels.

Photos, Charles E. Brown.



A MAGNIFICENT AERIAL VIEW looking towards the pyramids of Gizeh, which rank among the oldest monuments to human industry, and even to-day extort from us the same wonder and astonishment as they did in earlier times from Greek and Roman travellers. The pyramid of Kheops, which is seen in the foreground, has some 2,300,000 separate blocks of stone and, according to Professor Flinders Petrie, they average about 2½ tons in weight each. In the foreground is the Sphinx which during the past two years has been the subject of further investigations, a number of interesting facts having been brought to light regarding its origin.

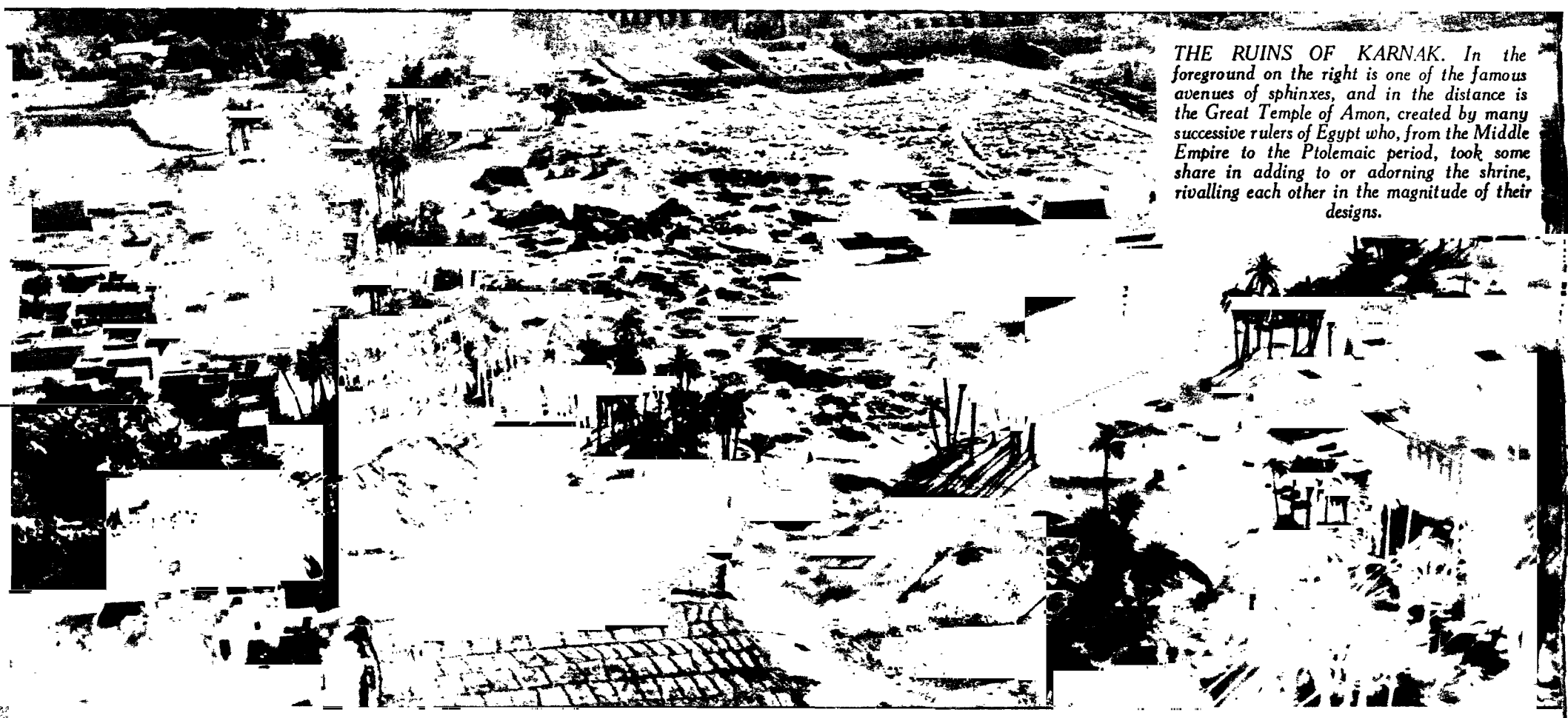
BELOW: A view of the mighty ruins of Karnak.



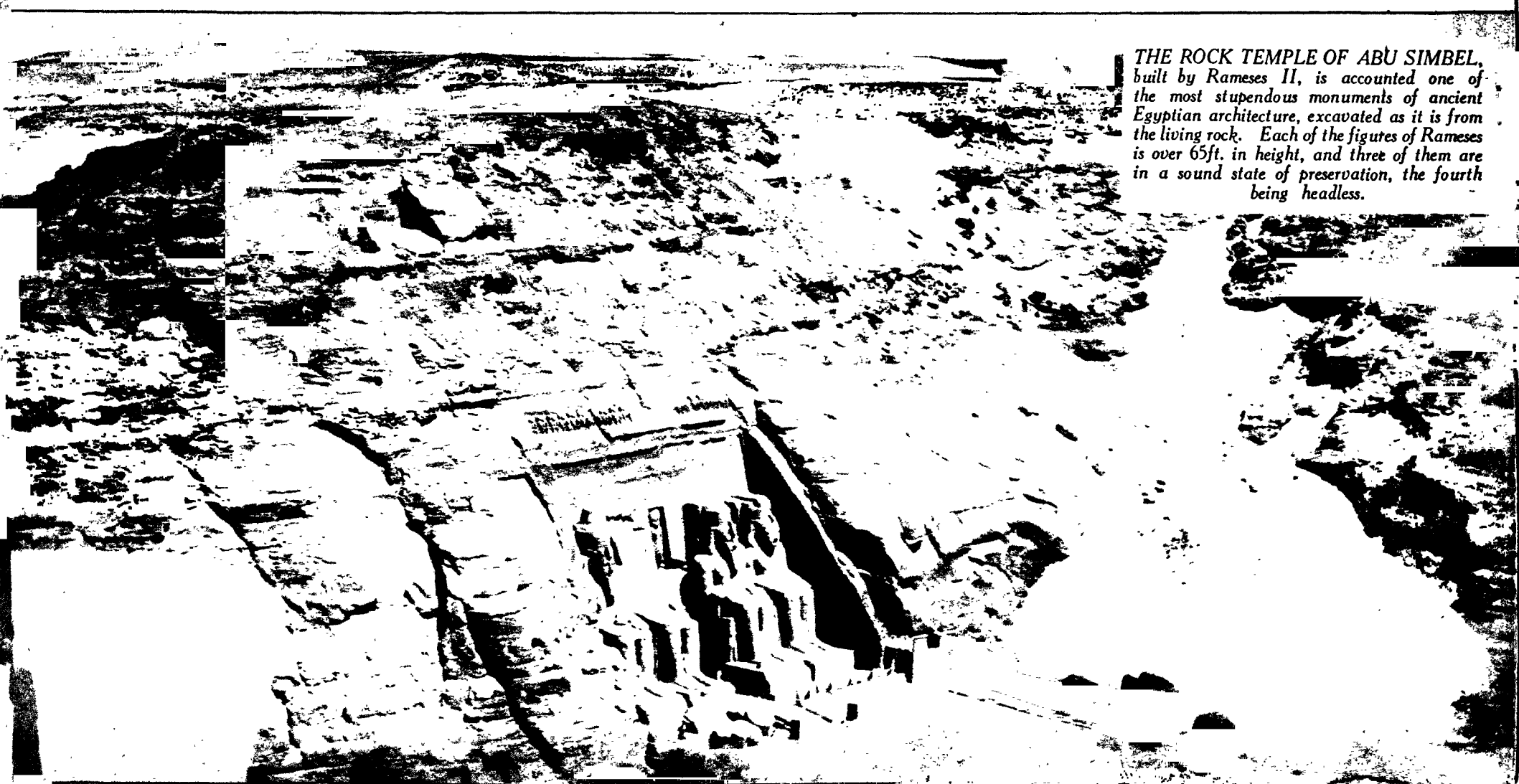
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dominated in the centre by the Temple of Amon. In the distance is the Sacred Lake, the water of which has become saline through long years of infiltration.



THE RUINS OF KARNAK. In the foreground on the right is one of the famous avenues of sphinxes, and in the distance is the Great Temple of Amon, created by many successive rulers of Egypt who, from the Middle Empire to the Ptolemaic period, took some share in adding to or adorning the shrine, rivalling each other in the magnitude of their designs.



THE ROCK TEMPLE OF ABU SIMBEL, built by Rameses II, is accounted one of the most stupendous monuments of ancient Egyptian architecture, excavated as it is from the living rock. Each of the figures of Rameses is over 65ft. in height, and three of them are in a sound state of preservation, the fourth being headless.





Mankoo, a woman painter with original ideas regarding the bold use of colour and background, lived in the 17th century and won great renown for herself. She illustrated the Gitagovinda, and the originals of the pictures appearing on this page are to be seen in the Lahore Museum. The author of this article, belongs to the I.C.S. and is a keen student of Indian art. The titles of the pictures are our own.

By
N. C. MEHTA

INDECISION.

MANKOO & HER ART

THESE is a beautiful series of Gitagovinda pictures in the Lahore Museum which has not hitherto been adequately studied. These pictures are classified technically as of the Basohli School. Basohli, or in its Sanskrit form Visvasthali, is now an outlying *tahsil* of the State of Jammu and Kashmir. In former days it was an important centre of artistic activities.

Bold Colour

THE Basohli School of painting is particularly remarkable for its bold colour designs and somewhat unorthodox treatment of the background, particularly landscape. The Lahore series of Gitagovinda pictures is, however, remarkable, apart from its aesthetic merit, for its authorship. The first picture has a Sanskrit verse in golden letters which gives the name of one Mankoo.

More than ten years ago, when I published my "Studies in Indian Painting," I had come across the name of Mankoo in a series of Gitagovinda pictures in possession of the Maharaja of Tehri Garhwal. These pictures were apparently of the late 18th century, and consequently, despite the specific statement in the Sanskrit verse which is identical with the verse in the Lahore picture, I attributed the Tehri series to a later period. Considering the present evidence however, I have no doubt that while the Lahore series is the genuine one, the transcription of the verse on the Tehri pictures is probably of doubtful authenticity.

In Indian literature it has often happened that works written by one writer have been attributed to some famous master of bygone ages. Such appears to have been the case also in the Gitagovinda series of pictures.

Accomplished Painter

THE woman painter Mankoo appears to have acquired so much renown in her craft that an accomplished artist, working at a later date in the State of Tehri Garhwal, considered it an honour to attribute his handiwork to her. Mankoo describes herself as an accomplished painter devoted to Vishnu and as having illustrated the Gitagovinda with lovely pictures in Vikrama Samvat 1787, or 1730 A.D. There have been many references to women painters in ancient Indian literatures, both Sanskrit and Prakrit, but hitherto there have been no authentic examples of their work.

The pictures therefore by Mankoo which, apart from their feminine authorship, are remarkable for their aesthetic quality, are of exceptional interest. They are purely Hindu in technique and inspiration and remarkable for their use of glowing colours and unconventional methods of treating the background.

Apparently Basohli was a fruitful centre of pictorial art towards the end of the 17th and early years of the 18th century, for there is a mention of another artist under the name of Devidas, who, under the patronage of Raja Kripal Pal, illustrated a work called "Chittrasamanjari" in 1752 Vikrama Samvat, or 1695 A.D. in Visvasthali or Basohli on the beautiful banks of Airāvati, the modern Rāvi. The present Basohli does not, however, seem to have any claims to distinction except perhaps for its rustic blankets.



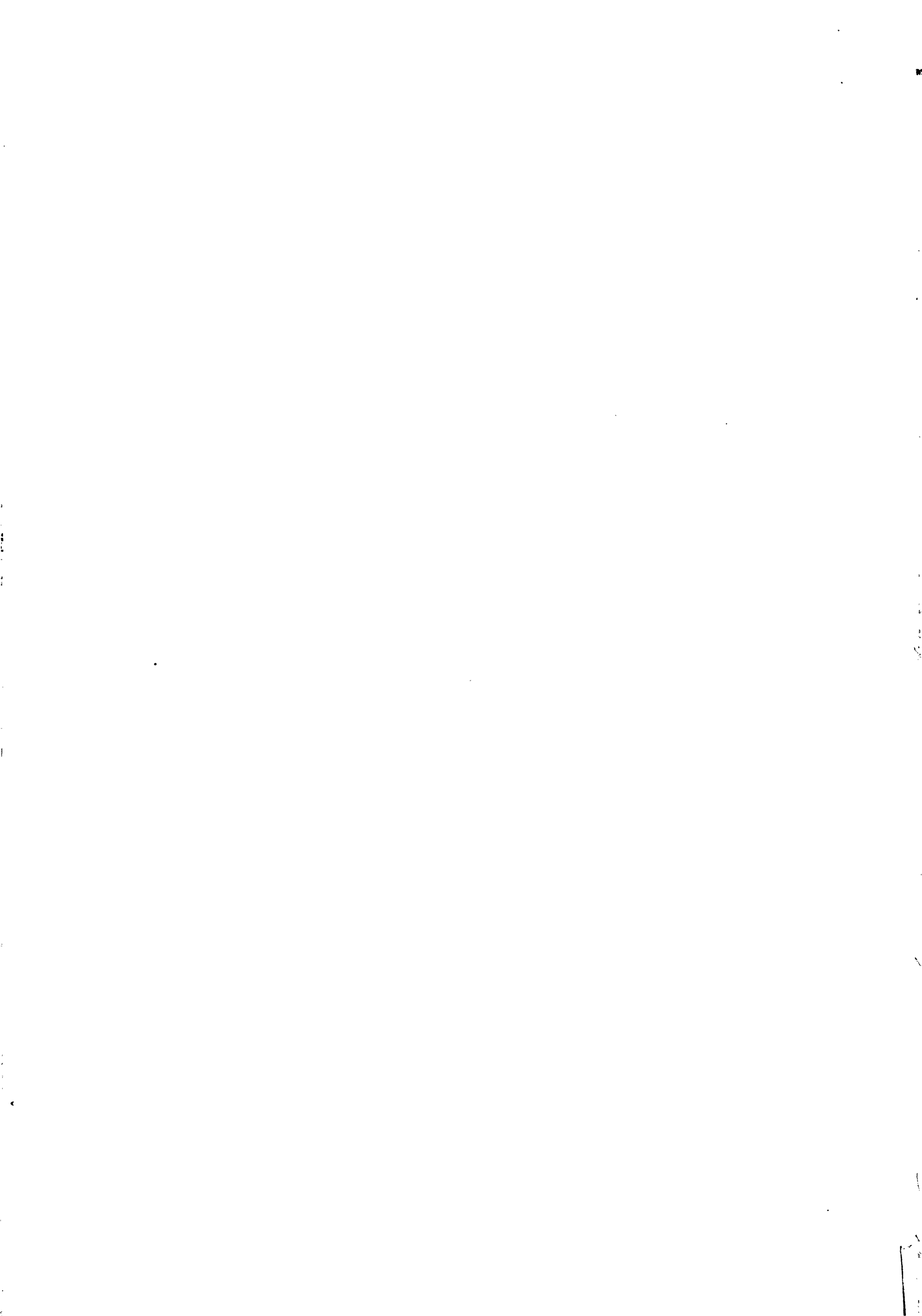
THE STORY—Mankoo's name is mentioned in the Sanskrit inscription.



IN THE ARBOUR—Photos, Author.



REVERENCE.



INDIA'S "Royal and Ancient" GARDEN

And a Tree 169 Years Old!

By H. G. F.

Sir Arthur Hill, Director of the Royal Botanical Gardens, Kew, who recently visited India, preferred the Royal Botanical Garden in Calcutta, now 150 years old, to any other he saw in this country, and suggested that Calcutta be made a training centre for Indian gardeners. This article describes briefly the invaluable work done at Sibpur, the unusual amenities the Garden provides, and the strenuous efforts made to save the historic old banyan tree, which is probably rivalled in fame only by King Charles' oak.

banyans, it is believed to be even more than 169 years old. Indeed, when Lord Valencia visited Calcutta in 1803, it was already an object of note, for he says in his journal that it was the finest object in the gardens, "a noble specimen of the *ficus bengalensis*, on the branches of which are nourished a variety of specimens of parasitical plants and ferns."

With somewhat understandable jealousy, the Bombay Presidency claims an even larger banyan tree, about 22 miles from Satara, but experts declare that in actuality Bombay's tree is really a number of trees grouped together.

India, I believe, to be honoured with the title of Royal. It dates back to 1789, when a suggestion was made by Lt.-Col. Robert Kyd, Secretary to the Military Board at Fort William, that it would be well to establish a place where experimental planting of trees and shrubs, commercial and ornamental, could be carried out. The idea proved acceptable to the matter-of-fact Government, and a garden of 300 acres was promptly established. Kyd, with commendable zeal, just as promptly moved his own valuable collection of exotic plants from his house at Shalimar to the new location; and in return, or because he was the only one who knew anything about botany, was made Honorary Superintendent, a post which he held for seven years.

Then came Dr. William Roxburgh, the father of Indian botany, who was transferred from Madras. He made the greatest use of his time and opportunities, and in addition to giving the gardens shape and form, along lines of real commercial research, he drew up the first systematic catalogue of the plants of India—the *Flora Indica* which became the basis of all subsequent books on indigenous botany.

Early Benefits

THEN followed a long train of brilliant botanists, each of whom left his mark on the Garden, and each of whom demonstrated the foresight of the man who first established it. "No small part of the benefits conferred on the country by the Garden in its early days," says Mr. K. Biswas, Curator of the Herbarium and Acting Superintendent of the Garden, "was the demonstration by practical experiment that certain natural products, many of them of a most desirable kind, cannot be grown in Bengal, much money and fruitless effort thus being saved. The cultivation of the teak-tree, for the sake of its timber, then so invaluable for ship-building, was also begun on a large scale and was continued for 35 years, by which time it became clear that although the tree to all outward appearance grew well on the muddy soil of the Gangetic delta, its stems early became hollow near the base and proved incapable of yielding sound timber of large scantling. The introduction of exotic trees also received early attention, and in the Garden there still remain a few of the original mahogany trees introduced in those early years."

(Please turn to page 89.)

THE BRANCHING PALM, one of the rarest specimens of palm in the world. It originated in Africa, and is exceedingly difficult to nurse and keep alive elsewhere. The Royal Botanical Garden, Sibpur, Calcutta, has achieved a great feat in making the plant flourish.

NO greater tribute could have been paid to the Royal Botanic Garden at Calcutta than that of Sir Arthur Hill, Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, who said that it was undoubtedly the finest of its kind in the whole East, that it has been of inestimable value to India, and that it should be made a training centre for Indian gardeners.

The Calcutta Garden has just celebrated its 150th birthday, the celebrations being attended by practically all of the foreign delegates to the 150th Anniversary of the Indian Science Congress.

The Garden contains the largest banyan tree in the Orient—a tree which is a veritable forest in itself, with 601 aerial roots actually in the ground. It once measured 1,000 ft. in circumference at its crown, but during the past fifty years or so cyclones and the disintegrating effect of many monsoons have sadly changed its form and reduced its beauty. As a matter of fact, for a quarter of a century there has been a mighty battle between Nature and man, for the botanists of the gardens have done everything possible to save the noble tree.

When in 1913 a fungus attacked the main trunk and many branches, the campaign began in earnest; the dead wood was removed, a fine young tree was planted in the gaping void in the centre of the patriarch, and branches from the new tree have slowly been grafted onto the old one. It would now seem that the tree has been saved, although ten years ago those in charge declared that there were many signs of its dying a natural death within a very short time.

This old banyan tree, which was quite small when the gardens were established, started life as a shoot on the top of a wild date-tree, under which there sat an old fakir. Its real age, of course, is not quite known, although from observations made of its actual growth since 1871, and from the rate of growth of other

was the finest object in the gardens, "a noble specimen of the *ficus bengalensis*, on the branches of which are nourished a variety of specimens of parasitical plants and ferns."



MR. K. P. BISWAS, Ag. Superintendent of the Garden.

An Experimental Garden

BUT to return to Calcutta's "Royal and Ancient" garden, the only garden in



THE HISTORIC BANYAN TREE—Old age and violent storms have much reduced its size, and valiant efforts are being made to save it from complete destruction.





This beautiful walk leads to the monument erected in 1795 in honour of Lt.-Col. Robert Kyd, with whom the idea of the Garden originated.

India's "Royal and Ancient" Garden

(Continued from page 51.)

BUT although Bengal naturally claimed first attention in those days, the whole of India soon began to profit by the work done in the Calcutta Botanic Garden. The introduction of tea was one of the items originally planned by Kyd, and the records show that the Garden played a most important part in what is now one of India's most profitable products. Potato-growing also was initiated in this Garden, whilst to its work on the cinchona plant are we indebted to this day for our supply of local quinine. And, adds the Curator, "in the improvement of Indian cotton, and in the introduction both of that and jute to the markets of Europe, the Garden authorities worked cordially hand in hand with the Agri-Horticultural Society of India." Sugar-cane, flax, hemp, vanilla, coffee, tobacco, cardamoms, tapioca and india-rubber have also been carefully experimented with in this Garden, not forgetting a very large number of ornamental plants and shrubs.

A Botanical "Map"

IN modern times, however, various provincial governments, working through their own Agricultural Departments, have taken away a good deal of the "commercial" research work; but the Royal Botanic Garden of Calcutta still stands pre-eminent in its line. For example, it contains about 1,500 botanical species under cultivation and thus offers unrivalled opportunity for the study of tropical flora; and for this purpose the whole garden has been considered as if it were a globe on Mercator's Projection, the various species being arranged regionally in twenty-five divisions corresponding as far as possible with the main geographical divisions of the globe. But, naturally, it puts India first, so we find this country forming the largest and most central region, and again sub-divided roughly according to the provincial flora.

Don't Keep Off The Grass!

AND yet, in spite of this scientific feature, the Garden is probably absolutely unique in the wealth of amenities it provides for the visitor. Read what the official annual report for last year says of them: "In most gardens of similar dimensions and with similar objects, the visitor passes in on foot after having left his conveyance at the gate. The restrictions placed upon him read very much alike wherever else he goes. In some he is instructed to keep off the grass; his enjoyment must be obtained from the roads and pathways. He is allowed to look at but not to handle exhibits, and such offences as plucking flowers, treading on beds and borders, bird nesting and so on are all provided against in the bye-laws.

Custom and long precedent have allowed greater latitude to the visitor to Sibpur. Except to some of the nursery plant-houses, he can wander where he likes; he picnics anywhere, and takes his music with him; he plays cricket, badminton and tennis; and he even lights fires in approved spots when he wishes to cook his food. It is all to the benefit of the Garden in that greater public enjoyment, and therefore support, is ensured, and on the whole it must be said that the latitude allowed is not taken advantage of."

But, of course, all visitors do not want to picnic or play badminton. Many go there to study, for these gardens contain, in the Herbarium, what are incomparably the most valuable scientific collections of their kind in Asia, and one of the most valuable in the whole world. These collections date from Roxburgh's time, and altogether number about 2,500,000 sheets of specimens. Students from all parts of Asia frequent this Herbarium, whilst the local staff are called upon to identify huge collections sent from the Himalayas and other parts where botanists are at work.

Yet in spite of having this remarkable botanical repository at their doors, comparatively few people in Calcutta, or visitors to Calcutta, really appreciate what the gardens are. Beautifully laid out, with four wonderful main vistas, enormous lawns, artificial lakes, and many miles of carriage-way, this Garden cannot be seen in a day, although a careful study of the lay-out will enable the enthusiastic visitor to see a great deal during his first visit, largely owing to the very careful



LEST WE FORGET—This monument perpetuates the memory of Dr. William Roxburgh, once Superintendent of the Sibpur Garden and the father of Indian botany.—Photos Supplied by Author.

manner in which the Gardens have been organised.

Tiger Attacks Curator

BUT there is no danger nowadays of meeting a tiger in one of the shady lanes, as did the Curator, Mr. Adolph Biermann, in January 1879. With Mr. John Scott, a companion, he was discussing why a number of monkeys were chattering in a neighbouring teak-tree, when suddenly a huge tiger sprang out and, with one blow of his paw, ended the discussion by detaching half of the Curator's scalp from his head. After surveying its victim, the animal then returned to the shade of a tree and lay down in full view of its prey, whilst Mr. Scott, with remarkable courage, stood by his friend and ultimately carried him away under the very eyes of the savage beast.

Mr. Biermann recovered from his wounds, but died a year later from cholera. Incidentally, the tiger was not one which had sneaked up from the famous Sunderbunds, for it had escaped about a quarter

of an hour earlier from the private menagerie of the ex-king of Oudh on the other side of the Hooghly, and had swum across the river to what it thought was the jungle in the Garden.

As a final illustration of the usefulness of the Garden to the scientist as well as the picnicker, it might be mentioned that Sir Jagadish Bose, the famous Indian botanist, obtained both material and inspiration from among its plants, whilst his co-worker, Professor Hans Molisch, "used to spend long hours in the Garden brooding over intricate problems of plant life, calling the Garden 'a paradise, a wonderland for botanists, where life of every species grown under a tropical climate offers problems for careful investigation.'"

On its 150th birthday, the Royal Botanic Garden of Calcutta received greetings from all over the world, whilst the well-known scientific journal *Nature* published a detailed article on the achievements of the Garden since its establishment. And if it is made India's training centre for gardeners, one more achievement will be added to its already long list.

Holi At Benares 100 Years Ago

(Continued from page 50.)

made for additional invitations to be issued to permit of smaller boats being moored alongside.

Of course those who could not, or would not, afford a concert-party of their own, gathered round those who could, and became the most enthusiastic gate-crashers, although it is on record that it was an unwritten law that even these bucksheewallas should subscribe their mite when the hat went round—as it always did even though the concert party was engaged on a goodly figure by the chief host.

The Raja Appears

THEN, amid fireworks and cheering, at nine o'clock the Raja of Benares' own state boat would appear, floating down from his palace at Ramnagar, finally to anchor in mid-stream just off the middle of the town. For the first hour or so, the different concert-parties would give a sort of command performance as their boats were steered near to the Royal Barge, public acclamation again deciding which was the champion set of entertainers.

On most occasions the next few hours were spent in individual amusement, with the Raja seated on a golden throne enjoying the songs of his own bards and singing-girls, or perhaps those of strangers whom he invited to give a special performance.

But in the year when James Prinsep was there, the Raja preferred to row about the river incognito, smoking his hookah, and listening unseen to the different entertainments. It is stated that he had done this year after year, with his eyes fixed on Hingun, a songstress of some merit, upon whom a local merchant lavished such luxury that she refused to leave him for royal service.

The Raja eventually won the day, because when the merchant was ruined, Hingun reluctantly agreed to enter royal employment in order that she might in turn support her former admirer.

Took His Bed

THE festival of boats, with its songs and laughter and revelry, lasted for many hours, even the dawn failing to disperse the merry-makers. That is why perhaps the Raja took his bed with him when he participated in the celebrations! At any rate when writing a memo

to accompany the etching here reproduced, Prinsep makes the following amusing observation.

"The most conspicuous object, or that which strikes a European spectator, is the Raja's state bed, with its mosquito curtains exalted on the roof of his pinnace. I do not believe he ever uses it, however, at least not to have a really good sleep in, although the show usually lasts without intermission until noon of the following day. But he certainly uses it well as a couch on which to relax when a singer or bard becomes too unexciting. And all around the royal pinnace, as everywhere else, is the pastry cook, otherwise known as the hulwa-walla, where 'All hot, All hot' is the order of the day, and night."

Great Antiquity?

YET despite the graphic descriptions from one or two visitors to Benares in the early part of last century, there is still comparatively little authentic information about the origin of this water fete.

One account states, however, that when Mir Rustom Ali held the *soobah* of Benares under the Vazir of Oudh, he lived on the banks of the river, and that Raja Balwant Singh took to celebrating Holi on the river to give the Vazir's representative the pleasure of viewing it from his window. This is hardly an acceptable explanation of the actual origin, although it might account for some of the more spectacular revelries.

The very name of the day augurs much greater antiquity of the institution, even though there may not be much religious significance to the actual observance. Nevertheless, it was a fine spectacle and one which many of us who live in these modern times would dearly love to see in its original splendour.

Of course, Benares today frequently sees festivals and celebrations, but not of the kind that once made that holy city so famed among the early travellers in India. It may be that one day such festivals as the Ram Leela Mela and the Boorwa Mungul celebration will be revived, although even if they are, the introduction of more or less modern methods of entertainment and illumination will undoubtedly deprive them of some of the most popular features of the old-time festivals.

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Royal Relics Return To Ceylon King Of Kandy's Historic Guns

By John Hockin

WHEN the last King of Kandy was forced to relinquish his throne in 1815 and was exiled to South India, many articles of the greatest historic interest were left behind in his palace in the ancient capital. Among them were two guns, which had been highly prized by the late King. They came into the possession of Sir John D'Oyly, the first British Resident in Kandy, and in 1820 he sent them to England where they remained for 127 years. Now, at last, both have been returned to the Island for the Kandy Museum.

intrinsic value could not be recovered easily and it is only due to the persistent efforts of Dr. Paul Pieris, the retiring Ceylon Trade Commissioner in London, that these important acquisitions have been made. The price paid for the first gun was £150; that paid for the other has not been divulged but is believed to be about the same.

Not content with the success of his efforts to recover the guns, Dr. Pieris has also discovered other royal relics, which will be sent from London to the Kandy Museum within the next few weeks. A collection of spears and shields, carried by the King's Body-guard when on duty in the Ante-Room



ONE OF THE ROYAL GUNS showing the wonderfully decorated silver mounting.
Photo, Author.

The importance of this addition to Ceylon's ancient relics will be readily appreciated by anyone who examines the guns. Not only are they of great sentimental interest as mementoes of a long line of kings but their remarkable workmanship throws much light on the skill of the ancient Sinhalese craftsmen.

The guns themselves are in a wonderful state of preservation and the discharging mechanism in the form of flint locks is in such perfect order that the guns could still be fired without the slightest fear of mishap.

For Elephants?

BOTH are about the same length, just under five feet, but they differ considerably in the size of the bore. The first is of very large bore, suggesting that if these were the King's sporting guns, as was probably the case, this one was used against elephants. The second is of much smaller bore, about the size of a modern .303, and was probably used for deer and other smaller game.

Both guns are of perfect and elaborate workmanship. The one of smaller bore, for instance, has its wooden stock lacquered in red and the base metal of the breech and barrel is entirely concealed by plating of silver. This plating is elaborately chased and silver medallions are let into the wood of the stock.

The date at which the guns were made by the Royal Armourer at Kandy cannot be established with certainty, but it may have been many years before 1815, and they may have been made for a previous king and passed down to Sri Wickrama Raja Sinha. There were guns in the Kandyan armoury at as early a date as 1602.

Naturally, relics of such great historic interest and considerable

of the Audience Chamber, are of particular interest. These were acquired from a private owner in Oxfordshire, who had bought them at a London auction a few years ago.

The spears, with one exception, are about 10 feet long, with shafts of painted wood and 12-inch blades attached to the ends. The exception is a more elaborate weapon thought to have been carried by an officer of the Body-guard or other high Court official. Its shaft is bound with red and green velvet kept in place with bands of pure silver. Up near the blade, which is broad and grooved, is an elaborate black tassel.

For Elephants?

Shields As Well

THE shields, carved out of wood, are painted red and were treated in such a way that they almost appear to have been lacquered. This manner of painting the shields is not characteristic of 18th century Sinhalese craftsmanship and it is believed that they were probably obtained from Malabar by one of the later Kings of Kandy.

Another interesting relic, now being sent back to Ceylon, is a *sanhas*, or royal decree, issued by the King of Kandy in the year 1771. It takes the form of writing beautifully engraved on an oblong copper plate, which is framed with a thin silver band. On the right-hand side is the royal sign manual—SRI—inset in gold.

The writing itself is most perfectly executed reminding us that in those days the ambition of the Sinhalese penmen was for their letters to appear like a string of pearls. For some years this *sanhas* was in the Burrows Collection at the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Oxford. It will be a most valuable historical acquisition to the Kandy Museum, to which it has been presented, on Dr. Pieris's suggestion, by Lady Burrows.

Archaeology for the Indian Layman

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

A COUPLE of volunteers are always ready to take visitors round the site and explain the work. Visitors are often attracted by this kind of work and always leave the spot satisfied, and feeling they have learnt something of archaeology. The result is that the excavations become popular and interest in them spreads throughout the country.

In India, because of the illiteracy of the masses and their consequent vandalism, a different practice is followed. It is not suggested that the official strictness and watchfulness be relaxed, but in the interests of archaeology, that more facilities should be extended to those really interested. At least the restriction on photographing objects or sites, whether photographed before or not, should be removed. For every publication of the photograph, whether already published by the Government or by those in charge of the work or not, gives publicity to the excavation. That is the feeling in England, and I know of no instance where Dr. Wheeler refused permission for a photograph.

One volunteer is placed in charge of a Hut. His duty is to sell photographs and literature on the subject, to answer any inquiry and to collect voluntary contributions from visitors. Thus even visitors can be of use if treated politely.

Life In The Field

HOW about life in the field? The volunteers were expected to enter their 'pit' or 'trench', with their pick, shovel and brushes, at 8 a.m. Very few, I must admit, could be punctual—only those who had camped on the site. We, who stayed in the town, two miles away, arrived there an hour later, if we got a lift. Otherwise we had to foot it out. There was a short break at 11-30 a.m. for refreshments. At 1 p.m. we flocked to the 'Hut' for lunch—tinned food, bread or sandwiches, and a mug of tea. Many Indian students who are not accustomed to manual work, but who rather despise it, would find this kind of life severe.

The chief difficulty in the way of the adoption of these methods in this country is the lack of interest in and sceptical attitude towards subjects which have no material value.

This is true not only of the masses but even of the intelligentsia. It handicaps private societies trying to undertake even preliminary archaeological explorations. It will be decades before India has up-to-date museums and learned societies which will come forward to organise work, or before well-to-do men finance it as in England and America. In this we Indians have forgotten our old ideal of knowledge for its own sake.

Position In India

IN India, till lately, the only body which undertook this work was the Government of India. Permission is



ONE OF OUR NEGLECTED SHOWPLACES—A general view of part of the excavated site at Mohen-jo-Daro. In spite of its great historic importance few tourists visit the place and there are practically no facilities for sightseeing—no guides and only uncomfortable, uncovered tongas in which to travel to the site from the nearest railway station over eight miles of the world's dustiest road.

now granted to other bodies as well and foreigners, as usual, have been the first to take advantage of this concession. An expedition under the joint auspices of the School of Indic and Iranian studies and the Boston Museum explored a prehistoric site in Sind in 1935-36; it will tackle another site in the same province shortly.

This concession is to be welcomed, even to foreigners. But at the same time steps should be taken to interest the people of India and to organise our museums and universities so that they can undertake similar expeditions.

Government has not done as much as it should to create interest among the masses. It is not enough to place notices near each monument under the Preservation of Ancient Monuments Act without giving in bold letters and in two or three languages a brief history and description of the monument.

Wherever possible this should be accompanied by a plan and photographs. When an excavation is undertaken the co-operation of Municipalities, District Boards, Village Panchayats, and even individuals interested, should be sought. Indeed, much can be done by the officers in charge of the exploration to interest the villagers near the site itself by distributing leaflets printed in the local vernacular to inform them what is being done.

Educated Laymen Can Help

IN the case of the intelligentsia propaganda work would be much simpler, but on a larger scale. Places like Harappa and Mohen-jo-Daro, Taxila and Nalanda, which from an archaeological standpoint are more important but less

well-known, should be advertised in railway compartments, stations and elsewhere. Further, facilities should be provided by the Government and the railways to visit these places. In particular cheap tickets should be issued not only to large parties but also to individuals.

It is not possible to enlist the co-operation of museums and universities in archaeological work?

Very few museums in India are well organised and even these are mostly Government-owned or aided. The universities can share in the work by supplying men and money. They will not depend on paid men but on professors and students. It is true that this honorary staff can work only during vacations. The work would be done in the months of October, December and March. Owing to the heat not much can be done for most of the long vacation, but at this time the report of the work done in the earlier months can be prepared.

How can students be induced to join the work voluntarily, particularly as they will not derive any material benefit and may be out of pocket as are the students in England? That Indian students are averse to manual labour is no doubt true to some extent, but this aversion is sure to disappear when professors give them the lead and sufficient interest is created in the work.

It will be necessary therefore to arrange for the students' boarding and lodging when on field-work; it may be even necessary to induce them to join by offering them small stipends. This practice may be done away with when the students realise that archaeology has a good future—even as a profession. They will have to be trained up, in the field and in the class room, by an officer of the Government or the Museum, on the same lines as in England.

Joint Expeditions

WHEN a site to be explored is of all-India importance, like Mohen-jo-Daro and Nalanda, and of immense magnitude, a joint expedition of the various provincial museums and universities may be organized.

I anticipate one objection to this scheme. An officer of the Archaeological Department asked me, "Suppose you find a building in your trial exploration. How are you going to conserve it, if you have no funds?" My reply to such a query is that the expedition need not worry about it at all. If there are no funds to conserve such a building at the time it may be earthed over till the Government can arrange for its conservation.

Many important sites in every province can thus be explored. And within a short time important missing links and data can be obtained for the different periods of Indian history, and between history and prehistory, by healthy co-operation between the Government, the Museums, the Universities and the masses.



A DRAINAGE SYSTEM OF LONG AGO—Part of Mohen-jo-Daro's drainage system in a wonderful state of preservation after 5,000 years. Little excavation is going on, the main concern of the Archaeological Department being the conservation of the excavated site and finds obtained from it. The Department has done, and is doing good work, but obviously could do with voluntary assistance.—Photos, (2), B. E. H. P.

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Continuing Our Serial

Cleopatra

Instalment Five

ROBSON TAKES ACTION

JOHN ROBSON lay in hospital in Cairo fretting because the doctor would not allow him to get up. His wound was healing quickly, because it had fortunately proved a flesh one. By one of those bits of luck that happen more often than might be supposed, Mason's bullet had struck a pocketbook in Robson's coat pocket and had glanced aside.

But although the doctors had laid it down that he must be a week in bed before being allowed on his feet, John Robson kept fretting. Still, he was not without news of the activities of the police who had taken up the kidnapping of Muriel.

They had done a great deal in the first day or two. They had arrested the driver, "David," had traced the taximan and had detained him for questioning, and had put their secret police on the scent.

The whole city rang with the story of the case, and if there were mis-statements and exaggerations published and told in the shops and cafes, the authorities never took the trouble to correct them.

By
Stuart Martin

One of the first things that Robson had done was to cable Muriel's father. Back had come a cable intimating that he had just received a demand for ransom. He gave the name and the address signed. The police looked up cables, applied a strict censorship, and found that the address was a bric-a-brac shop in a bazaar. The owner of the shop knew nothing about it, except that his shop was an accommodation address. But the police waited and a man came for letters and messages. That man was "David," the farmer. So "David" was carted off to prison and put through an examination.

He broke down under it and gave some valuable information. This was, briefly, to the effect that Mason and Farvery were hand in glove with a gang of Arab robbers who had been carrying on a campaign of thefts for years. Up to the present they had not indulged in kidnapping but that, he said, was done in this instance because the earring of Cleopatra had not been handed over as they anticipated it would be.

Where were the headquarters of this Arab gang? Even "David" did not know. From what was extracted from him it was obvious that the whole business was worked in sections, and no section had much knowledge of the next one. Those engaged received their pay, did their job, and were not allowed to know more.

The farm was searched, but without any other result than the finding of some goods of a previous theft in the city. So the taximan and "David" remained in the cells while the police strove to probe the mystery that was tantalisingly difficult.

On the fourth day a police agent called at the hospital with news, for John Robson insisted on getting every scrap of news available, and the doctors admitted that if any-

thing was kept from him he was less likely to make a good recovery.

This news was certainly an advance on what had been discovered. A native detective had been to the lesser pyramid and had been inside the secret hide-out. He had hurried back. The place had been searched by a posse, and although no new clue of the kidnapers' movements beyond that spot had been obtained, a special officer had been detailed to find the trail.

JOHN ROBSON was not satisfied. He knew that the authorities had special men who were capable of disguising themselves as Arabs and mingling with the bazaar crowds and even making journeys into the

desert, but he himself knew Egypt and something of the conditions in the interior. He had been over most of the tombs at one time

or another. He had a smattering of some of the dialects, and he felt he was as capable of going into the interior as any policeman.

When the officer had gone, Robson lay back on his pillow thinking. His mission to buy the wonderful pearl lay in ashes about him. Muriel, who had been given into his charge, was gone. It was true that with her was this young assistant purser from the liner, but Muriel was the big question. If anything happened to the girl he could never look her father in the face again.

The doctors came that evening and found John Robson sitting up in bed awaiting them.

"I want you to listen to me," he said firmly. "My wound is healing quickly. I am getting up."

"But you can't—"

"Can't I?" He slid his legs over the bed and stood up. True, he felt a bit dizzy, but that was only because he had been in bed for several days. He kept standing.

"I want you to do something," he said. "My wound is not likely to give me any trouble if I don't exert myself. Isn't that so?"

"Provided you are going to take things calmly."

"You can strap it up, can't you? If I get out into the fresh air and promise to attend to it myself—"

"There is a risk, Mr. Robson."

"I'll take the risk. I'm getting out of here to-night."

He got out, too, with his wound bandaged up and his shoulder strapped and instructions to have the bandages changed regularly. The first thing he did was to take a taxi to the hotel where his baggage and that of Muriel had been taken. He changed, slowly and with care, and drove straight to the police headquarters and obtained an inter-



The famous Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb among the many walled masses of masonry that had covered the dead Pharaohs.

view with the chief, who was surprised to see him.

"I am going after the girl," he announced.

"Why not leave the matter in our hands, Mr. Robson? We have a special man going into the desert. He has, indeed, gone. We have that underground hide-out in our hands. We have all the ends of the case

sorted out from Mustapha, the gem dealer, that farmer, the taximan—"

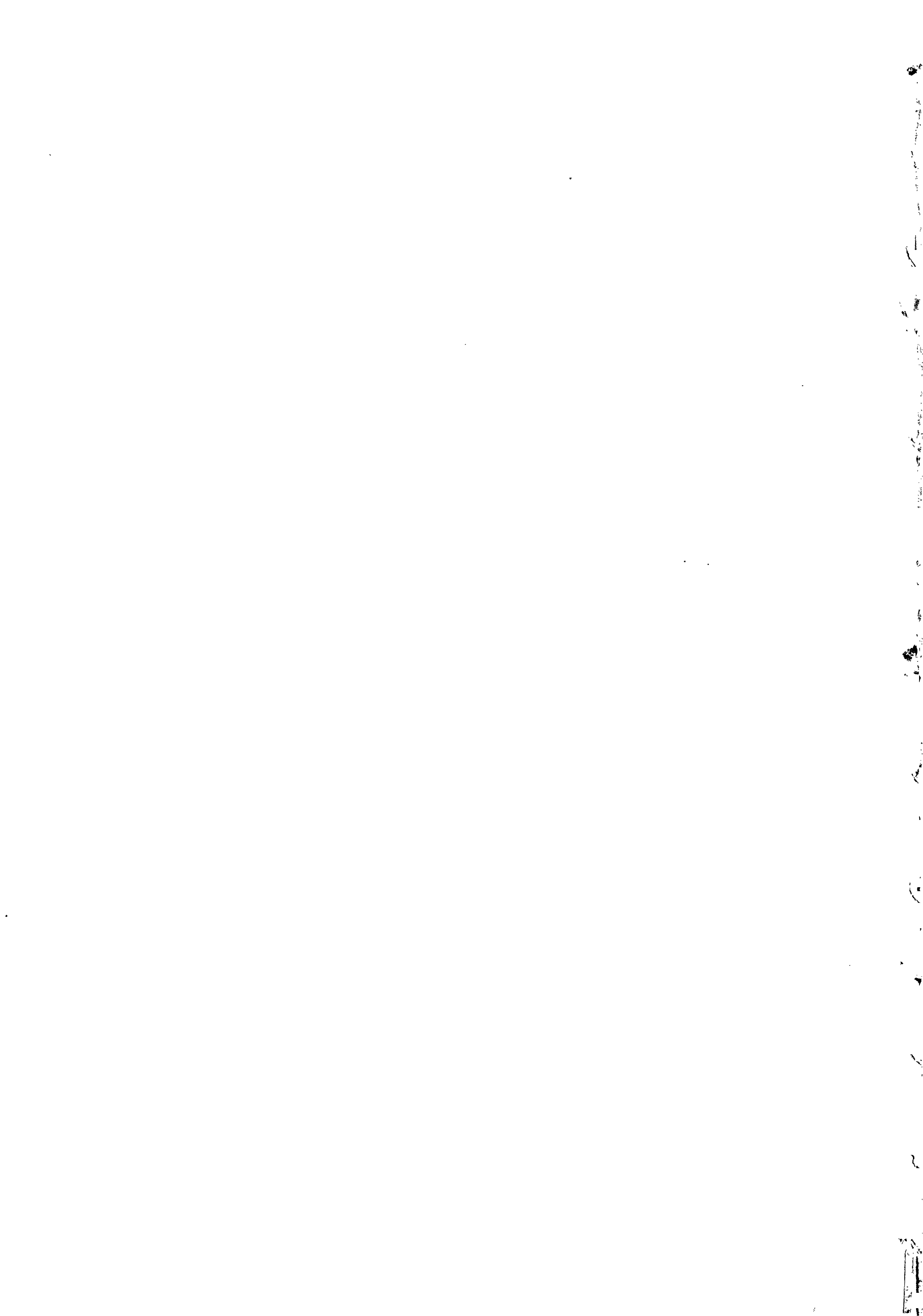
"But you haven't got Muriel Stacey, and it is her I want."

"That's true, but we have been in communication by cable with her father. We have received an urgent message today from him. He is

(Please turn to page 81.)



See next week's issue of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" for details of a thrilling surprise. There's over 500 . . . there's nearly 700 . . . and it's in 3 . . . Yet it's all in one. Don't miss next week's issue of "The Illustrated Weekly of India."



Cleopatra's Pearl

(Continued from page 79.)

willing to let the Cleopatra pearl go. We have notified our special man to that effect. He will get into touch with these men, Mason and Farvery, and tell them and the girl will be brought back."

"If you knew Muriel Stacey," said Robson grimly, "you wouldn't be so sure. If she has made up her mind to retain that pearl it will take a lot to make her give it up."

"Do you realise, Mr. Robson the danger that girl is in? She may endure horrors you can hardly imagine. She may disappear completely. Have you ever heard of the Tauregs?"

Robson shuddered.

"I have met several of them," he answered. "I know what you refer to. If they get hold of her it won't matter much about the pearl. Not even these two kidnappers could get her out of their clutches. That's why I have made up my mind."

"How do you propose to go?" asked the other wearily, seeing it was hopeless to dissuade him.

"I shall become an Arab. I can speak like one. I know something of the desert. I want a servant with me, one of your men, one who is a tracker."

"You mean you will disguise yourself?"

"Not so far as colour is concerned. Merely in clothes. It would be impossible to keep up a disguise of colour. I should have to pretend I was all sorts of thing—prayers, food and so on. No. I shall be a white man in Arab costume."

"You are a sick man, Mr. Robson. The journey will be hard."

"I'll be a sicker man if I remain here and do nothing."

What would you do in my place?"

"I don't blame you. You'll have the best native detective I've got available. His real name is Ben Mulla Gullam Ali Mustokque—we call him Ben."

So late that night John Robson and Ben arrived at the ruins where Muriel and Burton had been hidden. There they made their final preparations. Two camels were placed at their disposal. They started out shortly after dawn.

It would be tedious to go over their journey in detail. Time after time they missed the trail and had to wander back to it. The wind had covered the tracks and blown sand across the impressions made by the fugitives, but Ben always found a sign, a mark, an indication again. They found the first camp where Burton had pretended to throw away the famous pearl. A few empty tins lay half-buried in the sand, and a piece of a packing case lay in a hollow.

THEY toiled due south, then turned west for two days. Then they lost the trail completely. A stiff wind blotted out every track. They camped that night on the spot and Robson had time to attend to his wound and bathe it and readjust the bandages. It was healing beautifully, and whether it had healed or become worse he would still have gone on.

For a full day Robson kept to their small tent while Ben scoured the plain. He came back late in the evening.

"They have gone to the Valley of the Tombs," he announced.

"How do you know?"

"Deduction."

Robson pondered this. Ben was a thinker rather than a speaker and he had retained all the Arab reticence in his job. He spread out a chart and jabbed at it with his finger.

"The Tauregs come to the Valley at times. They know more about it than any living beings. It is said they have subterranean places there. I have been to the Valley once. Have you been?"

"No."

"We go whenever you are rested."

"What about you?"

"I can sleep as we march on the camel."

They travelled all that night and part of the next day, now going west, now south, now east. Towards the evening Ben called a halt.

"Tomorrow we shall reach the Valley. We shall need all our strength. Let us sleep, Mr. Robson."

They ate their supper under the stars and Robson watched Ben laying two revolvers on a piece of cloth and begin to oil and clean them thoroughly. To his surprise Ben from that moment dropped his silence and began to talk and sing. And Robson knew that that was the Arab in him also, the Arab who was preparing for action after mental effort.



"Look over there, by the red pillars! What do you see, Mr. Robson?"

The Valley burst on their view almost unexpectedly next afternoon. It suddenly fell away from their feet, so to speak, a deep cut that looked as if it had been made by a mighty falling in of the ground. It stretched for at least a mile. Here and there could be seen huge mounds of earth thrown up by excavators, and jutting out from above and below these mounds were ancient walls and buttresses, the foundations of which were under the diggings. And across the valley was a cluster of wooden houses, a native village seemingly deserted.

A few wooden shacks were perched drunkenly here and there up the cliff sides. Where rock showed it was ruddy and crumbling with age and over all was the silence of death.

John Robson thrilled at the sight. Down there was the burial place of the ancient kings and queens of Egypt. Their tombs had been rifled many times during the centuries. The famous Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb was there, among the many walled masses of masonry that had covered the dead Pharaohs... Would the buried treasures of that great Valley ever be discovered? Down there Cleopatra's pearl had lain for a thousand years before it was brought to light. Museums all over the world contained relics of the forgotten generations who had built these tombs. And down there if Ben, this Arab policeman, was right, Cleopatra's pearl was being held by a modern girl against the cunning of modern robbers!

Not a soul was to be seen in that dead Valley. The silence was eerie. But Robson saw that Ben was alert. He had fished out a pair of field glasses and was searching the scene inch by inch. He

took the glasses from his eyes and handed them to Robson.

"Look over there, by the red pillars! What do you see, Mr. Robson?"

The glasses brought into view the cliffs of the Valley in detail. On the other side Robson saw a series of red stone pillars that might have been the face of a theatre, crowned by a coping that was broken and defaced. Some of the pillars were broken. The brickwork and the heavy stones on which they rested was almost black with age and weather. And beside this frontage that reared its noble ruined head a feather of white smoke wriggled upward.

"There is a fire over there!"

"Anything else?"

"No, I see nothing else."

"Keep looking. Besides the fire is something."

"It looks like a broken piece of pillar."

"It is a Taureg, a living Taureg."

"How do you know?"

"That smoke is from carib leaf. The Tauregs burn carib leaf in their religious services. They believe in demons and devils. They worship evil and not good. Carib leaf makes them see visions. The Taureg who lies there is one of the priests. He has been overcome by the stink of the leaf and is dreaming dreams from which he gets direction for the future."

"You know a lot about them, Ben."

"I know everything about them. That smoke tells me there is a woman somewhere, a woman whose future is being debated."

"A woman?"

"Miss Stacey, I think. That smoke is white. White for a white woman. She is in danger of being taken by the Tauregs soon. The white smoke means that this priest is letting his soul travel to his village in the Sahara so that his sheik shall tell him whether to bring the woman at once."

"Then we had better stop him from thinking. Shall we go round and face them?"

"Wait."

THEY were standing with their backs to the sun, so that the rays fell on the scene. Robson lowered the glasses, for Ben was dragging him away from the edge of the Valley.

"Get down on the sand. Lie flat. Something is taking place down there. See that!"

They were down on the ground now on their faces. Ben's stubby finger pointed to a spot nearer than the brazier. A figure had suddenly appeared out of one of the shacks and began to run along a path on the face of the cliff. Robson focussed the glasses on the figure.

"That's the assistant purser!" he cried. "I know him. See, he is without coat or hat. He is running."

Robson dropped the glasses and stood up, putting his hands to his mouth to halloo, but Ben's hand gripped him and dragged him down again.

"Don't shout, Mr. Robson, or you may spoil things. If that is the white man he is escaping. If you shout others will hear you. Lie still!"

Ben took up the glasses and watched; then handed them to Robson, who was all strung up.

"I do not need the glasses, Mr. Robson. But don't make a noise. That man doesn't want a noise and we are too far from him to be of use yet."

Meantime the figure was scrambling along the path, that was no broader than a goat track. The fading sun picked out his moving figure and his white shirt. He crouched now and then as if afraid of being seen, then rose and ran on again.

Now he came within sight of the brazier and the smoke. He quickened his pace, leaping over the rubble and dirt mounds. Now he was at the brazier. He stood looking at the prone figure for a second. He bent down and seemed to be rolling the figure about on the ground. The Taureg came

to life with the interference to his prayers. The two men began to struggle.

Now the Taureg was on his feet, but he was minus his brown robe. His white pants showed up and his blouse-like shirt. The two figures separated, rushed at each other, were locked in a close battle, then separated again.

"He's going to knife him!" cried Robson suddenly. "The Taureg has a knife."

Ben had already one of his revolvers out; but he shook his head.

"It won't carry the distance, sir. We can't help your friend."

It was agony being up there and unable to lend a hand to the struggle. The Taureg was a taller man than Burton—for there was no doubt that it was Fred Burton—and he was a natural fighter with the knife. Now he rushed forward, hand upraised. The steel flashed in the sun.

"Oh!" cried John Robson; but it was not a cry of despair.

He saw Burton step back, duck as the knife descended, then rush in. He was hitting high and low, his hands worked in and out like tiny pistons. The Taureg swayed before that attack, staggered, and fell and began to roll down the slope.

But he did not roll far. Burton caught him, hauled him back to the path, tore at his clothing, and ran.

Robson followed his figure along the path, but he lost sight of it a moment later. It dropped behind a mound, flashed for a split-second in front of the pillars, and disappeared into a cleft.

"Your friend can take care of himself," said Ben gently. "I would like to meet him. Look there! That's why he ran!"

From behind a mass of rock came other figures, all Arabs, running along the track in pursuit. Some fired their rifles at random, and the shots echoed and re-echoed throughout the Valley. The Valley, which had been dead a few minutes previously, was now filled with noise and tumult.

Ben laid hold of Robson and hauled him back from the edge of the cliffs.

"We can do nothing sir. Our way lies elsewhere."

"But where? We can't leave that fellow Burton at their mercy."

"Can we save him, sir? What will be the result of our interference? Have you forgotten the girl? And besides, look over there."

TOO LATE FOR RANSOM

HE jerked his thumb towards the village perched on the other side of the cliffs. Men had appeared there, their robes flowing behind them as they hastened to the rim of the Valley and peered down.

"That's where we are going, sir," said Ben. "It just needs a shot from us, or an attempt at rescue, and we are dead meat and the girl is lost for ever. Bedouin are very excitable people, Mr. Robson."

"What do you propose?"

"Mount our camels and approach the village openly. There we can either put up a story that we are travelling, or we can make our inquiries. At least I can. You needn't speak much. Did the chief tell you something about my responsibility before we left?"

"What responsibility?"

"You, Mr. Robson. If I lose you by fault or by getting into trouble, I'm finished. Come on!"

Robson pondered this as he mounted. It revealed to him that there were forces working in this matter that he had not realised. But now Ben was singing in the true Arab fashion as they proceeded round the canyon rim. They could see the village was waking up and men running about.

It took them some time to make the detour. Ben led the way as they came to the village. There were no women about, only Bedouin, and the shouting had now ceased, even in the Valley. Once more the silence of the desert prevailed, although one or two figures had climbed the steep cliff face and had joined the men on the top.

Ben's voice rang out as he kept on singing. They reached the end hut of the village. The Bedouin came towards them, seemingly to find out who these visitors were and what they wanted. Ben gave the sign to halt and slipped from his beast.

(Please turn to page 83.)



Natural History Parade

(Continued from page 47.)

The modern museum group makes a strong appeal to the average visitor because it is concerned with life and the living animal; with something that is less abstract and more tangible and therefore more likely to leave an abiding impression.

The factor on which the modern museum group depends largely for its success is one which makes a universal appeal—a love of beauty is common to all and affords the simplest method of attracting attention—the preliminary to all successful instruction.

Flamingoes nesting in the deserts of Cutch, Bearded Vultures in their Himalayan eyrie, Bison in the Mysore Hills, Tiger in the forests of Assam, Spotted Deer and Black Buck, the loveliest of all deer and antelopes, a Malay Python, a submarine group of Sharks and Turtles are all presented in these groups with vivid realism.

No Shelves

SHelves are not used anywhere in the Museum. They produce a monotonous lineal type of arrangement which can be altogether depressing. The various exhibits are fitted to the backgrounds of the show cases with small moveable brackets. The system affords greater freedom of arrangement and offers a constant change to the eye and lends itself to a pleasing and attractive grouping of the exhibits.

In the arrangement of the general collections the objective has always been not to confuse the visitor by presenting a multiplicity of forms. Representatives of the various families of animals, birds, reptiles and fishes are shown. Each family is illustrated with its typical genera and species and the visitor obtains a clear idea of the classification of animal life and the basis on which this classification is made.

The habitat groups illustrating the lives and habits of various species, complete

the picture and add interest and life to the story.

The labelling of the exhibits, a most important feature of museum work, is carried out in cellulose paper and glass. The method provides a label which is attractive and yet resistant to discolouration and mottling. It is a new method in labelling, first introduced in the Natural History Galleries of this museum, and is now being adopted by museums in England and America.

The Cost

THAT all this work has been made possible is due largely to the material assistance given by the Bombay Natural History Society which through the agency of its members not only collected a sum of Rs. 23,000 towards the expenditure but also provided the specimens and exhibits.

The present Government, equally realising the educational value of the work, made a special grant of Rs. 10,000 in last year's budget and is providing a further Rs. 7,500 in the budget for the current year.

The Natural History Galleries of the Museum represent the far reaching advance that has been made in modern museum methods. They set a standard and indicate what can be achieved by museums in this country.

The advance has been made possible by the wise policy of the Society and the Trustees who deputed the Curator, Mr. S. H. Prater, to study museum methods in England, Europe and America.

He has thus been enabled to introduce and adapt these methods to the progress of the museum movement in this country. Mr. Prater has also been fortunate in having under him a most efficient staff. Particular mention must be made of Mr. C. McCann whose indefatigable labour and skill has contributed so much to the success of the work.

Cleopatra's Pearl

(Continued from page 81.)

"We have come far," he said gravely. "We seek rest and sleep. Is the hospitality of the desert not to be had among brothers?"

A Bedouin answered.

"There is little, but you can have share."

It was the true desert routine, the peculiar appeal and answer that every traveller knows. But while Robson was dismounting from his camel a door banged. A voice laughed harshly.

He swung round at that laugh.

Mason, a cigar cocked in his mouth, was standing outside a hut. He held a revolver in his hand.

"Saw you through the winder," he said. "Knew you in spite of the gown, Robson. You ain't dead, then?"

Ben wheeled also, then shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't move either of you," went on Mason. "What sort of Arab is this you've got with you, Robson? We'll soon see if he is a cop. Search him for guns!"

Ben made no resistance. He held his hands above his head and let his guns be taken. Mason glanced at them.

"Cop's guns, hey? Well, there ain't anybody to say what happens out here. And what did you come for, Robson?"

"I came to see you, Mason, and your partner. I came to find Miss Stacey."

"No mention of the pearl, hey?"

There was a pause. Ben began to roll a cigarette languidly.

"There is the question of ransom," he murmured.

"Well if you came about that, have you any ransom with you?"

"No. But we can negotiate."

"Negotiate, hey? Negotiate nothing, cop. And you too, Robson. It's too late to negotiate. I know the girl's father wants to buy her off. Well, she can't be bought. See?"

He advanced until he was within a yard of the two, his gun held threateningly.

"I never negotiate with cops. And I never negotiate with anybody but principals, Robson. I've had some trouble with that college pal of mine, the assistant purser. He's broke loose. Well, let him. He's welcome to die in the desert."

His face became crimson with sudden rage.

"I expected a cop. I've got information coming to me as you'd never think. I'm making new terms to the girl, but I'm making them to her alone. As for you pair, I'll show you."

He stepped back and waved his hands to the Bedouin who had gathered round.

"Strap them two up on their camels. Take them out into the desert and bring back the camels. Let them have a nice long walk. You know the idea. Peg them down in the sand and let them roast there until they die. Sorry I can't come. I've got an appointment with Muriel!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(The characters in this story are entirely imaginary and no reference to living persons is intended.)

(The photographs illustrating this serial were selected merely to give "atmosphere" to the subject, and do not actually depict any of the characters represented.)

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BANISH SLEEPLESS NIGHTS } Effect of
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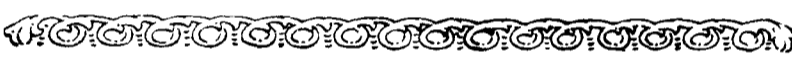
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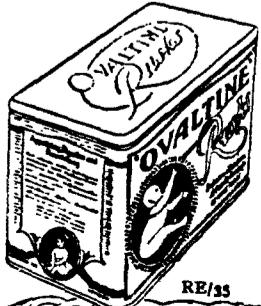
Tiny teeth need the help of —



'OVALTINE' RUSKS

BABY'S natural desire at teething time is for something crisp, but not too hard, to bite upon; something that will assist the teething process.

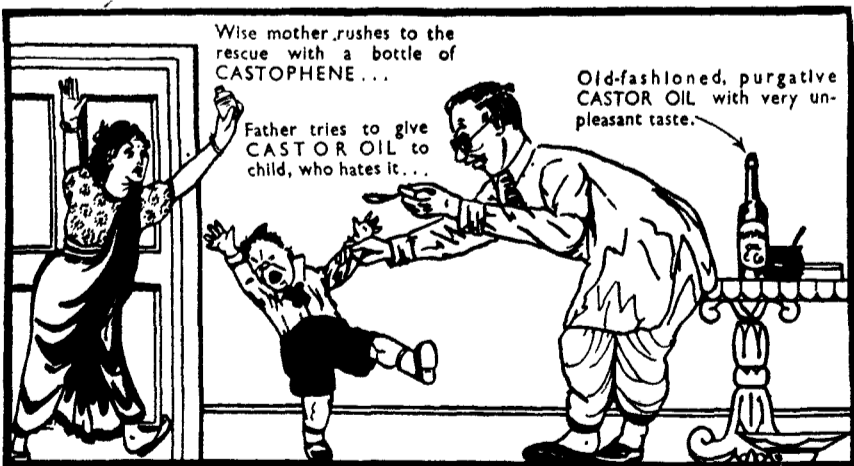
'Ovaltine' Rusks—deliciously crisp and crunchy—are made for the very purpose. See how readily baby will take one—watch his growing contentment as he munches. Soon the little teeth come through—easily. They grow strong, well-spaced, healthy. Jaws develop firmly.



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CONTINUING OUR
SERIAL

Instalment Six

DOOMED IN
THE DESERT

IF there was any hesitation on the part on the Bedouin to carry out the terrible sentence of being spread-eagled on the desert sands to die of thirst, there was none on the part of the men of the Taureg tribe. Mason, in delivering his verdict, had appealed to their savage nature specially. It was one of the Taureg methods of dealing with enemies; and as soon as the order was delivered several Taureg men stepped forward to carry it out.

John Robson was about to offer resistance when the voice of Ben, the Arab detective, surprised him. Ben had turned his back on Mason, who was gloating over the victory he had scored.

"Don't worry, Mr. Robson. We're not dead yet."

"Can you see a way out?" asked Robson in a low voice, as the Tauregs were already laying hands on him.

For answer Ben lowered his voice still more and shuffled nearer to Robson.

"Wait!"

Just one word, but somehow the assurance in it calmed Robson. They had no more time for speech. The Tauregs had surrounded them and were shouldering their long guns. One of these dark, sombre men turned to Mason with a frown.

"When we return," he growled in harsh, broken English, "we take the girl. We wait no longer. At dawn we come back and start for our own country."

"You'll get her," replied Mason.

The prisoners were signalled to mount a camel, and were strapped on the saddle. The rein was taken in tow by one of the Tauregs, and the band started. Dusk had fallen.

Robson was almost fainting from the rough handling he had received, and as the camel jerked forward into racing stride he felt the arm of Ben circle his waist.

"Keep your spirits up, Mr. Robson. This is not the end, sir. We'll be free within twelve hours."

"Are you sure?"

"I did not tell you, but there is a force from headquarters following us. They have dogs with them. The Chief told me to mark my trail so they could follow."

"But—"

"Hush."

A Taureg had leaned over from the camel that padded beside them and had thrust the end of his gun into Ben's ribs. It was a signal to be quiet. In the gloom of the gathering night the figure of a Taureg had come into view, crouched behind a heap of rubble by the rim of the valley.

He might have been a piece of the surrounding rock, this figure, so motionless was he. His face could not be seen, for his robes covered him, and his long burnous was wrapped round him. The riders beside the prisoners raised their hands in a peculiar salute as they trotted past, after scrutinising the figure quickly.

"Allah's name be praised!" they murmured; and John Robson knew that this was one of the tribe's holy men, crouched there in meditation and silent contemplation of the eternal desert. His presence was a blessing on the Tauregs who swept across his path.



He gave no answering salute to the hands that were raised, no word escaped his lips in response to theirs. A moment later and the Tauregs and their prisoners had swung from the rim of the valley and were heading into the gathering night in the desert.

BUT had the Tauregs not been in such a hurry to carry out their dark deed, had they halted or even looked back, they would have discovered that this was no holy man of their tribe who crouched there. As soon as they were out of sight the figure moved, the burnous was thrust aside from the man's face, he rose to his feet.

"Gosh," he said to himself, "that was a near go."

The man was Fred Burton.

The clothes he now wore were the garments of the Taureg priest he had torn from that individual when he had felled him down in the valley beside the brazier. He did not know that in the centre of the band of Tauregs was John Robson, a prisoner. His mind, even if he had known, could have devised no scheme to help them. He himself was in need of help just then.

He had escaped from the shack into which he had been thrust when they arrived at the Valley, and had been searching for the place where Muriel had been imprisoned when he had been faced by the priest. And immediately he had found that enemy he saw that to accomplish his design he must become an Arab in clothes if not in nature.

Hastily he had donned the robes and outer garments he had taken from the holy man and had crept up towards the plain above the valley. He had an object in this. He wanted to find Mason and Farvery.

Was it possible that he might impose on the senses of these two and conceal his identity under Arab clothes? It had to be risked, for the one thing that was behind all Burton's escape and theft of these garments was to reach Muriel Stacey. She was imprisoned somewhere, held in some cave or chamber in the depths of the valley. It would take months for any human being to make a complete search, and even then the chances were that the secret would elude the searcher. No man had ever in all the ages penetrated the recesses of the Valley of Tombs. No man even knew how many tombs were there.

So there was but one thing to do and that was to force Mason by some means to disclose Muriel's prison. It had to be done quickly, for the Tauregs were getting restless and desired to take the girl away at once. The quest of Cleopatra's pearl was not for them. They had no interest in pearls. But they had a market value for a white girl of beauty.

What, then, was to be Fred Burton's next move? He had so far escaped the Arabs who had chased him down below. He had crouched by the rubble heap, watching the commotion in the wretched village, he had seen Mason come from his hut and he had just had time to sink down into pretended meditation when the Tauregs passed.

Now he intended to go straight to the hut which Mason and Farvery had re-entered and watch for an opportunity to wring the secret from them. Of Farvery he took little account. The man was slippery, but he was a coward. Mason was a different proposition.

BARE HANDS AGAINST
A HORDE

GENTLY and without a sound Burton slipped out of the shelter of the rubble. The village had quietened down now. The night had come and there was not a sound. A few lights showed here and there among the miserable huts. Gradually Burton edged his way towards the hut in question. He had almost reached it when he saw the door open. Mason stood on the threshold, Farvery close behind him. In his hand Mason carried a lantern.

Burton could not hear the words that passed between the two, but his mind was alive to every move. Mason walked off towards the Valley and the door of the hut was closed by Farvery. Like a shadow Burton moved after Mason.

If only he had had a weapon of some kind! But he had nothing except his bare hands. Should he make a sudden rush and attack Mason now that they were alone in the darkness? The thought made him slip along in the little man's wake quickly; but second thoughts showed him the move would not be wise just then. Mason was sure to have his revolver. He would raise a shout, the village would be alarmed. No, he would follow until the opportunity was more favourable. Down in the Valley he would get his chance.

There was no doubt that Mason was going down there. Already he was on the edge of the cliffs, and next moment his swinging lantern disappeared from view. He had moved down the crest. Burton followed.

It was a trail which had been made by excavators years previously. It wound in zig-zags and turns by cliff faces, it passed broken columns and fallen masonry, it went under overhanging rock and continued past the spot where Burton had fought his battle with the Taureg holy man. The brazier lay there smouldering and the stink of carib leaf hung in the heavy atmosphere.

But now the path left the one along which Burton had escaped. It cut into the solid face of the rock and disappeared by the side of the pillared front of a king's tomb, the very frontage that Burton had passed to fight with the Taureg holy man. Everything was solid blackness now in the Valley. The lantern gleam had been shut off as if a shutter had fallen before it.

Burton tip-toed forward and glanced round the worn corner of the stonework. He could see nothing but black holes near the ground and several boulders where ancient excavators had tipped them and let them lie. Ahead the track lay into the night. He looked this way and

that. Only the earthen face of the cliff and the rocks were above the pillars and the solid stone foundation. Then he saw a glimmer.

It came from above, a man's height above where he stood. There was an opening up there. Mason had climbed up the frontage of the old building. How had he climbed? The answer lay in the blocks of red stone. He had gone up easily enough as one goes up a flight of steep steps.

Burton leaped up these high steps, of which there were four, each a solid block of stone. The topmost one was on a level with the balcony of this strange frontage. He saw the glimmer again. From the balcony was a rough doorway leading inward. He stepped inside and saw the lantern ahead.

The truth came to him all at once. This frontage with the pillars might not have been a tomb at all. It was more like an ancient temple. There were the decayed and weather-worn figures of Egyptian gods at the entrance, the stalwart figure of Horus and another he never stopped to examine. He went into the passage softly. The glimmer of the lantern was gone now. He crept on.

He had not gone more than 20 yards when he stopped. He did not know what made him stop, some subconscious sense had stirred in him, bidding him beware. He stood listening, his ears doing the work of eyes also. He smelled a faint odour of some gummy stuff, a strange leathery smell. Carib leaf!

But he forgot the smell a moment later. He heard the sound of voices, distant murmurs, droning between short silences. The voices came nearer. Burton crushed himself against the wall, expecting men to come up against him out of the darkness, but nobody came. Still those voices! They died down again and all was quiet!

After waiting for a little while he moved along, his hands feeling against the rough wall. But he had not gone far when the wall ended. His hands groped in vain for its continuation. He had not come upon a doorway, for he stepped thrice the width of a doorway and still did not feel any wall. And as he stood there he heard voices again and heard the approach of someone, not the slither of soft Arab slippers, but the tramp of a heavy boot.

"Bring the lantern," said a voice. It was Mason's voice.

The lantern was brought and Burton slipped back to the wall he had left. He saw in the flickering light that he had almost walked into a small hall.

The wall on his right had stopped abruptly and formed one of the sides

(Please turn to page 83.)



CEYLON CALLING

By ALBERT E. ILUKKUMBURE



"FROM PALM-GREEN SHORES AND MOUNTAINS."

CEYLON, the pearl of islands,
The wonder and delight
Of every beauty lover
Is calling you tonight.

From palm-green shores and
mountains,
From tropic skies so bright,
The magic of the Orient
Is calling you tonight.

Here in eternal sunshine
Far famed Colombo lies,
Majestic in its beauty
Beneath the glowing skies.

Sunsets of rose and amethyst
That deepen into blue
Are calling, and Colombo
Will pour her soul to you.

The swaying palms are sighing
Soft music to the stars,
And tales of love and longing,
Of wine cups and guitars

Will sing themselves again to you
Beneath the silent glow
Of stars that shine from velvet skies
While spicy breezes blow.



"HER LOVELY LAKE REFLECTING THE GLORY OF THE SKIES."



"THE SWAYING PALMS ARE SIGHING."

And dreaming by the mountains
Enchanted Kandy lies,
Her lovely lake reflecting
The glory of the skies.

In her old rose-wreathed temples,
Where jasmine blossoms swoon
Upon their scented altars
Beneath the silver moon,

The orange-robed *bikkhus*
The Buddha's praises sing,
While orioles madden into song
And make the copses ring.

In Galle's romantic fortress
Where sunset fades to rose,
And when, with gold and purple,
The deep blue water glows,

Strange notes of battles long ago
May float upon the breeze—
The tales of roving Dutchmen
And gallant Portuguese.

But if the urge to wander
May urge you far away,
There's Kayts and Karativu
In Jaffna's glassy bay,

Like soft Aegean islands
Arising from the foam,
Of dreamy sun-kissed waters
Amidst the evening's gloam.

In moonlight glades and jungles
By some romantic glen,
You'll see the ruined cities
And dream of vanished men :

Enshrined in song and story
They whisper through the years
Their tales of joy and sadness
Too deep for human tears.

Amidst the murk of cities
Beneath the garish light,
You'll see the pearl of islands
A' calling you tonight.



"VANISHED MEN ENSHRINED IN SONG AND STORY."

Among the Uva valleys
Wine red Asokas bloom
Like flames across the jungles
Illumining the gloom,

While high in Nuwara Eliya
That crowns the Kandyan hills,
The mist is ever brooding
Upon the silver rills.

Cowslips and anemones
And violets wet with dew
Will bring you thoughts of England
And thrill your blood anew,

In lovely Ratnapura
That skirts the lowland plains
The flower-fragrant city
Caressed by flowery rains.

By green rice fields and babbling
streams
The blue king fisher broods
While nature laughs with heaven above
In all her changing moods.

The First Museum In The World Illustrating The Bible

LAJOS Csia, the scripture master of the school in Isabella Street, Budapest, Hungary, one day made a strange discovery during his lesson. He was telling the children the tale of the birth of Jesus, and he was surprised to notice the unflinching interest with which the children were listening to his story, whereas on the other occasions they were not too attentive during the scripture lessons.

In vain did the teacher tell them the interesting, often thrilling, stories of the Bible, which with their inimitable beauty never fail to impress grown-ups. He tried to appeal to their imagination, but the children were restless, often bored, and showed very little interest for stories.

Dr. Csia realised in a flash that the tale of the birth of Jesus appealed to the children's imagination because they were familiar with the surroundings where the event took place, having seen it represented on many pictures and Christmas cards. The other Bible stories were too remote and had no personal touch for the children. They could not bring before their imagination those old temples and buildings where those events had taken place.

The world and its inhabitants of 1,000 years ago were too strange, too unknown and distant to have any hold on the minds of children. If that world could be brought back to them, and they could see the scenes of the Biblical events, they would be more interested in them and would also find it easier to remember the difficult names mentioned in the Bible.

A Mighty Task

DR. CSIA knew he was tackling a mighty task, but his enthusiasm carried him through. He set out to build up the scenes and buildings where the most important Biblical events had taken place thousands of years ago. He had nobody to help him except a former pupil, Sandor Acs, junior, who was so delighted with his teacher's idea that he spent all his spare time in assisting him to reconstruct that magic world described in the Bible.

First of all they built up important temples of all periods where divine services had once taken place, beginning with the primitive tent where the Jews, wandering in the desert after the flight from Egypt, prayed to their God, up to the artistic and beautiful Greek temples and the catacombs of the first Christians.

With infinite care they reconstructed the exact models of the Temple of Herod, where Christ Himself had often preached, the beautiful church of Ezekiel made of white marble, the huge Tower of Babel, and other famous churches mentioned in the Bible.

Dolls As Men And Women

THE Temple of Herod, which was covered with gold, they painted gold, and it shines imposingly in the centre of the white marble buildings of the priests' Courts which encircle it. Likewise, he reconstructed all the details of the temple of Ezekiel, even the altar of sacrifice standing in the middle of the court and the huge water basin symbolising the sea.

The teacher and his eager pupil then built up the exact model of ancient Jerusalem. They reconstructed the streets and houses of the Holy City as they were before the Roman Conquest and also after it up to our day, thus showing the development of this ancient town better than any words could describe it.

Dolls dressed in the attire of Biblical times represented the man and woman of those days, the men working in the fields or in their workshops, the women going to the well or preparing meals. This gave good opportunities for the makers to present the way of labouring in the fields and manufacturing of those times, and also to show how the food was prepared, things which would have bored the children had their teachers endeavoured to explain them, but which gave them much pleasure now that they saw them perfectly illustrated.

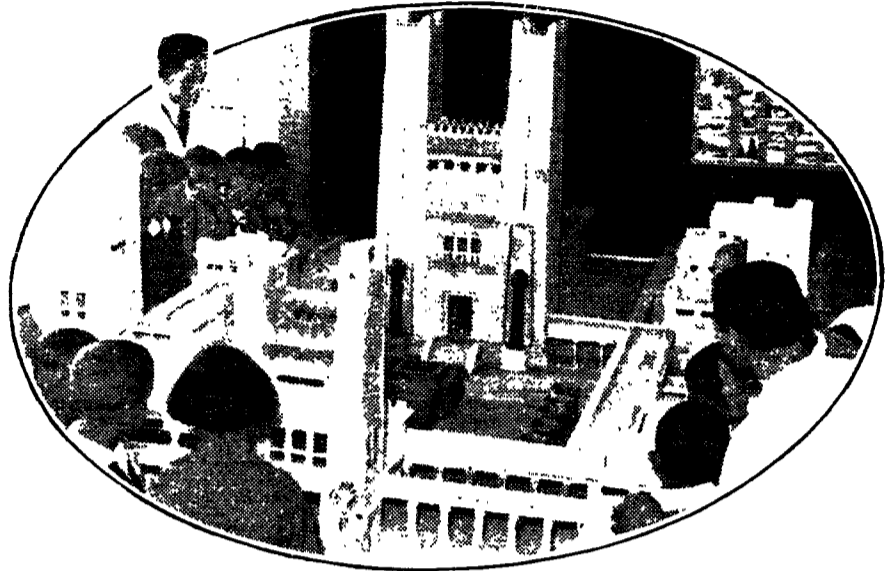
Abstract allegories of the Bible, too, like that of the Broad Way and the Narrow Way (Matthew, Chapter 7) were illustrated in such an illuminating way by Csia that the children, who had never been able to understand it till then, saw at once what the parable meant.

A Miniature World

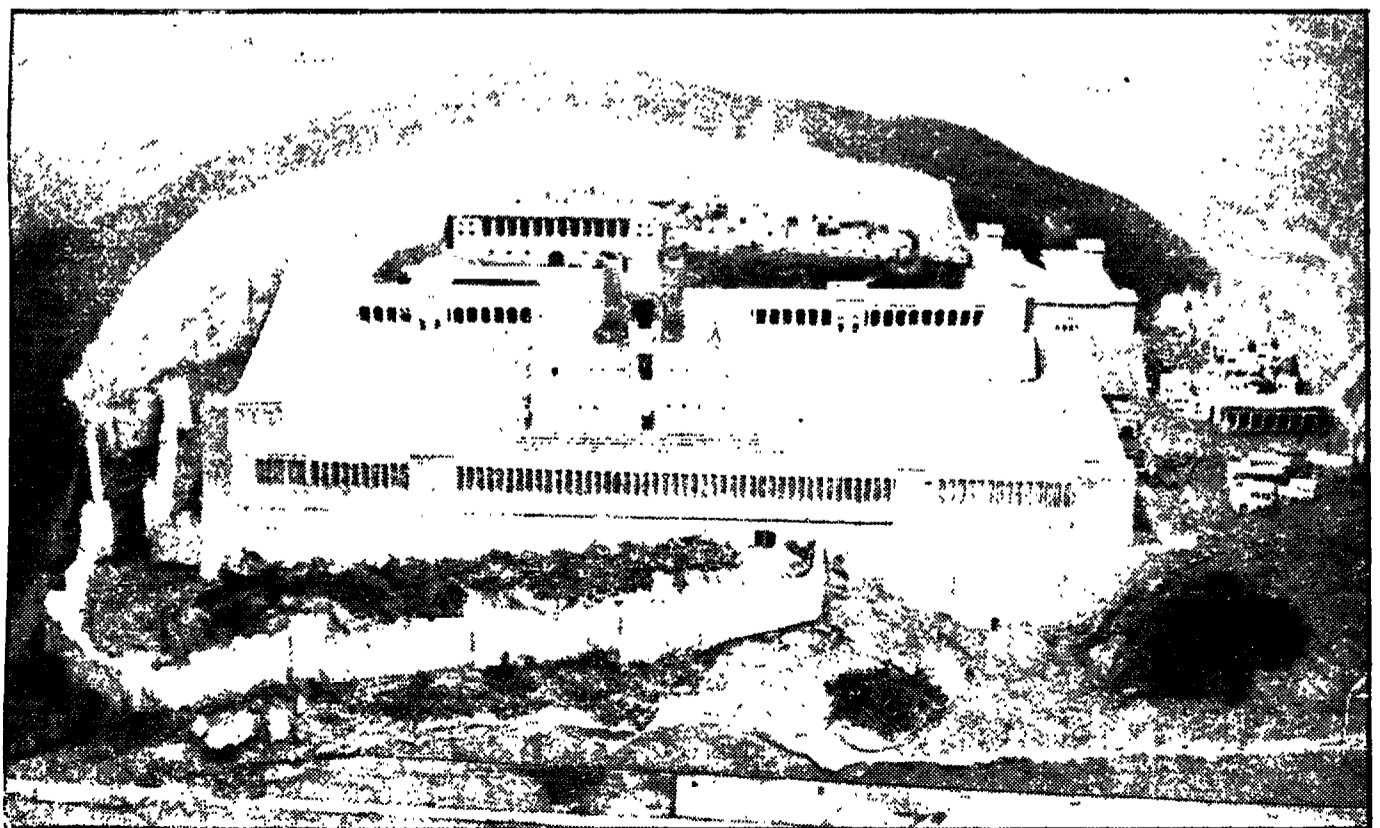
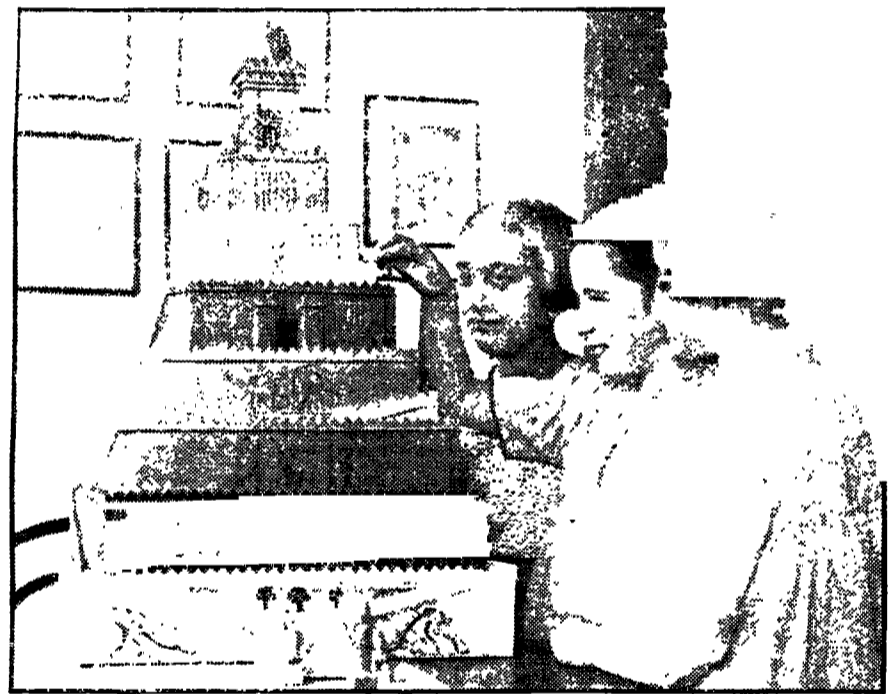
SCRIPTURE lessons are now sheer pleasure for Csia's pupils. While playing with the beautiful models they learn the difficult names and stories of the Bible in no time, and they are sure never to forget them, unlike their parents who came to Csia after he started his new illuminating Bible instruction and confessed that the children know the Scripture far more thoroughly than they themselves ever did.

This miniature world to illustrate the Bible is not for the benefit of Csia's pupils alone. The models are now on display in a special room at the School in Isabella Street for anyone to see, and the public does in point of fact show great interest in the new and unique museum.

Csia contemplated illustrating the history of the country in the same way for he knew that this subject has been spoilt for the most people through the dull way it was presented at school. This task, however, would need such a thorough knowledge of architecture, art and folk-lore that Csia does not feel equal to it. Thus he contents himself with his museum for illustrating the Bible, which is an overwhelming success with children and adults alike, and which, he is convinced, will be the method of the future.



THE TEMPLE OF EZEKIEL, showing the Priests' Court. In the centre is the metal altar used for sacrifice. In the left corner is a water basin, symbolising the sea, carried by 12 oxen. On the right can be seen five more movable water basins. Below—Children examining the Tower of Babel, a temple in Babylon.



THE TEMPLE OF HEROD, covered with gold, where Christ Himself had often preached. Around it is the Priests' Court and in the second row is the Women's Court. The whole is surrounded by a fortress. In the square building on the right Pontius Pilate lived, according to legend. In the background is the city.—Photos, Author.

The ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY of India

FOR INDEX AND POSTAGE
SEE PAGE 13.

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BOMBAY: SUNDAY, APRIL 20, 1908.



108 TIMES AROUND
THE SACRED TRIP

particularly women,
circumstances,
precious stones, etc.,
in the young and

Backache Almost made Her Scream

Kruschen Ended Her Agony

FEELS FINE NOW — NEVER MISSES HER MORNING DOSE

If you are troubled with an aching back, you will be interested in this letter from a woman who found out how to overcome this painful complaint:—

"I suffered with pains at the bottom of my back until at times, I almost felt like screaming. Also I had head pains, and for both these conditions I was receiving treatment. Then, when I was spending a holiday with my sister, the pains came on. She said: 'Why don't you try Kruschen?' I got a bottle straight away, and started taking a small dose every morning. Now my pains have gone, and I can honestly say I feel fine, and much brighter. I never miss a morning, and many of my friends are taking Kruschen because they see what good it has done me. I shall never be without a bottle in the house."—(Miss) E. J.

Pains in the back are usually due to poisons in the blood—poisonous waste products which tired kidneys are failing to filter from the system. The six salts in Kruschen coax your kidneys back to healthy normal action, so that not a particle of waste matter remains unexpelled. Your inside is thus kept clean and serene. You experience joyous relief from those old, dragging kidney pains.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Chemists, Stores and Bazars.

Adv.

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TREE and SERPENT WORSHIP

Modern Survivals of Primitive Religion

By S. SANKARASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

SILHOUETTED against the golden glory of the rising sun, Hindu ladies, clad in silk saris, are going round and round a sacred pipal tree. Its trunk, as well as the snake-stones around it, are daubed with vermilion and yellow and decked with flowers. Around lie glittering trays of silver and brass with coconuts, betel leaves, flowers, fruit and sweets.

Nearby stand Brahmin priests chanting hymns. Burning camphor and incense are swayed in censers to the tinkling of tiny hand bells. Children stand around with watering mouths, looking expectantly at the one-hundred-and-one sweet things around the tree.

It is *Somavati* day, a new moon day falling on a Monday, which happens only once or twice a year. Such a day is very sacred for the Hindus, and is devoted to fasting and prayer and the

ON OUR TITLE PAGE THIS WEEK IS A PICTURE OF WOMEN CIRCUMAMBULATING A PIPAL TREE, AND IN THIS ARTICLE THE AUTHOR EXPLAINS THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS CEREMONY, ALONG WITH ITS ANCIENT ORIGIN.

worship of the pipal tree. It is mainly a festival of the women, who rise before dawn, bathe, go to the pipal tree on the road or river side, offer puja to it and circumambulate it 108 times, in the belief that they will be relieved of barrenness and endowed with long life.

Special Trees

NOT every pipal tree can be worshipped thus, but only those which have been specially consecrated by "marriage" with a margosa or neem tree, and around which images of Ganesha and snakes are placed. But as such a consecration is believed to be of very great religious merit, almost all the pipal trees in or around the village are so consecrated.

The principal part of this form of worship consists in rounding the tree 108 times, and it is therefore sometimes called the Arasamarapradakhsina (or the circumambulation of the pipal). The difficulty of correctly keeping count of the rounds, especially by illiterate women, is easily overcome.

Each woman selects an article—it may be a flower, a coconut, a coin or a sweet cake—has 108 of them counted in her home, and brings them to the tree, beside which an empty receptacle is placed. As each round is completed, one of the objects is shed.

When the rounds have been made, each woman distributes some of the articles to the priests and the children around the tree, taking the remainder home for distribution among her friends and relatives.

Old Form Of Worship

TREE and serpent worship is not peculiar to India. According to expert opinion, it is one of the oldest forms of worship by which man ever attempted to approach or propitiate the divinity, and curious survivals of it still exist in remote corners of the globe.

A beautiful tree, apparently dying in autumn and coming back to life in spring, appealed strongly to primitive man. Its boughs provided him as well as his gods with shelter. It also gave him material for his dwelling, his tools and his sacrificial fire. It is no wonder, then, that he imagined that the disembodied spirits delighted to live in its branches and spoke oracles through its rustling leaves. And the cult gradually developed into a reverence for one or other special variety of tree, some of which, like the fig genus, came to be regarded as the abode of the gods, while others were appropriated to the service of individual gods, such as the *vilva* (*Aegle marmelos*) to Siva or the *Tulsi* (*Ocimum sanctum*) to Vishnu.

Snakes

THE worship of the serpent is as ancient as that of the tree and was equally widespread among primitive peoples. Of all creatures, the snake was the most wonderful and the most dreaded. Without any of the usual appliances of locomotion, it moved with singular celerity and in graceful curves.

The poison fang of the serpent was something so exceptional and deadly that its presence was considered as

mysterious; and as many of the religions of the primitive people originated from a desire to propitiate those powers from whom they feared injury, the serpent also came to be worshipped.

Long before the Aryans came to India, the serpent was being worshipped in the country. It appears that the Aryans themselves did not have much reverence for snakes at first, but when they found the wide prevalence of the cult in India, they began to incorporate it, with modifications, into their religion, and thenceforward the serpent began to play an important part in Indian mythology.

The Buddhist stupas of Amravati and Sanchi are full of sculptural representations of the sacred tree and the serpent; and even today, to the pious Hindu, the poisonous reptile is a sacred creature which he may not even harm. If one happens to be killed by accident, it has to be buried with sacred rites.

Faith

THE proverb, "A person will be bitten by a *virian* (Russel's viper) only if he is fated to die" shows the Hindu's implicit faith in the divinity of the snake.

Naga (meaning snake) is a very common name for men and women among all classes of Hindus. Both live snakes as well as sculptural representations are worshipped, though for obvious reasons the latter form is the more common. Stone images of snakes are planted around the fig tree and are worshipped as well; a custom probably arising from the fact that aged trees had many snake holes under their roots. Sometimes, in order to avert evil foretold by astrologers, a snake is engraved on a gold or silver plate, which is given to a Brahmin after worship.

Live snakes are worshipped by offerings of milking placed in front of their holes; and it is believed that if the offer is acceptable to the snake god inside, it will come out and drink the milk at night. The earth dug out of a snake hole is sacred, being reputed to possess great curative powers, and a little of the same swallowed or smeared over the affected parts of the body is supposed to give immediate relief to the sufferer.

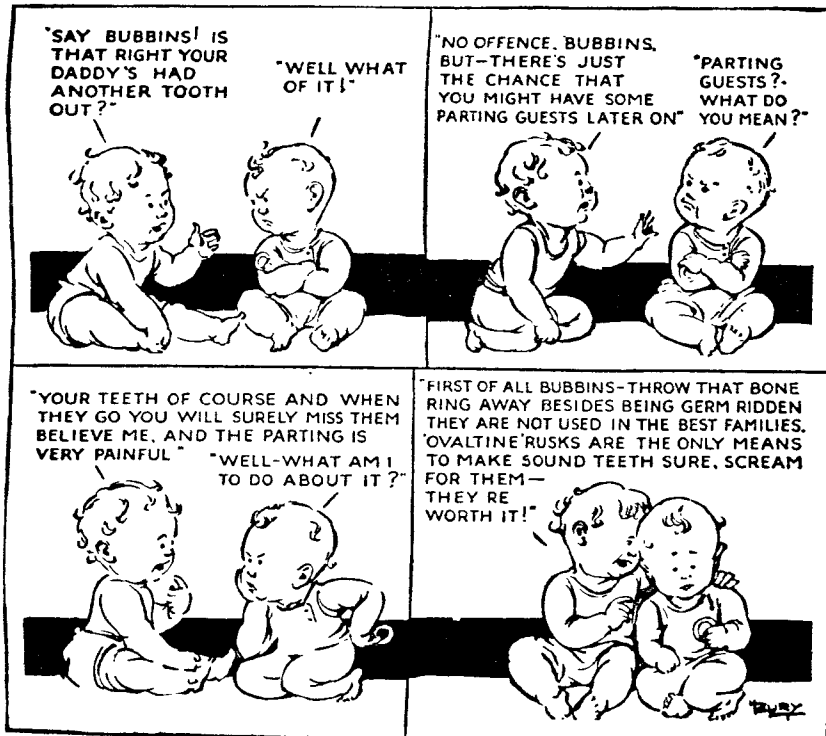
"Hole Medicine"

AT Sankaranaiyanarkoll, an important place of pilgrimage in South India, there is a 'snake hole' by the side of the sanctum sanctorum and a permanent superstructure has been erected above it. By its side are a number of stone troughs in which the earth brought from the snake-holes in the neighbourhood is mixed with the *Abhisheka thirtham* (the bath water of the deity) and ground to a fine paste. Pilgrims invariably take a little of this "hole medicine" (or *puthumaruthu*) as it is called to their homes.

