

The

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224

# Ceylon Counseries

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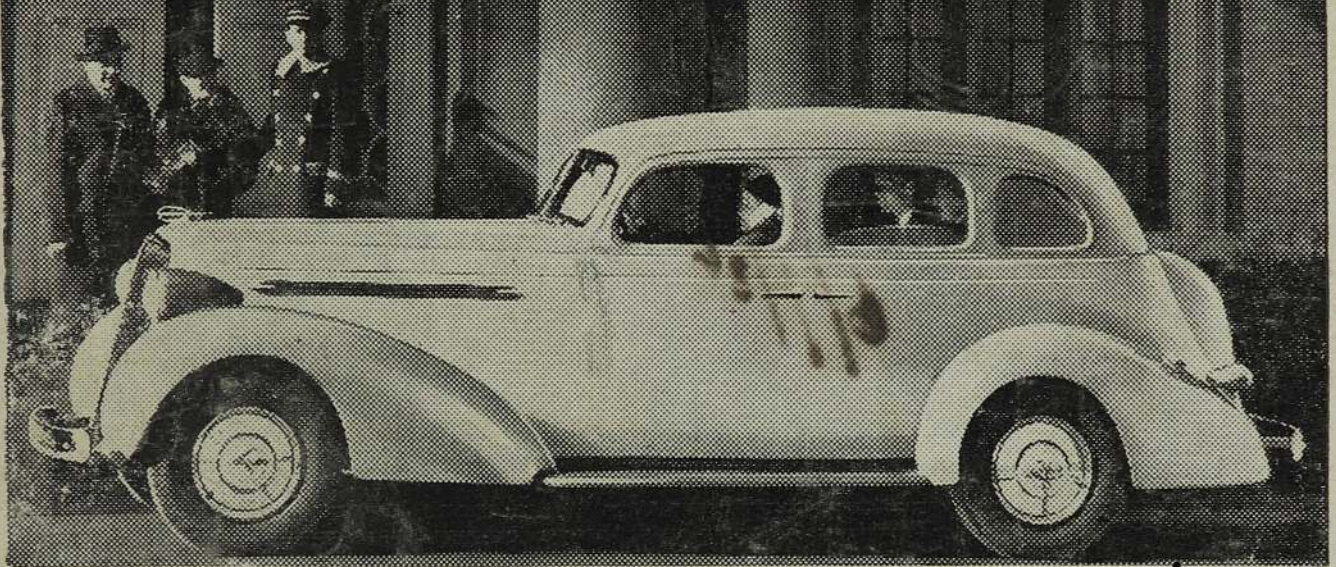
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# THE CEYLON CAUSERIE.

COLOMBO, JUNE, 1936.



His Majesty King Edward VIII who attained his 42nd year on June 23rd.

# The "Quads" are on COW & GATE!



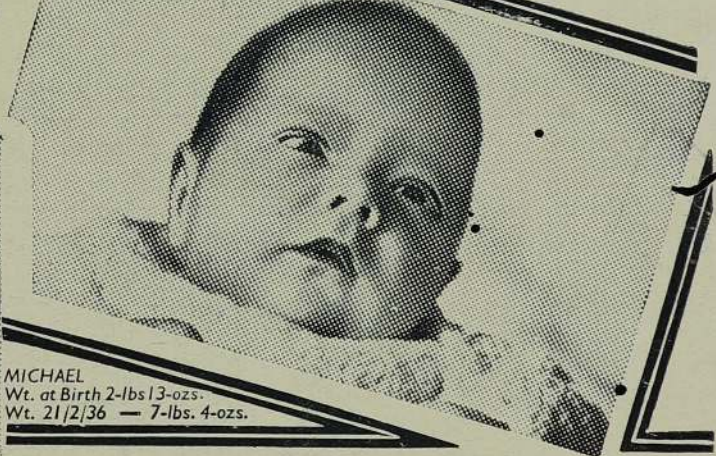
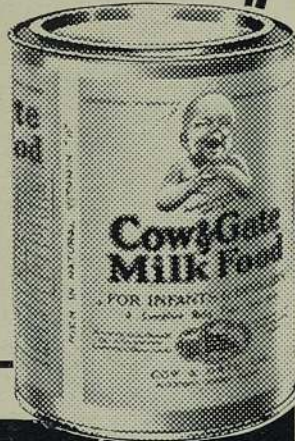
ERNEST  
Weight at Birth — 3-lbs. 5-ozs.  
Weight 21/2/36 — — 9-lbs.



PAUL  
Weight at Birth — — 3-lbs. 7-ozs.  
Weight 21/2/36 — — 8-lbs. 6½-ozs.

The Miles Quadruplets were born at St. Neots in England on Nov. 28, 1935. Never before have Quadruplets survived when three of them were boys. Also the babies were premature and far less than normal weight — Michael, for instance, weighed only 2-lbs. 13-ozs!

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MICHAEL  
Wt. at Birth 2-lbs 13-ozs.  
Wt. 21/2/36 — 7-lbs. 4-ozs.



ANN  
Weight at Birth — — 3-lbs. 12½-ozs.  
Weight 21/2/36 — — 8-lbs. 9½-ozs.

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for Ceylon.

THE Birthday Honours List—the first to be issued by King Edward VIII—must have proved a disappointment to those who were expecting to see a few Knight-hoods come this way. Speculation as usual was rife during the week preceding His Majesty's birthday and many pretended that they knew that a Knighthood for Mr. So-and-So was a "sure thing." These prophets can now await the dawn of 1937 for the fulfilment of their prognostications, but if nothing happens—why, there will always be a "next time"!

As regards those who have been fortunate enough to "catch the Judge's eye" each and everyone of them has fully earned recognition at the hands of His Majesty and many of these can look forward, in confidence, to further honours in the future.

The Honours List, with its long string of new Muhandirams, etc. reminds us forcibly of the fate which is lying in wait for the Headmen System, in the shape of the Report of the Commission appointed to make suggestions for its reform. Should the Headmen System be abolished, what will be the position of the Honorary Chiefs? Will the "honour" lose its glamour and value or will it in fact, be enhanced? It is to be hoped that for the sake of its picturesqueness, the rank will continue to be bestowed on worthy recipients whatever the fate of the Official Headmen may be. But this does not mean that the elimination of the latter from the official life of the country is a matter of no consequence. We feel that it would be a profound mistake to do away with the Headmen System. At the same time it must be conceded that it has reached such a state, that unless it is drastically reformed, it might as well be scrapped altogether! The reform that is needed is, after all, a simple

one. The authorities have merely to go back to the traditional method of choosing educated young men from the better classes, with private means of their own, instead of picking them up from anywhere and everywhere, thus lowering the prestige of the office in the eyes of the village folk and the general public. Such men can hardly be expected to maintain the dignity of their office and it is almost inevitable that their one aim should be to get rich quick, by methods which have made them hated and scorned throughout the country.

The form which the memorial to commemorate the late King is to take, is still engaging attention and suggestions are being offered by those anxious that it should be worthy of Ceylon and in keeping with the sentiments which His late Majesty is known to have entertained on such matters. It is likely that one or two institutions for the relief of suffering will be decided on and the suggestion for a Medical Aid Society is one which will meet with general approval. It is stated that the proposal, although advanced by the Medical Officers in charge of the Anti-Tuberculosis Campaign, is that the Society should minister to the needs of all sufferers, no matter what their maladies may be.

Should the Committee decide on more than one memorial, it would be as well if they were to consider the advisability of recommending a few research scholarships in Medicine as well.

While efforts are being made to attract tourists to this Island, nothing apparently is being done to induce our old Colonists to remain in the land which has treated them with much kindness. It is of course not unnatural for those who have lived a lifetime here to turn their footsteps homeward on retirement, but Ceylon has much to gain if they

can be enticed to settle down here for good. We would like to see the good example of such men as Sir Thomas Villiers and Mr. H. R. Freeman, followed by others. But alas, still they go. One of the latest to bid good-bye to Ceylon was Mr. George H. Hogg, who left for Home this month. Mr. Hogg, spent the better part of his life in the service of Messrs. Walker, Sons & Co., Ltd. at Kandy, where he held the post of Manager. He was a well-known and popular figure in the Hill Capital, and during the palmy days of the defunct Kandy Race Club, held the office of Secretary for many years.

Both he and Mrs. Hogg will be greatly missed by the large circle of friends of all communities which they have left behind them in Kandy.

'Mentor' desires us to express his thanks for the numerous letters, of appreciation received by us on his behalf from Income Tax Payers,—especially from those who have been victimised by certain so-called "approved Accountants." As 'Mentor' is not a practising Accountant, he regrets he is unable to take up their cases, but he has written to several correspondents personally as to whom to consult on specific matters.

There has been a great deal of speculation as to the identity of 'Mentor,' and whether he is from Ceylon or India. Enquiries have been made in various quarters and at our Office. One correspondent even wrote "Dear Mr. Editor, I know who Mentor is. Please write and let me know when I can meet him." The correspondent was informed in reply "It will give 'Mentor' great pleasure to meet you. Please write to him direct and make an appointment." And 'Mentor' yet awaits that letter for now nearly 3 weeks. 'Mentor' is a *mentor* and speculations and frantic guesses lead one nowhere. We can only say with the lexicographer that—'Mentor' is an "experienced and trusted adviser," and add that he is a very elusive and ingenious individual. 'Mentor' we need hardly add will continue to appreciate views, criticisms, and grievances of readers in regard to Income Tax matters.

A Sports Causerie.

# Memorable Golf Championship.

## Death of A Great Sportsman.

By "Kay."

THE Golf Championship Competition of 1936 will long be remembered for the sensational down fall of past champions. Eight former title holders took part and though of them T. M. Robertson reached the final his total eclipse at the hands of S. G. Coutts provided the biggest sensation of all.

The most surprising feature of the final was the very disappointing standard of golf provided. Robertson the Victoria Golf Club crack has never perhaps displayed such very poor form and though Coutts too was far below his best, he secured the verdict as early as the 31st green.

Yet the earlier rounds of the tourney provided some really brilliant golf as for instance when M. P. Davis did the first nine holes in his second round match against T. E. Wilson in 33.

The first two rounds went more or less as anticipated, except perhaps for the elimination of C. A. S. Booth by Major Milligan. Yet even thus early champions of the past fell by the wayside. In the first round Timothy de Silva, the first Ceylonese golfer to win the Title, went down to H. G. V. Greer and A. E. Williams was beaten by Kenneth Logan; himself a former champion. In the second round B. E. Weerasinghe, the last Ceylonese hope, practically threw his match away against W. S. Burnett.