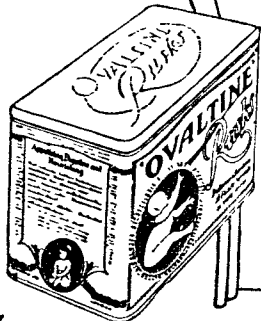
While in Vedic religion, the snake generally plays a subsidiary part, for instance as the head ornament of Siva or the bed of Vishnu, it is a principal or primary deity with the aboriginal tribes of the country, as in the case of some hill tribes of northern India. In southern India, where the influence of the invading races was much less than in the north, the snake is worshipped as a principal divinity.

In Travancore

SAVARIMALA, in the State of Travancore, is a celebrated place of Naga worship. About 30 miles south of Trivandrum, is the famous temple, called Nagercoil (the snake temple). The hill tribes of Travancore treat the serpent with great reverence and even the clearing of bamboo groves, which is usually the abode of the snakes, is considered by some as irreligious.



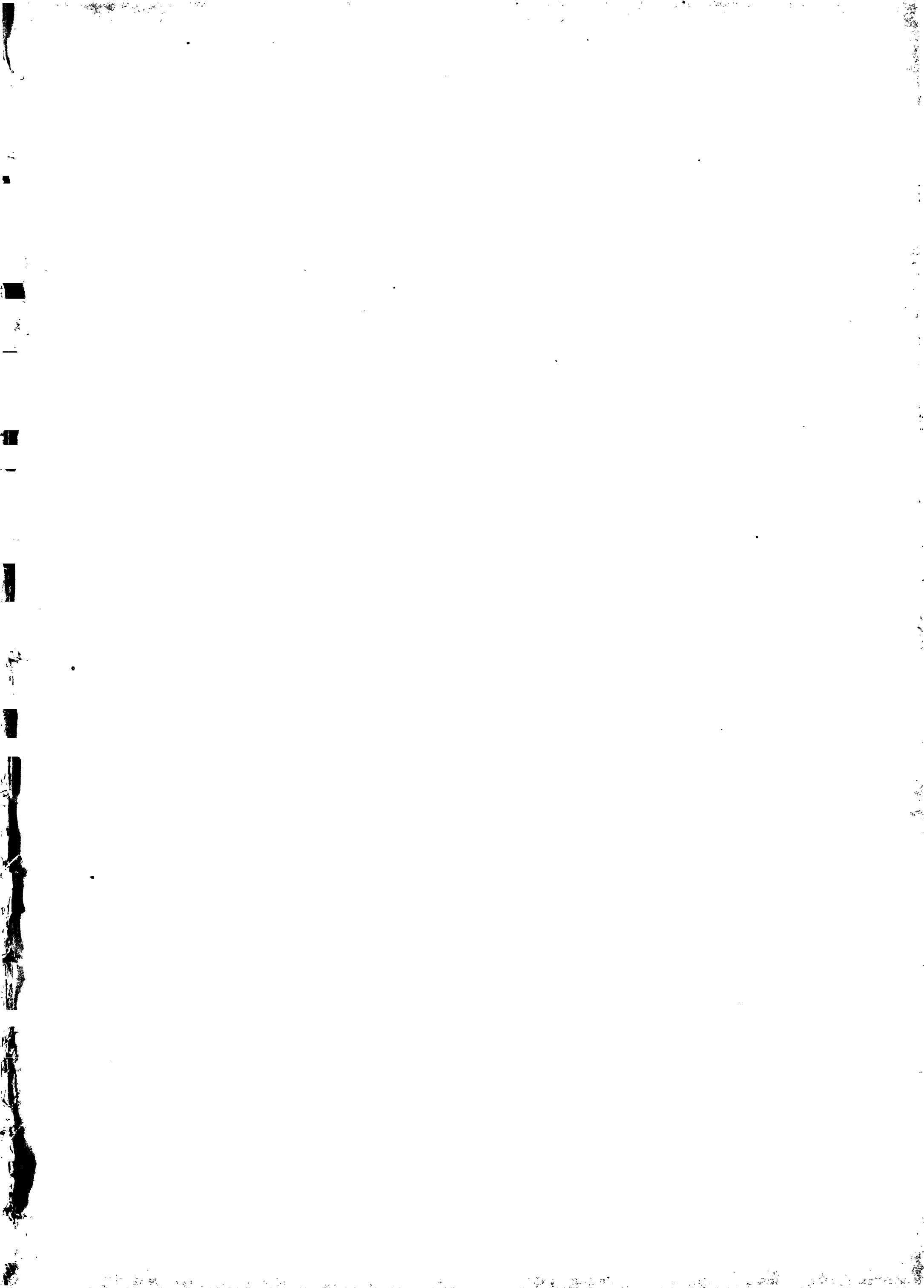
EVERY teething baby should have crisp, delicious 'Ovaltine' Rusks. They give the biting exercise which ensures easy teething and helps to establish strong, healthy teeth. Made from the purest unbleached wheat flour and a proportion of 'Ovaltine', they contain the necessary vitamins and other health-giving properties.



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THE LUXURIANCE of Hindu carving is exemplified by these photographs of a village house near Nasik. Hindu work is characterised by heaviness of construction and boldness of leaf and flower design.

WIZARDS in WOOD

The Art of the Carver May be Lost

TO the long list of fine crafts which are regarded as dead or dying in India yet one more is in danger of being added: wood carving, a form of decoration almost without honour in these days of straight lines and plain surfaces.

In the popular mind it is already thought of as being almost a Kashmiri monopoly, and one hears little of the carvers of Delhi, Gujerat, Maharashtra and the far South. In Kashmir, however, the art is still sufficiently flourishing for Srinagar residents to be able to hire carvers and decorate the whole of the interior of their houses.

On the other hand, today there are comparatively few master carvers left in India proper. Often they are old men and they usually are scattered about in villages and quiet old towns where the

local magnates are not yet enamoured of concrete walls and steel and glass doors.

Not A Lost Art

YET these men and their forebears have produced work which rivals anything the world's most famous carvers can show. Everything from chairs and chests to whole house sides has been decorated by them and it says a good deal for the quality of their materials and their craftsmanship that much of their work has survived them.

Indeed, so much of the carved woodwork extant in our bigger cities is so old, that there is a tendency to suppose that carving is already a lost art.

Actually that is not the case as yet, but it will be so in another 50 years unless fashion—that unreliable jade—changes her mind in time.

Gujerat, Delhi and the southern end of the Deccan seem to have been the homes of some of the best carvers during the past 300 years. The Delhi craftsmen, with the patronage of Mogul nobles to influence them, developed a distinctly Islamic trend, delicate and often minute; and when employed in house decoration tending to use flower patterns in somewhat stiff geometric designs.

Ancient Designs

THEY lacked the flowing, luxuriant creativeness of the Hindu artists of Western India who with their festoons of creepers and leaves, their lotuses and peacocks have left their work to be admired on many a mansion and even cottage. Some experts have noticed similarities between their designs and the stone traceries cut in the second century B.C. in the Pandulena Caves near Nasik.

In days gone by no well-to-do villager in Gujerat would be without exquisitely carved doorways and chests and beds. Much of the old architectural carving is to be found in Gujerat villages to this day, and here and there, new examples are being turned out.

In the same way, Surat blackwood furniture was once famous—those cupboards whose doors were covered with rays, and chairs whose backs were a delicate tracery. Today steel and cane and overstuffed easy chairs have taken their place—temporarily at any rate.

Such a changeover seems very unfortunate because among such furniture are real masterpieces of the wood carver's art and today many of them are selling far cheaper than mass-produced chairs which will have disappeared in a few years.

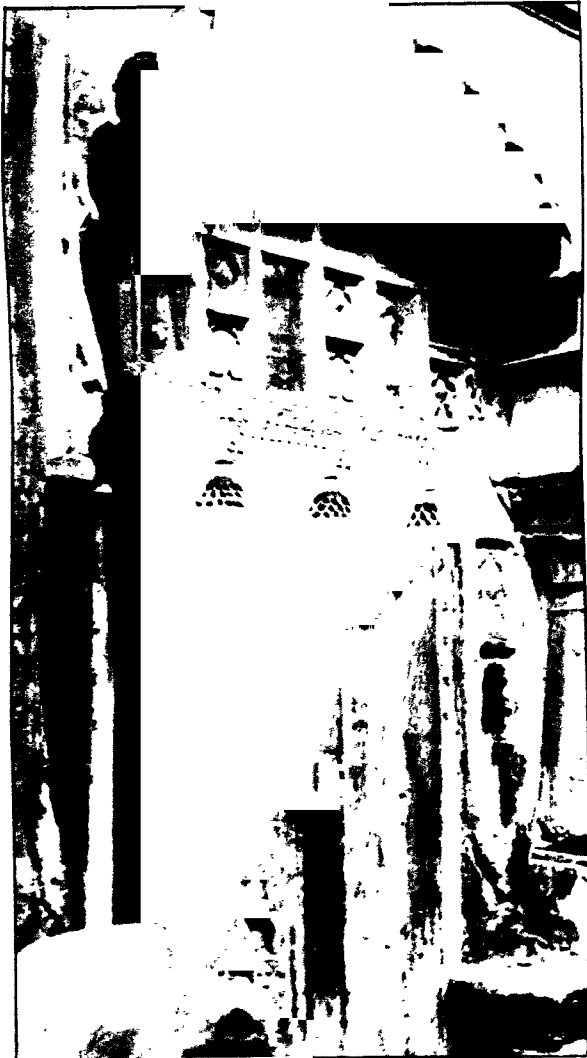
Nasik's Masterpieces

NASIK, even in this age of vandalism can still show what the wizards in wood could do when they were given an opportunity. Fifty years ago there were 27 houses in Nasik which had a good deal

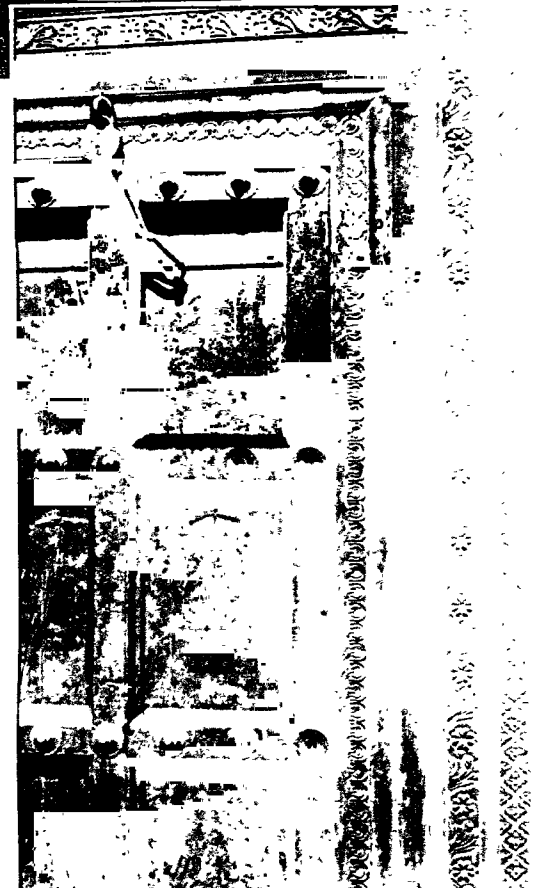
OLD AND NEW

LEFT: This blackwood chair was carved sometime last century by Surat craftsmen. Although so elaborate, the carving does not interfere with the comfort of anyone sitting in the chair.

BELOW: Modern carving on a house doorway in a Deccan village. Done by a local craftsman, it is much more restrained in design and execution than the older work.



A FINE OLD DOORWAY to a Maratha wada (mansion) in Nasik. It is carved in Musalman style, probably by craftsmen brought from Delhi.



I NTEREST in rural industries and arts so far seems to have taken no account of wood carving—one of the most highly developed of the country's plastic arts. Unfortunately carving has been much neglected and seems in danger of dying out. This article suggests that the present building boom would be a good opportunity to encourage it again.

of carved woodwork. Most of them were old Maratha *vadas* or mansions. Today that number is much reduced though it is still possible to delight one's eye in the lanes not far from Parasnath's temple.

Were these houses in any western country steps would long ago have been taken to preserve them for posterity. In Nasik they seem to be the special prey of the bill sticker and the man looking for some place to nail down an electric wire.

Much of this carving is very old indeed. It is said that the Mogul Governors brought Delhi carvers to Nasik during the seventeenth century, and there is also a tradition that Devrao Mahadev Hingne, a Brahman from the north and family priest to Peshwa Balaji Bajirao, brought North Indian carvers about 1570. These carvers were responsible for introducing the Musalman style which incorporated delicately fluted pillars, known as the cypress pattern, topped by rounded arches with waved edges in the style of a *mimbar* or prayer niche.

Famine Work

LATER, the styles seem to have mingled somewhat, especially at the beginning of last century when a good deal of the existing carving was done. The reason for this sudden outburst of decoration was the famine of 1802, the "one seer famine," so called because grain was a rupee a seer.

In some of the big villages near Nasik it is also possible to find excellent examples of Hindu work. I recall particularly a house in Ojhar where all the luxuriance of leaf borders and double-headed lotuses on beam ends rampages across the whole of the house front.

Another interesting find in a nearby village was a newly built house with its doorways decorated with carved borders. It had been built for a Marwari and he had employed a first class carver, though the work was much more restrained and in much shallower relief than in the case of the older work.

Perhaps the nearest area to Bombay where wood carving may still be seen in quantity, is the villages around Bassein. When this place was the Portuguese capital of the North, Deccan carvers were brought to decorate the churches and palaces. That was about 1597 and they did so well that they were presented with a village close by Bassein.



THE MIMBAR (prayer niche) style of the Delhi carvers on the side of an old Nasik mansion. Features of this style are the delicately carved "cypress" pillars and fluted arches—in this case embellished by domes. The wooden wall has also been painted.

On the Deccan one occasionally runs across a few bits of fine old carving, as for example at Dehu, near Poona, the birthplace of Tukaram, the Maratha poet.

Chariots Of The South

AS soon as one goes further south, however, there are signs of revival. For example at Hampi, on the site of the ancient city of Vijayanagar. Here are two very fine carved chariots outside the Pampapati Temple. But the style has changed completely. Instead of the bands of flower decoration and an occasional bird or animal head we find masses of figures. The more important ones are enclosed in niches, surrounded by hosts of minor figures.

The same style is apparent in the far south. In the

pities that modern architects when in search of ideas for the decoration of our modern buildings, do not pay more attention to this essentially Indian art.

In Bombay it has already been proved on a new insurance building that a stone frieze of elephants cut in Indian style harmonises excellently with modern building lines. In the recently opened Natural History Section of Bombay's Prince of Wales Museum part of the decoration has been done with carved wood—though the style hardly follows any of the traditional Indian lines.

All the same, these experiments prove that there is still plenty of room for the artist with a chisel. And since there are still master carvers available it would seem preferable to give them an opportunity than to experiment, usually most unsuccessfully, with the decorative difficulties of concrete.

M. H. B.



LEFT: A corner of the magnificently carved temple rath at Suchindrum in Travancore. The rath is covered with figures in niches carved in very high relief.

RIGHT: A quaint mixture of Hindu and Musalman styles is apparent in this house at a village near Bassein. Elaborately carved pillar brackets are used in conjunction with fluted arches and "cypress" pillars.—Photos, Author.



great temple at Suchindrum, not far from Cape Comorin is another *rath*, with a style reminiscent of the tortured plaster work of the Madura temples. It is really sculpture in wood because the figures are in such high relief that the majority of them stand free from their background.

Enough has been said to show that wood carving has been a very widespread craft in India—and moreover a very durable one.

It therefore seems a thousand



SURAT as Philip Baldeus, a Dutch clergyman, saw it in the 1670s. This print is from his "True and Exact Description of the Most Celebrated East-India Coasts of Malabar and Coromandel; as also of the Isle of Ceylon." It was published in Amsterdam in 1672. "Suratte" was the site of the first English Settlement.

It is strange and typical of the divided allegiance of so many of the best Englishmen of that age, that Stevens, who spent the rest of his life in the territories of a king intermittently at war with England, and many of whose friends and contemporaries at Douai were most cruelly executed by the English government, nevertheless remained sturdily devoted to English interests.

He never seemed to tire of helping Englishmen in trouble, though more of those he met in Goa must have caused him some anxiety. He had, however, only himself to blame for their presence, for his letter to his father excited so much comment and interest that some merchant adventurers set out for Aleppo in the "Tyger" meaning to make the journey to India overland across Syria.

In 1583 four of these Englishmen arrived in Goa: Leeds, Newbery, Fitch and Story. They were under arrest and were examined whether they were good Christians, by which of course was meant good Catholics. They were ready to profess any creed and Stevens lent his support to their claim to be Catholics, though he must have known very well they were not.

They must have remembered enough Catholic jargon to enable them to pass muster, and it is most improbable that the examining ecclesiastics knew enough about

the Elizabethan settlement to distinguish Anglican characteristics.

Muddled Religions

ONCE certified to be good Christians by the authorities, the English visitors must have found little curiosity about their religion among

the laity, for the commercial and military circles in Goa were as casual in religious practice, and as vague in theology, as their heretic guests.

Indeed one of the earliest parties of Portuguese soldiery in India, sat through a service in a Hindu temple of Kali, the dark goddess, under the impression it was the shrine of a local black madonna.

Leeds not only professed Catholicism, but offered to become a Jesuit on condition of his being given a contract to paint the frescoes in one of the new churches then under construction. The contract finished, he announced he had no vocation for the religious life, and having married an Indian girl, opened a shop in Goa.

(Please Turn to Page 21.)

English Beginnings In India

A JESUIT FATHER WAS THE FIRST

This and succeeding articles have been taken from "Aspects of Anglo-India, 1608-1937" by my son, the late Dennis Kincaid, I.C.S. The book is now being published by Messrs. Rutledge & Co.

C. A. KINCAID.

ON April 4th, 1579, Father Stevens of the Society of Jesus sailed from Lisbon to the East Indies. He was the first Englishman known to have reached India.

His name is still remembered with gratitude and affection by many Indians; for he was one of the earliest writers in Marathi, one of the pioneers of that language, which he considered the most graceful and elegant he had ever come across; and he was the only European who has ever written a considerable poem in any Eastern language.

The son of a rich London merchant, he was an ardent Catholic, and after studying the Classics at New College he went to Douai to be trained for the priesthood. He came under the influence of Campion and entered the Society of Jesus. He felt drawn to the mission fields of the East, enthralled by stories of St. Francis Xavier's triumphs and all the romance of Jesuit endeavour in the China seas, which excited his imagination in the same way that tales of the Elizabethan seamen in the New World stirred the young Protestant apprentices he had known at his home in London.

The Golden City

THE voyage was long and wearisome, and it must have been with great relief that he saw at last the long green coastline of the

Konkan, islands of moist sweet grass, the red soil and heavy trees, and far inland the jagged line of the Ghats. The ship rode into the calm water of Goa Creek and on a hill rising from the dark jungle Father Stevens saw the great Golden City, saw the walls and gateways, the white mass of the cathedral, the twin blue towers of St. Francis Convent, the vast facade of St. Augustine, completed only seven years before.

The landing stage was in a palm-shaded inlet just below the cathedral, and new arrivals entered the city by a gateway known as the Gate of the Viceroys, a square triumphal arch with heroes in Grecian armour posturing in their niches. A wide road led past the cathedral into the centre of the town.

One would have imagined that for some time the Jesuit enthusiast would be too much moved by all that Catholic splendour to have thought of mundane concerns; yet if we can judge by the letter written to his father soon after his arrival, almost the first thought that occurred to him was that here in India was a fine market for English trade.

DENNIS KINCAID'S LAST BOOK

"Aspects of Anglo-India 1608-1937" gives a brilliant picture of Indo-European life and relations during 300 years. Mr. Dennis Kincaid had completed the book only a short time before his tragic death by drowning at Karwar last year. The series of four extracts from the book which we commence this week, has been made by his father, Mr. Charles Kincaid C.V.O.



DENNIS KINCAID

At 73, He Enjoys Perfect Health

Had Sciatica 35 Years Ago

TAKEN KRUSCHEN EVER SINCE

Thirty-five years ago this septuagenarian was helpless with sciatica. Then he heard of Kruschen. Since that day, he has enjoyed perfect health. Here is his remarkable story:—

"Thirty-five years ago, I had a severe attack of sciatica, and could scarcely move for about six weeks. Then I started taking Kruschen—about half-a-teaspoonful every morning in hot water. In a few weeks, I got rid of the awful pain in my hips I have taken Kruschen every morning since. I have never had to consult a doctor since, and am still in perfect health at 73 years of age, which I can only attribute to taking Kruschen Salts every morning."—T. A.

Most people grow old long before their time because they neglect one vital need of health—the need of internal cleanliness. Eventually, they start the healthy Kruschen habit. Then, probably for the first time in their lives, they start getting rid, every day, of all waste matter from the system.

Two of the ingredients of Kruschen Salts have the power of dissolving uric acid crystals—the cause of those aches and pains. Other ingredients of these salts assist Nature to expel the dissolved crystals through the natural channels.

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SCRIBBLING BLOCKS, in various sizes, at five annas per pound, postage extra (unruled), and eight annas per Block, postage extra (ruled), may be obtained from "The Times of India" Office, Hornby Road, Bombay.

Is Your Blood Camel-Coloured?

READING CHARACTER FROM THE BODY

Is your blood camel-coloured? If so, you are a most unfortunate person, according to an ancient Persian manuscript on physiognomy recently brought to light in the United Provinces.

The writer of this work states: "The man whose blood is camel-coloured will be worse even than a bullock or a dog." On the other hand, "if there is a profusion of blood in man or woman, it is a sign of good fortune."

The manuscript formerly belonged to the descendants of a Raja of Mogul times. Though they have fallen victims to changing times, they still enjoy hereditary titles of Rai Saheb and live in dilapidated palaces and own sacksful of ancient papers among which the present work was found.

Much Worn

THE book is in a poor state of preservation, having weathered many monsoons. Bookworms have also fed luxuriously, but much of the manuscript is still decipherable. There is enough left concerning man to read his future, habits and nature. The description of woman has been preserved in greater detail.

Judging by the Shikast calligraphy, the manuscript was evidently prepared for private use, either from a library

copy or surreptitiously. The name of the author cannot be traced on this manuscript.

Hair Clues

HERE are some extracts which, it is claimed, will enable the reader to know the characters of men:

HAIR: "If four hairs are together in any part of the body that man will also be penniless." (Whatever else he may be remains a secret of a missing piece of the Ms.)

"If the roots of the hair on the body appear stiff, then regard that man as poor and possessing an unfortunate fate.

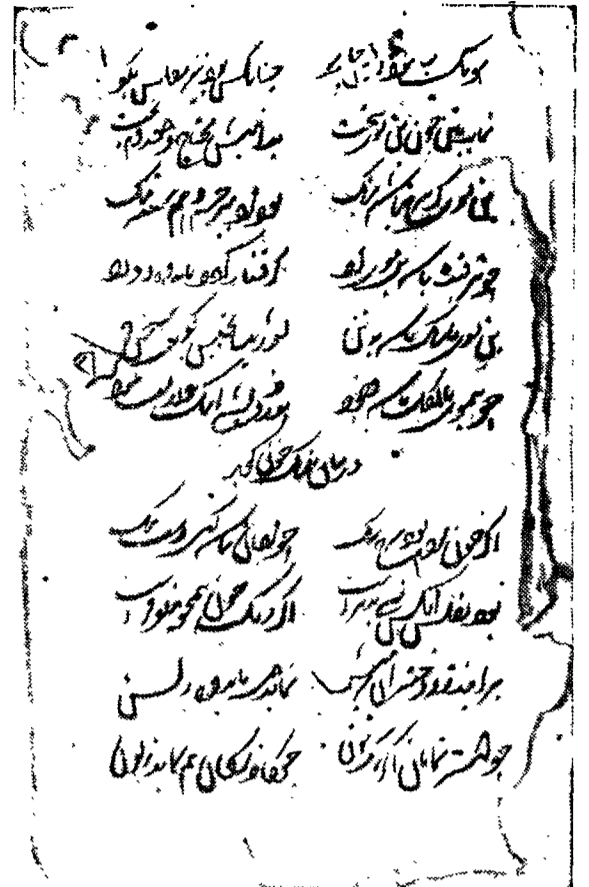
"If these roots are reddish, then the man is heartless and brutal.

"If the roots are separated then the fellow will have to bear pains and privations.

"If the roots are thinner in (under) the skin the man is certainly unfortunate," but "if he possess a hairless body it is the sign of his saintliness."

BLOOD: "If a man has blood of red colour, he will never be hard up, like the dead."

But "the man with deeper coloured



A LEAF from the Persian manuscript described in this article.—Photo, Author.

blood will be poor and bad by temperament." Still worse, "he will always have girls for children and will thus remain in continued trouble."

"He who has blackish-red blood will lead all his life in misery."

Height

IF the body is 40 fingers deep, then that man alone will be entitled to luck. He will gain little respect in the world and his secrets will remain his secrets. Even his friend will be pained by him. He will have regard for few, if any; and he will always be ready for the evil path. He will be fearless. He will be short tempered, immoral, and bad. He will get no share of worldly property and honours, and will pass his days in poverty with his bad habits."

A finger's depth is apparently three-quarters of an inch, so the 40 finger man would be a very small dwarf.

"A man with 52 fingers' height is worth nothing in any manner," states the manuscript. People will, however, have regard and respect for him, but he will hardly have cloth enough to cover his body. He will live to the age of 30.

If he is above 60 fingers height (3ft. 9 ins.), his age will increase by five years for each finger-height. If he reaches the height of 80 fingers, then according to the learned, he will be notorious in the world. He will be a thief, black-hearted and shameless. He will always deceive, commit frauds and will still remain poor. He will have no fear of god.

If a man's height be 90 fingers then he will have regrets all his life. If he is 100 fingers high, his age will be 90 years. If he be above 100 fingers in height then his age will increase at the rate of ten years for each finger-height. This is the view of the more learned.

Very Tall

WHEN the height is 108 fingers, whether the man is good or bad, he will live to a great age. He will talk well and live well. Those of good breeding will have respect for him. He will not keep anything in his heart and will become famous in the world for his goodness.

If he is 102 fingers in height, he will be wealthy, and become a centenarian. If he is 120 fingers high he will be a man of wealth, power and prestige. He will have no wordly cares.

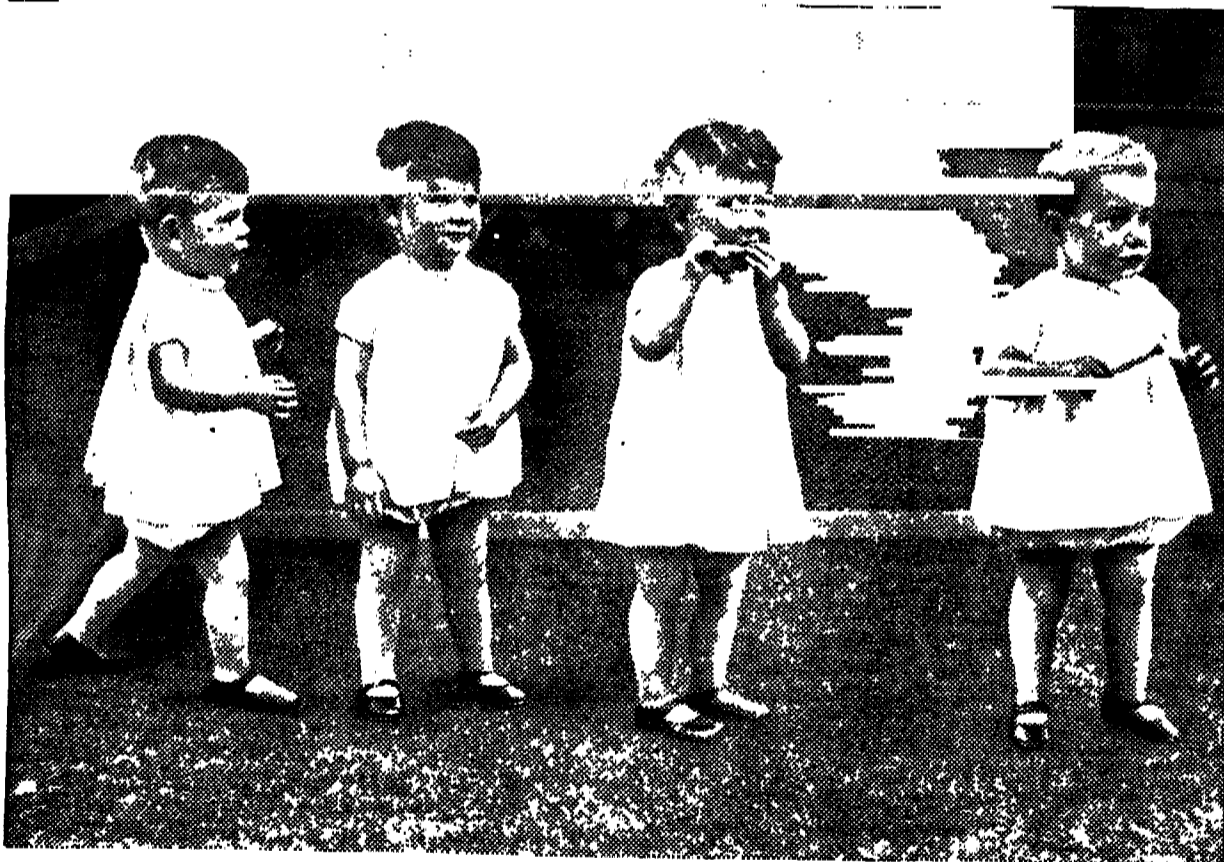
It is also related of men of small stature that they will be men of brains and ideas, but it is certain that they will misuse confidence and will not be free from hatred.

The Walk Of Men

THE best way of walking is like that of elephants or the chikor (a bird). A man who walks like these belongs to a respectable family, will have a happy youth and a successful fate. Those who walk like oxen, sheep and parrots are also classed among the good.

K. L.

A Second Birthday



Agents for India:—Carr & Co., Ltd., Bombay, Calcutta, Karachi, Madras & Madras. Apply to Carr & Co., Ltd., P. O. Box No. 152, Bombay, for Infant Feeding Manual in Gujarathi Language.

These are the famous English Quadruplets, Ernest, Michael, Paul and Ann Miles—now 2 years old.

Once their baby lives hung by a slender thread—but look at them now! What a credit to the care bestowed upon them—what a tribute to Cow & Gate!

For it was Cow & Gate that saved and nourished these lovely children—and if you want a reason for its use, well here are four good ones!

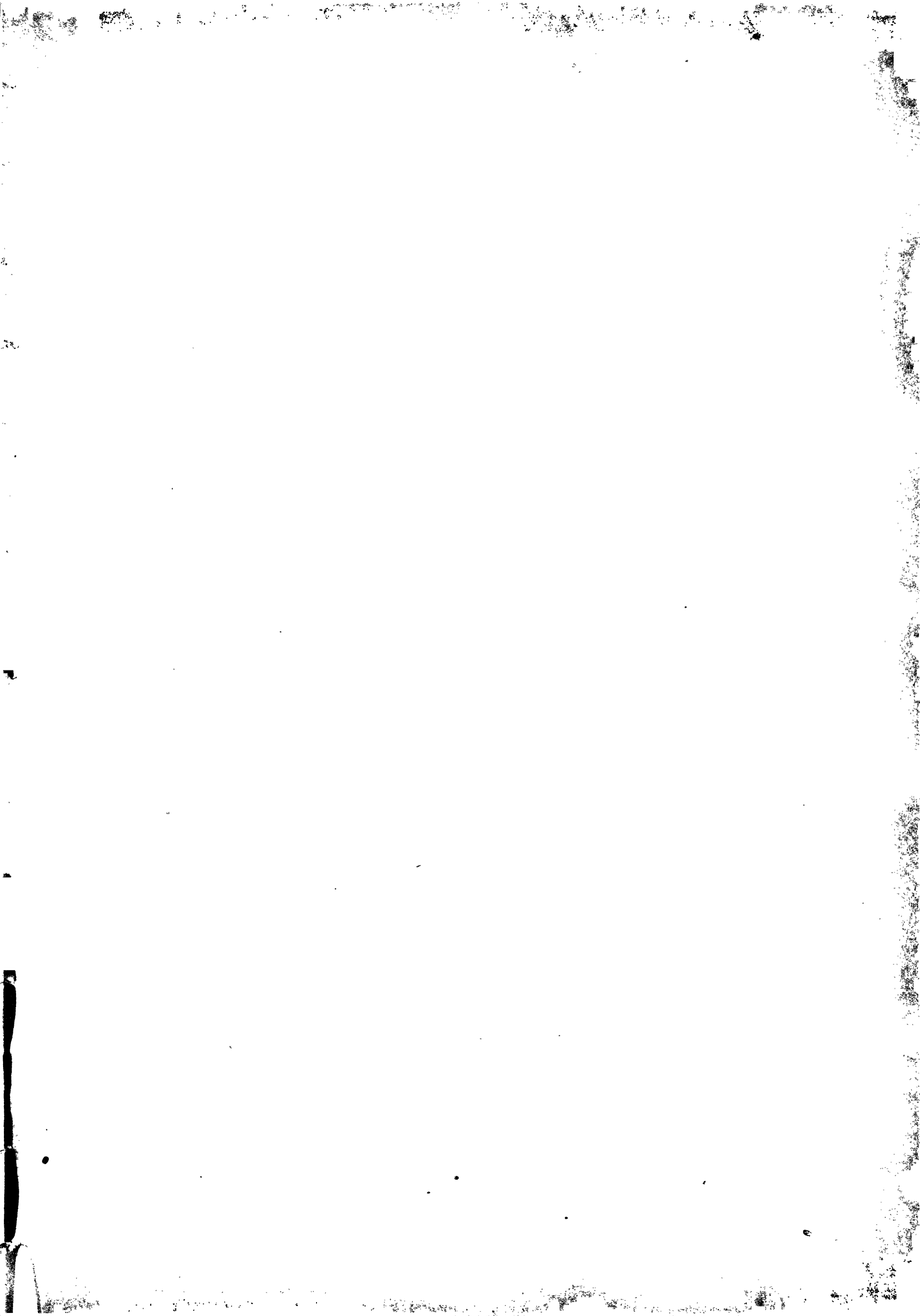


COW & GATE MILK FOOD

"THE FOOD OF ROYAL BABIES"



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ity and the two nations presently concluded a treaty, which was "carried out with the greatest punctuality by the English", wrote the Viceroy of Goa, and added: "Very different from the Dutch."

The Surat Factory

IN 1608 English merchants had received permission to settle for trade; they built a factory in Surat and in 1618 established a hierarchy and precedence of their community, the chief of the company, taking the title of president in imitation of the Dutch.

Surat lies 12 miles up the river Tapti in the warm and fertile plain of Gujerat. Few boats came up the river to Surat, and these few were always flat-bottomed coasting vessels. The ocean-going European merchantmen anchored at the port of Swally. There you might count the masts of several hundred ships, only a minority of them European; Arab dhows with red sails and Chinese junks and Mogul vessels carrying pilgrims to Jeddah, the port of Mecca.

European travellers found the customs examination a tedious ordeal. Every trunk, box and parcel had to be opened, and sometimes shoes and hats were removed and peered into. The Customs officials wandered about with a retinue of African slaves carrying whips to dissuade intending smugglers. They were little kings in their own domain, and levied duty on articles at their own valuation.

Button Duty

THEY insisted on levying duty on the buttons worn by Europeans in their coats not only on their first arrival at the ports but each time they left their ship. This was particularly annoying for the pursers of English ships, who

English Beginnings In India

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

often had to make several visits ashore to arrange for reprovisioning the ship, and, as one of them complained. "In a short time the very intrinsic value of the buttons would be spent in Customs".

If the Customs officials found anything specially attractive in the foreigner's luggage they would put it on one side, pretending that they were not sure of the rate at which customs-dues should be levied on this article: and the owner never saw it again.

It was a relief to come out into the open country and enjoy the prospect of wide green fields, richly cultivated and in their evidences of efficient husbandry almost reminiscent of the farmlands of England, were it not for the hundreds of peacocks that clustered about the stagnant pools and an occasional camel moving jerkily in the shadow of dusky palm groves.

Rural Gujerat

THE roads were shady with overarching banyan trees, and the traveller would remark the green parrots chortling and screaming as they flew from tree to tree, and on the branches "an infinite number of great bats hanging by the claws, making a shrill noise".

Then in the distance you saw Surat Castle "well walled, ditched, reason-

able great and faire with a number of faire pieces of ordnance, whereof some of exceeding greatness. Before this lyeth a pleasant greene in the midst of which was a maypole to hang a light on, and all round very many noble lofty houses, flat at top and terraced with plaster". The road led through the garden of the city which lay outside the city walls.

In these the Indian merchants wandered on warm evenings "to take the air in peace in pleasant summer houses". There were many fountains and rivulets of fresh water and "grotoes descending underground by huge arches and stone steps shaded by trees on each hand".

English Pomp

AND so, passing through the clamour of the streets thronged with as cosmopolitan a crowd as you could find anywhere in Asia, the traveller reached at last the English factory and must have felt a sober satisfaction to note that it was "built of stone and excellent timber, with good carvings without representations, very strong for that each floor is half a yard thick at least, of the best cement. Very weighty, with upper and lower Galleries, or Terras walks. The President had spacious lodgings with noble rooms for Counsel and Entertainment".

From the roof rose a number of flag poles with English flags moving in the wind. This dignified exterior was, however, somewhat spoiled by the confusion and uproar in the courtyard where "the packers and warehouse keepers, together with merchants bringing and receiving musters, made a meei Billingsgate, for if you make not a noise they hardly think you intent on what you are doing".

17th Century Appetites

THE head of the factory was the President and he lived in almost as great state as the Mogul Governor. He was provided with well-filled stables for pleasure or services, and he had his own chaplain, physician, surgeon, linguist and mint master.

Meat was sometimes scarce, and though the senior merchant never went without, the common sailors had to fast twice a week and content themselves with saffron rice. Beef was unprocurable.

Pork was of course unheard of in Mussulman territory, and so the English had to satisfy their seventeenth century appetites with mutton and chicken.

At first some of the young factors tried to supplement this meagre diet by shooting doves and pigeons, but the tender-hearted Indians would implore them not to do this, and would as a last resort offer them money to spare the poor birds.

This method of persuasion was so successful that it became a regular practice for impecunious young sportsmen to take out a gun near some rich Hindu's house and talk loudly and ferociously about the number of pigeons they would massacre that afternoon, till the Hindu ran out with tears in his eyes and money in his hands.

(To Be Continued.)



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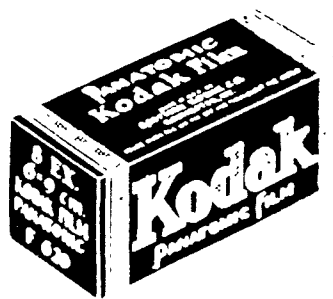
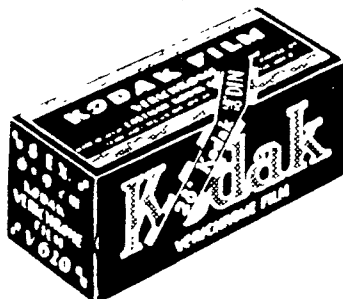
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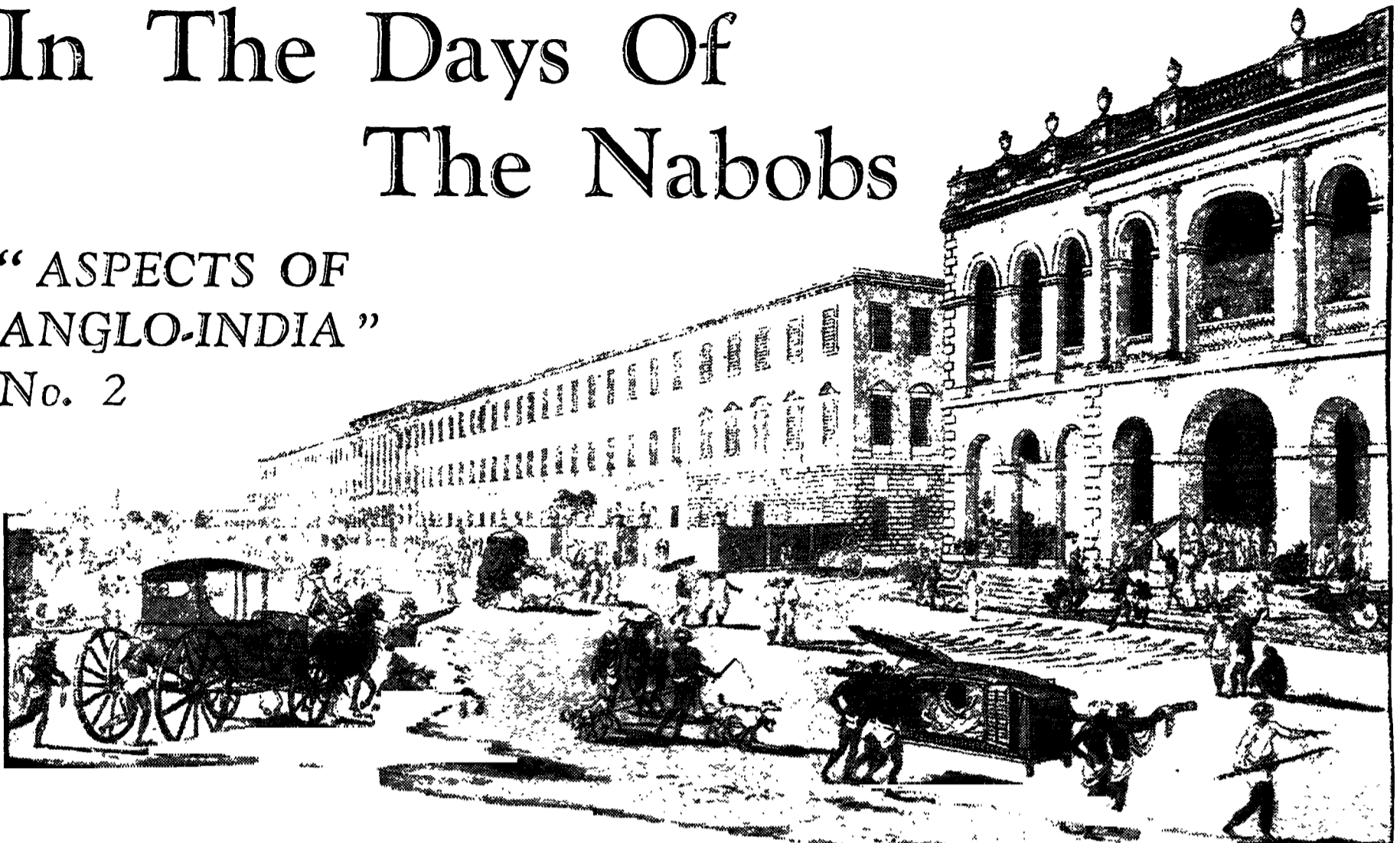


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In The Days Of The Nabobs

“ASPECTS OF
ANGLO-INDIA”
No. 2



CALCUTTA IN 1786. This is from Daniell's engraving of the town which the Nabobs made famous.

The eighteenth century was the period when great fortunes were piled up in India. How it was done is revealed in this second extract from the late Dennis Kincaid's book "Aspects of Anglo-India", made by his father, Mr. Charles Kincaid.

AN East Indiaman was romantic enough seen dimly in the murk of the grey day, with its great masts and the cargo going aboard and the merchants standing on the quay muffled in their cloaks, talking of distant lands and strange people.

The captain was a tremendous figure, more majestic than the commander of a warship and quite as autocratic with his passengers as with his crew; but he stood there greeting his guests with the affable conversation of a rich relative welcoming his cousin at his country house.

And after the first buffetings of the Channel it was romantic to stroll on deck, to watch with one's spy-glass for the first glimpse of Madeira, while the gulls flashed overhead and the great sails swelled in the wind and the rigging sang. Dinner was generally served on the second deck and a band played while the passengers drank loyal toasts, and the claret went round briskly.

Presently the ladies adjourned to the round-house where coffee or tea was served. The rigging was hung with coloured lanterns and when the fiddles struck up, enthusiastic dancers hurried to the upper deck.

Serious drinkers gathered in the round-house and between great draughts of burgundy and champagne sang catches and glees till one in the morning when supper was served.

Below Deck

IT was below deck that impressions were less favourable. Cabins were represented by canvas partitions. If there was a storm these partitions offered no obstacle to the furniture, which rolled from one end of the ship to the other.

Not only furniture; for when Mirza Abutakt, a cultivated Mohammedan gentleman, was travelling, "Mr. Grand, who was of

an enormous size, and whose cabin was separated from mine only by a canvas partition, fell with all his weight upon my breast and hurt me exceedingly".

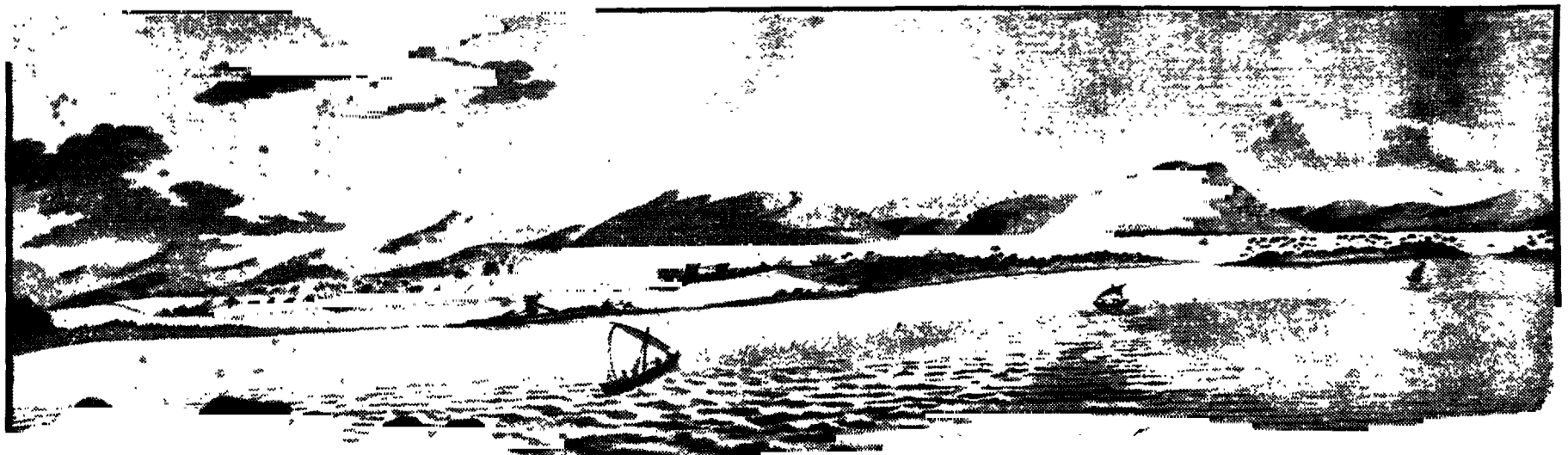
Smells

THERE was only one state cabin under the round-house. But this was reserved for men as the ship's officers had to pass through it to take soundings even at night. But while it provided the only spacious accommodation, the round-house had several disadvantages. Sailors stamped about overhead at all hours "performing the necessary manoeuvres with the sails attached to the mizzen mast, especially that of working the spanker boom".

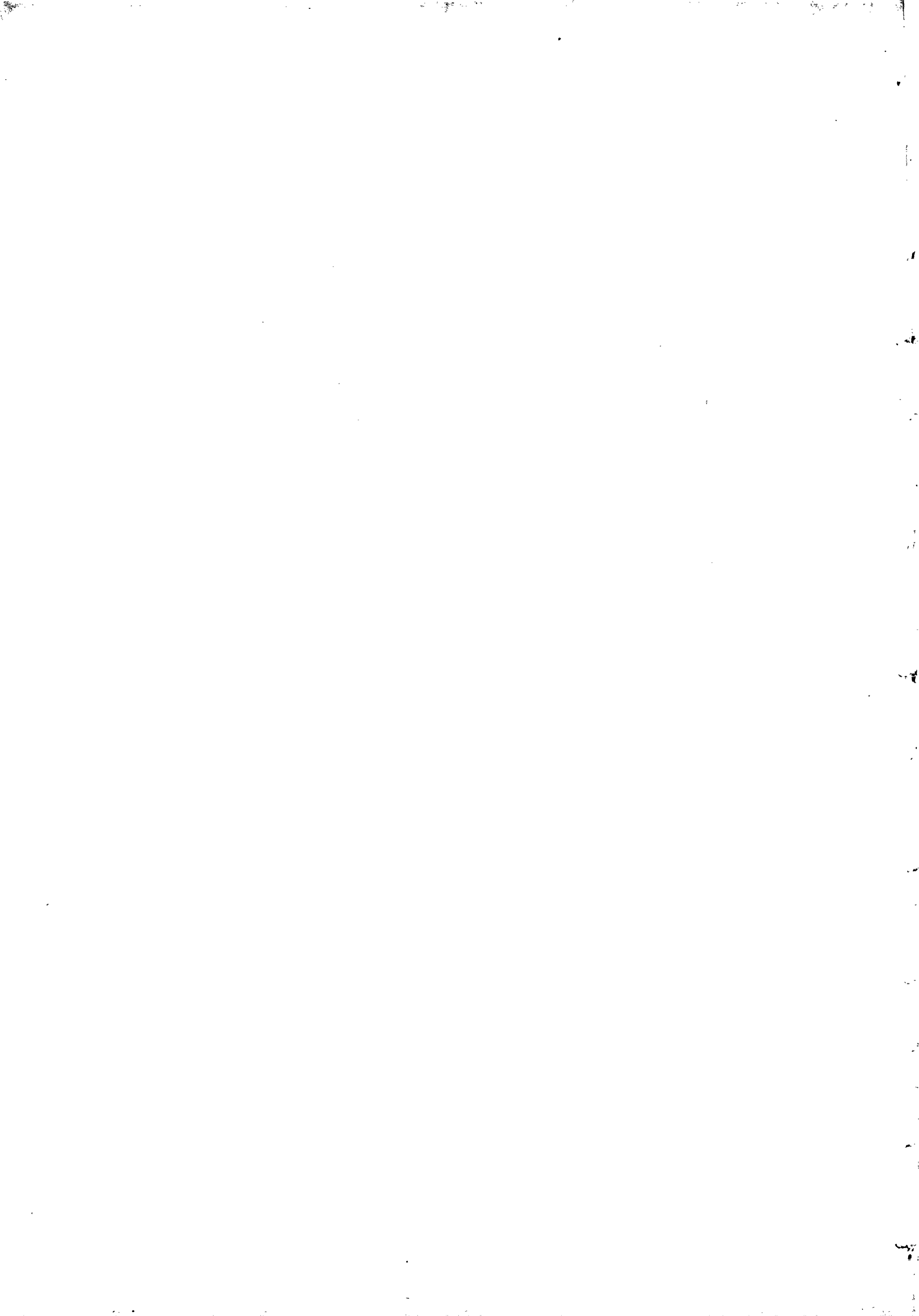
Moreover, the poultry were kept in cages in the round-house and "the feeding with the consequent pecking twice a day" became an increasing irritation. It was lucky if there were not several goats tied in there as well. Still one had the compensation of fresh air; for though the company prided itself on the regulation requiring every ship to be thoroughly washed twice a week, the smells seem to have been formidable.

A storm caused everyone a series of discomforts that Warren Hastings catalogued:

(Please Turn to Page 25.)



AS EARLY TRAVELLERS KNEW IT. "A view of the town, fort, and harbour of Bombay; taken from Malabar Hill." This engraving in aquatinto by T. Rance appeared in Lieut-Col. Taylor's book "Letters on India" published in London in 1800.



"The want of rest, the violent agitation of the ship, the vexation of seeing and hearing all the movables of your cabin tumble about you, the pain in your back, days of unquiet and apprehension, and above all the dreadful fall of the globe lantern."

Funerals At Sea

THE pleasant sensations of novelty at sight of land waned as the ship followed the endless coast-line of Africa where savage "Caffres" lay in wait for stranded vessels. Scurvy soon appeared among the crew and there were frequent funerals.

At first the passengers were pleasantly impressed by the solemnity of these occasions, filled their diaries with melancholy and philosophical reflections and commended the sober and reverent demeanour of the crew during the service; indeed, these deaths and dramatic funerals might well be the Almighty's method of recalling to a serious and godly life those poor, rough sailors who, as Mr. Forbes hoped, might now examine their consciences and live more virtuously in future.

Often enough the crew was so reduced by scurvy that the gentlemen had to work like common sailors, and then there were fewer laudatory references to the Almighty's methods.

Among The "Caffres"

IT was a sad disappointment to the passengers if a favouring wind decided the captain to push on past the Cape. But there was always hope of an anchorage at Johanna Island; and there the "Caffres" swarmed round the ship in their tiny craft made of single tree trunks, offering for sale fresh eggs and poultry, and a wonderful variety of fruit, pineapples, oranges, guavas and bananas.

It was considered unhealthy to sleep ashore; but if the ship had missed the Cape, there were generally affairs of honour to be settled between the gentlemen, who in the tedium of the voyage, had found many occasions to quarrel. By the time they stepped ashore, they had often entirely forgotten their resentment, and often the cause of offence. But contemporary prejudice obliged them to make a show of a duel.

Terrified Duellists

TWO young cadets who accompanied Hickey on his first voyage, having boxed each other's ears, were both terrified at the prospects of a duel. The other passengers insisted; but took the precaution of removing the ball from the pistol of each combatant.

There was a long discussion between the duellists and the seconds about the distance; the former suggesting thirty yards, the seconds proposing six paces. They compromised on twelve paces (despite the anguished sighs of the duellists, who proclaimed such proximity "absolute butchery"), but the duellists insisted on the fourth mate, who had the longest legs on the ship, measuring the paces.

They were about to fire when suddenly one duellist shouted that the other owed him forty dollars, and that it was a little hard that he should lose his money as well as his life.

When this was settled, the signal was given, both fired, and to the consternation of the seconds one of the duellists fell down.

They hurried up, fearful lest the pistol had, after all, been loaded with ball; but they found the duellist alive and indeed uninjured, but full of the conviction that a bullet had whizzed so close to his ear as to cause his collapse.

Ganges Tigers

EVEN after arrival at the mouth of the Hooghly adventures were not all over. The passengers disembarked in their tender, which sailed only by day and was tied up at night to one or other of the islands in the Gangetic delta; but the islands had to be chosen carefully, for they abounded in tigers; and, as happened on the tender which carried my grandfather to Calcutta, a tiger would occasionally be found on

In The Days Of The Nabobs

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

board in the morning and a passenger or two missing.

After the long months aboard ship, it must have been delightful at last to reach Calcutta, then the greatest and best of Anglo-Indian cities. It was the city that Clive described as "one of the most wicked places in the Universe. Corruption, licentiousness and a want of principle seem to have possessed the minds of all the Civil Servants; by frequent bad examples they have grown callous, rapacious and luxurious beyond conception."

It was here that Mrs. Sherwood found the material for her descriptions of "the splendid sloth and the languid debauchery of European society in those days. English gentlemen were overwhelmed with the consequences of extravagance, hampered by Hindu women and by crowds of olive-coloured children, without either the will or the power to leave the shores of India".

The Nabobs

STILL it was here that were made many of the vast fortunes that aroused so much jealousy and envy in England, and here that the traditional Nabob flourished.

The origin of many legends, General Richard Smith was, in the seventies,

wealth. He was one of Francis's greatest friends and people were edified by his stern denunciations of the extravagance of Warren Hastings.

£40,000 Gambles

IT was not only General Smith's circle who were remarkable for their style of living. Fortunes were made in a few years and lost in a night at cards. There was a whist club at which stakes were very heavy, but it was crowded every night, and gentlemen were disappointed if they missed a visit.

A chaplain, who had looked forward to a pleasant evening at cards, was extremely irritated when he had to postpone his game "because he had a damned soldier to bury".

Francis at a single sitting there won £20,000, and on another occasion Barwell lost £40,000. "Oh," runs an entry in Macrabie's diary for March 9 1776, "I lost seven rubbers running. Oh sad, sad, sad".

Very few were averse to considering the most blatant forms of bribery. Hastings once made up his mind to end the whole dreary squabble with his opponents in council by buying them up for £100,000 apiece; and Clive, vexed by the incompetents for whom influen-



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, the centre of fashionable Calcutta at the end of the eighteenth century. Note the carriage, built on fashionable London lines.

still lording it in Calcutta society. As Sir Matthew Mite, he was pilloried in Forbes' play "The Nabob" and Macaulay describes his character as "An Anglo-Indian chief, dissolute, ungenerous and tyrannic, ashamed of the humble friends of his youth, hating the aristocracy, yet childishly eager to be numbered among them, squandering his wealth on flatterers, tricking out his chairmen with the most costly nothouse flowers, and astounding the ignorant with jargon about rupees, lacs and jaghires".

For once Macaulay is guilty of no exaggeration. Smith was referred to by contemporary Calcutta in terms appropriate to a Grand Chamberlain of Byzantium. People ridiculed his manners but were terrified of his power. The most extravagant compliments were paid him by men who, when his back was turned, jeered at his "low origin".

A similar deference was paid to Mrs. Smith by most of the married ladies. Dr. Hancock wrote anxiously to his wife, begging her to call on Mrs. Smith the moment she returned to Calcutta, to congratulate her on her safe arrival, for "the omission might be of consequence to me, as he is a man of great power. You perfectly well know his vanity and my necessity."

In spite of his extraordinary style of living, Smith always loudly professed an attachment to Stoic principles and a horror of all corruption and excessive

tial relatives in England had secured comfortable berths with the Company, had suggested buying them out as soon as they landed in Calcutta.

Armies Of Servants

A GENTLEMAN'S house had to be staffed with an army of servants. Hickey, not a wealthy man by Calcutta standards, employed 63, including eight whose only duty was to wait at table, three to cut the grass in the garden, four grooms and one coachman, two bakers, two cooks, a hairdresser and nine valets.

The richer merchants employed upwards of a hundred servants, and some of them were styled by most outlandish names. The wig-barber (as opposed to that superior employee the hairdresser), was as inevitable in every fashionable house as the hookah-bearer. He not only tended the gentleman's hookahs at home, kept the silver chains and rosettes brightly polished, blew on the charcoal and renewed the rose water, but also accompanied his master abroad, even to dinners at Government House.

There, after the ladies had withdrawn, the hookah-bearers entered in solemn procession, each taking up his position near his master, to whom he handed the ivory mouthpiece after unwinding the enormous coil of piping from round the neck of the hookah.

It was important to arrange the hookahs properly for it was considered an insult to step over another hookah-snake. It was as dangerous to get between a gentleman and his hookah bowl as it is reputed to be today to walk between a Mexican bull-puncher and his drink. A duel was inevitable.

Ladies Liked It

MANY ladies began to favour the hookah. "The gentlemen", we read in Price's Tract, "introduce their hookahs and smook in the company of ladies, and the mixture of sweet-scented Persian tobacco, sweet herbs, coarse sugar, spice, etc., which they inhale, comes through clean water and is so very pleasant that many ladies take the tube and draw a little of the smook into their mouths".

At receptions they sat in carefully posed attitudes, with the coils of the hookah encircling their waists like Cretan snake goddesses; and it was a very flattering gesture for a lady to offer a gentleman the mouthpiece of her hookah for a refreshing puff.

Nor was it only the civilians in their great houses in Calcutta who required so many servants. Officers who went on active service were equally well attended.

Forced marches and rapid strategic moves were not easy when an army included so many non-combatants. The servants were never left behind. In that perilous year 1780, when the Company's rule seemed to many to be doomed, a captain throughout the Mysore campaign, was accompanied by his steward, his cook, his valet, a groom and groom's assistant, a barber, a washerman, and "other officers" besides fifteen coolies to carry his luggage, his wine, brandy and tea, his live poultry and milk goats.

Troublesome Servants

IT was often difficult to keep all these servants in order. Fortunately the law showed little favour to insubordinate employees. Records of magisterial courts are full of entries such as the following: "A slave girl of Mr. Anderson called Piggie, having run away from her master, Order—five strokes with a rattan and she to be sent to her master".

In spite of the rattans of the magistrates, many servants, especially of bachelors, looted their employers joyously. Their wages were little lower than that of similar servants in India today, but the rents were, by contemporary standards, very high.

There were no hotels till 1780, when Sir Elijah Impey's late steward opened a hotel where, as the advertisement stated, "turtles are dressed, gentlemen boarded and families supplied with pastry"; but we do not know what the charges were.

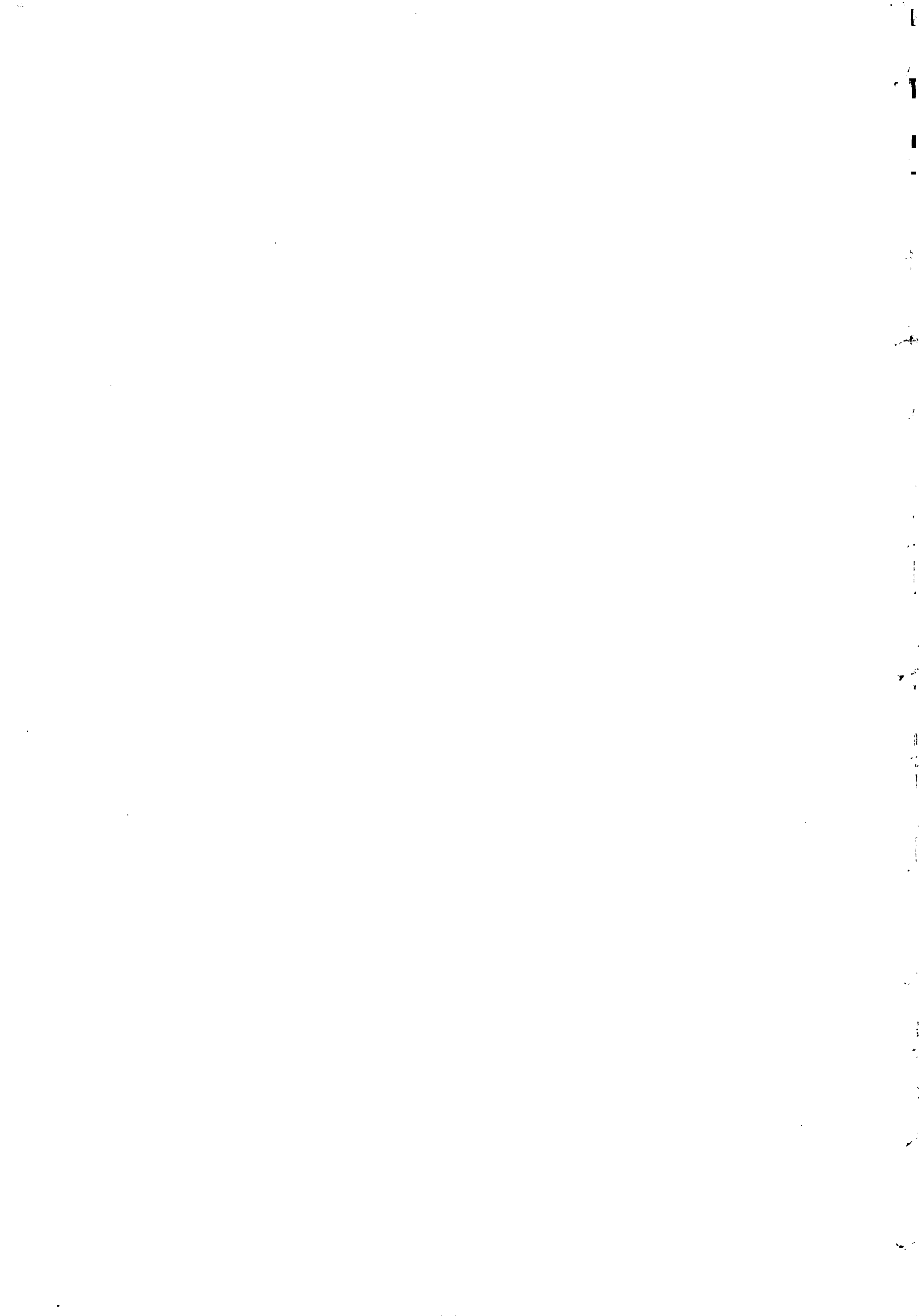
Francis paid £1,200 a year for his house; and Mrs. Fay for a small villa "in a part of the town not esteemed", was charged over £200 a year. Furniture was expensive. It cost Hickey £1,000 to make his house fit, as he considered, for human habitation. The prices of other amenities were in proportion. Admission to the pit at the theatre cost £1 and the better seats were £2 each. It cost £10 to christen a child and £40 to be married. The minimum fee for a doctor was £2.

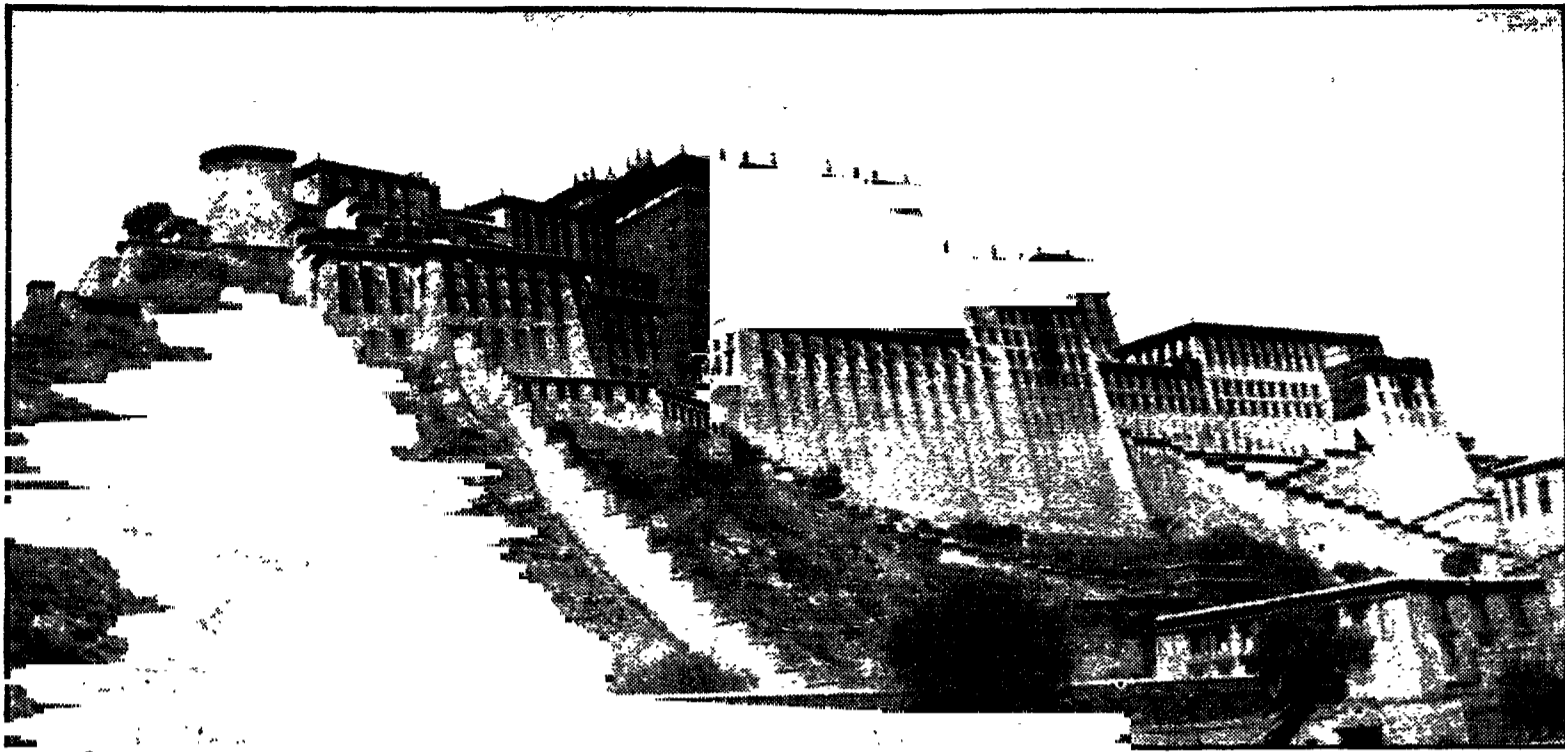
Fantastic Prices

COMMODITIES imported from Europe were sold at a fantastic rate, ham and cheese being priced at 12/6 a lb. In such circumstances, everyone grumbled endlessly at the difficulty of saving money. Francis angrily lamented "If I carry home £25,000, by the severest parsimony of five years, it will be the most I can accomplish." And soon he raised his ambition to a saving of "£40,000 secure".

As little of this could be honestly come by, and as he was prepared to lose thousands nightly at whist, there is a certain Verrine magnificence in such anticipation.

(To Be Continued.)





THE POTALA AT LHASA.—It is still very much the same as it was when Puraṅ Gir Hosain visited it on missions from Warren Hastings to the Tashi Lama.

200 YEAR-OLD SEARCH FOR TASHI LAMA

And The Part Played By A Great Indian Traveller

THE reincarnation of the Dalai Lama has been a topic of world interest since that celebrity died many months ago. Now that the latest report of the reincarnation's discovery has been officially denied, there will continue to be world-wide interest until the new High Priest of the Tibetans is triumphantly installed in the Potala at Lhasa.

It is not generally known, even in India, that another great search for a reincarnated Lama is now in progress all over Asia, for ever since the more romantic Tashi Lama died a few months ago, his followers have been seeking his successor.

The reincarnation, of course, is based on the same principle as that of the Dalai Lama. The searchers are looking for an infant who was born at the exact moment at which the Tashi Lama died. There are also signs and portents of identification known only to the initiated.

So far there has been no report that the seekers have even got "on the trail" of the reincarnation; and even when they do, there will be many months of anxious discussion and investigation before the leading priests will recognise the child as the new Tashi Lama.

Indian Traveller

It is particularly interesting to note that a Tashi Lama of almost 200 years ago was in much closer touch with India and Indians than any incumbent of more modern times.

Thanks to a really great Indian traveller, Puraṅ Gir Hosain, who did wonderful diplomatic work in Tibet and Bhutan for Warren Hastings round about 1780, the Tashi Lama had one of his most cherished dreams fulfilled when Warren Hastings granted him 100 bighas of land on the Hooghly, near

Howrah "to establish a monastery on the Ganges, and thus reopen the religious connection with Bengal interrupted since the Mahomedan conquest."

This monastery was designed and paid for by the Tashi Lama, and still stands, although in a somewhat different state from the days when, in return for the part he played in the negotiations, Gir Hosain was made its first head.

Gir Hosain was undoubtedly a remarkable man—a man, moreover, about whom we hear very little. He was a Saivite ascetic belonging to one of the ten famous sects following Sankaracharya, and proved to be the most intelligent, the most courageous, the most tactful, and the most learned of all the many sannyasis who made themselves responsible for the intercourse between the people of the Himalayan countries and Bengal.

Meeting With Hastings

WE first read of Gir Hosain in 1774, when he suddenly arrived at Calcutta with presents for Warren Hastings from the Tashi Lama, when the latter was interceding for the Bhutanese in their war with the East India Company.

He made a great hit with Hastings, who saw in Gir Hosain the vehicle by which he could put into operation "his grand design of opening up the whole north to British trade and influence."

Hastings almost immediately sent a mission off to the Tashi Lama, with this Gir Hosain as interpreter and guide and general amanuensis. This mission, thanks almost wholly to Gir Hosain, proved wonderfully successful. Its leader, Bogle, was presented at the court of the Tashi Lama, and opened up most useful relationships.

A few years later Gir Hosain was deputed by Hastings to go as the leader of a mission to the Tashi Lama, who had gone to Peking, and his account of his travels and adventures is an epic in itself.

He was presented by the Tashi Lama to the Chinese Emperor, "who, after hearing his account of the English rule in Bengal, promised to open up a correspondence with them."

In an eloquent speech at Court, Gir Hosain spoke of the "grandeur of the Raj of Hindustan, ruled by a King of the name of Hastings Saheb."

More interesting still, Gir Hosain was present at the time of the Tashi Lama's death from smallpox in China in 1780 and actually accompanied the dead body back to Tibet where it was buried with astonishing pomp.

Reincarnation Greeted

GIR HOSAIN then returned to Bengal to carry out further diplomatic discussions; but when Warren Hastings heard of the Tashi Lama's reincarnation in an infant in

(Please Turn to Page 76.)



THE LATE TASHI LAMA for whose reincarnation search is now being made. Two of his previous incarnations were in close touch with Warren Hastings.—Photos, P.P.A.

Edwina Butler, Loco Blocks, Banikui.
Zubeida J. A. Laljee, Flower Mead,
Warden Road, Bombay.

SOLUTIONS: SECTION I.

Letter Puzzle: 1. C. (sea). 2. D. (dee). 3. Queue. 4. J. (jay). 5. T. (tea). 6. P. (pea). 7. B. (bee).

SOLUTION: SECTION II.
Thrush, and Crow.

NEW COMPETITIONS

SECTION I. (UP TO 16 YEARS).

HERE is another story for you to solve. See if you can find the proverb.

THE QUAIL AND THE WICKED ELEPHANT.

A quail once laid her eggs among the roots of a great tree. An elephant, napping to pass by on his way to the river, rooted out the nest with his trunk and trampled the eggs under his great feet.

The poor quail was helpless and looked at the animal with tears in her eyes. But the elephant only laughed at her and this made the bird furious. "You have killed my little ones," she cried, "and now you are cruel enough to laugh. I will teach you a lesson."

Several crows lived in the same tree; and not far away on the bank of the river, a frog used to bask in the sunshine.

The quail called to the crows and said, "The elephant has destroyed my nest. I must be revenged on him. Will you help me?"

The crows agreed to help her so next she went to the frog. He had just finished his sun bath, and when he had heard her story, he said, "Ah! before the sun sets today, I will kill that big bully!"

In the evening as the elephant was returning from the river, the crows made a confusing noise and attacked him. Two crows flew down and sat on his head, one on each side, and began to peck at his eyes. They pecked and pecked, till blood poured from the elephant, totally blinding him. In his grief he ran distractedly here and there. Very soon he felt exhausted and thirsty.

Meanwhile the frog climbed on to a mountainside and, standing on a rock, croaked heartily. The elephant heard him and said to himself, "Ah! I hear a

OUR YOUNG FOLKS' LEAGUE

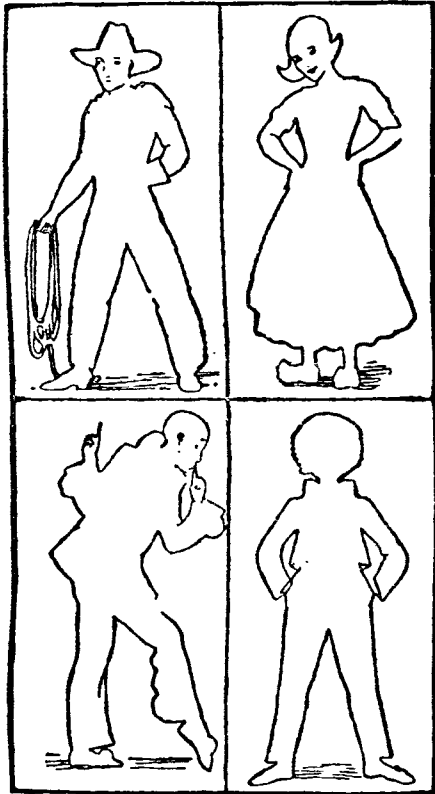
(CONTINUED FROM NEXT PAGE.)

frog croaking. They live near water." And he made away towards the welcome sound, stumbling and falling at every step.

When he was well up the cliff, the cunning frog leapt into the valley and began to croak there. And for a second time, he deceived the elephant. The wretched blind elephant was deceived again, and in making his way towards the frog, hoping to reach water, he walked over a precipice, crashed into the deep valley below, and was killed.

"That's tit for tat!" said the quail.

SECTION II. (UP TO 12 YEARS).
HERE are four people. I want you to finish drawing them, and then tell me who they are.



*Your Covin,
Aunty Gwen.*

Post Box 213, Bombay.



AUNTY Gwen is always pleased to hear from the members of the League and to give advice to the best of her ability. Correspondents are asked to remember that there are 20,000 communicating members and ex-members and not to write too frequently. Address letters to Aunty Gwen care of 'The Illustrated Weekly of India,' Post Box 213 Bombay.

TONY Rego (Belgaum): Thank you for your letter Tony. Of course, I understand. It is not compulsory.

Teresa Lazar (Vizagapatam). Congratulations. I was delighted to hear your good news. So pleased to hear you had such a happy time in Calcutta and Madras. At first you will feel a little lonely, but you will soon make friends with the other girls.

V. G. Zope (Jaigaon): Please give your full address when you write. I will give your name with the other stamp collectors next time. Members on their birthday give a donation to the Cot Fund, if they wish to do so.

S. Ramaswamy (Tiruppur): We have no stamp catalogues. Members exchange their stamps with each other.

U. S. Pai (Mangalore): So pleased you have joined. We have no entrance fee. The cost of the badge is twelve annas. When you write for your badge, please send your money to the Cashier, Badge Dept., The Times of India and not to me.

M. Sumithra Bai (Egmore): How nice to have a copy in the school library. Please write to Elsie Hunt, 501, Jervois Street, Hastings, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand. Elsie is interested in stamps and reading.

S. H. Ahmad (Bihar): You have been enrolled. Please write to the office for your badge.

Asaf Yagub (Barabanki): We do not send birthday cards to ex-members. He should have received one. All members names appear in the Cot Fund list when they send a donation.

R. Ramasamy (Colombo): We have no entrance fee to join the League. Only boys and girls up to the age of sixteen may join.

Donald Gronger (Calcutta): Thank you so much for your letter. I shall be sorry to lose you, but we all have to grow up some time. You can encourage other young boys and girls to join. **Azim A. Ghori** (—): When you write will you please try and remember to give your full address. I hope you liked your prize.

Hira Nand Misbra (Calcutta): You may send stamps for your badge. Please send them to the office, and not to me. **K. Thompson**, would be pleased if you would write to him. This is his address:—13, Russell Street, Cape Coast, Gold Coast, West Africa.

George Joseph (Madras): Have you heard the results of your examination? Yes, it is a splendid idea.

P. K. Ghosh (Calcutta): No, you cannot buy it from the office in Calcutta. You must send your stamps to the Badge Dept., The Times of India, Bombay.

NEW MEMBERS

A. A. Krishnan; S. C. Baidya (Taunggyi); Koko (Mandalay); A. N. Sanyal (Kandawglay); Usha Birla (Ballygunj); Henry Harrison; Manugh Braganza (Nagpur); Gopaldas Agrawala (Gorakhpur); G. Purshothur; Rao (Karimnagar); Annie John Vettith (Ernakulam); Saifdar Beg; Partap Chandra Khanna; A. R. Siddiqui; Rameshchandra Khanna (Lahore); Ratneswar Sen; Lilamani Prasad (Delhi); C. S. Jeswani; Sarosh Shroff (Karachi); Behram Bilimoria; Mohd. Abdul Majid; Ghafir Ahmed; Mohd. Aslam (Multan City); Mohamad Moriz (Cambay); Rani M. (Panlajani); L. Chandra Lotus; Shiveshankarlal (Hardoi); Shriram Purushottam Joshi (Bundi State); Mount (Gaya); J. Anklesaria (Ahmedabad); R. Contractor (Nasik); Leonard Dial (Cawnpore); A. M. Baig (Latur); Mahibur Rahman (Dibrugarh); Joyee O'Brien (Bangalore); Gladys; Dorothy; Cynthia Roberts; P. Daniel (Trichinopoly); Emille (Malaya); Ceine M. Fernando; Pathma Jayatilka (Katukurunda); M. Palariunasny (Colombo); E. V. A. Sistrina (Jaffna); Peter; H. A. D. Victor (Moratuwa); Bhawani Singh Rawat; Ram S. Dangwal; D. N. Kala (Garhwal); A. P. Jorhat (Assam); Abdul Hamid (Jamshedpur); Ramesh Chander (Gujranwala); Nasim (Quetta); D. A. Hilt (Tundla); C. Mansukhani (Mayavaram); H.

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200 Year-Old Search For Tashi Lama

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

1783, he immediately sent a new mission under Turner to Tibet, with Gir Hosain again as Chief Factotum.

Turner was not permitted to attend the festival at the public recognition of the new Tashi Lama, although Gir Hosain was invited. His description of the celebrations and ceremony is a wonderful piece of work.

Before he died, the old Tashi Lama had urged Hastings to appoint Indian agents at Tibet, so in 1785 Hastings sent Gir Hosain on yet another mission to the mysterious land, this one being on the eve of Hastings' retirement.

The emissary reached Tibetan headquarters in May, and at once had an interview with the child Tashi Lama, who gave him a simple but happy welcome.

It is interesting to note at this stage that Gir Hosain reported that he met with "many merchants from Bengal, and found the market stocked with Indian and British goods."

Vanished Diary

AFTER such a life of adventure—for missions to Tibet in those days were certainly not joy-rides—Puran Gir decided to settle down at the monastery at Howrah, where he was always "at home" to "the people from Tibet and Bhutan who constantly resorted to it"

During this period he completed his diary of his several journeys into these lands, written in Nagri. Although this was deposited for safety's sake with the Government authorities in Calcutta, it has unfortunately disappeared, thereby depriving us of what would have been an exceedingly valuable document regarding the Himalayan countries 200 years ago.

Puran Gir had always said that he would die travelling. But Fate decreed otherwise. He met his death at the monastery at Howrah from wounds inflicted by robbers who raided the place in 1795.

Thus passed away a man who, had his records and writings been available today, would have been called the greatest Indian traveller and diplomat of the eighteenth century.

Howrah Temple

IN regretting his death, the Bengal Board described him as "the Tashi Lama's and Hastings' joint protege and personal friend," and after a speedy round-up of the dacoits who were responsible for his death in their desire to loot the monastery treasure, the Board erected a gallows in the monastery grounds and hanged four of them within sight of their murderous deed.

Of the monastery it has been said:—

"The temple is quaint rather than beautiful, consisting of a two-storied building in which the absence of arches is noticeable. Both Hindu and Lamaistic or Tibeto-Buddhistic gods are worshipped, and there is a Tibetan Dugsten, cubiform in shape, like a Hindu samadhi mandir (or tomb) surmounted by Shiva's phallus, which is kept in a small low-roofed room having a Bengal inscription on the lintel.

"The monastery, known as the Bhot Begun, now remains a solitary monument of the genius of Gir Hosain and of the special policy of the first Governor-General of India; of the piety of the Tashi Lama as exhibited in Bengal; of the work of Gir Hosain; and of the Tibeto-Bengal trade which flourished centuries ago and was restored, though in a stifled form, a little over a hundred years ago."

H. G. F.

Passing Of An Indian Poet

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59.)

member of the Punjab Legislature and later called to the Round Table Conference. He presided at several meetings of the Muslim League and Muslim Conference.

The celebrated *Lectures on Reconstruction of Religious Thought in Islam* were first delivered at Madras in 1928. Later he was invited to Cambridge and Spain, but ill-health did not permit of the tour being undertaken. In 1933, despite ill-health he travelled to Afghanistan at the invitation of the late King Nadir Shah; this was almost his last important journey before retiring from active public life, but his literary and poetical activities continued and even towards the end he was engaged on two books.

His published works are mostly in Urdu or Persian verse and include *Bang-i-Dara*, *Bal-i-Jibrael* and *Zarb-i-Kaleem* in Urdu, and *Israr-i-Khudi*, *Ramuz-i-Bekhudi*, *Peam-i-Mashraiq* (a reply to Goethe), *Zabur-i-Ajam*, *Javed Nama*, and *Musafir* in Persian.

Muslim Critics

INTELLECTUAL independence of the order displayed in the writings of Muhammad Iqbal is bound to draw much hostile comment, and in fact his bitterest critics were Muslim Ulemas and Sufis who are the nominal heads of the community. Of the many charges made against his poetry one deserves notice—that it is communal and anti-patriotic and looks up to Afghanistan, Iran and Arabia. This view is based on sheer ignorance of his divine message of love, which in his writings stands for combination of faith and action as contrasted with doubt and inactivity.

True, his patriotism is not of India in the sense in which a political worker takes it. Neither is it of any other land or clime.

"Not of Ind or Rum or Sham is my being."

Even the word Arabia which occurs fairly frequently in his writings is hardly to be taken in a bodily sense.

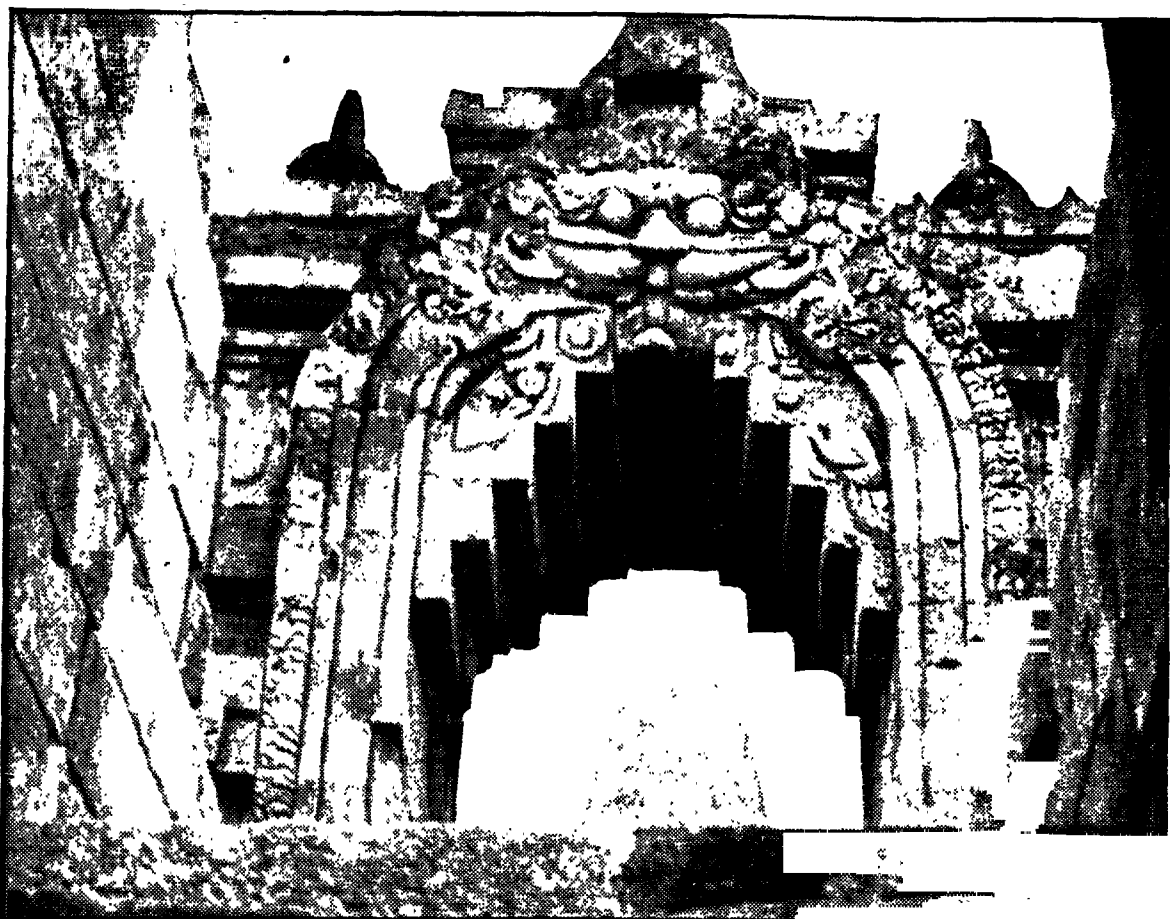
"Colour, birth, flesh, bones, is Arabia proud of these?"

Then, abjure Arabia too."

Could anything be more definite?

Surely Iqbal who had no tolerance for a narrow nationalism would be the last person to let his gifts be wasted in following the stagnant backwater of communalism. His printed works are the truest mirror of his personality, permeated with a deep and ennobling love for India. Nor is his appreciation of great Hindus like Rama, Gautama, and Swami Ram Tirth, restricted to the early poems or to Urdu; in one of the latest *Javed Nama* (the Book of Eternity), which is often mentioned as his greatest work, the very first great spirit met in heaven is that of a Hindu Sadhu, and one of the last is that of the Hindu poet, Bharatihar.

THE fact is the oft-repeated one, that a great thinker and poet is not of any one community or time. His subject matter ranges over our entire heritage of knowledge and fears and hopes. Even this wide field sets limits to his personality, which seeks to break through and, rarely though it be, to see and capture for humanity visions that transcend humanity as we know it. Such a thinker was Iqbal, seer and singer of ages to come.



MAKARA-TORANA or garland-like sculptures adorn the gateway of the shrine of Borobudur which rises majestically turret on turret on a hilltop. The building is the work of *bhikku-shilpis* or monk-artists. It was completed in the eighth century, A. D.

BOROBUDUR

Java's Masterpiece of Buddhist Art

By NATARAJ VASHI

BUILT in the golden age of Indo-Javanese culture, the shrine of Borobudur, that supreme monument of Buddhist art in Java, stands in the same rank as the shrines of Sanchi, Anuradapura and Rangoon.

Bhikku-shilpis or monk-artists constructed it, and their scrupulous care—born of deep faith—is seen in every stone they shaped and put into place. It looks as though with every stroke of the hammer or chisel they chanted *Buddham Sharanam Gacchami*—"I take refuge in Buddha!"

These artists, who sought self-effacement in *Nirvana*, could hardly have chosen a more fitting place for the shrine. Borobudur emerges turret on turret from dense foliage, and in the background is the rugged line of a mountain range. It gives the

impression of having been painted by some mystic hand as a setting for the shrine. Not far distant are the two volcanoes, the Merababu and the Merapi, which send up a continual column of smoke in rings—as though wafting incense to the shrine.

Borobudur graces the summit of a hill, and its seven terraces are connected at the four cardinal points by staircases. These have ornate *makara-torana* (garland) gateways, each surmounted by a stupa. The surrounding fields of the Kadu valley produce paddy in plenty—as an offering, perhaps, to the shrine.



SEEN FROM A DISTANCE—The lower terraces have many delicately chiselled sculptures. This symbolises the Buddhist view of life that as one advances towards one's spiritual goal, objects which just please the senses are left behind.

The fifth century, when Buddhist art and culture had reached their highwater mark, gave India her Ajanta monument. It was during this period that Gunavarman, a Kashmir prince who turned monk, crossed the seas and went to Yava-dvipa (the Isle of Java) to preach Buddhism.

His efforts and those of his followers spread the message of the Enlightened One in Java in a way that no conquering army could, and the Javanese came under the spell of India's art through the missionaries. With practice came perfection; by the eighth century the Javanese could build with the ease and grace of the Indian *shilpi*. Borobudur was the result.

Four Terraces

THE structure is 150 feet high and built of a greyish volcanic stone. The lower terraces contain carving in relief. These sculptures number some 1,200 and represent scenes from the life of Buddha and Buddhist legends.

Each terrace has a *pradakshina-patha* or enclosure for circumambulation by pilgrims. A pilgrim inspecting the reliefs marvels at the jewel-like precision with which the chiselling has been done. The sculptures of Borobudur contain the essence of the *Mahayana* (grand path) school of Buddhist teaching.

The lowest terrace illustrates the inexorable law of *karma* or predestination. As the pilgrim ascends higher, he sees the episodes of the renunciation of Gautama, his ascetic life and temptation by Mara.

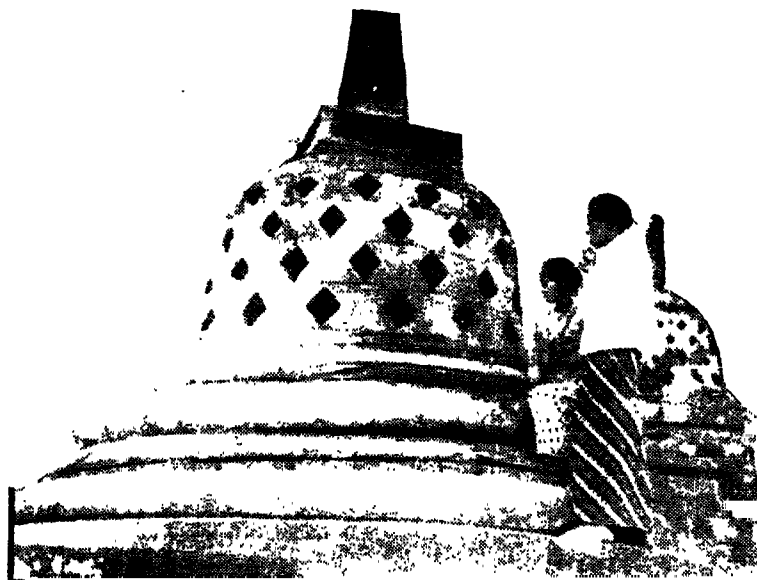
Plain Yet Sublime

THE three upper circular terraces contain no carvings. The miniature dagobas therein are hollow and perforated, each housing an image of Buddha. Some 72 figures seated in the lotus pose can be counted.

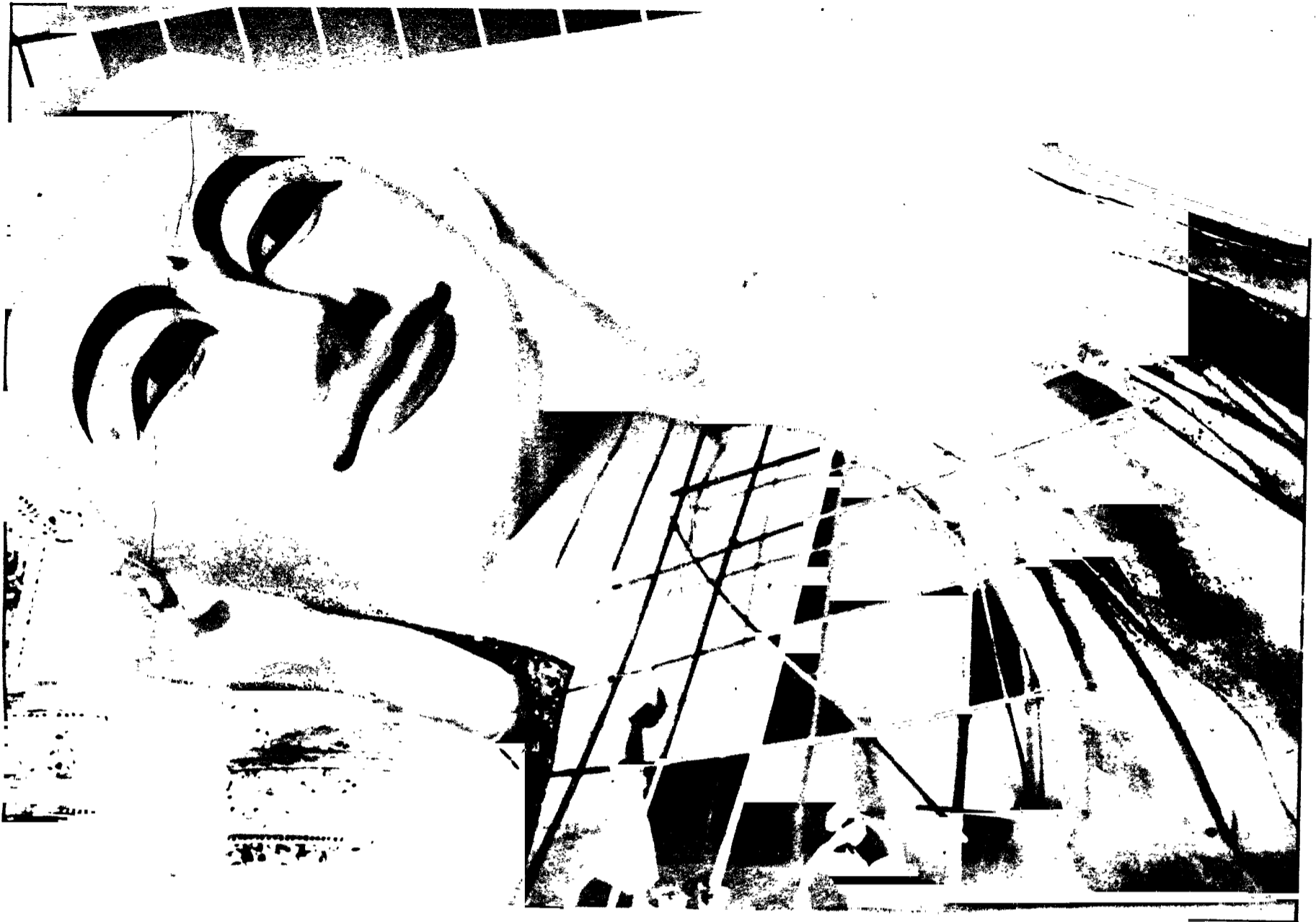
The uppermost stupa is a remarkable achievement in architectural design. Its plainness contrasts strangely with the ornate friezes of the lower terraces, but this is a planned effect. The pilgrim realises, as he goes up the terraces, as in life, he has to leave behind the world of senses to reach the spiritual summit.

On moonlit nights, when silence and solitude come down and clothe the grey stones of Borobudur with their softness, few can miss the object the monk-architects of old had in mind in rearing this monument. Borobudur is indeed the gospel in stone of *Nirvana*.

Nataraj Vashi, the Indian dancer who contributes this article, recently visited Java and Bali where, he studied the old court dances. He also gave exhibitions of Indian dances. In this article he describes Borobudur, the masterpiece of Buddhist architecture, on which monk-builders lavished their skill.



MODERN JAVANESE are Mahomedans, but they sometimes worship, at the Buddhist shrine of Borobudur.—Photos, Author.



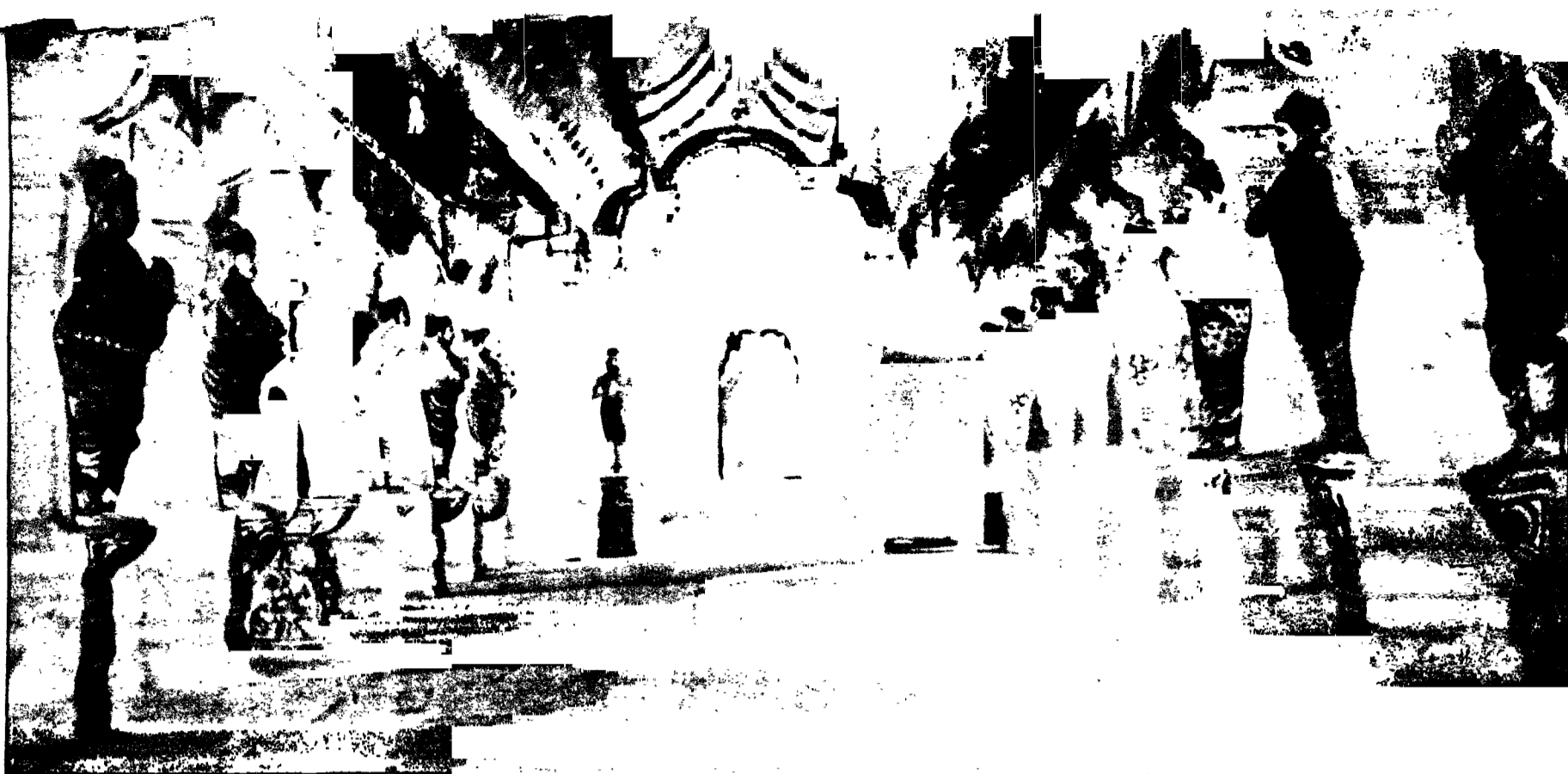
PEGU'S GIANT BUDDHA

Cleaning a gigantic statue 85 feet long and 48 feet high is not easy, but the monks do this every year, before the annual pilgrimage to the brick and plaster figure of Buddha at Pegu, 44 miles from Rangoon. Discovered in 1881 in a mass of overgrowth, it has since been looked after carefully by the Buddhist clergy.



THIS REPRESENTATION of Buddha is called "Shwetalyaung" and is greatly venerated. Many hundreds of pilgrims visit it annually to pray and make offerings.

PILLARS OF GLASS support the arm and head of the statue. Though monks are in constant attendance, birds leave marks on the statue and render it necessary to have the figure cleaned periodically. A priest is here seen perched on the scaffolding to polish the surface.—Photos, Paul Popper.



SCULPTURED REPRESENTATIONS of the Rajas of Ramnad of the 17th century and their secretaries, which adorn the central corridor or *kalyana mantapam* of the great temple at Rameshwaram.

Rameshwaram

The Land of No Ploughs

RAMA, the epic hero, was advised by the saints to worship a lingam to expiate the sin of Brahmicide which he had committed in having slain Ravana and other *Rakshasas* in the great battle of Lanka. Having selected Mahedhadhi—the junction of the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean—as a befitting spot to install the lingam, he sent out his faithful devotee Hanuman, the monkey god, to Mount Kailas to fetch one.

Hanuman being delayed and unable to return before the auspicious hour, Sita, Rama's consort, prepared a lingam out of sand, and this was installed in all sanctity at the appointed

CELESTIAL HEAVEN OF THE HINDUS

by
MOORTHY VASAN

time. Hanuman, on arrival, tried to pull it out, but in vain. And so there it remained and in course of time a great temple was built over it, called Rameshwaram in memory of Rama, the founder.

Greatly Venerated

THOUGH several centuries have now elapsed, it is still one of the most venerated shrines in India, and is the resort of millions of pilgrims from all parts. Surrounded by the sea, this picturesque little island is so unique in its holiness that even the very land is considered to be too holy to be ploughed. *It is the land of no ploughs.*

Successive tides wash smooth the sands of the seashore, leaving no traces of man's activity, but where Rama, the hero of the Ramayana, once built an improvised lingam of sand in obedience to a decree of the gods, now stands the great temple of Rameshwaram, a place so deeply venerated by the Hindus that no plough even is allowed to disturb the sanctity of the soil.



MURAL PAINTINGS, now unfortunately fast fading, on the ceiling of the temple. They represent scenes from the epic battle in which Rama vanquished Ravana, the raksha king of Ceylon. On either side are more of the sculptures, kept whitewashed these days.





THE GOPURA of the Rameshwaram temple, one of the most sacred Hindu shrines in India.



CONCH AND COWRIE SHELLS and beads for rosaries gathered at the temple for sale to the devout.

The great temple, situated in the north-eastern part of the island, stands on slightly rising ground. It has three courts of quadrangular form, the outer one measuring about 700 ft. x 1000 ft., and gateways on all four sides, surmounted by *gopurams* or towers. Fergusson, describing this temple, said: "If it were proposed to select one temple which should exhibit all the beauties of Dravidian style in their greatest perfection, and at the same time exemplify all its characteristic defects of design, the choice would invariably fall upon that at Rameshwaram."

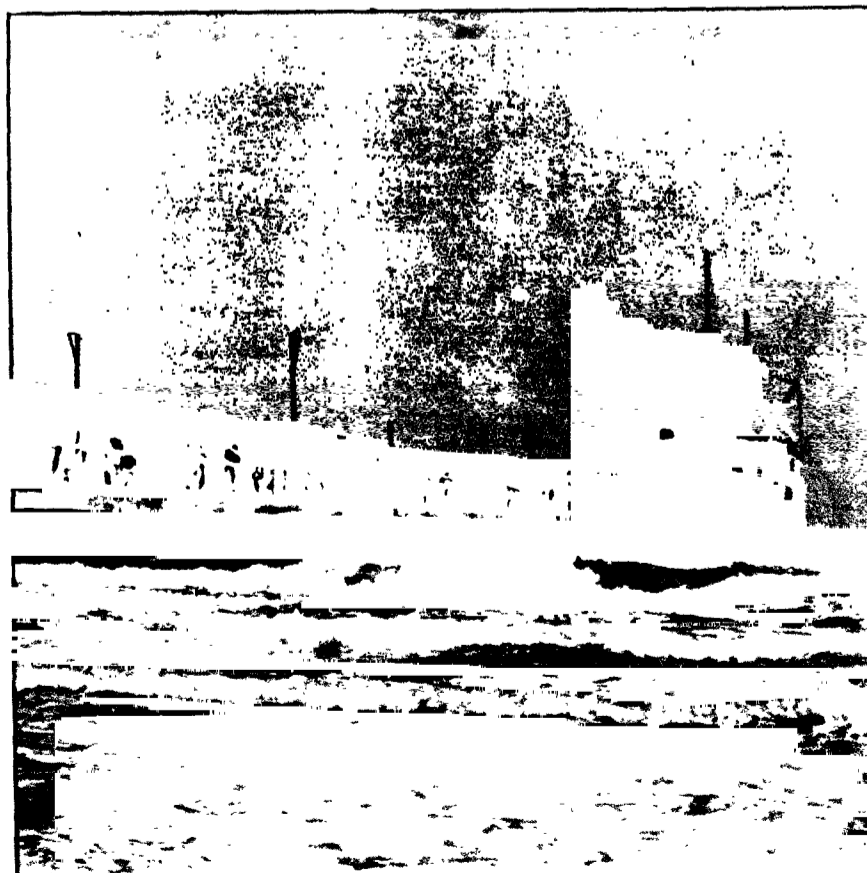
The real glory of the temple is in its corridors, which contain high imposing colonnades. Extending to a length of nearly 4,000 feet, they have many pillars of a design so rich and elaborate that it is difficult to find an equal anywhere else in India. The central corridor leading from the sanctuary is adorned by sculptural representations of the Rajas of Ramanad of the 17th century, with those of their secretaries opposite to them. The Rajas of Ramanad, or Sethupathis as they are called, endowed this temple to a great extent. Their palace now lies in a ruined condition close to the Gandhamadhana sand hill at a little distance to the north of the temple.

Popular Festivals

THE chief annual festivals of the temple are well attended by myriads of pilgrims. The festival seasons are between February and March and July and August each year. At that time the island is a veritable microcosm of Indian life and customs. Even daily worship is conducted six times, beginning early in the morning at 4-30 with a milk bath for the image, and ending in the night at 9-30 with the *palii arai* or bed-room procession.



THE TEMPLE OF RAMA'S FEET, standing on the Gandhamadhana sand hill, is the only remaining portion of the palace of the Rajas of Ramnad. (BELOW): The pier at Danushkodi, 15 miles south of Rameshwaram and the principal bathing ghat. Special efficacy in the curine of diseases is attributed to the waters.—Photos, Author.



always picturesque and specially so here.

In front of the goddess' shrine there is a mantapam called the *navasakti mantapam*. Every night the goddess is decorated in this mantapam and then taken in procession round the shrine of the god in a gold-plated palanquin. When near the lord's shrine, the image of the god is placed in the palanquin and the procession is continued to the *palii arai* or bed-chamber—a well decorated hall with a swing in the centre, in which the images are placed to the chanting of lullabies. This marks the conclusion of the day's routine.

About 15 miles to the south of Rameshwaram is the chief bathing ghat, Danushkodi. Special efficacy is attributed to these holy waters in the miraculous curing of several diseases. Countless pilgrims go the round of these holy waters and even take a store of them home in small copper jugs to their friends.

Cain and Abel

IN a mosque near the railway station are two tombs, believed to be those of Cain and Abel: large numbers of Muslims visit them in consequence of vows of various kinds. It is said that Cain, ordered by the Lord to carry Abel's body all round the earth till a particular omen appeared to him, met the omen here, and accordingly buried his brother's body at the place. On his death he also was buried by the side of his brother as he desired.

This island town is reached from Madras within 17 hours by rail. The South Indian Railway provides amenities for travellers at Mantapam, a station just a few miles from Rameshwaram.

THE TOMB OF ALTAMSH

The Slave Who Became a Great General and Succeeded to the Imperial Throne of Delhi

ELABORATE
MAUSOLEUM IN
THE SHADOW
OF THE KUTB

THE whirligig of Time produces strange changes in human fortunes, but few so interesting or so strange as those turns of the wheel which make and unmake kings.

As far as India is concerned there can be little doubt that the history of this country has more of Fortune's strange ups and downs than that of any other country; for Indian history is one long tale of conquest. A king today, and a captive tomorrow, or, alternatively, a slave today and a monarch tomorrow, is an oft-repeated tale.

The accompanying picture, drawn on stone from life by Captain Luard, of the 16th Lancers, in 1831, shows the elaborate tomb of Shams-ud-din Altamsh, which lies in the shadow of the famous Kutb Minar at Delhi.

Yet, like his father-in-law, Kutb-ud-din Aibak, he was formerly a slave, who had been purchased for 50,000 pieces of silver. By dint of sheer hard work and force of personality, he became a great general and succeeded to the Imperial throne of Delhi in 1210 A.D.

He proved an able, enterprising, and on the whole a good king, who reigned for 26 years. During his reign India had a narrow escape from the destructive hordes of Genghiz Khan. Altamsh died in 1236 A.D.; and was buried in this very elaborate, but still well-preserved, mausoleum barely 200 yards from the great Pillar of Victory named after the father of his wife. The mausoleum is built of white marble and red granite it is exceedingly well carved, and is probably the most beautiful of all the really ancient tombs of Northern India. It was constructed, it is said, by his capable daughter, Rezia Begum, who was also destined to occupy the Imperial throne.

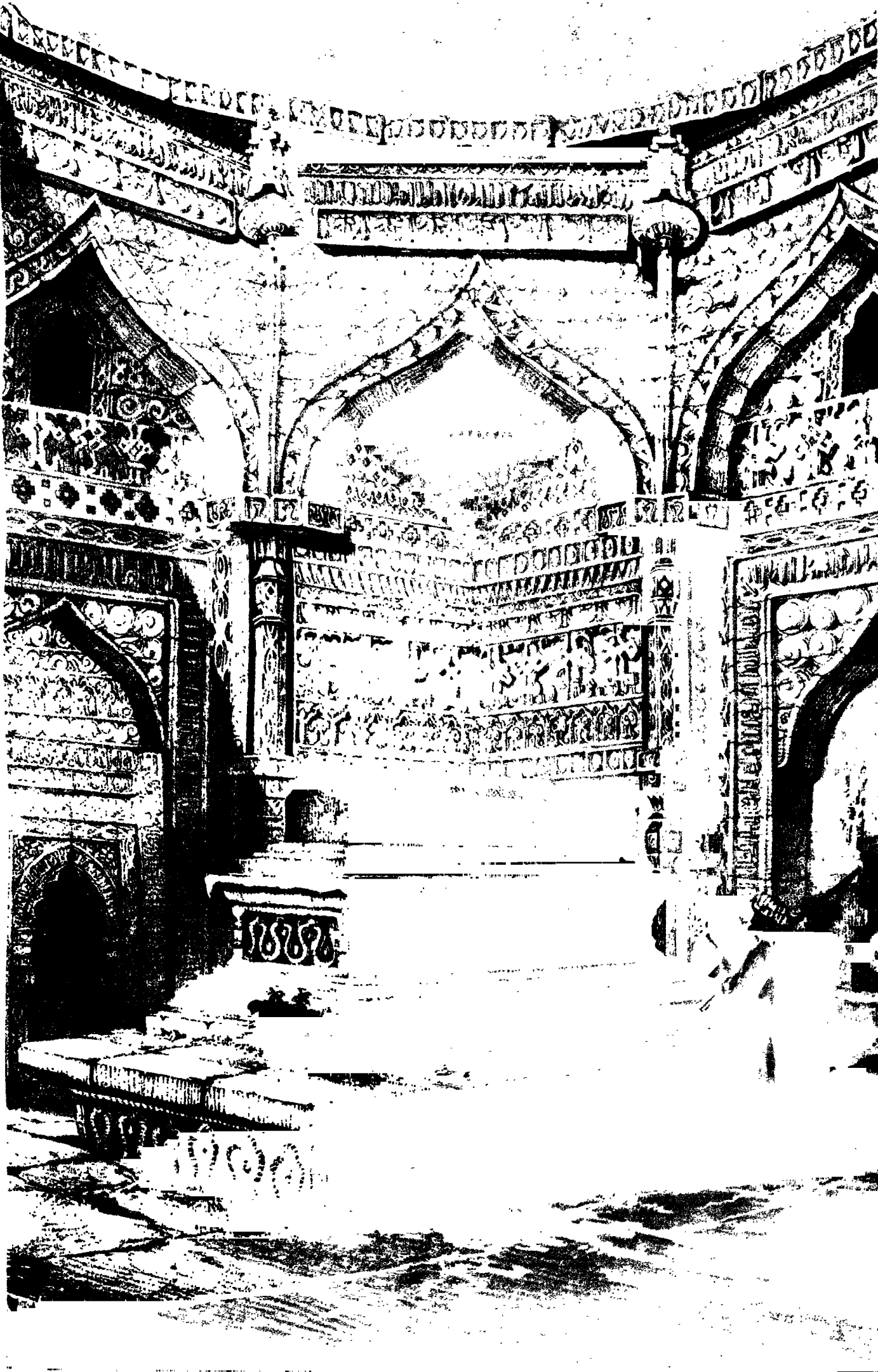




Photo: A. L. Syed.

GATEWAY OF AHMEDABAD

Ahmedabad, famous for its twelve gateways, was once the greatest city in Western India. Founded by Sultan Ahmad I, in 1411, its historical relics are noted for the striking combination of Hindu and Muhammadan forms of architecture.



100
101

Current Topics

THE present attempt to reach the summit of Everest (see pictures on pp. 11, 37) recalls the strangest attack ever made on the mountain—that of a young Yorkshireman who perished in the ice four years ago.

He was 35-year old Maurice Wilson, who in 1933, two months after completing his first solo flight, announced his intention of flying to Everest in his second-hand Gipsy Moth. The Houston Everest Expedition had flown over the mountain a little earlier, but Wilson proposed to land as high up on the side of the mountain as possible and to go on foot to the summit. He had, he felt, a secret—that of controlled breathing, as practised by the Yosis of India—which would enable him to dispense with oxygen apparatus and other scientific equipment.

His machine crashed on a trial flight—in York-shire.

Undeterred he went ahead with his plans but, after reaching India, was held up by the refusal of the Nepalese Government to allow him to fly over its territory.

The Attack

A YEAR later he was heard of again. He had been living with Hindu mystics somewhere near Darjeeling, mastering the science which he relied on to enable him to dispense with oxygen.

He secured the services of trained guides and managed to find his way across the frontier into the forbidden land. With three porters he left the Rongbuk Monastery on the last stages of the attack.

At a height of 20,000 feet the men refused to go any further and tried to persuade him to give up. Determined to go ahead with his plans, Wilson refused to turn back and telling his men to wait for him for a fortnight, climbed on alone.

Nothing more was heard of him till July 1936, when Eric Shipton, a member of Rutledge's Expedition, found his body at a height of 21,000 feet. Not far off were his camera and the silken Union Jack he hoped to plant on the summit. His diary was written up to May 31, 1934, the last entry being: "Off again, gorgeous day."

The Late Lt.-Col. Buller

BRIDGE enthusiasts among our readers—and we believe their number to be very considerable—will learn with regret of the death of Lt.-Col. Walter Thomas More Buller, C.B.E., whose series of articles on the king of card games has been appearing in our pages during the last three or four months.

The late Col. Buller received his commission in 1907, served through the war and was awarded the C.B.E. in 1919. Bad health forced him to retire from the army in 1923 after which he took to writing articles on bridge—a game on which he was one of the world's leading authorities.

He was only 51 at the time of his death, which followed an attack of broncho-pneumonia. He was cremated and his ashes were buried in his father's grave in Brighton Cemetery.

Gomateswara Rumours

WHAT will become of the colossal statue of Gomateswara? How long will the Jains be able to offer worship to the image of this great saint? These are the questions being asked at present, particularly in Western India, regard to the 1000-year-old monolithic statue, Gomateswara, carved out of one of the boulders 57 feet in height on a hill nearly 3000 feet above sea level. The statue is about 470 feet above the plain at its foot.

Alarming reports about the colossal statue are current, particularly in Western India and have caused much anxiety to the Jain population all over India, for to them it is one of the most cherished objects of worship.

A closer enquiry into the matter has revealed facts which prove that the apprehensions of the Jains and art lovers about this statue are groundless. The Director of Archeology in Mysore desires it to be known that the image is in an absolutely safe condition, and that it is receiving necessary expert attention.



The head of the gigantic statue.

The long thin crack which appeared in the rock to the right of the statue has been the result of geological action and will not prove dangerous to the image for many centuries to come. The patches on the left shoulder and left back of the image were first noticed in 1912. Since then further damage has been prevented and the image carefully looked after.

National Gallery For India

THE admirable conception of a national gallery for modern Indian art in the capital city, where each province could eventually have a wing to house its own artistic works—this idea is receiving condign publicity in India at the moment. The appeal which has been launched, supported by exhibitions in centres like Bombay, comes from Mr. Barada Ukil, editor of that high-class art magazine "Roopa-Lekha" and Hon. Secretary of the All-India Fine Arts and Crafts Society, New Delhi.

It is surely an anomaly that a country of such artistic traditions as India, should have no central National Art Gallery, and though there are many conflicting appeals for apparently more needy causes, Mr. Ukil may take comfort in the thought that wealthy patrons of the fine arts are generally enthusiasts.

Sardar Bahadur Sardar Mohan Singh has generously agreed to meet the cost of the land required for a building, and also to contribute a suitable donation for the building of the main hall. Application has already been made to the Chief Commissioner of Delhi for a suitable site on the Queensway, New Delhi.

The estimated cost of the building together with some mural painting in the main Hall is about a lakh and a half of rupees, and it is proposed to start the construction of the main Hall as soon as a sum of Rs. 50,000 has been collected. A Hall such as this should not only house a representative collection but would also be utilised for holding the Annual Exhibition of Modern Indian Art under the auspices of the Society.

Keep Smiling

(Our contributor's muse starts awake after a narrow shave from a scorpion.)

UNFURL now your little umbrellas

And keep on a whistling yo-ho, yo-ho,
The monsoon is here, little fellas,
Let's hope it will stay and not go.

Come, shake out your coats too, of rubber,
Which make you perspire galore-alore,
Till you're damper far next to your blubber;
Where the prickly heat pricks more and more.

And stir, too, your eyes and your muscles
To keep the flying insects away, away,
Lest they crawl in your trousers and bustles,
And thoughts to profanity stray.

And don't you forget, little sisters,
To make that slack sweeper sweep true, sweep true,

Or the white ants will build their mud blisters
And scorpions will stable with you.

We agree that the rains are refreshing,
They relieve us from drabness and heat, and heat,
But not unalloyed is their blessing
When cobra snakes trail round your feet.

"SNILLOC".

How The Air Mail Helps

READERS may have noticed the speedier publication of European news pictures since the advent of the air mail. Combined with the wireless transmission of photographs from distant parts of the world, the speeding up of the air mail to three days between London and India brings pictures and features into our office more quickly than they can possibly arrive from many parts of India.

There is, of course, an inevitable lag between the time the pictures are received in this office and the day the reader sees them in our pages due to the immense problem of distribution over an area like India, Burma and Ceylon, which necessitates our commencing despatch for the more distant places six days ahead (excluding our Bombay area edition, of course). This means that the latest pages go to Press a week ahead.

As an example of what can be done now that the air mail brings us so near London, which is admittedly the news and news picture centre of the world, note the following:

FRIDAY, 27TH MAY—We cable (deferred!) to one of our London agents for pictures of Czechoslovakia then very much in the news.

SAME DAY—This agent (Mr. Paul Popper) sends from London four sets of Czechoslovakian topical military pictures, which he has in his library. These catch the air mail leaving that night, and Wednesday, 1st June (4 clear days later, which includes two holidays, Saturday and Sunday) these feature sets are in our office.

The sets of photographs, which show Czechoslovakia's war trained children and other features of her military defence schemes, might have been presented to readers with this issue except for the fact that certain late pages were earmarked in connection with our Centenary Number and for other topical features. Some of them will appear next week.

GREAT BOOKS RETOLD

New Series Commences

Next Week

THE great stories of the world, as told by some of the world's greatest writers, have an undying fascination, more so in their abridged forms, which outline the clever plots forming their basis. Our new series, "GREAT BOOKS RETOLD" by Anthony Praga, which begins next week, follows the lines of our previous series, "Classics in Cameo" which readers enjoyed so much. Different books from those previously outlined have been selected by Mr. Praga.

We specially commend these to our readers.

"Lucky" Princess For Persia

THE engagement of the Persian Crown Prince Sahbour Mohamed Riza to King Farouk's eldest sister Princess Fauzia (see portraits on p. 18) is not a love match, but must end in romance. The marriage is also destined to bring about a closer bond between these two progressive Mohammedan countries.

The caravan route through Arabia will not see a stream of camels coming and going between Teheran and Cairo, laden with precious carpets, and sparkling with silver and jewels, the presents of the betrothed to one another. Instead, the high and fast motor-cars of the trans-desert route will bring the Persian Delegation to Alexandria this month to sign, on behalf of Riza Khan, the marriage contract for his son.

The "Antoniades Palace" is being prepared for the Persian Courtiers and alterations are in progress whilst new and suitable furniture is being hurriedly purchased to accommodate the Persians. Parliament also is passing a Bill increasing the Royal Family's civil list by five lakhs of rupees, bringing its present total to seventy lakhs of Indian rupees.

H. R. H. Prince Sahbour Mohamed Riza is a young man below 20, with the reputation of an athlete. He has had an extensive education in France and is now completing his studies at the Military Academy at Teheran.

Princess Fauzia has commenced taking her lessons in Persian at Montaza Palace, Alexandria, where she is staying. The Princess is an accomplished linguist and speaks English and French fluently. Like all the children of the late King Fouad, she has a charming simplicity of manner and a jovial disposition. "Fauzia" means the "lucky one."

Protest Against R. A. Picture

THE painting which hangs in the Royal Academy, London, executed by W. Gladstone Solomon, late Director of the Sir J. J. School of Art, Bombay, seems to have created a storm.

The Poona Art Circle have issued copies of a resolution to the artist and to the R. A., and asked for the withdrawal of the picture from public exhibition. The resolution is strongly worded and describes the picture as "wantonly blasphemous, not to say indecent" and as "highly offensive to the religious sentiments and feelings of even the most cultured and considerate of Indians". It further states that "the general setting of the picture, e.g. the idol in the niche, the slender fuming scented sticks, one held in the left hand, by the worshipping nude woman and others stuck in the socket-stand in the basin containing materials and articles of worship, all tend to create an impression that the subject of the picture is one representing a mode of worship, i.e. in the nude form, that is normal and usual among Indian women." It adds that as the artist was the late principal of an art school in India and has been in India many years, he is likely to be regarded in certain quarters as an authority on depicting Indian social life and manners, etc.

This picture was reproduced in our paper of May 22nd on page 13.

Ballads Of Babu Bharat Ram:

MY CANINE DOG.

(Too well-bred and pedigreed in all parts, though this may not be available perchance.)

I HAVE one dog, he is wise and sagacious:

Handsome in front and the backside is snacious,
(Reference above, I have said I have 'one' dog,
Kindly note please that my dog is a gundog.)

How he is shrewd! See him swiftly retrieving
Balls, or a stone which he may be perceiving.
Fetching it back to the waiting receiver
He will not yield it—this cunning retriever!

Clipped are his ears, (to improve of the hearing)
Long are the hairs on his four legs appearing.

"He is well feathered," one Sahib is remarking.
Feathers on dog? Ho ho!—Sahib you are larking!

One day to expert the dog I am showing,
Curly tail wagging—both to and fro going,
"What is the breed? Is he Duck-Hound or Snipe-
Hound?"

"Babu, this dog is a thorough-bred Tripe-Hound!"

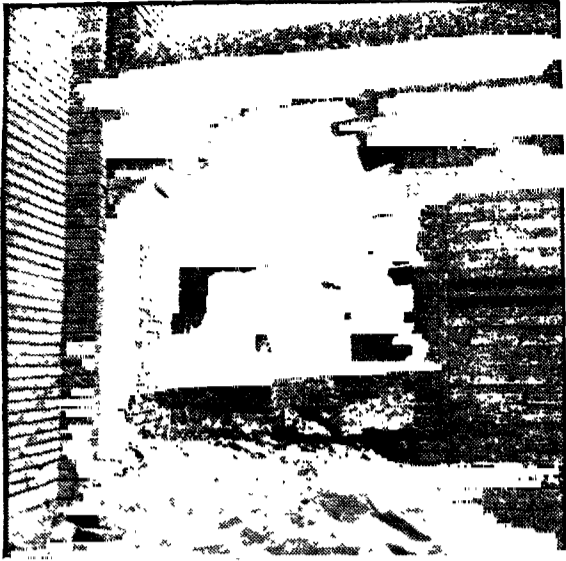
So you may know that the dog is a beauty,
He is too faithful and keen on his duty.
Yet I am loving were he but the Pi dog.

Bravo, brave Tiger!—no doubt you are my dog.

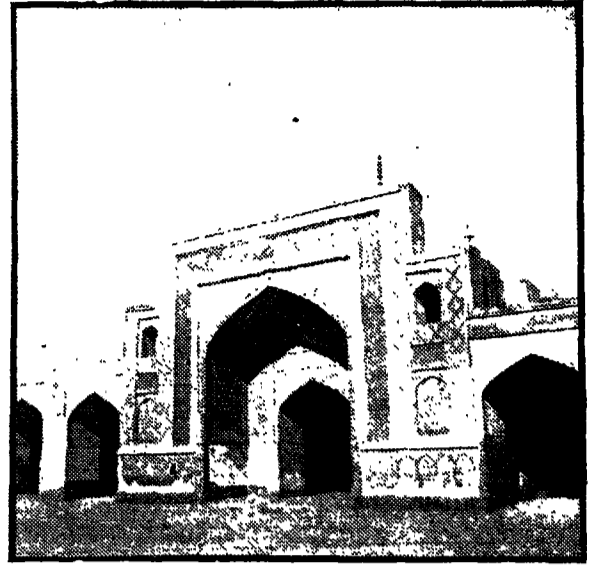
BERTRAM HERDON.

TATTA

Tatta's glory is dead, but in its innumerable tombs it keeps alive the story of its past. Tatta was once the capital of a number of dynasties, and in 1758 a British factory was built there. For a day's excursion from Karachi, says our contributor, this old city has many attractions.



The glory that was Tatta.



Entrance to one of the more ornate tombs.

CITY of a MILLION TOMBS And Its Dynasties

By Padmini Sathianadhan

It is the same everywhere! Whether it is north, south, east, or west in this country, whether we travel by air, ship or train, we always meet with the glory of the past—a past that is definitely dead, and a ghost of the magnificence of days gone by. How sad is it, indeed, to be reminded of India's greatness in days of yore, and to realise that all that remains now of that greatness is ruins, broken walls and crumbling battlements, ancient palaces and aged tombs.

What would India be worth, however, without these evidences of her long past glory? Does not the glamour, romance and subtle charm of the east consist of these old mystic towers and temples, mausoleums and mosques, to which tourists and strangers flock from all parts of the world? Can any country provide a greater treasure house of historic splendour than India?

In the province of Sind, about 50 miles from Karachi and 13 miles from Jungshahi, a North Western Railway Station, is Tatta—now a dry, dusty and dead town, but once a famous capital of Sind. More surprising than this derelict town itself is the necropolis on Makli hills, two miles from Tatta. It is at the foot of these, with their marvellous collection of a million tombs, that Tatta rears its battered walls to the merciless sun of the Sind desert.

Pleasant Excursion

THE trip to Tatta by car from Karachi is indeed a pleasant one, and affords a good day's excursion. Miles and miles of arid desert are passed, and no hill or undulation breaks the monotony of the landscape; yet, the scenery of Sind has a subtle beauty all its own.

As dawn breaks over the flat country, the absence of the tall trees and the presence of only thorny and stunted shrubs reminds one of the immensity of the earth. This is brought home so much more vividly on this flat expanse than on a stretch of country with hills and dales.

How silent is the morning, broken only by the cries of thousands of wild fowl; for, strange to say, the scrub jungle is full of small game—partridge, quail and sand-grouse. Hare, jackal and fox can also be seen flashing across the landscape. Everywhere is heard the soft cooing of doves, and the call of *mynas*.

The ribbon of the road stretches across this arid country, until, quite suddenly, one sights Tatta, and the Mausoleum on the Makli hills. As one comes nearer and nearer to these hills, the tombs take shapes, and domes raise their heads to the sky. They are of a rich blue colour.

The history of Tatta is indeed a great one, and the city played an important part in the past of Sind, for it was no less than one of the Samma capitals as early as the fourteenth century.

The Sammas were a Rajput tribe of

Cutch and Lower Sind, and they gradually extended their authority all over Sind, their rulers being called Jams. The line, however, ended with Jam Firoz who was conquered by Shah Beg Arghun in 1520. The Arghun dynasty came to an end in 1554 and the Turkhan line succeeded and saw the sack of Tatta in 1555 by the Portuguese, when a fleet of about 28 ships burned the town and carried off some rare booty.

The last of the Turkhans died in 1612 and Lower Sind passed into the Mogul Empire, after the defeat of Mirza Jani Beg, who was nevertheless allowed to return to Tatta as a *Jagir*. The Moguls ruled till 1739, when Tatta was ceded to Nadir Shah of Persia, from whom it eventually passed into the possession of the Talpur Mirs.

British Factory

THE first connexion the British had with Sind was in 1758 when a factory was established at Tatta. But it was withdrawn in 1775. At the end of the century, another commercial mission was started, and this also had unsatisfactory results.

Today Tatta is the headquarters of the *Taluka* where an Assistant Collector stays. But for its past glory, one could almost wish it to be wiped out from the face of the map—so desolate and dead does it now seem.

Jamma Masjid

ONE of the most outstanding sights in Tatta town itself is the Jamma Masjid, which was said to have been commenced in 1644 by the Emperor Shah Jehan, as a mark of respect for the inhabitants of Tatta. To quote from the *Gazetteer*: "The building is rectangular in shape, 315 feet long by 190 feet wide, and covers a space of 6,316 square yards.

"The interior is beautifully painted in encaustic, the delicacy and harmony of the

colouring being remarkable; there are also some very elegant specimens of perforated stonework in different parts of the mosque. It is said to have cost nine lakhs; but it would, in all probability, have long since fallen into decay, had not the inhabitants of Tatta, by subscriptions raised among themselves, assisted by a money grant from the British Government, put the building into substantial repair."

The rich blue colouring of the glazed brick faces, of which the walls are made, glistened brilliantly in the afternoon sun, and as we removed our shoes and entered, we saw devotees kneeling in reverent obeisance inside the mosque, and bowing in lowly homage. Thus do the buildings of India live on through the ravages of time, for ever claiming the devotion and worship of the people of this land.

The Fort of Tatta was started during the reign of Aurangzeb in 1699; but we are told that it was never finished, and that the foundation has now been removed as building material.

Million Tombs

THE real beauty spots are the Makli hills, where repose a million or more tombs, and seldom is one imbued more strongly with the sense of the spirits of the dead overshadowing the resting places of their mortal remains as when wandering among these exquisitely designed graves.

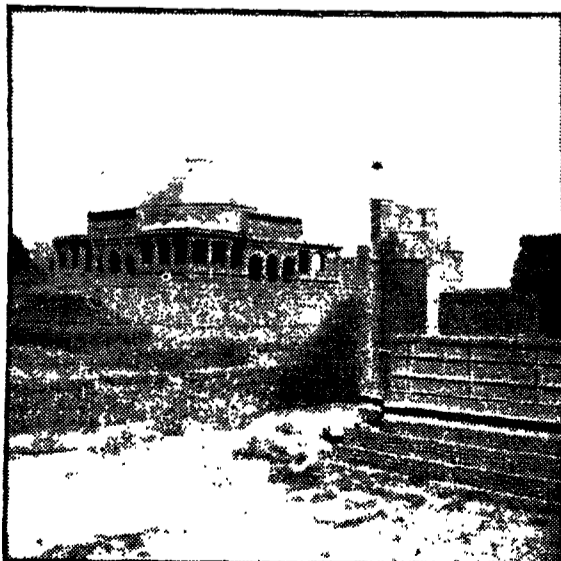
Two distinct styles of architecture, the Hindu and the Mahomedan, are strangely evident, side by side. We see a tomb built wholly of stone in the Fatehpur Sikri style, elaborately decorated with tracery on the surface, and with walls covered with low relief, and next to it a grave of glazed, coloured tile-work of the Multan type of the most delicate and rich blues and blue-greens. The necropolis is said to be six square miles.

Dust—And Camels

THE modern buildings in Tatta are of no outstanding description, all of them being flat roofed, with the peculiar chimneys so characteristic in Sind, to catch the draft of air, opening their mouths to the sunny sky. Dust seems to be the predominant feature of Tatta town, and everything is covered with a thick coating of dust.

The inhabitants look sleepy and indolent, and the camels that for ever strut about the street carrying their heavy burdens seem to embody the spirit of Tatta, and philosophise on all its past glory.

"Alexander Hamilton, who visited the place in 1699, called it a large and rich city," and it is said that when Nadir Shah entered Tatta in 1742 "there were 40,000 weavers, 20,000 other artisans, and 60,000 dealers of various kinds." Today the trade of Tatta consists mostly of cotton and silk goods. It is well-known for its *Lungis*; but of its past trade and prosperity there are now no signs.



Ruins on Makli Hill.—Photos, N. S. L.

Empire Film Festival

Reader Wins Award

MR. R. D. Pestonji, A.R.P.S., of Bangkok, one of our readers and a well-known pictorialist, has won the Cup awarded to the best film entered by a resident in the British Empire, at the Festival of Amateur Cine Films held by the British Film Institute in connection with the British Empire Exhibition at Glasgow.

Mr. Pestonji wins and keeps this handsome award, which is valued at £15, with his film "Tang," one of the prizewinning entries in our Amateur Cine Contest held earlier in the year. It was on our advice that Mr. Pestonji entered this film in the Festival. We offer him our heartiest congratulations.

PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY OF INDIA

THE Photographic Society of India are planning a programme of lectures, excursions, etc., and the new programme committee which came into existence recently have already (so they inform us) chalked out their plans for the next six months.

The Society has also elected as new President Mr. Sultan Chinoy, Mayor of Bombay.

Members are now to be provided with expert technical advice and instruction in photography, and in this connection the Society has secured the assistance of Messrs. C. M. Pandya and A. Rahimtulla, who are both keen photographers. In the near future the Photographic Society of India hopes to be able to provide a dark-room for members and to run a journal of its own.

"SILVER LINING"

ON hot summer afternoons is probably the best time to try for cloud pictures. Then the formations are most varied and plentiful, and by shooting in various directions, one can get a variety of effects. The clouds show most brilliantly, of course, against the light, and by shooting at the sun when it is covered with a white cloud one can get the "silver lining" effect.—PAUL HADLEY, in *Pocket Photo Monthly*

MAGNESIUM RIBBON

THE value of Magnesium ribbon as a photographic light source is immense; if the beginner realises its possibilities, he can add many interesting negatives to his stock and get more fun out of his hobby. In its ribbon form, magnesium is cheap and very safe to handle. It can be burnt in a holder (which is available for less than a rupee with a full charge of ribbon).

As is the case with flash-light, one can be independent of daylight with magnesium; only, the exposure cannot be instantaneous. Any camera can be used, the only caution to be observed being that the camera must be rested on some firm support such as a tripod or table. Generally about nine inches of ribbon, burnt some five or six feet away from the subject, will yield good negatives at an aperture of F.6.3. But

this is only a rough guide and each exposure depends upon the attending circumstances.

The applications of magnesium ribbon are many and varied. Still-life, table-top, flower studies, portraits, groups, etc.—all can be tried with success in the home, the only requirement being that the subject must be capable of keeping steady for a few seconds at least. But it is when travelling, that even the advanced worker finds the magnesium ribbon really handy. Dark interiors of temples and churches, sculptures of bygone times buried in their dark sanctuaries, all these call for the use of magnesium ribbon. The only other substitutes are flash-light

powder and flash-light bulbs, but both these are costly compared with magnesium ribbon. Further, the control that can be exercised with the ribbon is a strong point in its favour. Generally, the ribbon is best burnt from a side, as near the subject as possible, with suitable reflectors for the shadow portion. An important point to remember is that the lens must be adequately hooded or the ribbon burnt in such a way that no light falls directly on the lens. Further, the ribbon should not come within the picture area. All this must be determined beforehand by burning a few inches of ribbon and observing the effect in the finder. When attempting still-life, table-top or portraits, the background should be kept well away from the subject to avoid shadows.



Underground Temple Carving

This temple carving is situated underground in the Badami caves and the photographer had to go on all fours to reach it. The only light source was a hole in the ceiling which illuminated just the top portion of the carving. Magnesium ribbon was therefore used to light up the lower portion, the ribbon being moved from side to side in order to secure even lighting.

There is no limit to the varied effects that can be obtained by changing the position of the ribbon. A little experimenting will reveal many opportunities to show one's originality of idea and expression.—M. VASAN.



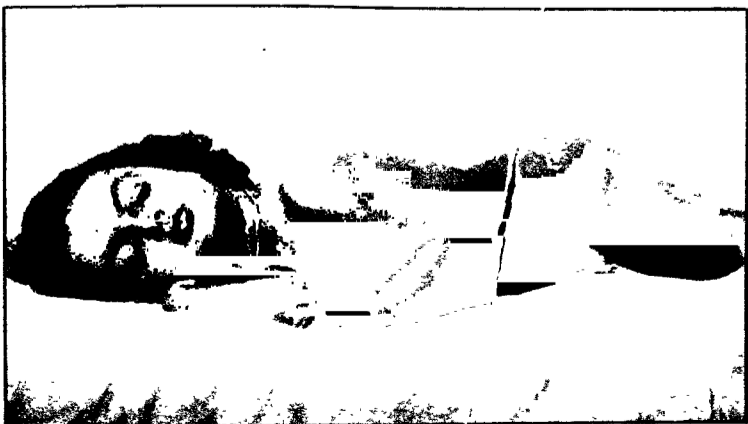
CAMERA SECTION



"My Shadow and I,"

S. Govindarajalu, Madras.

This impressionistic portrait was taken by artificial light, with one photoflood lamp in front of the subject and two 100 c.p. half-watt lamps behind at different angles. There was no manipulation with the negative, except that the film was exposed twice to get the shadow figure larger than it would be, if it were actually the shadow of the little girl projected directly on the background. This disparity in sizes is, of course, explained when one takes into account the relative position of lighting-source for each exposure. While enlarging the photographer printed the lower part of the child's body deeply, so that it merged into the shadow behind. Exposure 1/5th second at f. 8.



"Sleeping Innocence"

A fine example of an indoor study taken by means of a magnesium-ribbon flare. The lighting is from the left. Many interesting portraits and still-life studies can be taken by this means, providing the subject is capable of keeping steady for a few seconds. Photos, Author.



THE HINDU SADHU

WE commence today a brief series of most expressive pictures painted three-quarters of a century ago by William Simpson, showing a few of India's men of prayer in devotional surroundings.

The first is that of a Hindu *sadhu* actually described as "The Man of Prayer" by Simpson, as he caught this disciple of Sita living under a banyan tree, surrounded by temples and fragments of temples, and seated on a low bench composed of mud, with a leopard skin under him. In the "Vishnu Purana" the duties of a *sadhu* or mendicant, are very clearly and authoritatively defined, showing that they were originally intended to be men of prayer and devotion:

"The fourth order of men is called the mendicant, the circumstances of which it is fit that you should hear from me. Let the unimpassioned man, relinquishing all affection for wife, children, and possessions,

INDIA'S MEN of PRAYER—No. 1

(After Paintings by William Simpson)

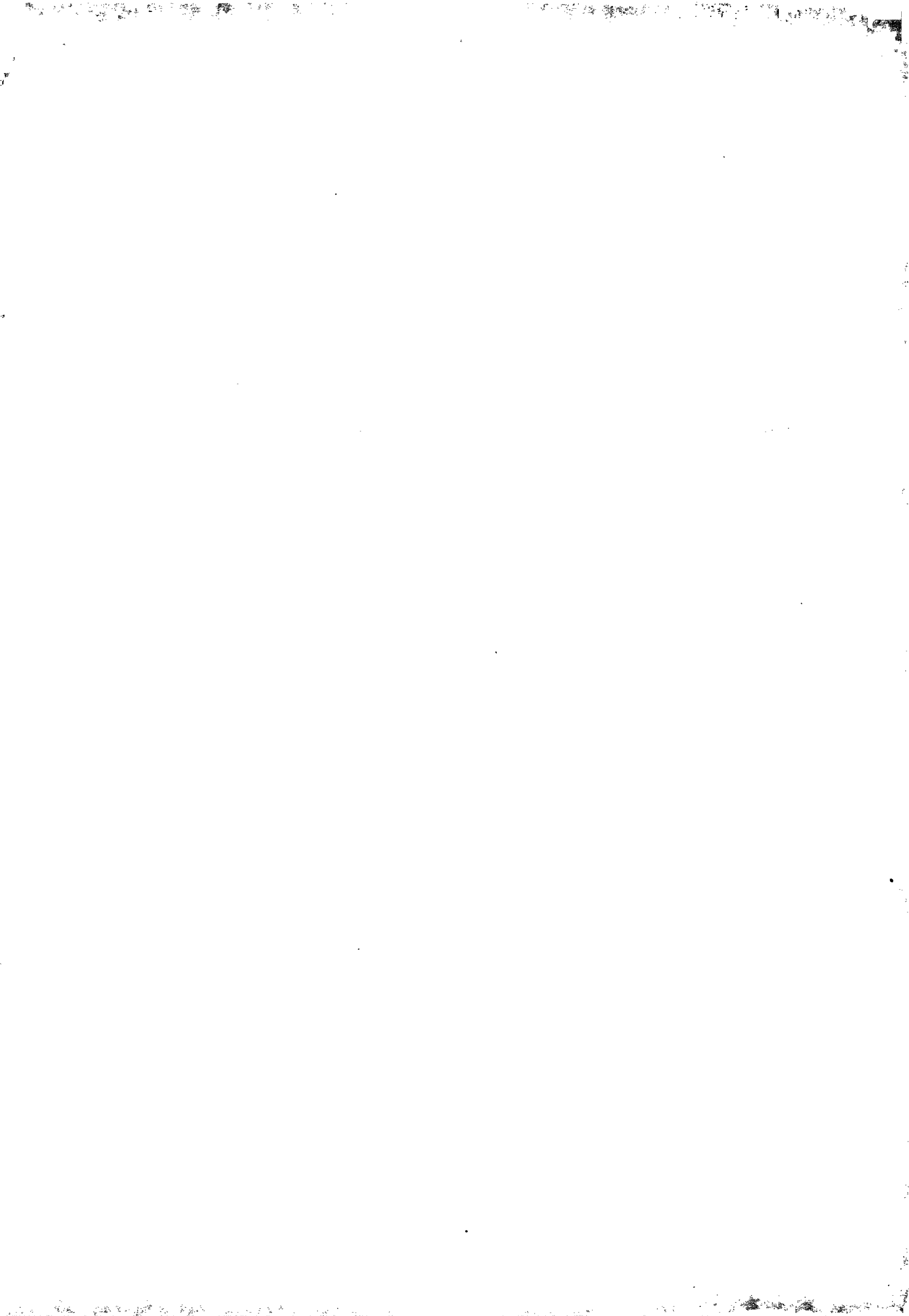
THE SIKH PRIEST

enter the fourth order. Let him forego the three objects of human existence (pleasure, wealth, and virtue), whether secular or religious, and, indifferent to friends, be the friend of all living beings."

The first great reformer of Hinduism was the Guruji, or High Priest, Nanuk. He early turned his attention to religion, travelling into every part of the East, conversing with all classes, and even disputing with the Emperor Baber. The precepts of Nanuk and his two successors were collected by the fourth Guru, Arjammal, into the Adha Granth, or first book of the Sikhs' holy writings, although the act of collecting them resulted in the imprisonment and death of Arjammal in 1606. The second Granth is known as the Book of Govind. Amritsar, meaning the "fountain of immortality," is the spiritual capital of the Sikhs. Its name is derived from a holy tank made by Guru Ram Das in 1581.

H. G. F.







THE BUDDHIST MONK

TIBET is the home of Buddhism to-day in so far as monastic life goes, although in China, Siam, Ceylon and Burma, its everyday application is universally seen.

The picture shown here, stresses the monastery side of the Buddhist man of prayer, and of it Simpson says: "In these monasteries a very elaborate service is kept up—drums, trumpets, cymbals, bells, and praying-machines, accompanied by the loud voices of the lamas. The image shown is that of Buddha, who sits as one of the congregation. In front of the altar are numerous symbols, seven small dishes of water, flowers, and emblematic offerings. The walls are generally covered with pictures of their saints, and they are very fond of bright-coloured pieces of cloth to hang about."

Respect For Life

A PARTICULARLY noticeable feature of Jainism, especially among the priests and the orthodox, is the respect, amounting almost to reverence, for

INDIA'S MEN of PRAYER

(Final)

(After Paintings by William Simpson)

THE JAIN PRIEST

all forms of life. Commenting on his painting, Simpson makes striking reference to this feature by pointing out that the cloth worn in front of the mouth was to avoid any possibility of destruction of life by the accidental entrance of an insect. "For this reason also," adds the artist in a letter, "they carry a broom with which they are wont carefully to sweep the ground to clear it of insects, that in walking or sitting they should not be the means of any destruction of life, no matter how small. During the rains they will not light a candle lest the moths, which are so plentiful at such times, should flit about it and perish."

It is declared by many historians, however, that there is another significance of the mouth-cloth, namely, that it is a mark of respect to the altar "as the same practice as is observed by the pious Brahmin on whispering to himself, with the thrice-bowed head, that mystic syllable which, like the Jahweh or Jehovah of the Jews, it is an impiety to breathe aloud." Nevertheless, there is certainly a distinct connection between the reverence for life and the use of the protective mouth covering.



BENGAL'S SERPENT ORACLE

And The Snake Kings Who Guard Nepal: Today's Great Festival

By A. C. ROY CHOUDHURY

IN Bengal serpent worship is a living creed, practised by many of the low caste Hindus.

There is one sect known as Bedias, who are chiefly herbalists and snake catchers, claiming a monopoly of the occult sciences and arts for dealing with the serpent powers and special knowledge of herbs for the cure of snake bites. Their chief deity is Manasa, the goddess of serpents, whom they worship with gorgeous rites and ceremonies, invoking her blessings on every enterprise they undertake. Not far from Chandpur in East Bengal, there is a village called Manasabari (literally, the abode of Manasa), where dwells a celebrated priestess of Manasa. She is believed to belong to a family of hereditary priestesses, and though a low caste woman, even high caste people from far and near come to consult her, not only for snake bites, but also for various other ills that flesh is heir to

The Oracle

THROUGHOUT the countryside, she is looked upon with great veneration as the very oracle of Manasa. Like the ancient priestess at Delphi, she too sits upon a tripod placed over a yawning chasm filled with smoke, and as the ascending fumes affect her brain she bursts into prophetic utterance.

You need not tell her whence or why you come; you have but to stand in mute admiration, hanging upon her inspired speeches, in the course of which she is sure to refer to your particular troubles and suggest remedies for them.

At other times, when the prophet's mantle falls from her, she is an ordinary woman or at best, a snake charmer, playing with hissing snakes that at her call emerge from many a hole around her, to be fondled by her.

Even in many high caste Hindu families, Manasa Devi is regarded as the tutelary deity, and receives special worship on Naga Panchami day or the fifth day of the waning moon in Sravan which is sacred to the serpents. On this day, clay images of Manasa wielding in her four hands four serpents as her implements, and resting her feet upon a pedestal of coiled snakes, are worshipped with due ceremonies.

A noteworthy feature of modern ceremonies in the riverine districts of Bengal is Bhasan or boat racing on a grand scale, in which not only those who are boatmen and fishermen by profession, but also large numbers of amateurs take part.

I have vivid memories of the Bhasan I saw several years ago at Brahmanbaria, in Tipperah district, where for more than a

Today is Naga Panchami, the festival of serpents, which is celebrated with great pomp in Nepal, while in Bengal Manasa Devi, goddess of serpents, is honoured with special ceremonies and boat racing.

mile along the river Titas, hundreds of country boats fantastically designed and decorated, lay waiting to start on a race full of thrills.

Water is supposed to be the proper element for serpents, and somehow or other boat-racing has come to be associated with serpent worship in Bengal.

Merchant's Son

A VERY interesting legend is current in East Bengal regarding the origin of the worship of Manasa.

Once upon a time in Chittagong there was a merchant prince, Chand Sadagar by name. He was a great votary of Shiva, by whose grace he prospered so much that there



ON HIS SERPENT COUCH: The image of Narayan or Vishnu at Buda Nilakantha, Nepal, lies on a bed of coiled serpents.—Photo, Author.

was not one of the "seven seas" of the world that was not ploughed by his barks laden with merchandise.

Great was the joy of the father when after long years a son was born to him. He named the child Lakshminder, but Fate was against him and his beloved child. In his zeal to propagate the cult of Shiva on earth, Chand Sadagar had refused to bow before any other god and had thereby provoked the wrath of Manasa. She threw a terrible curse upon Lakshminder at his very birth.

When astrologers were consulted and the horoscope of the child was cast, Chand heard how on the very night of his son's wedding the boy would receive a fatal snake-bite on his bridal bed.

The merchant understood the meaning of this curse, and made a grim resolve to avert it by all the means in his power. Far from bending his suppliant knees before the goddess, he declared himself as her sworn and implacable enemy.

Steel House

THE years passed and Lakshminder grew up a fine young man to the delight of his parents and the admiration of all those who watched him grow. And then the time came for his marriage. The evil day could no longer be postponed. There was a neighbouring merchant's daughter, a paragon of beauty and of the virtues. Her name was Behula and the marriage was fixed.

A house built of solid steel and fashioned so as to be proof against wriggling worms and vipers, with only a single small chink left for ventilation, was to serve as the bridal chamber.

When the ceremonies were over and the married couple retired, Behula resolved to sit up the whole night watching over her husband.

She had heard of the terrible curse of widowhood that would fall upon her that very night, and she was determined to prevent it.

Several times Manasa Devi sent her serpent messengers to reconnoitre but every one returned with the same tale. Who would dare strike the husband when such a devoted wife was watching over him?

The Toad

TOWARDS the end of the fateful night, Behula heaved a sigh of relief, feeling that the danger was past, and then fell asleep. Outside, the sentries were also off their guard.

Just then, Manasa sent the smallest but vilest of her messengers, the toad Takshah, to do the fatal work. Through the little air hole, the toad wriggled himself into the bridal

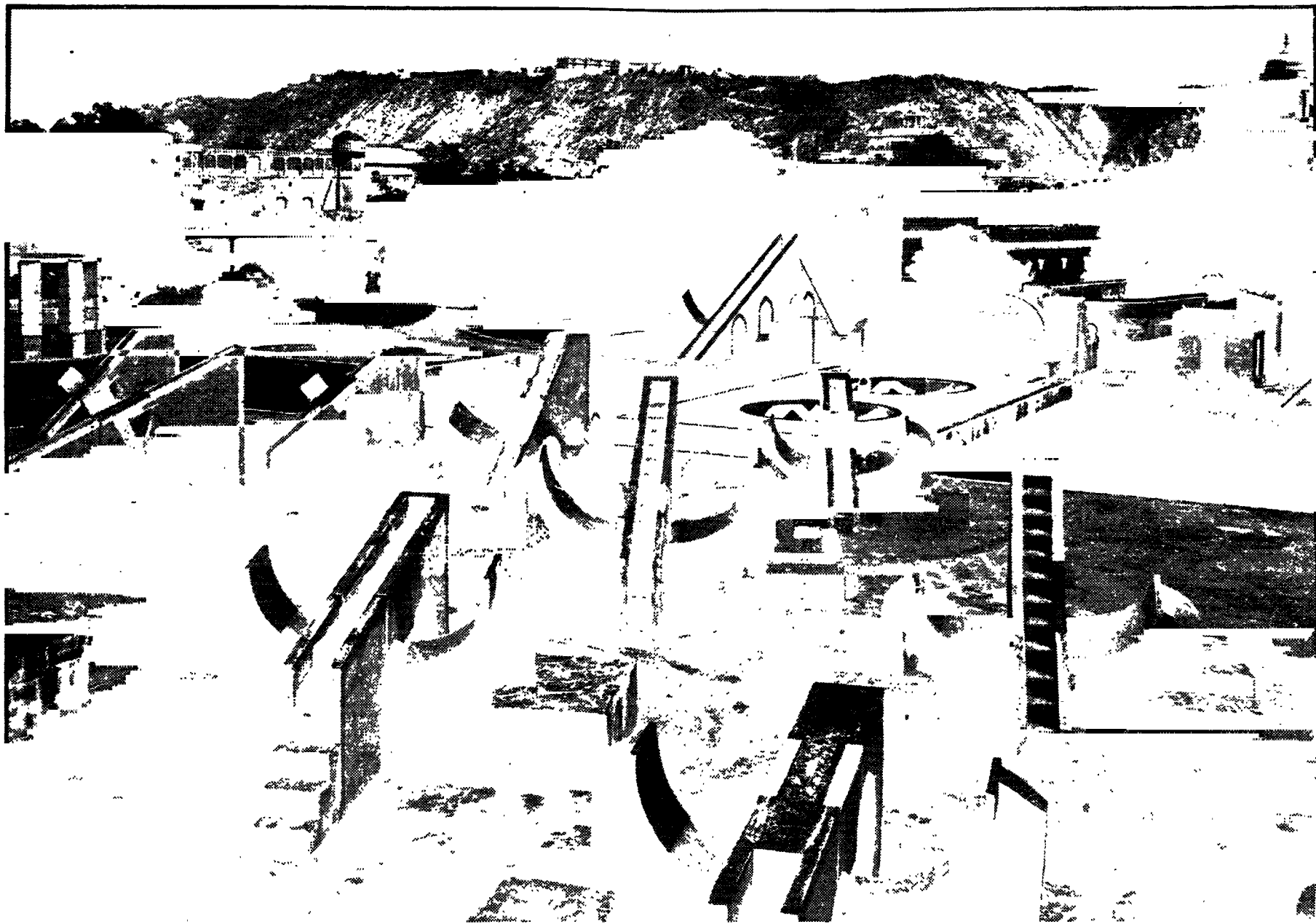
room, sunk his deadly fangs into the body of Lakshminder, sucked out his life-blood and vanished into the air.

Behula, disturbed in her sleep by a bad dream, rose with a scream to find that her husband was dead.

The parents of Lakshminder wept bitter tears. But lamentations were of no avail for Behula. She ordered a raft to be built for her, and alone with the body of her husband, set herself adrift on the high seas. Beyond the seven seas she would go, to the very realm of Manasa.

After many a nerve-racking adventure she managed at last to reach her destination with her husband's body.





ALL THAT REMAINS OF JAI SINGH'S OBSERVATORY AT HIS CAPITAL.—Photo, Courtesy B. B. & C. I. Railway.

JAIPUR'S ASTRONOMER KING

ONE of the greatest scientists that India has produced was Jai Singh II, King of the ancient state of Dhondar, and the founder of Jaipur.

Jai Singh II, who was commonly called Sawai Jey Singh, ascended the throne of Amber in 1699. He had served as one of the Satraps of Aurungzebe and took an active part in the succession struggle that followed the death of that Emperor. Having been defeated at the battle of Dholepore, Jai Singh was obliged to reconquer his own state, which had been confiscated by the new Emperor Shah Alam, whose garrisons he finally succeeded in driving out of his kingdom.

It is not as a warrior, however, that King Jai Singh is best remembered, but as a statesman, legislator and scholar. To him the kingdom of Jaipur owes its present importance, for taking advantage of the interecine wars that followed the Mogul decline, he increased his own territory by conquest and gained for himself a high position among the princes of Rajesthan.

New Capital

AS he considered that Amber, the ancient capital, was no longer worthy of his grandeur and importance of his new kingdom, he planned and, with the assistance of an able Jain of Bengal named Vedhyadhar, built a new capital, known today as Jaipur.

The town was built to a uniform plan, intersected with streets worthy of any modern city and connected to the ancient fortress of Amber by a line of fortifications. Amber was, he thought, still important enough to be preserved.

At that time almost all the Indian princes—especially in Rajputana—amused themselves studying astrology and acquired thereby some knowledge of astronomy. Jai Singh, profiting by his early studies did not stop at the theory of this science of the stars. He made himself master of it and undertook, at the request of the Emperor

Jai Singh's Contribution To Stellar Knowledge

Mahomed Shah, to revise the Hindu Calendar.

For this purpose he constructed observatories at Delhi, Ujjain, Benares, Muttra and Jaipur, and, having at his disposal only a few Persian instruments, invented new

Outstanding among the princely scholars India has produced was Jai Singh, founder of Jaipur. He built several observatories, invented his own instruments for studying the heavens and compiled his own astronomical tables.

ones on a much larger scale than any then known, from which remarkably accurate results were obtained.

He was compiling a series of astronomical tables when he heard from a Portuguese missionary that the science of astronomy had made great progress in Portugal and despatched a scientific embassy to Lisbon.

King Emmanuel of Portugal sent a learned man, Xavier da Silva, who gave Jai Singh the tables of de la Hire which had only just been published in 1702.

Astronomical Tables

THE royal astronomer tested their accuracy and discovered slight mistakes in them: his observations having been carried on with instruments of his own devising and with great accuracy. His own tables were so

exact that the greatest of English and continental scientists have been unable to detect errors in his tables of more than a few seconds!

Jai Singh dedicated his tables to the Emperor under the title of Zeij Mahomed-shahi. He thus showed that he had shaken himself free of orthodox prejudices.

It was by his orders that all the principal works on mathematics, ancient and modern, and on science were translated into Sanskrit.

At a short distance from the Chandra Mahal and east of it is the observatory built by Jai Singh. It is not of much use today from the point of view of science, though many of the buildings erected by him for his astronomical calculations are still in a very good state of preservation.

This observatory was not a building containing the instruments necessary for astronomical studies. It was a large courtyard filled with structures to support the immense instruments invented by the king. The walls were built in eccentric curves.

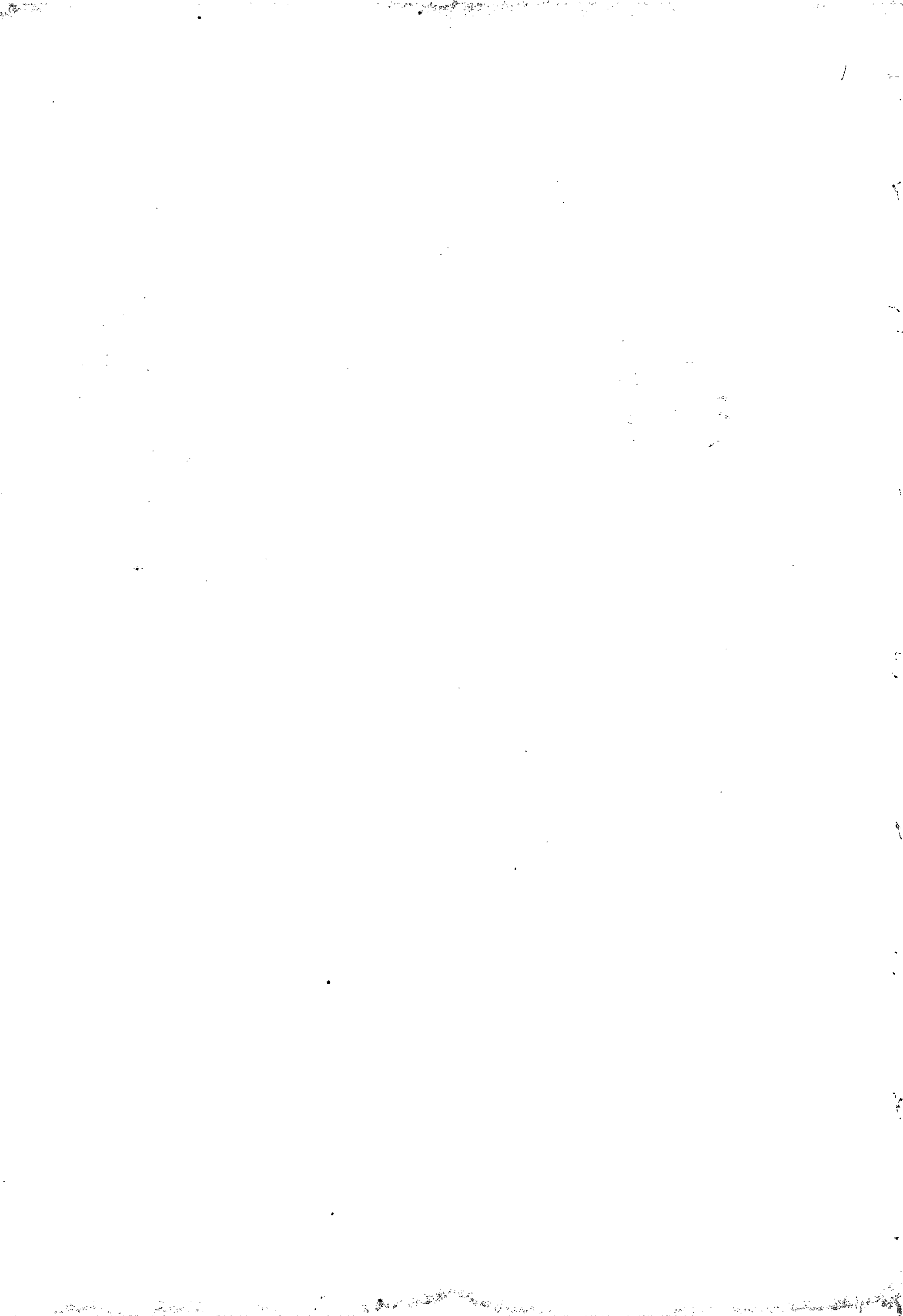
Attempts At Restoration

STRANGE looking and grotesque excrescences, weird looking dials, spheres and copper wheels were supported on marble columns. Most of the manuscripts were destroyed and all the copper instruments, which had excited the avarice of Ras Kaphoor, the courtesan of Juggut Singh, were sold as old copper.

Attempts were made from time to time by various kings to repair the havoc wrought by vandals and time, but without success, for none were capable of reconstructing the instruments invented by Jai Singh.

The remains, however, of this observatory give one an idea of how great it must have been in the days of its splendour.

F. J. F.





MADJOON, a little town in the desert of Lut built entirely from clay.

Exploring the Desert of Lut

DURING the two and a half years of my geographical expedition to Eastern Iran, my wife and I used a car of 50 h. p. with a trailer containing our whole equipment, three beds, a small bath and a dark-room for photography. Thus, having our snail shell with us, we were entirely independent of hotels and settlements, masters of our time, and we avoided by the cupboards in our trailer all the discomforts, which are inevitable with trunks.

When all the tanks for water, oil and gasoline were filled, both car and trailer had a weight of two and a half tons, nevertheless even in the mountainous regions we got on.

We went from Istanbul by ship to Beirut and then reached Baghdad and Teheran on newly built roads over the mountain ranges and throughout the deserts. The desert of Lut in Eastern Iran however was not easily invaded. We first tried to enter it from the south—from the little town of Bam—but failed. The deadly heat of June struck us down with fever, so that we had to flee into the cooler

Iran's Largest Unknown Plain

By Dr. G. STRATIL-SAUER

The author of this article accompanied by his wife set out on a geographical expedition lasting over two and a half years to explore the inaccessible desert of the Lut in Eastern Iran. According to him, every exploration of the Lut has failed till now, and apart from a few caravan tracks, no Westerner has hitherto succeeded in penetrating into these desolate, unmapped Iranian plains. In this daring expedition the author and his wife succeeded in forcing their way into the desert five times in a car with a trailer. Apart from the privations of the expedition and the difficulties of transport, they were perpetually faced with the very real danger of a serious breakdown in the desert which would have meant their being completely lost without any possibility of help reaching them from the outside world.

Mrs. Stratil-Sauer, who accompanied her husband on his geographical expedition, with their 50 h. p. car and trailer.



South Iranian mountains, where we stayed some weeks, slowly recovering. A second time we pushed into the Lut from the north, coming from Meshed, and then we succeeded.

Inaccessible Desert

THE desert of Lut is a region about as large as Southern Germany, its outlines resembling a bisected pear, the narrow upper part of which is directed to the north. The whole interior of this desert is devoid of water which man might drink. As rain only falls occasionally, it has no life of plants or animals—it is the absolute deadly bareness of a desert. Every exploration of the Lut has till now failed, because it proved impossible to supply caravans here with sufficient water. One had taken only camels for these trips, and therefore it could not stay longer in the desert, than the caravan was able to go on without water. In this climate even in the winter a camel can live at the most five days (and in summer only one or two days!) without drinking, and for this reason one cannot reach the inner Lut with a camel.

Therefore, in summer this desert has no traffic at all; in winter however those five days, during which a camel is able to go on without drinking, are just sufficient for a crossing of the desert in that track, where the distance between the wells

(Please turn to page 41.)
More Photographs Overleaf.

PICTURESQUE WOMEN OF THE *Iranian* Desert



EAST MEETS WEST.—A camel caravan seen through the wind-screen of the car. Even camels cannot penetrate the inner desert, as in the terrible heat they can barely last for two days at the utmost without water.



THE HEAVY DUMPLING in the hands of this native woman is supposed to be bread with a "delicious taste" for people living on the border of the desert.



WOMAN OF FASHION in the desert! In present day Iran women are progressing rapidly, and like their sisters of the East, Iranian women in the cities have already discarded their veils.
BELOW: Desert women baking bread in the preparation of which only water and flour are used.



IRANI CHARKA—Obviously the spinning wheel is as popular with the women living on the outskirts of the desert as it is with Indian village women.





In the remote villages of Eastern Iran, village life remains untouched by modern civilisation. Here is an old village with its ancient remains. RIGHT: Highwaymen are still a great menace to caravans. Those who escape return to bury their less fortunate comrades and mark the tombs with stones laid out to resemble the human body as a warning to other travellers.



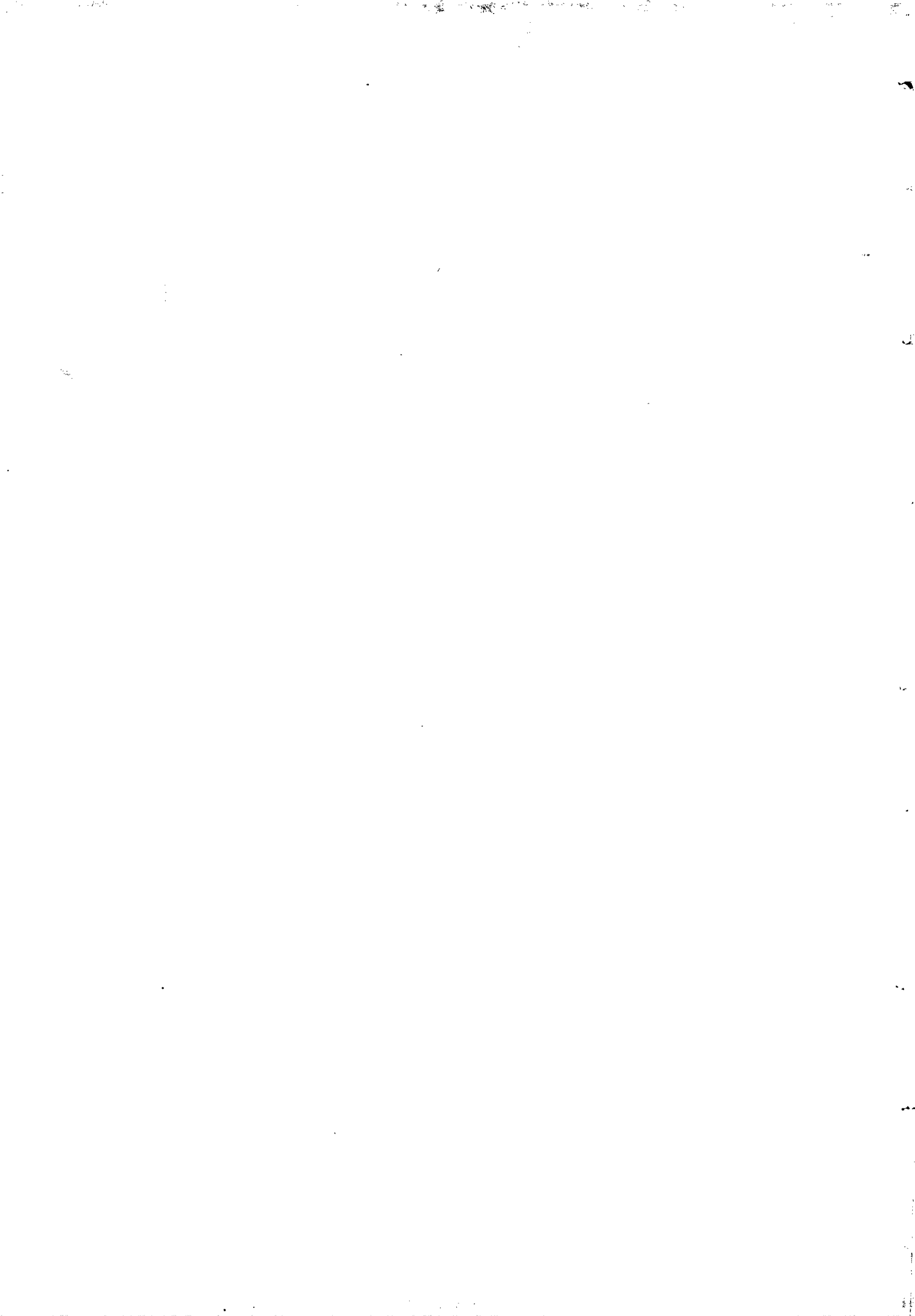
CAMPING IN THE DESERT.—In a car with a trailer the expedition carried all its necessary equipment which included three beds, a small bath and a dark room for photographic work.

THROUGH THE WORLD'S
HOTTEST REGION
Desolate Lut



A HALT in the shadow of the sandstone terraces of Lut. The explorers enjoyed this. LEFT: The last liquid of the explorers—a bottle of cocoa—was poured into the almost empty radiator of the car.





Devils and Demons of Lut

(Continued from page 37.)

of the borders is shortest. Corresponding to our comparison, that is at the narrow upper part of the pear, even that distance being about 200 miles, the caravans must travel day and night in order to reach the well in the evening of the fifth day. Only at sunset they rest one hour or two for feeding the animals and baking some bread. But they dare not repose longer or turn aside from the track, for if they cannot reach the well at the end of the fifth day, their camels starve, and thus they are lost themselves.

Transport

IF any party wanted to take a supply of water with them, the caravan would swell like an avalanche, as every carrier of water would want to share the water. Making scientific observations, an expedition can only go on in daylight. For our own purposes, I had calculated that we would have needed 190 camels and about 35 drivers, while the supply of an ordinary caravan needs only four camels, which could go 300 miles in 20 days.

Thus the Lut could be systematically explored only if the difficulties of transport could be solved in another way. Apart from the few caravan tracks, which have already been crossed by Europeans, those "largest unknown plains in Persia," as Sven Hedin called them, have never been seen by white man. In order to force my way into the unknown I chose the car. The heavy trailer naturally could not accompany us on the difficult routes, but with the car we pushed our way across the desert, as long as we had enough water and gasoline.

Hen Passengers

DURING those weeks we mostly lived on rice, dried fruits and tinned food. In order to have fresh meat, we took with us live hens. They soon became accustomed to the car and were so lively that we hadn't the heart to kill them. My wife soon learnt from the drivers how to bake fresh bread every evening, which was prepared in glowing wood or later, when our wood and charcoal were at an end, in the camels' dung.

It was a pity that with our modest sum of money we couldn't afford to have a second car in reserve. With that one car, every stay in the Lut meant an earnest touch-and-go and our friends even called it a deliberate form of suicide. A serious breakdown would have meant our being lost, and nobody would have been able to bring us help. Nevertheless, we succeeded five times in forcing our way into the desert for long studies.

At first we worked in the northern part of the desert, where we

crossed the dangerous "kavirs" through salt mud in the morning frost, when the mud was half stiffened from cold. The following months we went several times across the Lut. At the beginning we had to build and to force a way by block-and-pulley, going in first gear over the steep mountain ranges. Then there followed zones of dry torrents, dunes and spongy soil. Here we used to camp at the foot of one of those single mountain giants, which like islands of rock swim on the sea of sand, reaching to heights of 1000 metres above the desert plain. While my wife stayed alone in the camp, I climbed up to the peak in order to complete my maps of the Lut.

The unknown interior of the Lut has no such single mountains. It is mostly filled up by salty mud.

In those salty plains there are long ranges of sandstone, forming labyrinths and fantastic shapes like the side-scenes in a film. The drivers seeing these rocky scenes in the distance, told us that in the heart of the desert there lies "Shar-e-Lut" ("Lut city"), that is a giant town, the inhabitants of which were drowned in the flood, for their terrible sins.

Life and Death

AS it was to be expected, several times we found ourselves in most precarious situations. Once, in the middle of the desert, our radiator commenced to leak, and all our efforts to stop the hole with plasters, dry dates and sealing-wax failed. For three days, tormented by a furious

thirst, we fled through the sandstorm, which filled the whole atmosphere with a dark red dust, so that we only could direct ourselves according to our own incomplete maps and the compass. At last, nearly despairing and starving, we reached on the fourth day a mountain, which was known to us from a former route, and from this point, following the notes of our old route-book, we reached the rescuing oasis, while the last drops of our cocoa were boiling in the radiator.

In our note-books we have registered 4000 kms. of routes. If we could have finished combining our cartographic work into a map of the Lut, big unexplored areas would have been filled up in the maps of the globe. Apart from this, some hundred samples of stones give an idea of the geological character of those regions.

Our botanical collection however is for a region like the Lut, very modest. The large copper mines and some small veins of gold we found at the border of the Lut perhaps will prove of some practical use.

Hottest Place on Earth

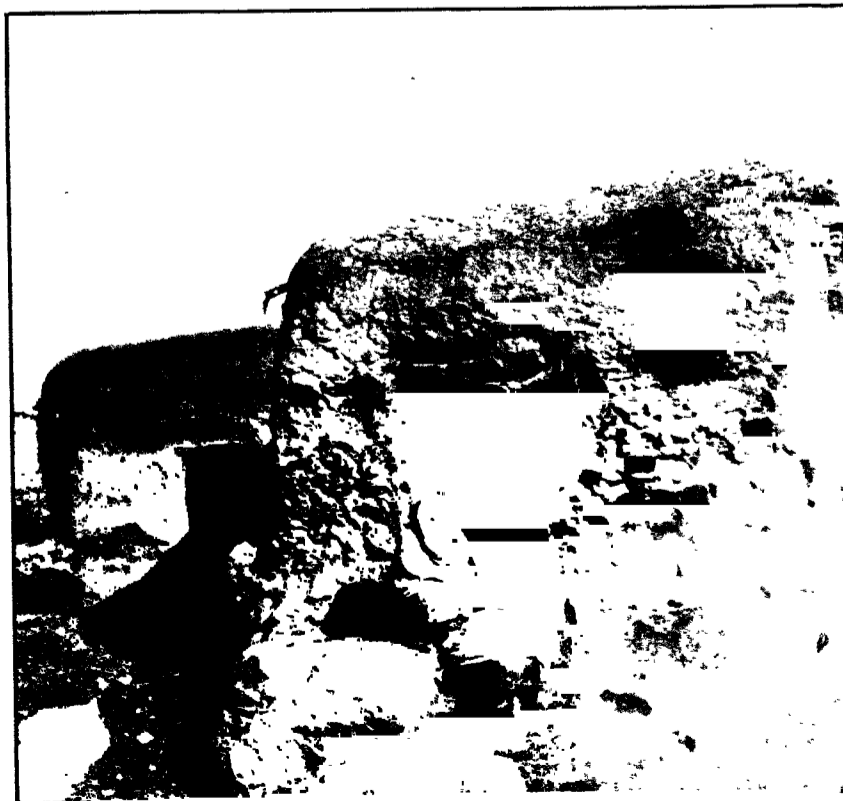
THE desert of Lut is a giant basin in the deepest part of the highlands of Iran. As I saw it, it is divided into a number of smaller basins of the same character, which are filled up with sand, gypsum, salt and rubble. Formerly covered by a sea, the Lut today shows deposits which the wind is blowing out to fantastic forms. Towards the borders of the desert, the limiting mountain ranges, twice folded up, are preceded by a large volcanic zone of granite and slate in old blunted mountains.

I am sure that the basin of Lut represents the hottest place on our globe, as in summer the sun is shining nearly from the zenith, and from all sides, down from the high limiting mountains, warm winds rush into this basin. At the end of May we already registered temperatures of 52 degrees Centigrade in the shade, although at that time we were still 150 km. distant from the heart of the Lut, and therefore our camp was still 500 metres higher than the lowest inner part of the desert. As I calculate in the hottest time of summer the deepest zones of the Lut must have temperatures unbearable for men, and I am sure it is far above the awful heat of the American Death Valley.

In all my journeys I was accompanied by my wife, and often only by her, because we could not persuade Iranians to follow us into these regions which they believed to be inhabited by devils and demons. Husda, my faithful dog comrade, is buried in the sand of the Lut.



THE GOLDEN MOSQUE of Meshed. In the centre is the grave of Imam Rhexa. Until very recently foreigners were forbidden to enter this sacred place.



A LUXURY HUT!—On the borders of the Lut, the hardy sons of the desert pose for the camera. Photos, supplied by M. L.

Mogul Gardens—III

DELHI in SHAH JEHAN'S TIME



THE
DIWAN-
I-KHAS,
DELHI.

DURING the short reign of Humayun and from Shah Jehan's time to the Mutiny, Delhi was the imperial city of the Moguls. It is but natural that the city should abound in beautiful gardens.

The oldest and the most extensive of these was the one round Humayun's tomb. It occupied an area of 13 acres. Instead of broad water-channels, like those found in other mausoleums, we have a labyrinth of narrow little channels running round the building. Small tanks of various shapes, round, oval, square and octagonal, are constructed at places, where the channels cross each other. No rippling waters run through them now and in the whole garden, we find only the ubiquitous green grass.

Shalimar Bagh

ABOUT five miles from Delhi on the main road to Panipat, was a garden named the Shalimar Bagh of Delhi. It

was built by Bibi Akbarabadi, one of the wives of Shah Jehan, in exactly the same style as the Shalimar Bagh of Lahore and Kashmir. It was a square garden each side being 300 yards. From the account of Mohammad Salih in his *Shah Jehan Nama*, we learn that it cost two lakhs of rupees and took four years to complete.

The fountains, canals and cascades have all disappeared now. We find only a ruined pavilion, which is slowly crumbling away, due to its not being protected under the Ancient Monuments Act.

Under The Plough

AS the garden was the private property of the Mogul Emperors, it was auctioned after the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857. A part of it is now cultivated as a field and a part of it is an orchard, being owned by about half a dozen persons.

After disposing of his father and getting rid of his brother Murad at Muttra, Aurangzebe hastily arrived at this garden and had himself proclaimed Emperor, the formal ceremony taking

place in the Fort at Delhi at a later date. It was here that Nadir Shah, the great marauder who carried away the Peacock Throne, camped before making his triumphant entry into the city. Even some of the British Residents at the Mogul courts used to reside here during the summer. After the Sepoy Mutiny however, decay set in and nothing was done to check it.

In Use Today

OF the many Royal gardens of Delhi, three are still used by the people of the City. They are the Queen's gardens, the Talkatora park and the Roshanara gardens.

Beside the famous Chandni Chowk in the heart of the city, Jahanara, daughter of Shah Jehan, built a big *sarai* and surrounded it by a beautiful garden. This *sarai* was intended only for rich merchants from Kabul, Persia and Turkey.

The *sarai* has now disappeared and on its site are the offices of the Delhi Municipality. It has been renamed Queen's gardens subsequent to the erection of the statue of Queen Victoria in it.

Roshanara Gardens

THESSE were private gardens used by Roshanara Begum, another daughter of Shah Jehan, who lies buried in a white pavilion in the centre. The canals have all been filled up probably for fear of the spread of malaria and in their place grassy lawns and gravel paths for carriage drives have sprung up.

Commenting on the alterations made in this garden by the authorities, Mrs. Stuart says, "All good garden designers, whether English, Italian, Indian or Japanese, have recognised one simple truth—to make the most of a garden one must walk. This was a fact the European landscape gardeners never seemed to grasp. The broad masses of a large English park, the stretches of autumn woodland, the banks of gay flowering shrubs, the cow-slip meadows, the soft mist of blue

bells under the trees, give pleasure even in a rapid passing glance as we drive or ride or motor by. But who would wish to motor through a garden?"

Talkatora

THE town planning authorities of New Delhi have wisely used the site of the ruined gardens of Talkatora to build a park for public use. It was here that the Moguls took advantage of the slightly raised level of the ridge to make an attempt to introduce terraced gardens like those of the hills.

The remnants of the old garden are a lofty gate and a raised platform, about 40 feet wide and about 15 feet high from the lower terrace, with two octagonal towers at each end. The zenana apartments, which once adorned this terrace, and the beautiful lake called the Talkatora, from which the garden takes its name, have all disappeared.

Ali Mardan Khan, Shah Jehan's architect and engineer, tapped the river Jumna at a point about 50 miles upstream and constructed a canal which ran through the centre of the broad and busy thoroughfare called the Chandni Chowk to Shah Jehan's palace.

Bernier's Account

BERNIER, who was at Delhi in Aurangzebe's time, writing about the houses of Delhi remarks, "A good house has its courtyards, gardens, trees, basins of water and small *jets d'eau* in the hall or at the entrance".

After seeing the zenana apartments of the palace, during the King's absence from Delhi, he says, "nearly every chamber has its reservoir of running water at the door, on every side are gardens, delightful alleys, shady retreats, streams, fountains, grottoes, deep excavations that afford shelter from the sun by day, lofty divans and terraces, on which to sleep coolly at night. Within the walls of this enchanting palace, no oppressive or inconvenient heat is felt."

S. R. G.



THE LILAC TERRACE, NISHAT BAGH, KASHMIR.



THE DIWAN-I-AM, SHALIMAR BAGH, KASHMIR.



Mogul Gardens In India—IV

(Concluding Article)

LAHORE

the court during Jehangir's time was shifted to Lahore.

The Lahore Fort, built by Akbar, was their royal palace, when they returned from Kashmir. In those days, close to the north side of the Fort flowed the waters of the river Ravi, along the bank of which and facing the Palace were extensive gardens constructed by Nur Jehan. The remains of some fountains are yet to be seen near the Shish Mahal and the Nau Lakha.

But Nur Jehan's favourite garden in Lahore was on the other side of the Ravi, about five miles from the city, and is known as the Shah Dara. It was here that Nur Jehan buried her loving husband, Jehangir, in spite of his dying wish to be laid near the cool springs of Verinag in Kashmir.

Still Remembered

A "MELA" is held here every year on the anniversary of Jehangir's death, when the lawns are crowded with merry people from Lahore and suburbs.

The Shah Dara is a typical Mogul Garden with a big *serai-courtyard* and long narrow channels, the entrance to the garden being through lofty gateways. The mausoleum stands just in the middle of the enclosure. Young cypress trees have been planted along the water channels.

Shalimar

BUT the most glamorous of the Lahore gardens lies about three miles north-east of the town and

was laid out by the ostentatious Shah Jehan. It is named Shalimar or the House of Joy. Though Shah Jehan loved the gardens of Kashmir and visited them occasionally, he found that affairs of state would not allow him to undertake the annual pilgrimage as did his father, Jehangir, who in his later years never worried about government. So Shah Jehan constructed a similar terraced garden at Lahore.

We learn from the *Badshah Nama* that this garden was called Farah Buksh. The name "Shalimar" was probably given by Nadir Shah, who was dumbfounded by its beauty. A fair, called *Chiragon-ka-Mela* or the "Fair of the Lamps," is held in this garden on the last Saturday in March.

Numerous Fountains

HERE, too, the ingenious Ali Mardan Khan, under whose supervision it was built, showed his remarkable skill by constructing a long canal for the numerous fountains that cooled the hot air by their sparkling misty spray.

The garden, which was 520 yards long and 230 yards broad, was divided into three terraces raised one above the other by a height of about twelve feet. The canal runs through all the three terraces, its breadth in the upper and lower terrace being 20 feet. In the middle terrace the water of the canal falls into a big tank which has 144 fountains.

The water from the large tank empties itself through a marble slope into the canal of the lower terrace. Just at the foot of the slope is a beautifully carved marble throne, which luckily has escaped destruction. The brick parterres of the flower beds found in this garden resemble the star parterres of the Taj. In the Punjab, as very little stone is available, tiles and bricks replace the stone and marble of Delhi and Agra.

Spoliation

THE Sikhs, who ruled the Punjab during the 18th century, spoilt the garden and carried away the marble and agate work of Shah Jehan to adorn their Ram Bagh at Amritsar. Some inferior imitations of brick plaster have been raised to give an idea of the original pavilions.

There is a water pavilion, called Sawan and Bhadon, the work of Ali Mardan Khan, with the hollow niches for lighted tapers, like those of the same name at Delhi. Moorcroft, who visited Lahore in 1830, on seeing this building remarks, "there are some open apartments of white marble, one storey on a level with the basin, which present in front a square chamber with recesses on its sides for lamps before which water may be made to fall in sheets from a ledge surrounding the room at the top whilst streams of water spout up through holes in the floor."—S.R.G.