Thus it was that Thursday morning arrived with five old champions, J. M. Robertson, M. P. Davis, K. Logan, T. K. Anderson and W. S. Burnett in the last eight and general expectations were that Robertson and Davis would win through to

meet each other and that those two old rivals Anderson and Burnett would have yet another opportunity of pitting their skill against each other.



THE LATE MR. A. DE H. BOYD.

Here, however, came the big sensations of the meet. While Robertson and Davis came through as anticipated, Anderson, the reigning champion, who had been taken as far as the 22nd hole the previous day by Lallyett, incidentally a record in Marathon matches for the competition, was surprisingly eliminated by Major Milligan while Burnett, the hero of so many thrilling battles of the past went down badly to Coutts.

Up to this point a fair average had been maintained in the standard of golf, but the semi-finals were

poor and the final worse. Even Robertson and Davis were not at their best, while Coutts and Milligan appeared to have expended all their golf in the earlier rounds. Then came the final upset, Robertson's short play went to pieces and instead of improving steadily, grew worse as the match progressed till it became a safe bet that a mashie would finish in a bunker. Sixes and even sevens were not an uncommon feature of the round. Robertson led 2 up at the 5th and turned with the same advantage, yet at the end of the morning's play was 2 down. It was thought that he would stage a recovery in the afternoon but he lost 4 of the first 5 holes and Coutts, won his first title 6 up and 5.

Coutts has been knocking at the door for the past ten years, and he is to be heartily congratulated, in realising his ambition this year, in a field of 30 which included golfers of a very high calibre. On his way to his title he accounted for two Ceylonese aspirants, two former champions, and the conqueror of the reigning champion.

### DEATH OF A SPORTSMAN.

Before I pass on to comment on the rugby season now well under weigh, I should like to make a reference to the undoubted loss the game has suffered in the untimely death of Mr. A. de H. Boyd, a former Oxford Blue. The late Mr. Boyd came out here from Calcutta about five years ago and though he has never played in Ceylon he showed keen interest in the welfare of the game in the Island and was always available as a referee. He also took a great interest in the development of youthful talent and his advice and criticism were freely given when sought and much appreciated.

### DIMBULA'S TRIUMPHANT MARCH.

The Rugby season is now two months old and only one team remains unbeaten, Dimbula having come off victorious in seven matches played so far against other district sides. Dimbula have a wealth of material this season, and though they have suffered many "casualties" in their ranks have always found capable understudies for their stars, at hand. Their closest call was in their return match against Kandy, Here too they were without

Blair, Molyneux, and Holmes, but yet they were a formidable side. But Kandy put up the finest performance they have done so far for the season and Dimbula, who eventually won by 8 points to 0, were forced on the defensive for a good part of the game. Dimbula have beaten, the K.V., Uva, Dickoya, the C. H. & F. C. and Kandy Rovers. They have yet to meet the C.R. & F.C. but should have no difficulty in winning against the Ceylonese side.

Their biggest match to come will be the return encounter against the C. H. & F. C. at Colombo which takes place on July 3rd. The C.H. & F.C. are the only side that is likely to challenge the supremacy of Dimbula this year. True they were beaten at Radella but the Colombo team are now a vastly improved side. On that occasion they were unable to take up Main, Ward, Tatham and Allen. Rennison was figuring in his first match and Billson, had not yet returned from leave.

Now the return of Billson has made the team definitely better balanced. Rennison is improving with every match, Greer transferred to the wing, takes his passes well and makes good use of his speed, and playing on the home grounds the best side will be available. It is to be hoped that Blair will be fit enough to take his side in the Dimbula team. The match should provide a game comparable with the best seen in the past.

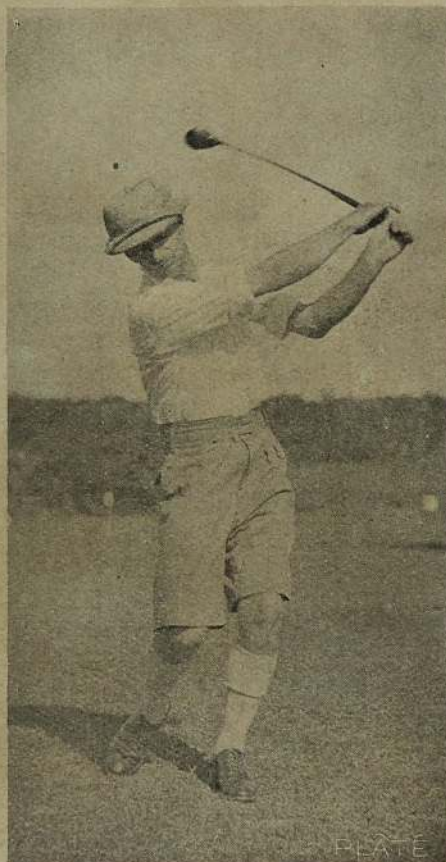
It cannot be denied that the game has deteriorated particularly from the spectator's point of view. Most matches at present tend to develop into a scramble for the ball. One looks in vain for the delightfully crisp passing movements amongst a set of perfectly attuned thirds, that used to thrill the spectators not so very long ago.

One of the high lights of the season so far has been the revival of the Kelani Valley. One can scarcely remember when the K. V. last won a district rugby match, so that their victory against Dikoya recently must have tasted all the sweeter to them. The "bhoys" have been struggling pluckily to keep the game

alive in their Valley and the measure of success which they have achieved is fully deserved.

Uva lost to Dimbula and the C.H. & F.C. In between these two matches they have beaten the C. R. & F.C. Dikoya and Kandy. Dikoya started their season promisingly but have not won in their last six encounters.

More active interest in the game is being taken by Ceylonese, and with the C.R. & F.C., Havelocks and Kandy Rovers to draw from they should be able to field a good side for the Clifford Cup.



S. G. COUTTS, the Amateur Golf Champion bring off a good drive.

The C. R. & F. C. have a sound pack but are still experimenting with their back division in a search for a suitable pair of halves. The Havelocks are in the main a lightly built side but have several youngsters of distinct promise. The Kandy Rovers too possess some very good material. It is gratifying to note that more schools are taking up rugby and act as feeders to the Clubs.

#### VISITING OLYMPIC TEAMS.

Athletics loomed largely in the public eye in June, owing to the visit of the Australian and New Zealand Olympic teams and, later in the month, of the Phillipine Olympic team, both of whom gave exhibitions in Colombo. Swimming, Boxing, Wrestling and trick work displays were given before large and appreciative audiences.

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#### THINGS TO COME.

In addition to these there is the prospect of two first class soccer teams visiting Colombo. The Chinese Olympic Football team will probably play a match on their return, in Colombo and the Werners Sports Club of Australia, who include six of the international team that defeated All England too, may play a series of matches on their return from Java where they are on a visit.

Next year the English F. A. plan to send an amateur team to New Zealand, and should this materialise, they are certain to play in Colombo on their way out. Colombo soccer fans will have an opportunity of seeing a first class English team in action here for the first time.

#### JUNE RACES.

Two days of the June Race Meeting have been completed up to the time of writing. The weather was good on both days though on the first day the going was on the slow side. This was a day of upsets, no less than three, three figure dividends being paid out. The chief prize of the afternoon, the Falmouth Plate was won by Mr. Bartleet's Pam who romped in  $3\frac{1}{2}$  half lengths ahead of Quadalquivir.

Punters fared badly again on the second day though the dividends paid out were not so big as on the opening day. Only one first favourite obliged, Royalty cantering home in the Cochin Plate. Sathivan won the big event of the day in a great finish from Permarch to win on the post. This was a field day for Trainer Selvaratnam who saddled half the winners of the day in addition to securing a second and a third.

Jockey Daniels scored a treble on the first day and Graham who secured a win, a second and three thirds on the first day, piloted three winners home on the second day.

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You set our feet tapping with your three gay dances!



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**ROCHELLE HUDSON**  
**JANE DARWELL**  
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*she* sets your feet tapping with three happy dances!

*she* captures you completely as she introduces her educated pony and trained duck—in the most delightful picture that ever won your heart!

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IS TOPS FOR  
Shirley**



# SHIRLEY TEMPLE

IN  
*Curly Top*

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**JOHN BOLES**  
**ROCHELLE HUDSON**

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Daily 3 Shows at 3-30, 6-15 and 9-30 p.m.  
Extra Morning Show at 10 a. m. on Sat. 4th & Sun. 5th July.

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FROM AND AFTER  
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THERE WILL BE

THREE SHOWS DAILY

AT

3-30, 6-15 and 9-30

AT

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THE INTERVAL WILL BE GIVEN IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE MAIN PICTURE SO THAT THE FULL PICTURE WILL BE SHOWN WITHOUT A BREAK

*Please note the times of Shows*

3-30, 6-15 and 9-30

*There will also be 10 a.m. shows on Saturdays & Sundays on special occasions*

**N.B.—THREE SHOWS DAILY**

AT

3-30, 6-15 and 9-30



# The Woman in the Lion's Den.

By Mabel Fernando.

ON the night of December 20th 1664, a good deal of excitement prevailed in a part of the Palace at Nilambe, but all was quiet in the eastern wing where Pitigalpola Rala paced restlessly up and down a dimly lit corridor, like a man who was impatient with his own thoughts. As he passed under the great glass bowl suspended from the ceiling above, the flickering light shed by the floating wicks disclosed him as a young man of about twenty-eight or thirty years. He was of medium height, well-built, and brown complexioned, with handsome clear-cut features that had a pleasant cast in spite of the perplexed frown that wrinkled his brow. He was clad in a dhoti and embroidered doublet of rich texture, while the sword and dagger that he wore, supported by a belt over one shoulder, denoted his rank as a nobleman and an officer of the Palace Guard.

The thick silver studded door which he guarded stood at a turn in one of the many intricate passages that threaded this labyrinthine Palace of Rajasingha II. A similar constructed door was placed at the next winding of the corridor and was guarded on the other side by an officer of the same rank, for such entrances as these, which constituted the sole means of ingress or egress along the passages, were entrusted by the King to the charge of only nobles of high standing and proved fidelity.

Pitigalpola's post was therefore of considerable importance. But

to-night it was evident that his duty was not the uppermost thought in the young Officer's mind. Now and again he paused and listened



intently, but no sound broke the stillness of the night except for the occasional trumpeting of an elephant from the outer Courtyard.