OLD ENTRANCE TO SHALIMAR BAGH, LAHORE.

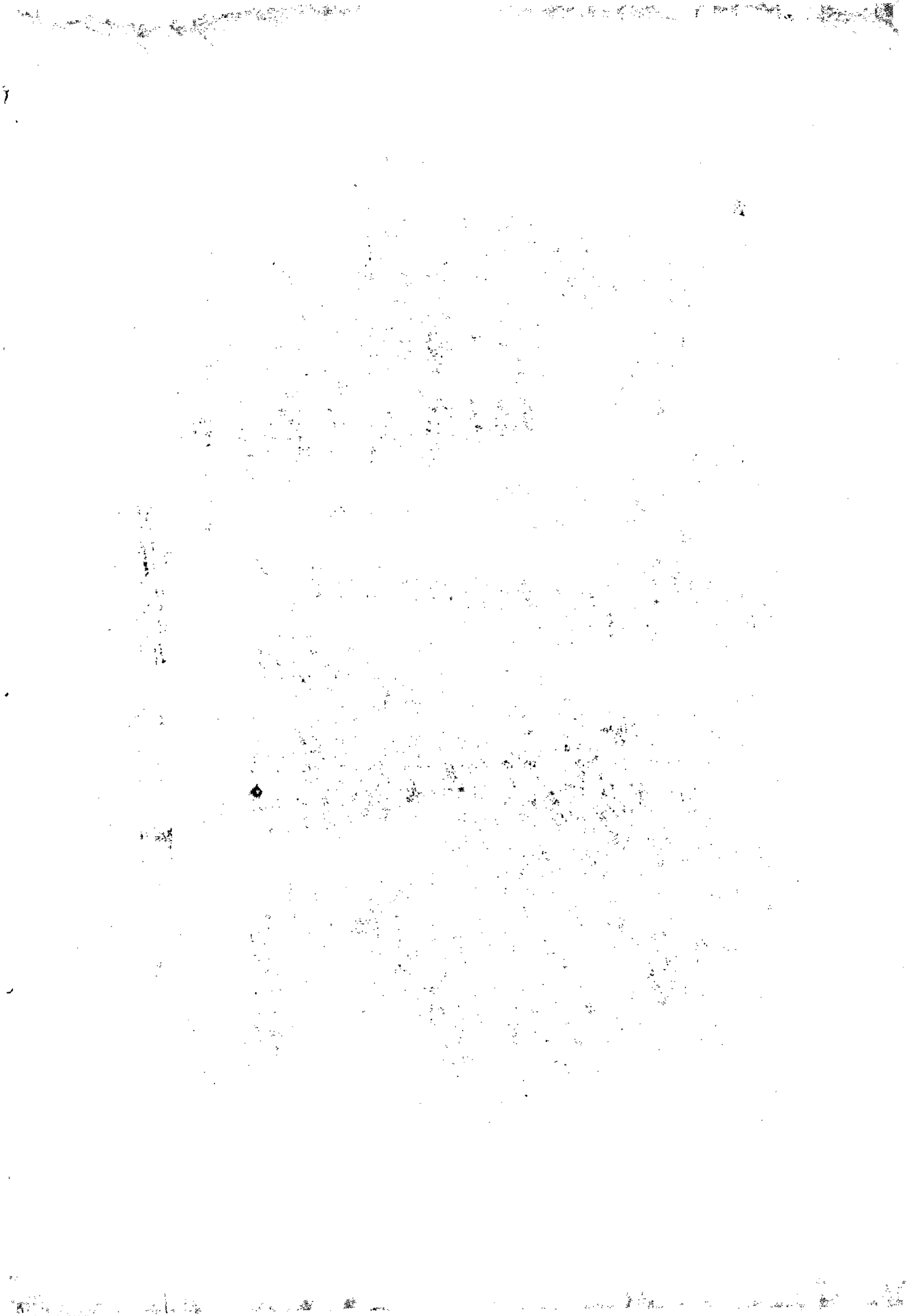
THE greatest garden-lovers of the Mogul family were Jehangir and Nur Jehan. Nur Jehan's love of flowers and beautiful landscapes

led the royal couple to travel every summer to the beautiful dales of Kashmir. Moving the whole court was troublesome and hence to reduce expenses

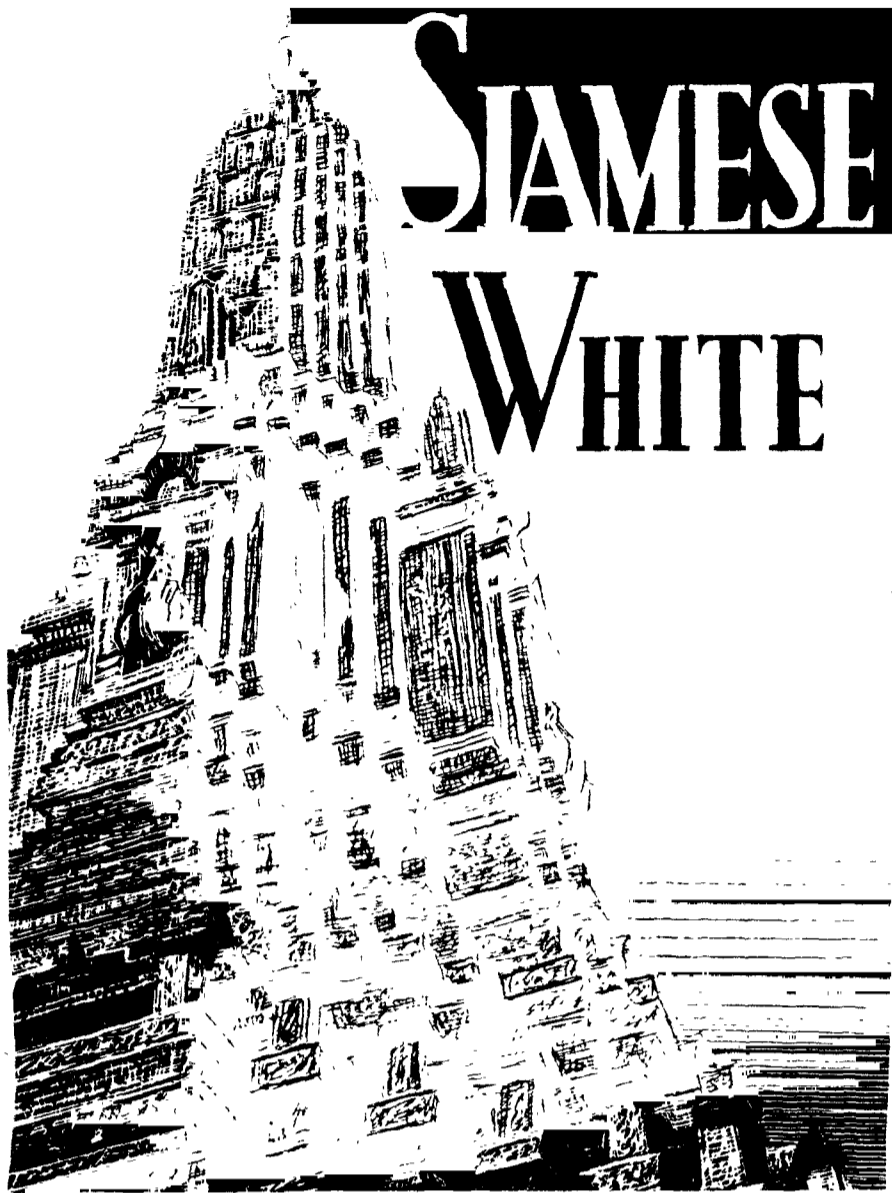


AUTUMN AT ACHIBAL, KASHMIR.

(Illustrations, by Mrs. C. M. V. Stuart, reproduced from "Gardens of the Great Moghals.")



AMAZING DRAMA OF VIOLENCE & FRAUD: HISTORICAL SERIAL BY MAURICE COLLIS



WHAT HAS HAPPENED: *White is confronted with four alternative courses, each one more desperate than the other. He consults Mary Leslie, the wife of Captain Leslie, one of his commanders. The next morning he sends for Davenport. NOW READ ON.*

NEXT morning he sent for Davenport.

WHITE: 'Mr. Davenport, I have considered your motion for my going to Madras, but, alas, these Arguments you urge for the stopping of peoples' mouths are not of weight enough to induce me to take that course. If God send me well to Europe, I shall have as fair play at the Law for my Money, as my Adversaries.'

Davenport in reply pointed out that going to Madras would have the added advantage of not obliging him to abandon the merchantmen he had sent out with his own cargoes, particularly the 'Satisfaction' and the 'Derrea Dowlat.' Very probably the 'Satisfaction' would unwittingly call in on the Coromandel coast on her return from the Persian gulf. But even that argument about money failed to overcome White's dislike of the proposal. As a proud man, he was not going to humble himself that way. 'With an extraordinary concernedness,' he said, 'you talk like one who knows but the shell and outside of things. If I was sure going to Madras would keep me from going to Hell, I would choose to be damned rather than go thither to be laugh'd at by Yale and Freeman.'

Working up into one of his habitual rages, he continued; 'If ever a ship of the King of England comes to this Port before I am gone, the Commander shall find me as civil to him, as he can be to me, but if once he comes to tell me that I must go with him, and pretends the Kings authority here, by the living God, I'll pistol him with my own hands and afterwards wipe my breech with his Commission.'

Davenport knew what White was like in a passion. There was no talking to him and he

began to withdraw. He had reached the next room, when White called him back, saying: 'Come, I talk what I would do if an English Man of War should find me here, but you need not fear, but I'll be gone out of their way.'

So that was his decision, upon the four possible courses submitted by Davenport. He would make a dash for it, but if caught, he would fight, should the commander of the man-of-war attempt to force him to go to Madras. The idea of fighting against the English was abhorrent to Davenport, but he now realized that White would do that, if his freedom and his money were endangered.

After pronouncing these words, White continued to speak. He

WHITE: 'I must of necessity carry my Mary (for so he used always to call Madam Lesly) and her young bantlings along with me.'

DAVENPORT: 'Well, but, Sir, what will become of the Raja Mr. Burnaby? Will you leave him here exposed to the fury of the natives or at best to the King's pleasure?'

WHITE: 'God damn him, I dare not trust him with a secret of such importance. Besides what tie am I under to take care of him? Has not he eyes in his head to foresee the danger? Let him shift for himself. Yet I do not know, it may be when I am just ready to go, I may take him with me. That is time enough to tell him. Half a dozen plates and spoons, and a few cloths, with it may be forty or fifty cattees of money (£400 to £500) makes up his baggage. I need not much fear his over-lading my ship.'

'Thus he broke off at this time,' writes Davenport.

ON March 25th White told Davenport that his mind was now made up to get ready the 'Dorothy', in case the 'Resolution' never returned. It should be given out that he was loading her for a voyage to the Persian gulf. When she was laden and provisioned, he would send her out of the harbour to a hiding-place among the islands, joining her at the last moment. He explained:

'I will always keep the Barge and Sloope Robin in readiness before my door, and a dozen of Country Boats, divided in four Squadrons continually out upon the Scout, and so whensoever an English Man of War comes in sight, I will set fire to the Town and immediately repair to my ship, where I will give them leave to find me out if they can, for they had as good look for a Needle in a Bottle of Hay as for me, if I get but two days start before them.'

This wild plan was sound up to a point. Among the hundreds of deserted islands of the Archipelago, no one would ever find him. These islands were mostly uncharted. Among their shoal waters, behind their reefs, protected by tidal rips, hidden in covered bays and coves, no English ship could pursue him. He would be safe there till the wind veered N. E. in October and he could sail out of the great bay. Burning the town—that suited him, pirate and ruffian that he was at heart. A burning town would give the Siamese something to do. When he fled in his barge, the houses flaming up the hill, no one would have leisure to

follow him. It would be a grand finale to his adventures in Mergen.

Davenport transmitted the instructions about loading the 'Dorothy.' The next item he had to superintend was the packing. In spite of his rages and impatience, there was a methodical strain in White, when it came to conserving his own property. He had told Davenport to order a set of new chests. These were rapidly delivered.

WHITE: 'I would have you pack in the new Chests now made everything of value in my House, and numbering the Chests, take an exact Invoice of everything, valuing it at the real worth in

V—White Prepares to Escape

made it clear that he was resigned to the loss of the 'Satisfaction' and the 'Derrea Dowlat.' They could not escape; it would be a miracle if they got through. He counted them as gone already. If anyone offered him five shillings for both, he would accept it. But that was comparatively a small matter. It was his frigate, the 'Resolution,' with Captain Leslie on board, that he was thinking about, the only ship on which he could get back to England.

WHITE: 'I am most concerned for Lesly, I am afraid he'll be snapt upon the Coast, and he is the only man for my turn on this occasion, for Cropley I know is neither well affected to me nor fit for the business.'

And the 'Dorothy' was not altogether suitable. She was too small a ship for the voyage home with the cargo White intended to carry. And there would be passengers.



AN AYUDHYAN HEAD

this place, so that I may know both what I have and where to look for it.'

DAVENPORT: 'Would you please to be present at the packing and rating of them, for your better satisfaction.'

White said he would have time for that next day.

But the morrow was Easter Sunday and 'improper for any business of that nature.' He might burn Mergui, but he would not pack on the Day of Resurrection. Instead, he gave a great party for the whole station. All the Europeans on that distant shore were invited. It was a noble entertainment, says Davenport. White was at his best. He was, of course, the master; his house was the centre of interest, the place about which rumour was always busy. Every merchant, every farmer, bazaar-girls, water-men, looked up at it, standing above them on its height, as they went about their labours. It represented everything that was important, that mattered. White was a great lord in that place. On this Easter night his windows were all lit; there was coming and going; sedan chairs arriving, the welcome, toasts; without, crowds standing and watching in the darkness. He himself knew that the end was near, some kind of an end, and it mellowed and saddened him. Davenport had hardly seen him with a manner so gentle and grand.

'He was very liberal to his immediate Servant, both White and Black from the highest to the lowest; to me in particular he gave two pieces of Silk very rich, telling me at the same time that he design'd a more Considerable Token of his kindness for me in a short while, and that he gave me that only in course, because he was minded to give all his Servants somewhat on that Festival, which he said he had design'd to have done on the fifth of the month, his Birth Day, had he not forgotten it.'

On Easter Monday he was back at his preparations. There was no time for rest. The next point was to get in as much money as possible in the short space he felt was left to him. Certain taxes were due. He would gather these urgently in the King's name and use them for his current expenses, some of which were of a public nature. The taxes were on the land, the rice crop having just been sold. He proposed to hurry to Tenasserim and from that centre collect the money. He expected to obtain £2,000 at once. His salt he must also sell. As mentioned, he had trespassed on the royal monopoly of that commodity and he had a considerable stock to liquidate. He now devised a plan of forcing the subordinate officials to take it. "They dare as well be damn'd as refuse to take it," said he.

He wanted the money particularly to pay the seamen and soldiers, all of whom he had decided to disband and



A Siamese Boy and Girl.

disarm, for he was afraid they might mutiny and seize him at the instigation of his enemies, if they suspected that he was escaping. The Mahomedans would arrest him in anticipation of sanction.

So the morning passed in business and accounts, Davenport at his elbow.

* * *

WHEN the day's work was finished, White noticed that his secretary had a dejected appearance.

WHITE: 'Mr. Davenport, what's the matter with you, are you not well?'

DAVENPORT: 'Yes, God be thanked, I am very well in health.'

WHITE: 'I perceive then you are dissatisfied in your mind at something or other; pray be plain with me and tell me what it is.'

DAVENPORT: 'Sir 'tis very true, I am much dissatisfied, both in respect of you and myself, in respect of myself, because you have always been kind to me, yet my circumstances are such that I cannot manifest my Obligation to you in such a manner as I plainly foresee your occasions will require, without my extreme prejudice on many scores.'

He went on to explain to White the exceedingly delicate position in which he was placed by serving him at a crisis, from which he could see very little likelihood of emerging intact.

DAVENPORT: 'If I could go with you to Europe and you should have the good fortune to escape Interception, I shall leave my concerns in the Bay at such uncertainties and expose myself so much to the censure of all our Country-men in India, who are, many of them, but too apt to put

the worst Construction upon every persons proceedings that hath been once unfortunate, that I much question whether in my return to these parts again, I should ever be able to retrieve my Reputation.'

Davenport was a clever man. From the first he had had a disinclination to serve White, but had been persuaded to go on and on against his better judgment. Now he was hopelessly involved with his master. He proceeded: 'If I continue with you in the sphere I now move, untill your departure hence, and then stay behind you, what can I expect but to be exposed, if not to the rage and fury of the Natives, yet to the Kings and your Friend, the Lord Phaulkons, indignation as having been privy to your design'd escape?'

That was a poor prospect, but there was a worse ahead. Supposing, before White could leave, an English warship arrived and White resisted, as it appeared he might resist, if he was cornered. 'How can I (pleaded Davenport) preserving my Allegiance unblemished, concur with you in so dangerous an attempt?'

Whatever happened, he was faced with ruin, unless he could dissociate himself now from White. He then brought out what was in his mind, what had been in his mind so long.

DAVENPORT: 'Wherefore I desire you would please discharge me from your Service, so that I may live unconcerned, untill some opportunity presents of going hence.'

WHITE: 'Sooner than detain you in my Service against your will, I will not only dismiss you but give you a small Sloop to carry you to Bengala or whithersoever you would go. But

you must have patience till I get my ship secured out of the way.'

Again Davenport had to agree to a delay, though he persuaded White to allow him to hand over his cash account to John Turner, one of the subordinates. For the moment the conversation was at an end, for they went to dinner.

Later they began the packings postponed from Saturday. As they wrapped up his plate (except a little for daily use), counted and packed his jewels, sea-books and instruments for navigation, White returned to the subject of Davenport's position.

WHITE: 'I do not forget the promise I have made you of one thousand rupees extraordinary, besides all your wages. If you will but continue with me and go only to Persia, I will give you the Sloop Robin freely.'

This makes White's plan clearer. If the 'Resolution' failed to arrive, they would take the 'Dorothy' and the 'Robin' to the Persian gulf, where selling both vessels, they would go home overland. Davenport's share would be the 'Robin.' It was a possible scheme, for White had an agent in the Persian gulf. But Davenport did not believe that White would never get to Persia.

DAVENPORT: 'I do not doubt your making good your promise in the least, but you cannot well blame me if I desire to be at my own liberty. I will never be backward in any friendly assistance, only reserving myself free from interfering with the designs you have entered into relating to your removal hence.'

WHITE: 'You shall be at your own choice and at your liberty to leave me, when you please. All I desire of you is to accompany me to Tenassery

(Please turn to page 37).

ENDURANCE DANCING YAKSHAGAN

Splendid Dramatic Representation Despite Long Hours In Weighty Costumes and Head-Dresses



THE KIRITA OR CROWN is a head-dress peculiar to royalty, and is worn by players taking the parts of Bhima, Duryodhana and others. It is an emblem of kingship, and uneasy is the head wearing it because of its great weight.

SOME YAKSHAGANA COSTUMES, the former beauty of which is being marred today by modern lighting threads of cheap glass beads into their manufacture, by the incongruity of the modern feminine roles (represented by the woman in the centre) and by modern lighting to the left and right of the woman are a semi-demon and a demon proper.

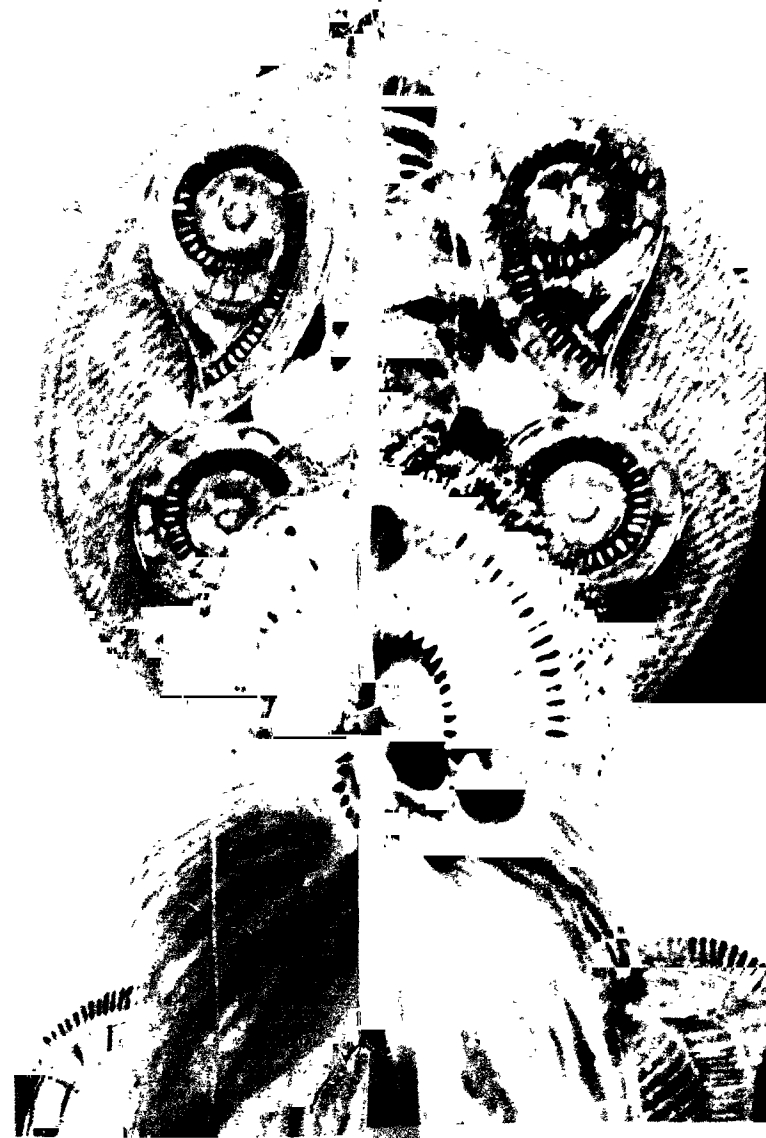
ROMANTIC FIGURES in the Yakshagana play, such as Karna or a Gandharva, wear this type of mundas or head-dress. This careful distinction of types is one of the principal differences between Yakshagana and Kathakali dance-drama.



LEFT : ANOTHER striking Yakshagana costume, very intricately and elaborately designed. Cheap materials are now rapidly putting out of business the special artists who once made up these costumes.



RIGHT : THE KE-DAGE-MUNDALE head-dress is another distinctive type, worn by personalities like Arjun, Nakula and Sahadeva, three of the Pandava brothers.



CENTRE : THE DEMON'S KIRITA as worn in the role of Sugriva, the Monkey King of Kishkindha. It is common to all demon roles.

ALONGSIDE : REAR VIEW of a yaksha costume. The veil tucked up and attached to the head-dress creates a wave-like effect when the dancer whirls round on the stage. Photos, K. S. Karanth.

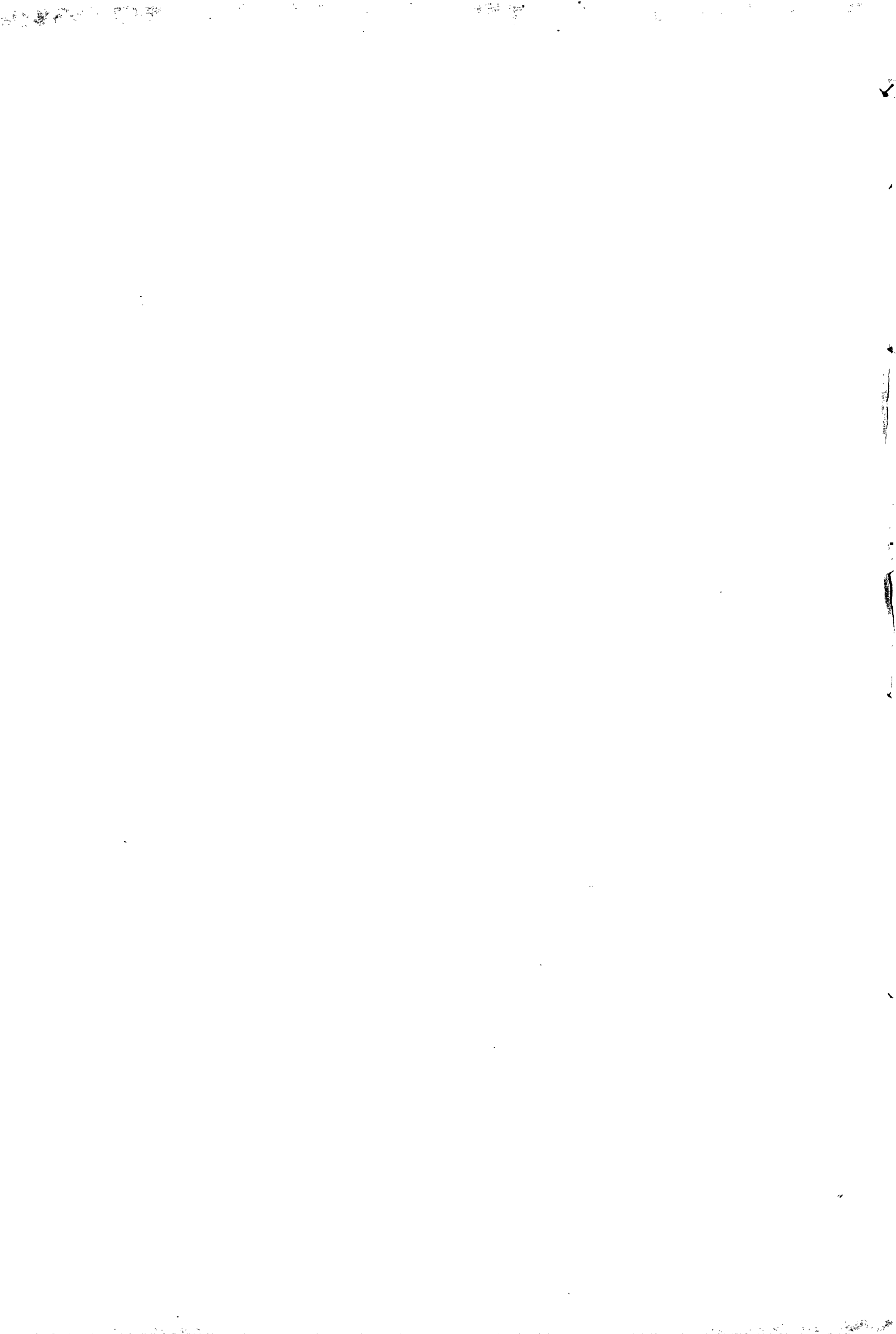
A Yakshagana play of South Kanara is an all-night performance, the theme being generally drawn from the Ramayana, Mahabharata or Bhagavata, the life story of Krishna, and one is struck by the skill of the dramatic representations.

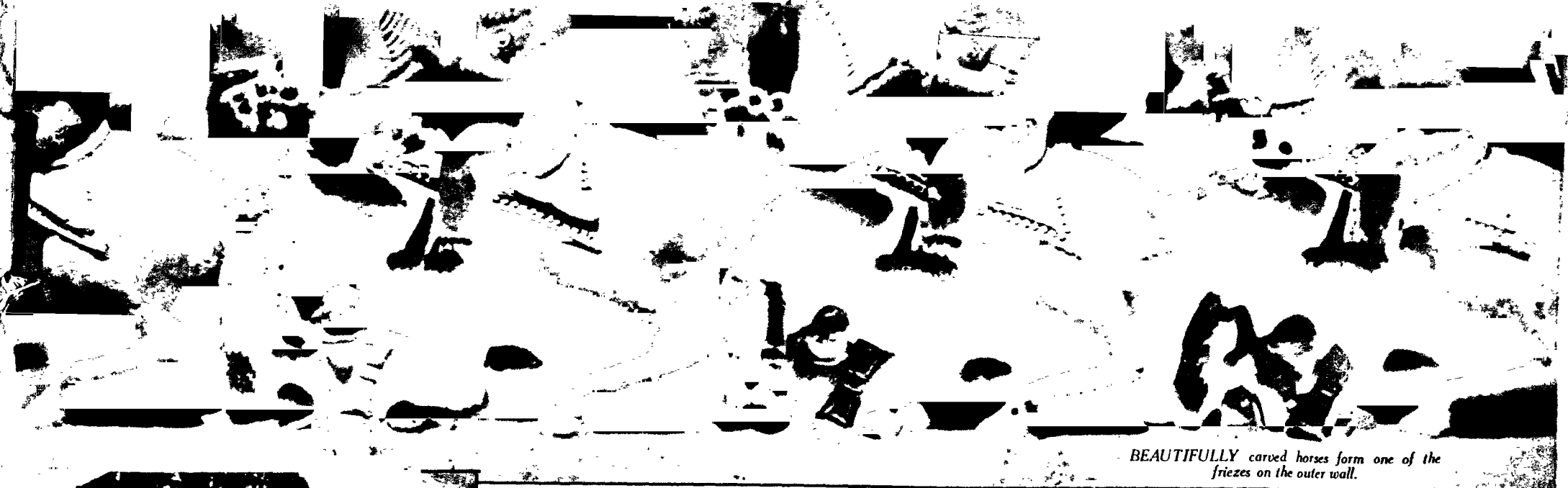
The costumes worn are very weighty affairs, particularly the head-dresses, and the pictures on this page give an idea of their ornateness and intricacy of design. Different roles have different designs, and often these great "hats," which glitter in torchlight like real gems set in gold, have to be built up on the heads that wear them.

Formerly the costumes were fashioned by special makers, but now, since the advent of the cheap glass bead, they are decreasing in splendour, and in the light of modern gas and incandescent lights lack the brilliance the blaze of torches gave them.

The painting of the masks too, as can be imagined from the pictures, is a lengthy and intricate business, requiring time, care and skill, but this too is falling off, particularly in the feminine roles, of which our contributor says, "they are the saddest part of (modern) Yakshagana—painfully incongruous."

Seeing a real Yakshagana play, he adds, is like living in dreamland, watching the dancers floating in the air as they woo, fight and act on a small open-air stage in a rice field.





BEAUTIFULLY carved horses form one of the friezes on the outer wall.



VENUGOPALA or Krishna playing his divine flute. One of the two surviving gods of Somnathpur.

Sculptured Pageantry of SOMNATHPUR EPICS from the CHISEL

of holding discussions in the sacred arts."

The Temple

THE temple is enclosed within a broad courtyard. Formerly the verandha running around this courtyard had 64 cells, each containing a deity finely carved. But now, unfortunately, not one of them is to be found. During the six centuries of decay of the temple, all of them have disappeared or been stolen.

The most interesting art of the Somnathpur temple lies in its outer walls. There, carved in perfect harmony, are rows and rows of fine images, all worked out in minutest detail—bedecked elephants, horsemen and warriors—delicately carved swans and other decorative designs, all amazingly perfect.

Amid these are scenes from the two great Indian epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. The rest are moderate-sized images of Vishnu and other gods and goddesses of the Hindu pantheon.

Venugopala & Janardhana

THE temple is a *trikutachala* or a three-celled structure, each cell enshrining an image. The three gods are Keshava, Venugopala and Janardhana; but the chief deity, Keshava, is missing. The other two images, Janardhana and Venugopala, are excellent figures carved from black stone. Both are six feet in height and

have minor injuries done to them by fanatical hands.

The ceiling carries a set of fifteen richly carved designs.

Talented Architects

WORKMAN, the famous traveller, in his book *Through Town and Jungle* says of this temple:

feet and not a square inch of their surface is without decoration. These towers absolutely captivate the mind by their profusion of detail and perfection of outline, and there is no suggestion of superfluity in the endless concourse of figures and designs.



THE FRONT of the temple showing the delicately executed carvings which cover every inch of space on the walls.

"The most complete, symmetrical, although the smallest of the three temples in Mysore, is at Somnathpur.

"If any part can be called finer than others, the palm must be given to the three stellate towers. Their height from the plinth is about 32

"To construct a building of less than 35 feet in height, load it from bottom to top with carvings and produce the effect not only of beauty and of perfect symmetry but also of impressiveness shows supreme talents on the part of the architects."

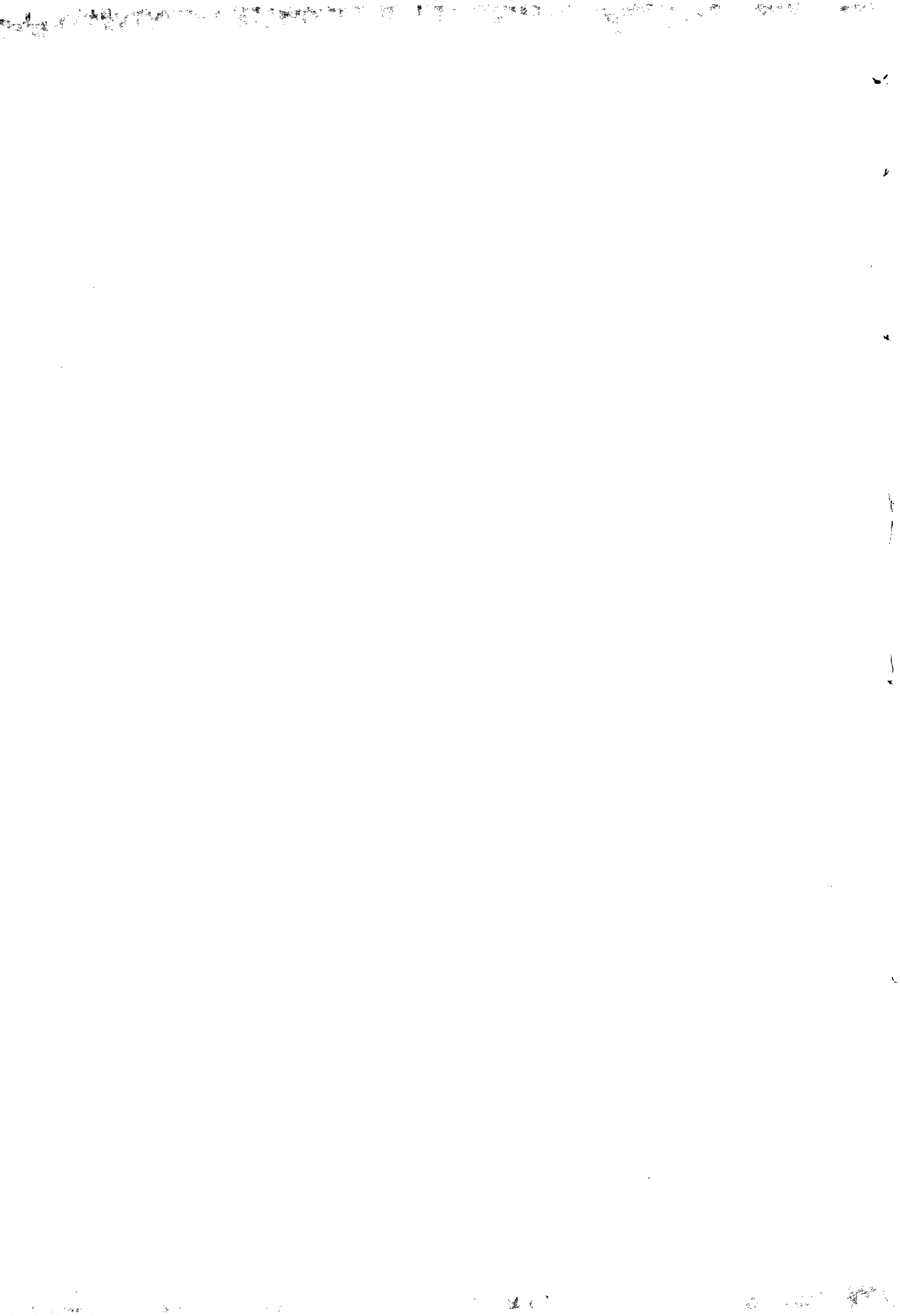
N. N.

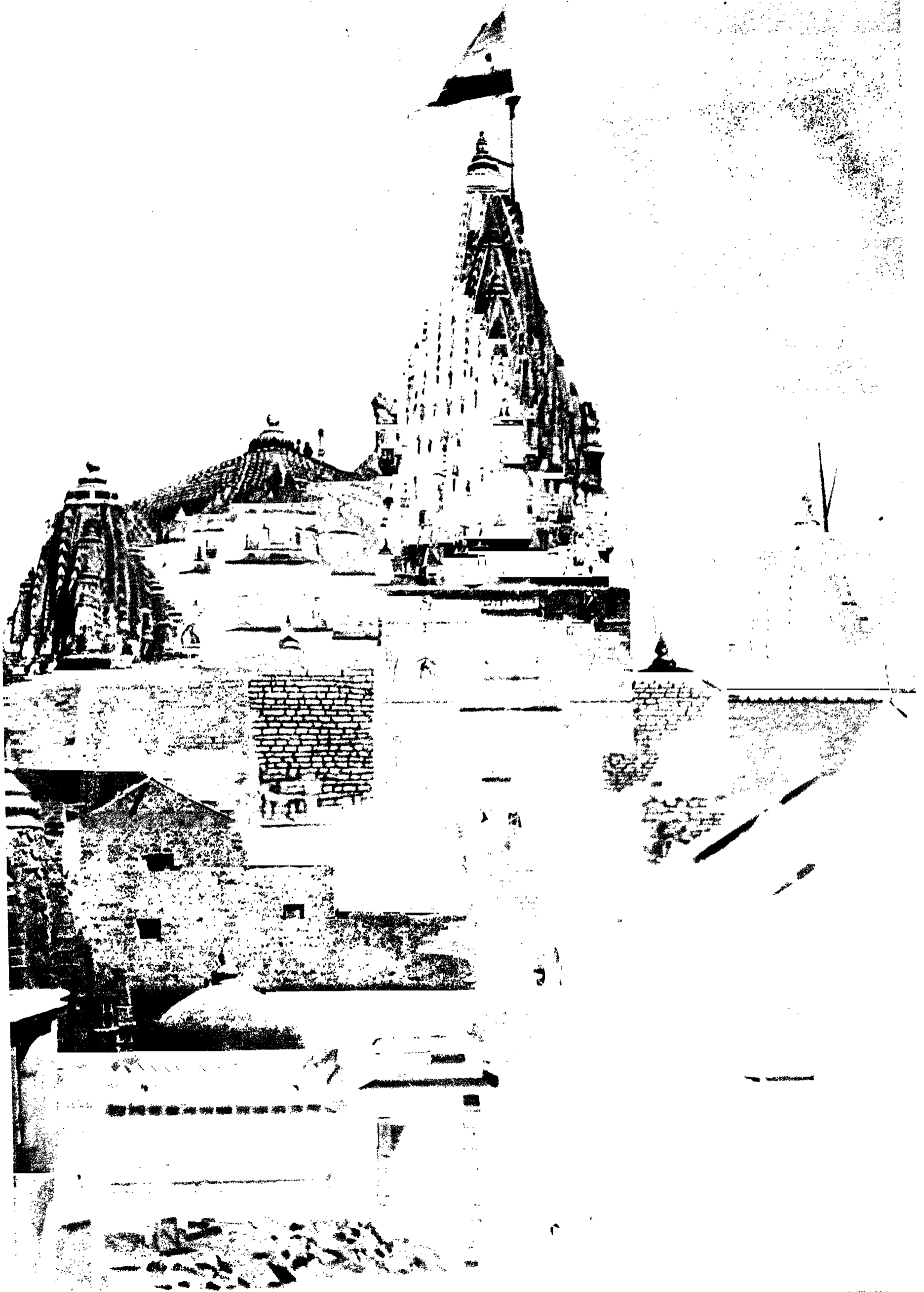
CAPARISONED elephants form another of the beautiful friezes.—Photos, Author.



THE temple at Somnathpur, a village twenty miles from Mysore, is dedicated to Keshava, one of the forms of Vishnu. It was built in 1268 A. D. by Somadeva, an officer under Narasimha III of the famous Hoysala dynasty of kings.

Somadeva built a village round the temple and gave all the houses free to numerous Brahmans who came and settled from various parts of the kingdom. It is stated that the village of Somnathpur was so full of learned men "that even the parrots there were capable

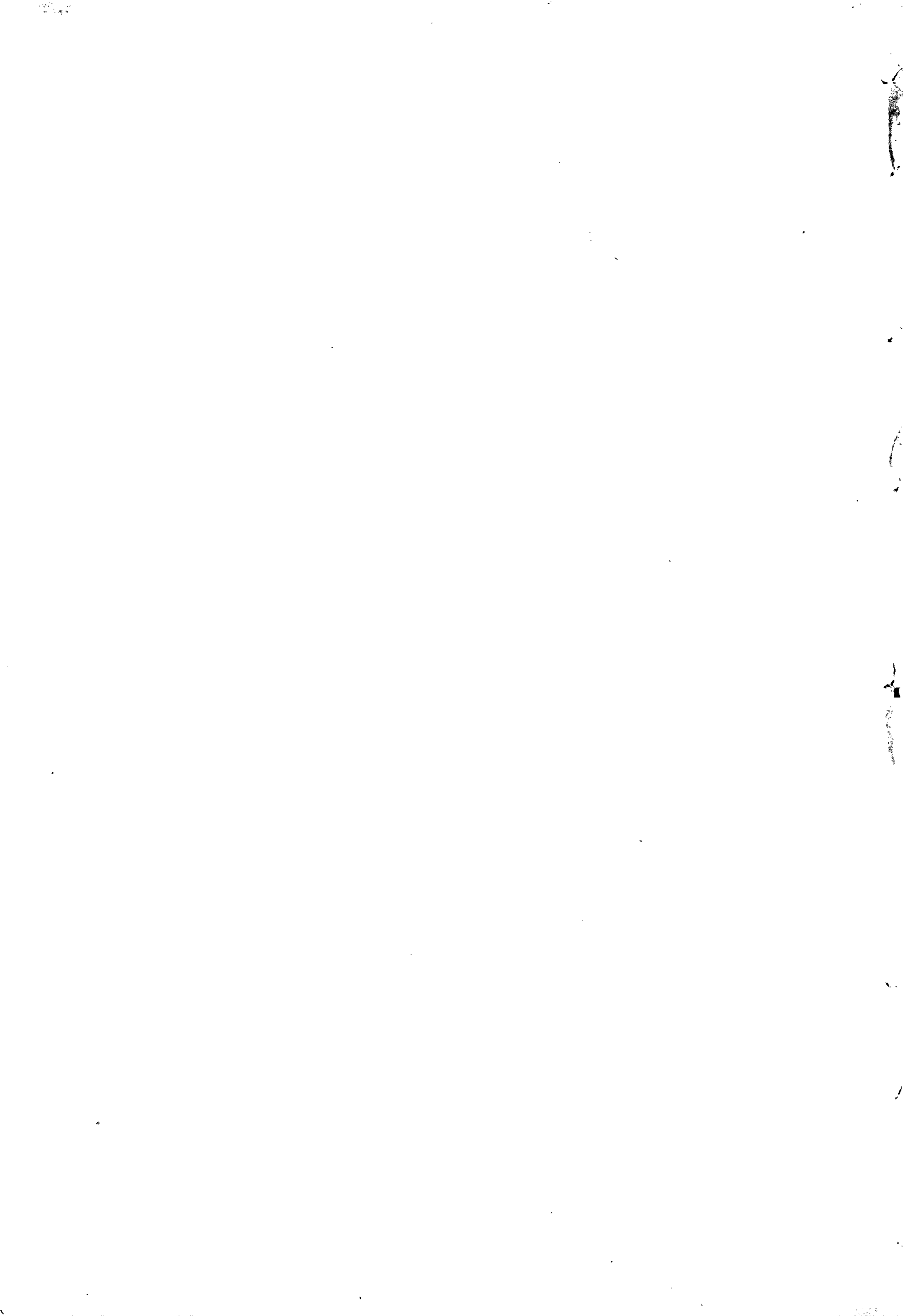




DWARKA TEMPLE IN KATHIAWAR

THE temples at Dwarka in the extreme N. W. of Kathiawar are in the district of "Okhamandal" which forms a part of the territory of the Gaikwar of Baroda. They are very sacred Hindu Temples. Dwarka was the capital of Krishna, who founded it after his flight from Mathura, when attacked by Jarasandha, the king of Magadha. It ranks as one of the great seven places of pilgrimage.

From a Photo by N. J. Nalawala, A.R.P.S.



RELIC OF FORMER GREATNESS

GANGAIKONDA CHOLAPURAM

Former Capital of South India's Most Flourishing Kingdom

Chola Desam, or Chola country, is almost synonymous with wealth and prosperity among Tamil speakers in South India, and the heart of the territory with that name was the town described in this article—the capital of Rajendra Chola, one of the most noted rulers of the Chola dynasty. The shrine he built has still many admirable sculptures left, and these rank with the finest in India.

SIVA AND PARVATI blessing their devotee, Rajendra Chola. The former is investing him with the emblem of ekatipatya or emperorship. This is possibly a sculpture inspired by the king's conquest of the northern territories.

WITHIN a mile of the high road from Madras to Kumbakonam, in a village in Udyarpalayam taluk, lie the ruins of one of the finest Indian temples. Parts of it are still in a good state of preservation though nearly ten centuries old.

Gangaikonda Cholapuram is the name of the village and it was once the capital of the Chola Empire. The temple was built by Rajendra Chola, and bears his surname, Gangaikonda Chola—the Chola who conquered the country around the Ganges. It was probably built to commemorate his northern conquests.

But tradition has it that the giant Banasura was once prevented from going to the Ganges for his bath. As he was a pious devotee of Siva, the latter made the river appear in a well which is in the temple at Gangaikonda Cholapuram. In support of this tradition, there is a well with

excellent water in the temple. It is believed to be connected with the Ganges by underground waterways.

Resembles Tanjore Pagoda

THE city has now disappeared and all that remains of the once populous capital is a number of mounds, buried walls, broken pottery and bolts scattered here and there over the extensive ruins. The great temple is the only prominent object and closely resembles the temple at Tanjore. Though a little smaller, the plan and design are similar to that magnificent pagoda with the same lofty pyramidal stone tower over the shrine and a broad base. Here also it is popularly believed that the shadow of the tower never falls on the ground.

A huge bull adorns the front of the shrine which has only one enclosure measuring about 580 by 370 feet. Evidently the temple was once fortified by strong outer walls with bastions at each corner; but they have been demolished and much of the

stone from them provided the material for building the Lower Anicut across the Coleroon in the year 1836.

The sculptures in the panels on the walls of the temple are remarkable for their excellence and beauty and rank with the finest of their kind in India. The good condition of these panels is not due so much to any special care bestowed on them as to the hardness and durability of the stone out of which they are carved. Again, the temple stands in a rather secluded spot.

Another relic of bygone greatness which the place contains is the ruins of the big Ponneri tank, the skeleton of the giant irrigation scheme, conceived by Rajendra Chola for the storage and distribution of water. The embankment was about 16 miles in length and it was proposed to keep this great reservoir supplied from the Coleroon by a channel 60 miles long. There was a proposal by the Government to repair the embankment and put the scheme into operation, but it seems to have been abandoned.

MOORTHY VASAN.



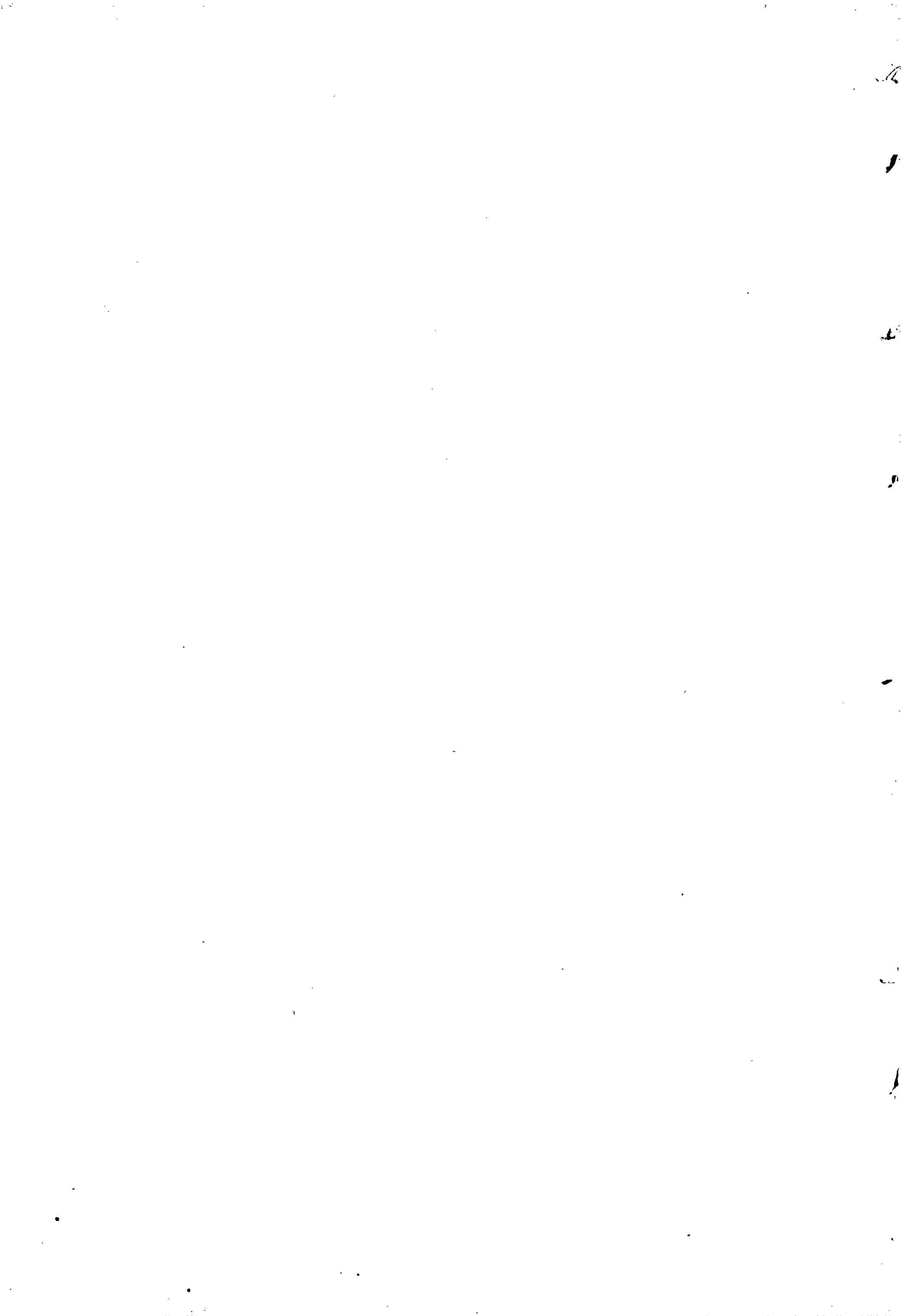
THE SACRED WELL, with its entrance shaped like a yali (Hindu mythical animal). It is into this well that the Ganges is believed to flow.

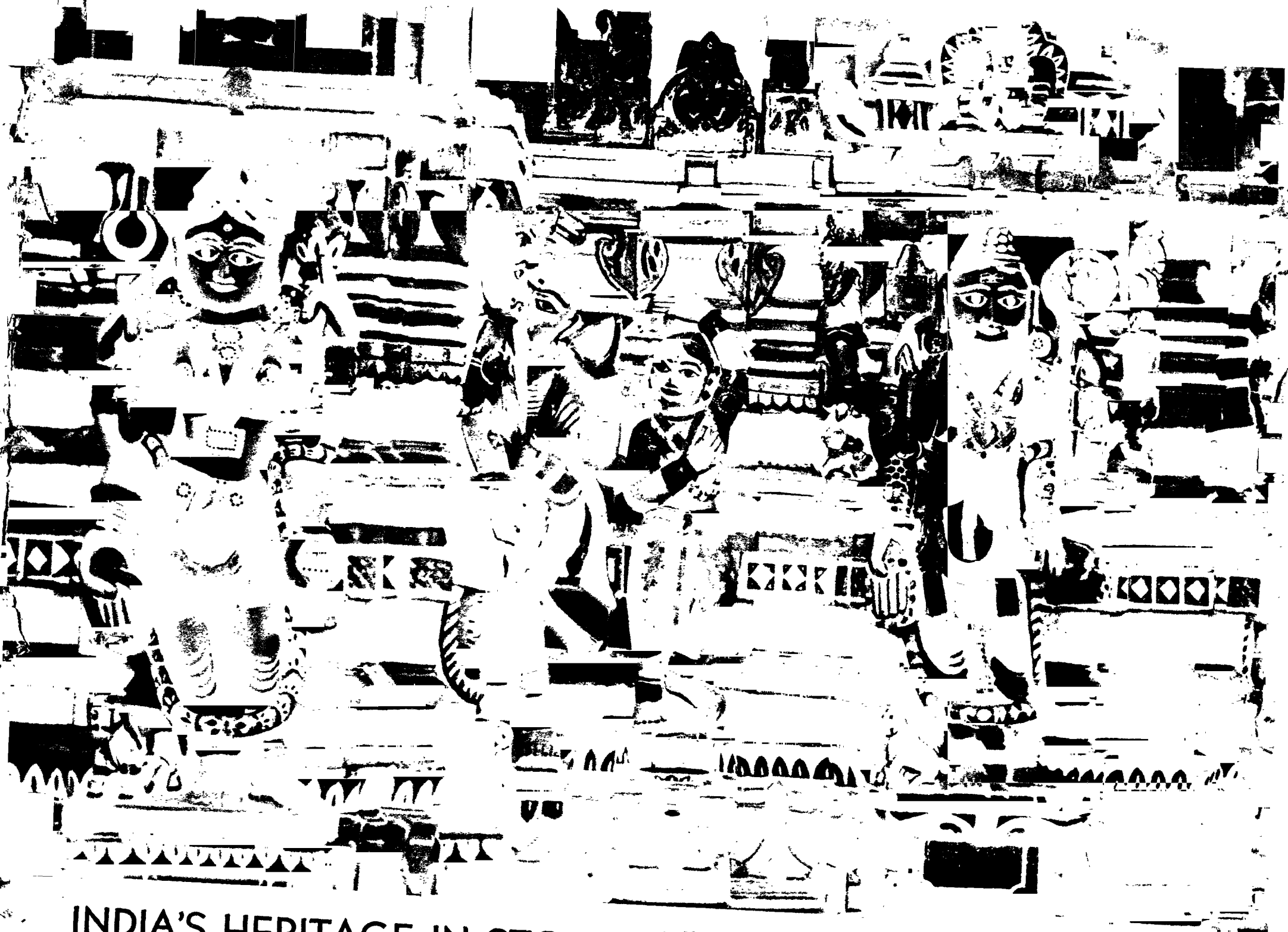


SIVA AS DANCER—A typical Gangaikonda Cholapuram sculpture. The central figure shows Siva as Nataraja, trampling a demon under foot.



THE WATCHMAN—Siva temples have usually a bull's figure in front, and their importance can be measured by the size of the animal.—Photos, Author.

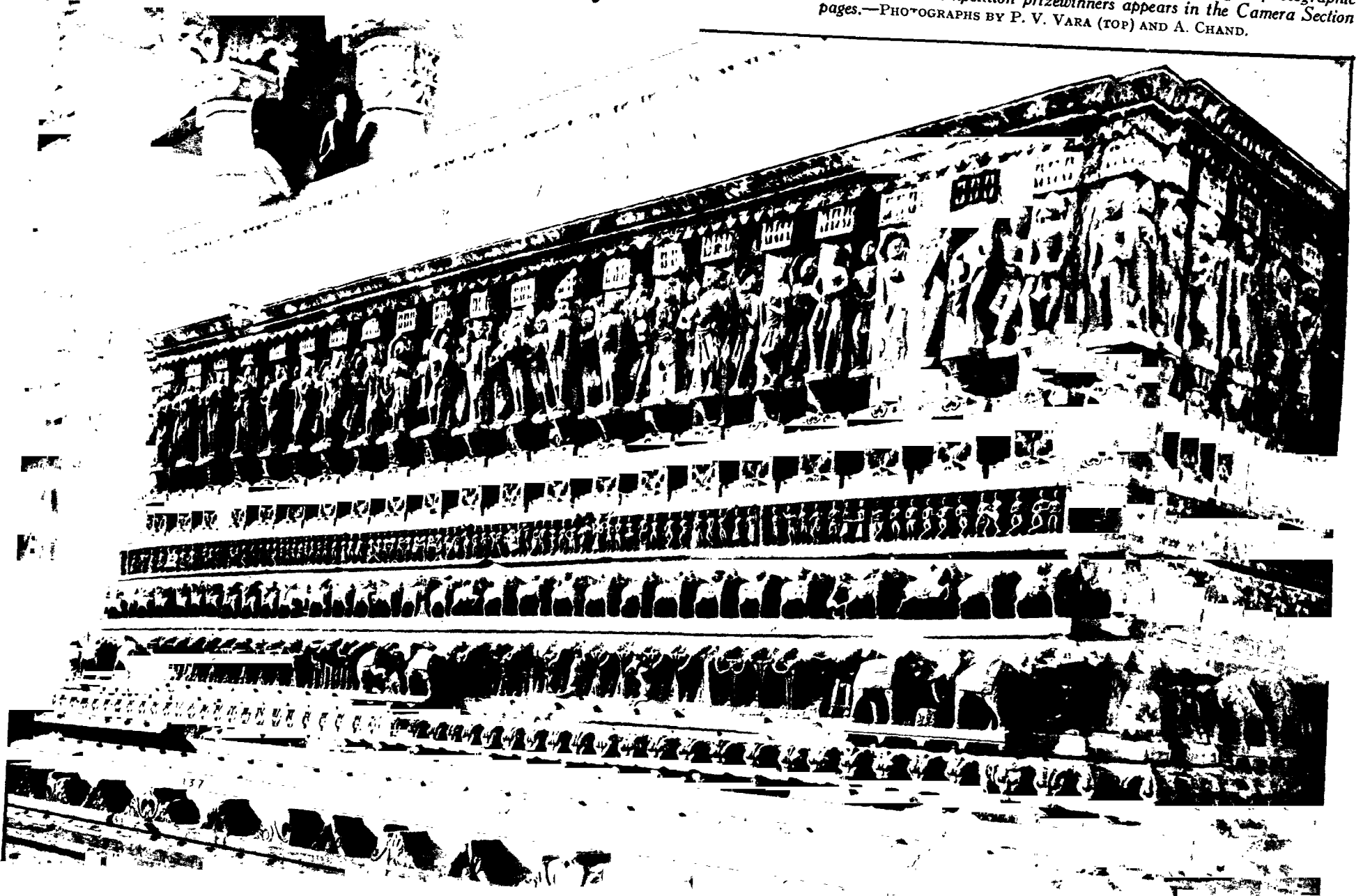




INDIA'S HERITAGE IN STONE

Archaeological and Historical
Photographs on View in Bombay

TYPICAL of some 400 "I.W." readers' photographs of archaeological and historical interest now on view at the Town Hall, Bombay, are these two pictures showing (ABOVE) carvings from the 300-years-old Jain Temple at Jamnagar, and (BELOW) a small marble shrine from the Jagdish Temple, twelve miles north of Udaipur. Entries for this exhibition, which is being run by the Bombay Field Club in aid of the King-Emperor's Anti-Tuberculosis Fund, were asked for in our August photographic competition. A list of the competition prizewinners appears in the Camera Section pages.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. V. VARA (TOP) AND A. CHAND.





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Tippu Sultan: Dam Builder

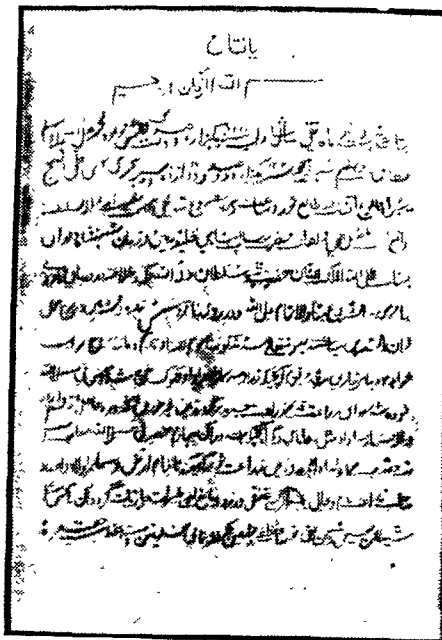
THAT Tippu Sultan, the well-known 'Tiger of Mysore', anticipated the Krishnarajasagara Dam by 150 years is supported by a Persian inscription which is now on the dam. (Krishnarajasagara Dam, by the way, is one of the biggest in India and its waters cover a total area of over 50 square miles with a storing capacity of 45,000 million cubic feet.)

Here is a translation of the inscription:—

"Ya Fattah! In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful! On the twenty-ninth month of Taqi of the Solar Year Shadab One Thousand Two Hundred and Twenty-one, dating from Mowlood of Muhamad (may his soul rest in Peace!), on Monday at Dawn before sunrise under the auspices of the planet Venus, in the constellation of Taurus, Hazrath Tippu Sultan, the Shadow of God, the Lord, the Bestower of Gifts, laid the foundation of the Mohyl Dam across the river Cauvery to the west of the Capital by the Grace of God and the assistance of the Holy Prophet, the Calif of the Worlds and the Emperor of the Universe. The start is from me but its completion rests with God.

"On the day of commencement, the planets, Moon, Sun, Venus, Neptune were in the sign Aries in a lucky conjunction.

"By the help of God, the most High, may the above mentioned dam remain till the day of Resurrection like the fixed stars. The money amounting to several lakhs spent which the God-given Government have spent is solely in the service of God. Whoever cultivates with corn or any other crop land that has not been cultivated before, will pay the God-given Government three parts of the share of the produce paid by the other raiyots, but the fourth



THE INSCRIPTION, which was intended for Tippu Sultan's dam, now appears on the great Krishnarajasagara Dam.— Photo, Author.

part should be exempted in the way of God. Whoever cultivates new land will hold it as long as earth and sky endure, he and after him, his children and posterity. If any person were to cause any obstruction or be preventer of this perpetual benevolence, such an unhuman being is to be regarded as the enemy of mankind, as the accursed Satan, and the seed of those cultivators, nay, of the entire creation."

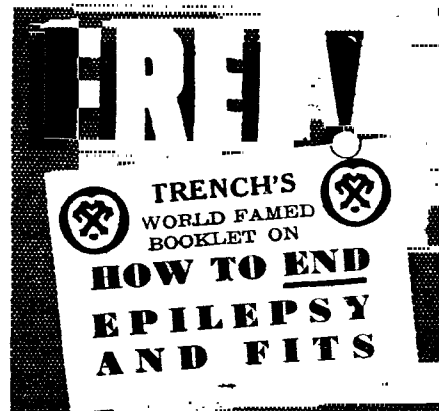
Tippu Sultan, though he seriously started this colossal work, had to stop it at its very beginning, for his whole energy had to be diverted towards fighting the English.

N. N.

DOG FROM INDIA WINS INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP



ITCHI, THE JAPANESE SPANIEL, owned by Mrs. F. S. Kerr of Bombay, won the supreme award at the Dog Show at Lausanne where there were 600 dogs and 22 judges. People at the show had never seen a Japanese spaniel before, for these dogs are rare even in Japan. But rarity finds no place in the estimation of judges, who concentrate on the good points of the exhibits; and Itchi, being in all respects perfect, walked off with the premier award.



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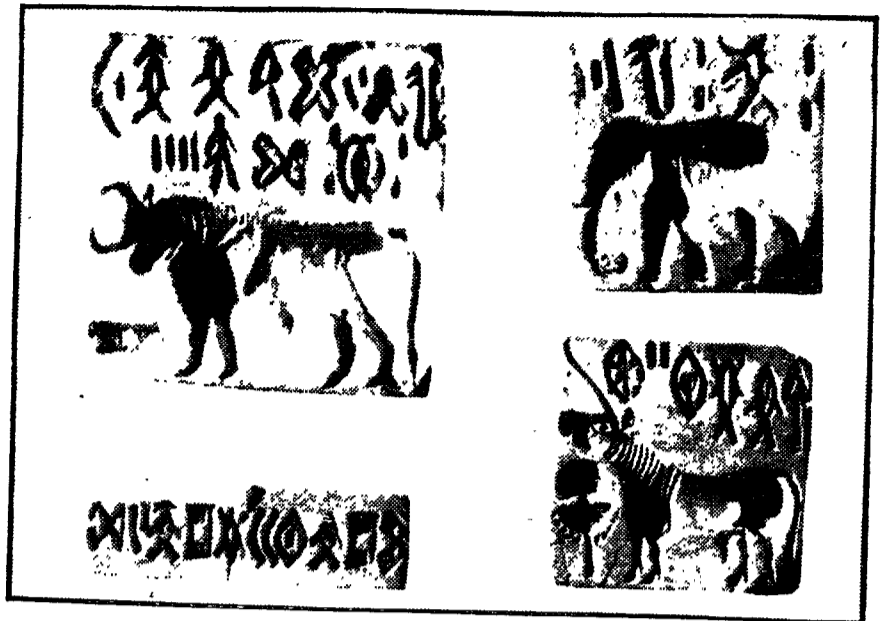
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HOW MEN Learnt to WRITE

Strange Signs Once Used as Letters



IN THE CUNEIFORM TRADITION: These seals from Mohenjo-daro show writing in many respects similar to that which prevailed among the Sumerians—short, often straight, lines necessitated by wet clay, the first medium used by them for writing.

THE great fact that has been borne in upon anthropologists and ethnologists during the past thirty years is the immense antiquity of what we call civilisation. It is safe to say that the general tendency today is to push ever backward those vague dates at which we place the various steps in human advance. And we know now, what the last generation of archaeologists did not know, of wonderful civilisations existing before the dawn of recorded history in areas which at the beginning of this century were regarded as promising nothing to the excavator.

Civilisation is of course a matter of definition. It may be made to embrace the discovery of the secret of fire—a momentous step in evolution—or it may be made to start with the fashioning of the first primitive tools and weapons or it may be postponed, as it usually tacitly is, until systematic agriculture led to the formation of settlements and the development of a mode of life, which according to contemporary standards must have seemed reasonably secure.

Picture Writing

THEN again the early history of writing must prompt us to the reflection that writing too is merely a matter of definition for it appears to have originated in pictorial representations which in the course of the years became conventionalized signs. The first pictures takes us right back to the cave men.

Everybody knows of the wonderful cave drawings in Spain and in France, in which

We who enjoy the modern facilities of typewriters, fountain-pens, and dictaphones, seldom realize the difficulties by which mankind first achieved methods of recording thoughts. Before pens and paper men wrote on stone, wax, and even mud! Before letters were discovered pictures had to be used.

the mammoth and the giant elk are represented. Now the mammoth disappeared from the world at a date which may be placed anywhere between 30,000 and 100,000 years ago. So that at a period long prior to the date assigned by old scholars to the creation of the world, our ancestors had already achieved a high level of skill in pictorial representations from which writing originates.

Let us bridge the gap between Cro-magnon man and the early Egyptian hieroglyph. Perhaps in time we may be able to some extent to map pictures of that prodigious and mysterious expanse of time. At the present our evidence is negligible.

Two Civilisations

TWO entirely unrelated civilisations grew up contemporaneously in the great river valleys, on the banks of the Nile and by the waters of the Tigris and the Euphrates. There was a third, too, of which we are only just beginning to discover something, which developed in Europe on the Danube. But of that more anon.

In each of the two former civilisations writing began with pictograms—with pictures that more or less adequately represented the things which it was desired to describe. In this respect such "writing" may be related with the successors of the cave painters of France and Andalusia.

The difference between the two forms of pictogram was dictated by local conditions. In Egypt grew the papyrus, of which the use was early discovered, and

smooth writing surfaces and the inks to limn on them were available. In consequence it was possible to achieve flowing lines and easily recognizable pictures. If the early Egyptian scribe desired to represent a king he was confronted with no very great difficulty.

Writing On Clay

IN Mesopotamia on the other hand there was no papyrus, no stone for the building of houses or for the making of monuments. But there was mud and there was bitumen. Buildings were erected of sunbaked bricks and writing was done on surfaces of clay.

Now clay is not readily receptive of inscribed curves. They must be represented by a series of short straight lines. All the pictograms of Sumer and Accad were done in short straight lines.

They were what are now known as cuneiform or wedge-shaped inscriptions. A scribe representing a king by these means would inscribe in the clay a series of close-set parallel wedges to represent the crown, and a series of other wedges inclined to each other to represent the body.

Conventional Signs

THESE cuneiform pictograms were highly conventionalized from the start, so that their development into purely conventional signs with no pictorial significance was a simple and natural proceeding.

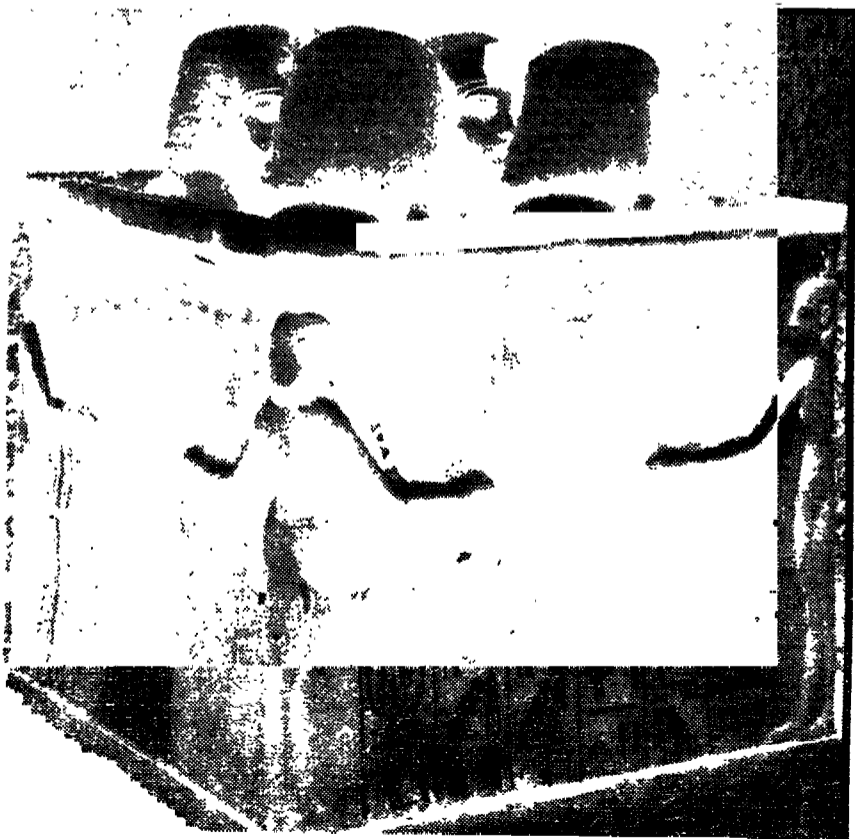
But cuneiform is obviously a form of writing not sufficiently convenient to travel far from its home of origin. Hieroglyph was far more supple and elastic. It does not take long for the pictorial representation of a vulture, say, to become a simplified conventional sign representing a vulture. It does not take long for that conventional sign in its turn to become the "phonetic spelling" of the word meaning vulture.

The process by which a sign means a sound rather than a thing is perfectly natural and straightforward. In due course we have a whole alphabet both of complete pictures and of conventional signs—both hieroglyph and hieratic script.

Spread By Phoenicians

MANY years later the Phoenicians, those great disseminators of culture, were allowed to form a trading settlement at Deffenyeh in the Nile delta. From their contact with the Egyptians they learned the hieratic script, some of their modifications of which bear a startlingly close resemblance to modern letters.

It used to be thought that it was from Phoenician traders that the Greeks learned the art of writing. Indeed the Greeks themselves gave the credit to Cadmus (qdem—the East), the Phoenician king of Thebes.



WRITING IN THE NILE VALLEY. as this inscription shows, was flowing and pictographic owing to the use of smooth-surfaced papyrus and ink. —Photo, S. and G.



The Indian Military Academy

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

has been made for the exercise of powers of command over British personnel.

The course of instruction lasts two and a half years, and each year is divided into two terms of about eighteen weeks. Cadets receive instruction in drill, physical training and all the ordinary military and scholastic subjects, as well as in equitation, science and practical handicrafts in the workshops.

Types Of Cadets

THE Academy is organised in four companies commanded by British officers; each company has its own block in which cadets have their own bedrooms, and a company ante-room and billiard room. Each company is divided into two platoons, and the discipline and interior affairs of the company are left largely to the cadets themselves. All cadets mess together in the cadets' mess, a room capable of seating two hundred and fifty at one time. There is no distinction as to creed or caste.

There are all sorts of creeds and castes amongst the cadets—Hindus, Mohammadans, Sikhs, Bengalis, Jains, Anglo-Indians, Parsis, Indian Christians and pure Europeans, whose parents are domiciled in India.

There are three types of cadets who are eligible for admission to the Academy as potential officers.

- (a) The "Open" cadet, that is, one who has passed in by means of the open competitive examination and who pays the full fees.
- (b) The "Army" cadet or ranker who has been specially selected from the ranks of the Indian Army on account of his educational and other qualifications. He is admitted free.
- (c) The "State" cadet nominated by his Indian State and who,

after completing the course is eligible for employment only in the State that nominated him, and not in the Regular Indian Army.

There are about 40 vacancies each half year, which are divided up approximately into 15 open cadets, 15 army cadets and 10 State cadets.

Games Important

GREAT importance is attached to all games and sports and every facility and encouragement is given to cadets to take part in them. Each game or sport has a British officer in charge to supervise and instruct, matches being held with teams from neighbouring stations. The playing fields cover some 200 acres and there are excellent hockey, football, and cricket grounds, tennis and squash courts and a large enclosed swimming bath.

The King honoured the Academy by presenting to it in 1934 a King's and Regimental Colour and a Banner to be competed for each term and held by the champion company. The Viceroy has presented a Banner to be awarded each half year to the best company at sports and games. These Banners are keenly contested and honoured trophies.

In the Academy an atmosphere and a curriculum have been evolved which give a training unique in India for comprehensive excellence. For example on the social side, officers of the Academy and their families play games with cadets and entertain them in their homes, which supplies a home life atmosphere, rarely found in other training colleges. This helps cadets to overcome shyness and to take their place with ease in any society.

On passing out of the Academy those cadets commissioned in the Engineers go to a Civil Engineering College for two years for a further period of training; others are attached to Regular British Army units for one year before being posted to their Indian units.

Germany's Strategic Roads

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

The roads were built on the elementary principle that the straight line is the shortest distance between two points.

They are traced by the engineers in a straight line from place to place, gorges are bridged over, woods cut and houses pulled down; no regard is taken for private property and owners have to accept compensation.

Monotony

THOUGH these roads are ideal from the point of speedy transport, travelling for the motorist driving faster and faster on a straight road without obstacles, through uninteresting, flat country (as on the route from Hanover to Berlin) is a very tiring affair.

Much nicer is the section from Munich to the Austrian border, which leads through mountainous and wooded country.

Contrary to Italian Autostrada practice, no toll is claimed on the Reichs autobahnen.

From the outset Dr. Todt was appointed "road dictator", and the whole scheme offered a good solution of Germany's unemployment problem. One hundred and twenty thousand men are permanently kept at work on the autobahnen and at times the number employed has risen as high as 250,000.

Concrete Surfaces

THE roads are planned for fast, safe motoring, and the carriageways are separated by a grass strip on which bushes and small trees are planted in order to lessen headlight dazzle.

The surface of the roads is mainly concrete. Railway crossings, numerous on ordinary German main roads, have been eliminated, while there are no cross roads in the ordinary sense, minor roads being simply carried over.

Cyclists and pedestrians are forbidden to use autobahnen under penalty of fines, and it is laid down that cars travelling at high speeds must keep to the left, and the slower vehicles to the right.

HOW MEN LEARNT TO WRITE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61.)

It was long a matter of surprise to archaeologists that so dazzlingly brilliant a civilisation as that of Greece should have risen from nothing in two or three hundred years. Modern research, however, has led to the conclusion that the Hellenic civilisation was the survival of an amazing and practically unknown European civilisation, as old as that of Egypt and more advanced in most things that matter.

In Crete

THE first traces of this pre-Hellenic civilisation were found in Crete by Sir Arthur Evans, who excavated a complete palace at Cnossus in that island. The frescoes and other remains revealed an artistic genius of a high order and, more important for our purpose, a variety of writing was found ranging from early pictograms to curative script.

So far, unfortunately, it has been impossible to decipher any of these documents, but we know that the art of writing was practised in Europe quite independently of the Egyptians and the Phoenicians.

This Cretan civilisation was not entirely insular. It was connected with that of the mainland, which is represented by the ruins of Mycenae and Tiryns, which in its turn links up with the mysterious Danubian civilisation of the Bronze Age.

Now in the earliest body of European literature, the *Iliad*, reference is made in one place to certain "baleful signs"—baleful because they were instructions to commit a murder—conveyed by the intended victim from one chieftain to another. It was long thought that this passage was a late addition inserted into the poem. But now we have every reason to suppose that the art of writing was familiar in Europe long before the time of the composition of the *Iliad*.

JOHN SPENLOW.



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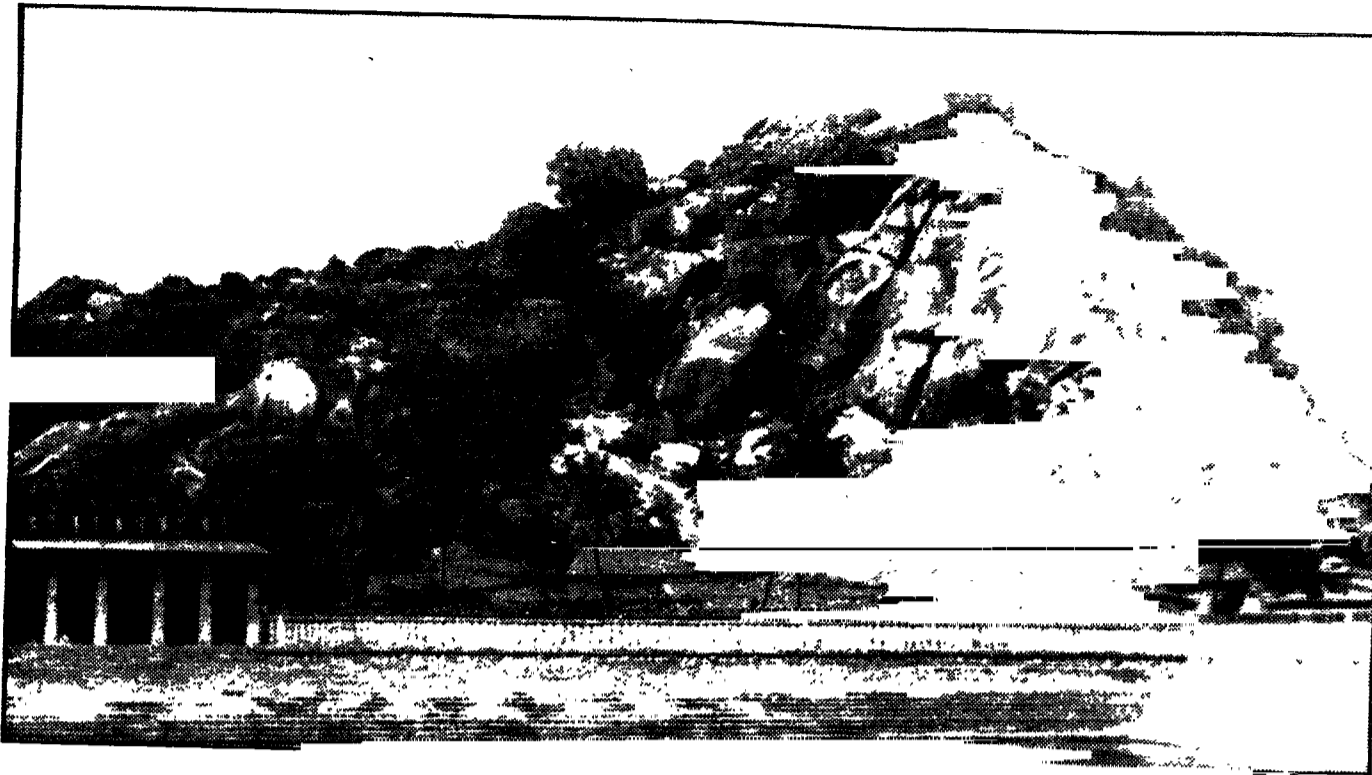
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CHANDRAGIRI HILL, in South India where in past centuries hundreds of devout Jains have fasted to death in the hope of attaining salvation.

that more than 700 Jain rishis "left the world by the vow of *sallekhana*." This rite was common until last century, for an inscription of 1803 testifies to the fact that a Jain observed it and died.

* * *

Women Too

NOT only men, but women, also observed the vow and died as cheerfully as their male companions.

One inscription says that Lakkavve in 1121 became a *sanyasini* and ended her life by the vow. Another, after describing Lady Demati as "possessed of remarkable and stately loveliness and who on account of her beauty was looked upon as a celestial woman", says that she observed the rite of fasting and "entered the high heaven as if her own home".

But the most pathetic of these pathetic instances of dying by vow is that of Santala Devi, the beloved queen of the great Hoysala king, Vishnuvardhana. The queen, "dear to the heart and eyes of the famous king Vishnuvardhana, with locks black as moving bees and face resembling the moon and in every way equal to Rati, hearing the divine call" went and sat on a rock on Chandragiri and after thirty days without food "left this abode of dust."

FASTING *to* DEATH for SALVATION

Ancient Rites in South India

AT the present moment, when "fastings unto death" are often in the news, it is interesting to note that fasting unto death was a common religious observance of the Jains of ancient India. The Jains' fast was not for any immediate material gain, but for that distant and mysterious goal, Salvation.

The Jain way of fasting was called *sallekhana* and there are hundreds of instances of its being observed at Sravanabelgola, the famous Jain centre of South India. Not only did men, aged and weary of life, sit on the bare rocks of that city and meditate away their lives, but women and

girls, kings and queens, warriors and peasants, all "quitted their mortal frames by the vow of *sallekhana* and obtained eternal bliss."

Gradual Fast

THE rite of *sallekhana* consisted in gradually giving up food until the performer died of starvation. In "Ratna Karandaka", an old Jain book, the rite is described:

"When overtaken by portentous calamity, by famine, by old age or incurable disease, the Aryans for the sake of merit obtain liberation of the body by *sallekhana*.

"Having purified his mind by renunciation of friendship, hatred, ties and acquisitions; having forgiven his relations and dependants and with kind words sought forgiveness from them; viewing with a strong mind but with aloofness all that he does, causes to be

done or desires—so shall a man enter on the performance of this great vow not to be completed save by his death. He should take only rice and milk; then gradually reduce himself to a handful of water and then, abandoning even this, with his mind intent on reverence, should by every effort quit his body."

Vindhyagiri and Chandragiri, the twin hills of Sravanabelgola, contain hundreds of inscriptions testifying that on certain spots *sallekhana* was performed. Sitting in the *padmasana* posture on those barren rocks, unmindful of either heat or cold, or wind or rain, these devotees would cheerfully follow the rules of the vow until "they existed in this sinful world no more."

Bhadrabahu Cave

ON Chandragiri Hill is a cave which is pointed out to visitors as the Bhadrabahu Cave. It was in that cave that the great Jain sage, Bhadrabahu, fasted unto death. The sage's imperial disciple, the famous Mauryan Emperor Chandragupta of Ujjain, sat by the mouth of the cave and performed *sallekhana* until he too was "liberated."

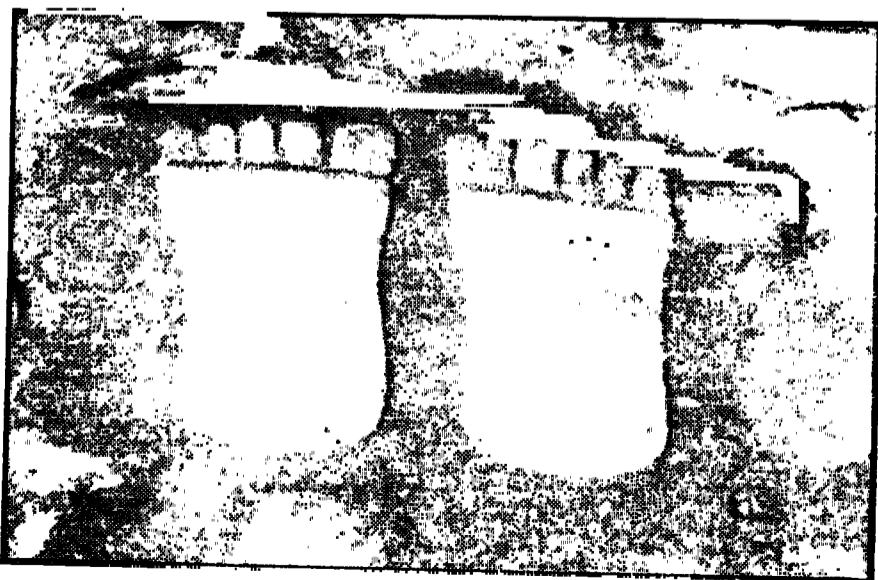
In a neighbouring spot on the hill is an inscription of 600 A. D. that tells the world in a most simple manner



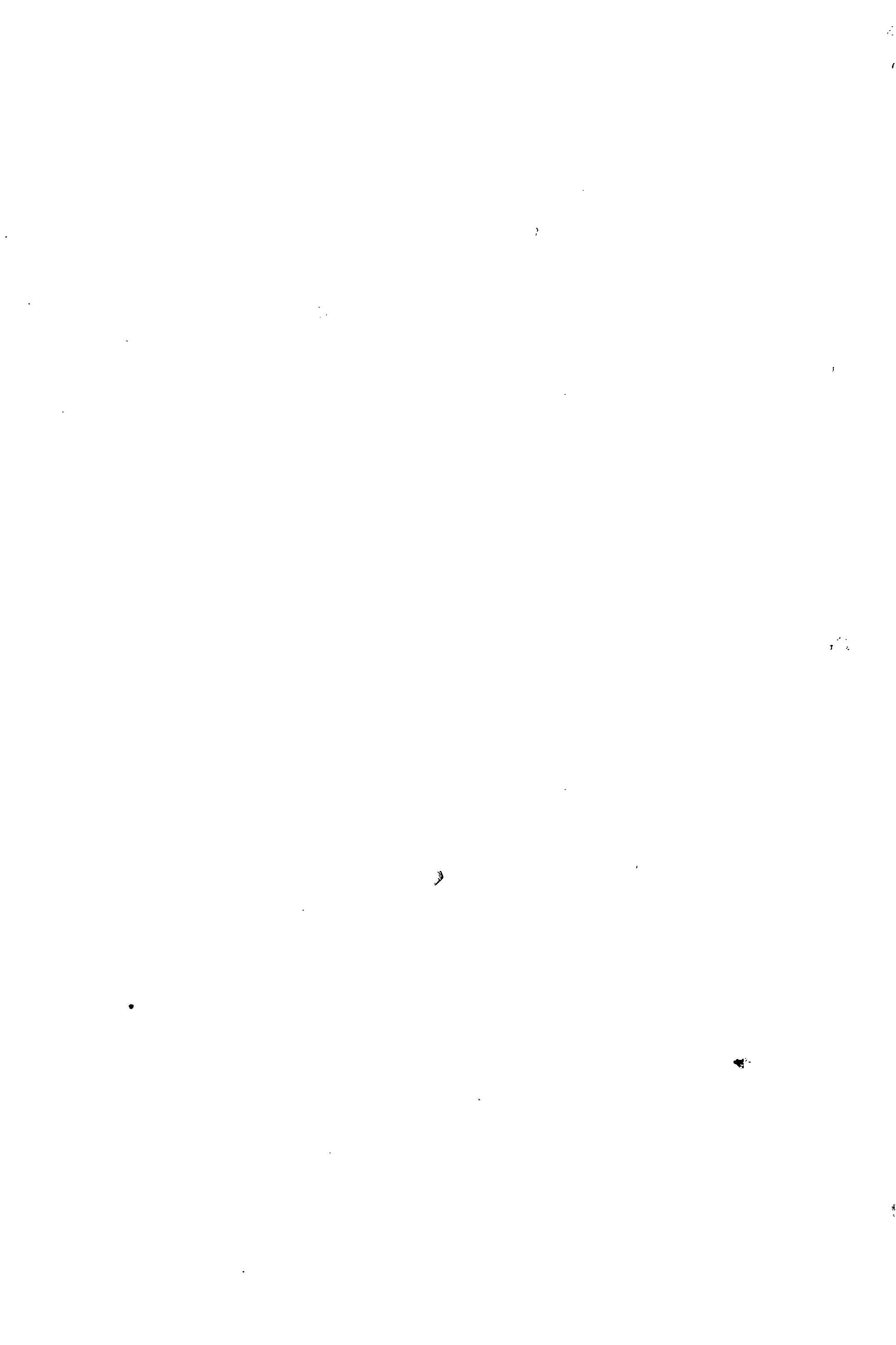
BHADRABAHU CAVE on Chandragiri Hill. At the entrance of this cave the great Mauryan Emperor Chandragupta fasted to death.

Closely following Santala Devi came her father and mother, they too to follow their daughter "into the higher world whither she had gone". Of this an inscription says:

"The matchless Santala Devi, her father, and her mother; all these readily ended their lives one after another and attained heaven. 'The queen has attained the state of gods. I cannot remain behind'. Thus saying, the proficient Machikabbe, came to Eclugoa and adopting severe *sanyasana*, she too renounced the world. Having with dignity taken leave of her relatives, she, fasting cheerfully for one month, easily attained the seat of gods by *samadhi* in the presence of all the blessed and thus ever lovingly applauded by the world did Machikabbe attain glory."



A PAIR OF FEET carved on a rock at Sravanabelgola indicate a spot where a devotee died after observing *sallekhana*.—Photos, Author.



Famous Women in Indian History—No. 1

THE RANIS of SIND

by F. J. MORGAN

IN the year 711 A.D., India was divided into numbers of warlike Hindu kingdoms, for the banners of Islam had not yet appeared in the land; but the crescent moon was rising over Hindustan, and Dahir Raj, King of Sind, seated on his throne in the fortified city of Alor, heard the first rumblings of that Muslim wave which was soon to sweep down from the mountains in the northwest, and engulf him.

Descendant of a line of kings, with the blood of the warrior caste in his veins, by the strength of his arms Dahir had extended the boundaries of his kingdom. Now his territories extended from the sea to Kashmir, and he planned fresh conquests for his victorious army; for was it not written that whosoever married the Rani Bai, his sister, would rule not only Sind but all Hindustan?

To save trouble, he had married her himself, and in peace and happiness she dwelt in the royal harem, with the Rani Ladi Bai, his second wife, and their daughters.

THE most turbulent of the king's subjects were the maritime tribes on the west coast. Following their hereditary occupation as pirates, they plundered the ships of Arab merchants trading between Ceylon and the ports of the Persian Gulf, and, presumably, rendered rich tribute to Dahir Raj.

At this time, in the city of Baghdad, the Sultan Walid Abdul Malik, sixth Umayyad Caliph, ruled

THE story of their past is enshrined in the hearts of the people of every race and nation. High on the scroll of fame are inscribed the deeds of their women.

In the ancient land of India there have been many who have adorned the pages of history with glorious examples of feminine achievement. Remembering their secluded lives and imperfect education, in days gone by, the record of Indian womanhood is amazing. Leaving the protection of the harem, they came from behind the purdah to match their wits against seasoned generals and practised diplomats. Many of these noble ladies exercised a startling effect on the history and fate of their country.

Such deeds were all the more remarkable, considering how little they could have known of worldly affairs when their lives were spent, for the greater part, within the confines of apartments cut off from contact with the outside world.

In a country which has been occupied for at least 3,000 years by the same races of people, and where the level of culture remained the same for the greater part of that period, many women, whose life-histories were epics in themselves, have gone down in history, forgotten, owing to the peculiar beliefs which disdained historical records as worldly.

In this series will be found a collection of brief accounts of the deeds of some of the more prominent women who in some way influenced the trend of Indian History during the last 1,200 years. It has not been possible to include every Indian lady who has claims to remembrance. It must also be admitted that some of the deeds attributed to individuals are disputed, but, without further evidence to the contrary, we must accept as correct the records which contemporary historians have left us.

over the lands of Persia and Irak. The Caliph was justly annoyed by the reports of the piratical practices of the subjects of the King of Sind, and was at last goaded to action when a ship, bearing presents from the King of Ceylon to himself, was captured and plundered.

before it was entirely surrounded, and hasten to Brahmanabad, where he could raise an army from other parts of the kingdom to attack the invaders, and raise the siege of Rawar. She proposed that, until the relief column appeared, she would keep the besiegers fully occupied by sorties from the fort.

The wisdom of this course was so apparent, that the young prince took horse, fled from the city, and made his escape, successfully evading attempts to capture him.

After the departure of Jaisiya, the Rani ordered that all men in the city were to take part in the defence. Reviewing her troops, it was disclosed that there were 15,000 men under her command, whom she addressed and exhorted to resist to the utmost, because their only hope of surviving lay in the arrival of an army under Jaisiya. With the courage associated with the Kshatriya or warrior caste, the defenders pledged themselves to hold the fort or die fighting.

MUHAMMED bin Kasim, commander of the invading army, and cousin of the Caliph, was an astute and experienced general. He did not intend his conquest to be held up by a long siege, and immediately took steps to reduce the city. Accordingly, he led his men up to the walls and camped below them, in preparation for an assault at dawn.

The garrison took their places at the rampart as drums were beaten, and the troops of the Caliph stormed the city. With shouts and wild yells, the defenders poured

(Please turn to page 94.)

Sending ambassadors to Dahir Raj, the Caliph demanded that the king take immediate steps to prevent further interference with Arab vessels.

Dahir Raj refused to accede to the demand. The mighty Caliph was roused to anger on receiving an unsatisfactory reply, his armies invaded Sind, and the Muslim conquest of India had begun.