Pitigalpola reviewed the situation swiftly. He knew that the King was in the council room holding an important meeting with his ministers. The discussion, which concerned the return of the white prisoners, might probably last two or three hours more, and during that time the King's spies who were usually sent out to see the watches, would be hovering in the vicinity of his royal person. The nobleman

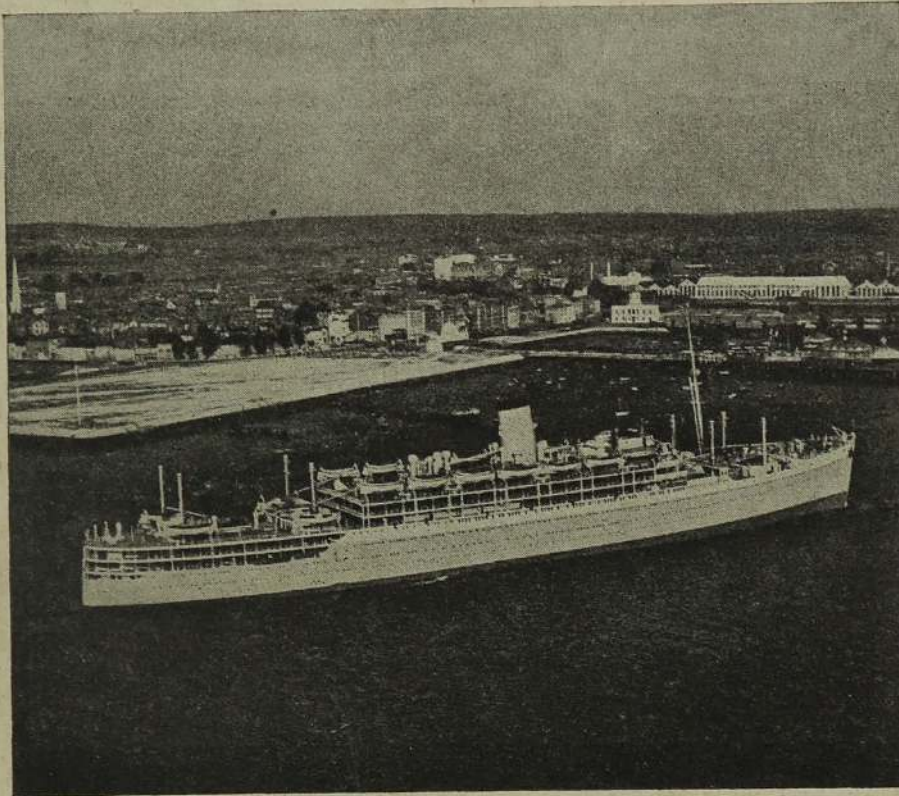
could therefore safely leave his post without fear of being followed on his stolen excursion or his absence being detected. There would be no difficulty with the watch outside, as that portion of the outer walls by which he meant to slip out, was guarded by his underling, Hinniappu Arachi, with the men of his "ranchu." Still Pitigalpola hesitated, remembering the penalty if he should be discovered, for the King's vengeance was swift and summary, and every deserter from his post paid the forfeit with his life.

The matter he deliberated however admitted of only two grim alternatives. He would either have to risk leaving his post that night in order to complete the important plan he was revolving, or else relinquish the sole chance, in the circumstances, of securing the safety of one whom his own foolish impulsiveness had placed in imminent danger. It was a difficult choice to make, and as he strode up and down Pitigalpola cursed the tyrannical decree which had driven him to that course.

This fateful order was a Proclamation which had been issued by the King barely six months earlier, ordering all women, except the serving women in the Palace, to leave forthwith the royal city on peril of death. The capricious command had been promptly obeyed, the wives and daughters of the King's attendants as well as other women being sent away to the country. But Pitigalpola whose duties as a favourite "Duggana Rala" or Courtier obliged him to remain in continual attendance in the Palace, had been unable to endure a long parting from his young wife to whom he was passionately attached. He had therefore arranged for Metta to remain in the guise of a serving woman in the Royal kitchen.

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§ x R. M. S. 'Orford'	20,000	Jan. 20th	*§ x R. M. S. 'Orontes'	20,000	Mar. 31st	
† R. M. S. 'Ormonde'	15,000	Feb. 17th	‡*§ R. M. S. 'Orama'	20,000	Apr. 14th	
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Here lavish gifts to the kitchen officials had exempted her from menial work, and Pitigalpola had been to see her secretly at frequent intervals with the aid of the resourceful Hinniappu. Altogether the plot had worked well, and till recently it had appeared possible that the secret of Metta's identity could be preserved till the King should withdraw his prohibition.

But that had been a supposition which had not taken into count the caprices of fortune. Just as Pitigalpola was beginning to feel quite secure about the success of his plan, another Courtier called Kirivawella had started to compete with him for the King's favour. With his saturnine sense of humour the Monarch had set the new comer to act as a spy on Pitigalpola and now it was merely a question of time as to when this man would discover and reveal to the King the connection between the young noble and the beautiful serving-woman, and perhaps the latter's real identity also. In such an event the more severe sentence would be passed on Metta for her defiance of the royal decree. She would probably be given the choice of death in some horrible fashion or a degraded life among the outcast Rodyas, and both were terrible alternatives.

Pitigalpola hesitated no longer when his reflections reached this point. With a determined air he approached the left wall of the passage, where a fresco depicted a slim dancing damsel, posing gracefully with a lotus in one hand. He pressed the centre of this flower and the portion of the wall with the painting swung back, leaving an aperture big enough for a man to pass through. This was one of the secret entrances used by the King to pay surprise visits to the guards, and chance examination of the painting one day had revealed it to Pitigalpola. He passed through the opening, traversed through several passages and finally, opening a window, leapt out on to a courtyard, skirting which he warily approached the quarters allotted to the women dependents. This was a long low building somewhat apart from the

others and adjoining the royal kitchen. At the last window in the eastern flank of the building he paused, and softly uttered the call of a night bird. When the cry had been thrice repeated the window opened, and a woman, small, fragile looking, appeared at it. A scarf half covered her dark hair, and in the dim moonlight her fair face gleamed like a lotus floating in a dark pool.

She looked out a little fearfully, then as she recognized her nocturnal visitor, uttered an exclamation of mingled pleasure and surprise which was not however devoid of consternation also.

"You here at this time" she whispered, "Should you not be at watch in the Palace now?"

"I have stolen away for a while to see thee, beloved," he rejoined clasping her, then noticing the alarm that leaped into her eyes, he added assuringly, "Do not fear, my absence will not be discovered, only Hinniappu and his men saw me leaving the Palace. The King is too busy at a council meeting to think of sending out spies."

"But that man Kirivawella," she insisted with a shiver, "I am afraid of him. Who knows whether he has not been spying on you? Perhaps he may have even followed you here."

"Nay, he is attending on the King," he replied with less assurance. "But let us talk of a more pleasant subject. What wouldst thou say, Metta, to escaping from this bed-rock of danger, and going to a place where we could live together without fear of the King's tyranny?"

Her eyes shone. "Ah, if only that were possible" she sighed wistfully. "But it is possible" he said exultingly, "and I have been making plans for it very carefully. They cannot miscarry this time."

His exultation was so infectious that it spread to her also, and he enjoyed watching the radiant dawning of hope on her beautiful face. Next moment, however, her expression clouded, and she regarded him despondingly.

"I wish I could believe as much as you do in the possibility of an escape," she said, "but I have a foreboding that I will never leave this dreadful place alive. Last night a devil-bird cried under my window for a long time, and its awful shrieks are still ringing in my ears. And now a strange star with a fiery tail is blazing right above us. I can see it from my bed, through a hole in the roof, and it seems to grow red as I watch it. These are fearful signs, and I am afraid that a great misfortune is hanging over us. I feel it so well that I could wish you had not come here tonight."

Her words spoken with great earnestness struck a slight chill into his heart, but he shook off the feeling impatiently.

"If there is any misfortune impending, it threatens not us but the King, whose harshness has angered the gods," he replied. "And these signs thou speakest of are a warning to us to escape while we can from sharing his fate. Listen, thou doubtless knowest that ambassadors have come from the English and the Dutch asking that the white prisoners be sent back. The King dares not offend them both by a refusal. Tomorrow the captives are likely to be set free, and the ambassadors will probably depart with them the day after. Thou art perhaps wondering how all this concerns us, and behold the explanation. Today till noon I was on guard at the Dutch ambassador's house, and was able to hold much converse with him. He is a good man, Metta, and he has solemnly promised to give us both an honourable asylum in Colombo if only we could flee thither."

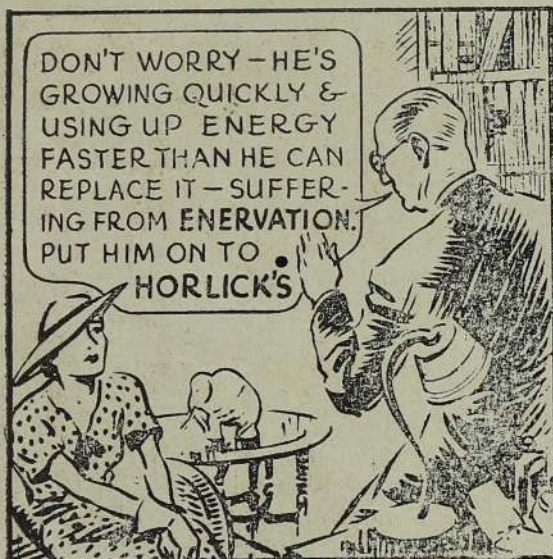
"And have you found the means of flight?" she inquired eagerly "That is what I came to tell thee of," he replied, "The Dutchman has agreed to take thee with him if we could effect thy escape from the Palace. Thou must be prepared to go with his train when he sets out. I will follow thee as soon as opportunity permits."

Metta heard him with considerable dismay, she was a gentle and timid girl, who till her marriage had led a completely sheltered life, far removed

(Continued on page 32)



*When he wouldn't even play*  
**— I WAS WORRIED!**



**CHILDREN OFTEN OVERTAX THEIR ENERGY RESERVES**

If a child is listless and tired it's so often because he's overtaxing his energy reserves—suffering from ENERVATION. You see, in addition to growing, children use up more energy for their size than grown-ups, just in playing and running about—no wonder the strain is sometimes too much for them.

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**HORLICK'S GUARDS AGAINST ENERVATION**

# HONoured BY THE KING.



MR. H. J. HUXHAM, the Financial Secretary was created a Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of the British Empire.



MR. E. W. HEAD, who recently retired from the post of General Manager of Railways received the O. B. E.

*6/1/36*



MR. W. J. THORNHILL, till recently Director of Public Works was granted the O. B. E.



MR. K. D. CHOKSY, the well-known Parsee Merchant has been made a J.P.



COL. P. J. PARSONS, E.D., who was made an Officer of the British Empire.

# KING'S BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS.



Photo by Ceylon Observer.

A view of the brilliantly lighted lawn of Queen's House where His Excellency and Lady Stubbs entertained over 2000 guests

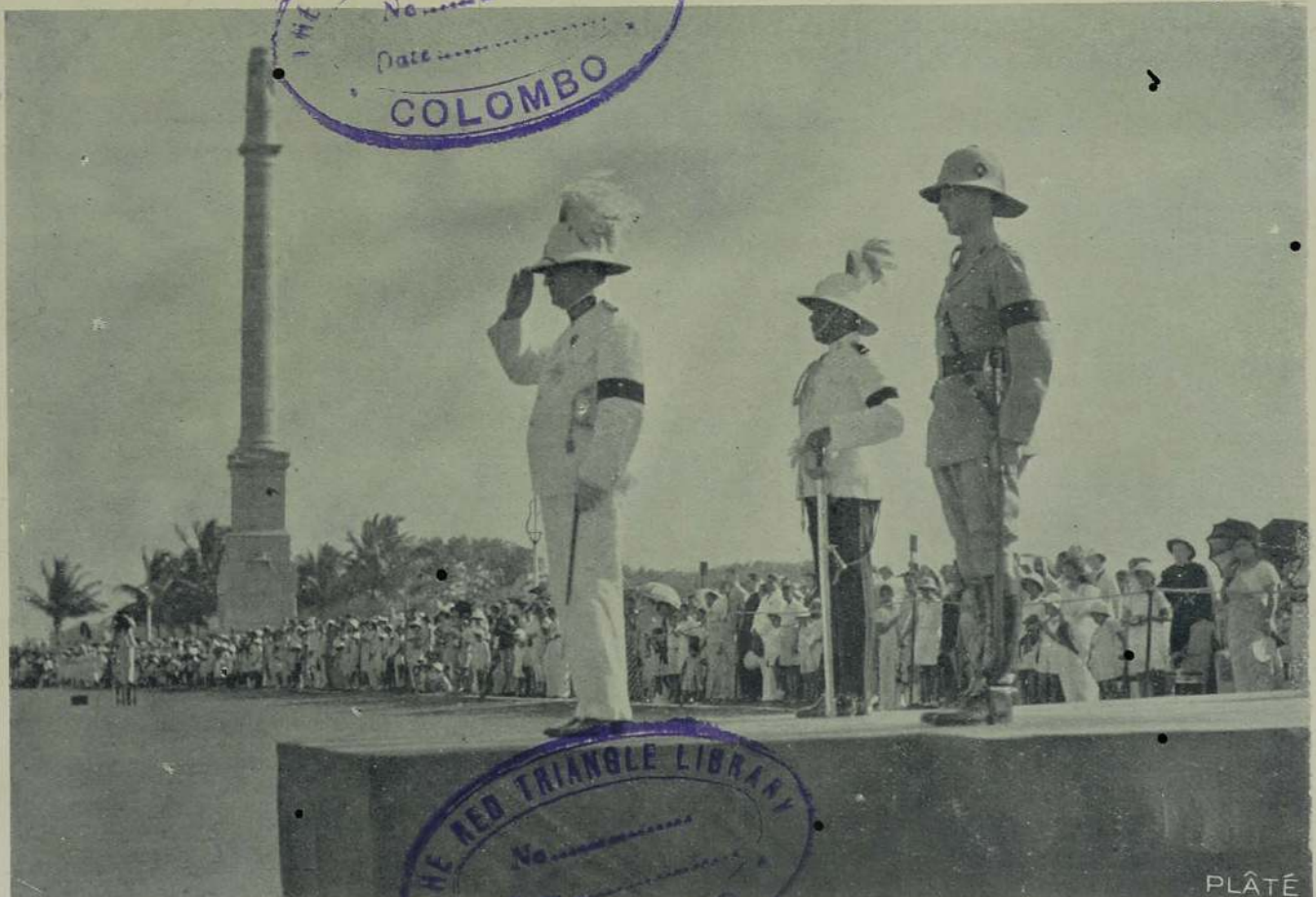


Photo by Plâté Ltd.

His Excellency taking the salute at the Foundation Parade on Galle Face.

# Musings From The Bar

## Hulftsdorp News and Views.

By "Neethi."

IN a first article I may be pardoned if I venture into realms that are past and gone and narrate some of the stories circling round the dusty purlieus of Hulftsdorp. To do so is not an easy matter, but certain stories have gathered round certain men and may be set down for the delectation of readers.

The earliest story that springs to my mind is about Mr. Justice Wendt, who in his early days had acquired a reputation for practical joking. He it was who sent a young junior into Dodwell Browne's private library to browse in it and take away any book he liked! Judge Browne's comments are unfortunately unprintable!

Wood-Renton, Sampayo, Bawa, —these are names round which traditions and stories cling. Wood-Renton was an acid man with a lisp, a stickler for the traditions of the profession. Bawa had a ready wit and a readier tongue. Sampayo considered a joke a very serious thing.

Wood-Renton once had a Proctor up for contempt of Court for describing a judgment of the Supreme Court as a "frail" one. Sampayo appearing for the shivering Proctor, not without a smile on his face, pointed out that the word was a misprint for "final." Wood-Renton satisfied his temper with a grunt and a severe warning.

Bawa once had a long tussle with Bonser C. J. in an insolvency appeal. A judgment of Dias J., cited by him, was brushed aside by the peppery C. J. with the remark, that it would have been better left in the place from where it came. But Bawa got the better of him. "After you've read it, my Lord, after you've read it," he said.

Sampayo was a staunch old Royalist, and never tired of telling the story of how, after a late night

he staggered into a rickshaw and asked the rickshaw-man to go to Hell, and he was taken to St. Thomas' College! He used to ride a horse, on and off, in his opinion more off than on, until he was brought face to face with the fact that a joke is a very serious thing and the horse was sold.

Rudra, a foreigner who was a rolling stone, once got the better of Sampayo who was laboriously trying to tell a little child witness what would happen to her if she lied. Failing in this attempt the judge turned to Rudra "Do you know Mr. Rudra?" Back flashed the answer, "Go to Hell, my Lord," and the red-robed judge sat like a graven image.

In later years we have had Drieberg, E. W. Jayawardene and Soertsz, as judicial humourists.

Drieberg was at times impatient and he closed up a learned K. C. with the remark "Repetition is not addition Mr. . . . Anything more to add?" Drieberg was however affectionately known as "Papa".

There is a delightful vein of humour running through the following judgment of Jayawardene J in *S. C. M. 16. 12. 32. 43 P. C. Teldeniya 18088* ".....a turkey is an identifiable bird. In this case the complainant was prepared to submit the turkey even to Solomon's test. He did not succeed in Court, but succeeded before the Inspector. When he said "Ba Ba" the turkey came to him. As to the value of the test, it has satisfied the Magistrate, but I am inclined to agree with learned Counsel for the appellant that this case is not to be cited hereinafter as a precedent. Nor am I at all of opinion that that kind of test, by a bird answering to a particular call can be put on the same footing as the great and immortal Solomon....."

\* \* \* \* \*

It is interesting to note that on the whole the juniors at Hulftsdorp are better dressed, and from the signs, are better qualified to express legal opinions, than most of their august seniors. In recent years the Voetlights' Society has been resuscitated and the dinners held by this ancient society greatly improve the social life of the Bar. There is also a Law Golfing Society and to Poyser J. is attributed the remark that a certain young lawyer, resplendent in plus fours was trying to hide a multitude of shins! On the legal side a young lawyer has translated from Latin into English "Perezus" a favourite author of Bertram C. J. and E. W. Jayawardene J. while it is rumoured that a learned young Crown Counsel is editing a volume of misleading cases. In such ways does the Junior Bar manifest its superiority.

Poyser J., by the way, is an ardent sea-bather and so prefers the Southern circuit to any other. He is also a great diner-out, and does not hesitate to trip the light fantastic toe.

\* \* \*

It is not always that a proctor gets the better of an advocate, but the other day an advocate, in the role of client, visited his proctor and remarked on the heat of the office, "Why," said the proctor, "I make my bread here".

\* \* \*

It is a pity that the etiquette of the Bar is being forgotten by the official side. Young Batuwantudawe, as a Barrister, was entitled to be prosecuted by the Solicitor-General in person, not by the best prosecutor in the Department. It is also a matter for considerable regret that a learned judge should sit at the same time in the Municipal Council; as Branch C. J. said, when invited by the Inspector-General of Police for dinner, "My duties as Chief Justice cannot be consonant with, and do not permit me, to accept the invitation".

\* \* \* \* \*

Hulftsdorp is a place where many men foregather and naturally

(Continued on page 11.)



# Rs 375 Given away as Prizes

## NESTLE'S GRAND NEW WORD BUILDING COMPETITION.

### PRIZES

First Prize	Rs. 100.00	Rs. 100.00
Second Prize	50.00	50.00
Third	25.00	25.00
10 Prizes each	10.00	100.00
20 " "	5.00	100.00
		<u>Rs. 375.00</u>

Competitors are required to form words containing **NOT LESS THAN THREE LETTERS** from the 201 letters contained in the following sentences:—

NESTLE'S MALTED MILK PLAIN AND CHOCOLATE FLAVOURED MAINTAIN PHYSICAL FITNESS. TRY THEM AND APPRECIATE THEIR SOOTHING AND ENERGISING PROPERTIES. TAKEN HOT OR COLD THEY ARE A WELCOME DRINK AT ALL TIMES. EVERY TIN OR BOTTLE CONTAINS A GIFT COUPON.

### RULES

1. When forming words competitors may only use any of the 201 letters once. That is to say, in the above sentences there are three letters "K" so therefore not more than this number can appear on any competitors entry form. Similarly there are only 7 letters "H", so not more than this number can be used, and so on for each letter.