THE invasion was so sudden and unexpected, that Dahir Raj was unable to gather his army in time to avoid disaster. Taking the field with the few troops available, he offered a resolute resistance to a vastly superior force, but during a sanguinary battle outside the fort of Rawar, the unfortunate Dahir was killed.

The Rani Bai, who had accompanied her husband to the field, immediately assumed command of the army, and retreated into the fort. She was accompanied by her son, the young Maharaja Jaisiya, and the other ladies of the harem, including her two daughters, the princesses; also the Rani Ladi Bai, with the wives and daughters of many nobles.

Filled with the spirit of revenge, Jaisiya yearned to take command of operations himself and give battle to the Muslim army, but the Rani Bai, doubting the wisdom of this course, declared herself Regent, and called a council of war to consider the matter.

Addressing the assembly, which treated her with every mark of respect and loyalty, the Rani pointed out that their forces were too small to engage the enemy in pitched battle with any hope of victory. Their only chance of success lay in their ability to hold Rawar until an army could be brought to reinforce them.

As Regent, she urged her son to escape from the city



"The Rani uncovered her head so that they could see and know her."

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THE RANIS OF SIND

(Continued from page 45.)

down clouds of arrows and javelins; while stones from mangonels and ballistas flew through the air, and mowed great gaps in the ranks of the enemy.

While the battle raged, the Rani Ladi Bai, not being a member of the council of war, decided to take part in the defence in some way. Her ladies-in-waiting protested that she was exposing herself to danger, and might lose her life.

This prospect did not deter the courageous princess, who replied with a smile: "What you say is true. On the other hand, it is necessary that we should defend this place, preserve our homes and dwellings, and overcome the enemy. If the Arabs are successful, I must pursue some other course."

Leaving the safety of the women's quarters, the Rani forced her way to the ramparts. At great risk she moved among flying arrows, distributing her personal wealth and treasures among the defenders, cheering and encouraging them by her generosity and contempt of danger.

THE fanatical courage of Muslim troops prevails where less inspired forces would fail. Filled with religious fervour, believing that to die in battle led straight to Paradise, where beautiful *houris* waited to minister to them for ever, the attackers,

with fierce shouts of "Allah", swept up to the walls, mined, and breached them.

The attackers hurled down the ramparts, and redoubled their efforts, as Muhammed bin Kasim ordered a general assault. Honouring their oath, the Hindus held the breach, sacrificing themselves dauntlessly, as the heaps of slain grew higher.

With the invaders breaking the gates, Rani Bai sent for all the women who could be found, and addressed them: "Jaisiya is gone, and Muhammed bin Kasim has come. May the gods forbid that we should owe ourselves to these invaders! Our honour would be lost. Our respite is at an end. There is nowhere any escape. Let us collect wood, cotton and oil, for I think we should make *johur*, burn ourselves, and go to meet our husbands. If any wish to save herself, she may."

With blazing eyes, fired with divine inspiration, the women hastened to do as their Queen commanded. At last all was ready, hundreds of women crowded together in a large building, set it aflame and went voluntarily to their death.

So quickly did the enemy break through after the warning had gone forth, that many other women who had intended to immolate themselves had not time to do so before they were captured. Others were assisting in the defence, and they too were taken. The Rani Ladi Bai, who was on

the ramparts, was a prisoner before she realised that the city had fallen.

IN accordance with the custom of those times, women captives, together with all other plunder, were led before the victorious general, and distributed to his men. Among those taken that day, were the wives and daughters of 30 chiefs, as well as the Rani Ladi Bai, wife of Dahir, King of Sind, and the late monarch's two daughters, who had not been with the Rani Bai when she burned herself.

Treating the royal ladies with the respect and courtesy to which their rank entitled them, Muhammed bin Kasim placed veils over their faces, to conform with the Muslim custom, and had special apartments reserved for them. Having disposed of those matters which required his immediate attention, the conqueror visited the prisoners. He was so delighted with the beauty of the royal maidens, that he decided to send them to Baghdad as additions to the Caliph's harem. Under the protection of a suitable escort, the young princesses, closely guarded, began their long journey to Irak.

The wisdom and beauty of the Rani Ladi Bai made a profound impression on the general, who realised she might prove a powerful weapon in his hands. The entire garrison of Rawar having perished, Muhammed bin Kasim advanced on Alor, without further delay.

THE news of the King's death had not reached the capital, and the garrison prepared to resist the invaders, expecting Dahir to come with an army to their relief. From the walls they taunted the Muslims, shouting defiance and insults.

Muhammed bin Kasim, having embarked on a campaign of conquest, was desirous of obtaining his objective with the least possible bloodshed. He attempted to persuade the city to surrender without further resistance. The defenders were informed that Dahir Raj had been killed in battle, and that any hopes of rescue they might entertain were doomed to disappointment. The news was received with scornful derision.

Regretful at his failure to achieve his object, he decided to make another attempt to gain a peaceful victory. Sending for the Rani, he informed her of his plans, and asked for her assistance to save loss of life. Under the circumstances, she agreed to make an effort to convince the citizens that Kasim spoke the truth. Taking her place just below the walls, the Rani stood in full view of the defenders. Walking as close to them as possible, she called to the men nearest that she wished to speak to their chiefs.

At last some of the principal men appeared on the ramparts. The Rani uncovered her face so that they would see and know her. "I am the Rani Ladi Bai, wife of Dahir Raj," she cried. "Our king is killed, and his head has been sent to Irak. The royal flags and umbrella have also been sent to the Caliph. Do not destroy yourselves. Submit to Muhammed bin Kasim and your lives will be spared."

As she spoke, her eyes filled with tears and she wept bitterly. In a few moments she recovered herself, and broke into the sad note of a funeral song. The chiefs and Brahmans listened in silence until she had finished.

At last a spokesman replied, scornfully, "You are false. You have joined the vandals and have become one of them. You have preferred their government to that of our king."

A few days later the city capitulated. The chief men were ordered to make obeisance before Muhammed bin Kasim, or to be put to death, and a heavy indemnity was placed on the district. Hearing the terms of surrender, the Rani realised that the city would not be able to comply with the demands. Taking courage from the kindness she had experienced so far, the noble lady requested an audience with her captor, and interceded on behalf of the garrison.

"Oh, Kasim, the people of this country are chiefly peasants, although some are tradesmen. The city is inhabited by those who cultivate the land round about, therefore the taxes you impose will be realised from their earnings. If you fix the tribute on each according to his means, it will be more just."

Forgetting the insults and indignities she had suffered from the defenders, the Rani continued to plead on their behalf, making every effort to save the lives of her people.

Muhammed bin Kasim, already greatly impressed with her intelligence and bravery, was moved to great admiration by the wisdom she displayed on this occasion. He agreed to her suggestion and receiving a deputation from the leading men of the city, he explained to them the modified demands. "In conclusion," he said, "you owe these favourable terms not to Muhammed bin Kasim, who but commands them to be carried out in the name of Ladi Bai Rani of Sind."

Proclaiming this courageous Hindu lady. Regent of her deceased husband's realm, Muhammed bin Kasim withdrew from the city to continue his victorious campaign.

NEXT WEEK: The Daughters of Dahir Raj avenge the death of their father.

GRAY HAIR AT 30



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MYSORE'S MYSTERY CAVE

Was it the Home of South India's Cavemen?

A FEW miles from Chitaldrug town in Mysore is a huge cave, known locally as the Ankali Math Cave. It was probably the dwelling place of a tribe of South India's cavemen, who roamed in the neighbourhood before the dawn of history.

The Ankali Math cave must have been cut inside a huge rock, a bit of which projects out of the earth, the rest being hidden in the earth of a hill.

On entering the cave through a door—built with brick and mortar—a small room, plastered and whitewashed is seen. On one side of this room are the tombs of two swamis. The burial took place about 600 years ago and it is learnt that the plaster-work of the whole cave was done at the same date, under the direction of the swamis, who had made it their abode.

* * *

Over 15 Rooms

IN one corner of this room is a passage which leads to another room, smaller and similarly plastered. From this apartment another passage leads to other caves of different sizes.

There are more than 15 apartments in the cave. The passages near the cave entrance are high enough for a man to walk erect. Inside they get smaller and smaller, and in the innermost corner, they are just big enough to allow a man to crawl through on all fours.

The passages and apartments—in their original state, without the plastering—must have been the work of a prehistoric tribe which found the cave convenient as a living place. No excavations have been yet made in it and the cave and its former inhabitants remain a mystery.

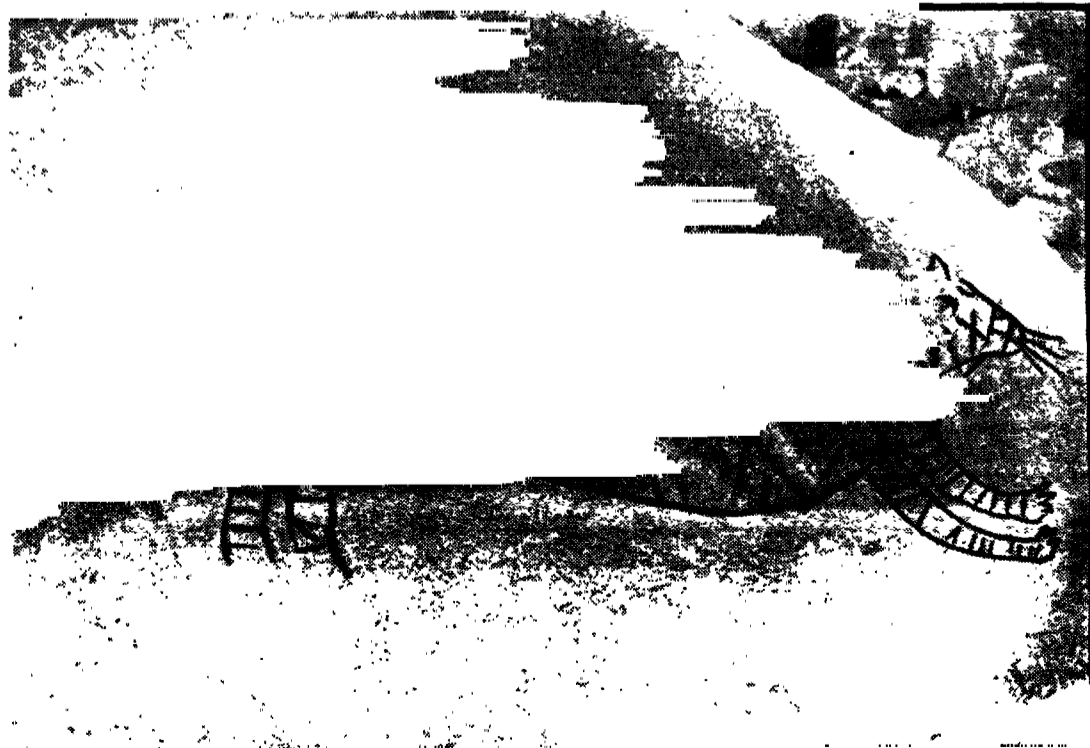
The supposition that this cave must have been the home of cavemen is further supported by a rock-drawing that exists at a distance of about two furlongs from it. The drawing, cut into the rock by a painter of the neolithic age, is that of a tiger. Its artist, in all probability, must have been one of the tribe that lived in the cave.



THE INTERIOR of the Ankali Math cave, in Chitaldrug, Mysore, which is thought to have been the dwelling of prehistoric cavemen.



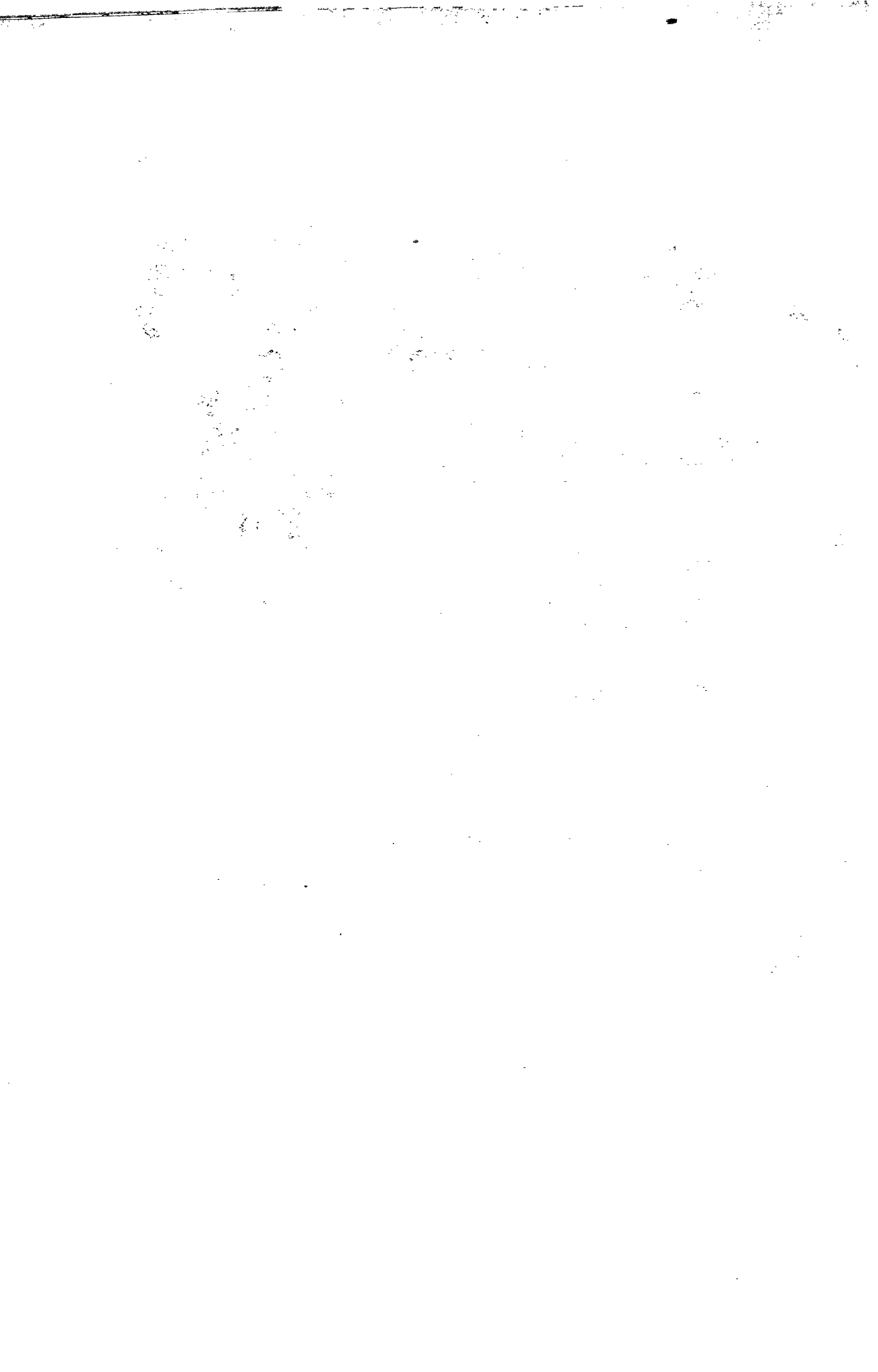
N. N.



A NEOLITHIC ARTIST probably fashioned this rock-drawing of a tiger not far from the entrance of the cave.



THE ANKALI MATH cave entrance, built up of bricks and mortar and leading to a small room in which two swamis have been buried.—Photos, N. N.



Dahir Raj's Daughters Avenge

Famous Women in Indian History—No. 2

His Death (& other Stories)

By F. J. MORGAN

SYNOPSIS.

When Dahir Raj, King of Sind, refused to restore plundered treasure to the Caliph of Baghdad, the Caliph's armies invaded Sind. Dahir Raj was killed fighting, and his captured daughters were sent to Baghdad.

Now read on.

AFTER a long and arduous journey, the two small princesses, daughters of Dahir Raj, King of Sind, arrived in Baghdad. Treated as spoils of war, they were destined to spend the remainder of their days as inmates of the Caliph's harem.

The captives were weary and travel-stained as, with heavy hearts, they followed their escort through the cool corridors of the palace to the women's quarters. Even the delights of a refreshing bath in water perfumed and scented with roses, and the beautiful new robes in which they were arrayed, could not ease their grief.

Far from their homeland, surrounded by strangers who did not speak their tongue, and whom they in turn could not understand, the sisters prayed to their own gods to save them from their captors.

For a time the gods were kind. The Caliph seemed to have forgotten the girls, and with good food and rest, the princesses recovered their beauty. At last came a day when their lord remembered them, and ordered his new slaves to be brought before him.

Standing veiled before the Imperial throne the royal prisoners awaited their fate. The court interpreter advanced, bowing low before them, and enquired their name and station.

Proudly and firmly came the reply: "I am the eldest, my name is Suryadevi, daughter of Dahir Raj, King of Sind." "And your name?" asked the dignitary, turning to the younger. "My name is Parmaldevi," was the quiet response.

The interpreter acknowledged the answers. "The Caliph, Walid-ul-Malik, on whom be peace, will retain the princess Suryadevi by him, and will send for the princess, Parmaldevi another time," he informed them.

SURYADEVI was then led to the throne, and her sister escorted back to the zenana. Ordering all present to leave the chamber, and motioning Suryadevi to be seated on a divan next to him, the Caliph removed the veil from her face, and gazed upon the latest addition to his harem. Delighted and amazed at her surpassing beauty and charm, he drew the princess towards him. Suryadevi appeared to surrender herself for an instant, then, as if struck by a sudden thought, rose to her feet, and addressed him demurely.

"My lord Sultan, we are not worthy the Caliph, because the best commander, Imad-ud-din Muhammed bin Kasim, kept us near himself three days, before he sent us to Baghdad. Perhaps it is a custom among you, but such ignominy should not be suffered by kings."

The interpreter, who was behind a curtain near by, translated the speech immediately.

The beauty of Suryadevi, as alluring as it was unexpected, had entranced the Caliph, who was now inflamed with passion, and such a check to his desire was more than his patience could withstand. Blazing into sudden anger, without hesitation or a second thought, he ordered ink and paper to be brought, then fuming with indignation, he wrote a letter with his own hand,

commanding that, in whatever place Muhammed bin Kasim received this note, he should have himself sewed inside a raw hide, and be sent to Baghdad.

Kasim was at Chitor when he received the fateful message. Without question, the valiant soldier, after seeing that his affairs were in order, and that the plan of campaign would be carried out, gave orders for the Caliph's commands to be executed. He was therefore sewn in a hide, placed in a chest, and sent to Irak.

When the melancholy cortege arrived at Baghdad, the Grand Vizier informed his Sovereign that Muhammed bin Kasim had been brought to the city.

The Caliph's anger rose again, as he demanded, "Is he alive or dead?"

Bowing to the ground, the minister replied ceremoniously, "May the Caliph's life, prosperity, and honour be prolonged to eternity. When the royal mandate arrived at Udaipur, Muhammed bin Kasim immediately, according to orders, had himself sewn in a hide, and after two days delivered his soul to God, and went to the eternal world."

GRIMLY, the monarch opened the chest, and sent for the princesses of Sind. Holding a branch of green myrtle in his hand, he pointed to the face of the corpse, "See, my daughters, how my commands, which are sent to my agents, are observed and obeyed by all. When these, my orders, reached Kanauj, my greatest general, who was also my

nephew, sacrificed his precious life at my command."

After listening in silence, the princess Suryadevi bowed to the ground, and unveiled her face before the Caliph. Her eyes sparkled, and her beautiful lips curved in a mocking smile. This was her hour of triumph. Reckless of the consequences, she commenced to speak, proudly, derisively, glorying in the triumph of her woman's wit over her father's enemy.

"May the Caliph live long, may his prosperity and glory increase for many years, may he be adorned with perfect wisdom. It is proper that a king should test, with the touchstone of reason, and weigh in his mind whatever he hears from friend or foe, and when it is found to be true and indubitable, then orders composed with justice should be given. By so doing he will not fall under the wrath of God, nor be condemned by the tongue of man."

The Caliph, anticipating a compliment, smiled complacently, but the smile quickly changed to a frown, as the royal prisoner continued in scornful tones.

"Your orders have been obeyed, but your gracious mind is wanting in reason and judgment. Muhammed bin Kasim respected our honour, and behaved like a brother or a son to us, and he never touched us, your slaves, with licentious hands."

The princess's eyes flashed, and her voice became husky with anger, "But he killed the King of Hind and Sind; he had destroyed the dominion of our fond father, and degraded us from the dignity of royalty to a state of slavery. Therefore, to revenge these injuries, we uttered words which misled the Caliph, and our object has been fulfilled."

"Had the Caliph not written such peremptory orders, had he not lost his reason through the violence of his passion, had he even considered it proper to investigate the matter, he would not have subjected himself to repentance and reproof. Yet,

such fools are men, that even great generals may be led into error.

"Had Muhammed bin Kasim, assisted by his wisdom, come to within one day's journey of Baghdad, and then put himself in the raw hide, he would have been liberated after an enquiry, and not have died."

SO the interpreter translated. The Caliph became livid with anger. Knowing that they would pay for Muhammed bin Kasim's death with their own lives, the two princesses clasped hands, and enjoyed their triumph to the full.

Not waiting for a reply, Suryadevi continued, "The Caliph has committed a very grievous mistake, for he ought not, on the report of two slave-girls, to have destroyed a person who had taken captive 100,000 women like us, and who had brought down 70 Rajas of Hind and Sind from their thrones to their graves, and who, instead of temples, had erected mosques and minarets. If the general, Muhammed bin Kasim was guilty of any neglect or impropriety, he ought not to have been executed on the mere word of a designing person."

The wrath of the enraged monarch broke on the heads of his captives. Calling the guards, he ordered them to hand both women to the soldiers, and have them enclosed.

Beaten unmercifully, abused and ill-treated, the sisters were dragged through the city streets by the licentious soldiery. At last, more dead than alive, they were placed in a narrow cavity in the wall, where masons laid bricks before them, until they were walled in alive.

Undaunted, unconquered, and royal to the last, the princesses of Sind went to their death in a living tomb, and the death of Dahir Raj, King of Sind, was avenged.

(Please turn to page 73.)



"The Caliph removed the veil from her face and gazed upon the latest addition to his harem."

Revelations of Pre-Islamic Art in Afghanistan



Buddhist Monks in Afghanistan.

Recalling Seventh-Century Buddhist sculptures of Northern India. A polychrome statue of a Bodhisattva from a Buddhist monastery recently unearthed in Afghanistan.



Indian In Style.

Open-work ivory plaques of the First to the Second Century A.D., from Begram, Afghanistan. Indian in style, but earlier than any found in India.

Rare Discoveries Recently Placed on Exhibition in Paris



Ivory Relief.

An ivory plaque in relief, dating from the First or Second Century, of Indian style akin to the Mathura School. Found at Begram, Afghanistan, like the ones above, but of different technique.



Mailed Buddha.

From the same Buddhist Monastery at Fondukistan as the Bodhisattva shown above. A Seventh-Century polychrome statue of Buddha richly attired, with a covering of mail over the shoulders.

An exhibition of outstanding interest was lately opened at the Musee Guimet, Paris, where a newly arranged section shows the principal discoveries of recent French archaeological expeditions in Afghanistan and Indo-China. The expedition to Indo-China studied the evolution of motives in Khmer and Cham art, to reconstitute their chronology, and collaborated in excavations with the Ecole Francaise d'Extreme Orient. A selection of sculptures in styles not previously represented in the Museum was sent to Paris. The Cham civilisation, derived, like the Khmer, from Indian culture, developed on the east coast of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, and dates back to the first centuries of the Christian era. It reached its zenith between the sixth and eleventh centuries. Its downfall was principally due to the invasion of the Annamites. This decadent period lasted from the end of the eleventh century till the seventeenth century. The early stages of Cham art are a direct outcome of Indian art. Despite this Indian origin, however, and, later, Khmer and Sino-Annamite influences, Cham art maintained a specific character, occasionally sober and refined, but more often violent and agitated. Two figures evince these characteristics. One, a lion, belongs to ancient Cham art (Tra Kieu seventh century). The other dated four or five centuries later, and more ornate, suggests the Indian *Maḡara* and the Sino-Annamite dragon. Two remarkable *maḡaras* (sea monsters with an elephant's trunk) are seen on a massive stone pedestal. That of Chan-Lo is particularly impressive. Important elements of Khmer art have been added to the Museum's collection. Principal among these are two figures



Indian Sea-Monsters.

Another example of the violent quality in Cham art. One of two remarkable Makaras (sea monsters with an elephantine trunk) holding two women in its jaws, impressively exhibited on a stone pedestal.



Violent Cham Art.

Reminiscent of the Indian makara and the Sino-Annamite dragon. An ornate Twelfth-Century figure of a fantastic monster representing the more violent aspect of Cham design in sculpture.

Cham and Khmer Art from Indo-China: New Exhibits in Paris

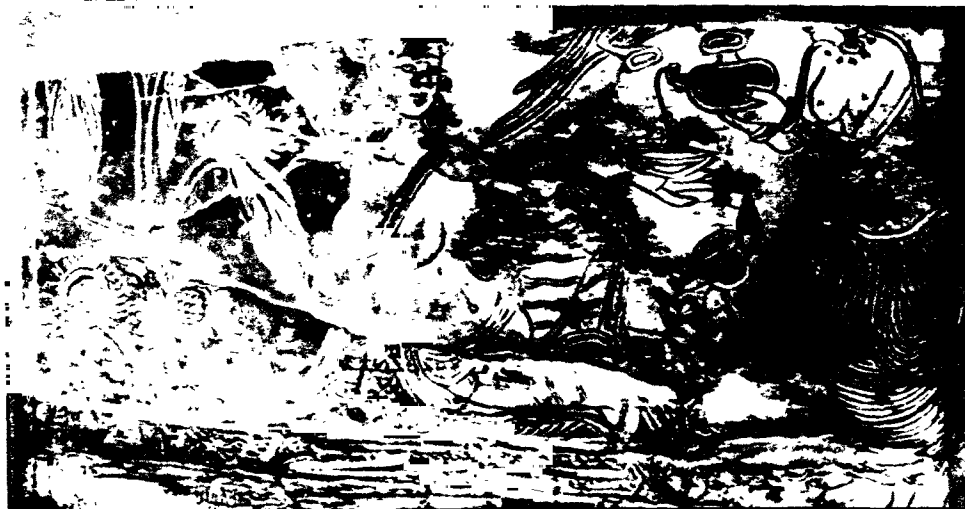
synthesis of the hieratic and the living model. There are rare bronzes and small statues of the Khmer period, among which a *naga* (serpent), of a magnificent patina and poised in the attitude of striking, is particularly noticeable. Perhaps the most important exhibits are those from Afghanistan, where in 1922 an agreement with the Afghan Government gave France the privilege of excavating. Archaeologists have since been exploring the chief sites, to identify the ancient civilisations anterior to the Islamic domination. At Begram the most sensational discoveries were beautiful ivory plaques from jewel-boxes. Their Indian style allies them to the workshops of Mathura and Central India, but hitherto no ivories of this period (first to fourth century) have been found in India. They are in several different techniques—engraved in relief or in open-work. The Buddhist monastery unearthed stands on a slope dominating the Fondukistan Valley (half-way between Kabul and



Magnificent Bronze Cobra.

A magnificent example of Khmer Art in bronze, dating from the Twelfth-Century. A figure of a Naga (serpent), with a fine patina on its surface, poised to strike.

dating from the first half of the ninth century, a period hitherto unrepresented in the Museum. They were discovered at Phnom Koulen, near Angkor. One figure, in almost perfect condition, representing the god Vishnu is a striking



Jewel-Box Decoration.

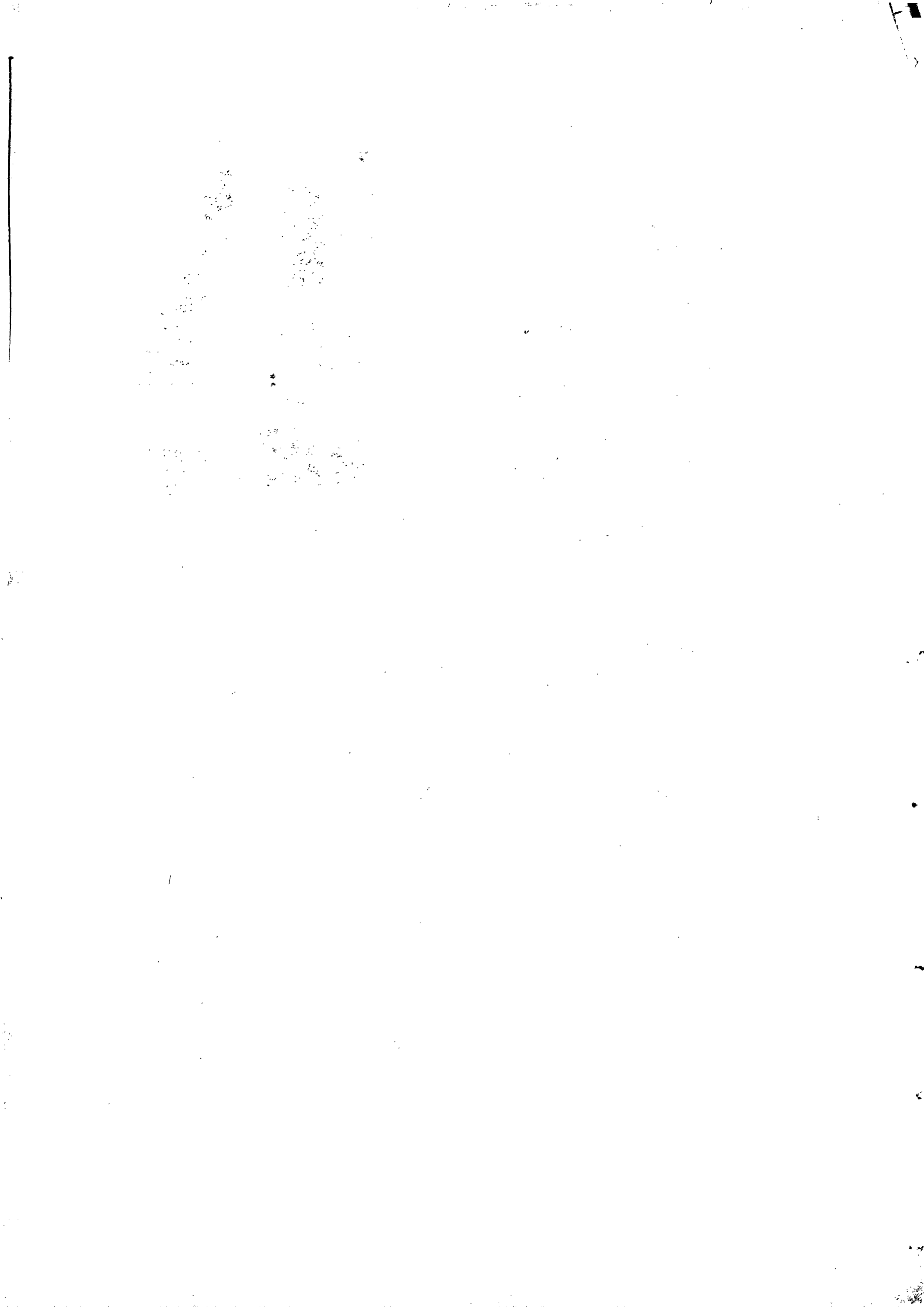
An engraved ivory plaque found at Begram, and dating from the Second to the Third Century. Another example of jewel-box decoration—the design including graceful female figures.



Vishnu In Cambodia.

A celebrated Hindu deity as portrayed in Khmer sculpture. A well-preserved figure of the god Vishnu, dating from the Ninth-Century, found near Angkor.

Bamiyan). In the niches of a great hall were found numerous polychrome statues, of which two fine examples are exhibited—a richly attired Buddha wearing a triangular covering of mail over the shoulders (found in Afghanistan, at Hadda and Bamiyan, and in Central Asia); and an elegantly poised Bodhisattva whose attitude recalls the late Buddhist sculptures (seventh century) of northern India.



Famous Women in Indian History No. 2—Contd.

(Continued from page 43.)

SULTANA REZIA BEGUM

ALTAMISH, Sultan of Delhi, studied the faces of his nobles as he concluded his speech from the throne. Consternation appeared, and whispering arose among the generals and ministers present. Never in the history of Islam had such a revolutionary proposal been made. A woman to occupy the throne! Ridiculous! But hark, the Sultan was speaking again.

"We are embarking on an arduous campaign. Our place must be occupied by an able person. The burden of power is too heavy for my sons, if I had 20 such, but is not too heavy for my daughter Rezia."

The Sultan's confidence was fully justified. The maiden carried out her duties with such efficiency and dispatch, that, on a second occasion the regency was placed in her hands. Shortly after the death of Altamish, his son Behram ascended the imperial *masnad*, but through intemperance and tyranny, was deposed by the nobles, and amid the acclamation of the populace, Rezia Begum was placed on the throne in 1236 to rule instead of her brother.

Every custom regulating women's conduct was broken by this emancipated lady, who was born about 700 years before her time. Scorning the rules of *pardah*, the Sultana, wearing the robes of a sultan, took her seat on the throne to give daily audience and administer justice, without concealing her face or person. Attending the mosque on Fridays, this advanced woman assumed the tunic and hat worn by men, and rode openly on an elephant through the cheering crowds.

SULTANA REZIA BEGUM was the first woman, of whom we have any record, to wield great power in India. It is interesting to note that among the major improvements of her administration were important legal reforms, which, strangely enough, appear to have been an outstanding characteristic of the reign of every female ruler in India since her day.

Rezia's determination, energy, and judgment, were so well-directed for the people's good, that she fulfilled the most enthusiastic predictions of her supporters. The early part of her rule inaugurated a period of peace and justice, such as had not been known in the realm before. Yet the reign, which began so brilliantly, ended in disaster.

The Begum made her first mistake when she became interested in an Abyssinian slave whom she raised to a position of power in face of all opposition. This ill-considered act roused considerable jealousy and indignation among the nobles, and many of the Queen's most ardent supporters rebelled against the imposition.

There existed a body of dissentients who favoured a male ruler, and were pledged to the support of the Nawab Behram. These people now tried to gain the support of many who had hitherto remained loyal to the Sultana. The rival parties joined forces in an

attempt to remove her favourite from office.

Led by the deposed Vizier, the confederate forces appeared outside Delhi, and defeated the Queen's army. Rezia, with the wisdom of Eve, resorted to feminine arts to weaken the resistance of her outraged advisers. Dissension broke out between the opposing factions, and the united parties dissolved, leaving the leaders at the mercy of their adversary.

ACTING as soon as the resistance was broken, Rezia executed the hostile leaders and conciliated her own rebellious nobles. For a time the court remained free from internal discord, but the hated Abyssinian remained in power, and many nobles resented the influence he exercised over the Sultana. Insults were imagined where none were intended, resentment and unrest spread among the nobles, until at last they flamed into open rebellion, led by a Turki chief, Altunia Khan.

Acting with customary initiative, Rezia took the field at the head of her army and marched against the rebels, but the spirit of revolt had spread into the ranks of her own troops. Mutiny raised its ugly head, and, in the skirmish which followed, the Abyssinian was slain. Sweeping all before them, the rebels advanced on the capital and acclaimed Behram as Sultan. Rezia, deposed, was handed over to Altunia as a prisoner.



Altamish's Tomb, Delhi.

WITH subtle skill the Sultana won the love of her captor. By praising his military ability and fostering his ambition, she prevailed on Altunia to marry her and assert her rights to the throne, which both would occupy. Dazzled by the prospect, the valiant warrior accepted the proposal, and joined common cause with his wife against his former comrades.

Both parties assembled formidable armies, and the rival forces met in two sanguinary encounters. The issue remained in doubt until the second battle, when the Sultana was defeated, and both she and Altunia fell into the hands of their adversaries.

Their cause was far from lost, Rezia was still popular with the people, and realising that so long as they lived his occupation of the throne was destined to be brief, Behram ordered the execution of the prisoners.

Sultana Rezia Begum reigned three years and six months. Her administration was popular, and renowned for the removal of many abuses. It seems probable that if the Begum had not succumbed to the dictates of her woman's heart, but had hearkened to the more prudent councils of her friends, she might never have lost her throne.

PADMINI BAI—RANI OF CHITOR

IN the year 1300 A.D., the Emperor Alla-ud-din laid siege to the city of Chitor in Rajputana. Never has the inherent courage of Rajput women been more conspicuous than on that occasion.

Padmini Bai, Rani of Chitor, who dwelt where Udaipur now stands, was renowned through India for her beauty and courage. Rumours of her extraordinary loveliness had reached the ears of the Emperor, who made the surrender of her person the condition of peace. The terms were refused, and the siege continued.

At last by a stratagem, the Emperor managed to capture the Rani's husband,

the Maharaja of Chitor, and repeated his demand, offering to restore the Maharaja unharmed to his people, when the terms were accepted.

Taking council of her kinsfolk, Padmini decided to treat with the enemy. It was agreed that if the Emperor would raise the siege, the hand of the Rani would be his reward; but it was stipulated that all proprieties of harem-life should be observed, and that every respect should be paid her.

It was further agreed that she should be permitted to enter the Emperor's camp attended by all the ladies of her household, and would have half an hour alone with

her husband, the Maharajah, to say farewell.

On the appointed day, the gates of the city swung open, and a great cavalcade of 700 closed litters accompanied the Rani to the Imperial encampment. Each was carried by six armed warriors, disguised as bearers, and contained, instead of a woman attendant, a soldier armed for battle. The imposing procession halted inside the besieging army's lines. The Rani left her palanquin, and entered her husband's quarters.

HALF an hour later, the parting over between husband and wife, the Maharaja entered the litter which was to convey him back to the city; while the supposed maidens were to remain and accompany the Rani to Delhi in the train of the victorious Alla-ud-din. All seemed to be going according to plan, when the ruse of the supposed lady attendants was discovered. The warriors sprang from the palanquins, the bearers dropped the litters and seized their weapons, and a fierce battle commenced.

Padmini, running from her tent, joined her husband, when surrounded by warriors who literally hacked their way through overwhelming numbers, the Rani and Maharaja were carried back to Chitor in triumph. But the price paid for their escape was a heavy one. The flower of Rajputana was destroyed, and, weakened by the loss of so many valiant men, the defenders were unable to offer the same resistance. Soon it became apparent

that the city must be taken, and the men resolved to resist to the last.

CALLING the women together, Padmini reminded them of the oath their husbands and sons had taken, and declared that if they wished to join them, they should submit to *johur*. The *johur*, or ordeal of death, far from intimidating them, was welcomed by the Rajput women as a means of reuniting husbands and wives, fathers and children, and conducting the woman who had loved her warlike lord to the warriors' paradise.

Setting fire to a large building, every woman and girl in Chitor entered the inferno, and perished in the flames.

One of the last to enter the funeral pyre was an aunt of the Rani. Her husband had fallen during the assault, and she sought news of him. As the flames reached higher, her young son arrived to bid her farewell.

Taking his hand in her own, she smiled bravely at him, "Tell me, my son, Badul, how did my love behave?" "Oh, mother," replied the lad proudly, "how further describe his deeds, when he left no foes to dread or admire him."

"My lord will chide my delay," exclaimed the brave woman, as, waving a fond and smiling farewell, she

sprang into the devouring flames.

Visitors to the ancient city of Chitor may still see the smoke blackened walls of the fateful building where this heroic episode took place. Many years ago the doorway was opened, but residents in the vicinity were awe-stricken on hearing cries as of women in agony. Reverently the entrance was sealed, to remain a place of veneration for ever.

Tower of Victory, Chitor.

RANI KAMALA DEVI, AND HER DAUGHTER DEWAL DEVI, PRINCESS OF GUJERAT

THE successful advance of the army of Alla-ud-din disturbed the Maharaja of Gujerat and his wife Kamala Devi, because their forces were too weak to repel the invaders. Their only hope of defeating the enemy was to arrange an alliance with their neighbour, Ramdeo, Raja of Deogiri, a prospect which displeased them greatly.

The Raja was a Mahratta, and the price of alliance would be the marriage of Dewal Devi, their daughter, to his son and heir. Ramdeo had urged the advisability of the marriage, but the Maharaja, considering a Mahratta, no matter how high in station, an unworthy match for the daughter of a Rajput, had rejected all offers.

While he hesitated, the Muslims entered his dominions, and he fled, seeking refuge in Baglana, accompanied by his daughter.

The Rani Kamala Devi, in attempting to follow her husband, was captured and sent to Delhi, where she was taken to Alla-ud-din's harem. She was a woman of exceptional ability, and quickly perceiving the advantages of throwing in her lot with her conquerors, exerted herself successfully to gain the great Shah's favour.

Learning that Alp Khan, who had been appointed Governor of Gujerat, had received orders to march to co-operate with Kafur in the siege of Deogiri, she entreated that an attempt be made to recover her daughter, the princess Dewal Devi, who remained with her father in exile.

PLEASED to grant such a request from his new favourite, Alla-ud-din sent orders that this object should be attended to. Accordingly, Alp Khan endeavoured to persuade the Maharaja to give up his daughter by offering him favourable terms of peace. The overtures being rejected, Alp Khan marched against the Raja to endeavour to capture the princess by force.

To save his daughter from marriage to a Muslim, the Maharaja sent her to Deogiri under strong escort, and gave reluctant consent to her wedding to the Mahratta chieftain. The party had been gone only a few hours when Alp Khan attacked and succeeded in defeating the Gujerat army, but the victory afforded little satisfaction, when he found that the princess had escaped.

Fearing the influence of Kamala Devi, and the impetuous temperament of Alla-ud-din, the governor devoted his whole attention to the successful accomplishment of a task on which both had set their hearts. Search-parties were despatched in all directions, but were unsuccessful, and they arrived within march of Deogiri without hearing tidings of the princess.

ALPH KHAN almost despaired of achieving his object, when, by mere chance, a party who had gone from his camp to see the caves at Ellora, happened to fall in with her escort. Under the necessity of fighting in self-defence, the Muslims acquitted themselves to such good purpose, that they scattered the body-guard, and captured the princess, before they were aware of the importance of their victory.

The captive was carried in triumph to Alp Khan, who, delighted with the prize, immediately bore her to Delhi, where mother and daughter were soon united.

Khizr Khan, son of Alla-ud-din, on seeing the princess, was so captivated by her beauty, that he wooed and won her for his bride, when neither for the first nor the last time, a Rajput princess married a son of a Mohammedan emperor in Delhi. So devoted and attracted to each other were Dewal Devi and Prince Khizr Khan, that their love was immortalised in a celebrated Persian poem written by Amir Kusrow, the court poet at the time.

Next week: Wives and daughters of the Great Moguls.

7397



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The Cracker-Maker's Daughter

(Continued from page 39.)

Sundri clapped her hands and danced round. "Oh, then you are going to help me!" she cried. "That's good of you, Shankar."

"There's a condition."

"What?" Her heart stopped beating.

"That you'll give me some gunpowder."

"What for?"

Shankar laughed, heaved himself out of the chair and chucked her under the chin. "I'm scientifically-minded, Sundri," he said. "A budding inventor. Some day I'll have lots of money for us."

"Huh!" Sundri sniffed and tossed her head. "You'll never earn any money. You're too lazy! Oh no," sudden contrition smote her, "I didn't mean that. Really I didn't. It just slipped out."

Shankar's creased brow uncreased itself. "You're too irresponsible," he said as he took her arm and led her towards the workshop, "but I'll knock all that out of you when we're married. It's just as well your father promised you to me."

"Perhaps it is," Sundri agreed meekly as they sat down. "But oh, Shankar, whatever happens in the future, please do your best now. Try to learn quickly."

SHE set him to doing the rudimentary work, making cylinders, cutting wicks and paper, splitting and binding the bamboos into the required shapes. Herself, she mixed the powders with care and precision, did the filling, tamping and sealing, and made the pastes and mixtures of the special effects her father had devised. In silence, broken only by a casual remark now and then, they toiled on till it was growing too dark to see.

"You had better be going now, Shankar," she said. "It is time for your evening meal. Thank you for having helped me."

"What about your evening meal?" he asked.

"I'll buy something from a shop," she said wearily.

Shankar's eyes dwelt on her, strayed to the door of the side room in which her father lay, then back to her. "I'll stay and share your meal with you," he said thickly. "I don't feel like going . . . tonight."

Sundri looked him full in the face, and under the directness of her gaze he wilted, dropping his eyes. In the sight of the community this unemployed B.A., who brilliantiated his hair, wore patent leather shoes, lived on his father and fancied himself as a bird of very fine feather, was her affianced; but whether she would marry him or not when she reached the age limit decreed by the Sarda Act next year was an entirely different matter. Of the little situation that had now developed she was the complete mistress, and she knew it. "You must go," she said firmly. "Come again tomorrow, if you like."

WHEN he had gone, she went to a shop and bought some food. Her father was asleep, and when she had eaten, she sat down and toiled on by lamplight till nature decidedly called a halt. But she was up again at dawn, and found her father awake too.

"I'm feeling better, my child," he said. "I'll be able to get up and do some work today."

"The fever hasn't gone yet," she said, feeling him. "You must stay in bed and rest. If the hakim says you can get up, I'll let you. Otherwise I won't."

"Ho!" he roared indignantly and raised himself on to an elbow, only to fall back with a groan.

"You see!" Sundri laughed irrepressibly, "you must stay in bed yet a while. If you persist in getting up, you'll only complicate matters more. I can manage very well. Shankar is helping me."

"Shankar! But he doesn't know anything about cracker-making."

Sundri's peal of laughter filled the room. "I'm teaching him!" she bubbled, and ran off to perform a hasty toilet and fetch some tea.

The hakim's visit, and friends coming to enquire after Mahadeo's health, made gaps in her work; still, she had quite a respectable number of crackers ready by the time Shankar arrived very late in the morning.

THUS for three days the girl toiled on and on the afternoon of the third day, with Divali only two days distant and Shankar, tired of the continued labour, gone off to gossip with his friends in the bazaars, the young A.D.S.P. turned up again, this time resplendent in his uniform.

"Good heavens!" he cried, full of consternation at sight of her. "Sundri, whatever have you been doing to yourself. What's happened?"

"Nothing," she said casually. "Why?"

"Nothing!" he almost shouted. "When I saw you three days ago you were . . . what shall I say? . . . like a glorious rose bud caressed by the dew. Now you're . . . you're . . ."

"Somewhat faded?" she suggested mischievously.

"Faded?" He brushed the word aside. "It's more than that. You're gaunt. Hollow-eyed. Starved."

Sundri bit her lip as though to keep back something, but the volcanic force inside was too strong.

"And it's all your fault!" she blazed up. "If you hadn't come here smoking that cigar, nothing would have happened. It upset my father. He's been very ill."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" he was full of contrition. "I hadn't heard anything about it, or I should have come to your assistance. Let me help now. Let me take your father to hospital."

"No thank you," she refused, stepping back as he stepped closer to her. "To take him to hospital would be the quickest way of killing him."

"What nonsense!" he expostulated. "He'd be properly looked after there. I didn't think you would harbour these ridiculous ideas."

"I don't," she said, again retreating before his advance, "but he does, and that makes all the difference. Your order, my lord, is nearly ready."

"Oh, confound the order," he rasped. "I'll take what's ready and pay you for the lot. You're looking absolutely dead beat. Worn out. At the end of your tether. You can't go on like this."

She smiled becomingly at his concern, and, "I can," she said determinedly, "for a couple more days. There'll be plenty of time after Divali to sleep!"

He whistled involuntarily. "George, what spirit!" he exclaimed. "Sundri, what a great girl you are! All right, I won't disturb you. Carry on with your work. Good luck."

HE turned abruptly on his heel and left her, and once again she went to the door to watch him go. His words, the unfeigned admiration in eyes and voice, had stimulated her as perhaps nothing else in all the world could have done, and she went back to the dual task of cracker-making and nursing her father with greater zest. And so hard did she work that on the morning of Divali day she was able to hire a tonga and go around, delivering all her orders, not the smallest item from which was short.

To her surprise everyone paid up promptly. Not a soul, as in years gone by when her father went round, made a million lame excuses for not paying at once; and eventually, when she arrived at the Assistant Superintendent's bungalow, he came out himself on to the verandah to meet her and guided her to a chair.

Thankfully the girl surrendered her basket of crackers to an orderly and sat down . . . on the ground.

"I am not accustomed to sitting on chairs," she said, looking up at him with a wan smile. "Check your order, please, sir. I must hurry back to my father."

The orderly checked the crackers, and young Kishen Pershad handed her the agreed price plus Rs. 20 extra.

"A little Divali gift," he said. "A reward for your staunch labour."

She rose and handed back the extra notes. "If the crackers give you satisfaction," she said quietly, her eyes meeting his, "that will be reward enough for me. *Huzoor, salaam.*"

She climbed wearily into the tonga, and her heart gave a great leap of joy when, on reaching her home, she found the old *hakim* filling the rickety chair by her father's bedside.

"I saw you going out, Sundri, child," said the old man, passing an arm about her waist and giving her a gentle squeeze. "You need a good long sleep, or you won't have any Divali at all. Go, turn in now. I'll look after the patient."

THE sun lay like a great flat glowing coal on the horizon when Sundri awoke refreshed. The thought of no more crackers to make that night was as balm to her, and she jumped up, nimble and alert, eager to attend to her own little house, so that when Lakshmi, the goddess of luck, came round, she would find no lack of a bright, warm welcome.

Quickly she set out the little shallow earthen pans and their wicks along the verandah, quickly, to the happy lilt of a song, she filled them with oil. Then she ran to the bazaar for fruit, coconuts and flowers for the *puja*. A quick change into her best *sari*, and all was ready.

She lit the lamps, glad that each burnt with a steady flame, then she helped her father from his bed that he might worship, according to traditional custom, his wealth . . . her takings of that morning.

"It is well that you have done, my daughter," he said as he finished and, turning, laid his hands on her head, "but all the gold and all the gems in the world would not constitute riches equal to your presence in any house. May Lakshmi bless you doubly.

"Give me my blanket," he added. "I will sit out on the doorstep while you go and see the illuminations. The *hakim* will be coming to keep me company."

SUNDRI, with the marks of her toil still on her, but with a light heart, joined a group of girls and went off towards the main street of the town. On the way she met Shankar, all dressed up in a black coat and trousers.

"Hello," he greeted her urbanely. "Going to see the sights?"

"No," she said brightly, "I'm going to the *Chhota Kaptan's* house to see how his crackers turn out."

"I shouldn't do that," he warned her uneasily. "Supposing there's an accident. Supposing one of those crackers bursts!"

Amazement overspread Sundri's face. "Bursts?" she said surprised. "What makes you say that? No cracker I made would burst . . . accidentally."

"But don't forget you made them when you were very tired," he reminded her. "You might have slipped up somewhere."

Sharp suspicion swept over Sundri. "Did you tamper with any of them?" she asked hotly. "Tell me now, or it'll be the worse for you. What villainy have you been up to?"

He cringed under her sharp scrutiny, and when, suddenly, she stamped her foot, he jumped.

"I thought so!" she said coldly. "You have done something. What?"

"Nothing, nothing at all, I assure you, Sundri," he whimpered. "I didn't do anything."

"Then why don't you want me to go to his house?"

"Oh, just like that!" he shrugged his shoulders with a show of carelessness pushed and strolled off.

SUNDRI turned her steps in the direction of the Assistant Superintendent's bungalow. It was ablaze with line upon line and tier upon tier of lights, hundreds upon hundreds of them, making of the drab bungalow a fairy dwelling. A crowd of people had gathered to see the display. Policemen were busy setting up the catherine wheels and golden showers at one end of the compound. In the vicinity of a big mango tree stood a line of chairs with carpets spread before them. Avoiding the

crowds, Sundri crept through the wire fence and made her way stealthily to the dark shadow under that tree.

From the house poured light and subdued talk and laughter: the *Chhota Kaptan Sahib* was celebrating his return to his native land and his first "appointment" Divali with a dinner. In time he led his guests out towards the chairs, and Sundri was bewildered by the costumes of the women, both European and Indian.

The shimmer of silks, the flash of jewels, the ripples of light along cloth of gold and cloth of silver . . . never in all her life had she seen clothes like that; never, possibly, would she see them again; and she stared fascinated till something broke the spell . . . not the sight of Kishen Pershad, looking like a god to her in his dinner clothes as he moved along in close conversation with an elderly, grey-haired European gentleman, but something nearer home . . . a rustling among the fallen leaves.

A snake! A deadly cobra possibly! She shuddered and sat still, frozen into immobility by fear. That warning of Shankar's seemed now to have been inspired, prophetic. Then she saw what was causing the rustling . . . the form of a man slinking furtively along, just as she had slunk a while before. Only another spectator like herself! She almost laughed aloud in her relief.

THE guests sat down, the rockets started. They were, if anything, better than those her father made. The gold and silver showers of stars they threw on bursting were very beautiful.

But their beauty was as nothing to the exquisite, ethereal loveliness of Sundri's special golden showers, touched here and there with an artistic silver streak. Gradually the first one died down, only to burst forth again in another cascade of starry, golden beauty, and against its light the happy girl saw her fellow spectator stand up, take something round from his pocket and prepare to throw it.

With a warning shriek Sundri flashed forward and seized the man's arm. As he turned savagely on her, and dropped the bomb, which burst with a blinding flash and deafening roar, she saw his face. It was Shankar.

When Sundri came to herself she was lying in a soft, comfortable bed in a bright airy room full of flowers. A kind-faced *dai* sat beside her.

"Shh!" the *dai* placed a finger to her lips. "Don't ask the usual questions. Don't excite yourself. I'll tell you everything. You're in the A.D.S.P's bungalow. The bomb went off three days ago. Both your legs are badly shattered and lacerated, but the doctors don't think you'll be lame."

"How is Shankar?" Sundri asked. "He's dead."

"Poor fellow!" "Indeed, no!" The nurse refused to sympathise. "If he had thrown the bomb, both Mr. Pershad and his Inspector-General might have been killed."

"Then it was a political . . ."

"No," the nurse chipped in. "It was intended for Mr. Pershad. And it was made from powder Shankar stole from you. Mr. Pershad's father was a magistrate, and he sent Shankar's father to jail for a long term for some serious offence he had committed. That was in another town far distant from here, where they were unknown. When fate threw the magistrate's son in their way, they decided on this dastardly revenge."

"How horrible!" Sundri closed her eyes and shuddered.

"Quite!" the nurse agreed cryptically. "Now, drink this and go to sleep again."

WHEN Sundri once more awoke, Kishen Pershad was sitting by her, toying with a beautiful red rose. He stooped, kissed her, to her secret delight, on her lips and placed the rose in her hand.

"Gallant, splendid little woman," he said fondly. "You may not know what a kiss is . . ."

"I do," she said with sly mischief. "We have the pictures even here!"

"Of course!" he cried, slapping his thigh, "I'd forgotten them." Then there isn't so very much I'll have to teach you, Sundri, when you're my wife."

"What about sitting on chairs?"

He roared with laughter. "Irrepressible little minx!" he cried and kissed her again.

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IDENTIFY CEPEA BY THIS SEAL



<p>GOSH, BUBBINS! YOU'RE AS THIN AS A HAIRPIN—HAVE YOU BEEN SLIMMING?</p>	<p>NO, I'VE BEEN VERY SEEDY LATELY GETTING MY TEETH THROUGH. NURSE SAYS I'LL PUT ON WEIGHT WHEN I'VE CUT THEM ALL</p>
<p>WHEN YOU'VE CUT THEM ALL? HOW DO YOU THINK YOU WILL DO IT?</p> <p>WITH THIS OF COURSE, SILLY!</p>	<p>LISTEN, BUBBINS, YOU'RE THIN, TOOTHLESS AND POORLY—THROW AWAY THAT DIRTY OLD-FASHIONED BONE RING & INSIST ON 'OVALTINE' RUSKS. THEY'LL GET YOUR TEETH THROUGH IN NO TIME AND MAKE YOU PLUMP AS WELL. SCREAM FOR THEM—THEY'RE WORTH IT!</p>



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The ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY of India

FOR INDEX AND POSTAGE
SEE PAGE 13.

Regd. No. B. 113.

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AND WIDEST CIRCULATION IN
THE INDIAN EMPIRE

BOMBAY: SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30th, 1938.



UNIQUE SIVA GROUP

Triple Manifestation in Stone

*S*INGLE representations of the manifestations of Siva are common enough all over India, but this group representing him as Maheshmurti, the creator, protector and destroyer of the universe, is the only known one of its kind in existence. It was discovered quite by accident in 1931 by labourers of the Bombay Municipality, while digging earth for a road at Parel, and is still to be seen on the Golanji hill there. From an iconographical point of view, it is a rare and important find. On page 47 this week we also publish pictures of some very old Siva emblems in stone which are to be seen in Mysore, and are attributed to Kempe Gowda, the famous founder of Bangalore.—Photo, B. I. Mistry.

FAST INDIAN RAILWAY

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Headaches Nearly Drove Him Mad

He Was Liverish—and Weighed 16 Stone

Now Completely Changed By Kruschen

The writer of the following letter suffered from liver trouble, constant headaches which nearly drove him mad, and an unhealthy load of excess fat. Read how he cured his headaches—toned up his liver—and lost 36lbs. of fat—all with the same remedy:—

"I was so stout that my general health was completely undermined. I had constant headaches that almost drove me crazy, and I suffered from a continual feeling of liverishness. I weighed 16 stone 5 lbs. I began to take Kruschen Salts, and, after 10 or 12 days, my whole being was completely changed. My liver does not bother me any more, I feel younger and more active, my headaches are gone. In one month my weight went down to 15 stone 1 lb. and yesterday, to my great delight, I found that I now weigh only 13 stone 11 lb."—M. A. L.

Headaches can nearly always be traced to a disordered stomach, and to the unsuspected retention in the system of stagnating waste material which poisons the blood. Remove these poisons—prevent them forming again—and you'll never have any worry any more. And that is just how Kruschen Salts brings swift and lasting relief from headaches.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at all Chemists, Stores and Bazars.

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These Pillars Are Musical

NOTES from STONE in SOUTH INDIA

THAT even stones can produce music is illustrated by two very remarkable examples of the sculptor's art from South Indian temples. The first one is from the Vittalaswamy temple at Vijayanagar, and the second from the Chennakeshava temple, Belur (Mysore State.)

The Vittalaswamy temple contains a *mantap* supported by seven pillars. The pillars, carved out of granite, are of varying thickness. On being struck lightly with a metal rod, they emit different musical sounds, each sound corresponding to one of the seven notes in Indian music.

Expert musicians have experimented with the pillars and have found that the sound emitted almost equals the notes from an instrument.

Musical Arjuna

ON one of the outer walls of the Belur temple is a figure of Arjuna, the second of the five Pandava heroes. This figure is also musical and when tapped

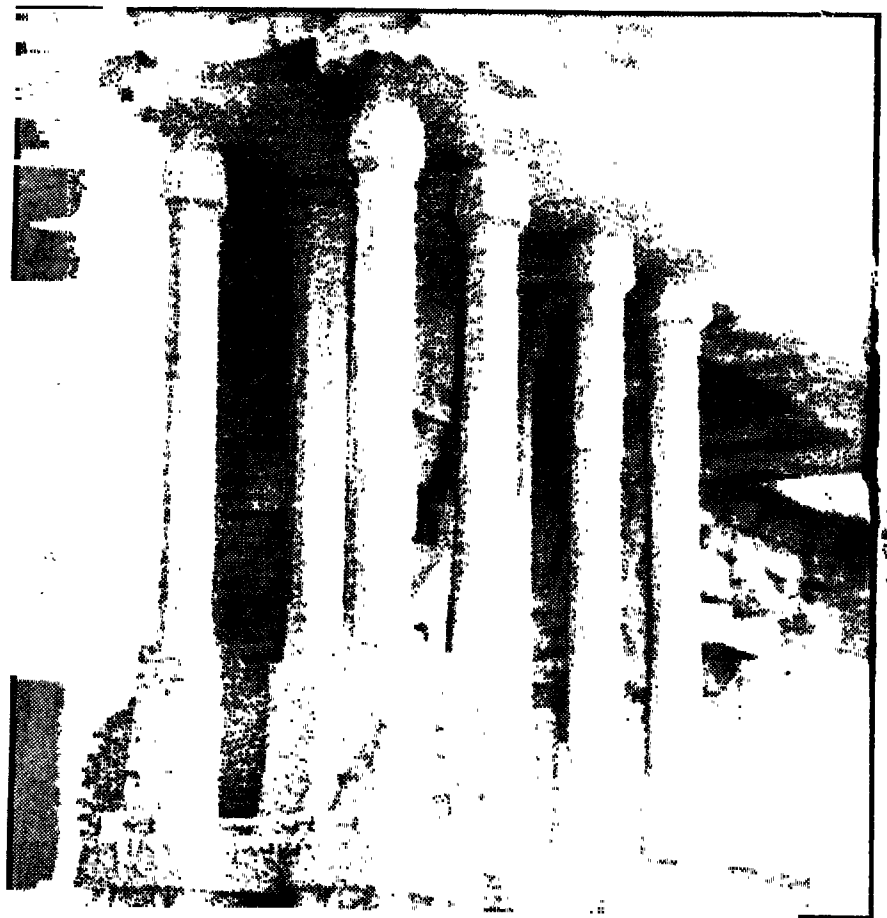


MUSICAL NOTES are produced when this figure of Arjuna, at Belur, is tapped.

at seven different places, emits the seven notes. The sounds, considering that they come out of a figure that is embedded in a wall, are exceedingly clear.

The figure, tapped persistently by thousands of visitors to the temple, is hollowed out in little patches where the taps have been directed. Fortunately, this practice has been put an end to and the sculpture, though disfigured, is assured of remaining whole.

N. N.



THE SEVEN MUSICAL PILLARS at the Vittalaswamy temple, Vijayanagar.—Photos, Author.

WHENEVER I FEEL
A COLD COMING ON,
I TAKE
Mistol



It is dangerous to neglect a cold. At the first warning sneeze, use Mistol. A few soothing drops in each nostril quickly relieve congestion and open clogged nasal passages. Soon you breathe easily again.



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Lux Toilet Soap



Famous Women in Indian History—No. 3

Wives and Daughters of the Great Moguls



“The young empress drooped in the saddle as the emperor, on foot, led her palfrey through the desert.”

HAMIDA BANU & MAH CHOCHAK

CONSORTS OF HUMAYUN

FEW women born to the purple have experienced such changes of fortune as Hamida Banu, who became wife of Humayun, second of the Mogul Emperors.

The ultimate success of the dynasty was due, in great measure, to her courage in the face of the direst misfortune, and the great love she felt for her dauntless husband.

During the campaign in 1541 A.D., the young emperor, recently deposed from his throne in Delhi, was retreating before his enemies. With few to succour him, he sought sanctuary with his half-brother, Henda, at Bakkir, in Sind. The young prince was studying under his tutor, the learned Ali Akbar Jami, a man of great repute. The arrival of the royal fugitive threw the peaceful household into confusion as they hastened to welcome him as befitted his rank.

In this, his darkest hour, Humayun's heart was lightened by the ministrations of a beautiful maiden age 14 years. Hamida was her name, he learned, the daughter of his brother's tutor, Ali Akbar Jami. The young girl cast a shy glance towards the royal guest, and her eyes, full of sympathy, met those of the emperor. The two pairs of eyes flashed a silent message, and one of the most abiding love-matches in the world had begun. It was love at first sight, which not even death could destroy.

HUMAYUN immediately asked her father if Hamida were betrothed, or married, and, learning that she was free, they were married in September of the same year. But though the course of love ran smoothly, affairs of state were not so comfortable. After a brief reign, Humayun had been swept from the throne which his father, Baber, had won by the sword, and was now a hunted man. At last he had to leave his friends again.

Together, the royal lovers fled from Bakkir into the inhospitable desert of Sind. Scorched by blazing sun, tortured by thirst, and tormented by her physical condition, the young empress drooped in her saddle, as the emperor, on foot and almost friendless, led her palfrey through the dreary desert wastes. From day to day he heartened and comforted her, whilst she, anxious to reach the shelter of a roof, any roof, smiled bravely at him, to hide the fear in her heart.

They won through by sheer determination. The desert lay behind them, and he had to leave her in friendly hands in the fortress of Amarkot, where, within three days, their immortal son, Akbar, was born, destined to become the greatest of India's rulers.

Through the succeeding years the Begum followed her husband's fortunes. She saw him win back the throne of Kabul, she soothed his impatient spirit during the dangerous years, when he increased his army until he was strong enough to give battle to his enemies and regain his lost empire.

THE Mogul Dynasty was founded when Baber, King of Kabul, defeated Ibrahim, King of Delhi, at the Battle of Panipat in 1526, and fell in 1557, when the aged Emperor Bahadur Shah, last of the Moguls, surrendered his sword unconditionally to the British after the recapture of Delhi during the Mutiny. The Moguls have been rightly acclaimed as the greatest family of conquerors the world has ever known, and as the greatest ruling dynasty in history. Endowed as they were with military genius, and gifted with administrative ability, they also inherited a remarkable appreciation of literature, beauty, and art in its noblest forms, and have left behind them many gems in architecture, beside which the highest achievements of other nations fade into insignificance. The wives and daughters of this remarkable family were worthy consorts for their warlike lords, and many of the most notable achievements of the greatest of the Moguls were due to the influence and assistance of the brilliant women who were attached to them.

None was more honoured than Hamida Begum when she was at last installed in the imperial harem at Delhi, but her happiness was short lived.

Eleven months after he had recaptured the throne, Humayun met his death by accident. Slipping on the stairs of the library, when obeying the summons to evening prayer, the emperor fell over the low parapet, and suffered severe injuries. Although he recovered consciousness, his death occurred four days later.

Akbar, only 13 years of age, ascended the Imperial *masnad*, and commenced his career of conquest. The Begum was prostrate with grief, and with the financial assistance of Akbar, built a magnificent tomb in memory of her husband.

Feeling that all earthly pleasure was now ended for her, Hamida Banu Begum made the Haj, or pilgrimage to Mecca, from this event she takes her title of "Haji" Begum. After her return to Delhi the rest of her life was devoted to beautifying and caring for Humayun's mausoleum, and the grounds surrounding it.

BUILT of rose-coloured sandstone, ornamented with marble bands, Humayun's tomb is splendid in its magnificent simplicity. He was essentially a man of action and his resting place appeals strongest to masculine appreciation. The tomb is super-imposed on two terraces, and under a white marble dome lies the grave of the monarch. In the dome are dimly-lighted apartments, where a college of learning was established, and there, in 1857, in one of the rooms, the last of the Moguls surrendered his sword to the British.

Inside the battlemented walls, which enclose the tomb, is Haji Begum's garden, where flowers bloom all the year round. Poinsettias, hibiscus, oleanders, gardenias and many others delight the eye with exotic hues, as varied in colour as the eventful years of her life, by whose love for her husband this exquisite tribute was raised.

There we leave her, amid the flowers which she and Humayun loved so well, ministering to the memory of her life's

romance as faithfully as she had given her love in life.

AFTER the death of Humayun, one of his lesser wives, the Begum Mah Chochak, retired with her family to Kabul. The governor of this distant part of the Emperor's dominions had, through his tyranny, caused much unrest among the populace, who took advantage of his temporary absence from the city to revolt. Imbued with the ambition to win a throne for her son, Muhammed Fazil Hakim, Mah Chochak joined forces with the rebels and assumed command.

Directing operations herself, the Begum captured the fort, and declared herself Begum of Kabul. Her first ministers, thinking they could easily overcome a woman, attempted to take advantage of their position, but the Begum quickly rose to the occasion and replaced them. Taking administration into her own hands, Mah Chochak appointed Shah Wali Beg Ittka to command the army and the fort, with the title of Adil Shah.

News of the rising speedily reached Delhi, and caused a mild sensation. The emperor, understanding the motives which had promoted the Begum to consider the interests of her offspring, was inclined to deal leniently in the matter, but took the precaution of appointing the governor, Munim Khan, official guardian of the prince until he should attain his majority.

MUNIM Khan left the capital with an army, and hastened to his province, determined to suppress the rising as quickly as possible, in order to return to the pleasures of the Court. The Begum, assembling her troops, took the field, accompanied by Prince Muhammed, and the two armies met at Jalallabad. Commanding superior forces, and exercising better generalship, Munim Khan attacked at once, gaining instant success. Seeing her army scattered, the Begum retreated to Kabul, when, to

her surprise, Munim Khan, considering his task accomplished, returned to Delhi without pursuit.

Taking advantage of the situation, Mah Chochak Begum declared herself Regent of the territory. Suspecting that one of her ministers was the traitor who had almost caused her undoing, she had him executed, as a salutary warning to others.

In establishing her new dynasty, the Begum's first task was to consolidate the state. The city was quickly fortified, and all available men called to arms. Help came from an unexpected quarter, in the person of Shah Abul Ma'ali, who had raised the banner of revolt against the emperor himself; but, having suffered defeat and pursuit, was falling back on Kabul. Learning of the situation in the city, he sent a letter to the Begum, expressing himself as the loyal and devoted servant of her late husband, and offering his services in her cause.

Mah Chochak invited the distinguished general to Kabul, welcoming him with highest honours. The military ability of the guest was undoubted, whilst his piety was vouched for, since he had recently returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca. Ma'ali was therefore desirable, both as an ally and as a suitable guardian of the prince. To cement this apparently desirable alliance, the Begum bestowed the hand of her daughter in marriage on her friend.

MAH CHOCHAK
Begum of Kabul

WHILE accepting the favours conferred by the Regent, Shah

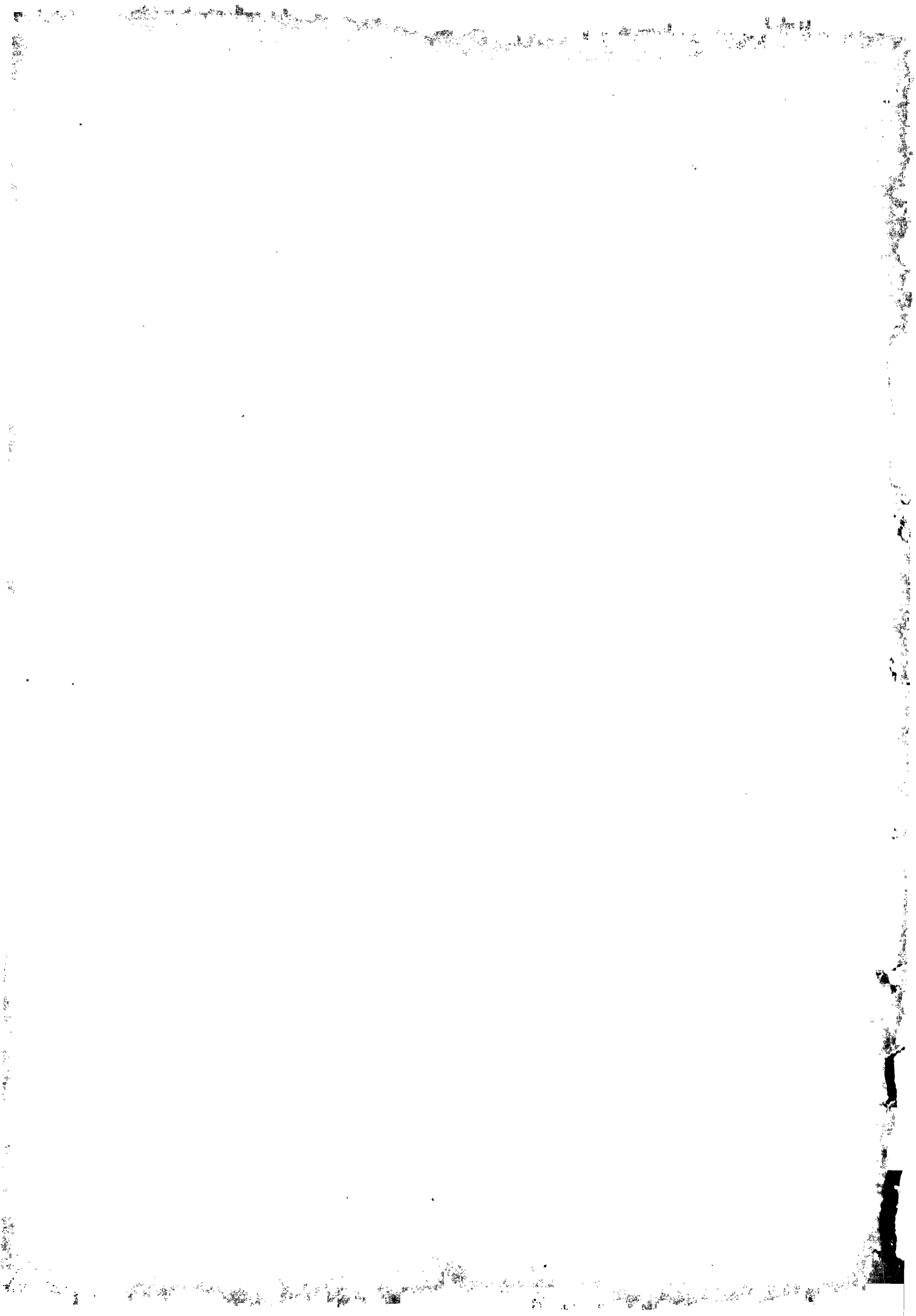
Abul was plotting against her, with intent to usurp the throne. Having assured himself of support from some of the chiefs who were dissatisfied with the treatment they had received, the traitor took advantage of their intimacy to obtain a private interview with his benefactress when he repaid her kindness by stabbing her in cold blood.

The prince was imprisoned in the fort and desperate fighting broke out in the city streets. At last the followers of the murdered Begum were scattered and the Shah proclaimed himself ruler of Kabul.

While fighting was taking place, a messenger was dispatched by Prince Muhammed, bearing news of the outbreak to his friend Mirza Sulaiman, ruler of Badakstan, who, with the approval of his wife, Khurram Begum, marched on Kabul and stormed the city. During the assault, the prince made a daring escape from the fort and succeeded in joining his friends in the battle. The attack was successful, Kabul fell. Shah Abul Ma'ali, attempting flight, was captured and strangled as punishment for his crime.

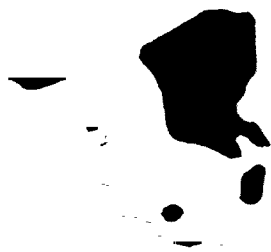
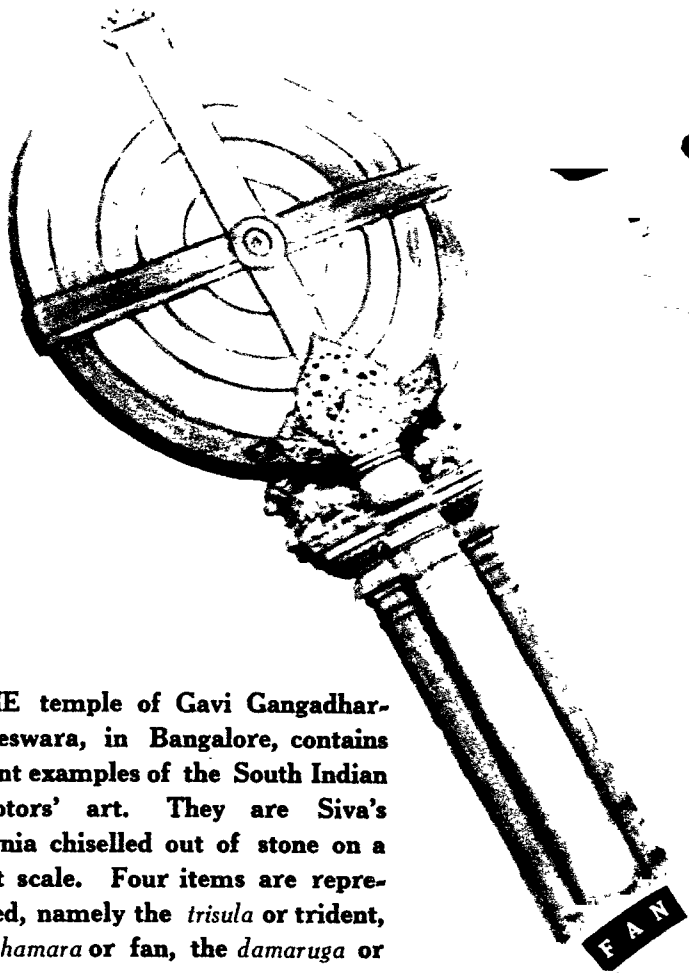
With his throne restored to him, Prince Muhammed married the daughter of his rescuer Sulaiman, and ascended the *masnad* to rule the realm his mother had won for him.

(Please turn to page 85.)



SIVA'S IN

INSIGNIA STONE



DRUM



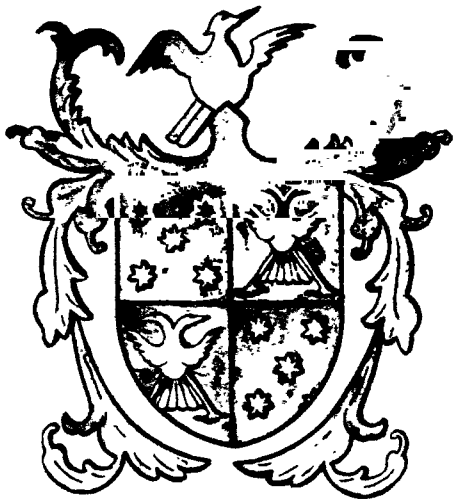
TRIDENT



THE temple of Gavi Gangadhar-
eswara, in Bangalore, contains
quaint examples of the South Indian
sculptors' art. They are Siva's
insignia chiselled out of stone on a
giant scale. Four items are repre-
sented, namely the *trisula* or trident,
the *chamara* or fan, the *damaruga* or

drum and the *chhatra*, or umbrella,
each individual item being carved
out of a single block of stone measur-
ing well over 12 feet. These carv-
ings were executed by order of Kempe
Gowda, the chieftain who founded
Bangalore and built its first fort.
Their date is about 1538 A.D.—N. N.

The Heraldry of Old Bassein



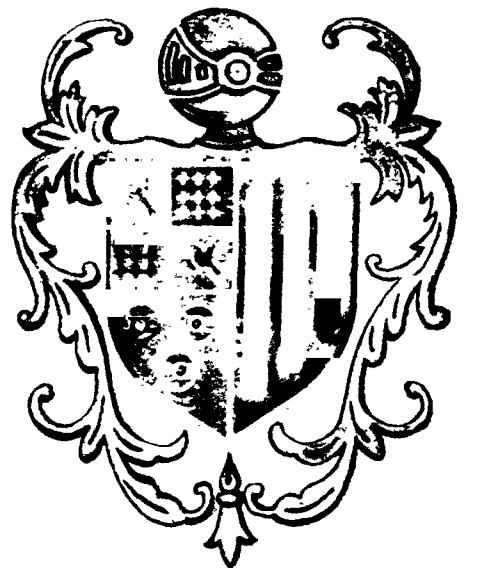
Arms of Matim Afonso D'Azevedo

THE Portuguese always have
revelled in heraldry, and in the
coats of arms of Bassein in the ruined
church of the Franciscans, we find
a wide range of devices. Some people
speak of armorial bearings with rid-
icule and contempt, and treat them
as the trifling baubles of knight-
errantry, pomp and vanity; yet they
have been held in high esteem for
many ages.

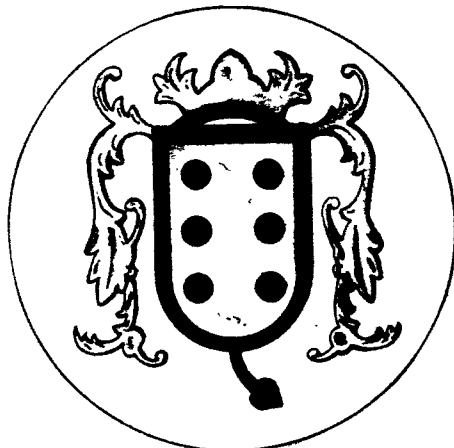
patrons of benefices, who had added
to their family arms a token of their
rights and jurisdiction; or the arms
of succession taken by such as had
inherited certain lands, manors, etc.,
either by will or entail, and which
they bore instead of, or quartered
with, their own arms.

According to the rules of heraldry
no lady was entitled to a crest.
The arms of an unmarried lady were
represented in the sinister half of
the escutcheon, the dexter half being
left blank, to be filled by a future
marriage.

The Indo-Portuguese heraldry of
Bassein as depicted here is deeply
interesting.—BRAZ A. FERNANDES.



Arms of Andre de Sacadura



ABOVE—
Arms of Thomas de
Castro



LEFT—
Arms of Francisco Roiz
de Leite



Arms of Antonio Teles



Arms of Manuel de Mello



ABOVE—
Arms of Amrique
Pereira de Lacerda



RIGHT—
Arms of Grigorio
D'Abreo

"Fancy Waist-Coat" Tortoises Have Fashions But No Furbelows



ABOVE. MR. ELEGANT TERRAPIN, who gets his name from the elegance of his movements, just off for a swim.



BELOW GRANNY ORNATE TERRAPIN is growing what looks like a frilled collar.



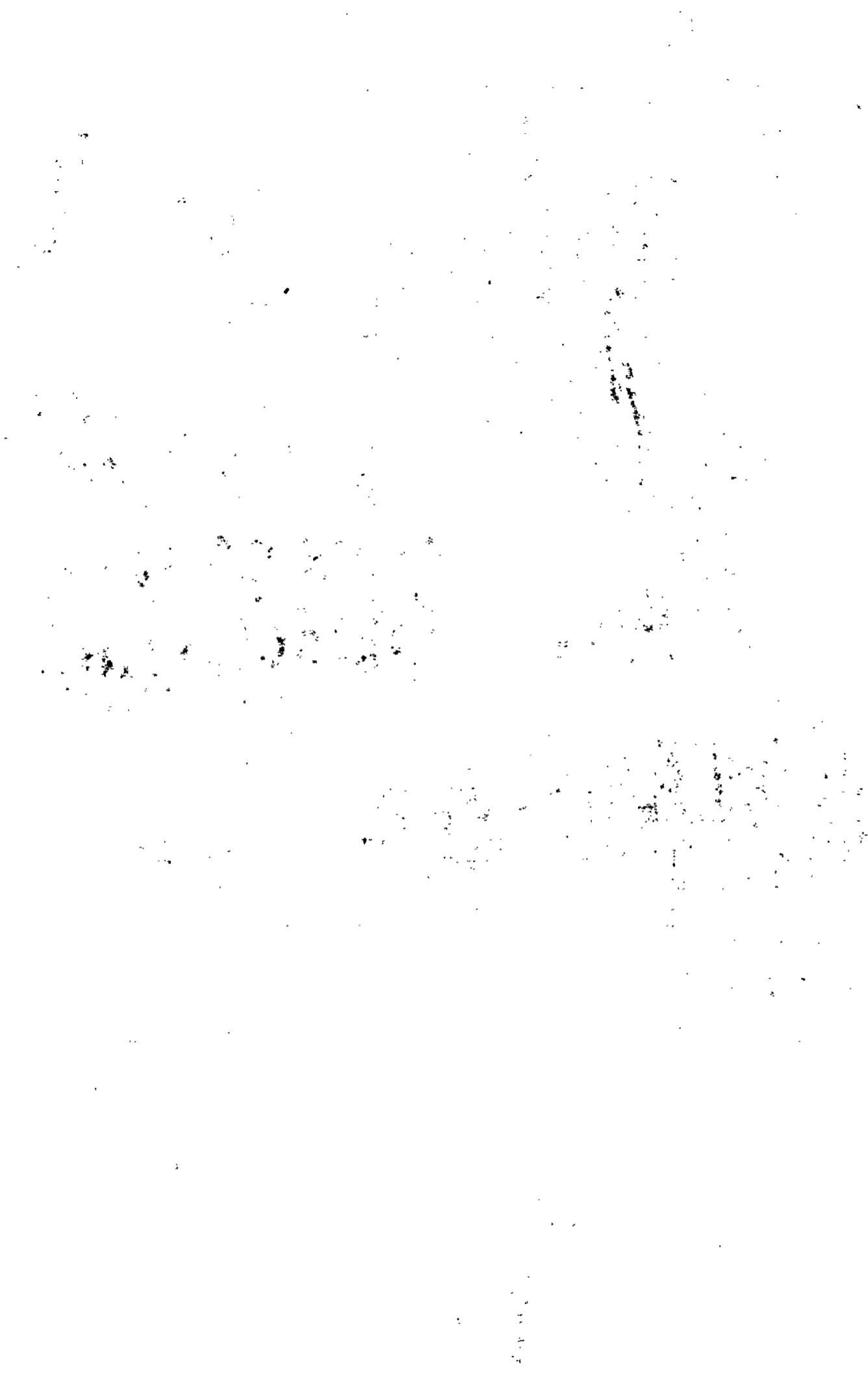
BELOW. MISS SCULPTURED TERRAPIN has, of course, a much brighter and far more intricate garment than the mere male.

ABOVE. MRS. ELEGANT TERRAPIN keeps her back well covered with a greenish shell with dark, concentric rings in the panels.

WHO? Why, Grandfather Elegant Terrapin, of course, annoyed because he can't keep pace with the youngsters. These American terrapins are beautifully marked with varying intricate patterns. The well-webbed hind feet make them excellent swimmers, and being edible they are so much sought after that turtle farms have been established in the U.S.A. where they are reared and marketed.

BELOW: DIVORCE IN TERRAPIN WATER? Mrs. Sculptured T looks thunderstruck enough for it to be that!—Photos, Paul Popper.





Famous Women in Indian History No. 3—Contd.

(Continued from page 39.)

JODH BAI SULTANA

Consort of Akbar the Great

FOUR principalities, yielding an annual revenue of £200,000, was the price paid for a daughter of Rajasthan to marry the Emperor Akbar, in 1569 A.D. In sorrow, yet with pride, Maldeo, Maharaja of Marwar, member of the noble Rajput clan, gave his daughter Jodh Bai, to wed the Great Mogul. For the first time, but not the last by any means, a highborn Rajput beauty was to wed a Mogul emperor, to bind the conquerors to their chivalrous foes with ties of blood and kinship.

Akbar, the conqueror, with simple heart, fell in love with the beautiful bride whom he had married for political purposes only. The need of a son to follow him was troubling the emperor, who sought heavenly aid. Humbly, and on foot, the monarch, accompanied by his young wife, made a long pilgrimage to the tomb of Moin-uddin at Ajmer, to pray for the heir they both desired. Six miles each day they walked, to guard the health of Jodh Bai until they reached the place of pilgrimage.

THERE, the Saint appeared in a dream to Akbar, saying, "Go thou to the holy Sheik Salim, and bid him interpose for thee."

Without question, the royal pilgrims turned and retraced their steps, so great is the power of faith. In due course they reached the holy man, who was found to be an aged hermit, dwelling where, later, the victorious monarch built his famous "City of Victory"—Fatehpur Sikri. The Saint assured them that all their prayers would be granted. Soon a son would be born to succeed his father and add fresh lustre to the Imperial house.

With urgent business awaiting his attention, Akbar built a harem for Jodh

Bai near the Saint's hermitage, and in a few months their eagerly-awaited son was born. The delighted parents named him Mirza Selim, who was, in after years, to become the Emperor Jehangir.

After delighting her lord with her high courage, and comforting him through many arduous campaigns, Sultana Jodh Bai died, about 1600 A.D., and was laid to rest near the place of her pilgrimage at Fatehpur Sikri. At her death, an empire mourned, and the bereaved emperor raised a splendid mausoleum over her tomb, at the place they both revered for the granting of their prayer.

THROUGH her kindly influence, the Emperor and the Khan-i-Khanan, his most able minister, were imbued with a spirit of benevolence to all, and gave to the people of Hindustan greater justice and peace than had ever been their lot before.

In uniting his daughter with the Mogul Emperor, the Maharaja Maldeo broke all rules of caste and clan. The result was so beneficial to both parties, that his example was followed, in later years, by the chiefs of Amber and other nobles of Rajasthan. This kinship to the royal family drew the Rajput chiefs into alliance with the Moguls, and their territories and prestige were increased in consequence. The Moguls gained from the alliance some of the most courageous troops and most loyal vassals in their dominions.

So high was Rajput prestige, and so beautiful were those women of Rajasthan who followed Jodh Bai to become consorts of the ruling family at Delhi, that the Mogul historians designated them as, "at once the props and ornaments of the throne."

MAHRAM ANKA

Chief of the Harem of the Emperor Akbar

IT was only natural that, ascending the Imperial throne at the early age of 13, the Emperor Akbar should have been still susceptible to the influence of his mother, Hamida Banu Begum, and his foster mother, Mahram Anka, to whom he was greatly attached.

As evidence of the esteem in which she was held, the latter was installed as Mistress of the Imperial Harem, a position of some consequence. This success heightened Mahram Anka's ambition, and she used the position to exercise even greater influence over the youthful emperor, craftily moulding his opinions to coincide with her own.

Very little is known of the origin of this resolute and ambitious woman, even her husband is unknown. She was apparently a person of good family, since she was related, in some way, to Shahub-ud-din Amud Khan, with whom she intrigued to discredit the Khan-i-Khanan, or Prime Minister, Bairam Khan, in order to gain control of affairs herself.

BAIRAM KHAN was an astute and experienced minister, who was quite capable of controlling all public affairs in the interest of his Imperial master. To save the emperor from the worries of political affairs, which were, as yet, too complex for his youth and inexperience, the Khan-i-Khanan assumed complete control of the duties of administration. Akbar, on his part, was quite content to leave such matters in the hands of such a tried and honoured servant, without questioning his decisions.

Closely associated with the Emperor as she was, Mahram Anka saw that her only chance of realising her ambition

was to have Bairam dismissed from office, and become minister herself. Her plans necessitated an early return to the capital. Accordingly, she informed the emperor that his mother was very ill in Delhi, and persuaded him to hasten to her side.

Having succeeded in this stratagem, she pretended to be afraid to return to the city herself, and requested permission to proceed to Mecca instead. Akbar was greatly perplexed at her attitude, and, after searching enquiries, learned from her that Bairam Khan wished to keep the Emperor in a subordinate position to himself; consequently, when the Khan discovered that she was responsible for their return, he would seek revenge. Permission to leave India was refused, as she hoped would be the case.

HAVING sown the first seeds of distrust in the mind of her royal master, Mahram Anka, assisted by Shahub-ud-din, seized every opportunity of repeating injurious gossip concerning Bairam Khan. Working craftily, the conspirators won over the allegiance of court officials and attendants who saw how close they were to the Emperor's person.

The ambitious woman gradually acquired considerable power, gaining control of state affairs, and extending fortifications and military works to suit her own possible requirements. Eventually the slanderous attacks succeeded, and Akbar showed such great displeasure that Bairam Khan craved permission to retire from the Imperial service, in order to make the holy pilgrimage to Mecca.

With the Khan-i-Khanan out of office Mahram Anka was in truth the power behind the throne. The office of Prime Minister was now coveted by her son, Adham

Khan. The youth had been appointed governor of Marwar where his excesses had caused Akbar much trouble. Mahram Anka, however, had managed to obtain the emperor's pardon for all his misdeeds even for the offence of stealing two beautiful women captives from the harem of Bas Bahadur, Maharaja of Malwar, who should have been sent to Delhi.

On this occasion, by the way, Mahram had the women murdered to hide the evidence of her son's guilt. Now, urged on by some hotheaded nobles who assisted in the deed, Adham Khan assassinated Bairam Khan's successor Sham-ud-din Muhammed Atka, as he sat in public audience attending to his official duties.

Excited by the deed Adham Khan tried to force an entrance into the royal harem which adjoined the Prime Minister's office. Hearing the clash of arms, Akbar, who was resting in the harem, left the apartments and saw the mutilated body of his friend. Rushing out to the terrace, the emperor encountered his foster-brother who attacked him and tried to seize his sword. Akbar, angered, raised his fist and laid his assailant senseless with a blow.

ADHAM KHAN was seized, bound hand and foot and then, by order of the emperor, the assassin was thrown over the parapet and dashed to death on the ground below. Confined to her bed by illness at the time complete details of the outrage were

not communicated to Mahram Anka, who believing her son imprisoned, rose and hastened to the emperor to plead for him as usual.

The emperor greeted her kindly, his anger had cooled somewhat, "Adham Khan killed Sham-ud-din, and we have punished him," he said briefly.

"You did well," murmured his foster-mother nervously, still unaware of her son's death but slightly relieved by Akbar's friendliness.

Soon she learned the truth. "How was he killed," she asked her informers.

"We don't know," was the reply, "but there is the mark of a mace on his face."

The mark was the mark of Akbar's iron fist.

This summary justice was a great shock to Mahram Anka, who had become so confident of her power and influence that she believed herself and her family to be immune from the consequences of any act of their own doing.

The emperor showed her great consideration and endeavoured to console her in her bereavement, but to no avail. She declared herself, "wounded by a thousand deadly blows," and, in anger and in grief for her son's death, fell ill and died within six weeks, a bitter and disillusioned woman.

NEXT WEEK: Wives and Daughters of the Great Moguls.—(contd.)