2. Points will be awarded on the basis of one point for each letter used in each word submitted.

THUS:— MATE.....4 points  
EACH.....4 points

Total.....8 points.

and the competitor sending a list awarded most points will be the winner. The second and third prizes will be awarded to those competitors whose lists contain the next highest number of points, and the remaining prizes awarded on the same basis. In the case of a tie or ties, prizes will be divided.

3. In order to encourage competitors to use letters to the best advantage, a bonus of 2 points will be given for each word containing six letters or more.

THUS:—The letters RETNHAO can be used in the following manner.

(1) TON.....3 points  
HEAR.....4 points

Total.....7 points.

but they can also be used to spell the word ANOTHER=7 points which, as it contains more than six letters would be awarded a bonus of 2 points making a total of 9.

4. Complete words as contained in the above sentences may not be submitted but any part of them may be.

THUS:—FITNESS, as it is already contained in the sentence, would not be awarded any points, but the word FIT, (being a part of the word FITNESS) would count 3 points.

5. Only words as given in any standard dictionary will count for points, when the competition is being decided.

6. Entries must be accompanied by either 10—1-lb. labels or wrappers, or 20—½-lb. labels or wrappers, from Nestle's plain or chocolate flavoured Malted Milk.

There is no restriction to the number of entry forms that may be submitted by any one competitor, but each entry form must be accompanied by the required number of labels or wrappers.

7. Entries must be completed in ink and clearly written and should be posted to arrive not later than June 30th, 1936, addressed to "Nestle's Malted Competition," P.O. Box No. 189, Colombo. Names of prize winners will appear in the "Times of Ceylon" and "Ceylon Daily News" issues of Wednesday, July 15th 1936.

8. Entry forms can be had from all dealers. In case of difficulty, please apply to Nestle's, P.O.Box No. 189, Colombo, to whom send the name and address of your nearest dealer.

9. The decision of the Manager of the Nestle and Anglo-Swiss Milk Products Ltd., is absolutely final and is the express condition of entry. No correspondence can be entered into or interviews granted.

**OWING TO NUMEROUS REQUESTS THE CLOSING DATE HAS BEEN EXTENDED TO 30th JUNE, 1936.**



# Contract Bridge.

By K. L. M.

I

MR. Culbertson styles himself the Big Noise of the bridge world. So why shouldn't I set up as an authority? Who gave Culbertson permission to swank? His publishers. Who gave me permission to swank? The Editor; and the latter is far more pernicky—beg pardon! I mean particular—than the former. And so, dear Contractors, I propose to give you a few hints on bridge. It will not be out of place if we start by tracing bridge down the ages.

The origin of cards is attributed to the calendar, as we have in one pack:

Four suits representing the four seasons.

Thirteen cards to a suit, being the number of lunar months in a year.

52 cards in a pack, being the weeks in a year.

The sum of the pips in a suit from 1 to 13 (jack 11, queen 12 and king 13) is 91, so that the four suits total 364 plus one joker = 365, or the days in a year. 'Smarvellous, isn't it? And now for a short history of Bridge.

There is ground for believing that Aristophanes played bridge about 400 B.C. At any rate, Lucian quotes him as going for his partner and for giving fancy names to suits; and Plutarch, some 500 years later, did the same thing, sternly bidding his partner to "call a spade a spade."

So much for antiquity. Coming to more reasonably modern times, we find a wealth of references to bridge in the works of Shakespeare. Apparently he considered the play more important than the bidding; and, after bringing off a finesse to his major tenace, exclaimed.

"The play's the thing  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king."

And when he caught an opponent cheating, he said—

"Wouldst not play false, and.....  
wrongly win."

In King Richard III he had evidently tried to get out of a bad overcall by airy persiflage: "And seem a saint, when most I play the Devil." We sympathise with him. *Et ego in Arcadia vivi!*

Once, when his partner had failed to cover with his queen, a knave led up to Ace, King (while Shakespeare held four of the suit to the 10) he rapped out "O, I could play the woman with mine eyes." He meant, of course, with his eyes shut.

In King Henry IV we find him claiming his two penalty tricks for a revoke: "I know a trick worth two of that." One can almost hear him adding: "Ha, ha, thou meagre fish!"

In Julius Cæsar he grouses about being cut out of his lucky seat: "This was the most unkindest cut of all."

And finally, as he gets his game and rubber, he digs his neighbour in the ribs and exclaims "Ay, there's the rub."

Sir Roger L'Estrange, a generation or so later, got frightfully fed up at going down a wad, doubled, vulnerable, and wrote "Though this may be play to you, 'tis death to us."

Pope, in his Moral Essays, is very down on dirty cards, and talks of "an old age of cards." We have felt the same at times!

The best of all, however, is Cowper, who had evidently had a pretty putrid run of luck. He declaims:

"With spots quadrangular of diamond form,

"Ensanguined hearts" (*oh, naughty, naughty!*—Ed.)

"clubs typical of strife,

"And spades, the emblem of untimely graves."

What do you know about that? No trumps for me! And that's that as far as the past is concerned. Now for the present. As you will see from the next chapter. I am starting right at the beginning.

(To be continued.)

## Musings from the Bar.

(Continued from page 9.)

it has acquired a reputation for gossip, but the gossip spoken in the Law Library is more in a spirit of fun than in an aura of spite. There is for instance the young barrister, who is about to make the hit of the season as his brother did before him. There are young lawyers who are busy buying furniture in anticipation of a welcome day, and others who have progressed further and await interesting events, while yet others may be seen fondling little infants and saying things that would shock the red judges. All stages of manhood can be met at Hulftsdorp but the spirit of banter never fades.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is said that the two new K. C.'s, who are both from Matara, are only awaiting their wigs and silken gowns to take their oaths. It is in marked contrast to the attention that is paid to dress by the junior bar, that one finds that there is not a single K. C. alive today who has his *full* dress consisting of knee-breeches, red bag, wig etc: a generation past and gone had theirs.

\* \* \*

It is remarkable how quickly men rise in the Attorney-General's Department. The latest recipient of a K. C.-ship has been barely 12 years in practice. Where the Solicitor-Generalship was coveted by men like Ramanathan, Wendt, Morgan, Walter Pereira and Van Langenberg, it has now become a plum for mere seniority. It is rumoured that the pressing demands of a comparative junior were too embarrassing to permit of a member of the unofficial bar acting as Attorney-General. *Sic transit gloria.* But I remember an assurance from a former Attorney-General that both the Solicitor-Generalship and the District Judgeship of Colombo should be reserved for the unofficial bar. Today the occupants of both these posts are Crown Counsel.

That is the heritage which the Senior Bar has lost.

# FRIGIDAIRE



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Mr. E. R. Jordan of Badulla and his bride (formerly Mrs. A. F. Graham) who were married at Passara on June 17th. Seen in the group are (besides the Bride and Bridegroom) Mr. A. M. Clarke and Miss Langlands (Aunt of the Bride) on the left, while on the right are Miss M. Baird (bridesmaid) and Mrs. A. M. Clarke.



The marriage took place at St. Peter's Church, Fort, on 6th of June, of Mr. Cyril L. Hobart-Hampden of the Eastern Bank Ltd., Colombo, and Miss Margaret Moncrie Jolliffe daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. H. Jolliffe of Frocester, Govinna. The Bride was attended by the Misses Betty Wedderburn, Margaret Parfitt, Dorothy Davidson, Betty Mc Laren, as bridesmaids while Mr.



Miss Dagmar de Lanerolle daughter of Mr. A. C. de Lanerolle who is shortly to marry Mr. Felix Jayawardene of Rambukkana.

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Miss Leila Ratnam daughter of Dr. E. V. Ratnam who was married to Mr. G. E. Chitty (Jr.) on the 29th inst.

# RECENTALITIES.

By K. L. M.

ON May 27th. many wireless fans in Ceylon must have upset their digestions by either (1) having very early dinner; or (2) having very late dinner; or (3) bolting their dinner. For it is not often that two such events as the Derby and the "Queen Mary" casting off for her maiden voyage come together! The unfortunate part was that this occurred non-stop from 7.15 p.m. until 9.30, Ceylon time; and, as already stated, many Ceylon digestions probably suffered!

\* \* \*

Our Tame Muse contracted dyspepsia through listening in to the "Queen Mary"—he likes a regular meal at the right time. Here is his wail on the subject—he gets quite nautical in places!

I listened to the Derby although I drew no horse,  
And heard the commentators describe the Epsom course.  
They switched me to Southampton where the new Cunarder lay,  
And there I seemed to hear a voice—it sounded far away:  
"Master's soup's awaiting and it's getting very cold!"  
"Oh, go to H—l," I grunted—and he did as he was told.

I heard the great ship's siren, and the people go aboard;  
I heard the full description of the berth where she was moored;  
I heard the specials whistle as they came abreast the quay  
And then I seemed to hear a voice address itself to me:  
"Master's dinner's waiting and it's getting very cold!"  
"Oh, go to H—l!" I grunted—and he did as he was told!

I woke at dawn next morning after nightmares by the score...  
I felt all wrong abaft the beam: my crow's-nest, too, was sore.  
I cast aside my moorings and, with engines Slow Ahead,  
I staggered for the Eno's—and I wished that I were dead.  
"Master's breakfast waiting and it's getting very cold!"  
"Oh, go to H—l!" I grunted—and he did as he was told!

\* \* \*

On May 24th. Captain E. C Stubbs, Master Attendant, gave us an interesting broadcast on Colombo Harbour, and the old days of Galle's pride of place. Pondering on the latter, the following occurred to us:

If the Orients and Straths tried to anchor in Galle  
The result would appear quite appalling;  
But for all that we think that Ceylon's oldest port  
Must look on Colombo as Galling!

\* \* \*

The newly formed Incorporated Society of Planters is quite a healthy baby; and, at the beginning of April, the Powers That Be gave all its members a nice, invigorating dose of Taxo. Its chief aim is to be, and to be recognised as, anything you like except a Union. Planters don't try to get funny on the basis of "give us this or we shall strike"; they merely want a Society of their own, like everyone else; and surely they deserve it!

\* \* \*

The C.G.R. is issuing return tickets for all Colombo races at single rates, available for day of issue only. This is a sound scheme and means that you decide to go to the races, as you save, say, six chips on a normal return ticket. You then proceed to lose ten times this amount with the utmost ease—but that is another story, as Kipling would say!