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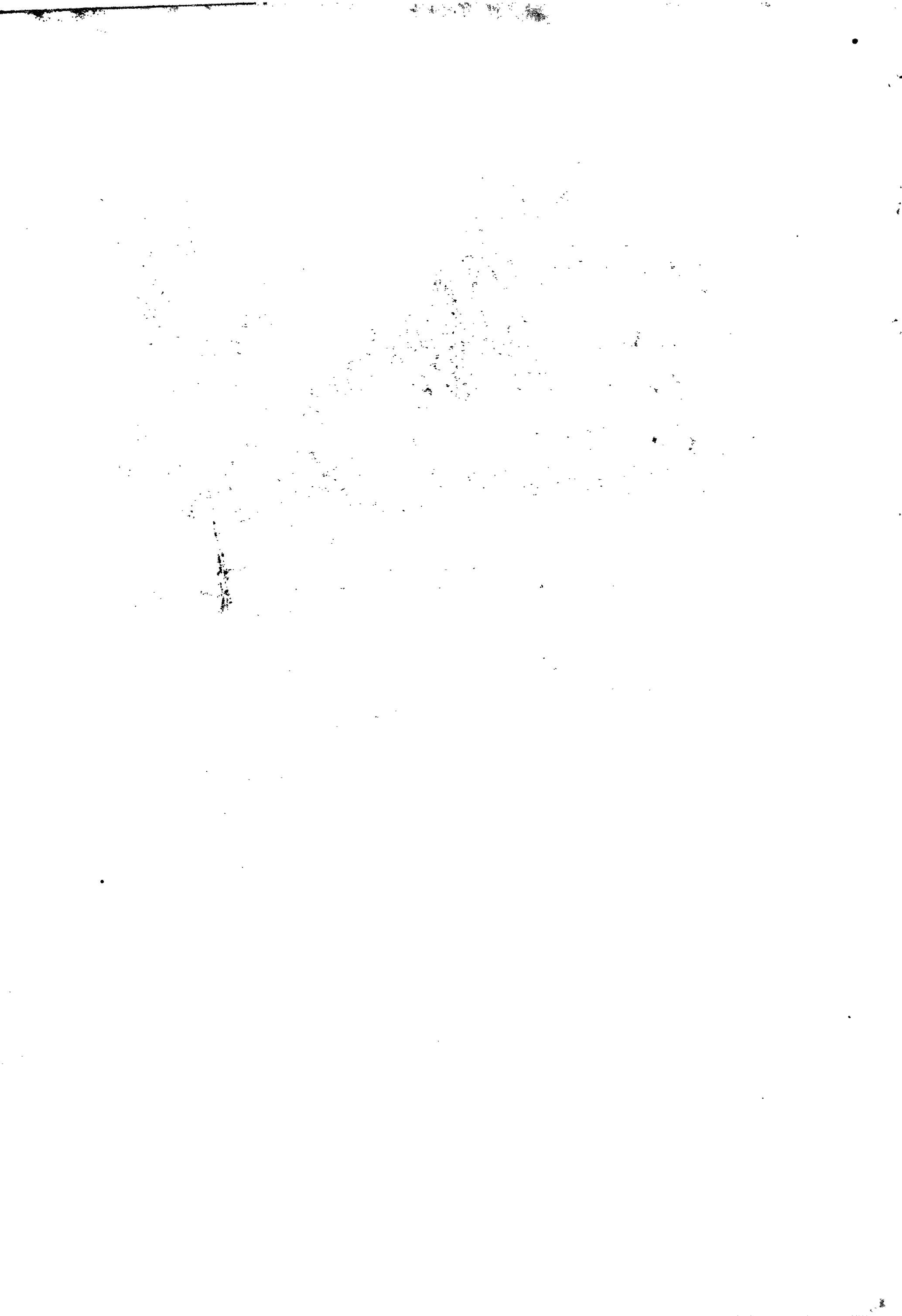
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DON'T MISS PAGE 68



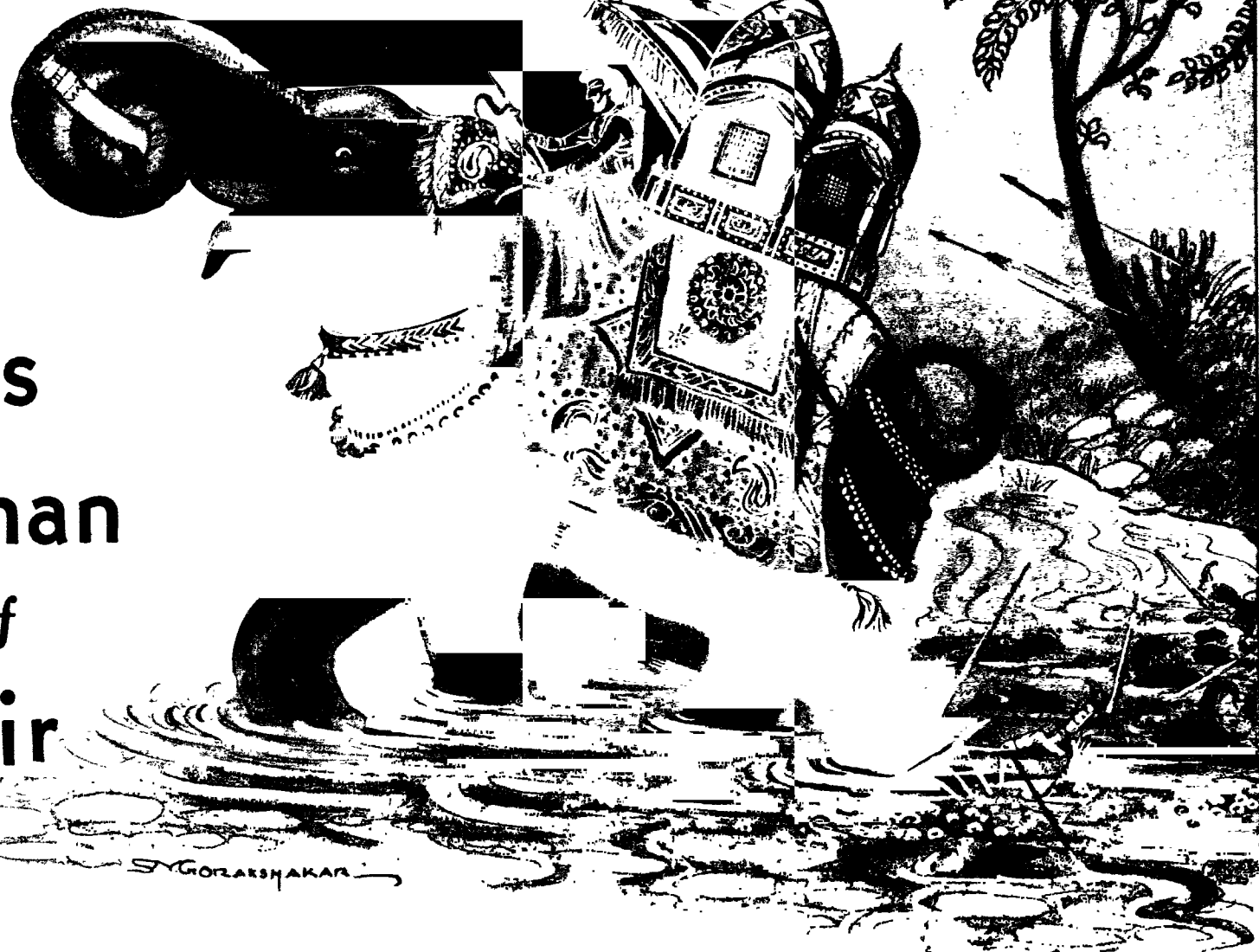
Famous Women in Indian History—No. 4

The Empress Nur Jehan

Consort of Jehangir

by

F. J. MORGAN



"Majestically the great elephant strode into the reddened waters of the river."

A LONG caravan moved slowly along the dusty road to Kandahar, and many were the sighs of relief from those who travelled in the convoy, as the city came into sight.

None were more pleased to reach the shelter of a roof that night than Mirza Ghiyas and his wife, who, with their two sons and daughter, had been forced to leave their native city of Tehran, in Persia, to seek their fortune elsewhere. Mirza Ghiyas was the son of an official of high rank in the service of the Shah, but, becoming impoverished, and with no prospect of advancement in his own land, he had decided to make a fresh start in life, in India.

By the time the caravan reached Kandahar, the family was in great distress, starving, and in rags; and in these circumstances, the future Empress of India first saw the light. Was ever a babe born in worse plight? Food they could not buy, and to walk, with the mother and child, was impossible.

Next day the miserable family exposed the new-born babe on the roadside, as the caravan set out again. The comeliness of the infant struck compassion in the heart of an influential merchant. He took her in his arms and resolved to adopt and educate her as his own, with the name of Nur Mahal. The parents were overjoyed to arrange such a desirable fate for their offspring, and, as a wet-nurse could not be found among the other women travelling with the caravan, the child's own mother was engaged to take care of her.

THEIR benefactor was a man of great discernment who observed that the father and eldest son were well educated persons, and not the beggars their present condition would cause them to appear. Accordingly, he offered them employment in his business, and through his influence, after arriving in Delhi, they were introduced to the Emperor Akbar, and appointed to minor government positions.

Their ability brought them rich awards, and Mirza Ghiyas soon rose to high rank. His wife, being a lady of culture, was invited to visit the princesses in the royal harem, and often took her little girl with her.

While her father advanced in rank and power, Nur Mahal grew into an extraordinarily beautiful woman.

AMONG the favourites of the Court at this time was a dashing young

Exposed as a babe in a market place to arouse pity, Nur Jehan rose to be a great and powerful empress and dauntlessly led her troops to battle in person.

Persian noble named Sher Afkun Khan, whose title, meaning "The Tiger Killer," was bestowed on him by the Emperor himself in recognition of a valiant feat in the jungle. He fell in love with his beautiful countrywoman, and after concluding the necessary preliminaries, the pair were betrothed.

It was said that this greatly displeased the heir to the throne, Prince Salim, who

also had fallen in love with Nur Mahal at a garden party held in the harem grounds during the Persian New Year celebrations, but recent researches tend to prove this version to be incorrect.

Soon after the betrothal the pair were married. Sher Afkun, appointed governor of Burdwan, left the capital accompanied by his wife, to take up his duties. There Nur Mahal lived the life of a country lady



"Jehangir felt his youthful passion rise as he gazed on her unadorned loveliness."

of highest rank, preparing unconsciously for the position she was some day to hold.

SALIM eventually succeeded his father on the throne of Delhi, and was proclaimed Emperor Jehangir. One of his first official acts was to appoint his foster-brother, Kutb-ud-din, Viceroy of Bengal, a position coveted by Sher Afkun Khan.

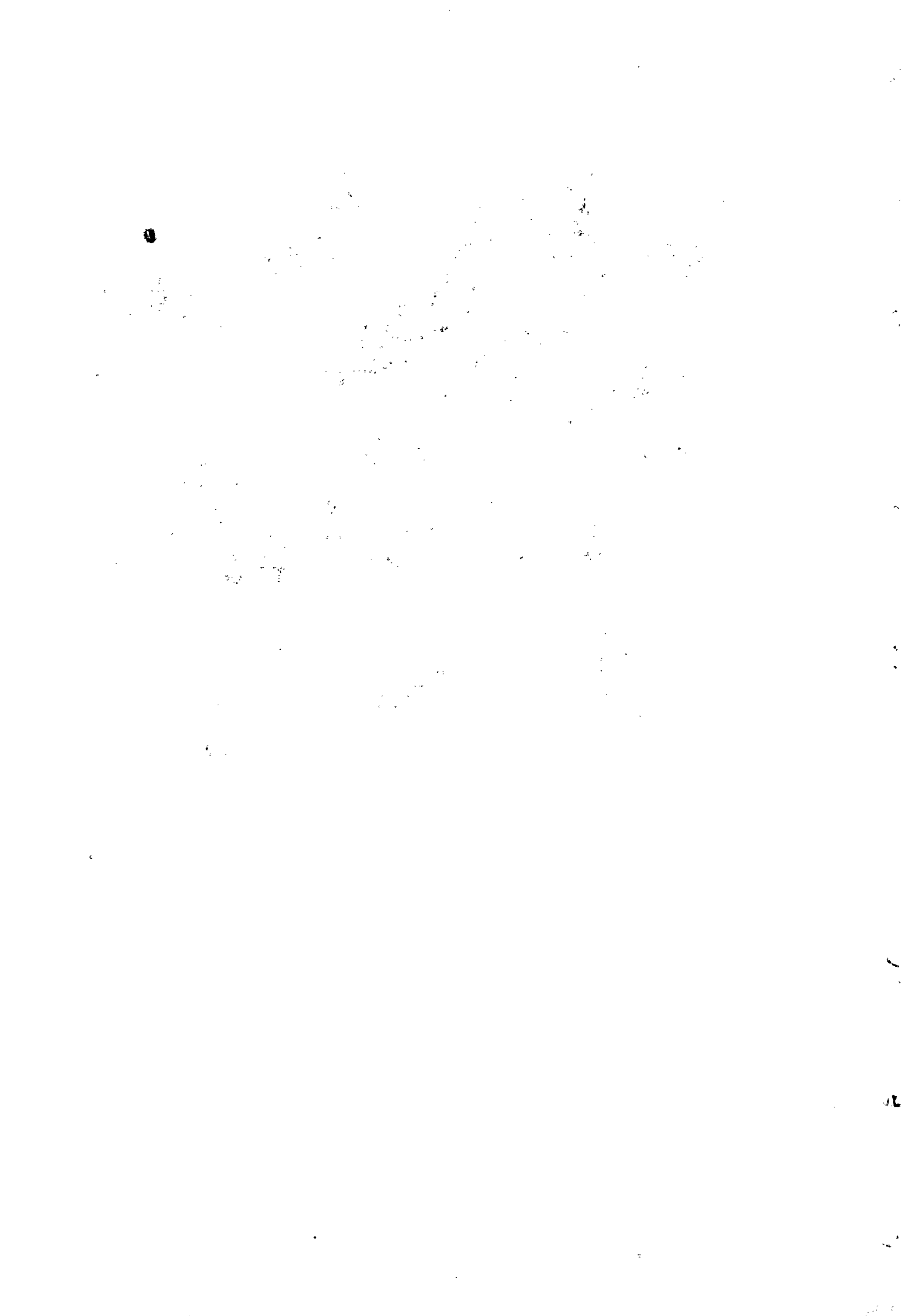
Bitter jealousy assailed the Khan, who resigned his appointment and raised the standard of revolt. Jehangir immediately sent messengers to Kutb-ud-din, charging him with the duty of pacifying such a valuable servant of the state. To bring matters to a peaceful conclusion, the Viceroy visited Burdwan and invited Sher Afkun Khan to meet him. The mission was complicated by the fact that Sher Afkun suspected, unjustly, that the emperor was interested in his famous wife.

Brooding over his imaginary wrongs, the Khan meditated treachery and accepted the invitation to a conference. The Viceroy, desirous of carrying out his plans peacefully, suspected nothing and met the rebel in a friendly spirit. The interview went well at first, but soon became stormy, until, enraged by supposed insults and threats, the outraged husband struck the Viceroy a fatal blow with his dagger. With cries of "treachery", the attendants flung themselves on Sher Afkun, who was beheaded in the fray.

When the news reached Delhi, the assassination of the Viceroy was immediately ascribed, correctly, to conspiracy and treason. Under this charge, proceedings could be taken against the family of the accused and his wife and chattels became the property of the emperor. This, however, did not happen. Nur Mahal was arrested and taken to the capital, where she was soon released to live in retirement. If any further proof were required of the emperor's lack of interest in Sher Afkun's wife, it is found in the fact that he allowed her to live in close proximity to himself for so long without showing interest in her.

FOR four years Nur Mahal remained in seclusion, but talk of her intelligence and beauty constantly reached the emperor, and at last he decided to visit her. He found her in the humblest apartments of the zenana, surrounded by slaves dressed in the finest cashmeres and brocades, whilst she, the loveliest of all, wore a simple muslim gown.

(Please turn to page 89.)



Famous Women in Indian History No. 4—Contd.

(Continued from page 45.)

The years of retirement had taught her the charm of modesty, and she stood with downcast eyes before the emperor. Her beauty and simplicity exercised precisely the effect she, truly feminine, desired.

Jehangir felt his youthful passion rise anew as he gazed on her unadorned loveliness, and the first question he asked was, "Why are the slaves more richly dressed than their mistress?"

The emperor discerned the promise so long denied him as she answered, "My Lord Emperor, these are my slaves, and I make the burden of bondage pleasant to them by all means. I am your slave and inferior, and must dress according to your pleasure and not my own."

Jehangir was delighted. At last his dream was fulfilled. He clasped round her neck a necklace of 40 pearls, each estimated to be worth £4,000, and transferred her to the Sultana's apartments in the harem.

Never, in the history of Delhi, had such splendour and magnificence been displayed as at the marriage of Nur Mahal to Jehangir.

THE emperor lavished on his consort greater honours than had ever been conferred on a woman in India before then. She was invested with the title of *Shahi*, or *Empress*, and her name was changed from Nur Mahal, "Light of the Harem," to Nur Jehan, "Light of the World."

To commemorate the occasion new gold coins were struck, on which the Empress appeared alongside the Emperor, and on each coin was engraved the words, "Gold has acquired 100 degrees of excellence on receiving the name of Nur Jehan."

From the beginning she reigned equally with the emperor, who did nothing without consulting her first. All official appointments were in her hands, and her first acts were to raise her father, Mirza Ghiyas, to the position of Khan-i-Khanan, or Prime Minister, and her brother to high rank.

The appointment of the new minister was a wise move. He, guided by her with excellent counsel, and although her reign brought some unfortunate consequences, yet she also exercised great influence for good over the emperor.

DURING the early years of his reign, Jehangir had been guilty of intemperance and cruelty, but after his marriage he altered his ways considerably.

The influence of such a brilliant and capable woman began to show in the cultural life of the court. Her reforms in women's dress produced the *sari*, which has been described as the world's loveliest garment, and is worn today, in some form, by women of all castes and creeds in India. Her good taste was also manifest in the better furnishings she introduced. She also designed new fashions in jewellery, and new varieties of brocade, laces and carpets; and the opinion is held, in some quarters, that she invented attar of roses.

It is also recorded that, on one occasion, the magnificent gold trappings on the state elephants so impressed the emperor that he inquired their worth, and, on further investigation, discovered that Nur Jehan had made them herself, out of the bags in which the many subject princes sent their dispatches to Delhi. The empress's artistic gifts were expressed in many ways, including the writing of poetry.

It was to be expected that such an intelligent and accomplished personality would exercise all the privileges that position and rank permitted. The empress had inherited administrative ability from her father, and ruled the Emperor, and, through him, the empire. During her father's lifetime, Nur Jehan owed much to his wisdom, but after his death she relied entirely on her own judgment.

WITH the passing years, love for power dominated her thoughts, and with the idea of maintaining her position in whatever circumstances might arise, the empress arranged the marriage of her brother's daughter to Prince Khurram, later to become the Emperor Shah Jehan.

She realised, as time passed, that a man possessed of such military and administrative ability would never submit to her

control. Believing in her power to compel allegiance and force an issue, she transferred her influence in favour of Prince Shahrya, the emperor's third son, and married him to her own daughter by her marriage to the ill-fated Sher Afkhan Khan.

Before her plans could mature, the ill-health of the emperor caused Nur Jehan great concern, and the death of his eldest son, Prince Khusrow, heir to the throne, warned her that she must take immediate steps to secure her position as administrative head of the Government, if she wished to keep it.

The capture of Kandahar by a Persian army provided an opportunity for despatching Prince Khurram to Afghanistan to recover the lost territory. The Prince, his vanity flattered by the empress praising his military skill, led his army to battle, but, on reflection, realised that this was a plot to remove him from India, to engage in a distant and arduous campaign at a critical period in his father's life.

Khurram halted the advance, and reported that he could go no further on account of the weather and the poor condition of his troops. Then, deciding on a bold stroke, demanded that some security should be given, protecting his claims to the throne, before he led his forces out of India.

This was exactly what Nur Jehan wanted. Craftily she represented to Jehangir that Khurram's dispatch amounted to a declaration of independence. The sick monarch readily believed his favourite, and fearing for his throne, ordered the prince to be relieved of his command and to be banished to the Deccan.

THE Empress Nur Jehan now had affairs entirely in her own hands, but required the assistance of a good military man to support her in case Prince Khurram rebelled. The position was filled by Mohabat Khan, an able soldier who had gained great success in the field.

The general fully justified his appointment when civil war broke out, as the empress had anticipated. Grateful to the man who had saved his throne, the emperor showered honours and favours on Mohabat Khan, whose growing influence over the monarch roused the jealousy of the empress.

As usual, she discredited her rival, and Mohabat Khan fled from Delhi in disgrace, to raise an army on his own account among the warrior races of Rajputana.

Jehangir now left Delhi to visit Kabul, but when crossing the Hydaspes by a bridge of boats, he was suddenly attacked and taken prisoner by Mohabat Khan with his Rajput army.

Left without a general on whom she could rely, Nur Jehan assumed command of operations herself. She was skilled in the use of weapons, having killed four tigers with six consecutive shots from the *howdah* of an elephant on one occasion, a remarkable performance for any one.

With dauntless courage, the empress, in disguise, entered the enemy camp alone, to obtain details of the strength of the forces opposed to her; hoping, at the same time, to get in touch with the emperor, if possible.

Jehangir, fearing that the wife he adored might lose her life, sent word to her not to make any attempt to rescue him. Suspecting treachery, Nur Jehan disregarded the warning and completed her plan of campaign.

EARLY next morning the Rajputs burned the bridge, and the attacking army was forced to advance through a treacherous ford lower down the river. At the head of the Imperial forces rode Nur Jehan, seated in a *howdah* on a very tall elephant. She had armed herself with a bow and arrows, and was accompanied by her infant grand-child, daughter of Prince Shaharyar.

Through a hail of arrows, balls, and rockets, the intrepid woman led her troops through the ford, fighting heroically. Before such devastating fire, the lines of attackers were mown down, but steadily, magnificently, the great royal elephant forced his way through the flood, bearing the dauntless empress, while behind her the waters ran red with blood. Soon elephants, horses and men, wounded and

dying, choked the ford and prevented further advance.

The small band which had crossed successfully, fought magnificently. The main attack centred on Nur Jehan. Guards and attendants fell at her elephant's feet, while she remained unscathed. At last she too was forced to retreat to avoid capture. Back down the river-bank, now covered with the slain, the huge elephant forced his way through the enemies who surrounded him. Majestically he strode into the reddened waters of the river.

The enemy fire was now concentrated on the empress. An arrow struck the child beside her in the arm, another killed the mahout, and a sword-cut on the trunk hurt the elephant. The animal, blind with pain, missed the shoal and slipped into deep water. As the *howdah* disappeared under the waters a shout of victory went up from the Rajputs, while cries and lamentations rose from the women of the Imperial Court, who were with the Mogul army on the other bank.

But in a moment the cries were changed to exultant shouts, as the noble animal rose to the surface, and swam slowly to safety. When the elephant reached the bank the *howdah* was seen to be stained with blood, but as her women crowded round, expecting the worst, the empress was found to have extracted the arrow from her grand-daughter's arm, and was seen busily binding up the wound.

NUR JEHAN, her army defeated, now found herself between the hostile Rajput army and the menacing forces of Prince Khurram, bent on vengeance. In this predicament, she decided to surrender to Mohabat Khan, and to try, by all the arts she knew, to gain a peaceful victory.

Mohabat was now supreme, both emperor and empress were in his power. In his opinion, Nur Jehan was a crafty, designing person, and a menace to the peace of the realm, who would be better out of the way. At his command, she was placed on trial before the emperor, on a charge of plotting his death.

In an eloquent appeal, Mohabat implored Jehangir to remove this woman from his

harem, and throw off her dangerous influence. Tears ran down the still beautiful cheeks of Nur Jehan as she heard the unjust accusation, and without waiting for her denial, the emperor appealed to Mohabat to spare her life.

Promptly, although unwillingly, the general consented to the release of the accused, replying with the words: "The Emperor of the Moguls will never ask a favour of Mohabat Khan in vain."

SUCH chivalry had little effect on Nur Jehan, and, with one object in view, she succeeded eventually in winning the allegiance of the army. Once again she found herself in power, her woman's wits proving a match for the Khan's more direct methods. As soon as her position was secure, she ordered Mohabat to take command of an expedition against Prince Khurram, and to crush the rebellion.

Tired of serving a mistress, who caused continual dissension, Mohabat joined forces with Khurram in a common cause to defeat and dethrone the empress. The combined army advanced on Delhi, hostilities were about to begin, when Jehangir died and the prince was declared Emperor Shah Jehan.

Instead of offering resistance to retain power and govern herself, as might have been expected, this remarkable woman withdrew all opposition to Shah Jehan and retired, to live the rest of her life in peace and seclusion in the gardens of the Imperial palaces at Lahore.

From the day her husband died, until her own death in 1646, Nur Jehan took no further part in politics. She gave up all entertainment, and, from thenceforth, no colours relieved the simple white dresses she always wore. Shah Jehan treated the ex-empress with homage and deference, and allowed her the munificent pension of £250,000 a year.

She died honoured and respected by all, and was laid to rest in the tomb she herself had built, close to that of her husband, the Emperor Jehangir, at Lahore.

Next Week: Wives and Daughters of the Great Moguls (contd.).

SELF-HELP in WAR-TIME

(Continued from page 15)

contamination spreading should be the constant aim of those in charge.

The minimum requirements of a decontamination centre, so far as first aid is concerned, are a reception attendant, an undresser, a supervisor, a first aid man and a bath house. A centre of this type could do well with a large number of stretcher-bearers with light protective clothing and respirators.

Decontamination of the ground affected by gas bombs consists of sealing the crater and decontaminating the road surface. A decontamination squad has a leader who is versed in chemical warfare.

The work is clearly divided among the men. The mixers, who mix the bleaching powder and earth—which counteract the effects of mustard—do not do the work of the layers who spread the "mixture" along the borders of the crater first and then seal the crater. The carriers only do the work of carrying the buckets containing the "mixture."

This strict division of labour minimises early fatigue, and is all important in India. The leader takes care at every stage

that the men do not overexert themselves.

The leader examines the site for traces of gas with detector paper on his bayonet, which is later decontaminated, as are the buckets and other articles used. He marks off the portion affected by gas, which is learned by observing the test paper changing to red from yellow.

He then posts a sentry on two sides, with stands containing a warning. The squad always works upwind to avoid the vapour. For decontaminating an area of 180 square feet, about four and a half tons of bleach and earth are required. A three-inch thick layer is then laid on.

It may take an appreciable time for the reaction to take place, and vehicles or pedestrians are not permitted to pass over the region. The decontamination of a road gassed with hand bombs is somewhat similar. The "mixture" is laid in the gutters, and the crown of the road flushed with water with long hoses. A decontamination squad can tackle only small stretches of road, and the work of bigger areas is undertaken by the Royal Engineers.



Famous Women in Indian History No. 5—Contd.

MUMTAZ MAHAL

Whose Love & Loveliness

Inspired

THE TAJ

by F. J. MORGAN

THE name of Mumtaz Mahal and her tomb, the Taj Mahal, at Agra, are known throughout the entire world. Her renown is greater than her place in history, because her's is simply a love story.

Arjamund Banu, better known as Mumtaz Mahal, was the daughter of the vizier Asaf Jah, and niece of the Empress Nur Jehan. The remarkable administrative ability and adroitness in intrigue which distinguished her famous aunt were not characteristic of Arjamund Banu. The Begum's claim to fame rested in her undoubted beauty and the unbounded influence she wielded over the Emperor Shah Jehan.

Married at an early age to Jemal Khan, a noble at the Court, Arjamund Banu led the customary life of a lady whose husband was engaged in the Imperial service. The intrigues of Nur Jehan led her at the time to seek an alliance with Prince Khurram. To accomplish her purpose, no better way could be found than to arrange a marriage between her beautiful niece and the future emperor.

That Mumtaz Mahal was already married was a matter which the empress considered of little account, and so skilfully did she carry out her plans that events appeared to take place without her connivance or knowledge.

AT the annual celebration of Nauroz, it was customary for a bazaar to be held within the Imperial harem. All the most important ladies of the capital were expected to take part and keep booths, at which the emperor was the principal purchaser. He went from stall to stall, haggling and bargaining with each in turn, jesting, arguing, raising his voice in mock anger with the ladies, and ending by slipping a gold coin into the hands of his fair adversaries.

On the occasion chosen by Nur Jehan, the emperor had commanded that all nobles of the court should be present, and that if any man asked the price of an article, he must pay whatever was asked by the stall-keeper without bargaining.

Amid the gay throng was Prince Khurram who had arrived without suspecting that this was to be the most important day in his life, nor did the crafty empress realise that, in forwarding her own ambitions, she was bringing together two persons whose love would be remembered for centuries. The prince paused at last before the sweet and candy stall kept by Arjamund Banu, wife of Jemal Khan. As the smiling visitor quietly appraised the sweetmeats, he glanced momentarily at the beautiful sales lady.

Forgotten were the bazaar and the crowds, the young man lost all thought of his surroundings. Never had Khurram seen such loveliness in woman before. The object of his infatuation was no less confused but, truly feminine, disguised her own feelings in a practical manner. When the prince chose a piece of sugar-candy cut in the shape of a diamond and asked the price, she valued the dainty at £12,500, which sum the royal customer paid with a smile, and counted little in the discovery of his love.

BEFORE the sun had set that day, Arjamund Banu had accepted an invitation to accompany Khurram on a visit to his palace. Time and propriety were forgotten, until three days later, the errant wife returned to her husband, who failed to exhibit the enthusiasm she expected from him and threatened to divorce her. In Mohammedan countries divorce is simplified for the male, who has but to declare three times in the presence of his wife and several witnesses the words "I divorce thee," and the marriage is annulled.

Indignant with her husband's conduct, and fearing that divorce might follow, the lady returned to the palace and complained. Khurram immediately ordered the aggrieved husband to be taken to the stables and trampled to death by elephants.

With this unpleasant sentence hanging over him, Jemal Khan is not to be blamed for hastening to the prince and humbly praying to be allowed to make his explanations. He is also to be congratulated on the excellent excuse he found, when the permission he craved for was graciously accorded him. He declared that his feelings towards his wife had not changed, but his apparent coldness arose from a sense of his unworthiness to accept favours and affection from one who had been so honoured by a son of the Great Mogul.

This point of view had not been thought of by the prince who naturally realised the truth of the Khan's assertion, and the creditable reasons for his attitude. Jemal Khan accordingly rose high in the favour of his superior. He was honoured by the gift of a royal suit, and appointed to the command of a regiment of 5,000 horse.

WITH the necessary preliminaries settled so pleasantly, the beautiful Arjamund Banu entered the harem of the prince, and thus began one of the happiest royal marriages in the history of the world. Shah Jehan devoted himself to his beautiful bride. As Mumtaz Mahal, she became his consort on the throne, and remained his only wife during the 20 years of their married life.

The Begum bore the Emperor eight sons and six daughters, and died at Burhanpur when giving birth to a daughter in the 40th year of her life. She was interred in a garden on the banks of the Tapti, until her grief-stricken husband transferred her to the garden of the Taj at Agra, where she rested until her tomb was completed.

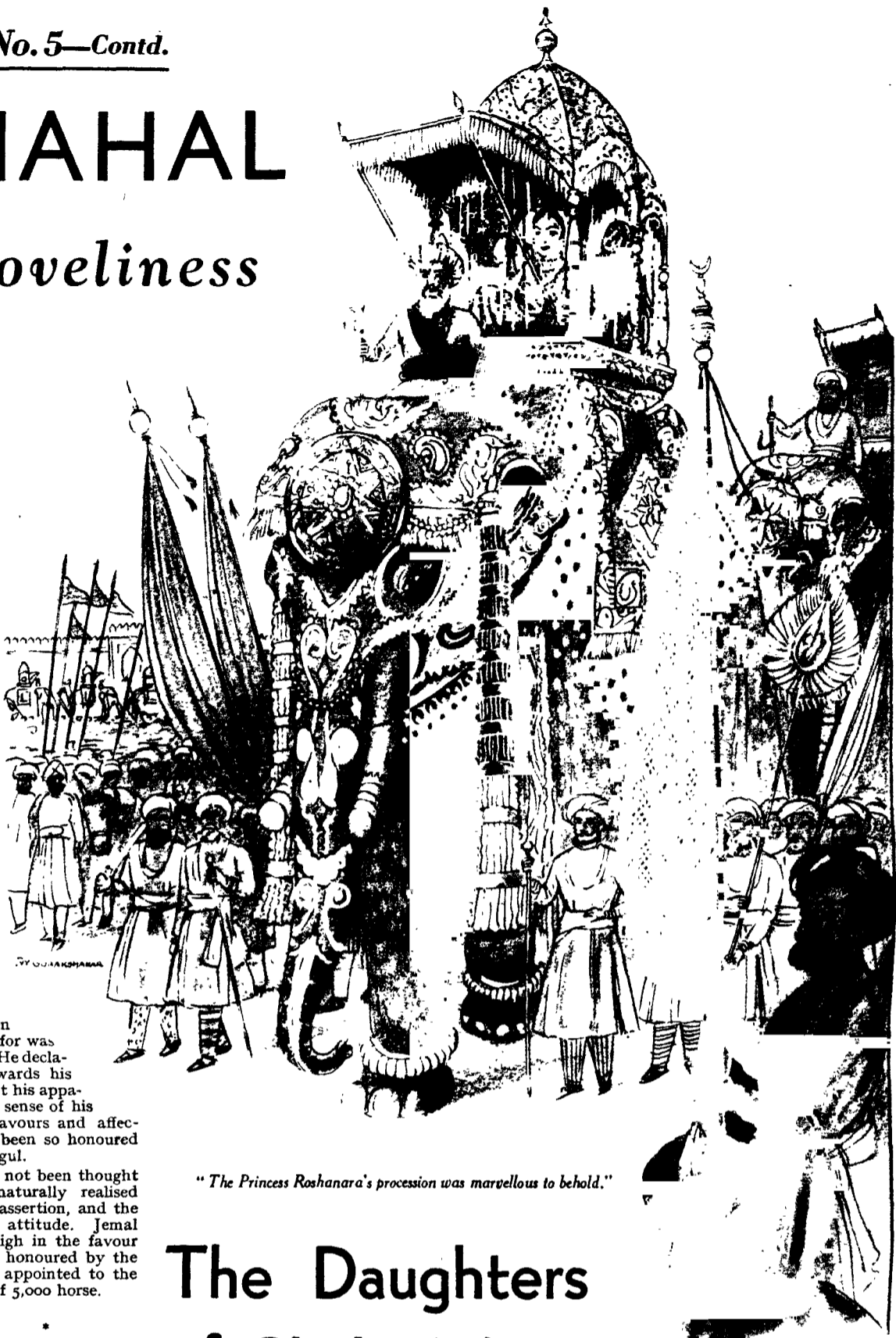
Shah Jehan was inconsolable at her death, and found happiness in building that exquisite dream in marble, the Taj Mahal, the most beautiful shrine to the love of a woman ever conceived.

From the uttermost ends of the earth, come visitors to the Taj, to gaze spell-bound in wonder and admiration at this work of artists in stone, and to ponder a while on the remarkable fascination which must have been hers, whose memory could inspire a jewel of architecture, that took 20 years to complete, and which required 20,000 workmen to build.

The Taj never disappoints and, magnificent though it is by day, by moonlight it weaves a subtle spell over the imaginations of all who visit it.

In the middle chamber of the mausoleum proper, right under the great central dome, are the cenotaphs of Mumtaz Mahal and her husband, Shah Jehan.

Step softly on the mosaic floor, and in the soft, subdued light that enters through the wonderful marble lattice screens, you will read on a marble slab the name of Mumtaz Mahal Banu Begum, and date of death, 1631, and on another tablet the name of her husband, Shah Jehan, Emperor of the World, who sleeps for ever at her right hand in the silence of the vaults below.



"The Princess Roshanara's procession was marvellous to behold."

The Daughters of Shah Jehan

THE Mogul Emperors conformed to the Muslim custom of secluding their women behind the veil and in the harem, where they were carefully protected from contact with the outside world.

The quarters where the Mogul ladies dwelt were called the Mahal, and consisted of many palaces and apartments, occupied by a large number of women. As may be seen in the ruins at Agra and Fatehpur Sikri, there were fountains, streams, gardens, shady retreats, and terraces on which to sleep on warm nights.

Such an important section of the court required an army of guards and retainers. Inside were female slaves, at the doors and entrances stood armed eunuchs, on the surrounding walls were stationed Rajput sentries, and beyond, regiments of other troops. Entrance was forbidden to all except women and eunuchs, who had to submit to a thorough search.

The administration of this important part of the Imperial establishment was controlled by a cultured lady, closely related to the emperor, who had under her other ladies, each in charge of different sections where they were responsible for discipline. In many cases, responsibility for control of the household fell on the royal princesses who spent their lives within its walls, because it was an unwritten law that daughters of the Mogul Emperors lived and died as maidens.

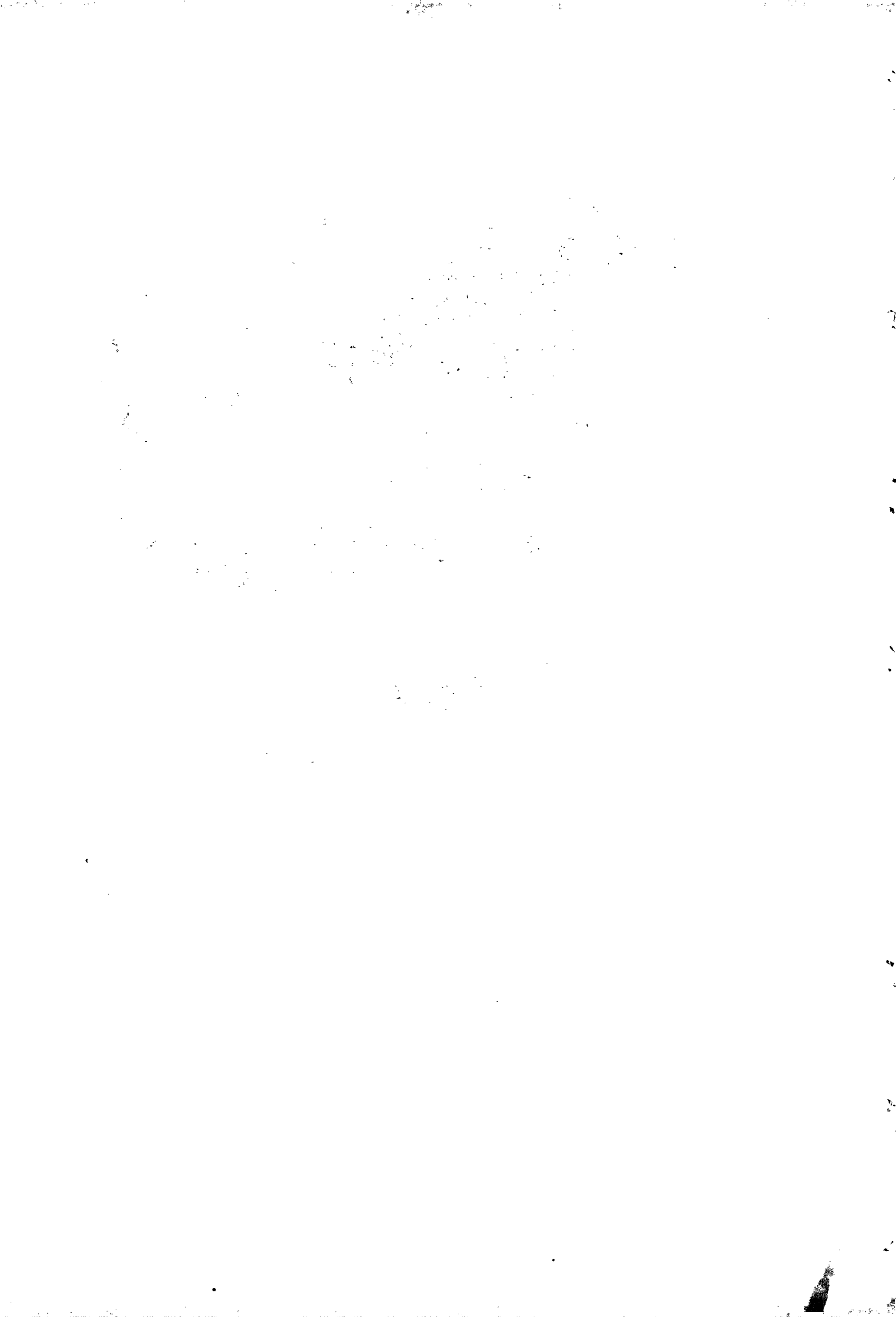
The Princess Jahanara

JAHANARA BEGUM, eldest daughter of Shah Jehan, was famed for her beauty and accomplishments. She was highly educated in Persian and Arabic literature, and possessed a gift for loving. The princess was adored by her father, to whom she was greatly attached. The emperor came to depend on her so greatly after the

death of Mumtaz Mahal that in later days his judgment became subservient to her own.

Burdened with her duties as head of the Royal Household, the Begum rebelled strenuously against her celibate life and her numerous illicit love-affairs were a constant source of gossip. These indiscretions did not pass unnoticed by the emperor, who took advantage of one occa-

(Please turn to page 93.)



Famous Women in Indian History No. 5—Contd.

(Continued from page 45.)

sion to administer a salutary warning that he was not blind to her rather elastic morality.

Without warning, he paid the princess a visit at a most inopportune moment. Unprepared for such an honour, Jahanara, in dismay, was unable to choose a better place of concealment for her forbidden lover than inside one of the huge cauldrons, which were used to heat water for the bath.

THE emperor greeted his daughter with customary affection, and solicitously inquired after her health. The princess explained her confusion by feigning a slight indisposition. Describing the curative and restorative effects of hot water, Shah Jehan commanded that fires should be lighted at once under the cauldrons, so that the princess might test the beneficial results for herself.

Fearful of the consequence, Jahanara dared not protest as her father prolonged his visit, conversing amiably, and apparently unconscious of the misery he was causing his daughter, until a slave reported that the victim had been boiled to death. With neither reproach nor mention of the matter, the emperor departed after suavely wishing the unhappy princess a speedy recovery.

STERN and inflexible though he was in some things, Shah Jehan adored his eldest daughter and on occasion was not ashamed to display his affection.

Even in such a well-regulated household as the royal harem, accidents were likely to happen. In those days, lighting methods were crude. Even in the kings' palaces, lights were usually nothing more than open flames in metal lamps or braziers.

Hastening past a lamp of the kind just described, on one occasion, Jahanara met with an accident which might well have proved fatal. In her haste the breeze wafted her light silk sari towards the fluttering flame. In an instant, the princess was enveloped in flames. Her cries quickly brought help, and badly burned, she was assisted to her bed.

The emperor was distraught when he received word of the accident. In his anxiety for the life of his beloved daughter, he sent to far-off Surat for an English doctor to take charge of the case.

For about six months the princess was an invalid. At times her life was despaired of but eventually she was restored to health. During this period Shah Jehan rarely left his daughter's side. He appointed himself chief nurse, and her subsequent recovery was largely due to his tender care and attention.

Although occupied with the affairs of her office, Jahanara Begum became interested in court intrigue over the succession to the throne. Her influence was used in favour of her eldest brother, Prince Dara, whom she and the people adored.

Her opposition in this affair brought her into conflict with her brother Aurungzebe, later to become emperor. Hostility between the brothers flamed into conflict, civil war broke out, and fearing the outcome, Jahanara offered her protection to Dara's wife and child.

After the defeat and death of Dara, and the imprisonment of his father, Shah Jehan, by Aurungzebe, the princess willingly renounced position, lovers, and all the pomp and style to which she was accustomed, in order to follow her father in the hour of his misfortune. With sublime self-sacrifice she devoted herself to the deposed emperor, and tenderly nursed him through infirmity and illness during the last years of his life.

After the death of Shah Jehan in 1666, brother and sister were reconciled, Aurungzebe becoming as devoted to her as their father had been, and Jahanara was restored to position as head of the Royal Household.

SHE carried out her duties excellently, and it is recorded that "she was a woman capable of governing an empire".

The years of suffering and family strife had awakened in Jahanara feelings of repugnance towards all earthly glory; she eschewed the excesses of her youth, and turned to religion for comfort.

No magnificent mausoleum marks the resting place of this woman who had the ability to rule, but was fated to live a life of noble servitude. She left instructions, that after her death, which occurred in 1681, she preferred to be remembered, first as a disciple of the Saint Salim Chisti, and secondly, only, as the daughter of the Great Mogul. By her own choice she was laid to rest in a humble grave, with the green grass above her, to be forgotten of men, and her epitaph, which may still be deciphered, may be translated as follows:—

The Perishable Pilgrim, or Jahanara Begum.

Let not any man desecrate my tomb with any other thing than

Earth or flowers, for these alone are fitted for

The Resting Place of a Holy Spirit.

ROSHANARA BEGUM

ROSHANARA BEGUM, "Brilliant Ornament", the second daughter of Shah Jehan, appears in history because of her espousal of the cause of her brother, Aurungzebe, and the glamour of her exotic personality. Roshanara was endowed with the family beauty and brains. She had not inherited the administrative ability of her sister Jahanara, but was an adept at intrigue and diplomacy.

Recognising that the stronger personality of Aurungzebe was sure to triumph over the more chivalrous Dara, she became devoted to his cause, passing out any scraps of information which she thought would assist him. Her greatest passion was for pomp and gaiety, her court was the most brilliant and colourful part of the harem, and her elephants were the tallest and most stately in Delhi.

Bernier records that on Fridays Roshanara went to prayer at the Jama Masjid, when her procession was marvellous to behold. The princess appeared on a huge elephant, seated in a gold and blue howdah which flashed in the sunlight. Behind her stood a slave girl, keeping her mistress cool by waving gently a fan made from the feathers of a peacock's tail. She was followed by more than 50 elephants, each of them almost as magnificently bedecked as her own, and bearing the most beautiful ladies of the harem. The spectacle was completed by an army of attendants, including horsemen as well as foot-guards.

In death, as in life, Roshanara is surrounded by a setting as brilliant as the pageantry she loved, and has left, to a wandering world, the superb Roshanara gardens, where, in a marble sepulchre, she rests amid the flaming hues of bougainvillea, hibiscus, and tuberose.

UDHAM BAI BEGUM

Wife of the Emperor Muhammed Shah

AS the Mogul dynasty hastened towards its fall, one of the last to ascend the Imperial throne was Ahmad Shah, son of the Emperor Muhammed Shah and Udham Bai Begum. The Begum, a woman of humble origin, received her title when introduced into the Imperial harem as wife of Muhammed Shah, and aroused the fierce jealousy of the highborn dames who had preceded her.

As often happened among these much-married monarchs, new favourites were constantly arising. None had the beauty nor the ability of the great Begums of the past, such as Nur Jehan, which enabled them to maintain their position against all rivals. As each new star arose, to shine brilliantly and then to set in her turn, the older favourites found themselves relegated further into the background, to become in time persons of no account and even objects of ridicule from the younger and fairer members of the seraglio.

Into such an abject state of misery had Udham Bai fallen, that she became an object of contempt, and was not even

permitted the pleasure of seeing her own son, the heir-apparent.

AT the time when the poor woman's plight could be no worse, Muhammed Shah died and Ahmad Shah ascended the throne. The emperor's first act was to raise his distressed mother to Head of the Harem and to shower honours upon her. She was invested with such euphonious titles as, 'The Parent of the Pure', 'The Light of the Age', 'Sahib Ji Sahiba, on whom be peace', 'Hazrat', 'Kibla-i-alm', in addition to the titles she had held in the days of her former glory.

The one-time social outcast was now sought after, and fawned upon by the women who had ostracised her. To her credit, it must be recorded that the Begum bore no ill-will to anyone. Her power and prestige increased until through her intimacy with the emperor Udham Bai became the power behind the throne, with the reins of government completely in her

hands. Her humble upbringing and the lowly position she had held in the harem were not conducive to a proper appreciation of power or the uses of money.

THE Begum, perhaps with some idea of mollifying the natural jealousy of the women who had made her life unhappy in the harem, and not entirely appreciative of the value of the position she now held, gave a pension of £50 a month to every child of the late emperor, and through her influence many of the Begums received much larger sums from the public treasure.

Her largesse was not restricted to the other wives in the harem, but the slaves and concubines were also granted sufficient money for their requirements. Reports of her generosity and kindness soon became known, and she was praised throughout the land. Every person who could see the Begum and pour out a convincing tale benefited by her charity.

The capital swarmed with mendicants, and money was poured out of the treasury uselessly. Her light disregard of advice, when offered, aroused considerable uneasiness in the minds of responsible ministers, until at last she incurred the enmity of Ghazi-ud-din Imad-ul-mulk. This powerful prince, the 'Earl of Warwick' of his day, whose dynasty and possessions have survived the wreck of empires, decided to depose the emperor and place another prince of the ruling house on the Imperial masnad.

GHAZI-UD-DIN carried out his plans with efficiency and despatch. At the head of a force of Mahratta Horse, "the King-maker" descended on Delhi, accompanied by the prince Aziz-ud-din whom he placed on the throne and declared Emperor Muhammed Alamgir II.

So quickly was the prince's mission accomplished, that Ahmad Shah and

Udham Bai received no warning. The emperor was visiting his mother in the Imperial harem, when his overthrow took place unknown to himself. His visit was rudely interrupted by the arrival of frightened harem attendants followed by a body of troops. To the astonishment of the emperor, both the Begum and himself were declared prisoners of the State and summarily condemned to instant death.

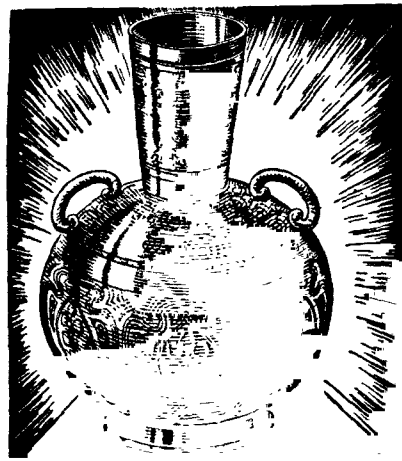
Ahmad Shah was a brave man, and faced his accusers calmly, pointing out that his death would avail them nothing, nor would the murder of his aged mother gain them anything but the disapproval of the populace. He requested that the Begum and himself should be imprisoned in the Prince's Quarters until Alamgir had time to consider their case calmly.

THEIR captors, impressed by the eloquent appeal, forced both into a single litter, and, covering their faces with a sheet to hide their identity, transferred their astonished prisoners to the Deorhi salatin. This leniency convinced Udham Bai that her personal popularity among the masses of the people was sufficient to hope for support in an attempt to regain the throne for her son.

Escaping from custody, the deposed monarch raised an army to support his claims and advanced on Delhi. The opposing armies met at Sikandra in 1754, but the day which dawned with high hopes, closed with the defeat of their forces and the capture of the Begum and her son on the field of battle. For conspiring against the State, and to prevent a repetition of the crime, the rebels were tried for treason and deprived of their sight.

So ended the brief but merry reign of Udham Bai Begum, whose only crime was that she was a person unfitted and untrained by birth or education for the position to which she was raised.

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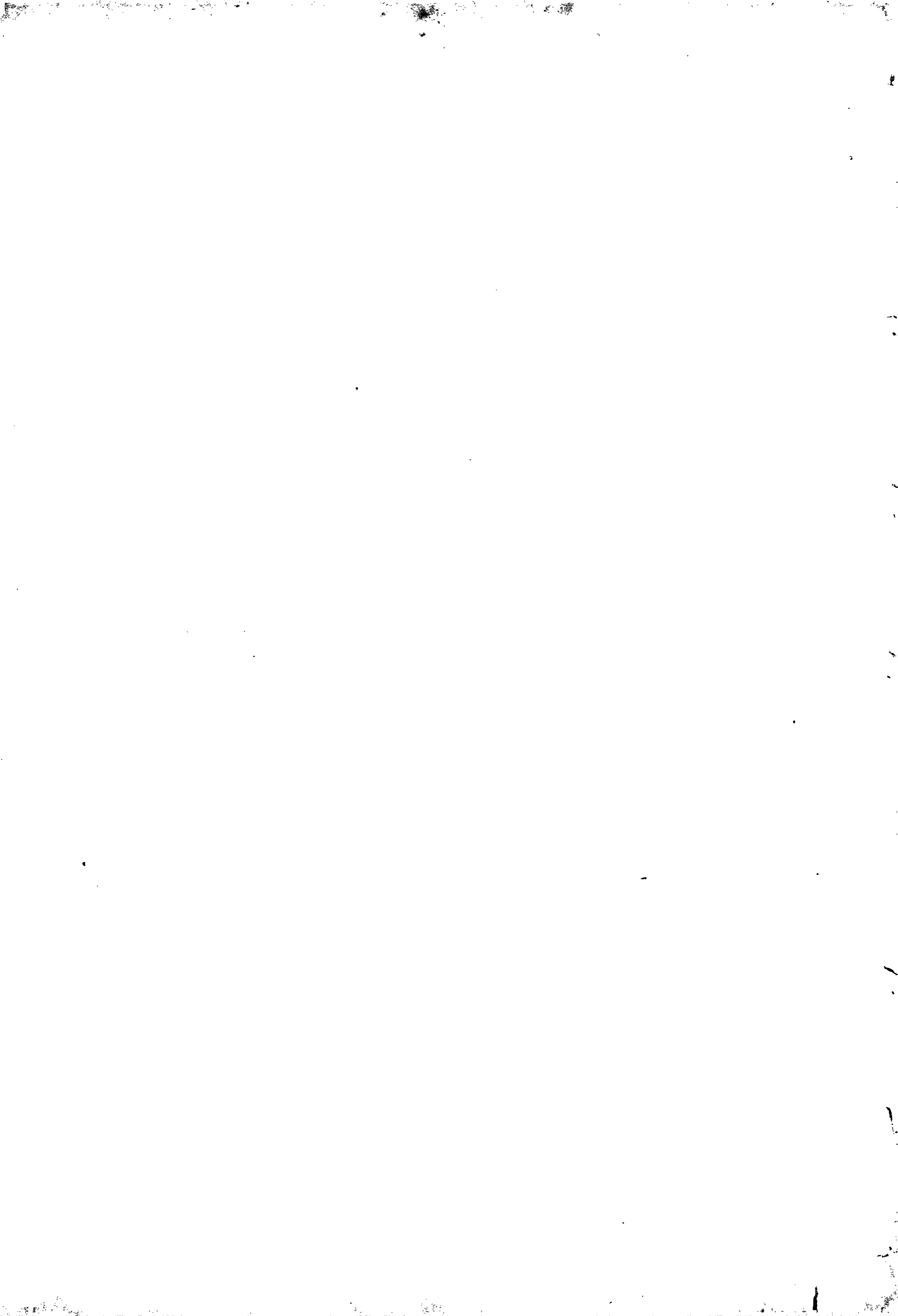
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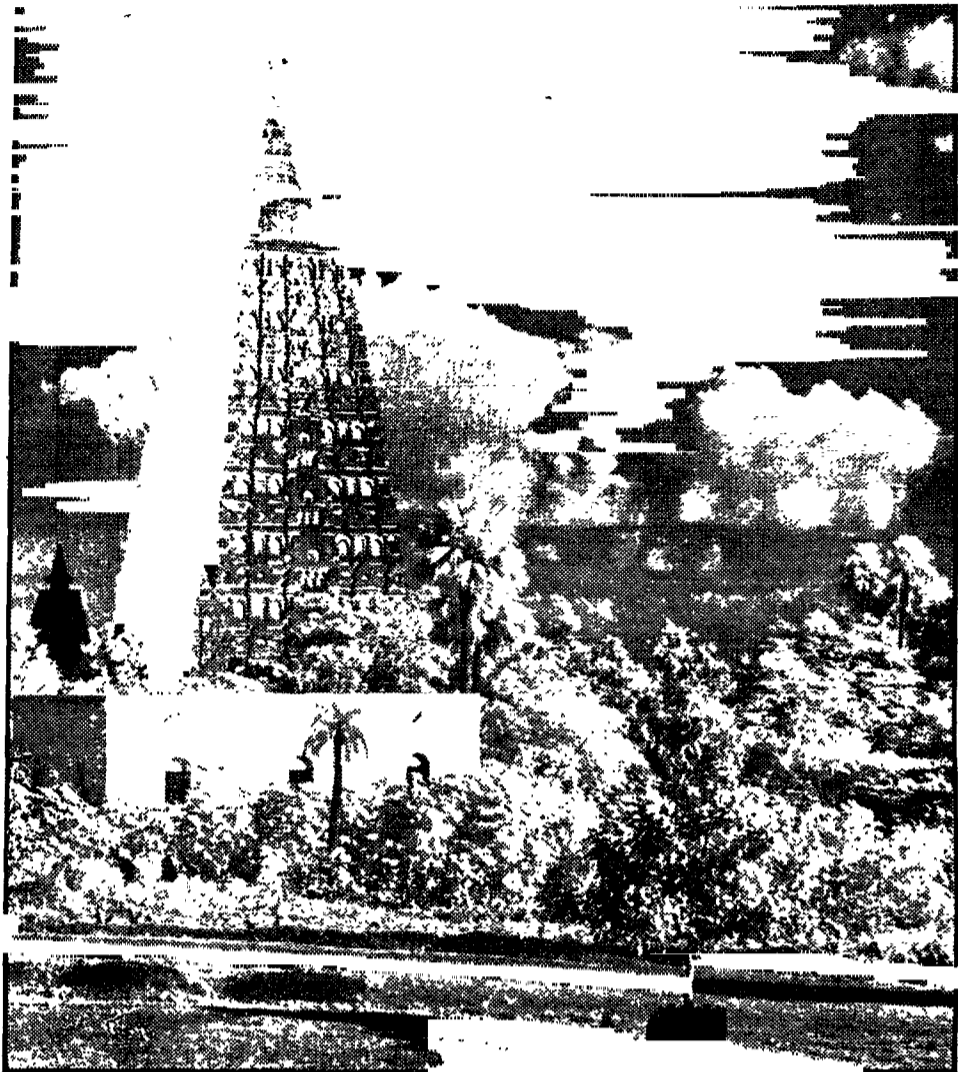
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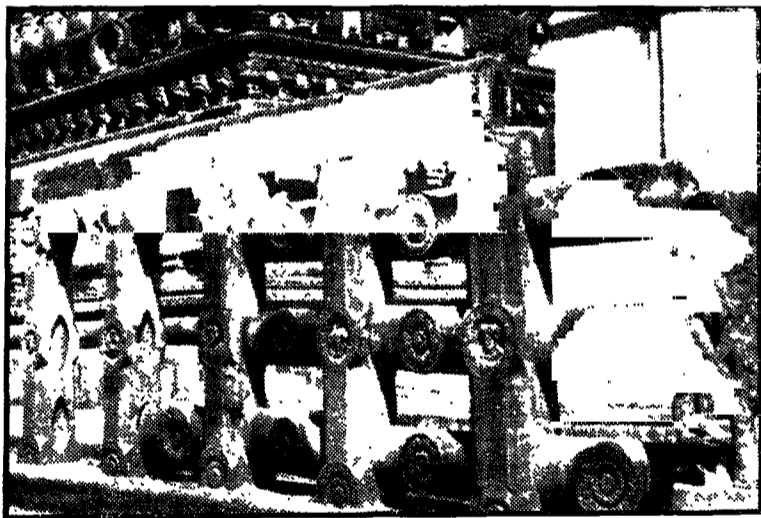


BUDDH-GAYA

INDIA'S OLDEST MONUMENTS RECALL A GREAT TEACHER



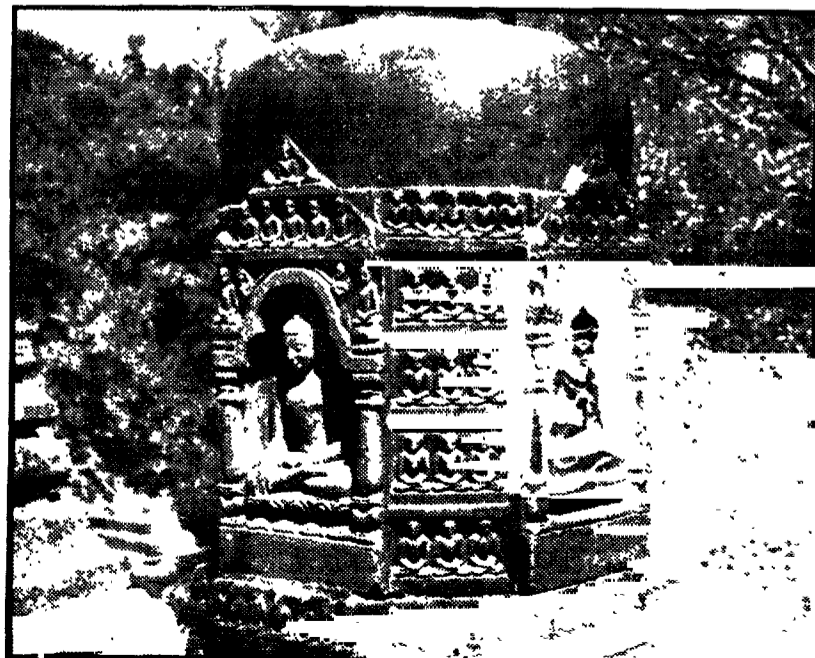
THE TEMPLE of Buddh-Gaya—an infra-red study of one of India's oldest places of worship. Below. The stone railing round the temple. These rails are regarded as the most ancient sculptured monument in the country.



THE STUPAS which were erected on sacred spots where the remains of Buddhist monks were interred. Homage to these ancients is still paid with flags and flowers at festivals. Below: A stupa full of figures of meditating Buddha.



THE STONE SEAT of Buddha, seen in the foreground, is said to be the stone on which Buddha attained Nirvana. On the left is the trunk of the descendant of the famous Bo tree.—Photos, Author.





technical details, it is generally agreed that the civilian population has somehow to be organised and trained for defence and that Sir John Anderson is the man for the job.

Organisation vs. Confusion

LORD Willingdon is one of a group of 14 representative men which has addressed a long letter to the Press emphasising the importance of national registration and national service. "It is essential", says this letter, "that on the outbreak of war every one should know where to go and what to do, it is no less essential that they should know how to do it."

Claiming that their proposals constitute the minimum provision for safety and that they in no way violate any principle of democracy, these eminent men argue that "in place of a wasteful dispersion of effort in unsuccessful competitive appeals during peace, and, when the emergency comes, a last minute rush of vague offers of service from the wholly untrained amid universal confusion, we should have an organized system, with duties allocated to all, whether in the defensive services, or in industry, with men and women already trained, and with ample reserve of trained material to replace wastage."

Sport And Rearmament

THE dress rehearsal of a few weeks ago showed how indisputable that argument is, and, if Sir John Anderson acts up to his reputation, it will not be long before some system is evolved which will obviate the chaos and the uncertainty which, only a few weeks ago, distinguished the hurried preparations to deal with what seemed an imminent war.

Manifestoes of one sort and another seem popular at the moment. The letter just quoted is only one of them. A statement calling for "moral rearmament through

sport" has just been issued by a number of leading British sportsmen, including the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Pelham Warner, H. W. Austin, Len Harvey and Gordon Richards.

They hold that the spirit of national service should not be evoked only when war seems imminent but should ever be active in the cause of good will, mutual understanding and peace. "We believe it to be the task of sportsmen", they write, "to assert the principle of sport-fitness, discipline and team work—so that they may become dominant in the life of the nation".

Sport lies so close to every British heart that such an appeal, coming from such distinguished exponents of

all forms of sport, may well find a response.

Every year one-third of the provincial borough councillors in England and Wales retire and on the day before this was written nearly 500 boroughs outside London, involving eleven million voters, went to the polls.

Keen Rivalry

THE election campaign is as keen as ever and the Socialists are making great efforts to gain control in many important towns. Local Government has become even more important than ever because the Borough Councils are now a major factor in defence in time of war.

As usual, Socialist finance plays a considerable part in the election. One cannot wonder at that when one sees some of the statistics that are being quoted. Rates have risen alarmingly at places controlled by Socialists until one gets the fantastic figure of 27s. 6d. in the pound at Merthyr Tydfil, 20s. at Kidwelly and Port Talbot, 19s. 10d. at Hull and 18s. at Sheffield and Rotherham.

Those are of course extreme examples. But the fact remains that there are—or have been until now—58 county councils and borough councils ruled by Socialists and in 49 of them the rates have gone up since the Socialists gained control.

Socialist Losses

IT is not yet possible to summarise the results but it is already apparent that the Socialists have suffered some heavy losses. They have lost control of six big boroughs which they ruled—Burnley, Bristol, Leicester, Sunderland, Hull and Wakefield, and so far they appear to have gained only one big borough, Gateshead.

The sway of the pendulum in these elections is often said to have little effect on parliamentary elections. That may be so but he would be a rash prophet who would foretell any



FOX HUNTING BEGINS—The opening meet of the Whaddon Chase Hunt at Cublington, near Aylesbury. Against a typical English background the hounds and field move off to draw.—Photo, S. & G.



GRACE MOORE made a special trip from Paris, where she is making the film "Louise," to sing at the Albert Hall concert in aid of Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End.—Photo, W. N. P. S.



DUKE and the DUCHESS are renting the house from the Comtesse de Sabini, and will occupy it from New Year's eve.—Photo, P. P. A.

striking Socialist success in any election now.

Government candidates are on a good wicket, and the Oxford City election, where Mr. Hogg defeated the Master of Balliol by a handsome majority, is significant.

Rothamsted Centenary

INDIA has reason to be grateful to the Rothamsted Experimental Station, at Harpenden in Hertfordshire, the oldest agricultural research institute in the world. It attains its centenary in 1943 and that event is to be celebrated by a little rejuvenation.

An appeal has been issued for a fund of £125,000 for a scheme of rebuilding and extension, and about a quarter of that sum has already been received.

From that distant day when artificial fertilisers were made for the first time at Rothamsted an immense amount of helpful work for farmers has been done there, but laboratories and so on have to be kept up to date if the good work is to be maintained.

The Women's Fair

THERE has just opened at Olympia the "Woman's Fair." It is described as Britain's biggest exhibition bargain. The aim of the organiser, Mr. F. E. Gordon, has been to hold an exhibition that will give complete expression to woman's interests in a setting that mirrors her personality and influence. How far he has succeeded will in due course be recorded in this letter.

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HYDERABAD State, which possesses one of the most interesting picture galleries of ancient times in the Ajanta Caves, will shortly be in possession of a modern picture gallery that will perhaps be the largest of its kind in the East.

The first two sections of this gallery have been brought into existence and are located in the Jubilee Pavilion, the opening ceremony of which was performed recently by the Nizam of Hyderabad and Berar.

The hope expressed by the Nizam when he opened the Hyderabad Museum seven years ago, that it would progress with time and be reckoned as one of the renowned historic institutions



A DECCAN MINIATURE from Hyderabad's new picture gallery. Painted in the 18th century Asaf Jahi period, it shows Prince Benazir approaching the palace of his bride.

by eminent artists, such as Lady Herringham, Miss Dorothy Larcher, Khan Bahadur Syed Ahmad and Asit Kumar Haldar.

These show the religious and social life of India from the first to the sixth centuries A.D., and also exhibit the high level of artistic taste and technique attained by Indians at such an early period.

The exhibits have been labelled and arranged in the most scientific way, the methods adopted being a distinct improvement upon those obtaining in other Museums in India.

Deccan Miniatures

SPECIAL interest attaches to the rare Deccan Miniatures which have been brought to light after a long and painstaking search. These are exhibited in a separate room and include specimens from

Largest Picture Gallery in the East

Hyderabad's New Scheme

of Hyderabad, has now been amply realised. The picture gallery in the Jubilee Pavilion is considered to be a part of the Hyderabad Museum which is located not far away in the Public Gardens.

Apart from this, during the past seven years the Museum has acquired collections of sculpture, painting, old arms, ceramics and Bidriware, which compare favourably with those in similar and older institutions in India.

Nizam's Interest

AS an enthusiastic patron of fine arts, the Nizam has shown the keenest interest in the preservation of the Ajanta paintings at an enormous cost, and in the dissemination of the religious lore and artistic technique connected with them. The new picture gallery scheme reveals his solicitude for the progress of artistic studies in India and abroad as well as among his own subjects.

In this connection mention may be made of the proposed establishment of a central school of arts and crafts in the State. This institution is to be placed under the direction of an Indian artist who has preferably been trained in India, has travelled widely within its borders and possesses zeal and energy and a strong belief in the artistic ability of his fellow countrymen.

It is also proposed that promising students of the School of Arts should be permitted to spend a period of their training at Ajanta under the direction of the distinguished artist who is doing such excellent service as curator of the Caves. They would devote themselves to painting or sculpture amidst scenery of considerable beauty and under the direct inspiration of great artistic achievements of the past.

Copies Of Ajanta

IT is felt that such a scheme would lead to the renaissance of fine art in the State through the work of what might be termed as the "Ajanta School of Painting and Sculpture," and exercise an influence throughout India.

The two large halls which form the first portion of the Picture Gallery in the Jubilee Pavilion are occupied by Ajanta paintings which were copied from the original frescoes



A PRINCESS'S TOILET. This Hyderabad picture gallery copy of an Ajanta fresco is from cave XVII, sixth century A.D. BELOW: Brilliantly illuminated pages. This book contains the autograph of Shah Jahan.—
Photos, Author.

the time of the Bijapur kings to the rule of the Asaf Jahi kings of Hyderabad. Notable among them are a portrait of Ibrahim Adil Shah II, four scenes illustrating the life of Krishna, and five illustrations from an Ms. of *Mathnawi Sihru-ul-Biyan* by Mir Hasan.

The miniatures, although showing certain local features, bear strong influence of the Persian as well as Mogul and Rajput styles of painting.

In another room are displayed some fine MSS. of the *Quran*, a few of which were written by the Moguls themselves and others copied under their orders. One of them is a copy which was originally preserved at the tomb of Rabia Durani, Aurangzeb's wife, at Aurangabad, and was written by the Emperor Aurangzeb. Another is inscribed by Prince Dara Shikoh. One bearing the autograph of Shah Jahan was written by his calligraphist Muhammad Salih. Some of the copies are superbly illuminated, the designs being floral.

Modern Design

THE rooms for the Mogul, Rajput and modern paintings are under construction and are expected to be ready in a few months. The entire Jubilee Pavilion with the picture gallery, when completed, will have cost about three lakhs of rupees.

The scheme is in a large measure due to the liberal policy of Sir Akbar Hydari who has for many years taken a keen practical interest in promoting indigenous art. Mr. Gulam Yazdani, Director of Archaeology, and Mr. Khwaja Muhammad Ahmad, Curator, Hyderabad Museum, are responsible for the equipment and arrangement of the exhibits.

The building has been designed by Nawab Zain Yar Jung Bahadur, the Chief Architect of Hyderabad, and faces the spacious main lawn in the Public Gardens.

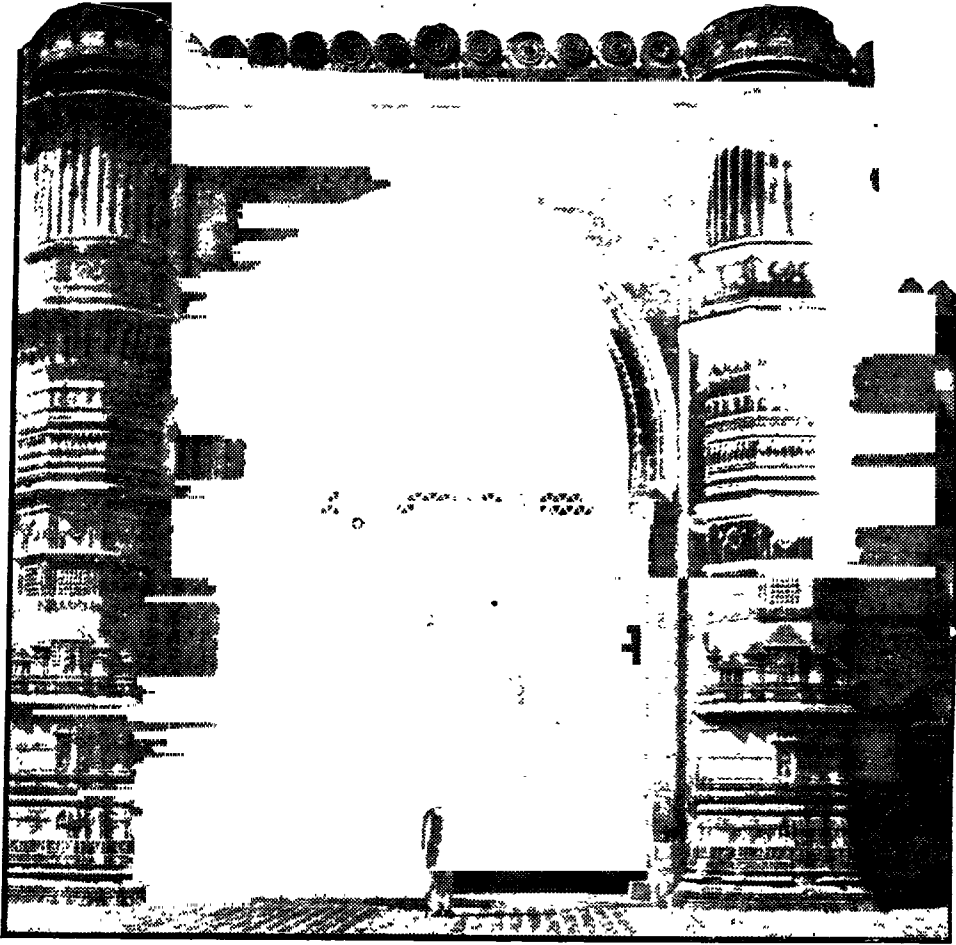
The design is modern, with modern methods of lighting and ventilation. The front elevation is in simple Osmania style, and the interior has been treated with a few choice features from that unique monument of Saracenic architecture, the Alhambra, combined with decorations in the old Mogul style.



GUJERAT'S GLORIOUS PAST

*A History Which Puts New Life
Into Old Stones*

Not many travellers think of Gujerat as an area teeming with the romance of a glorious past. Those who know and love this part of India will welcome a new volume that is up-to-date—"A HISTORY OF GUJERAT", by M. S. Commissariat, (Longmans), Rs. 22-8.



ENTRANCE to Ahmedabad's Jumma Musjid, one of the city's famous old buildings. Unfortunately many of Gujerat's less well-known historical treasures are completely overlooked by the public.—Photo, I. W.

"HAIL! Hail! glorious Gujerat!
The rosy dawn shines again.
Once more the saffron banner will
fly again,

Inscribed with love and valour.....
The glory that was Anhilwad,
The greatness that Siddhraj Jaysingh
achieved
Will soon return, Mother, in still more glori-
ous hue."

So does our gifted writer and states-
man, Mr. K. M. Munshi, translate the famous
apostrophe of Narmadashankar to the Guje-
rat he so loved, and whose place in literature
he did so much to restore.

"The glory that was Anhilwad"! One's
pulse quickens as one reads. And that is
what Professor Commissariat has done for
us again in this great volume of his, the fruit
of life-long study. It is the work of a man
in love with his subject.

No one can read this book without hav-
ing his love for Gujerat and his pride in her
story and its record in temple and mosque
and tomb immensely quickened.

Neglected Gujerat

GUJERAT, outside one or two memorials in
Ahmedabad, has no appeal for the ordi-
nary visitor. Nor is this surprising. It is
flat, fertile, well-to-do, and at first sight it
promises little in the way of historical
romance or treasures of art.

But there could be no greater mis-
take. For one thing, the story of Gujerat
in the days of the Sultanate is the story of
Kathiawar too, and to miss the Girnar at
Junagadh, with its temples perched like
swallows' nests on the slopes of the summit,
and the great, impregnable Uparkot at its
base—to miss all that because of the appar-
ent dullness of Gujerat is to miss one of the
most beautiful and most storied spots on
earth.

Again, it is true that the story of the
Sultanate is largely the story of Ahmedabad.
But not of Ahmedabad alone, for Ahmed-
abad was the clearing-house for a kingdom
that stretched from Abu in the north to
Bassein in the south, and from Pavagadh in
the east to Krishnaji's city of Dwarka in the
west, and in this book of Professor Commis-
sariat's the life of its scattered townships is
recreated and their story told with all the
affection and pride of a lover's pen.

Professor Commissariat has not left
social life altogether untouched; he throws
valuable light, for example, on such points
as the origin of the *wanta* estates and of the
gras and their holders, the *girasia*s. But

the history of the people he has left for
other hands: this is the history of the
Ahmedabad Sultanate.

Old Capital

DATAN (as it is called today) is the head
of one of the northern districts of Baroda.
It seems at first sight to offer little to the
visitor either of history or romance. But
let Professor Commissariat be our guide, and
its stones begin to live!

It was the capital of Gujerat in the old
days of the Hindu kings. The Chavadas
founded it. Mulraj, the Solanki ruler, estab-
lished it for good, and Siddhraj embellished
it.

"Hardly a vestige," says our author,
"remains of the Sahasralinga tank, the
theme of so much legend and song." Not a
vestige of Siddhraj, the mighty king. But
here at our side is a little shrine. It
is new and tawdry, but it keeps alive the
story of Jasma, the beautiful girl from
among the Ords, the low-caste diggers of the
tank, whom the king wanted to make his
own.

On the completion of the tank, Siddh-
raj asked her to be his wife. She refused,
and the king became angry and put many of
the Ords to death. Then Jasma immolated
herself on their funeral pyre, cursing Siddh-
raj with childlessness, and foretelling that
his tank would never hold water.

"The glory that was Anhilwad" has
passed, but the glory of the sacrifice of that
low-caste girl abides.

Tales Of Heroism

PROFESSOR Commissariat's pages are full
of such tales—the moving story of Ranak
Devi and her capture after the twenty-year
siege of Junagadh and her act of *sati* in the
river-bed at Wadhwan; or the ghastly ac-
counts of the destruction of the Rajput
women by their men-folk to prevent them
falling into the hands of an enemy—a deed
repeated thrice in the short space of three
years, first at the fall of the fort of Pavagadh
in 1484, then at the fall of Raisin (1532),
when "the lovely Durgavati and 700 of
Silhadi's women were forced into the devour-
ing flames, and in a moment all this 'harvest
of roses' was reduced to ashes," and a third
time, two years later, at the capture of Chi-
torgarh.

Pavagadh and the Girnar call each for
its own epic. So strong was Pavagadh—"The
Fort of the Winds"—that when the great

Mahmud Begada captured it, he occupied
Champaner, the town at its base, renamed
it Muhammadabad, established a mint, and
made it the capital of Gujerat, a position
which it held for 50 years.

Of the Girnar and the profoundly im-
pressive Uparkot at its foot, it is enough to
say that its strength made the holder of the
Uparkot the holder of Kathiawar. Little
wonder that its capture was the ambition of
every Muslim ruler of Ahmedabad.

Junagadh is the premier State in Kathia-
war, but while princes come and go the
Uparkot still stands, surely one of the most
superb forts ever erected by the skill of
man, and the Girnar, like Mount Zion—
"Beautiful in elevation, the joy of the whole
earth."

Gujerat's Ports

ANOTHER fact that is not evident all at
once is that Gujerat has its ports—rather,
has had them. Bombay has its rights, but
one feels a pang of regret for the ancient
ports at whose cost it has grown.

Cambay, Surat, Broach, Div—where are
they today? And yet the pages devoted to
them in this book are perhaps more full of
colour and life than any others. Cambay
was so imposing that in the traveller's
record the King of Ahmedabad becomes the
King of Cambay.

Barbosa, a Portuguese official, visited it
in 1515, and he is louder in his praise of the
"fair city of Cambay," Professor Commissa-
riat says, than of any other town in Gujerat.

The town is still famous for its trade
in agates and cornelians and such precious
stones, but in those days "it was the empor-
ium of the trade of all Hindustan, and had
a large foreign element in its population
which is described as being 'quite white.'"

Surat

OF Broach not so much is told, but Surat
claims a special place because of its
famous castle and fort, the work of Khwaja
Safar, an adventurer who had played many
parts in his day.

He is said to have been the son of
Catholic parents in Albania (P. 340),
accepted Islam, served under Salman Rais in
Yamen, came to Gujerat in 1530, offered
his services to the Sultan, was a leader in
the struggle against the Portuguese, was
given a high position in the State, and finally
perished at the second siege of Div.

(Please Turn to Page 70.)



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For make-up. Foundation—Mousse Day Cream, the creamy foundation, or Matine Day Cream, slightly astringent; Cream of Roses, if you prefer a tinted foundation—Innoxia Ruby Cream, Powder and Lipstick.

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Ace of Diamonds

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

and greeted passengers as they stepped to earth. Mrs. Field introduced her husband to Drew. They formed an informal group, chatting and exchanging pleasantries, little Teddy in his father's arms crowing with delight.

Drew, turning aside, met Bates' watchful gaze. The latter beckoned him. Excusing himself, he strolled across to where Bates was standing conversing with a stranger. As he approached the latter took his leave. Another policeman, thought Drew to himself.

"COME along, Drew," said Bates. "I am accompanying you to the hotel."

"Thanks for the escort. Lunch with me?"

"No thanks. I shall be otherwise engaged."

"Oh!" Drew shot him a sidelong glance, but made no comment.

Arrived at the hotel Drew was tickled to learn that a room had already been booked for him, although he had not taken that precaution himself; and, further, that Bates insisted on accompanying him to it. When he entered, he was not surprised to find the man with whom Bates had been talking at the airport already there with his luggage.

"Why this cavalier attention?" he inquired quizzically, watching Bates close the door behind him. "Is it to be a detailed search of my person and effects?"

"It is," replied the police officer briefly.

Drew sat down in an easy chair, crossed his legs, and lit a cigarette. He seemed to be enjoying the situation.

"You know, Bates," he remarked good-humouredly, "you guardians of the law make a fetish of official procedure. A person is suspected of smuggling, therefore he must be searched; and lo! the search is carried out. But don't mind me. Carry on."

IN spite of being slightly nettled at the other's remarks Bates could scarcely help a feeling of admiration at Drew's sangfroid. From appearances it would appear that he was the injured party. By gad, he thought, he is a cool customer if ever I met one. He sensed that he was being out-manoeuvred at every move in the game; yet for the life of him he could not see where he had failed in his efforts.

After an exhaustive search both officers had to admit failure. Bates was puzzled. He came to the conclusion that the diamonds could not possibly be with Drew. But then where were they?

Ever since Scotland Yard had information of his intention, Drew had been unobtrusively shadowed. A week ago they had known that the diamonds had been in the safe in Drew's office; but the day before he had left for India they had disappeared. Since then, in spite of all efforts of an efficient organisation, no trace of their whereabouts had come to light. They had simply vanished.

He knew Drew had never been known to employ an accomplice, a fact which greatly assisted him in successfully evading the law. Had Drew changed his methods in this case or had he simply led them on a wild-goose chase?

He said as much to Drew, but he just smiled that devilish bantering smile of his, and commenced humming the haunting, elf-like refrain, "I will give you the Keys of Heaven." Then, as they turned to leave the room, crestfallen at their ill-success, he looked at them mockingly and broke softly into song:

*"Madam, will you walk?
Madam, will you talk?
Madam, will you walk and talk
with me?"*

LATER that same afternoon Drew walked down the corridor of the hotel and was admitted into the apartments occupied by an emissary of a certain Indian nobleman who had journeyed to Karachi to meet him.

"You have brought the diamonds, Mr. Drew?" inquired this dignitary courteously.

"Of course," replied Drew.

He put his hand into his pocket and to the Indian's obvious surprise produced a baby's silver rattle. With meticulous deliberation he prised open the top with a pair of sharp pliers and rolled into the palm of his hand a dozen diamonds of the finest lustre.

GUJERAT'S GLORIOUS PAST

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

For the defence of the Castle, he had brought some of the famous Sulaiman guns from Div. They had been cast at Constantinople by the order of Sulaiman the Magnificent, and were part of the equipment of the fleet he sent to check the trade of the Portuguese in the Indian Ocean, and had been abandoned at Div after an ineffective attack.

resist its spell, and Akbar himself, by his visits to Vatva, to Sarkhej, to Cambay, to Anhilwad, showed his reverence

for the past of the province that now lay at his feet.

It only remains to draw attention to the fine series of 107 half-tone blocks with which the volume is illustrated and to the excellent Reference Index of 44 pages.

G. W.

Div

BUT the port that figures most in this volume is Div. Surat and Broach and Cambay had always been there, and their trade had been one of the chief sources of the income of the Sultanate.

But historically they do not become of importance until the Portuguese appear on the scene, and then it was not the Gujerat ports so much as the small island-harbour of Div that was the goal of their attacks.

The story of Div is fascinating. It was the first refuge of the Parsis, who had fled from Persia before their Saracen oppressors, and was their home for 19 years.

Early in the history of the Ahmedabad Sultanate the Portuguese began their assaults on the island, and at one time the governors of Junagadh, under the Sultanate, moved their headquarters to the island, in order to protect it the better. Finally they built their own fort. Then follows the tragic death of Bahadur Shah in a scuffle in the harbour, the two disastrous sieges by the Muslims and the final victory of the Portuguese. It is a thrilling episode.

Ahmedabad

AHMEDABAD needs no trumpeting. Its history is written indelibly in graven stone. Anhilwad's sun has set. But nothing save the vandalism of man can ever dim the beauty of the Sidi Said windows, or shatter the slender grace of the minarets of Rani Si'ri's mosque, or mar the strength and beauty of the Three Gates.

And one can only hope that Professor Commissariat's work will revive interest in the city's magnificent memorials of her monarchy.

Professor Commissariat has rendered a great service by making accessible the latest researches of scholars into the history of the Pirana Sect. And many will thank him for his account of Vatva and its powerful Saiyeds; the stepwells at Asarva and Adalaj, and the mausoleum at the mosque of Shah Alam.

The calling in of the Moguls spelt the end of the Ahmedabad Sultanate. But that line had well nigh spent its strength; its day was done. Humayun, when he overran Gujerat, could not

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Famous Women of Indian History—No. 6

By

F. J. MORGAN

CHAND BIBI of BIJAPUR

PRE-EMINENT among the women of her day in wit, beauty and intellect, contemporary with England's Queen Elizabeth, was Chand Bibi, Sultana of Bijapur, who has justly been called "The choicest bloom in Asia." This illustrious daughter of the royal house of Ahmednagar was a gifted artist, an accomplished musician, and a brilliant linguist, speaking many languages including Turkish, Persian and Arabic.

At an early age the Sultana married Ali Adil Shah of Bijapur, when her beauty and charm captured the hearts of her people as completely as she had enslaved her husband. Her married life was a brilliant success; the Sultan, devoted to his beautiful queen, took no other wife nor favourite, although she failed to bear him the heir he desired.

No greater proof of Chand's popularity with the people could be found than in the fact that, although she was without issue, the women of Bijapur rose as one to spit curses and throw the refuse of the streets at the minister who had plotted against their beloved Sultana.

WITH the passing years, the artistic influence of the Sultana was seen in the beautiful buildings that she erected in the capital. Everything was done on a grand scale. The great mosque was only exceeded in size by the Jumma Masjid in Delhi, the largest Mahomedan Mosque in Asia. Her memory is perpetuated in the Chand Bauri, a huge tank, part of the remarkable water system of Bijapur which has never been equalled in the world.

In no way was her genius more expressed than in the manner her engineers forced water to wind up and down towers and to play in fantastic fountains in obedience to ideas of her conception.

In 1579, at the zenith of her happiness and glory, Ali Adil Shah died, leaving his young wife at the age of 25 to act as regent on behalf of her nephew over the great empire she had helped to build.

In her sorrow she undertook the building of a magnificent mausoleum to the memory of her husband. The wondrous structure, which would, without doubt, have added another architectural masterpiece to the world's treasures, was not completed. During its erection internal strife broke out, and the work ceased.

FOR six months the Sultana supervised the defence of Bijapur, then, with the closing of the monsoon, dispersed her enemies, and peace reigned over her dominions. As the terms of her regency drew to a close Chand Bibi strengthened her kingdom and ruled wisely in the interests of her subjects.

In the gilded Hall of Audience with its carved ivory door and the beautiful windows designed to represent the setting sun, the Sultana, veiled as became a devout Muslim lady, attended to her many duties. At last, to Chand Bibi's relief, her regency ended and her nephew Ibrahim II ascended the throne. Thereafter she ruled only when the Sultan was away.

Taking advantage of the respite, Chand visited her home at Ahmednagar. While there a family quarrel led to revolt and her father and brother were at war. Throwing the forces of Bijapur into the field, the Sultana brought peace to her family and her native state.

As though a malign fate had decreed that this brilliant woman was never to know peace on earth, her father died, and she, unwillingly, was left on the throne of Ahmednagar as regent for her infant nephew, Bahadur Nizam Shah.

Her regency was not accepted without dispute, four claimants appearing in the field. Before the apparently inevitable civil war broke out, the invading army of the

Emperor Akbar entered the Deccan. Realising that a state so divided against itself would fall an easy prey to the Mogul army, Chand Bibi sent to Bijapur for help, and called on the other claimants to the throne to settle their differences in the common cause.

THE imperial army under Prince Murad invested the city before replies were received, but, fighting desperately, Nehang, an Abyssinian, cut his way into Ahmednagar, while the other claimants joined the Bijapur army marching to the relief of the beleaguered city.

The Moguls pressed the siege vigorously while Chand Bibi assumed command of the defence in person. Her armourclad, sometimes veiled figure was everywhere in evidence, directing the counter-mining and trench defences, and exposing herself to the same dangers as the troops. Two enemy mines were rendered ineffective by her counter measures, but a third exploded before she could prevent it, and a large breach was blown in the walls.

The garrison were so unnerved by such an alarming experience that they were on the point of deserting their positions without resistance to the storming party. Without hesitation, Chand Sultana, in a suit of shining mail and armed with a drawn sword, sprang boldly into the breach. Encouraged by her bravery, her troops rallied to the ramparts and poured a hail of lead into the ranks of the attacking forces.

SACRIFICING men freely in a furious attempt to carry the breach, the Moguls brought guns to bear on the defenders at the weakest point in the walls. Urged on by the Regent, the garrison in the outer works opposed such an obstinate resistance, that, as night fell, the assault failed, at heavy cost to both armies.

Under cover of darkness, the Sultana called every available man to the ramparts, and throughout the night the defenders worked feverishly until the breach in the walls was repaired. When day broke, the besiegers saw that fresh mines would have to be laid and their task begun all over again, if they were to succeed.

At this stage of the battle the Bijapur army appeared, to relieve the city. Unwilling to risk a pitched battle against

such a formidable opponent, although his own forces were superior, Prince Murad agreed to a truce to discuss the terms of peace. Hostilities ceased in 1596, when the recently conquered province of Berar was ceded to the Moguls.

Chand Sultana now ruled as Regent of Ahmednagar, but the prime minister Muhammad Khan, plotting to gain the throne for himself, negotiated with Prince Murad to support his claim. Once again the valiant Sultana led her army to battle, and, meeting the Moguls on the banks of the Godavari River, fought an indecisive battle which raged for two days.

Alarmed at the check his forces had encountered at the hands of Chand Bibi, the Great Mogul sent his greatest general, Abdul Aziz, to take charge of operations, but as no further success was gained, left the Punjab and appeared in person at the head of his army in the Deccan.

AKBAR signalled his advent by capturing Daulatabad and several other hill forts, and then despatched an army under Prince Danial to force Chand to submit. Appearing outside Ahmednagar, they found the city invested by an army under Nehang, the Abyssinian, who withdrew at the approach of the Imperial army.

The Sultana, fully aware of the precarious nature of the confederacy she had entered, negotiated peace with the Emperor. Muhammad Khan, making this an occasion to accuse the Regent of treachery, instigated mutiny among the garrison. Before Chand Bibi was able to conclude peace, a party of soldiers broke into the royal harem and assassinated her.

Their treachery gained them nothing. Refusing further parley, Prince Danial stormed the city and swept the garrison from the walls. Every fighting man was ruthlessly slaughtered, and the young king despatched as a prisoner to the fort at Gwalior.

Chand Bibi, Sultana of Bijapur and Ahmednagar, is the favourite heroine of the Deccan, and one of the most illustrious women of all time. Many legends have grown about her name, and among the many stories which have been handed down, one is vouched for by no less a person than the historian Khafi Khan, who mentions her having fired silver balls from her cannon into the Mogul camp.



"Without hesitation Chand Sultana sprang boldly into the breach."

Common tradition at Ahmednagar asserts that, when her shot was expended, she loaded her guns successively with copper, silver and gold coin, and it was not until she had begun to fire her jewels away, that she consented to make peace.

Forced by circumstances to play a leading part in the affairs of her day, this heroic queen defeated her enemies many times by her own personal valour. She was raised to power which she did not covet, and was never so pleased as when she could escape from affairs of state to the privacy of her apartments to indulge her taste for painting and music.

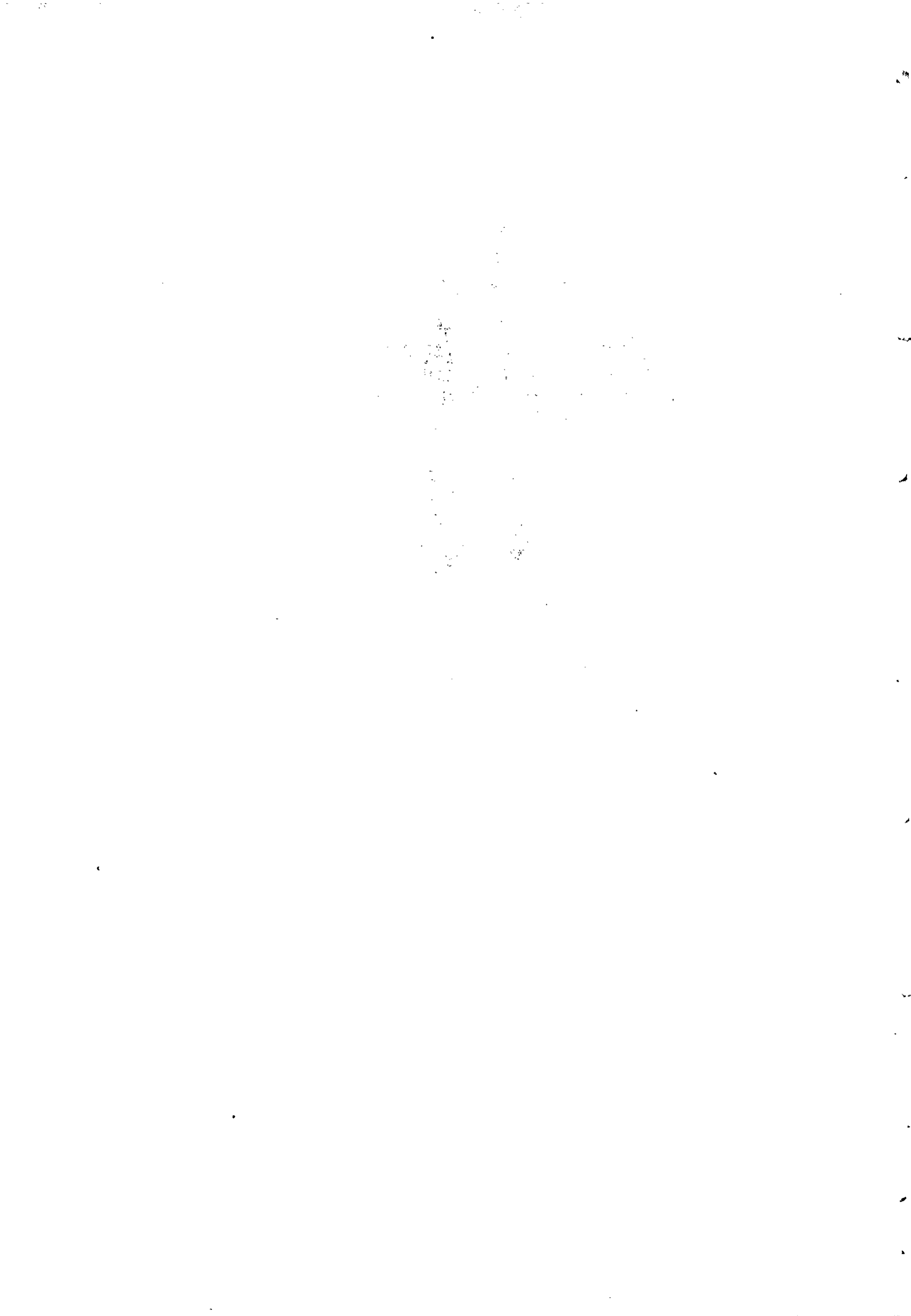
Her historian tells us that she was as simple, generous, frank and merciful as she was chaste and God-fearing, and that among all the women of Hindustan she stands out as a jewel—without flaw and beyond price.

Rani Durgavati of Garh-Mandla

SO long as men remember the tales of the Gonds, the name of the Rani Durgavati will live in the hearts of her people. According to Hindu custom this daughter of Elandail, Maharaja of Mahoba, was married at an early age to the Gond King of Garh-Mandla, who, with her father's consent, carried off his bride under the protection of an escort of 50,000 men.

At the time of her husband's death, in 1564 A.D., the young prince, their son, was a minor and the Rani was appointed regent on his behalf. Her fame rests not only on her administrative ability but also on her splendid generalship, which

(Please turn to page 89.)



Famous Women of Indian History No. 6—Contd.

(Continued from page 51.)

RANI DURGAVATI

thrice enabled her, with vastly inferior forces, to hurl back the veteran troops of the Mogul Emperor, Akbar the Great.

Under the command of the Mogul generals, the army of Akbar extended the emperor's dominions southward. At first the Rani Durgavati devoted her energies to the development of the state, but, as kingdom after kingdom fell before the advancing Moguls, she realised that the menace of invasion confronted her. As the Imperial army swept remorselessly through the wilderness of the Deccan, the Rani prepared to defend the smiling realm of her son's inheritance.

THE problem confronting the lady was appalling. Her most pressing need was experienced warriors. Prosperity and contentment under the beneficent rule of an unbroken succession of ten sovereigns of the same dynasty, had robbed her subjects of any warlike spirit they might otherwise have inherited. The indomitable spirit of the Regent conquered even this difficulty, and from the most unpromising material she raised an army comprising 1,500 elephants as well as 8,000 horse and foot. The wisdom of this measure was soon evident. The Moguls demanded the surrender of her possessions in the name of the Emperor Akbar. Inflamed to righteous anger, the Rani defied the enemy to conquer her.

Leading her men in person, clad in mail armour, Durgavati surprised the advance-guard of the invaders, and drove them back into the main body of their army in disorder. Rallying their surprised and shocked troops, the Moguls advanced, expecting to gain an easy victory. The fact that their opponent was an inexperienced woman led them to underestimate her ability.

The Rani, on her part, was undismayed at the prowess and renown of her adversaries. Besides, her troops were elated at the success of their first encounter with the enemy. From the *howdah* of the royal elephant, she studied the disciplined advance of the Imperial army, and sought the weaker points in the lines of the invaders.

Then to her surprise, the Gond chiefs, aflame with patriotic fervour, and inspired by their previous victory, launched a vicious attack on the advancing Moguls. Dismayed to see her troops, new to the art of warfare, charging without semblance of order against the wall of highly-trained and seasoned veterans, the Rani sounded the recall.

Hurriedly reforming the ranks, Durgavati instructed the chiefs to remain steadfastly on the defensive, until the signal to charge was given by herself.

THE change of tactics, and the retirement of the enemy before coming to close quarters, misled Akbar's general, who attacked rapidly without caution. A withering fire from the defenders surprised the Moguls, and halted the assault. Profiting by the momentary confusion, the Rani ordered a general advance. Flung themselves impetuously at the

RHUMBA THE COURTESAN

AS the dying sun sinks slowly in the west and shadows lengthen in the city of Bijapur, the blood-red rays fall on the greatest dome in the world, so large that it is visible 18 miles away. Under this magnificent roof sleeps the mighty monarch, Muhammad Adil Shah, with his two wives and his eldest son.

The last faint beam of light flickers in the gathering gloom and rests lovingly on a tiny tomb next to the emperor's, as though hesitating to leave this one to the terrors of the night; the tomb of Rhumba. It seems as though the Monarch of the Universe is protecting this fragile creature from the powers of darkness, even as the mighty Muhammad Shah cared for her in the days of their happiness.

They were masters of effect, those Sultans of Bijapur, whose splendour was the envy of the Great Moguls. Muhammad Shah used the sun's radiance skilfully, and placed his golden throne in a position where the first brilliant rays of daylight would strike it, so that those who approached for audience, rising suddenly from a sunken garden, were dazzled by a blaze of golden light, from the midst of which was heard the voice of the Sultan, like the Sun-god himself. No wonder that the people bowed down and worshipped him.

surprised foe, the Gonds drove their adversaries before them in an irresistible onslaught. Staggered by the unexpected reverse, the invaders broke and fled, leaving 600 of their number dead behind them.

Keeping in touch with the retreating enemy, the Rani ordered her chiefs to follow up their advantage by making a night attack, and turning victory into a rout. The Queen's strategy was not carried out. The nobles, not appreciating the value of such tactics, stupidly believed, in their inexperience, that they would have nothing more to fear from a defeated enemy.

REFORMING his forces during the night, the Mogul commander called up fresh reinforcements, and made a vigorous surprise attack at dawn. Caught unawares, the Gonds turned and ran, leaving their queen, supported by only four of her chiefs, to give battle to vastly superior forces.

With the handful of troops remaining, the Rani, exhibiting the skill of a master tactician, held the enemy at all points, but gradually weight of numbers began to tell. The loyal troops fell back as their ranks began to thin out under the devastating fire directed against them.

Escape was still possible for Durgavati when her son fell at her side, mortally wounded by an arrow which pierced his eye. The remaining troops broke and fled, leaving the Rani to her fate.

Surrounded by a ring of steel, all hope was now at an end. There was only one way to escape if the courageous Rani was not to fall into the enemy's hands. In vain she implored the few attendants still with her, to take her life. None would do so. The enemy drew closer.

"Hasten," she cried to the chief nearest her, "let your dagger save me from the crime of putting an end to my own existence. We are overcome in war, but we need not be dishonoured."

HER entreaty was in vain, the trembling hand of a loyal servant could not strike the beloved queen. Seeing that none would obey, the Rani, preferring death to capture, tore the dagger from her servitor's belt, and thrusting it into her heart, fell lifeless by the side of her son.

She sleeps where she fell on the field of honour, venerated by friend and foe alike. Her lonely tomb in a rocky defile in the hills has become a place of pilgrimage, where every visitor leaves a piece of the beautiful crystal which is found in those parts, as a tribute to the memory of that noble lady who preferred death to dishonour, and who gave her life for the land of her adoption.

Among the many legends which have grown about her name is the belief, held by many, that two rocks by the side of her tomb are the Rani's drums of war converted to stone. It is also said that, at certain times of the year, the wondering peasants in the nearest villages may hear, in the deathly stillness of dead of night, the muffled roll of distant drums, as the mail-clad Rani Durgavati leads her phantom troops against a ghostly enemy.

It may be that the lighting of Rhumba's tomb with such fantastic effect was the work of her lover's imagination—he, who was so angry at the deception which led to her death that his whole life was changed, and she, the frail, who in death was given precedence over two Sultanas, to sleep for ever at his side.

EVERY luxury the mind could conceive was lavished on the seven-storied miniature palace, the Sat Manjli, a fairy dream, built by the infatuated Sultan for his favourite. On each floor was cool running water to refresh the tired limbs of the dancer, while the walls were decorated with artistic skill. Shame that the envious invader mutilated those mural gems, and robbed those who came later of the pleasure of gazing on the portraits of the lovers which enriched the walls of the lower suite.

Amid the intrigue of court life arose jealous whisperings from the harem to disturb this idyll of true love. Mistrust and suspicion arose in the heart of the Sultan, when, on returning after a long absence, he heard that his mistress had eyes for another. So great a monarch had no place for a rival. Jealous rage possessed him, and the protests of Rhumba were silenced by the weight of false evidence against her.

Yet her lover was not quite convinced of her unfaithfulness, and decided on an ordeal which would prove her either guilty

or not. Together they climbed the stairs to the balcony inside the dome of the royal mausoleum. From the whispering gallery those below looked like dolls, and the huge chequered stones of the paving were like the squares of a chess-board. To prove her innocence, the Sultan, pointing over the balcony, commanded the dancer to jump.

With a frightened gasp, her eyes shining with love and loyalty, the beautiful mistress of the Sat Manjli obeyed. For an instant she fell like a stone, then, to the amazement of all beholders, and the delight of the Sultan, who already repented his harshness, her loose clothing opened out, and like a parachute lowered her gently and unharmed to the floor, hundreds of feet below.

AMID awestruck silence Rhumba stood and looked up at the lover whose suspicion had put her to such a terrible test. No word of reproach did she utter, a long last look, a gesture of farewell, then swiftly she drew from her girdle a jewelled dagger and, to the horror of all, plunged it into her heart.

The misery of the Sultan shook his very being and altered his whole life. His torn heart cried for vengeance, and his cruelty became feared throughout

the whole land. The first to die were the false witnesses who sent his true love to her death. As he mounted his horse each day, the servant who held the stirrup was decapitated by a blow from the Sultan's scimitar. His rapacious lust became unsatiable, no maiden in his dominions was safe from his passion, and the people trembled as he passed by.

Yet, with all his tyranny, no monarch has ever been more greatly beloved by his subjects than the broken-hearted Muhammad Shah. His foes marvelled at his prowess as he fought recklessly, careless of a life he no longer valued. When, at last, the Mogul army stormed the gates of the city, the slaughter and carnage were dreadful, as the men of Bijapur gave their lives freely in defence of their homes.

At the main gate the heaps of slain rose until they prevented all entrance, and when the dead were cleared away, the Sultan himself was found. He had gained that peace earth no longer held for him. Pierced through and through, almost hacked to pieces, between his teeth was his scimitar held so tightly that even in death his brave soul admitted no defeat.

As he was found, so he was laid to rest by his sorrowing people, alongside that lowly one whose love he had held so dear that he had never ceased to mourn, nor ceased to extract vengeance for her untimely end.

SIVAJI'S MOTHER

ONLY a woman of exceptional personality could have given the world such a son as the great Sivaji, founder of the Mahratta empire. Much of the success which came to his arms was due to the counsel and guidance of his mother. It was she who conjured up visions of power and dreams of empire to occupy his mind, and to lead him from comparative obscurity to command armies and weld a nation.

Daughter of Lukji Jadu Rao, she became the child-wife of Shahji Bhonsle, a Mahratta sub-chief, who was too often engaged in warfare to attend to the education of his son.

Sivaji, therefore, was placed under the joint control of his mother and a Brahmin administrator, but she exercised the greater influence, and he turned to her for counsel and sympathy in all his enterprises. She encouraged him in his object to free himself and to extend his possessions, and through dreams and revelations foretold his great future. She believed herself to be visited by the goddess Bhawani,

from whom she received her information and prophesied that the Mahrattas would win their freedom from the Mahomedan yoke.

AS Sivaji rose to fame and grew stronger, her dreams and visions became popular among the people. In later years, when he had become established, his mother's claims to divine guidance were readily accepted throughout that part of India.

She was undoubtedly a strong character with considerable ability, and inspired her son with the determined qualities which gained him an empire, if, indeed, she did not guide and advise him in most of his campaigns.

Whatever the reason, the Mahratta leader was devoted to his mother. No matter how questionable the enterprise, nor how hazardous the expedition, he claimed her blessing on all his undertakings. She alone exercised any control over his wild, unruly nature. To the fierce warrior, before whose name a continent trembled, one person only was worthy of all honour and respect—his mother.

NEXT WEEK: HEROINES OF THE DECCAN—(contd.)

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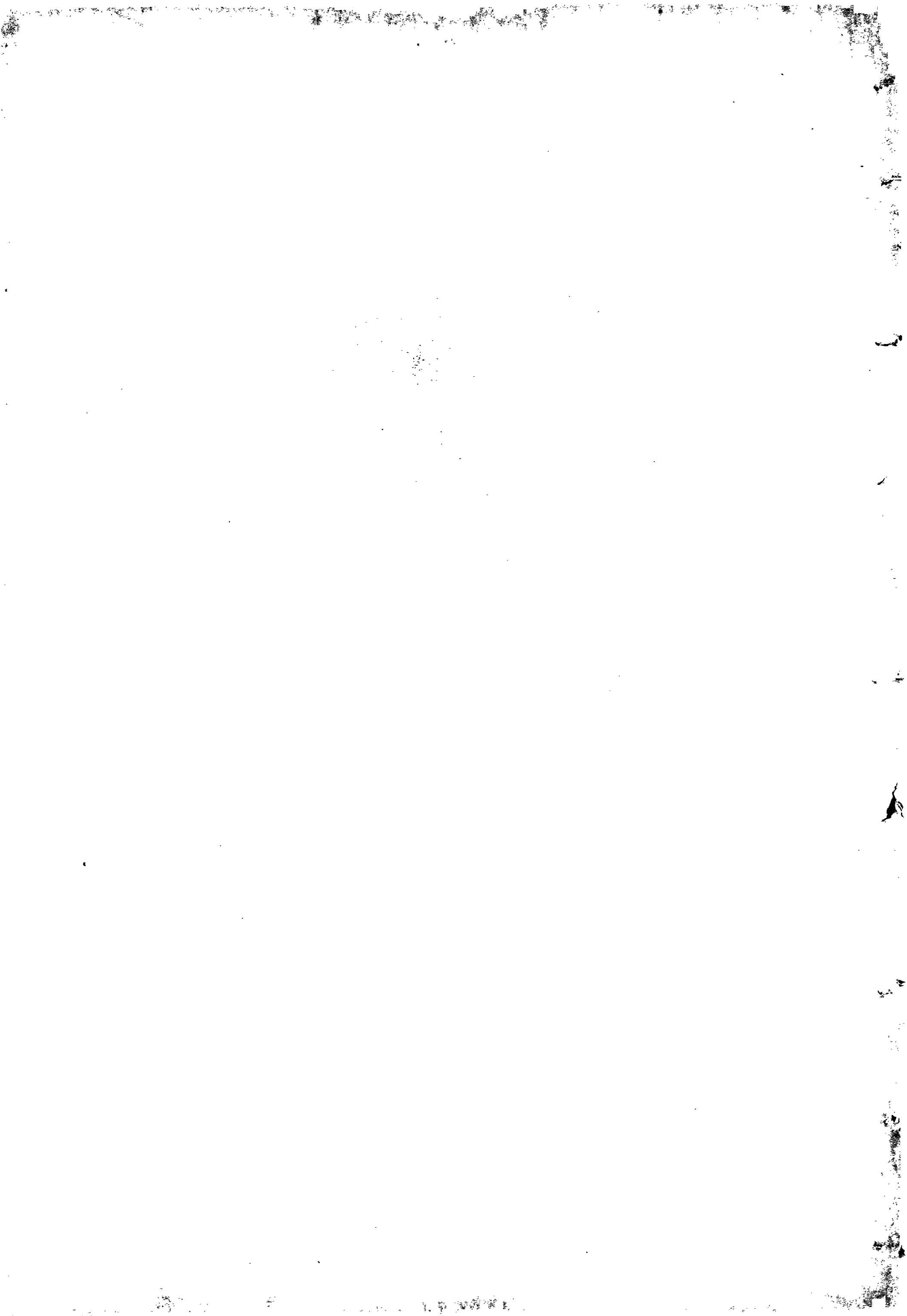
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BOMBAY: SUNDAY, NOV. 27th, 1932



ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL FRESCO PAINTINGS

The "Bodhisattva Padmapani" at Ajanta

A NEW attempt to copy the ancient fresco paintings in the cave temples and palaces of India has been made by Mr. Sarkis Kachadourian, the Iranian artist, who has worked in Ajanta, Badami, Bijapur and Sittannasaval for many months. The picture on this page is the representation of a Bodhisattva (incarnation of the Buddha) and the scenes on the surrounding wall space show incidents in his life. The picture has been claimed by critics as one of the world's most beautiful fresco paintings. The colours are brilliant and vary from full red in the architectural background to golden flesh tones, olive greens and occasional flashes of a vivid blue which has lost nothing of its strength and freshness through the centuries. An artist and of the highest calibre, Mr. Kachadourian's work



Rani TARA BAI of Satara



Famous Women of
Indian History—No. 7

"Rani Tara Bai set out in person at the head of her troops."

THE rise of the Mahratta Confederacy to a position where it became even stronger than the Mogul Empire, was due, in no small measure, to the brains and ability of a woman—the Rani Tara Bai. The rightful heir, Raja Shahu, grandson of Sivaji, being held prisoner in the hands of the Moguls, Tara Bai, wife of Raja Ram, accompanied her husband when he succeeded his half-brother Shambhuji, son of Sivaji Bhonsle, as leader of the Mahrattas.

Raja Ram, leaving his Rani as Regent, engaged in an unsuccessful expedition into Berar, which left her sorrowing, and a widow, with two infant sons.

According to Mahratta custom, Tara Bai, as chief wife, was declared Regent on behalf of her eldest son who to his mother's grief died of smallpox. The Rani, who made an intelligent study of military and civil administration, had gained a reputation for her ability in these matters.

On assuming the Regency, she took refuge in almost inaccessible territory in the hills, and prepared to give battle to her enemies if they attacked her. There she assembled her forces, and conducted a successful guerilla warfare, harassing and exasperating the enemy without ceasing, until she finally succeeded in recapturing Poona and Chakan from the Moguls.

DECLARING her son successor to his father and heir to the *gaddi*, Tara Bai assumed complete command of Mahratta power, and sent her armies into the trans-Deccan provinces to ravage and plunder Imperial territory. This audacious campaign brought down on her the greatest generals and strongest armies in the service of the Emperor Aurungzebe, but the military skill of the Rani was equal to their cleverest strategy, and under her masterly tactics, Mahratta power actually increased while, greatest humiliation of all to the Moguls, parts of the Imperial dominions were placed under tribute to Tara Bai.

Every endeavour was made to bring about a pitched battle to crush this upstart

woman and scatter the despised Mahrattas. In vain the Moguls tried to corner the elusive enemy, until at last a Mahratta army, advancing on Surat, was encountered on the banks of the Nerbadda River, and after a desperate engagement was apparently defeated.

Great was the jubilation in the Mogul camp, men and officers feasted, secure in the signal victory they had gained. Outposts and sentries were drawn in to partake of the celebrations, while usual military discipline was relaxed, when to the dismay of the victors Mahratta cavalry suddenly appeared, sweeping down on them like a whirlwind.

Too late the Moguls tried to rally, too late they turned on the foe. Relentless, irresistible, the terrible Mahratta Horse swept through them, turned, and charged again and again, cutting down all resistance, demoralising, destroying, defeating and routing the proud army of the Great Mogul. Once again a woman military genius had out-generalled the greatest warriors of her day.

IN an endeavour to end an unprofitable war, which had already lasted 27 years Raja Shahu was sent by the Moguls to discuss terms of peace with his aunt, but negotiations fell through and hostilities continued. In 1705 A.D., Aurungzebe invested the fort of Wakinkera. The commander of the garrison aware that resistance was hopeless, without reinforcements, sent to Tara Bai for assistance.

Setting out at the head of her troops in person, the Rani by excellent strategy managed to save the defenders and prevent defeat. Prince Azam, who was in command of the Imperial troops, now received reports of the death of the Emperor Aurungzebe and withdrew his army to march against Bahadur Shah who had seized the throne of Delhi. To avoid having an enemy at his rear, Azam released Raja Shahu from bondage, and offered him favourable terms of peace, if he should gain the leadership of the Confederacy.

The Rajah accepted the proposal and hastened to Aurangabad to press his claims. Many of those who formerly supported Tara Bai offered their services, and Shahu at the head of 20,000 picked troops entered Poona to be crowned ruler of the Mahrattas.

Tara Bai, refusing to renounce her son's claim to the throne, withdrew her diminished forces to Panhala, where she set up a rival capital. Her respite lasted only until after the monsoon, when her stronghold fell before the assaults of Shahu's troops.

Jealous of Tara Bai's assumption of power, Rajas Bai, second wife and widow of Raja Ram, plotted against her, seeking the throne for her own son. Tara Bai was accordingly deprived of her administrative office and reduced to semi-confinement; her star appeared to have set.

NEEDING a strong man to lead the Mahratta armies in order to subdue the rival faction within the state, Shahu dismissed his first Peshwa in favour of Balaji Vishwanath. This remarkable man was a magnificent general who might have been able to carry out his dream of re-establishing the Hindu Empire of India, but for his early death.

Following a disagreement with the Mogul Emperor, Balaji led 16,000 Mahratta Horse in a lightning raid on Delhi; captured the Emperor and cast him into prison, but died soon after this heroic adventure, his mantle descending upon his son Baji Rao, a worthy son of a noble father.

A young man full of fire and courage now commanded the Mahratta armies. Baji Rao had inherited his father's splendid vision and planned to carry on his tradition.

Standing before Shahu to answer his opponents' criticism, the Peshwa swept away all opposition in a stirring call to arms. "Now is the time to drive the foreigners from our country," he exhorted with fiery eloquence. "By concentrating our efforts on Hindustan, the Mahratta flag shall fly from the Kistna to Attock."

Wild acclamation followed this rousing speech as Shahu replied, enthusiastically, "You shall plant it beyond the Himalayas!"

The seed of empire had been sown, and the thoughts of the Mahrattas turned to the north. Visitors to Mahratta citadels will have noted the significant fact that the main entrance is always called the Delhi Gate.

TARA BAI having been deposed, Rajas Bai had her son enthroned as Shambhuji II Raja of Kolhapur. The latter now entered into alliance with the Nizam to

crush Shahu Raja. Baji Rao learning of the danger, attacked and defeated the Nizam by a great feat of arms. Shambhuji now entered into alliance with Udaji Chauhan, but was defeated by Shahu's troops. Among the prisoners taken by the victors were Tara Bai and Rajas Bai.

With characteristic magnanimity, Shahu released all prisoners, but to his surprise Tara Bai requested that he should permit her to remain. The lot of a senior Maharani when the son of her co-wife reigns is never an enviable one. "Wherever I go, I shall have a prison as my lot," she declared sadly. "Here or there is all one to me. Let me remain here in peace."

Shahu could not resist his aunt's plea, and consented to her request. Joyfully Tara Bai retired to Satara to bide her time and weave a fresh web of intrigue. Shambhuji returned to Kolhapur, and the Mahrattas were temporarily at peace within, whilst under the direction of the Peshwa their armies rode to victory.

UNFORTUNATELY, the ill-health of Raja Shahu began to cause some anxiety, and as he was without issue the choice of an heir became a matter of importance. His wife, Pakwar Bai, an ambitious and unruly woman who detested the Peshwa, wanted Shahu to adopt a kinsman as his heir, with herself as regent. The Peshwa, with the interests of the people at heart, wanted him to appoint Shambhuji his heir, to reconcile the two opposing parties and unite the crowns of Satara and Kolhapur.

When controversy was at its height the dying Maharaja sent a confidential report to the Peshwa, advising that he had discovered that Tara Bai had concealed a posthumous son of Sivaji II all these years. This dramatic discovery changed the entire situation, and Tara Bai was cross-examined.

Reluctantly she admitted the truth of the report, stating that the boy had been smuggled out of the fort of Panhala at birth, and brought up at Tuljapur. The rival party was not readily convinced and declared the story a monstrous fabrication.

Pakwar Bai, wife of the Raja, who was not on friendly terms with the Peshwa,

(Please Turn to Page 92.)



A Black Princess.

This beautiful picture of female charm and gentleness is characteristic of the climax of ancient Indian art in the fresco paintings of Cave No. 1 in Ajanta. Line and colour alike reach perfection.

INDIA is rich in ancient monumental paintings, richer than one is inclined to believe. But one has to travel the length and breadth of India, from Pudukottah in the South to Ajanta in the Deccan and from Bagh in Gwalior to Bamiyan in Afghanistan, to find the original frescoes in their caves; to find them falling bit by bit from the walls, indistinguishable in the darkness.

With a few honourable exceptions (Ajanta and Bagh) very little has been done to preserve the last traces of this artistic heritage. But from the last century onwards attempts have been made to copy Indian frescoes and exhibit them in museums for the benefit of those who cannot undergo the hardships of a pilgrimage to the ancient sites.

A new and comprehensive attempt to rescue Indian frescoes from the darkness of their caves has been made by the Iranian artist, Sarkis Kachadourian. Some of his recent work is shown, partly for the first time, on these pages. Mr. Kachadourian developed his technique of copying frescoes in 17th century Persian palaces. His individual technique and most scrupulous exacti-

conditions. He sat for days in dark caves, only small patches of the frescoes lit up by sunlight reflected inside by mirrors. Point by point, line by line, shade by shade he transferred the masterpieces of bygone days on to his canvas.

Mr. Kachadourian told me that he was so absorbed in the beauty of his work, recreating the outline of a slender female body or following those wonderful undulations of lips and eyebrows, that sometimes he forgot to eat or drink. After completing his work in Ajanta he spent four days comparing his copies with the original frescoes, inch by inch, not missing even the slightest deviation.

The frescoes in Badami and Kumatgi have been copied for the first time



Shiva at Badami.

The fresco in Cave No. 3 at Badami, called the "Pleasure Party." Shiva and Parvati figure largely in the cave paintings here, and this one executed in 578 A.D. shows the god enthroned and surrounded by worshippers, servants and dancing-girls.

Saving Last Remnants

tude make him one of the foremost masters of this art.

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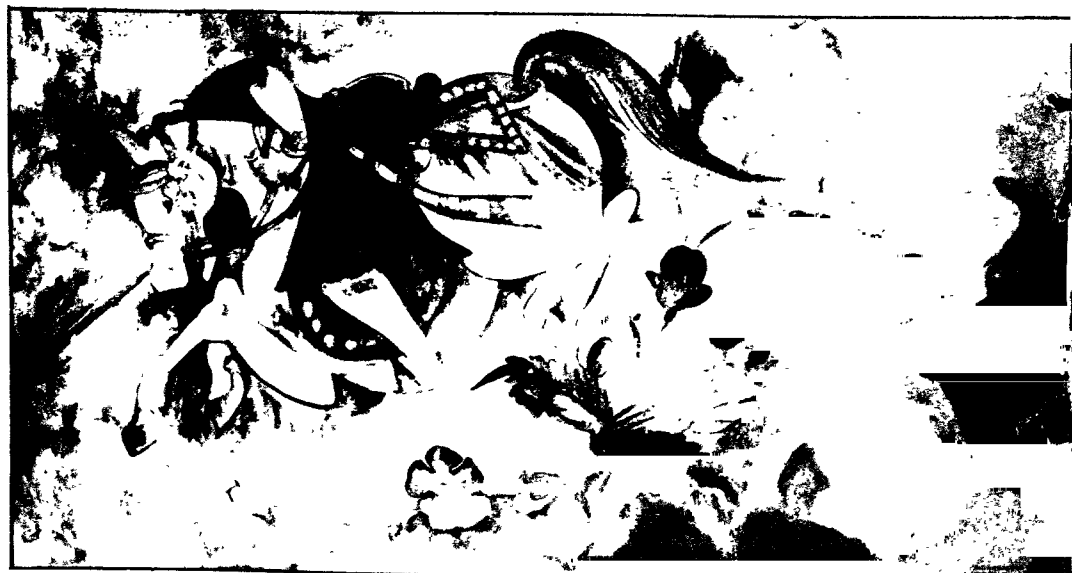
AFTER his arrival in India he was immediately captured by the spirit of sublime beauty in Indian art and set to work under sometimes very difficult

and those in Pudukottah have been done for the first time in a comprehensive and exact manner. India owes her gratitude to this noble and unselfish artist who sacrifices his own creative work and devotes his time and his art to bring new fame to his brother artists of ancient India.

Ajanta's Peerless Art

AJANTA is the sacred temple of Indian painting. In the seclusion of a lovely river valley generations of monks decorated their dark

of INDIA'S ARTISTIC HERITAGE



Seventeenth-Century Polo.

Fresco in a water-pavilion at Kumatgi (Bijapur) showing a game of polo in progress. The lively action of pony and rider at the left shows the artist's high power of observation.—Photos, Felecity Studios, Bombay.



Pudukottah Dancing-Girl.

A danseuse adorning the capital of a pillar at the entrance to the Sittannavasal Caves near Pudukottah. Early 7th Century work.

Students of Indian art owe a debt of gratitude to the Iranian artist, Sarkis Kachadourian, who since his arrival in this country has occupied himself with the task of copying the ancient cave frescoes, which are almost the only examples left of early Hindu paintings. Mr. Kachadourian has already made copies of several of these—some of them are copied for the first time—and experts who have viewed his paintings praise them for their draughtsmanship and truthful rendering of colour, no less than for the utterly scrupulous attention to detail that they show. The reproductions on these pages as well as our Title Page are from his work.

caves with colourful frescoes. We don't find here mystical representations of another existence, but pictures full of life, full of the splendour, wealth and gaiety of the royal courts of the time. Dancing, music, beautiful women are what the monks of Ajanta painted on the walls of their cave monasteries, which

flourished for 800 years or more from the first century B. C. up to the sixth and seventh century A. D. The art of Ajanta reaches its perfec-



Ajanta Lovers.

A couple of lovers and geese. Detail from the Padmapani fresco in Cave No. 1 Ajanta, which appears on our Title Page. This little bit of painting is typical of the art of expression and the almost realistic rendering of emotions in the classical paintings of Ajanta. Cubistic treatment of rocks and architecture shows beginning of perspective vision. The geese are painted in one of those brilliant blues for which Ajanta wall paintings are famous. TOP: A Lady and her duenna. Wall-painting in a water pavilion at Kumatgi near Bijapur. Early 7th century.

An Artist from Iran Records Cave Frescoes

By R. von Leyden, DR. PHIL

tion in the frescoes of Caves Nos. 1 and 2. Line and colour alike are of such beauty that never since has Indian art succeeded in reaching anything to equal it.

Almost realistic in the expression of emotions, sensual in the rendering of human forms, the art of Ajanta remains alive to the present day and appeals to everybody, from West or East, who can be moved by beauty.

The cubistic treatment of rocks and architecture in the backgrounds is characteristic of the style and shows the beginning of perspective vision. The colours comprise all shades of an artist's palette; their blending and studied contrasting is proof of the age-old experience of the Ajanta artists, whose traditions must go back well into the first half of the first millenium B. C. The "Blue"

of Ajanta is famous for its brilliance and freshness which have remained unaffected by time and climate to the present day. It flashes out from the dark walls of the caves like a mirror reflecting a piece of blue sky from the sunlit outside world.

Decadent Badami

THE fresco paintings in Badami (Bijapur district) are the earliest Brahmanical paintings known to us. They cover the walls and the roof of caves which were built under the reign of the Chalukya king Mangalisvara and were finished in the year 578 A.D. They are of about the same age as the paintings in Ajanta.

Style and technique are similar, but their finer and softer line and more sensual treatment of the human figure indicate the beginning of the decline in style after the forceful and vigorous classical art of Ajanta. The frescoes are today in a bad condition and Mr. Kachadourian has rendered a great service by copying and saving them before time and climate will have obliterated the last traces of them.

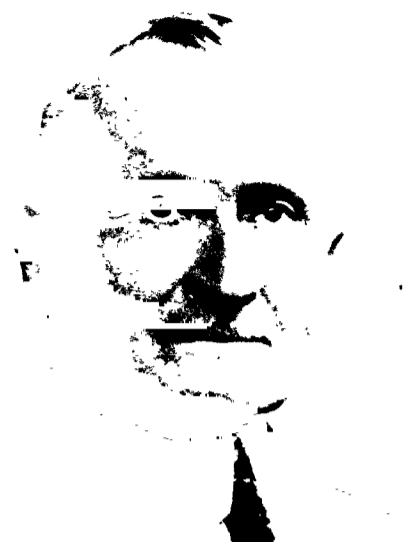
(Please turn to page 92).



Heavenly Musician and Consort.

Two figures from Cave No. 3, Badami, painted in 578 A.D. These Bijapur frescoes are earliest Brahmanical paintings known. Akin to Ajanta in age, style and technique.

Come Exploring with



Tomorrow is the birthday of the world's greatest archaeologist, Sir Aurel Stein. He will be 75. As a small boy he became fascinated with the idea of exploration; his early life was devoted to preparing for that career; and today he is at the top of the ladder. Of his personal experiences Sir Aurel, more's the pity, will not speak, but the absorbing story of his life and travels, which have made the world so much richer in the history of its past, is told very brightly and breezily in this article.

SIR AUREL STEIN

By
BETTY ROSS

To Central Asia's Deserts

HE'S only five-foot four, but he's one of the giants of our time. His life has been more romantic than all the cinema stars and Foreign Legionnaires rolled into one. By comparison, Jules Verne's exploits thousands of leagues under the seas, and H. G. Wells' journeys to moons and comets are tame. Because this man's adventures are *real* they all happened to him.

He unearthed settlements buried in the sands for over 1,700 years; he traced ancient Chinese silk routes lost for 2,000 years. He almost touched the roof of the world in Tibet's glacial mountain ranges; he walked in a petrified vineyard that was planted when the Cæsars ruled Rome.

He went on the most romantic treasure-hunt in the world and found the "Caves of the Thousand Buddhas." What romantic prizes . . . paintings, coins, manuscripts—he dug them all out from their secret hiding-place, which no man had found for thousands of years.

"What a life of thrills!" you exclaim.

Now listen to a few of his hardships. That perilous expedition into an uncharted, sand-buried desert was 12 days' march away from water

Among glaciers, in ice-bound mountains towering 20,000 feet above the sea, his toes froze. They must be amputated at once, or gangrene might set in. But to reach the nearest doctor meant a month's journeying

No Help

IN a mountain-pass, his horse fell backwards, laming him. Medical help was impossible—the party was hundreds of miles from civilisation

A sail along the desolate coast of the Persian Gulf spells death to many—yet he set out alone, in a small open boat

That's Sir Aurel Stein, one of the greatest archaeological explorers of our time. In appearance he is a quiet, mild-mannered, precise little man. His dark eyes flash with feeling, his rosy cheeks are chubby as a child's; his smile brings out dimples. Silvery hair and moustache give him dignity rather than age. His steep brow, criss-crossed by many fine lines, betrays intellect; the firm line of his mouth reveals an indomitable will.



NATURE TURNED EMBALMER—They died 2,000 years ago, but when Sir Aurel Stein found them, they seemed only to be asleep, preserved by the dry desert air.

And so trim is his figure, so lithe his step, so nimble his mind, you would never suspect that he has passed his seventy-fifth birthday!

Hard to Meet

IT'S almost impossible to meet him—who knows in which part of the globe he is wandering? And if you did, you couldn't locate him, because he always goes to regions which aren't even on the map—until he puts them there.

Isn't he ever at home? Yes, when writing about his travels and "finds", he hides at his mountain camp in Kashmir. But still no one can reach him, because the *name* of the mountain-top is kept secret! The only clue is that it's near Srinagar. And even if you discovered more—it's been a secret for 40 years—you wouldn't visit his camp often—it's a 6,000 feet climb.

He lives there with faithful followers, and a pet dog for company. "There is always a Dachs in the picture," he smiled, when I finally tracked him down. "Dachs Number six is waiting for me now, at the head of the Persian Gulf."

What made him go forth seeking lost cities and living out fairy-tale adventures in the world's secret places?

Reading Brought the Urge

IT all came about through reading—geography and history were his favourite subjects. While still a school-boy in Budapest, he read about a Greek kingdom, called Bactria, that had been "lost" in Turkestan, south of the Oxus River. "Go and find it!" said an inner voice. "An ancient land is lost, waiting for you to discover its remains. Go! Look behind the mountain-ranges. Go!"

It filled his imagination; fired his ambition. Only 11 years old, he determined to seek this ancient, buried kingdom.

"But to find it I must know something about Indian languages," he realised. So, at 15, he began to study Sanskrit; all his future education was in preparation for this great quest.



FOR THE DEPARTED—Buried with the dead (top picture) were earthen utensils containing food, sweets and herbs to succour them in the next world.



TIME FADED THEM NOT—Two thousand years ago the Caves of the Thousand Buddhas were decorated with wall paintings and festooned with painted silk banners (LEFT AND RIGHT), which have defeated Time, being today almost as bright as in their pristine glory.



absence from school duties, with expenses for the exploration.

And so, in 1900, Aurel Stein, now 38 years old, set out on his first great excavating adventure.

Ancient Settlements Unearthed

HE began in the Taklamakan Desert. By systematic digging he soon unearthed ruins of settlements that had existed there from 17 to 11 centuries ago. This was confirmed by the manuscripts he found in several languages; they also revealed facts about ancient Buddhist religion. The paintings he removed from old panels and walls showed the influence of Hellenistic art.

Returning with these great "finds", he was acclaimed by a fascinated world; for his discoveries had shed new light on closed chapters of humanity's past. With expert collaborators, who deciphered the manuscripts, etc., he wrote a book which explained all this additional knowledge he had unearthed below the desert sands.

The Indian Government again sent him exploring in the deserts of Central Asia. This time, he unearthed still more ruins of sand-buried settlements that had flourished in Chinese Turkestan. He also found remains of China's ancient border defences, constructed in the first century before Christ.

Rare Experiences

NOW he tasted strange and rare experiences, perhaps never equalled by any other man. He found trees standing exactly where they had been planted 1,700 years ago! The passage of time, century after century, had petrified them so they appeared to be enchanted, transformed into stone.

Another fascinating discovery was a Buddhist shrine. Its paintings and silk banners, painted at that same period, were still unfaded.

Next, Stein set out to solve a puzzle that, for almost 2,000 years, had baffled the entire civilised

world: *What was the earliest silk route taken by the Chinese caravans?* They had traded with the West, but no one knew how they had brought their goods across Central Asia.

"I'll find it!" vowed Stein.

His first clue was — the ancient silk-route led across the Lob Desert.

Camel Loads of Ice

BUT this route was waterless for some 12 daily marches. No water for 100 miles! The natives refused to accompany such a hopeless expedition. So Stein loaded his camels with ice, as substitute for water. Still the native workmen hung back. What if the ice gave out too soon? In this parched, bitterly cold desert, a grim end awaited them. He urged them onward.

Extraordinary luck smiled on this perilous venture. On the bare, eroded ground, Stein noticed a line of scattered coins. He picked them up, thinking: "they must have dropped from some passing conveyance."

Then he saw the coins were ancient—hundreds of years old. "They must have lain here for ages. Perhaps—?" Step by step, they pointed out the route taken by the Chinese caravans. From this slender clue, the

Knowledge of Sanskrit and old Persian earned him, at 25, a post in India. He became Principal of the Oriental College at Lahore, and Registrar of the local University. It was a responsible position for a young man. Teaching and routine work claimed practically all his time. But his real mission was not forgotten. All his vacations he devoted to research, among the ruins of Kashmir's beautiful alpine land.

For the next 10 years, he spent all his spare time at this task. The result was published in two heavy volumes: "The Chronicle of the Kings of Kashmir."

Turning Point

THIS proved to be the turning point of the young scholar's career. The Indian Government appreciated his deep knowledge of Indian antiquities and languages, and gave him a higher appointment.

Meanwhile, the Government had acquired fragments of Sanskrit manuscripts, and other relics of an ancient civilisation in Central Asia. They came from natives passing through the Taklamakan Desert, in Chinese Turkestan.

"These are clues to lost peoples," said Stein. "Their settlements are evidently buried in the desert sands. Let me go and search for them!" he suggested to the Government. They consented, and gave him a year's



BEFORE THE SAND CAME and turned this country into a barren desert, a great forest flourished there. Among its centuries-old remains, now petrified, sits Sir Aurel Stein with his dog Dash and his men.

(Please turn over.)

CENTURIES-OLD SECRETS OF THE SANDS

Revealed by
SIR AUREL STEIN

secret, sought for nearly 2,000 years, was soon to be his!

This ancient route led towards the Lop Sea. But he found its waters all dried up; only its salt remained, giving the land a dry, hard crust. On the way, he passed an ancient cemetery. When he excavated it, he could hardly believe his eyes—he didn't see ghosts or decayed corpses, but real people, lying as though in deep sleep, 2,000 years after their death!

Nature as Embalmer

ON coming closer, he saw that the corpses were in almost perfect condition. The dry climate, and protection afforded by the desert sand, had acted as an embalming agent, and preserved them from decay.

This sight had an uncanny effect on the native labourers. One dead man was buried with a basket of food, utensils, and dry stalks of a medicinal plant intended for his use in the next world. Reluctantly, a labourer helped to dig up this body.

That night, a terrific sandstorm came on: this labourer grew ill—from fright. Next morning he refused to continue excavating, insisting: "The spirit of the man I dug up is angry—this sandstorm is a sign of his wrath!"

Sir Aurel eagerly tells you about trusty members of his party. But ask him to relate his own experiences, and he becomes strangely silent, detached.

"What were the real hardships, or perils?" I ask.

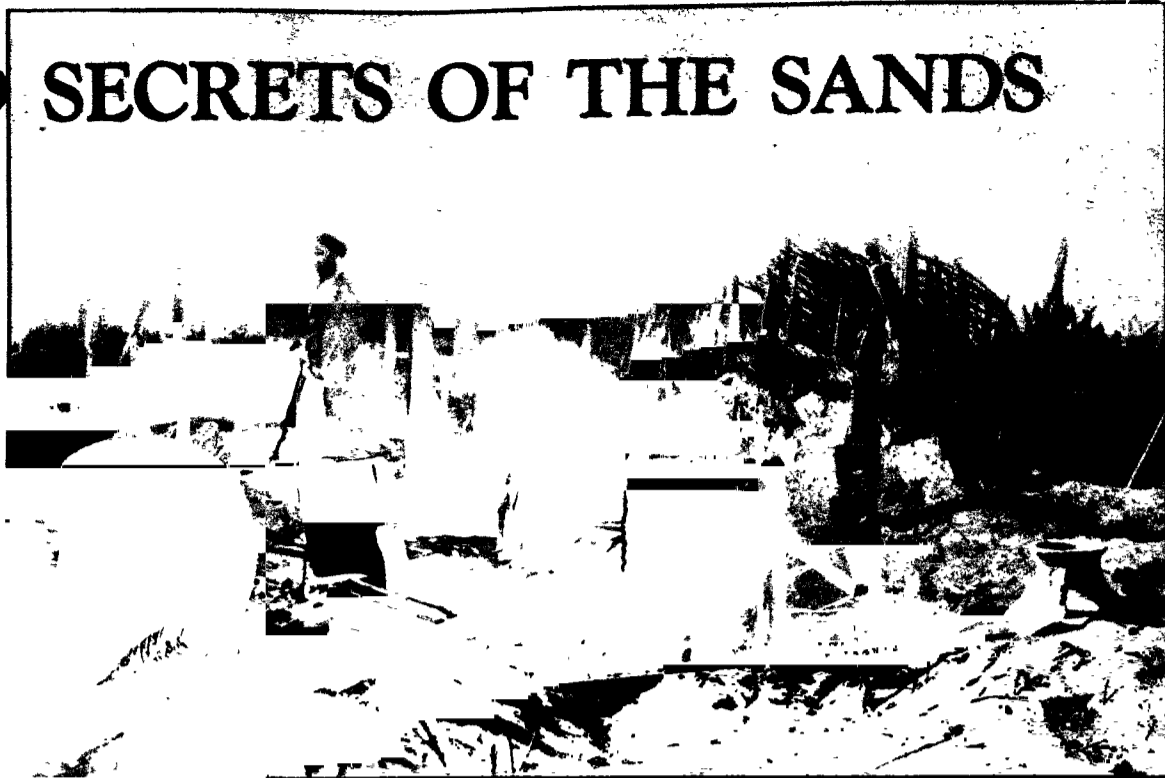
He shakes his head. "There weren't any: just a few uncomfortable moments. But have you heard about our baby camel?"

Camels Wear "Walking Shoes"

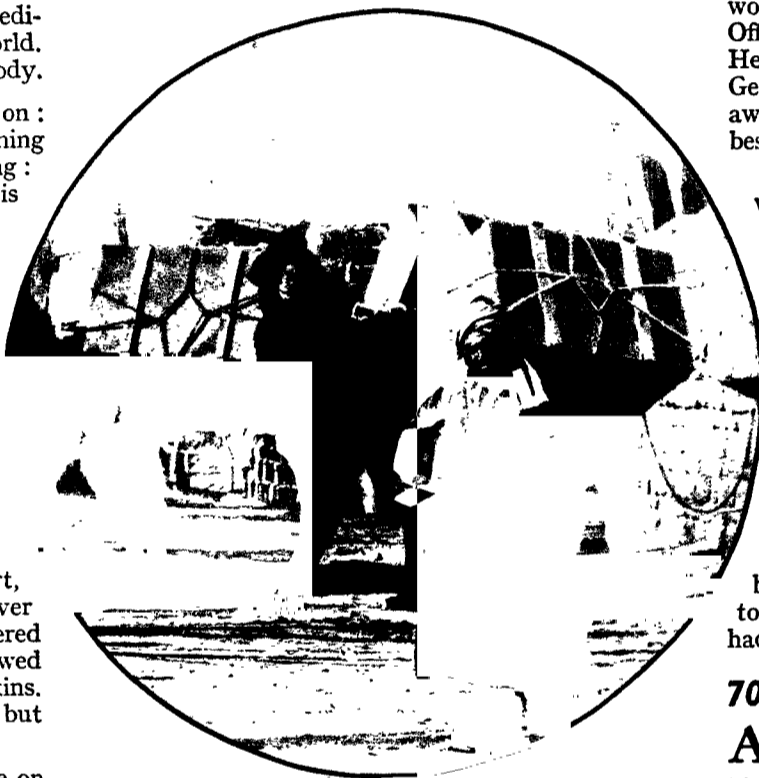
DURING the march across the Lop Desert, the camels found it very trying to move over the hard, dried ground. Their pads suffered badly, and had often to be re-soled. "We sewed patches of ox-hide on to their lacerated skins. Otherwise, they could not have gone on, but would have lain down to die.

Then a baby-camel was born! "It will die on the march. It's pads are too soft to walk on that sharp ground. Pack the baby in a felt blanket, and tie it between the humps on its mother's back," Sir Aurel advised his head-camelman.

But it wasn't solved so easily. The mother-camel began to wail for her baby. She knew where it was—when she threw back her head, she



ENDURANCE was the keynote of the household implements made 1,700 years ago, when mass production was not known. BELOW: Treasures impossible to value being transported by Sir Aurel Stein to a special museum in New Delhi.



could touch it, and smell it. Yet she cried from daybreak, until nightfall, when she was given the baby for the night.

For over two weeks she kept up this continual moaning. It gave Sir Aurel such a headache that he was forced to send the baggage party ahead. But he refused to untie the baby camel

from its safe perch—and so saved its life. It grew up to be a stalwart member of his party.

These three historic expeditions made the world realise that this Indian Educational Officer was one of our greatest archæologists. He was knighted by the King. The Royal Geographical Society, and other learned bodies, awarded him gold medals; famous universities bestowed upon him cherished honorary degrees.

Sir Aurel had been absent from the civilised world for almost seven years. The treasures he brought back from one cave alone filled 30 cases in the British Museum; others were deposited in a special museum in New Delhi. Eleven large volumes, "Ancient Khotan," "Serindia," and "Innermost Asia," contained his detailed reports of the expeditions and the chief results of the excavations.

But did Sir Aurel rest upon his laurels? Not for an instant! Instead, he started on another romantic expedition—to follow the tracks of Alexander the Great. The clues led him to parts on the Indian North West Frontier which had never before been visited by any other European. He located ruined towns and mountain fortresses that Alexander had besieged and conquered.

70—Still Going Strong

AT the age of 69, most men are ready to retire. But not Sir Aurel! On the eve of his 70th birthday, he began a series of new explorations in Southern Persia, now called by its ancient name, Iran.

After that, under the auspices of the Indian Archæological Survey, he turned to the arid regions of Baluchistan and Makran, on the north

(Please turn to Page 93.)



Across Asia's uncharted deserts.

RELIC OF THE DAYS WHEN MOGUL RULERS ROSE TO THEIR MOST FANTASTIC HEIGHTS OF LUXURY, THE PIETRA DURA WORK OF NORTH INDIA IS STILL ONE OF THE WONDERS OF FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP.

WHAT is the origin of the wonderful inlaid work which decorates some of the outstanding buildings in Agra and Lahore? It forms an important part of the decorations of the Taj Mahal, the Palace and Itmud Daulat's tomb, and the tomb of Jahangir in Lahore.

This mosaic work, or *pietra dura* as it is generally called, is an inlay of crystal, topaz, pearls, turquoise, carnelian, amethyst, blood-stone, coral, jade, carbuncle, sapphire jasper, lapis-lazuli, garnets, agates and chalcedony on white marble.

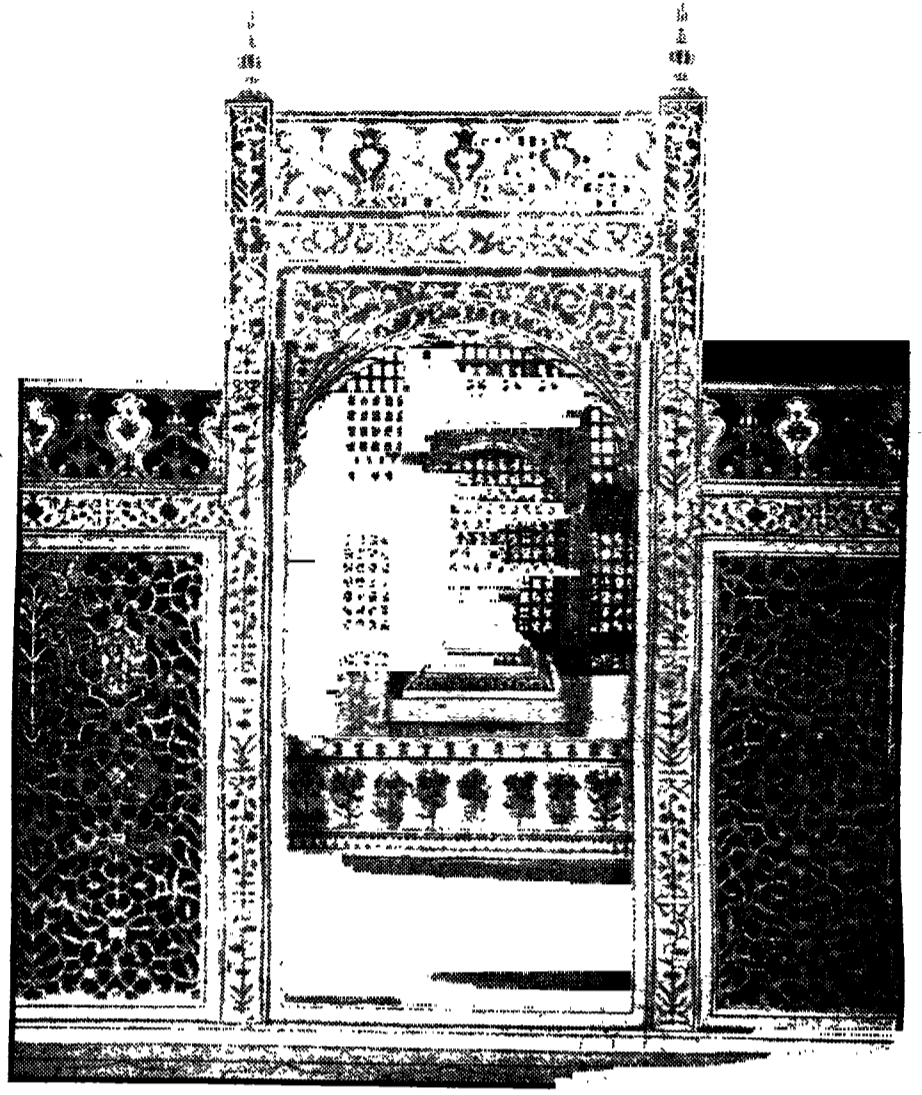
The work is carried out with such skill that the closest inspection hardly reveals a fault. It was generally supposed, and the statement was accepted by most writers, that this art was imported from Europe sometime in the early part of the seventeenth century, and introduced into Indian buildings by Austin of Bordeaux, who was one of the workers on the Taj.

This supposition has been questioned in recent years by those who are strong supporters of the theory that foreign influence has been extremely limited in India, and that most of the modifications in architecture from age to age, can be accounted for as purely Indian developments.

Arab And Persian

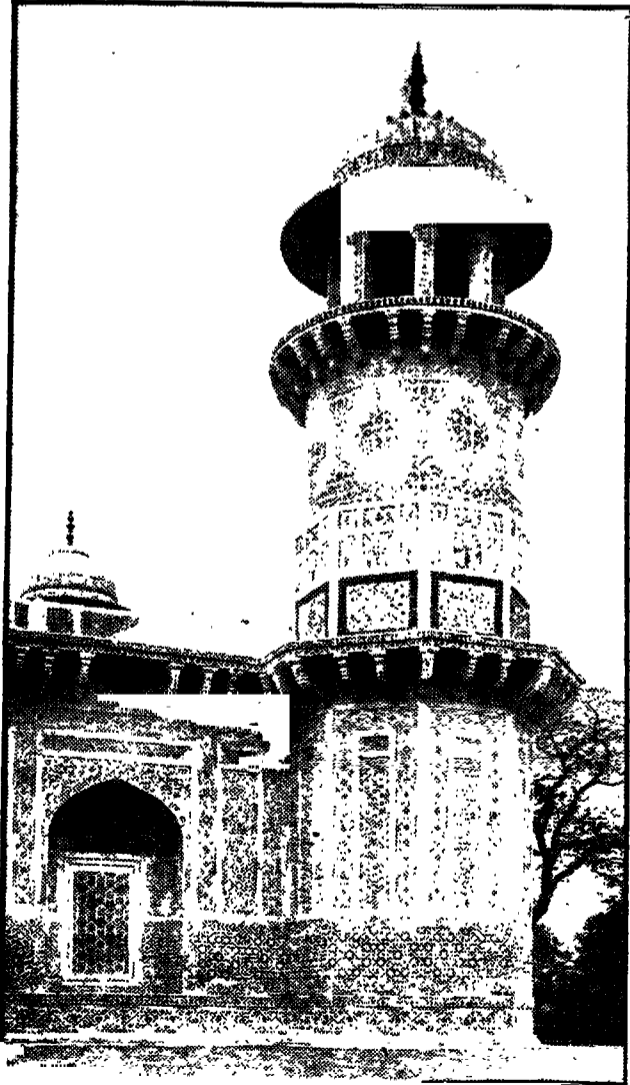
THIS is the line taken by Mr. Havell in regard to the *pietra dura* in the Taj and other buildings. He admits the influence of Arabic and Persian art, and points to the elaborate scrolls of "conventional Arabic design" and the familiar Persian motifs, such as rose-water vessels, cypresses etc., which characterise the art.

This view is not entirely accepted by students of Indian architecture, though they admit that the art has been adapted by Indian craftsmen. "It has been doubted" says one writer "whether this new art was really a foreign introduction or whether it had not been invented by the natives of India themselves. The question never, probably, would have arisen had one of the fundamental principles of architecture been better understood.



The screen around the tombs in the Taj Mahal is a very fine example of pietra dura work—which rose to its height in Mogul days.

PRECIOUS Stones to Cover Palaces



One of the small minarets of the Itmud Daulat tomb near Agra—an early example of pietra dura which artistically is not quite so fine as that in the Taj Mahal.—Photos, Author.

"When we, for instance, having no art of our own, copy a Grecian or Roman pillar, or an Italian mediaeval arch in detail, we do so literally, without any attempt to adapt it to our own uses or climate; but when a people having a style of their own wish to adapt any feature or process belonging to any other style they do not copy but adapt it to their uses; and it is this distinction between adopting and adapting that makes all the difference.

"We would have allowed Italians to introduce with their mosaics all the details of their Cinquecento architecture: The Indians set about reproducing with the new materials and processes—wherever they came from—the patterns which the architects of Akbar had been in the habit of carving in stone or of inlaying in marble. Every form was adapted to the place where it was to be used. The style remained the same, so did all the details; the materials only were changed and the patterns only so far as was necessary to adapt them to the smaller and more refined materials that were to be used."

Austin Of Bordeaux

NO direct evidence has been adduced to prove that the Florentine artists introduced this form of art into India. The name of Austin of Bordeaux is the only one we can definitely associate with this kind of work, and he was generally supposed to have been the author of the mosaic of Orpheus or Apollo playing to the beasts which adorned the throne at Delhi, a throne which was for some time in the Museum in South Kensington but was later restored to its true place.

The other Italian artists in the Mogul capital do not seem to have held any high position, while the names of artists from Shiraz, Bagdad, Samarkand and Kanauj are those of men with a high reputation in connection with the building of the Taj.

Bernier visited India during the period when pietra dura was being introduced into these fine court buildings and he tells us that "Lapis-lazuli was largely used in the pietra dura work of the Taj. In the account given of the construction of the Taj it was stated that the lapis-lazuli was brought from Ceylon, but this is not likely as it is seldom found there.

"This lapis-lazuli is pounded up by calligraphers of Persia, Kashmir and Delhi as the basis for that true azure-blue colour in their choice illuminated M.S.S. which is unsurpassable and cannot be even approached by any modern artificial chemical substitute."

This particular form of work was not known to Akbar's craftsmen who relied for decorative effect on carving the sandstone usually in low relief. The new type of inlaid work was formed by bedding thin slices of semi-precious stones in the marble.

Havell says that the Hindu craftsmen tried to avoid any features of the style which would give offence to Sunni prejudices. The designs of the jewelled inlay were

evidently inspired, according to this authority, by the borders of the pictures painted by the Court painters of the time.

Early Work

ONE of the earliest specimens of this work is the Itmud Daulat, a beautiful tomb just outside Agra. Naturally, being one of the earliest it is not without faults, and we are told that the patterns do not quite fit the places where they are put, and that the spaces are not always those best suited for this style of decoration. But to most people who visit this tomb the impression will be a very favourable one.

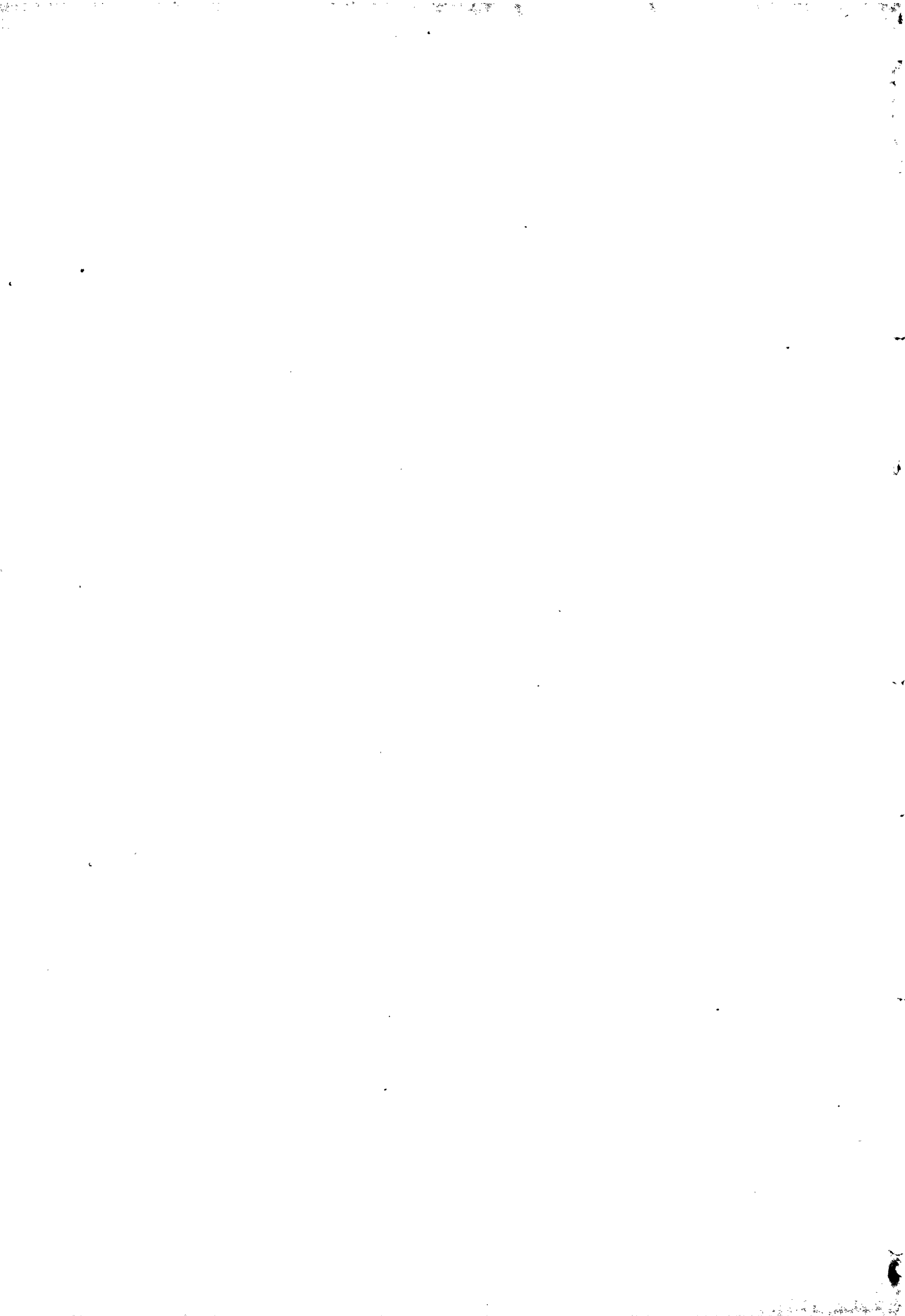
The work in the Fort at Agra and in the Taj Mahal is probably the finest in India. Not only do we find a large area of this work on the exterior of the Taj, but on the screen inside near tombs we have most elaborate pietra dura. The thin slices of different-coloured stones are cut to the shape they are intended to represent—the petal of a flower, the wing of a bird, etc., and set in white or black marble with cement.

If the work is well done there should be no trace of this cement.

Remarkable Inlay Work

IN Lahore there is a small marble pavilion inlaid with flowers wrought in precious stones, which belongs to the time of Aurungzebe. "The inlay, much of which has unfortunately been destroyed, is remarkable for excessive minuteness and finish of execution. In this, as in the later work of most styles of art, mechanical virtuosity was beginning to usurp the place of originality and purity of design."

In some of the places where this work was done most exquisitely, vandal hands have been at work, and many of the precious stones have been removed. Probably there were times when the owners felt the need of funds and found these a source of revenue.





In Lighter Vein



SHIVAJI'S BIRTHPLACE

SHIVNER FORT, in the Poona District, recently examined by the Archaeological Department of the Government of India with a view to reconstruction and preservation. The tiny window seen in the picture opens from the room in which Shivaji, founder of the Mahratta empire, was born.—*Photo, M. Desai.*

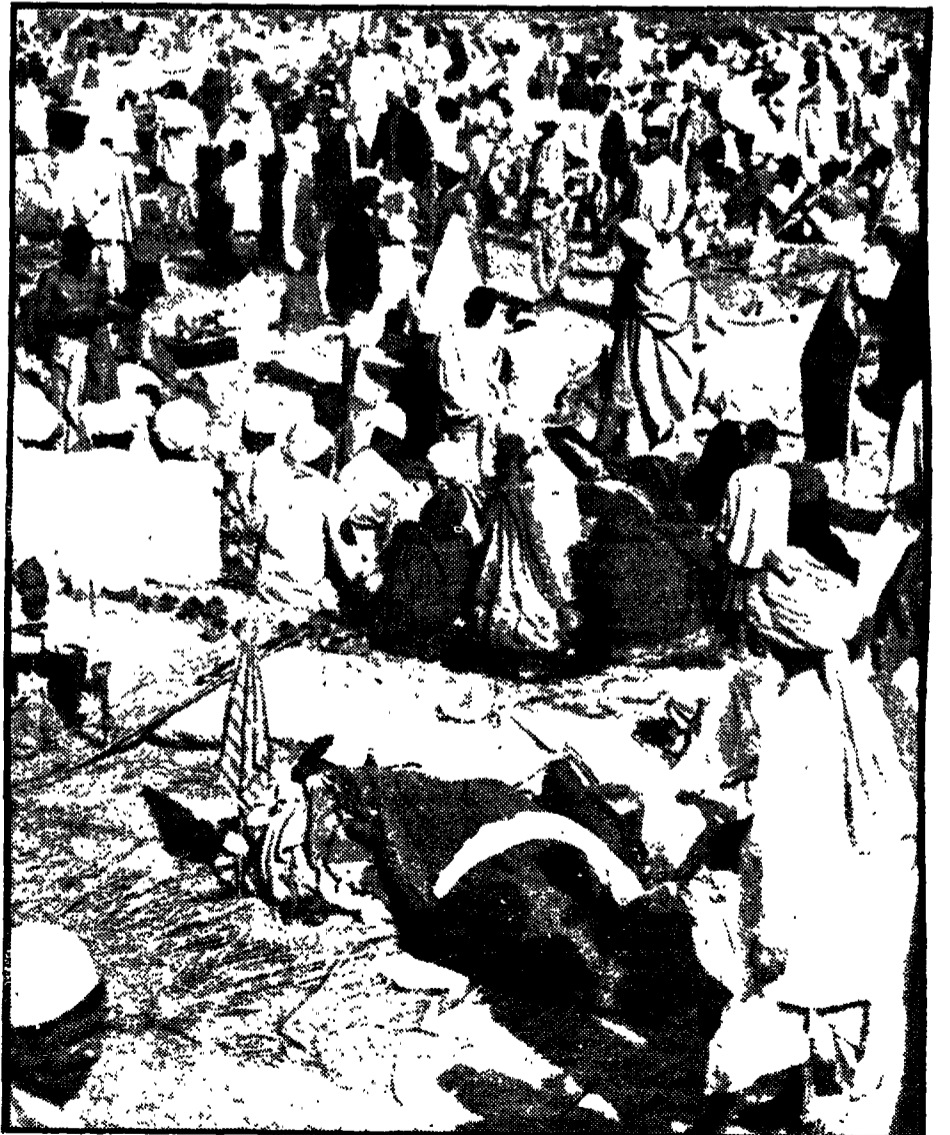
Left:

JOLLY OLD FRIENDS MEET—This intimate snapshot of Mr. Gandhi enjoying a great joke with Nawab Ahmed Nawaz Khan Sadozi of Dera, comes from Delhi, where these two old friends recently met.—*Photo, Lalit Gopal.*

TWO FAMOUS FAIRS



THE MELA OF POTS is held annually at Ram Tirtha, 10 miles from Amritsar, in memory of the Maharani Sita and her second son Kusha. The pots, thousands of rupees worth of which are sold, are regarded as sacred purchases and are carefully kept by the people as bringers of good luck.—*Photo, Raj Gopal.*



KARTIK PURNAMASHI BATH FAIR at Gurmekhtesar, is among the biggest annual rural fares in India and dates back to Mahabharata times. According to the puranas this spot, 45 miles from Delhi, has been sanctified by the penance of immortals such as Shiva, the Sun, the Moon and many others.—*Photo, Lalit Gopal.*

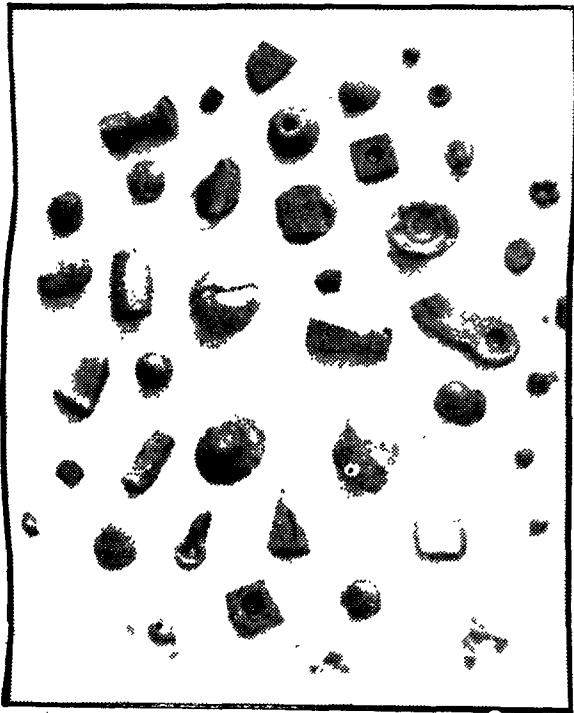
SPORTFOLIO

THE REVENGE of the WILD

WE remarked in these columns more than a year ago that it was time the attitude of mankind towards wild life changed for the better. Despite the spread of education indiscriminate slaughter of wild animals is still occurring to a deplorable extent in certain parts of this country. The worst feature is the very unsportsmanlike methods adopted by several so-called *shikaris*.

The picture below, sent by Mr. Hugh C. Hailstone, is of a collection of various missiles extracted from the carcasses of panthers and bears he shot in the Coimbatore district. In a letter to the editor, Mr. Hailstone states.

"The number of nasty accidents due to encounters with panthers and bears reported from time to time, particularly from this and neighbouring districts, perhaps can be attributed in many cases to the unsporting methods adopted by many so-called local *shikaris* and village poachers. The missiles extracted from various animals shot go to



A COLLECTION OF MISSILES extracted from the carcasses of panthers and bears shot in the Coimbatore district.—Photo, H. C. H.

prove that these professional or otherwise "Pot Shooters" are not particular as to what they fire out of their weapons. This is no doubt either due to ignorance and for the want of something better to use in place of a correct bullet, or charges of shot when loading their own cartridges or muzzle-loaders.

Is This Bravery?

THESE animal-assassins of the moonlight and electric or carbide torch light order," continues Mr. Hailstone, "do not actually go after carnivorous animals—their aim is usually sambar, spotted deer, pig, mouse deer and hare. But when stalking deer along forest boundaries and adjacent fields at night, a panther or a bear suddenly comes across, or just a pair of shining eyes is seen and thinking it to be a deer or pig—bang goes the old gun or guns, sometimes possibly expedited by fear or a boastful gesture of bravery in all ignorance of consequences. In nine cases out of ten the animal escapes either unhurt or carrying away under its skin a few old bits of irregular shaped lead, iron bolt heads or nuts, old pieces of chopped up iron rounds, rusty iron nails and screws and sometimes rounded pebbles of iron ore picked up somewhere in the fields. In some cases the outcome is one or more of the party being mauled or more often the wounded animal decamps only to attack some poor unsuspecting wood-cutter or herdsman the next day or a few days later.

"Only recently in this district two persons were mauled by a panther and not long before that, a panther, unprovoked as it appeared, attacked a villager badly mauling him. The villager, however, succeeded in killing the beast with a bill hook, and only a short while ago there was the sad case of Mr. Van Ingen of Mysore.

"As a rule panthers do not attack people unless suddenly come upon when with cubs or when sleeping in high grass. A panther must in some way be disturbed or worried either by wounds or by being

cornered before it will attack. They are not dangerous, but when wounded they are a menace to all in the vicinity."

Geary To Coach

GEORGE Geary, who has been professional to the Leicestershire County Cricket Club for 25 years, has given up county cricket to take up the post of coach at Charterhouse School Club, where he succeeds W. Walker, former Notts batsman.

A fast-medium bowler and fairly sound batsman, Geary was captain of his school team, and at 19 attracted the county's attention by his performances for Barwell (South Leicestershire League). He first played for the county in 1912 against Worcestershire. He served as an artilleryman during the War, and on his return rejoined the county. His form, however, had suffered and he threw in his lot with Nelson (Lancashire League). After only two seasons he returned to his county once again.

Geary, who is now 46, has played in nine Test matches against Australia and five against South Africa. His best bowling performance was against Glamorgan at Pontypridd in 1929 when he took all 10 wickets for 18 runs.

All-India Badminton Championships

THE fifth annual All-India Badminton Championships, promoted by the A.I.B.A. and sanctioned by the Internal Badminton Federation as the national tournament of India will be held in Calcutta on December 10 and subsequent days. Messrs. B. Mallick and A. N. De will act as the Jt. Tournament Secretaries. Dates will be arranged to suit the convenience of players from outside Calcutta.

It is expected that the tournament will be concluded just before the Christmas holidays. Entry closes on December 5. Invitations have been issued to all the first-rate players and clubs. Those who have not received invitations already, are requested to communicate with the secretaries. All the usual facilities will be given to players from out-stations.

There are the usual six events, *viz.*, ladies' singles and doubles, men's singles and doubles, mixed doubles and veterans' doubles.

Inter-Provincial matches are also expected to be scheduled in the card. The committee are taking every step to make the All-India Badminton Championship a success and are sparing no pains to present first-class badminton to the public.

Her Problem At 14

A LOT will be heard of Miss Denise Newman, 14-year-old diver and swimmer, in international sport next year. And, if she manages to get into the next Olympic Games team, a problem is whether she will represent Egypt, where she now lives, or England where she was born.

Diving has been Miss Newman's favourite sports. She also is sprint champion of Egypt over all distances, and high and long jump champion. She is expected to be in England in January with her mother, who is her coach and trainer.

Figure Skating

TO be a figure skating champion is evidently as expensive as it is difficult. The girls who will be in the British contest at Wembley on December

12 and 13 are now almost ready for the great event—but they were busy preparing for a long time. They all have to pay for equipment, travelling and coaching and other similar expenses entailed.

At times they have to pay fancy prices for the hire of a portion of a public rink so that they can get sufficient practice. They also pay to get rinks opened for them before breakfast.

Miss Taylor's Ambition

MISS Megan Taylor, world champion, gets on the ice always by seven o'clock in the morning, and at times even earlier. She was only recently offered £1,000 to go to Hollywood for film work. But she declined saying:

"I am only 18 and I want to remain an amateur as long as possible. I had a film test recently, but have now decided to let a film career wait until I have a shot at the Olympic title in 1940. To win that title is my ambition, I am taking part in the British and European Championships in London this season."



Miss Megan Taylor.

Football 2,000 B.C.

NOW that the English football season is again in full swing it is of interest to learn that the first exponent of the game of whom we have any record is a Chinese Emperor who flourished about the year 2,000 B. C. The earliest book of regulations that survives is also Chinese and dates from 200 B. C.

Some of the laws are much like those in force today but of course many things were different then. Thus the ball was a sack filled with hair (the origin of which is unspecified); the goals were two bamboo poles about eleven yards in height; they were joined by a silken net and the ball had to be sent over the net, so that the game approximated more to Rugby than to Association football.

The delightful attention to detail that we find in Chinese embroidery and ceramics is also displayed in the football regulations, for we are told of no fewer than 70 permissible methods of tackling an opponent. All the players went barefooted.

The winners were rewarded with prizes of flowers and fruit, while the captain, at any rate, of the losers was severely beaten by the spectators. The Chinese, who have always been inveterate gamblers, had to console themselves for their losses.



"KEEP FIT" GIRLS IN LORD MAYOR'S SHOW—With "Keeping Fit through the Ages" as the theme, the Show passed through the City of London to inaugurate the year of office of London's new Lord Mayor. Sir Frank Bowater. The procession was a mile long and passed through enormous crowds on the journey from the Guildhall to the Law Courts.—Photo, W. N. P. S.

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"SOAK THEM
OUT" with
OXYGEN

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Famous Women in Indian History No.7—Contd.

Rani Tara Bai of Satara

(Continued from page 45.)

professed to see the minister's hand in this discovery and took steps to try to prevent Shahu from declaring the newly found claimant his successor. Before the matter was concluded to her satisfaction, Shahu Raja died.

THE crisis found Tara Bai prepared to resume the regency. To the dismay of Pakwar Bai and her party the Peshwa produced a document, apparently signed by the deceased Raja, approving the claims of Tara Bai for the young man she had concealed as his heir under her Regency and investing all administrative power in the person of the minister.

In the confusion which followed this pronouncement, the Peshwa arrested the leaders of the rival factions, and by virtue of the document, which had apparently been executed secretly by Shahu, the new Maharaja ascended the throne with the title of Ram Raja.

The opposition collapsed when Pakwar Bai felt herself compelled to carry out her avowed intention of *sati*, or burning herself, on the occasion of her husband's death, in accordance with Hindu tradition.

The leadership of the powerful fighting forces of the Mahrattas had now fallen into the joint hands of Tara Bai and the Peshwa, both ambitious and clever personages who saw clearly the possibilities which lay before them of creating a powerful empire.

As a first step the Rani took up her residence at Sinhgarh, ostensibly to be near her husband's ashes, but in reality to plot with the local commander of the fort. The Peshwa learning of the intrigues, called them both to Poona where he had transferred the administrative offices, threw the commander into prison and released the Rani; then feeling secure, he assembled a formidable army, and invaded the Nizam's dominions.

With the Peshwa engaged in a hazardous campaign, Tara Bai urged the new Raja to assert his authority and depose the minister. The young man refused to take the responsibility, and in disgust the resolute Rani shamelessly imprisoned him as a changeling and an impostor.

Calling to her aid the veteran Mahrattas who idolized her, the Regent formed an alliance with the Gaekwar to rid the country of the minister and his adherents. Turning the guns of the fort on the town which

was occupied by the Peshwa's troops Tara Bai took possession of Satara and declared her independence.

WHEN news of this rebellion reached the Peshwa, the expedition was abandoned and he returned hurriedly to defeat the allies and imprison the Gaekwar, leaving the Rani without sufficient support to menace him. To avoid the hostility which might be aroused if he should harm her the Peshwa refrained from taking extreme punitive measures against Tara Bai, and it would also appear as if in some way he was afraid of the lady.

While both parties strove for mastery, Tara Bai received unexpected support in the form of a combined army, including Indian and French troops under the distinguished French officer, De Bussy.

She and the Maharaja of Kolhapur both called on the French invader for assistance, but when his highly trained and well disciplined army defeated the Peshwa's forces the three rival factions became somewhat alarmed, fearing that De Bussy would conquer the territory for himself. To their great relief he retired without doing so.

Resolved after that experience to make an end to civil war in the interests of the common good, the old rivals joined forces once again. Tara Bai was given the fort at Satara, but the Gaekwar was forced to pay annual tribute to the Peshwa. At the same time the powers of Raja were transferred to the Peshwas who were to administer the State on behalf of the Maharaja.

Under this satisfactory arrangement, Mahratta armies commenced again their remarkable career of conquest and invasion. The Peshwa was, in actual fact, supreme dictator, but all accounts of receipts, as well as civil and military expenditure, were signed by him as general on behalf of the Maharaja and rendered to the ruler in Satara.

The stormy life of Tara Bai was now over. In the shelter of the fort at Satara she lived to see the Mahratta Confederacy attain its greatest power, and she died ruler of an empire which stretched from the Indus to the Himalayas and extended over nearly the whole of the Indian Peninsula.

NEXT WEEK: Ahalya Bai, Rani of Indore.

Saving Last Remnants of India's Artistic Heritage

(Continued from page 47.)

Shiva and Parvati figure prominently in these paintings. In the picture of a "Pleasure Party," Shiva is shown enthroned, surrounded by worshippers, servants and dancing girls. The girl's figure on the right is a masterpiece of elegant movement and sensual beauty; a certain similarity with Indonesian art is unmistakable.

Pudukottah Wall Paintings

THE Sittannaval caves are situated near Pudukottah on the southern bank of the Krishna river. They were excavated and decorated under the Pallava King Mahendravarman I in the beginning of the 7th century. A certain relationship to the earlier schools of Ajanta and Badami in the North is in evidence; but the paintings of Pudukottah have a style of their own characterised by their firm and determined outline and brighter colours. The caves were probably decorated and used by Jaina monks. Elephants, buffaloes, birds, human figures, fish swimming in a lotus pond and religious scenes are amongst the subjects painted. The dancing-girl seen in one of the frescoes adorns the capital of a pillar at the entrance and has

withstood the ravages of sun and rain for more than 1,200 years.

Mr. Kachadourian says that a painting of Mahadeva in Pudukottah reminded him of Leonardo da Vinci because of its greatness in conception and beauty in execution.

Kumatgi Frescoes

IN SPITE of distinct Moghul, Persian and even European influences the early 17th century wall-paintings of Kumatgi cannot conceal their old and true Indian tradition. They prove the continuity of the essential elements in Indian art over centuries of apparent decline and in the face of foreign invasion.

One of the frescoes shows a game of polo in progress. The lively movement of the pony and of the rider leaning forward for a mighty drive speaks of the artist's great power of observation. The portrait of a Lady of the Court with her attendant seems to have an almost modernistic appeal and reminds one of contemporary French painters like Henry Matisse. The trees, flowers and animals in the background are of Persian origin. The frescoes of Kumatgi are remarkable for featuring European figures with "Beefeater Hats".

Come Exploring with Sir Aurel Stein

Continued from Page 16

boundary of the Arabian Sea. Here he traced many prehistoric settlements, dating three and four thousand years back.

All these magnificent researches brought him still more honours—and the world still more knowledge of its past.

So I ask: "From your unique vantage point, as the one who has discovered the secrets of man's life, and works, for the past 2,000 years, what can we learn from Time?"

"For one thing, that we are not as progressive as we think," comes his reply. "That we can realise from the splendid craftsmanship of those early times. Certainly, the painted pottery of 3000 B.C. is better than that produced many centuries later. If the people who lived in ancient Baluchistan 5,000 years ago were to come back to-day—they would be surprised!"

"Why?"

"Because they would find no pottery in that dry land. To-day, its wandering tribes drink out of leather bags, instead of cups!"

"Why were those ancient settlements abandoned?" I wonder.

"Probably because of a decrease of rainfall. But in many lands, the human factor is more destructive than Nature," is Sir Aurel's observation. "Epidemics, insecurity, and wars result in depopulation, which

reduces the standards of civilisation, and lessens the extent of cultivated ground. Then the desert over-runs it. Ground once lost to the desert is hard to reclaim.

"But continued peace brings about increased population, which results in a larger area of land cultivation, and a corresponding increase of culture."

Next I venture: "What part of your life would you like to live over again?"

Happy Memories of Ind

"EVERY part!" A smile lights up the archaeologist's eager brown eyes. "Even those first years of routine work, as a College Principal. They brought me into contact with living India. I made some of my best friends among the English Officers, and had some of the happiest times of my life."

"Who are your own heroes in history?" I ask.

"Alexander the Great; and Alberuni. This gifted scholar is called 'the Persian Leonardo da Vinci'."

"What part of your career has given you the greatest personal pleasure?"

His ruddy cheeks glow with joy, as he replies: "Walking in that ancient orchard, whose fruit trees were still standing—after 1,700 years.

"Unearthing houses, unchanged since the days when Cæsars ruled Rome, from under large sand dunes I found a secret vault filled with records written on wooden tablets about 1,600 years ago. An official probably hid them there!"

"Future plans?" Yes, at 75, the dapper archaeologist is setting off on a new expedition. But it is too early to discuss it.

"Is it to find Bactria, that lost Greek kingdom, which first inspired your excavations?" I suggest, in parting.

60 years of Waiting

"NO," sadly he shakes his silvery head. "I never did reach Bactria. Why? Because it lies in

Afghanistan, between Russia and India; political circumstances prevent any archæologist's access to it. And although that fascinating scene of a vanished civilisation first awakened my ambition to explore ancient sites, I have never been able to reach it. Over 60 years of waiting—and it is still closed ground to me."

A wistful look crept over Sir Aurel's face. And before me stood that small boy of 11, yearning with all his heart and soul to go out seeking lost worlds. And in his eyes glowed Wonder, Will and Wanderlust—these golden gifts of youth, which, at 75, are still Sir Aurel Stein's.



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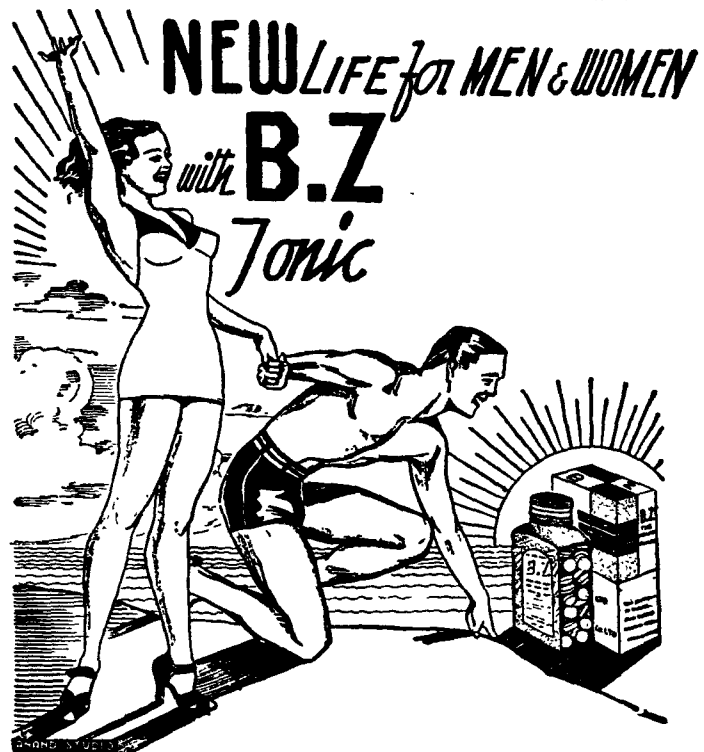
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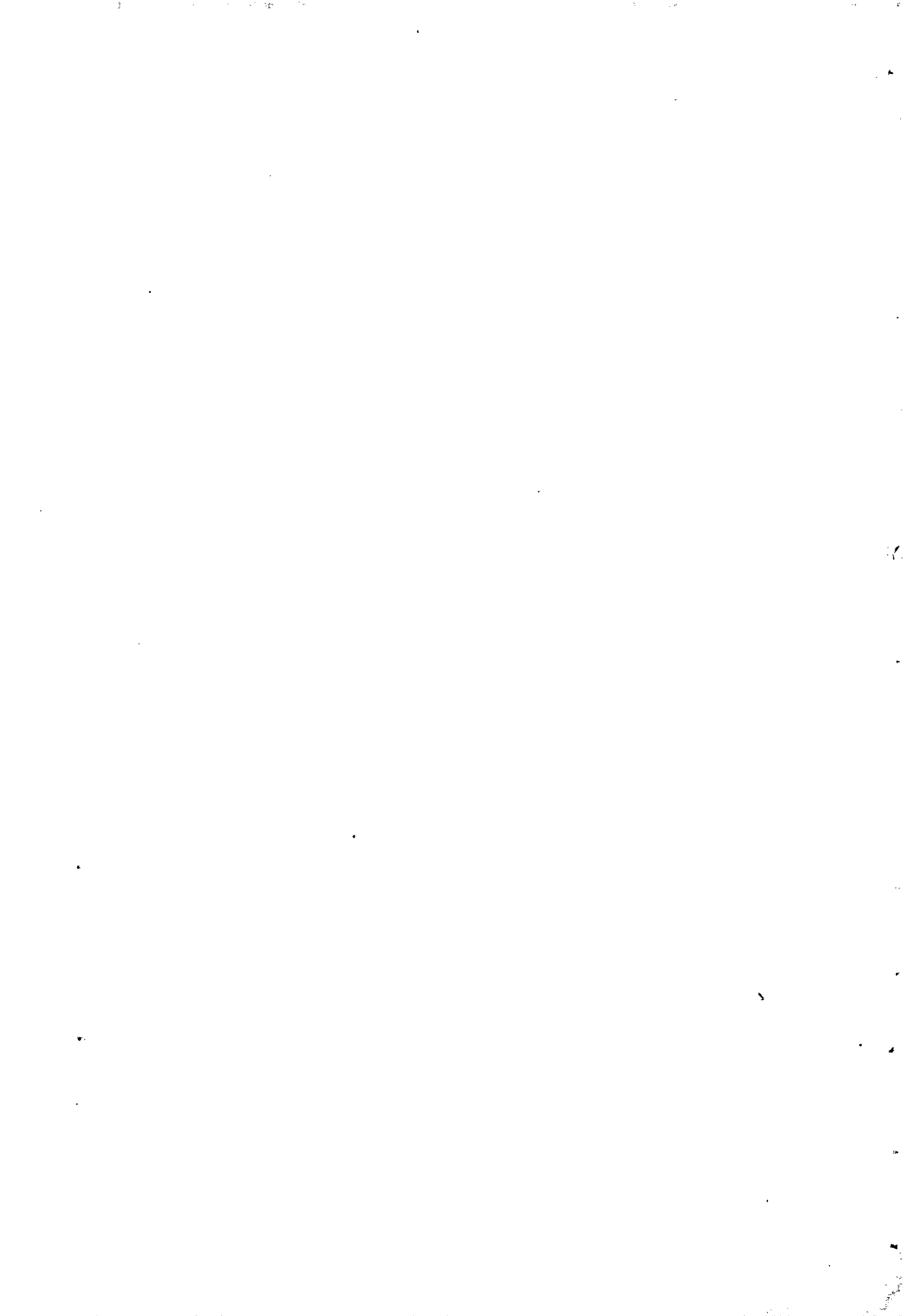
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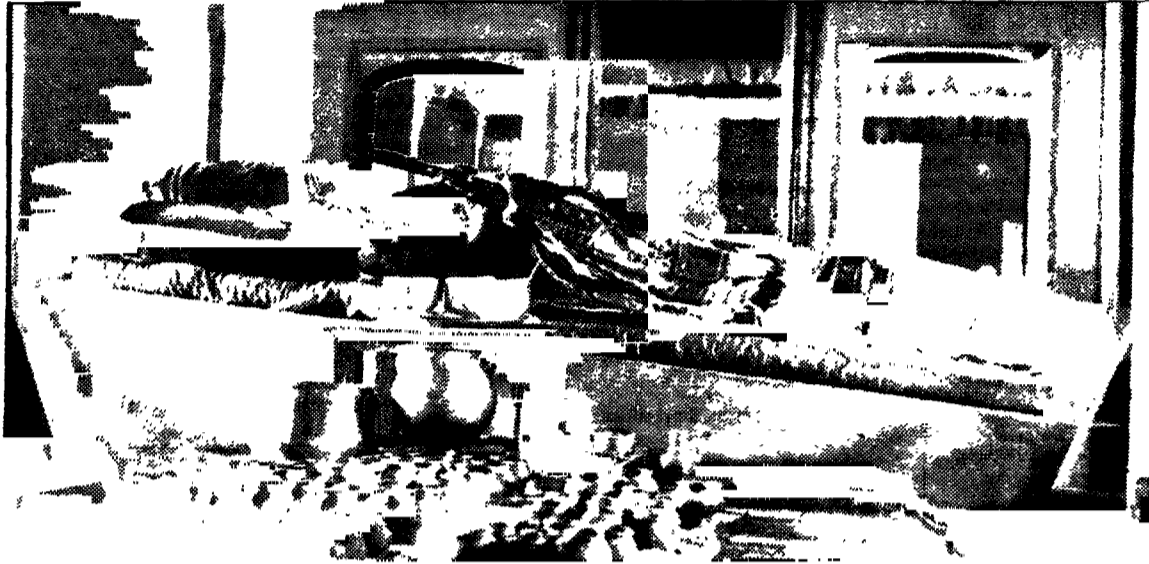
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TAKING A DEITY From A Tank

40-DAYS FESTIVAL AT CONJEEVARAM



MANDALA-ARADHANA, or forty days' worship, was offered to this deity, known as Athigiri Varada Mulavar, made of wood and deposited at the bottom of a tank in the well-known Varadaraja temple in Conjeevaram, near Madras. This is done once in 45 years.

SOME centuries ago, the authorities of Sri Varadarajaswami temple at Conjeevaram (near Madras) placed its chief deity in the tank called Ananthasaras—with the object, perhaps, of imparting greater sanctity to it. In its place a stone image from an old temple in a nearby village was installed.

The original deity was known as Athigiri Varada Mulavar, and was made of a wood fairly impervious to water. It was to this

deity, according to tradition, that the saints Nammalwar, Kurathalwar, Thirukachinambigal, Udayavar and Vedanta Desikar offered worship. This idol was taken out of the tank in 1892 and replaced there after being worshipped for 40 days. It was again taken out in July last and placed in the summer hall of the temple with due ceremony for 40 days. Large crowds gathered at Conjeevaram during this *mandala-aradhana* festival of Athigiri Varada Mulavar.



THE NIRAZHI-MANTAP, or water-girt hall of the Ananthasaras tank attached to the temple. It was at the foot of this that the original wooden deity was deposited. Some famous Vaishnavite saints are credited with having worshipped it. Below: Sculptures found close to the resting place of the deity. They portray the legend that Adishesha, the serpent king, always provided a couch for his chief, Vishnu—of whom Athigiri Varada is a representation.—Photos, D. Annaji Rao.