\* \* \*

Jaffna's new Town Hall and Municipal offices were—or should we say 'was', as it is one building?!—opened by His Excellency on June 9th. It is an imposing erection, and will, we trust, confer a great benefit on the town. Jaffna has always been 'go-ahead', and there are those who say: "What Jaffna thinks today Ceylon will think tomorrow." No doubt the new building will foster this admirable sentiment!

\* \* \*

Tea coupons have been soaring in price, and many a wail on the subject of profit-hunting middlemen has appeared in the local press. In last month's *Causerie* our Tame Muse got very annoyed with the new Tea duties; hear the poor fish now on the price of coupons:

With forty-five cent coupons and a duty of 4 D  
How *can* one make a profit if one owns some shares in T?  
When last I purchased tea shares, how on earth could I 4-C  
That so very, very shortly things in such a mess would B?!

\* \* \*

We are told that Government Offices show a sad lack of humour—witness the Income Tax Department. This is all wrong, so we suggest an examination on the following lines in humour for candidates who aspire to C. C. S. honours:

1. Are you an Ass? State reasons for your reply.

2. Do you see anything funny, and, if so, what, in: (a) The State Council. (b) The South West monsoon. (c) Possessing Rubber shares. (d) Jaffna's suggestion that the State Council should sit there, instead of Colombo, at times.

3. Define Humour, giving three examples from either Hansard or a V. A's Report.

4. Isn't George Barnard Shaw a scream? Substantiate your reply. What did he say of Ceylon in 1921? Why was it funny? Or wasn't it?

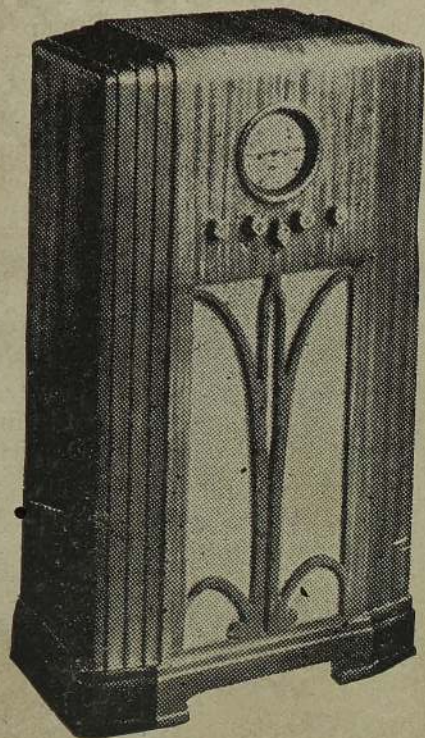
5. Bishop Heber wrote of Ceylon that "only man is vile." Do you agree? Write humorous comparisons (in vileness) *re* (a) White Ants; (b) Nettle Grub; (c) Ceylon weather; (d) New Tea duties; (e) Our Tame Muse's efforts.

6. Criticise humorously the following; (a) "Een toot an' ye're oot!" (b) Sunny Ceylon. (c) State Council. (d) Bentota Natives—we refer to oysters! (e) "There is no crime in Tangalle!" (f) Nuwara Eliya's drainage system.

7. Do you attend the Colombo Races? If so, state why, humorously; if not, state why not, humorously; if you can't be humorous, state why not, humorously!

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*Hire Purchase Terms can be arranged.*

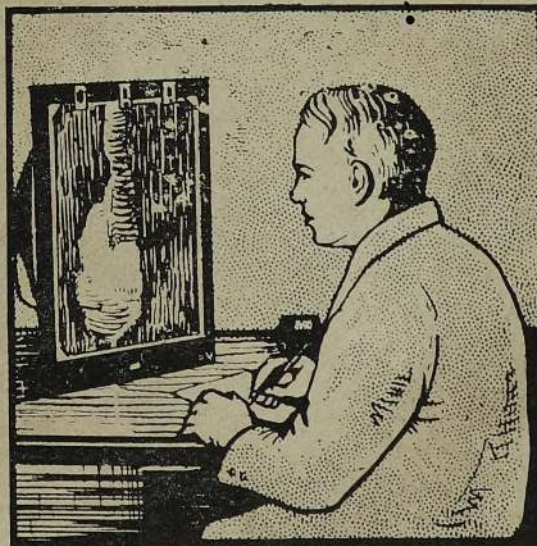
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# The Unintelligent Child's Guide to Fame.

## A Very Much Shorter Catechism.

- Q. What is fame?  
 A. What?  
 Q. What is fame?  
 A. Shut up. Can't you see I'm busy.  
 Q. It says in the paper that today's the King's birthday. Is this any different from anyone else's birthday?  
 A. Yes. The main difference is that instead of every one else sending the King presents, the King has to give other people presents. This is known as an Honour's List, and is one of the ways of finding out how a government feels on its inside.  
 Q. Does it serve any useful purpose?  
 A. Undoubtedly. It is one of those things which keep the Empire together when it is threatened by the Japanese, the fast bowling of an ex-Lancashire miner, or the more indiscreet remarks of the Secretaries of State.  
 Q. Are those mentioned in the list famous?  
 A. Indeed they are. For them the sunrise today has more than an exclusively diurnal significance. It might well be the dawn of the millenium.  
 Q. Is it easy to be famous?  
 A. Not very difficult.  
 Q. Has early rising and a good life got anything to do with it?  
 A. Absolutely nothing. We are continually reminded that it was by early rising that the bird got the worm. But it is usually forgotten that the worm rose still earlier and so got the bird. As for goodness, I am still obscure despite the fact that beneath my Aertex shirt there beats a heart, if not of pure gold, at least of best alloy.  
 Q. Then you're not famous?  
 A. My only claim to greatness is that I believe I am descended from the angels and once wrote to Sir Oliver Lodge, asking him to bring the matter before the British Association, but so far have received no reply.  
 Q. I don't see what that's got to do with it.  
 A. You wouldn't.  
 Q. Do you mean birth is important?  
 A. Precisely. Most important. But I suppose you have been born already, so that saves a lot of trouble. But while you were about it you might have been born into a good family—one with ancestors.  
 Q. What are ancestors?  
 A. People like Prakrama Bahu, William the Conqueror, anybody who married Nell Gwyn, and Adam. Only good families have ancestors. The rest have forebears, except Goldilocks who had only three, poor girl.  
 Q. Who was Nell Gwyn?  
 A. Never you mind.  
 Q. Did you say that it was important to belong to a good family?  
 A. I did. You will find that in Ceylon certain families succeed somehow or another in obtaining a monopoly in certain professions, and in controlling their policies. But to obtain this material success, one needs to belong not so much to a good family as to an influential one. A good family name however was, until these base commercial days, one of the safest securities on which to borrow money. Nowadays it is an extremely useful factor in the making of highly desirable marriages.  
 Q. That means you consider it more important to have money than to be well born?  
 A. Perhaps. The trouble about rich relations, though, is that they have money to burn....so they take it along with them when they die. While if you have money, your lowly birth will be overlooked by all except your richer social superiors and your political opponents.  
 Q. Is there any money in Ceylon?  
 A. Search me! At one time happiness was nipped in the Budget, and we were able to make anything out of rubber except a profit. But now business is warming up—which is not surprising considering where it went to recently. The wealthy man in Ceylon today is the one with the longest credit and the most trusting creditors.  
 Q. Have you any advice to offer a young fellow on the bottom rung of the ladder of fame?  
 A. Yes. Expect to be done as you would do others.  
 Q. That means I shouldn't trust people?  
 A. In Ceylon you can only afford to trust people when you have nothing to trust them with.  
 Q. Is any sort of ability necessary?  
 A. On the contrary, the less capacity for work a man has, the more credit he is sure to be given for it. Nowadays what is important is not so much what a man does, as what he doesn't do. Famous men in Ceylon seldom realise that they owe their success, not so much to their particular brilliance, as to their rivals' stupidity or lack of support. Besides if a man were really brilliant no one would recognise the fact under

(Continued on page 21.)

# The League of Nations.

THE situation which faces the world to-day is certainly discouraging to those who have pinned their faith to the League of Nations as an institution for solving international differences and for calming international rivalries. Seventeen years ago the League was established, and no one who examines its history can doubt that it has achieved much. But although it has to its credit remarkable and valuable achievements, it is most widely known by its failures, and its staunchest supporters cannot close their eyes to these, even if they wished to do so. Indeed it is those who had placed their highest hopes in the League who must to-day be among the foremost to acknowledge the ruin of those hopes. Only this question remains to be asked—can something better, stronger and more enduring be built upon these ruins?

And so it comes about that the question of the reform of the League is widely debated. In face of a problem so complex, it is not surprising that many differing views are held. There are, of course, those who never had much use for the League, and who now advocate its complete and final dissolution. Others there are who, although anxious to re-embodiment the spirit of the League, look to the necessity of building on the surest of foundations, and demand the removal of the debris before re-building is started. Others again believe that the existing structure can be satisfactorily repaired. Between these conflicting opinions, and the many others that are put forward, it is difficult for anyone to choose who has not had the opportunity of close contact with the subject. All those, however, who take any interest in foreign

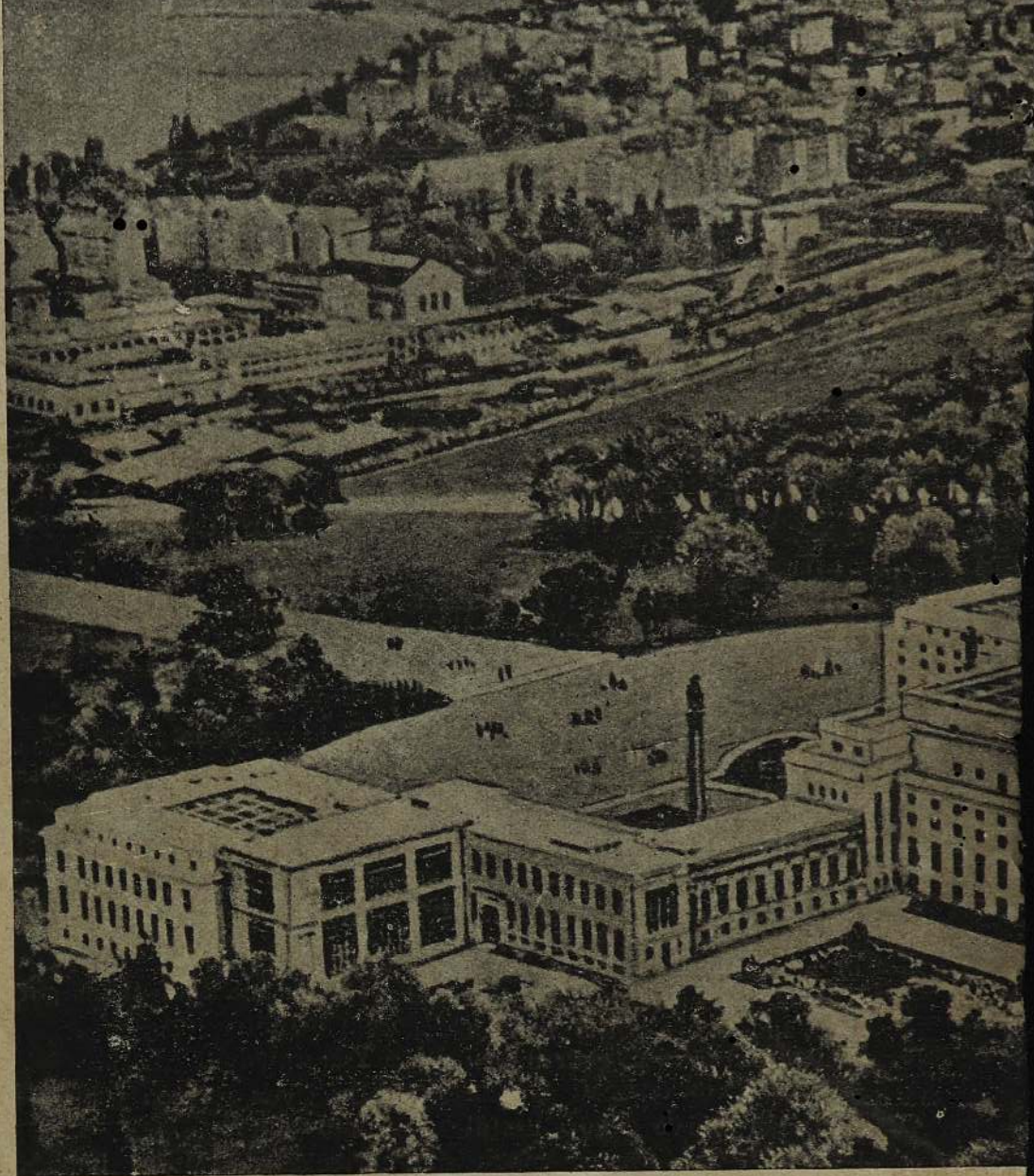
affairs—and there must be few in these days who take none—may find it worth while to examine some of the fundamental difficulties which lie at the root of the problem.

In the first place it must always be remembered that the League of Nations was founded, and its constitution drafted, by men who were tired of war, and who had just seen, from the closest possible standpoint, the horror and the futility of it. The whole conception of the League was, therefore, based on the assumption that nations would not wish to fight again. The League was designed to provide, for those who wanted it, a method of settling international disputes without recourse to war.

Now let us suppose that a village is separated from the neighbouring market town by a wide expanse of

bog. By the combined efforts of village and town a road is built, leading rather a long way round and crossing the bog by a causeway. Shall we say that the road and causeway are useless and ought to be scrapped, because some people still prefer to walk through the mud? Surely not. And yet that is just what many critics of the League of Nations do.

The founders of the League of Nations, of course, went further than the road-builders, for they attempted, by a system of rules and regulations, to compel everyone to keep to the road, and it is really this attempt at compulsion which recent experience has shown is not successful. Some say it cannot ever be successful—that ultimately only war can compel nations to keep the peace. Does not this view, however, fail to take



WHERE THE MOMENTOUS L  
A view over Geneva with the new League of Nations Palace, scene of the



# Some Thoughts on its Future.

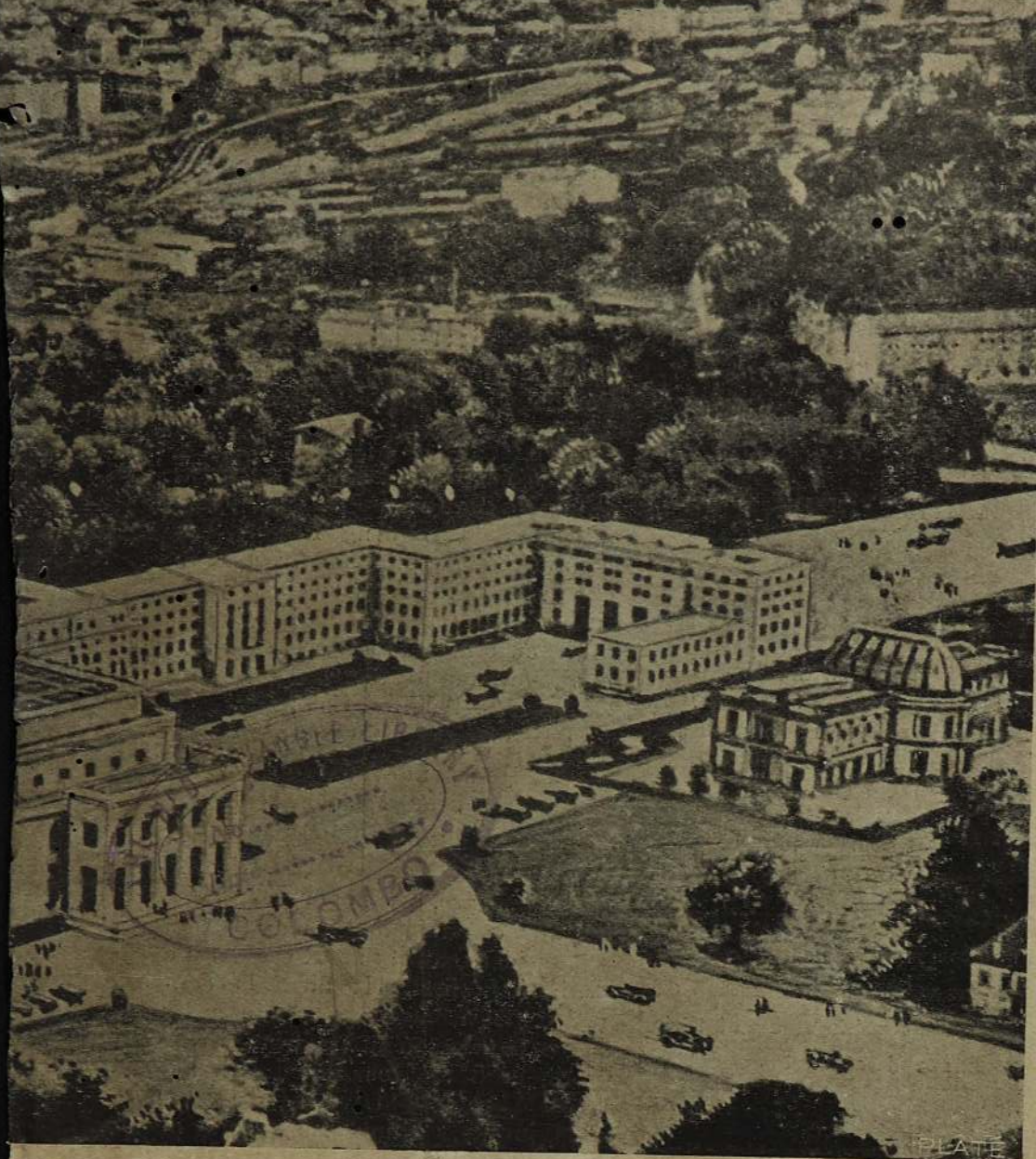
By J. G. Simon.

world against an aggressor without going to war.

The task, however, of restraining a potential or actual aggressor should not be the main task of any League of nations. Far more important is the task of solving by agreement those problems which, if left unsolved, lead to international enmity. In carrying out this task also the League, as at present constituted, has proved defective, and it is not difficult to see why this is so.

For one thing the League has appeared to millions of people as an instrument for perpetuating the conditions imposed at the time of its birth upon communities who at that time could do nothing to protect themselves, and those who have bitterly resented the outcome of the various Peace Treaties which brought the war of 1914-18 to an end, have consequently found it difficult to feel any confidence in the League. Again, the actual provisions in the Covenant for the readjustment of any existing situation are so drafted as to make it practically impossible for any such readjustment to be even considered, much less undertaken. Not all will agree with the view, loudly and consistently voiced in some quarters to-day, that the cure of all ills is to be found in the transfer of territories and peoples from one administration to another. But living, as we do, in an atmosphere more threatening than any of which history relates, it would surely be folly to believe that there is any special sanctity attached to the present distribution of political or economic control, and

(Continued on page 36.)



## MEETING IS TAKING PLACE.

League Council meetings on the Italo-Abyssinian dispute, in the foreground.

into account the possible advance of civilising influences in international affairs? Are you and I really prevented from committing murder only by the hangman's rope? "Ultimately", perhaps; but the vast majority of civilised and self-controlled people never reach the stage where the ultimate sanction of the law presents itself to them as the only barrier across the path of crime. Why should not nations advance as far?

Even if the view is accepted that for the present we cannot expect nations to attain to the standards of normal human beings, it is still possible that the methods of compulsion visualised by the founders of the League might, in circumstances different from those existing to-day, prove effective in keeping the world

at peace. As all are aware, the difficulty in applying these methods arises largely from the fact that several powerful nations are not members of the League, as a result of which the collective sanctions provided under the Covenant lose much of their force. The defection of the non-member States has a cumulative effect, for not only are the sanctions imposed less compelling by reason of the lack of cooperation on the part of non-members, but there is also found among the member States a certain lukewarmness in applying what it is felt cannot be properly effective measures. There are still, therefore, grounds for hope that a League of universal membership, if such could be established, might find it possible to enforce the verdict of the

Income Tax Queries and Answers.

# Judges and Income Tax Evasion.

## Assessors who Haunt Silk-Shops.

By Mentor.

**QUESTION:** I am told that His Majesty's Judges of high esteem have stated that Income Tax evasion is legal. Can you please quote me one or two authorities?—K.K. Kandy.

**ANSWER:** "It is trite law that His Majesty's subjects are free, if they can, to make their own arrangements so that their cases may fall outside the scope of the Taxing Acts. They incur no legal penalties, and strictly speaking, no moral censure, if, having considered the lines drawn by the legislature for imposition of taxes, they make it their business to walk outside them. It seems to follow from this and from other general considerations that the subject ought to be told, in statutory and plain terms, when he is chargeable and when he is not." (Per Viscount Sumner.)