NEW Health—by which term I do not mean any particular group but only the new way of thinking in the domain of diet and health—is showing a new way to men and women (and children too, if they ever required such a lead) as to when to eat. To give the body enough sustenance, we are asked to eat at more frequent intervals than Old Health favoured.

Old Health, if we may personify a system of health advice which held sway in days gone by, insisted that it was highly injurious to the body to eat at odd intervals.

Digestion Problems

"NOTHING between the principal meals," Old Health declared. "Give the food you eat enough time to digest well and be assimilated by the body."

But New Health has stepped into the arena with the battle-cry, "Guard your health with enough nutrition. Combat that feeling of fatigue and weariness with frequent 'eats' and 'drinks'. In between your meals give the stomach some easily absorbed short courses.

In addition to this, a sustaining night cap is also advocated. The body will then feel fresh and not starved on awakening in the morning, we are told.

Now, which is right and which is wrong?—Old Health or New?

The reason offered by Old Health against injudicious eating at frequent

intervals was that the food should have the benefit of full and fresh digestive juices.

Apart from this, Old Health believed also in giving the stomach and other digestive organs some rest, even if it was for only half an hour. This was well meant for unceasing workers as the organs of digestion are, a little rest will keep them in better tone and the appetite keen.

Appetite And Digestion

APPETITE, though incomprehensible to many, is as valuable as digestion. A constantly whipped appetite soon loses its capacity to stimulate the supply of gastric juices.

Therefore, Old Health proclaimed, reserve your snacks for mealtimes. And it won't be a big feat of memory for some old-timers to recall how they put by tit-bits until the lunch or dinner gong.

But New Health contends that the demands of modern civilisation are exacting. Breakfast can't take you far into the day unless you refuel your

body before lunch with a cup of milk and chocolate, it says.

This food is a ready energiser, and soon after you take it you will feel a wave of energy enabling you to span the rest of the morning with fresh enthusiasm.

It should not be understood that the claims of New Health are altogether unphysiological. Part of them at least are based on the newer concepts of diet and nutrition brought about by research.

When Energy Flags

FOR instance, it has been shown that vitamins and mineral salts cause the food we eat to do its best for us. When energy flags a dose of liquid food with vitamins and mineral salts in their make-up may give the body a greater drive.

The easily assimilable forms of sugar, like glucose, also achieve a similar result. Without taxing the digestive organs, they give the body more energy—provided, and this is important, the body does actually require the fresh energy. If on a heavy breakfast the body has done very little work, it has

Those Midmorning Snacks

DO WE REALLY NEED THEM?

no right to be energised again with a snack, however tempting. That way lies trouble.

To those who have but a hurried breakfast before rushing to office, a mid-morning snack would appear to be helpful. The tenets of Old Health were based on an old time routine of life, and new ways require new diet ideas.

It may be asked, "Why not take more interest, and more time, over your breakfast and forget all about mid-morning snacks?"

The answer is that, for one thing, late nights (a concomitant of modern city life) are hardly conducive to a full breakfast; nor does the prospect of scurrying to office in the rush hour favour the idea of a heavy breakfast.

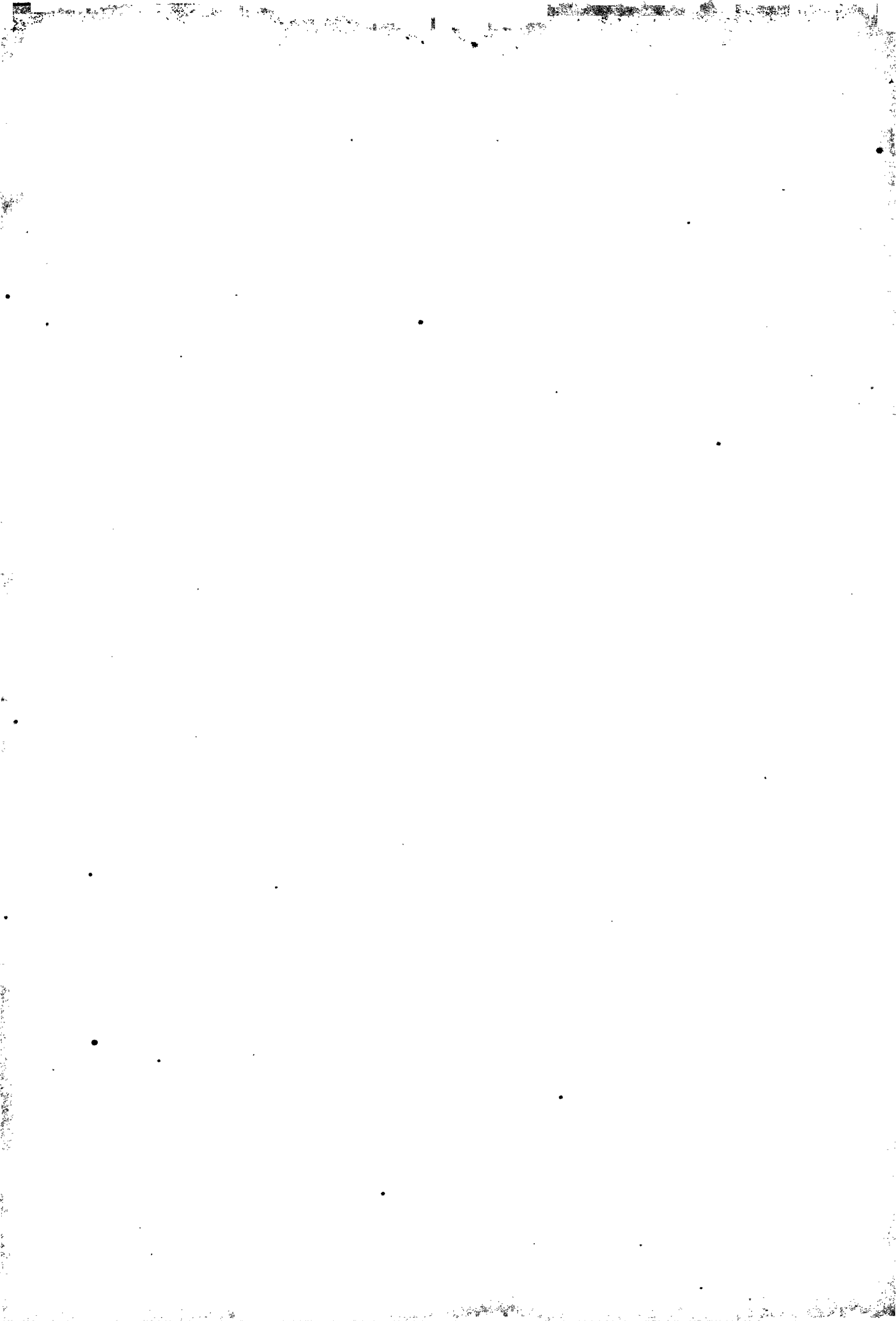
Lunch Problem

THE problem of lunch is nearly similar—for all except those who can dash home for it or dash to a "homey" lunch home. And New Yorkers, Londoners, Bombaites and Calcuttaites will appreciate why a Parisian keeps the secret to himself when he discovers a "homey" lunch home away from the crowds and off the beaten track.

To sum up—and to reconcile Old Health and New—mid-morning snacks are good if conditions warrant them. The chief condition is that the chief meal should not have been heavy. The digestive apparatus, though an excellent servant, behaves better with better treatment.

The old rule "Not more than six hours between any two meals and not less than three" may be modified for modern practice to: "Not more than four hours between two meals, and not less than two"—with plenty of work to work off the "eats" and "drinks".

"AURORA."



Burma's Wood Carvers

Miracles of Tracery

WITH a plentiful and cheap supply of wood, especially teak, it is not surprising that the Burmese still choose to build their homes with it, as in days of old. The obvious superiority of teak endeared it to the Burmese, and they used it to build houses and temples and to carve images and decorative motifs.

Structures in brick and cement have not appealed to Burmese craftsmen long used to experimenting with wood. Possibly this attitude might account for the failure of the Burmese architects and artisans to imitate the rich architectural forms of the Pagan temples of the 11th and 12th centuries, built mostly by Hindu and Talaing builders after Indian models. Most of the Burmese brick buildings are pagodas—the central shrines over relic chambers.

Against The Law

THE strict sumptuary laws enforced by the Burmese kings, which decided the pattern and height of citizens' dwellings did not encourage the growth of secular architecture. Perhaps the device was well suited to the convenience of the kings, some of whom deserted their capitals and founded new ones to glorify their reigns.

The common man's love for artistic forms in wood was not wholly suppressed by these laws, which governed architecture. The craftsman's service could be utilised for embellishments that would not offend authority, such as to the water-pot stand kept in every home or under shady wayside trees, to musical instruments or to country carts in which everyone rode. Nobody took offence at the boatman who sat on his highly ornate steering chair and paddled lazily. The rich could command the services of the best craftsmen to build pagodas and monasteries and embellish them lavishly if they cared to earn merit.

Mandalay Palace

SO the only notable civil architecture in wood that thrived in Burma was the palace architecture, and of that we have only one specimen left in the Shwe-Nandaw at Mandalay; a vast structure that once glowed in its gilded splendour, preserving the best traditions of the early palace architecture of ancient India and Asia. Its tiered roofs, the turned-up gables and other decorative motifs are equally evident in the religious buildings, whose number is legion in contrast to this solitary example at Mandalay.

The traditional craftsmen and architects still thrive, building monasteries and shrines.



AN ARCHWAY SCREEN in the Shwe Dagon. Often called "bat-wings" on account of their shape, these screens are covered with exuberantly carved foliage and legendary figures. The carving is heavily gilt or lacquered.



SAYA OHN a famous master carver executed this elephant at work, an interesting modern example. BELOW: Interior of a Mandalay pagoda which shows Indian influences.—Photos, sent by Author.

Called upon to give their very best to the glorification of religion, the development of the worker in wood into a carver of delicate forms and a builder in solid blocks was inevitable, as in the case of the stone workers in India. One need only take a look at the Salin monastery or at the Queen's Golden monastery (both very similar) to be convinced that they are more the work of carvers.

Every block of wood is minutely carved and shaped to a fine finish. The flowing, exotic curves of dragons, agile and nervous in their rapid downward sweep, adorn pillars crowned with stupas and elongated finials reminiscent of the early evolution of the pagoda type.

Every inch of the wall is richly carved in relief either with figure or pattern motifs.

Monastic Ornament

THE verandah wall at the Salin monastery is an exquisite frieze of patterns that remind one of a rich Persian carpet. Diminutive figures of sprightly beings course rapidly through the interstices of the traceries. The picturesquely turned-up eaves and horn-like terminations, the barge-boards clustered with graceful triads and with figures grave and gay, can be viewed with advantage.

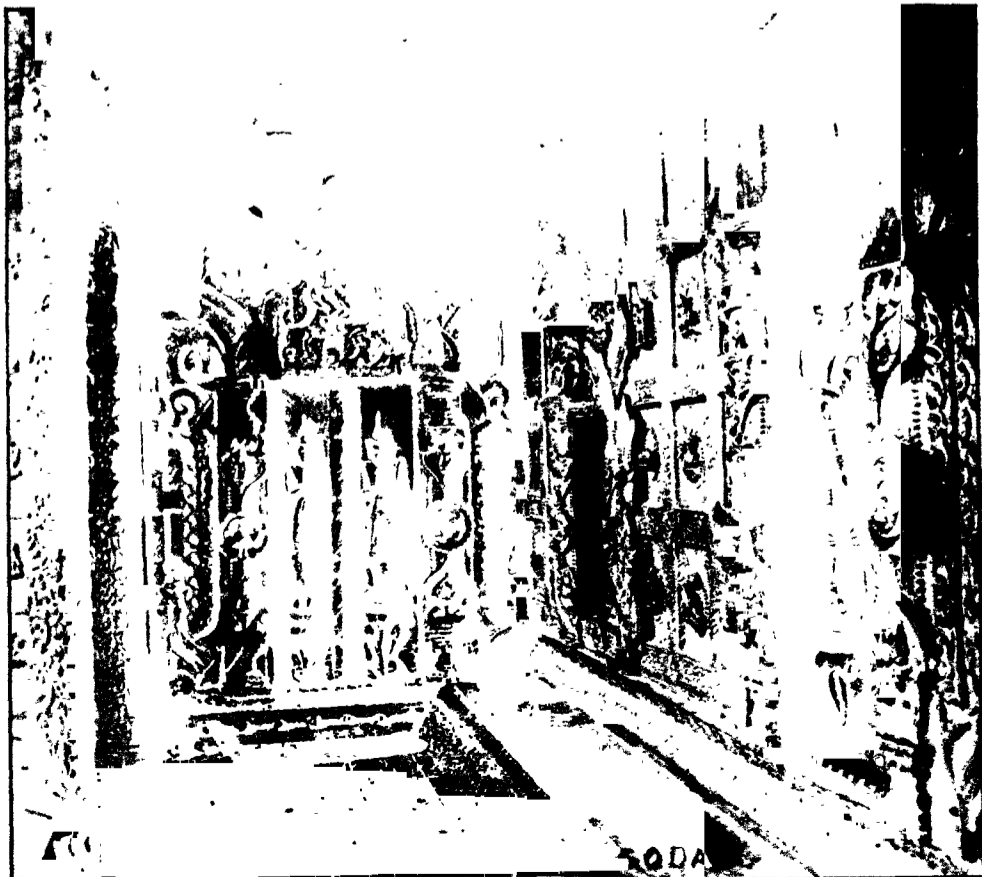
The whole effect is very pleasing. But it is from the doors and windows at Salin, where the figures and decorative designs are done on a large scale and in bold relief, that one learns to admire the plastic forms and the rhythm of lines.

The two pairs of youthful acrobats encased within a double oval of floral design and rosettes are superb creations characterised by fine poise, and movement. The faces of the figures are lit up with a suggestion of almost impish delight at the frolic.

The Golden Pagoda

THE Shwe Dagon, the premier shrine of Burma, to enrich which countless craftsmen have laboured down the centuries, is in itself a museum for lovers of wood-work. The innumerable wooden shrines rising in diminishing tiers and adorned with exquisite wood carvings are an attractive assemblage of Burmese architectural forms. The extremely picturesque eaves, the bargeboards, that flower into delicate traceries or are filled with rows of figures, are everywhere prominent.

(Please turn to page 94.)



VALLEY of the Great Buddha

Bamian's Colossal Statues

LEAVING Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, a primitive road following the caravan routes thousands of years old that wind through the Ghorbend Valley to the north-west, the way climbs higher and higher, and the rocky walls close in on the roaring river Ghorbend. Eventually a wild gorge leads deeper and deeper into the Hindu Kush.

With great effort our car, in first gear, made its way up the many windings to the 10,000 feet Shibar pass. From here a magnificent view presents itself across the perpetual ice-bound world of the Hindu Kush in the north, and the Kuh-i-Baba range in the south-west. Deep below, in a canyon, lies the Bamian valley, the valley of the great Buddha.

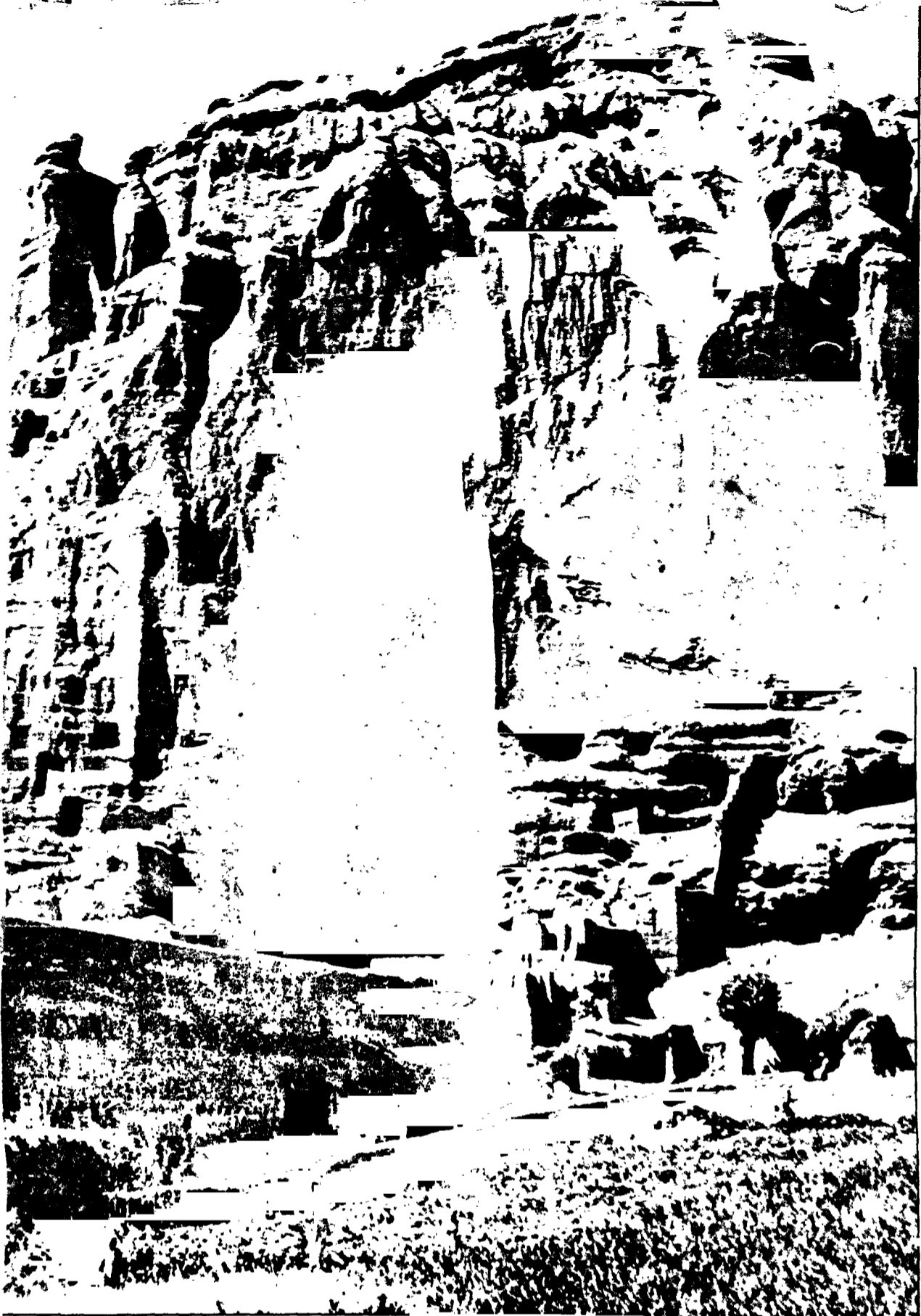
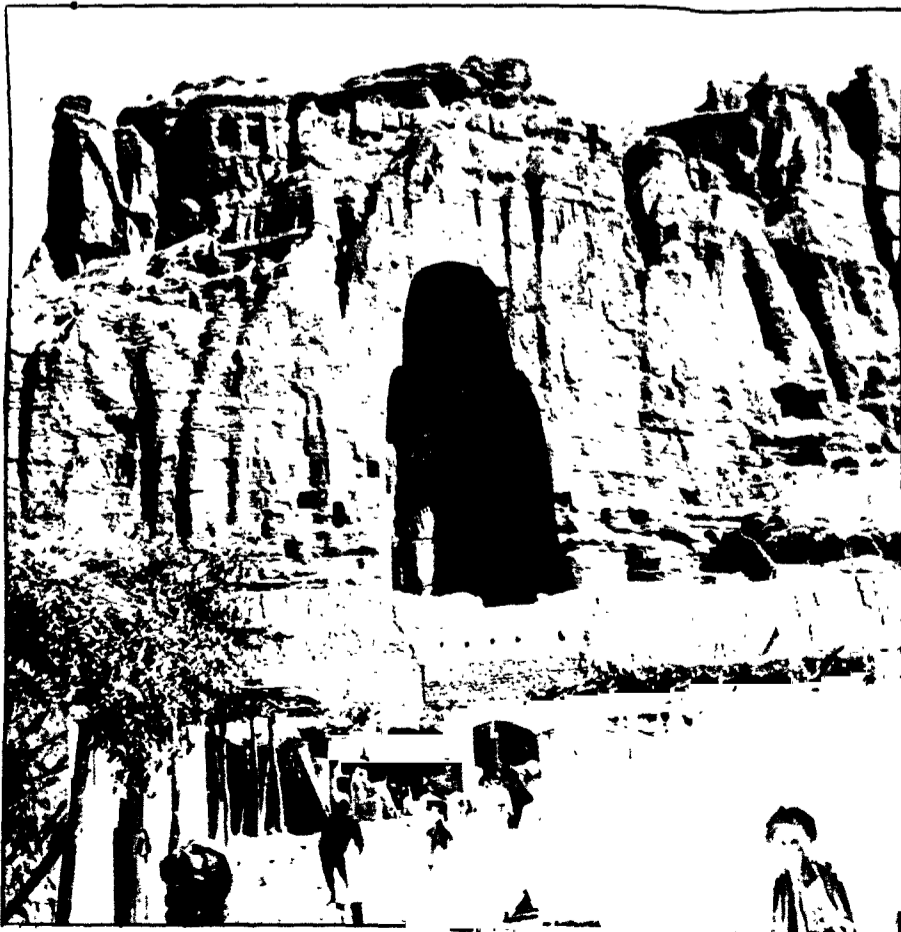
This valley has at all times made a specially deep impression on people of all lands who make pilgrimages here. The mighty ruins of the town of Gulgule, and of the Zohack castle, are evidence of a former prosperous life.

About 1,800 years ago Indian pilgrims came to the valley and, charmed by its beauty, decided to erect a lasting memorial to the honour of Buddha. They chiselled two standing Buddha statues of 160 and 120 feet high into the vertical rocky wall. All around dwellings were cut into the rocks and Buddhist priests settled down as guards of the sanctuary and propagators of their doctrine.

A labyrinth of rooms, passages and staircases runs across the rock, and in it one can climb up to the head of the bigger statue.

The empty dwellings in the rock, the fresco paintings damaged by sword-cuts and projectiles, and the two mighty statues give still evidence of Buddha's former power in Afghanistan.

THE GREAT BUDDHA stands in a rock honeycombed with cells once occupied by the monks who made Bamian great. The statue was cut in the third century A.D. RIGHT: The Balula Gorge. The almost vertical rock walls of the Hindu Kush rise along the way to Bamian. BELOW: Another angle of the great statue with the modern bazaar in front.





THE BUDDHA CLIFFS in the Bamian Valley. To the left on the rock wall can be seen one of the great Buddha statues. BELOW: Even today Bamian is still a place of pilgrimage. Devotees touch a sadhu's feet with their foreheads.



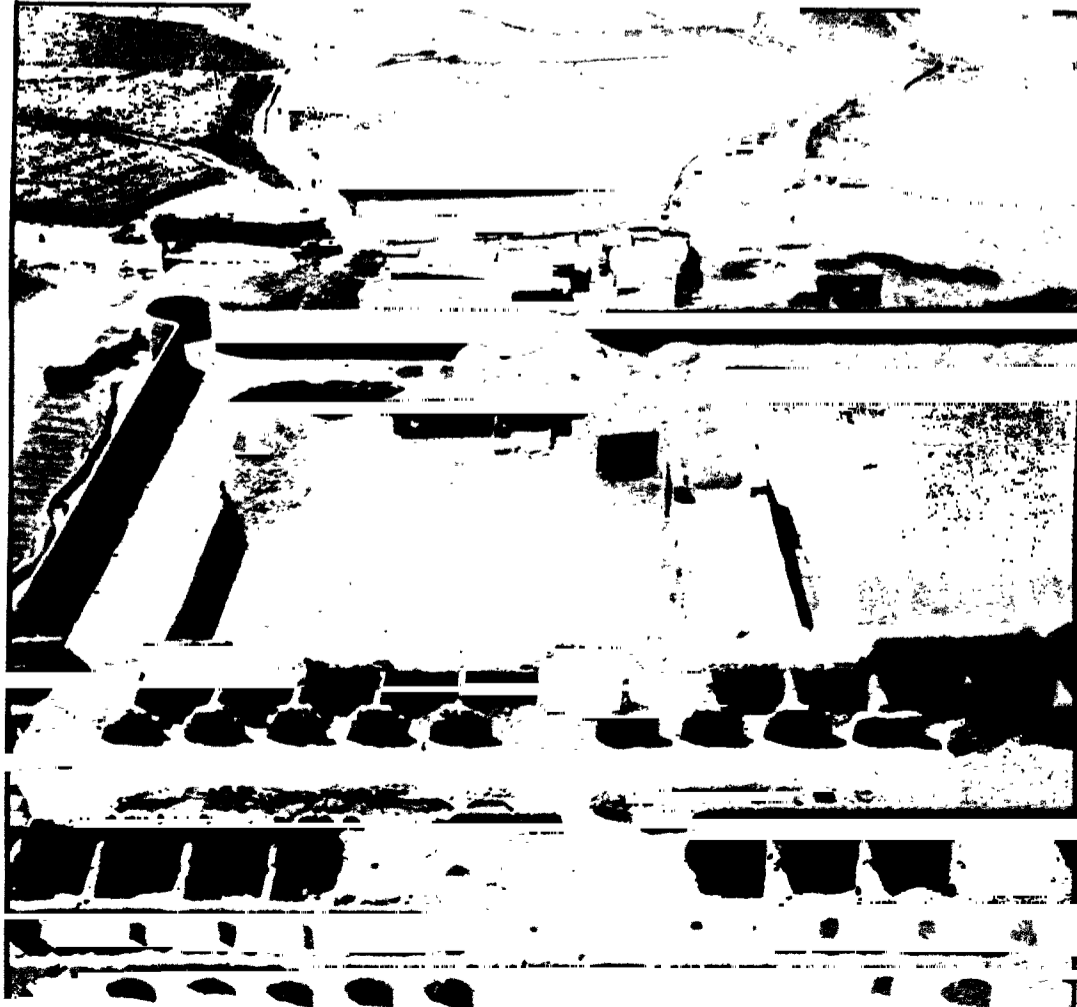
A YOUNG BAMIAN Afghan. The great Buddhist ruins fill him with superstitious dread. He will not set foot in them.



THE AFGHAN WOMEN of the Bamian valley are not veiled and the struggle for existence in this remote mountain valley is severe.



AN ANCIENT FRESCO, badly damaged by time and the depredations of such invaders as Chingis Khan and Timur. RIGHT: The view from the head of the Great Buddha. The ruins are a caravanserai which flourished when Bamian was great.—Photos, Mondiale.



AHALYA BAI

Rani of

INDORE

Famous Women in Indian History—No. 8

"The Rani Ahalya Bai devoted her leisure hours to prayer and religious observance."

IN 1761, at the battle of Panipat, Mahratta power was checked; five years later the great Mulhar Rao Holkar died. The future of the dynasty depended on the young Malle Rao, whose father, Kunder Rao, had been killed in battle, leaving his young wife, Ahalya Bai, not yet 20 years of age, with two children, a son and daughter, to mourn for him.

The Rani Ahalya was proclaimed Regent to rule on behalf of her infant son who, to her great grief, became insane and died within a few months; and the direct male line became extinct. The State, born of war, was one of the most powerful members of the Mahratta Confederacy, which was controlled by the Peshwas from their stronghold at Poona.

The army and chiefs who had worshipped Mulhar Rao Holkar rallied round the sorrowing Rani and, amid scenes of great enthusiasm, declared her ruler of the dominions of Holkar in her own right.

RARELY has a ruler succeeded to a throne under more difficult circumstances, or lived to receive more loyal support than this Hindu princess. Slim, but in no manner beautiful, the Rani, wearing the white robes of Hindu widowhood and without jewels of any sort, as a mark for her great grief, ascended the throne to guide the destinies of her warlike people.

The idea of a widow ruling such a powerful realm was not regarded favourably by the Peshwa, who wished her to adopt an heir whom he had chosen for her. This was opposed by his uncle, Raghunath Rao, who had been a friend of Mulhar Rao Holkar and he now tried to force the Rani to adopt an heir whom he regarded more favourably than the Peshwa's choice.

The motive behind the Brahmin's scheme was perceived by Ahalya, who refused to submit to the Peshwa or his uncle. Her determination was strengthened by the chiefs of the other Mahratta states, who saw that this attempted coercion of the Rani, if successful, would become the first step in a plan to place all their dominions under the Peshwa's rule. These intrigues marred the first few years of the Rani's reign, but in 1766, when not yet 30 years of age, her accession was confirmed and from then until her death opposition to her rule ceased.

COMMENCING her duties as ruler of a military principality, Ahalya appointed Tukaji Holkar military administrator. The appointment was a surprise. The new general was of mature age, but was neither brilliant nor ambitious, and although a member of the Holkar clan was not related to Mulhar Rao.

Successful as she was in other affairs, the Rani soon proved the wisdom of her choice of a military leader. Tukaji served with utmost fidelity without considering his own advancement, and won renown in the service of his queen. Under his sensible direction, a system of forts was built at strategic points, and he gained considerable distinction by successfully expelling an invading army which menaced the Rani's dominions.

With military matters disposed of to her own satisfaction, Ahalya set about improving the economic condition of

her subjects. Choosing the poor mud village of Indore as the site of her future capital, she lived to see it become a wealthy prosperous city. Road-construction was soon begun to provide easy transport for troops and country produce.

All reforms received the personal supervision of the Rani and affairs of state absorbed most of her days. She attended to the administration of justice in person when her decision was desired, checked over the state finances, and transacted business between the hours of 2 p.m. and 6 p.m., and from 9 p.m. until 11 p.m. daily.

Not the least remarkable was the way her slight frame withstood the great strain she imposed on herself.

TO maintain political relations with foreign powers, she appointed representatives at most of the courts in India. Her reforms were studied with close attention, and her administration is still looked upon with admiration as that of a model ruler. No personage of her day was held in such respect as Ahalya Bai, and in no part of India were people so prosperous or content as in the state of Indore.

The Rani was greatly renowned for her piety as well as for her just government. In the midst of a busy life she managed to devote a great part of her leisure hours to prayer and religious observance, and of her munificence was built the Viswara temple at Benares. After 30 years of cheerful self-sacrifice in the interests of the state and of her people, the Rani died in 1795 at the age of 60, utterly exhausted the cares of state and the tremendous drain on her frail person.

As her prosperity increased, and her duties multiplied, Ahalya gave more power to the trusted general, Tukajee Holkar, who had served her cause so faithfully and well. None deserved greater honour at the hands of the state than this trusted confidante of their beloved Rani, and on her demise, Tukajee ascended the throne left to him by his queen, to found the present dynasty of the Maharaja of Indore. No ruler in India was ever more beloved, nor so greatly mourned as the Rani Ahalya Bai.

WE are indebted to Sir John Malcolm for a brief description of the Rani as he saw her in person. He says: "She was of middle stature and very thin. Her complexion, which was dark olive, was clear, and her countenance, until the end of her life, was agreeable. She was cheerful, seldom in anger, possessed a cultivated mind, quick and clear in the transaction of public business, and not very amenable to flattery."

In the bald, unembellished phrases of the soldier-diplomat, we see the true woman. Practical, wary of diplomatic pitfalls, yet sympathetic, and thinking of the well-being of her people, while her own grief-stricken heart was hidden behind a mask of cheerfulness.

Fortunate in all her undertakings though she was, the Rani Ahalya Bai never ceased to mourn the loss of her children. If it was to gain some respite from her grief that she threw herself so whole heartedly into the onerous duties she had assumed, it may well be said that she could not have built a more fitting, nor a greater, memorial to the memory of her lost ones than the prosperous kingdom she left behind her, and the consciousness of duty nobly done.

TULSA BAI, REGENT OF INDORE

IN the city of Mhysir, in 1795, under the roof of Ajibah, a member of the Man Bhao sect, a girl-child was born. She developed rapidly, as children do in that part of India, and soon her remarkable beauty drew the eyes of all men.

The Brahmin whose protegee she was, placed a high value on such pulchritude, and she would have been taken for his daughter but for the vows of chastity taken by the holy man, which altogether precluded such a shameful supposition.

Under such powerful protection the lily grew, cultured and more beautiful, until,

came a gay philanderer in the person of an impecunious Mahratta adventurer who cast about for some way to improve his own circumstances through the influence of her loveliness. By diverse ways he brought his discovery to the notice of Jaswant Rao Holkar of Indore, who immediately became infatuated and placed the object of his passion behind the stout walls of his harem under the name of Tulsa Bai.

Hindu women used to be, by religious law, married at a very early age, and when an enraged husband demanded that his wife be returned to him, the Maharaja clapped him into prison as a reward for such audacity.



Employing the eloquence which brought her fame, Tulsa Bai pleaded for the release of a husband, for whom she had no further regard. Anxious to retain her good graces, Holkar agreed. Consoled with the gift of a horse, a dress of honour, and a small sum of money, the undesirable husband left hurriedly for a distant part of the country.

THE love-smitten monarch fell completely under the spell of the designing minx who had entered his household in such an irregular manner. By her fascinating manners, great powers of persuasion, and no less by her quick wit, Rani Tulsa Bai gained great influence over her lover, whose own mental faculties were somewhat weak.

Embracing every opportunity, the ambitious woman eventually became supreme administrator of the state. Her brilliant intellect and early training fitted her for the position admirably. She fascinated all who came in contact with her, even Holkar's family and wives submitted to her strength of character and the grace and culture which were her greatest weapons inside the harem. Her company was sought by all, and when she went riding, her party consisted of ladies from the chief families in the state.

The Maharaja's mind at last gave way. For four years he was subject to violent fits when Tulsa Bai alone could manage him, then he died, leaving the Bai holding sole administrative power. Although she was not married to the Raja, her influence over his family and the state officials was so great that after adopting Holkar's son by one of his wives, Tulsa Bai was declared Regent on his behalf.

WITH none to question her, the Regent now showed her true colours. No oriental despot had disclosed greater cruelty and profligacy than the successful adventurer, Tulsa Bai. Her excesses shocked and distressed her supporters. Executing an old and popular prime-minister, she raised her paramour, Ganpat Rao, to fill the high office. From respect and admiration the popular attitude turned to hatred against her.

JOHANNA NOBILIS, BEGUM SUMROS OF SIRDHANAH

WHERE the towering Himalayan Ranges frown over the peaceful valleys of Kashmir lies a land of surpassing beauty and charm. In this earthly paradise, in 1753, a woman born to fame entered the world.

In the royal harem, where she was born as a result of a temporary attachment between an Arab woman of no family and

Appreciating the advantages of British friendship for the State, Tulsa Bai proposed an alliance, but the chiefs of the army were hostile to the suggestion and a spirit of revolt appeared. Suspecting the conspiracy which was growing against her, the Bai and Ganpat Rao decided to call in the British for their own protection, but their plans became known.

The Mahratta chiefs had decided to strike another blow for freedom, and this decision of the despised Regent was not to be carried out. Forced to agree with the demands of the military party to oppose the English, Tulsa Bai reviewed the troops on the 20th December 1817 on the banks of the Sipra river.

Arriving to address her soldiers before the campaign began, she was seized and beheaded before all ranks, her beauty and entreaties failing to aid her.

Without pity, nor any sign of respect, her graceful body was thrown into the river, and her foolish lover, Ganpat Rao, was forced to take his place in the ranks to march against the British.

THE next day, December 21, saw the hostile armies meet outside Mahidpur. The disciplined brigades commanded by Roshan Beg, and the Mahratta Horse under Ram Din, engaged the British troops in a supreme endeavour to destroy the power which threatened their independence. The hosts of Indore fought bravely, as always.

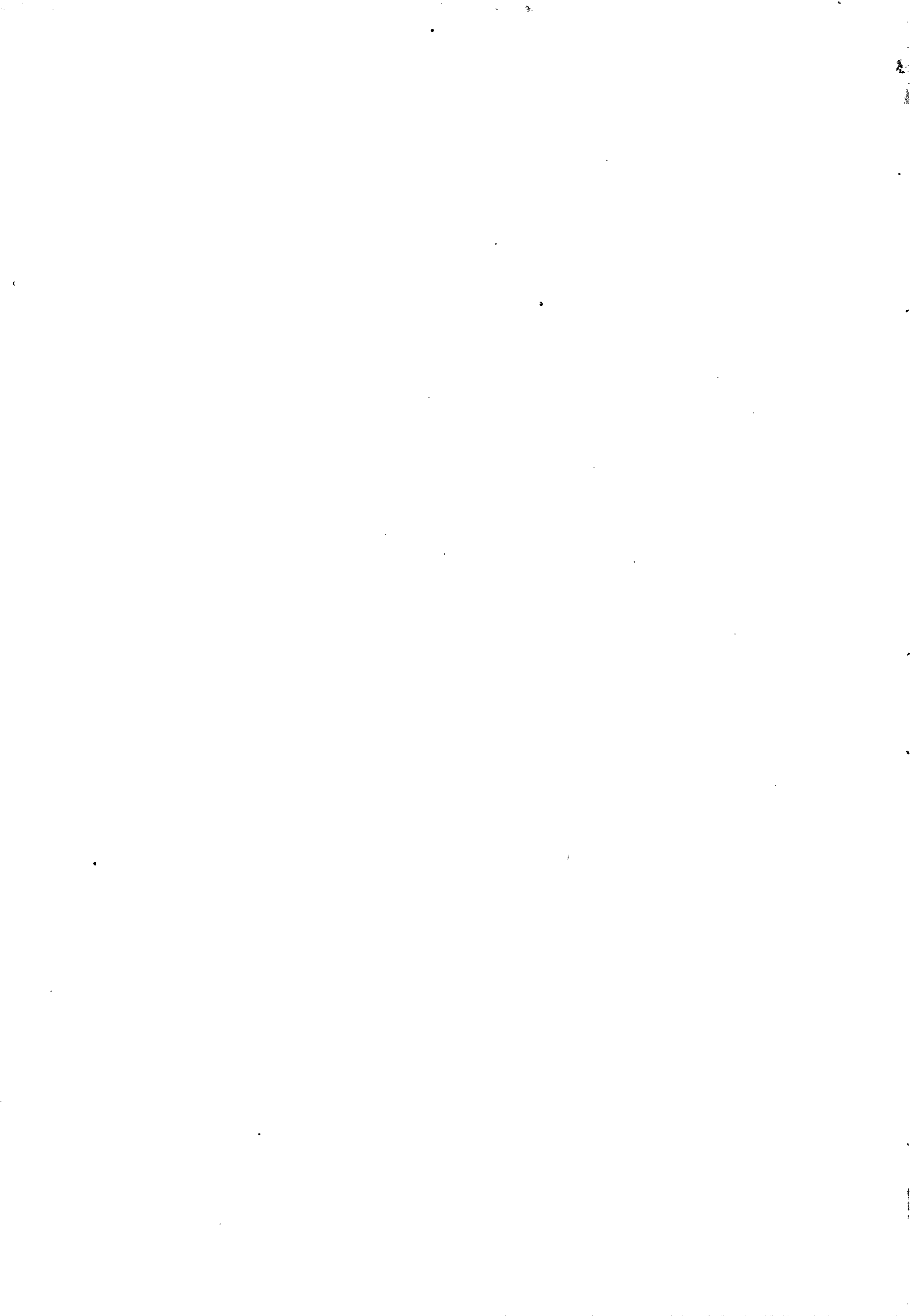
The dashing Mahratta Horse, famous throughout the world, charged with their customary magnificent courage, but this day they had met their match. Before the splendid discipline of the British troops the men of Indore gave way, the Mahratta Horse were swept into oblivion, and the great Mahratta Confederacy was broken for ever.

Tulsa Bai had paid for her sins with her life, but her spirit was avenged. Tyrannous and profligate though she was, her keen intellect showed her which alliance was in the best interests of the state. Had a little more notice been taken of her warning by those who slew her, believing in the justice of their act, the flower of Mahratta chivalry would not have died on the field of Mahidpur.

the Raja of the district, the child grew in beauty and gracefulness. Inheriting her mother's talent the little girl became a great favourite with the ageing ruler, and delighted him with her graceful dancing.

Fearing her influence over the Raja, the heir and his mother, jealous of this illegitimate half-sister, persecuted her with petty annoyances. In 1760 her father died, and, to avoid trouble, the little dancer

(Please turn to page 89.)



Famous Women of Indian History No. 8—Contd.

(Continued from page 49.)

fled to Delhi in company with her mother, where she earned her living by her art, and began her long climb to rank and honour.

THE dancer's union with Sumros was the beginning of her career, but whether the pair were ever married is rather uncertain, and in the light of her history, somewhat doubtful.

Her lover, Sumros, was an adventurer, born under a lucky star, his stormy career leading him to serve first one side and then the other. A native of Treves, in the Duchy of Luxembourg, Walter Reinhardt by name, he joined the French navy and sailed for India in a man-of-war. On reaching his land of destiny, young Reinhardt deserted and made for Calcutta.

The British, having insufficient troops for the work in hand, were recruiting the first European regiment to be raised in Bengal. One of the first to enlist was Reinhardt, but having little sympathy with the English he again deserted, to join the French garrison at Chandernagore. During the siege, Walter Reinhardt or Sombre, as he was now called, did sterling work and was one of the survivors who stood by Law until that gallant officer was captured, when he offered his services to Mir Kassim, Nawab of Murshidabad, to continue the fight against the English.

Commanding the Nawab's forces, Sumros, as the Indians called him, captured Patna and imprisoned the British Resident as well as about 200 followers, then, acting on instructions, the prisoners were all shot.

GATHERING an army of his own, Sumros sold his services to any prince or party from whom he could profit most. As his strength increased, he gained a small territory for himself in the vicinity of Sirdhanah, from which he might draw revenue for the maintenance of his troops. Attracted by the beauty of the young dancer from Delhi, he attached her to his person, and they travelled together as man and wife.

At the height of a most successful career, Sumros died at Agra in 1778, leaving his supposed widow to assume command of his army and estates as Regent for his son, born of another woman.

The disposition of such a well-trained fighting machine was a matter of some concern to the Mogul Emperor. The Imperial *vizir* investigated the matter, and being greatly impressed with her ability as a leader, confirmed Begum Sumros in her position as Regent of Sirdhanah and general of her deceased husband's army.

Reviewing the forces at her command, the Begum found that she had five battalions of Sepoys, 300 European officers and gunners, 40 pieces of cannon, and a body of cavalry, who rendered her allegiance. Courageously leading her men in person, the army of Sumros engaged in battles where their services were in demand.

Scindia called for help and threw those veterans against Wellington at Assaye. The Punjab saw the Begum engaged in a fierce campaign against the Sikhs, forsaking her temporary alliance with the Mahrattas to serve the Moguls. Saving the Emperor's life, she received additions to her territory and high rank, the Emperor calling her his daughter, and conferring on her the title of *Zeb-ul-Nisa*, the ornament of her sex.

Returning from an arduous campaign in the Sutlej district, the Begum received word of the Rohilla conspiracy, and with her European officers, hastened to the palace at Delhi, where her unexpected arrival discomfited the plotters, who fled without resistance.

SIRDHANAH now became a centre of Roman Catholic missionary activity, and converted to Christianity, the Begum, a Mahomedan by birth, was christened Johanna Nobilis.

With the energy and enthusiasm which were so characteristic of her, the noble convert fostered missionary enterprise throughout her dominions. As a result, a convent was built in Sirdhanah, to be followed later by a college and the erection of a splendid cathedral modelled on St. Peter's in Rome.

Converts multiplied under her zeal. In the capital alone were 1,500 Indian

Christians, and two priests were appointed chaplains of the Royal Household.

Inspired by contact with Europeans, the Begum set about improving the administration of her estates. Christianity had not quelled her fierce spirit, and she brooked no opposition. Under her fanatical enthusiasm, every acre of the State of Sirdhanah and of her other territory near Delhi, was put under the plough. The peasants were forced to their tasks at the point of the bayonet, and objectors were fortunate if they escaped with nothing worse than having their nose or an ear cut off.

The prosperous condition of her subjects brought increased revenue to the Regent. Her court became famous for its magnificence, and she drew to her capital many other Europeans as well as missionaries.

With all her strength of character the Begum was human, and now, 14 years after the death of Sumros, she married Colonel Le Vaisseau, one of her European officers. The other members of her staff strongly disapproved of this step, and at their instigation the army mutinied, and declared her step-son, Zafaryab Khan, Nawab of Sirdhanah.

Zafaryab, whose European name was Aloysius Reinhardt, left Delhi and succeeded to his father's heritage. The Begum and Le Vaisseau escaped from the citadel and fled, surrounded only by female attendants. Pursuit soon started, but the lovers were determined not to surrender, although the Begum had discovered her mistake. Position meant more to her than marriage, but she agreed to the persuasions of Le Vaisseau that if one died, the other would follow by suicide.

THE inevitable happened and the pursuers galloped alongside the Begum's litter. A scream from the attendants reached Le Vaisseau, who hurried to the side of his bride, and on raising the curtains which screened the Begum, was horrified to see his wife apparently dead.

From a wound in her breast the life-blood oozed, staining her white garments with tell-tale crimson. Preferring death to imprisonment, the fugitive had stabbed herself, but the dagger, striking a rib, had glanced off leaving a harmless wound which soon healed. Believing his wife dead, the gallant colonel carried out his part of the pact and fell with a bullet through the temple.

There were slanderous tongues to say that the Begum either had no courage to repeat the blow, or that she had laid a trap to dispose of the husband who had brought her to ruin.

Surrounded by the pursuing party, the wounded princess was taken back to Sirdhanah and imprisoned. Deprived of rank and estate by the Nawab, she was taken to a public place and there tied under a gun-carriage, where she was left to die of exposure and starvation. In this plight, her ayah, typical of her class, disdaining personal risk, fed and ministered to her beloved charge. By the hands of a loyal servant a message was sent to the Raja of Hansi, appealing for deliverance.

THIS nobleman, an Irishman named George Thomas by birth, had formerly held the position of chief officer in the army of Sumros. He it was who had led the Begum's troops to rescue the Emperor at Gokalgarh, but had subsequently resigned his command as a protest against the despotic attitude of the Regent.

Forgetting his personal grievances, the Rajah swept down on Sirdhanah, released the Begum and deposed Zafaryab.

With the city in his hands, Thomas restored the Begum to her former estate and called on the army to renew their allegiance. Le Vaisseau being dead, the cause of disaffection had disappeared and the officers willingly accepted the oath.

The Nawab, a hopeless inebriate, was incapable of leading the troops who remained loyal to him, and took the quickest way out by dying suddenly of alcoholic poisoning.

THIS episode had a chastening effect on the Begum. From now on her administration became severely practical, she eschewed love-affairs and for the rest

of her long life ruled without discord. Her step-son was survived by a daughter, whose son, Mr. D. O. Dyce-Sombre, with his two sisters, was adopted by the Begum as her heir.

Stern and despotic, the princess ruled her territories with a firm hand. Crime was severely punished. The most casual stranger was safe from molestation within her borders, and her army was kept ready for any emergency. Much of the administrative work was taken over by Mr. Dyce-Sombre, the Begum controlling affairs in the capital.

The years of campaigning were now at an end. The dauntless leader of a mercenary army became the successful ruler of a fertile and prosperous kingdom. Behind the *purdah* screen she listened to complaints and administered justice to her people, speaking Urdu and Persian as well as local dialects with fluency, as occasion required.

Her Durbars became famous; Europeans attended in large numbers and were cordially welcomed. In their presence the Begum appeared unveiled, and conversed affably. She was a small plump lady with a fair complexion, and her large eyes danced with animation as she took part in the conversation around her. This vivacious kindness veiled the true woman.

She was by nature a ruthless and unscrupulous tyrant of extraordinary strength of character, whom conversion to Christianity failed to alter. Even in her old age, when some of her troops refused to parade unless their arrears of pay were brought up to date, she showed her fierce spirit.

In the presence of many Europeans, the Begum, who had taken up a position on the palace balcony to review the parade, ordered the immediate execution of the malcontents. It necessitated the exercise of considerable tact on the part of responsible British officials to have the sentences annulled.

ACCORDING to Bishop Heber, the Begum Sumros, in his day, was a little old woman with wicked eyes, whose face showed that at one time she had been beautiful. Terrible tales were told the good man about her summary justice and vindictiveness. Ears and noses were removed wholesale at her orders, and he mentions the case of a dancing girl who was buried alive at her direction, but omits to give the reason for such drastic punishment.

T. Andrews records that shortly before the Begum died, he was present at her Durbar. The aged ruler was seated on her throne dressed in a fine Kashmir shawl and a splendid jewelled turban. Her feet in embroidered slippers rested on a footstool, and she smoked a hookah while chatting familiarly with the European guests, seated in a half-circle on both sides of her, facing down the Durbar hall.

To the accompaniment of the strident tones of the master of ceremonies proclaiming their style and titles, Indian vassals and nobles, decked in gorgeous raiment and jewels, marched proudly up the hall to pay homage to their leige, and on retiring took their places in the ranks of the brilliantly uniformed officials, who stood facing the Begum, until the Durbar ended.

Towards the end of her reign, Mr. Dyce-Sombre was in supreme control of affairs. His two sisters married European noblemen in the service of Sirdhanah, one an Englishman, the other an Italian Count.

The closing years of the Begum's life were peaceful. She died in 1836 at the advanced age of 83 years, and was interred in the noble church she had built in the citadel.

NEXT WEEK: The Begums of Bhopal.

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Burma's Wood Carvers

(Continued from page 45.)

On the platform one can see many lovely wooden statues of dancing figures in graceful attitudes or clownish burly figures in comic poses. Life-size statues of the old decrepit man, the sick man and the decaying corpse, the repulsive and pitiful sights that prince Siddartha met on his historic ride, are carved with an exquisite sense of grim realism and kept on view in almost every pagoda. Similarly the plaques illustrating the Jataka birth stories with dramatic vividness are another familiar feature of the pagodas, as at the Shwe Dagon. The figures are in high relief, sometimes separately made and attached. Each plaque is then painted in vivid colours, well calculated to catch the eye of the observer standing far below.

"Bat-Wings"

THE most notable features of the Shwe Dagon shrines are the enormously ornate arch-way screens. The Burmese call them "bat-wings"

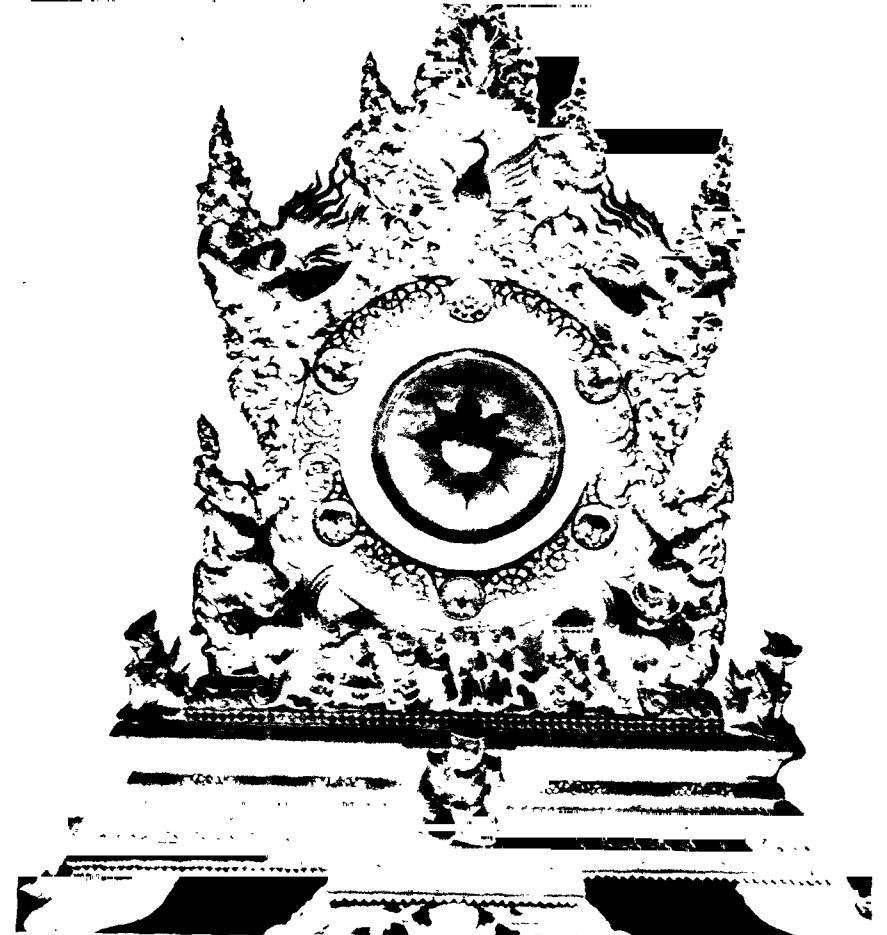
fan-like the Salin or the Golden Kyaung. The traditional art still flourishes, but one can easily see that the modern craftsmen have taken a new turn; they have an eye for the market and are to a certain extent influenced by foreign technique.

Modern Work

MODERN work is largely to supply the demand that exists for decorative pieces to adorn fashionable homes. They can be divided into two broad categories; the ornate elaborately carved pieces with conventional motifs, like gong-stands, easels, photo-frames, water-pot stands and screens wherein the exuberant foliage pattern is interlaced with mythical figures or flanked by sinuous dragons.

The figures of Buddha, the nats or the *Chinthe* (leoglyph) found in large numbers in any carver's shop are still governed by rigid conventions.

But the carver has now greater freedom in the secular themes of his



INTRICATE workmanship is the chief feature of this gong stand worked by a master carver more than a quarter of a century ago.—Photo, sent by Author.

because of their resemblance to bats in flight with immense outspread wings. The fluid grace of these swelling creepers gilded or lacquered is over every doorway, of which there are hundreds.

Some of them are probably decadent specimens with no sense of restraint, volume or strength. But, there are others, such as the one at the southern shrine, executed by masters like Maung Than Yang, in bold relief, which display an admirable sense of proportion, restraint and dignity.

The foliage patterns and the figures treated with sympathy and dramatic intensity attain a classic purity of line and contour.

The disappearance of the Burmese court has not affected to any considerable extent the art of the wood carver. Though many monasteries and pagodas are still being built, there has been no generous patron to raise noble

composition. Solemn and austere monks, the pious gong striker, the pompous minister of state, the vigorous limbed *chinton* (ball) player, the pretty dansuese and the gay clown, the village girl with the water pot, the hunter with his dog, the soldier on his restive charger, the country cart drawn by fiery bullocks, the war canoe, elephants at work rolling logs, etc., are some of the very familiar compositions attempted again and again with variations in detail.

Drawn from life, they are characterised by intense realism and a fine sense of proportion. But one has to go to the pagodas like the Shwe Dagon, and to monasteries like the Salin, to feel the superb height to which the art of the master carver rose. Here it is no pretty drawing room art, but a rich soaring melody, the expression of the spiritual exaltation of a race.

INDUS

DEVIKA RANI
INDIA'S
GLAMOUR GIRL
SAYS



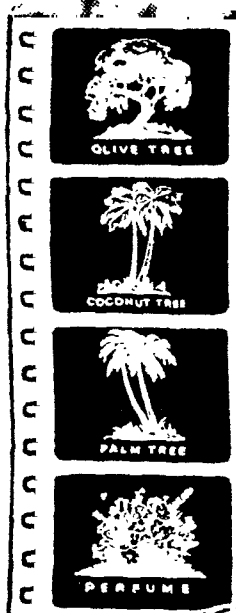
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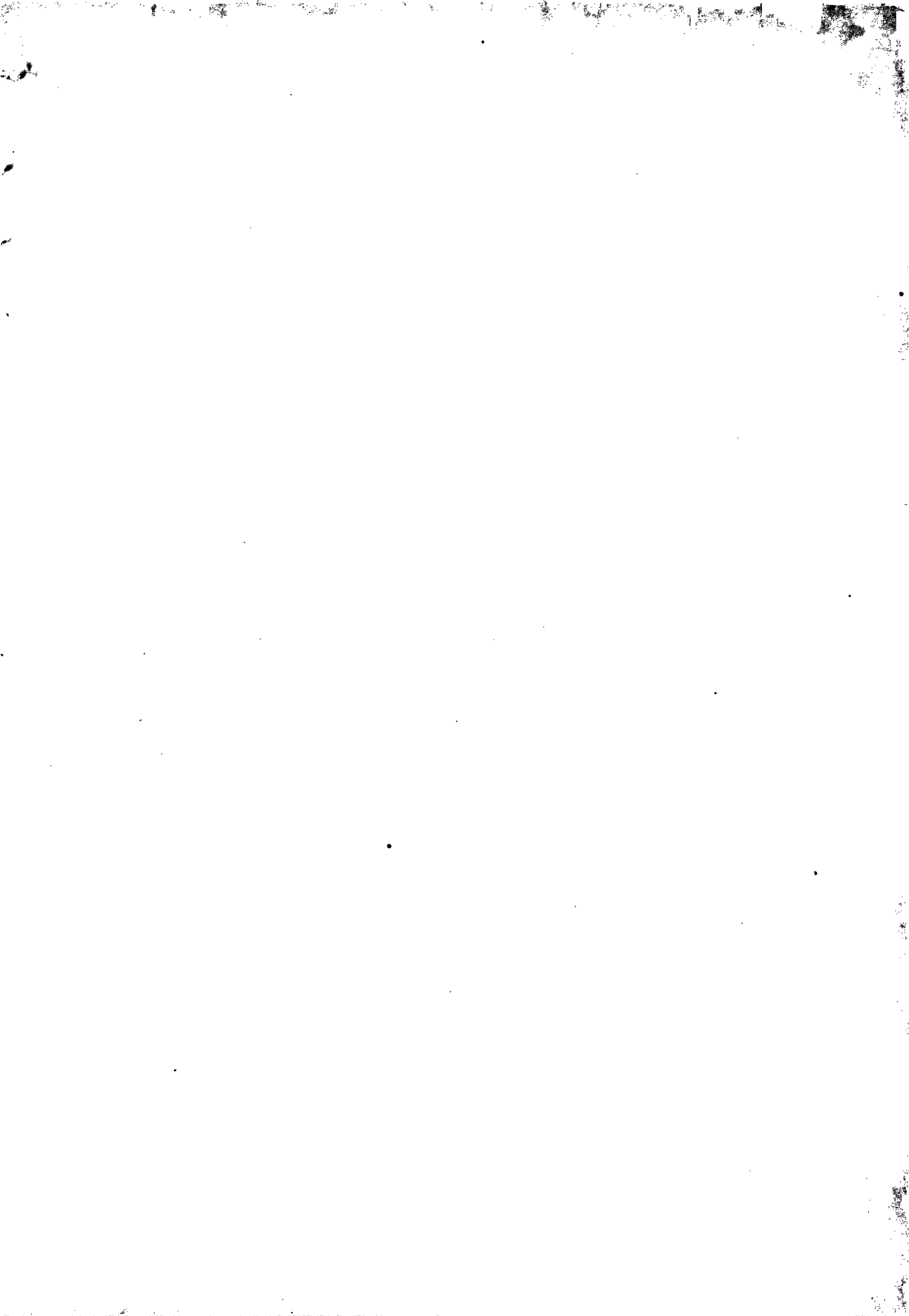
Large Tablet 3 Annas

Small Tablet 1 Anna

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P A L M O L I V E S H A M P O O



From CEYLON to HIDDEN NEPAL

Some Distictive Types

THE EMERALD ISLE



AO NAGA
Wear boar's tusks around their necks, and are unforgettable in their war paint.

Little-known dwellers of Manipur State, with their hair arranged like a cockcomb.
THE TANGKHUL



THE MARRANG
A curious little Manipuri people, they hang their beads on their topknots of hair instead of around their necks. Very proud of this differentiating custom. Don't carry loads on their heads.



THE KONYAK
Wildest of all Assam tribes, with horns stuck either through earlobes or hair.
Most original-looking of Assamese, with long faces and retreating foreheads, a people apart are
THE MISHMI



VEDDA MAN
Famous for their dance with buffalo horn head-dress are these aborigines of Bastar State.
THE MARIA GONDS



VEDDA BOY
Very elaborate silver ear ornaments and jewels, into which all their wealth goes are worn by women of the
MANDLA GONDS



PALAYAN GIRL
Palayans live on the shores of Lake Periyar. An extremely polite people.
Beautiful aquiline noses and handsome features are the chief characteristics of
THE MUDEVANS



NEGROID KADAR
With frizzy hair and front teeth filed for beauty, the Kadar from the more remote and wild forests of Cochin are growing rarer every year.



KANIKAR GIRL
She is from the vicinity of Trivandrum, the capital of Travancore State.



Hidden away by their menfolk and never before seen or photographed by a stranger.
A MUDEVAN WOMAN

HIGHLANDERS OF THE EAST



LIMBU
Very Mongolian in features. Possibly second comers to the Valley of Nepal



GURKHA
Sturdy little fighters. Best known are the Gurungs and Magars. This is a Gurung.



NEWAR
Artists and craftsmen of Nepal. Original inhabitants of the Valley.



GONDS of the CENTRAL PROVINCES
Some Have Preserved Aboriginal Individuality



FIRST came to India in 1936 with the object of making a collection of heads in sculpture of the aboriginal and primitive tribes of the Deccan. Last year I made another tour of hundreds of miles right across India to try and complete my collection.
I began in Ceylon with the hope of getting the elusive Veddah to sit for me. This ancient tribe is only found in deep jungle to the east of the Island. At Bibili in Uva a group of Veddahs were procured for me. They had walked 20 miles through the jungle for my pleasure. Marshalled like soldiers they waited in a row with set faces. They wore fewer clothes than I have ever seen, just a scrap of cloth on a string. Their shocks of wavy black hair made their heads look out of all proportion to their skinny legs.

In Travancore
TRAVANCORE, land of the cocoanut palm, provided me with many unique types. On High Range in the famous Bison Valley the Mudevan tribe are to be found. Their isolated villages have little tree huts for sleeping because of frequent visits from elephants. Their women are completely hidden and had never been seen or photographed until I came with the determination to make one of their heads in clay.
The Mudevans, a very handsome people originally from Madura, have beautiful aquiline noses. The Mannans from the same district are very different types, smiling and friendly, delighted to come as models.

Beautiful Periyar Lake
PERIYAR Lake is one of the many beauty spots in Travancore. It is a happy hunting ground for big game as well as tribes. The Ooralies and the Palayans live

among the jungle beasts on its banks. In a motor boat with the game warden I was lucky enough to see two herds and a singleton of bison close up.
The Ooralies have built tree houses for safety like the Mudevans. Their pretty women wear little bandeaux in their hair in Grecian fashion.
Visiting a Palayan village on the Lake I was received with most unusual courtesy, a canopy having been built to shade me from the sun. A tiger passed a few minutes later, for on our return we saw a large pug on the little path.

A Disappearing Tribe
FROM the wilds of Cochin forest many days journey away I secured a splendid specimen of negroid Kadar, alas now becoming rare. Many have cut their frizzy hair, my model tied up his tight in shame when he went to eat rice in the bazaar. This tribe file their front teeth into points in order to appear more beautiful.
The Gond women of the Mandla District in the Central Provinces have lovely silver jewelry. All their wealth is put into them. The husband of my beautiful Mongolian model objected to her posing for me. So she threatened to leave him and go back to her last husband—one of many. A heavy silver *sully* worth Rs. 12 was necessary before reconciliation took place.
The Maria Gonds are only to be found in Bastar State. A fine looking tribe famous for the dance with head-dress of buffalo horns.

Variety in Assam
ASSAM is a gold mine for the anthropologist, the tribes being both numerous, varied and magnificent to look at. Even customs, languages and clothes vary in every

village. In Kohima, a lovely station in the Naga Hills, reached by a one-way traffic road from Manipur Road station in a lorry, are to be found types of Angamis, Lhotas, Semas and Kukis.
One of my models, a Western Angami who had picked up a few words of English, said when my head was nearing completion, "I am sad because the clay is becoming man."
The Aos, more distant still, are to be found in the N.E. corner of the hills. An Ao in all his war paint is an unforgettable sight. Wide hornbill feathers in his headdress wave in the wind, a ridiculous tail piece sticks out at the back with a little basket attached for *panjis* (bamboo spikes) to scatter and pierce the feet of his enemies.

Wild Konyaks
WILDEST of all are the Konyaks from the same country, stuck with horns either through the ear lobes or in the hair. Three men came five days journey to be immortalised in bronze. They rided with the Veddahs in few clothes, sections of elephant tusks decorated their arms, tight bamboo rings encircled their slim waists.
In little known Manipur State touching Burmese territory the Tangkhuls are found, a tall fine tribe with their hair arranged like a cockcomb. Another curious little people are the Marrangs who hang their beads on their topknot of hair instead of round their necks. They are very proud of this ancient custom which makes them differ from any other tribe. Neither can they carry loads upon their heads.
The Abors are a proud, well to do tribe rather akin to the Nagas, but the Mishmis are most original looking with long faces and retreating foreheads: they seem to be a people apart. Their women, some of whom are very Chinese, smoke all the time like the men.

Famous Women in Indian History—No. 9

The Begums of Bhopal

They Ruled the State Efficiently for 80 Years

FOUNDED in 1709, Bhopal, the second Mohammedan State in India, has had the unique experience of four female rulers in succession. No other kingdom in history is known to have been governed by a succession of so many queens and there are very few which have enjoyed such an outstanding period of prosperity, social advancement and enlightened administration as the State of Bhopal has experienced under the long rule of a sympathetic feminine dictatorship.

The first of a line of notable women to rule in Bhopal was Kudsia Begum. As daughter of the Nawab she was married at an early age to the Minister of State, Nazir Mahomed. Her husband was a remarkably able and upright personality, who after his marriage concluded a treaty with the British by which the accession to the throne was confirmed and recognised on his own behalf instead of his wife's.

In due course Kudsia presented her husband with an heir in the person of a daughter, Sikander Begum. Soon after this disappointment the Nawab died leaving his young wife and their daughter to succeed him. In the confusion which ensued a marriage was immediately arranged between Jehangir Mahomed Khan, nephew of the deceased Nawab, and the infant heir-apparent. The child's mother was appointed Regent until the ceremony should be consummated, when the young man was to be declared Nawab.

Young Regent

KUDSIA on assuming the Regency was still a young girl, being but 17 years of age. It was only natural that with the reins of government in her hands and being the natural heir to the throne by both birth and circumstance, she was loth to hand over the substance of her inheritance to a stranger. She was not enamoured of the young man chosen for her daughter.

The idea of this marriage of convenience was abhorrent and by various pretexts the Begum managed to have it postponed. India was in a very disturbed state at this time. Strong rulers were needed and the leading chiefs of Bhopal demanded a man to lead them. At last pressure was brought to bear on the Regent, and the British being called in as mediators Kudsia resigned in favour of Jehangir.

Unfortunately the Nawab turned out a failure and the cruelty and excesses perpetrated by him drove his young wife home to the protection of her mother.

Protected by the ex-regent, Sikander Begum remained parted from her husband and spent her hours of leisure caring for her infant daughter and studying the deplorable condition of the people. Six years later Jehangir reaped the inevitable reward of his excesses and the throne became vacant.

Again the laws of succession caused delay, but in February 1847 the Begum was appointed Regent on behalf of her only child, the infant Shah Jahan Begum.

"The Great Begum"

SIKANDER Begum was born to rule. Her gift of administrative ability was outstanding, and to her sympathetic understanding the people of Bhopal are

indebted for their prosperity and happiness in very great measure.

The Great Begum, who is known to her people as "Sikander the Good," was proud to be known as "The Faithful Feudatory of the Queen of England." No Ruler in India rendered greater service to the British during the dark days of the Sepoy Mutiny than Nawab Sikander Begum. To her the Government of India expressed the thanks of the British people, and to her descendants the gratitude of the nation is due for all time.

Rarely has an inexperienced woman had to face such conditions of turmoil and disorder as the new Regent found on assuming her duties.

None would have blamed the Begum if she had chosen the easy way and allowed matters to drift.

Courage And Determination

THIS was not the way of Sikander, who had inherited the stern determination of her forbears. To her mother's early influence she undoubtedly owed much, and the careful study of the problems of statesmanship under Kudsia's practical guidance was now to bring excellent results. With cool deliberation and courage she faced the gigantic task confronting her.

The brilliant results which followed are all the more remarkable when we recall that the first 30 years of her life were years of war and disorder. Her childhood was spent among illiterate, ignorant people whose delight was in tales of bloodshed, and whose religion taught that women were inferior beings.

The sensitive nature of the young girl revolted at the continual warfare and at the indignity of her subject

condition. She resolved to alter all this if ever the opportunity were afforded her.

On assuming the Regency Sikander found herself ruler of a bankrupt state. Her subjects were ignorant and backward, the army poorly equipped and restless on account of arrears of pay. This was not to be wondered at when it was found that the treasury was empty and administrative officials corrupt to the worst degree. In a comparatively short space of time this brilliant woman had reformed the entire administration of the kingdom. European officials and officers were engaged to reform the police and standing army and to stabilise the taxation system. Within six years the entire public debt of Bhopal had been paid off.

The Begum was contemplating further reforms when the storm broke over India. Regiments mutinied and shot their officers. The blood of British women and children stained the dust of Hindustan. Princes were divided in their allegiance and no man's life was safe.

At a time when British prestige was shattered and the way across the peninsula appeared to be barred by the revolting princes of Central India, the need for finding some friendly ruler in that part of India was urgent, but seemed hopeless.



NAWAB SULTAN JAHAN BEGUM.—She was the fourth of the four famous Begums of Bhopal, and abdicated in favour of her son, the present ruler.—Photo, Dorothy Wilding.

Thanks to the Begum the hand of friendship was extended just when needed most, and the success of the British arms was due very greatly to her timely assistance.

Her friendly attitude to the British met with a hostile reception in the capital. The Begum's own army mutinied, and the older, bigoted members of her family were determined on a holy war. Her friends counselled rebellion to gain fresh territory and to overthrow the British, but the Begum never wavered in her allegiance.

Acting with customary vigour Sikander quelled her own rebellious troops, restored order in the capital, and threw the frontiers open to British troops and refugees.

Breaking with all tradition she decided to throw her whole influence on the side of the sovereign power. The resources of Bhopal in men, munitions and supplies

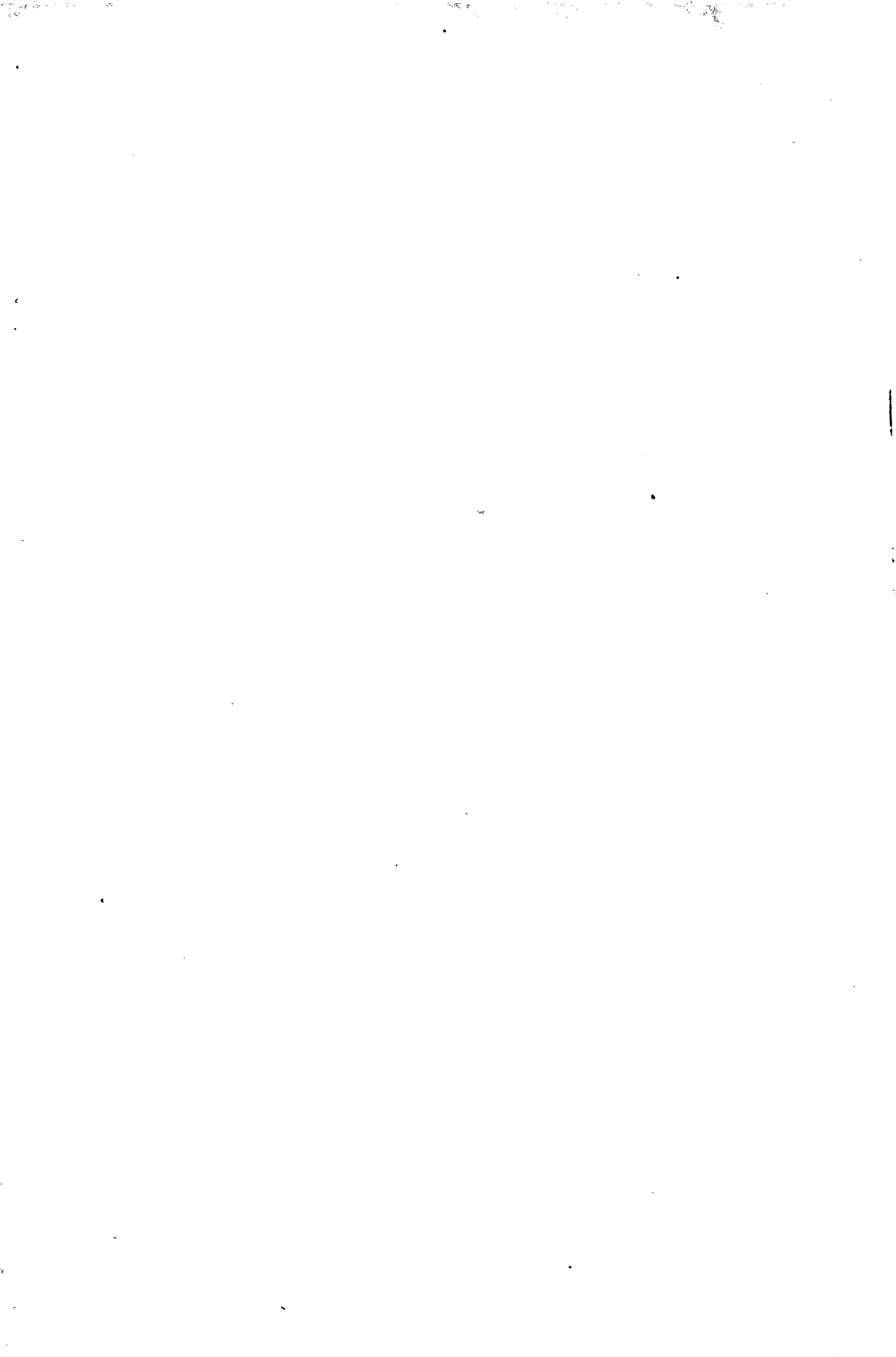
By

F. J. MORGAN

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MALE RULER AFTER 80 YEARS—A scene at the Durbar showing Nawab Sultan Jahan Begum decorating the turban of her son, (also inset) on his accession to the gaddi from which she voluntarily abdicated. Sultan Jahan Begum was one of the few Indian rulers who, up to her time, had performed the Haj pilgrimage to Mecca.—Photo, Vernon Studios.



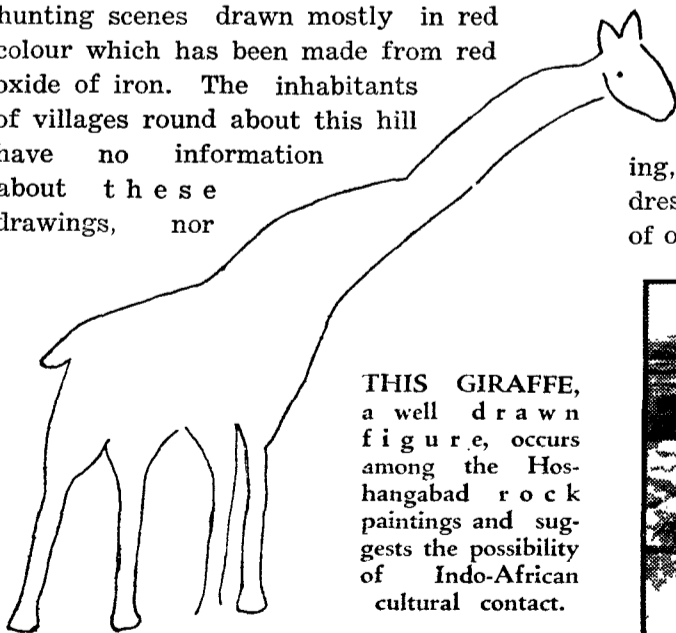
HOSHANGABAD'S 20,000 YEAR OLD PAINTINGS

Giraffes Once Lived In India



A PANEL of drawings in one of the rock shelters near Hoshangabad. During past ages succeeding tribes drew fresh pictures over those done by their predecessors, as can be seen particularly on the left in this photograph.

ABOUT one-and-three-quarter miles to the south of Hoshangabad in the Central Provinces stands an isolated sandstone hill containing many rock shelters with overhanging roofs. These rock shelters contain figures of bison, elephants, horses, birds, monkeys and goats, and fighting and hunting scenes drawn mostly in red colour which has been made from red oxide of iron. The inhabitants of villages round about this hill have no information about these drawings, nor



THIS GIRAFFE, a well drawn figure, occurs among the Hoshangabad rock paintings and suggests the possibility of Indo-African cultural contact.

have they any tradition concerning their origin nor any explanation to offer concerning these paintings.

The paintings are very old and they afford an unread volume on the arts, dwellings, weapons, food and religion of an unknown race who have in all probability been absorbed in the mass of the great Hindu population.

From a careful study of these figures it is possible to separate them into three groups—each being characterised by a distinctive style of drawing. It can also be seen clearly that in places the second set of drawings was made on a surface which already contained the first set. The third set was also drawn on the already existing first and second sets.

These differences in the style of drawing, the varying nature of the weapons, the dress worn by the men and the super-position of one painting on the other prove that these

rock shelters were resorted to by men at different periods ranging from the Palaeolithic age to about the 10th century A. D. and more probably at three different periods, Upper Palaeolithic (20,000 years old) Neolithic (9,000 years ago) and the Historic (3,000 years ago)—separated from one another by thousands of years.

Amongst these drawings is a well-drawn figure of a giraffe.

The giraffe is not known to have existed in India any time after the Pliocene epoch. It



AN ELEPHANT with two riders. This figure belongs to the historic period and was probably painted in the ninth or tenth century A. D.—Photos, Author.

is restricted to Africa alone. The occurrence of a figure of this animal among the Palaeolithic drawings in a cave in the central part of India, therefore, becomes very interesting and points to the existence of an Indo-African culture contact, during the period between late Palaeolithic and Neolithic times, between these two continents.

The only other possible explanation that offers is that the drawing was made by some one who had seen a giraffe in a zoo in recent times. But consideration of all other evidence presented by the drawing rules out this possibility.

M. L. M.



THE ROCK SHELTERS.

JINDAN BAI, Maharani of Lahore

Concluding our Series
"Famous Women in
Indian History"

By
F. J. MORGAN

FROM time to time there appear down the ages men and women who during their brief lifetime alter the course of history and decide the fate of empires. These people of destiny are characterised by abnormal egotism, a gift for intrigue, extraordinary determination and a ruthlessness which does not falter at sacrificing their closest relations. Their end has usually been a choice between an untimely death or exile.

Among the few who achieved fame in this way was the Maharani Jindan, whose intrigues and ambition destroyed the Sikh empire but who was so close to success that British arms staggered under her blows and the Indian empire was almost within her grasp.

Lithe and graceful in her movements, Jindan was the daughter of a humble soldier in the palace guard. Her talent attracted the attention of the Maharaja, Ranjit Singh, ruler of the Sikhs, who installed her in his harem to delight his leisure hours with her sinuous dances.

The Maharaja had been paralysed for some years before this, therefore he did not intend to marry his new favourite, nor did he do so formally or informally. The harem was occupied by several ladies whom the monarch had married for political reasons, and also by numerous other women.

The almost open immorality of his wives was a source of sardonic amusement to their lord. Each at some period produced an infant which she swore was Ranjit Singh's progeny and which he accepted almost without comment but with a cynical smile.

Jindan quickly adapted herself to the environment and she too sought diversion outside the harem.

Throne Claimed

IN the confusion that followed the death of Ranjit Singh in 1839, Jindan emerged from the *zenana* to claim the throne and to proclaim her son Maharaja of the Sikh kingdom, with herself as Maharani Regent. She had laid her plans well. Her fickle affections had now been transferred to Lal Singh, a clever, ambitious man who appreciated the advantages which might accrue from the association.

Assisted by the Rani's brother, Jawahir Singh, Lal Singh gained the support of the nobles and the allegiance of the army for the young Maharaja. The *Vizier*, or Prime Minister, objected to the turn affairs had taken and lost his life in consequence; Jawahir was proclaimed *vizier* in his place.

With the capital in her hands the Maharani turned to the country districts where a few chiefs held out against her. The most powerful of these objectors was Gulab Singh of Jammu, who claimed the beautiful district of Kashmir for himself. Learning of plans for his removal, he went to Lahore and entered into an alliance with Jindan which made her undisputed leader of the Sikhs.

Dreams Of Empire

HER brother having served his purpose was forced into a quarrel with some of the army leaders and met a sudden death. The Maharani, wasting no time in pretended sorrow, immediately appointed her lover to the vacant office of Prime Minister, and the destinies of the Sikhs were now in her hands exclusively.

Together on a roof-top, high above the city where the soft night breeze gave relief from the stifling heat of day, the Maharani and Lal Singh studied a map of India. In low tones they discussed the large area of the country conquered by Britain and laid plans for their future greatness.

So large and so rich an empire held by but a handful of men. The idea became fixed, dangerous thoughts occupied their minds, and the Maharani's ambition grew, fostered by her lover. Why not drive the English out of India? The Sikh armies were ready and would annihilate the British. Gradually Jindan created at the court a sentiment favourable to her enterprise.

During 39 years of his reign, Ranjit Singh had built up the Sikh Confederacy. Employing European officers, he left a



JINDAN BAI delighted Ranjit Singh's leisure hours with her dancing.

well disciplined, trained army of veteran troops. The soldiers chafed at inaction and dreamed of plunder. The nobles longed for conquest, their eyes glistened at the thought of new and rich territories. The British troops encamped across the Sutlej River added to the general irritation.

The chosen messengers of the Rani sowed suspicion against the English in the fertile imaginations of the idle troops. "Why do they come into the district?" was asked. "Do they not intend to cross the Sutlej and invade the Punjab?" Murmurings arose in the ranks, "Why not drive the English into the sea and rule India ourselves?"

British Attacked

IT was at this time against British policy to conquer any more territory in India. Ranjit Singh during his life-time had spent years avoiding a clash with the sovereign power, although it was his opinion that a conflict would some day ensue. To this end he had made his fighting machine so powerful and efficient.

Now Ranjit Singh was dead and that which he had prepared for, but tried to evade, had come. At last the day dawned. Taking the initiative, the Rani's troops crossed the river to attack the British forces, but were defeated after a sharp engagement at Mudki. The Maharani rushed reinforcements to the front and the two armies joined battle at Ferozeshah, in a

conflict which was destined to become one of the decisive battles of the world.

The discipline and tactics of the Sikhs won the highest admiration from the British Command. Their gunnery was excellent, they were superior in cannon, ammunition and man-power. British rule in India trembled in the balance that day.

When night fell after the first day's fighting, the British troops had endured six hours' continuous assaults during which their losses were enormous. The Sikh casualties were even greater, and according to reliable eye-witnesses the Sutlej River was almost dammed with the bodies of their dead.

With honours almost even but, if anything, in favour of the Rani, General Gough took precautions to cover his probable retreat and to burn and destroy all official papers. Next day the issue remained in doubt and the dreadful carnage continued, but at last the Sikhs gave way and retreated in defeat.

The British losses were so heavy that the War Ministry in England, when they received the report, were utterly despondent and feared to make the casualty lists public.

Refusing to acknowledge defeat Jindan fought on, to suffer a further reverse at Aliwal and then to taste the bitterness of final defeat at Sobraon.

The Maharani's dream of empire was ended and she was forced to accept the

terms of peace offered by the victors. Since there was neither desire nor intent to annex the Punjab, Lord Hardinge agreed that the internal administration of the State should remain as it was before the trouble started. Duleep Singh was confirmed on the throne as Maharaja under the Regency of his mother, who was appointed head of the Lahore Council of State with Lal Singh as her Prime Minister.

Firmly Established

THE Maharani had lost nothing by her military enterprise but on the contrary was now firmly established in her position with the support of her former foes. Her satisfaction was tempered by the loss of Kashmir, which she was forced by her conquerors to cede to Gulab Singh of Jammu, who set out with a small force to take over his territory.

When he arrived at Srinagar, Gulab was attacked by a local army and defeated. Sikh troops were rushed from Lahore to aid him, under the command of the very same British officers against whom they had fought at Ferozeshah and Sobraon.

Lawrence, who was in command of the expedition, soon discovered that the outbreak had been instigated by Jindan in her anger at the loss of her beloved province. She was immediately informed that she would be held responsible if further trouble ensued.

(Please turn to page 98.)

MOTOR SOUTH THIS XMAS

(Continued from page 45)

the small French settlement of Mahe, across two picturesque ferries and southward to Calicut—a dusty, steamy rendezvous of commercial activity hidden among palm trees on a strip of low, flat coastal terrain.

Tea Plantations

TURNING inland, the motorist travels 80 miles along the foot-hills of the Nilgiris, winding through orderly tea

plantations and negotiating the Vaitri Ghats in his progress. Branching off at Gudalur, seventy miles will bring him back to Mysore, having completed an



A FERRY on the West Coast. It is pleasant for the motorist to cross rivers on these survivals of a leisured past.



TEA PLUCKING.—Women and girls at work in the plantations.—Photos, Author.

interesting circuitous itinerary of approximately 350 miles.

Should the motorist have many lazy days at his command he may continue his southward course to Ernakulam from Calicut, a little over 100 miles distant. It is a pleasant trip. One may ferry across to Cochin island, a seaport of rising importance with relics of interesting medievalism.

Then farther south if the curiosity complex urges, through Trivandrum to Cape Comorin. In this southward journey he will seldom emerge from avenues of millions of palms that are the chief glory of Malabar.

The highway, set in luxuriant tropical scenery, stretches over narrow canals and channels, skirts great open vistas of lakes broken occasionally by some peaceful, placid palm-fringed lagoon; thatched huts nestling on its green banks; and wallams piled high with coconuts floating languidly upon the surface of the waters.

Then after a tour well-spent the holiday-motorist can retrace his wheel tracks to Bombay, recalling that the chief charm of a motor tour lies in its sense of freedom in which one indulges in fresh impressions, sees new tracts of countryside, and learns much of the life of the inhabitants.

Famous Women in Indian History—Contd.

JINDAN BAI

(Continued from page 53)

As soon as Lawrence returned to Lahore a commission sat to investigate the intrigues of Lal Singh and his influence over the Rani. It was proved beyond all doubt, in the presence of leading Sirdars of the Punjab, that secret orders had been sent by Lal Singh to local officials instructing them that the new Maharaja of Jammu and Kashmir must not be allowed to take over the province.

The Prime Minister was accordingly removed from office and condemned to imprisonment in the fort of Agra for conspiracy and treason against the State. It was now hoped that Jindan would cease her activities against the British.

The Maharani was not one to accept this decision meekly. Indignant at the exile of Lal Singh and burning with rage at her own loss of status, she found many ways to cause trouble but did nothing which

could be said to be treasonable. She excelled at pin-pricking her opponents and even taught her small son, the heir apparent, to take advantage of caste and position to insult publicly prominent nobles opposed to her, including the new Maharaja, Tej Singh.

Eventually her irritating tactics became too serious to overlook. She was removed from all contact with her son and incarcerated in the well-guarded fort at Shaikupura. Even then her proud spirit defied authority and she plotted further insurrections.

The ire of the authorities was aroused, they could do nothing to pacify the turbulent lady and decided not to give her any further consideration. She was removed from the fort, deposed from her high estate and transferred as a prisoner to Benares, where in an alien land she ended her days in exile.

Break With Tradition

ON ascending the throne Setu Lakshmi Bai broke with tradition and appeared in public with her husband, an act which required great moral courage for an orthodox Hindu lady. Her action won for her the respect of her subjects of all creeds and of European friends alike.

Under the Regency all castes and creeds among the extraordinary diversity of races in the State were treated with equal justice. Included among her subjects were the Indian Jews. Hebraic in countenance and religion, they have kept to themselves for countless generations, as their fellows have done in alien lands the world over.

According to legend, it was from Travancore that King Solomon obtained the ivory, peacocks and apes for his temple at Jerusalem. The presence of colonies of Jews in Travancore is said to be due to the numbers who were settled there to conduct the trade between that country and Palestine. Their traditions show that they have been there for untold centuries and make the legend appear quite probable.

Almost one third of the Maharani's subjects were Christians. In this remote Hindu State is found an indigenous Christian church, a branch of the ancient Assyrian church which had been established for centuries before the Portuguese sighted the shores of India. It speaks volumes for the enlightened outlook of the Maharani that she, a Hindu, encouraged the best brains of her people, irrespective of race or religion, to enter the Civil Service of the State. Many of the executive officials are Christians, as are also many of the younger people who have left Travancore to graduate at the University of Madras.

Women's Welfare

WOMEN'S welfare received special attention from the Regent. The Women Teachers' Training College not only turns out well-trained teachers but is also under the direct supervision of a woman. The head of the State Medical Services is a



MAHARANI SETU LAKSHMI BAI.

Christian lady, member of the ancient Assyrian Church. Owing to the wise and sympathetic direction of the Maharani, Travancore has given a lead in social government to all India, and her nephew is now following in her footsteps.

For her services to the State, the Maharani Regent was invested with the high honour of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India, which she held together with the Queen, the Queen Mother, some Royal Princesses and relatives of a few Indian Princes—an honour given to very few.

Travancore to-day is in the forefront of advanced legislation in India. Many will recall the sensation caused when the young Maharaja, descendant of a dynasty which was ruling in India before the Christian era, threw open the Hindu temples controlled by himself and his government to all Hindus by birth or religion. By this edict those who were formerly outcasts were allowed to enter the temples where they and their ancestors for centuries had been forbidden entrance.

This legislation has been hailed as the beginning of a new era for millions of Hindus.

[THE END.]

SETU LAKSHMI BAI

of TRAVANCORE

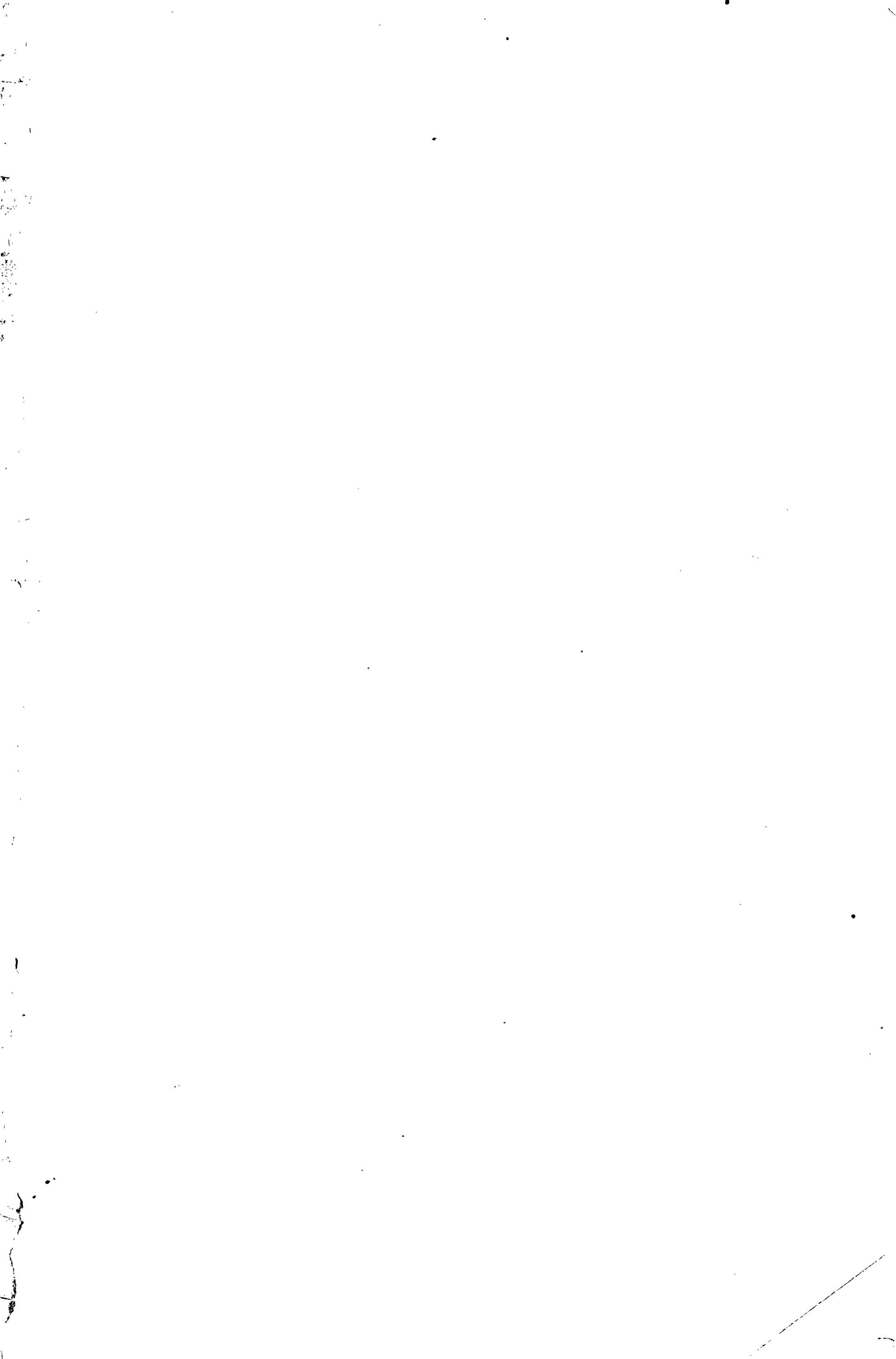
WHERE the waters of the Bay of Bengal meet the Arabian Sea lies the State Travancore, at the very tip of the Indian Peninsula and one of the most beautiful parts of Hindustan.

In verdant valleys lying between the Western Ghats and the sea are grown spices, pepper, tea, coffee and rubber. Coconut palms fringe the beautiful lagoons and tiny bays along the coast and help to provide sustenance for the 50,00,000 subjects of the ancient dynasty.

When the present Maharaja ascended the throne in 1924, at the age of 12, his aunt, the Maharani Setu Lakshmi Bai, was proclaimed Regent until her nephew should come of age. For seven years she ruled wisely and well, until in 1931, her ward having attained his majority, she resigned her position.



MAHARAJA OF TRAVANCORE.



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