"The highest authorities have always recognised that the subject is entitled so to arrange his affairs as not to attract taxes enforced by the Crown so far as he can legitimately do so within the law." (Per Lord Sumner.)

"I know of no law which prevents a man from avoiding a duty which has not attached to the property.... A man is perfectly entitled, if he can, to avoid the payment of duty by disposing of his property in any way not forbidden by the Act. The argument that his motive is to escape duty appears to me wholly irrelevant, because a man is perfectly justified in avoiding and escaping the duty which will arise in the future but which has not yet attach-

ed to any property which he possesses." (Per Farwell. L. J., in Attorney-General v. Richmond and Gordon).

"The Crown however must take out its right to the duty, and if there

The Ceylon Causerie has arranged with an Expert on Income Tax to advise Subscribers who desire information on doubtful points arising out of their assessments and other Income Tax matters.

Queries should reach us not later than the 15th of each month.

Envelopes must be addressed to "Mentor" c/o The Editor Ceylon Causerie, P. O. Box 127, Colombo.

Who is "Mentor"? See Page 1 under Passing Hour.

be a means of evading the stamp duty, so much the better for those who can evade it. It is no fraud upon the Crown, it is a thing which they are perfectly entitled to do." (Per Lord Esher M. R., in Commissioners of Inland Revenue v. Angus).

**QUESTION:** What is the taxable limit of income of non-residents carrying on business in Ceylon? My principal is a non-resident and I have been paying Tax on Incomes under Rs. 1,000/-. I am told that the taxable limit is Rs. 1,000/-. Is this so?—A. N. M. Colombo.

**ANSWER:** There was no minimum taxable limit in the Ordinance for non-residents. But in case of residents visiting Ceylon their Earned Income if under Rs. 500/- was not taxable. In attempting to increase this amount to Rs. 1,000/- the Legislature blundered badly with the result that the income of any non-resident carrying on business in Ceylon is not taxable as long as it does not exceed Rs. 1,000/-.

**QUESTION:** Should Accountants give the Income Tax Assessor a Statement showing Income Tax computations prepared for their clients? Is the Assessor legally entitled to ask for these? In Ceylon is it customary to forward these computations to the Income Tax Assessor?—Auditor, Colombo.

**ANSWER:** "Taxation" a leading Journal devoted to the Law, Practice and the Incidence of taxation wrote in regard to this matter as follows:—

"There are, of course, two sides to this question and it may be well to consider that of the Revenue authorities first. It must be conceded that accountants are in a far better position to judge what items in the profit and loss account should be added back to arrive at the assessable profits. Many Inspectors of Taxes take the view that a refusal to furnish copies of accountants' computations of liability, indicates the desire on the part of the clients and their accountant to keep the Inspector in the dark, in the hope that certain points may escape inquiry altogether."

"Regarding the other side of the question, many accountants conceive it to be their duty to admit accounts such as are usually prepared for business purposes and to supply the Inspector with any information which he requests. It is sometimes suggested that if attention is called to doubtful items, Inspectors of Taxes will add them back automatically and the tax-payer will be penalised for the desire of his accountant to assist the Revenue."

"The basis of consideration of the question must be that there is no legal authority at all for Inspectors of Taxes to demand copies of the accounts themselves, much less

(Continued on page 36.)

## • The Unintelligent Child's Guide to Fame.

(Continued from page 17.)

- a system which has the great advantage of saving people from thinking. Or else he would be dubbed a self-made man, and the trouble about self-made men is that no one knows why they did it.
- Q. A moment ago you spoke of marriage. Is this important?
- A. Very important. Marriage is a great institution. No family should be without it. In Ceylon, as elsewhere, successful men can be divided into two classes: those who owe their success to their wives, and those who owe their wives to their success. You will find however that both classes of men have been married for several awed years.
- Should I marry a pretty girl?
- That would be most unadvisable. Pretty wives will get you nowhere. It is rare that you find a famous or successful man in Ceylon with a pretty wife—excepting of course those whose marriages followed their success. Ceylon Public Life is the Plain Woman's Refuge and method of striking back. It is full of women whose popularity has slipped beneath the Plimsoll line; who have discovered that a slender figure cannot last for ever as there is a destiny that ends our shapes. Even though their hearts may be in the right place, it is more than one can say of their noses.
- Q. What profession should I follow?
- A. If you are convinced that you are too mentally negligible to succeed without external help, it is best that you follow an honourable profession.
- Q. What is an honourable profession?
- A. One which provides an excellent attraction to wealthy parents with eligible daughters, and which is characterised by a very high standard of mediocrity.
- Q. For instance?
- A. Oh...Law, Medicine, Politics—any in which you can starve

with dignity. For nowadays in Ceylon a good lawyer is not so valuable as a reliable witness, and no one realises that another way to keep the doctor away is to pay his bill. And thus so many young men have nothing to do and all day to do it in.

- Q. But what about examinations?
- A. These exist merely for the purpose of putting a high premium on mediocrity, and are probably the reason for so many men being called to the bar but failing to turn up.
- Q. Is publicity necessary?
- A. It is essential. In Ceylon there is great respect paid to the man with achievements. I should advise that for a start you acquire some initials to follow your name. Of course it would never do for Mr. Perera (Proctor S. C.) to be confused with low swine like Mr. Perera (Proctor D. C.) or Mr. Perera (Proctor P. C.). Other useful appendages are M. R. A. S. C. B. (which is more imposing than Member of Royal Asiatic Society, Colombo Branch), M. S. C., and innumerable others which can be found in any directory, hotel or prison register.
- Q. Would you recommend any vested security?
- A. As landed property seems so fashionable I should certainly recommend buying a house with all modern conveniences—including, of course, a mortgage. You will find too that you'll have running water in all rooms—unless they've mended the roof.
- Q. What about charities?
- A. This is more a matter for your wife. It is one of the few ways in which she can go one better than the wives of the bigger officials. People in Ceylon may have no faith and not much hope, but if they have not charity it is not for want of committees. But be sure that the charities to which you subscribe are thoroughly deserving ones which publish their accounts in the newspapers. Besides, one can make a good deal from charity. Honesty may be the best policy but some

of our church bazaars seem to do very well in spite of it.

- Q. Is that all you've got to say?
- A. About all. But always remember from the time they drip water on you and say "You're in," to the time they throw sand at you and say "You're out" that unless you have push or pull you may cast your bread upon the waters but it will only come back soaked.
- Q. I suppose if you were I you'd have more sense?
- A. Much more.

P. G. B. K.

## Pink Pars for Pale People.

(Extracts from the latest Books.)

"Once you get a woman talking about Life the warm and intimate atmosphere thus engendered will generally encourage her to talk about Love."

"Most women like to believe in their heart of hearts that if they had not been kept in the path of rectitude by force of circumstance or by their own iron wills they would have made a tremendous success of the profession of courtesan."

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"While there is no one...who enjoys these intense and warming talks about love more than I do, I always think that married people should not indulge in them when the conjugal partner is present. One always supposes, as a third party, that one ought to take it for granted that the proper combination of passionate desire and deep spiritual affinity does in fact exist with the particular ménage; and such a state of affairs always seems so grotesquely improbable in nearly all the married couples that one happens to meet in the flesh. It is impossible to speak one's mind without the fear of hurting somebody's feelings."

(From "Pig and Pepper" by David Footman)

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# NEWS IN PICTURES.



S. G. Coutts, this year's Amateur Golf Champion with T. M. Robertson the runner-up.



Mr. C. C. S. Guruswamy, Fellow of the International Accounts Corporation, who was recently admitted a Fellow of the Faculty of Secretaries (England.)



Mr. Douglas John—Miss Iris Kemps, who were married recently at Galle.



# Our Competition Page

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 73.

1st Prize Rs. 10; 2nd Prize Rs. 5.

**Please note:** That all entries sent by post should be addressed as follows;

CROSSWORD, P. O. Box No. 127, G. P. O., Colombo.

Entries delivered personally or by messenger should be addressed:—

CROSSWORD, Platé Ltd., Colpetty, Colombo.

All entries must reach this office by 12 noon on July 12th 1936.

The Editor's decision will be final.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



### Winners of May Crossword Competition.

1st Prize—Rs. 10.—Miss E. M. Ernst, Fort, Matara.

2nd „ — „ 5.—Miss C. Fisher, Queens House, Colombo.

## CLUES.

### HORIZONTAL.

1. Essential part; 4. Trouble;
9. Preposition; 10. Place of darkness;
12. Crispness of style; 13. Jest;
15. Place; 17. Inexperienced;
18. Needed; 19. Received; 21. Church seat;
23. Place of worship; 25. Intention;
27. Pecuniary profit as motive; 28. Sullen; 30. Target;
31. Shape; 33. Direction; 34. Ebb. 35. Exit.

### VERTICAL.

1. Maxim gun; 2. On condition that;
3. Dye; 4. Fruit of wild rose; 5. Sailor; 6. Mat; 7. Ridges of sandy drift;
8. Fishpond; 11. Pawl for holding toothed wheel;
12. Sodium Chloride; 14. Constructed;
16. Member of Religious Military Order; 20. Bad; 21. Measure;
22. Sorter; 24. Enticed; 25. That which ages;
26. Bungle; 29. Unit of measurement; 30. Cut; 32. Depart; 33. Thus.

## Solution to Puzzle No. 72.

### Horizontal.

1. Bant. 4. Bad. 7. Ashy. 9. Establish. 12. Anear. 14. Skite. 17. Padre. 18. Lepid. 19. Em. 20. Set. 22. Dew. 23. Me. 24. Den. 26. Soras. 28. Pen. 29. As. 30. Pew. 31. To. 32. Cap. 34. Veins. 36. Tor. 39. An. 40. Has. 41. Sty. 43. De. 44. Model. 47. Rapid. 49. Enure. 50. Amend. 51. Notepaper. 54. Mien. 55. Ate. 56. Nice.

### Vertical.

2. Need. 3. Tsars. 4. Ba. 5. Abye. 6. Dl. 7. Askew. 8. Ship. 10. Trees. 11. Isles. 12. Aped. 13. Name. 15. Time. 16. Eden. 21. Topes. 22. Dawns. 25. Nap. 27. Rei. 28. Pot. 32. Came. 33. Anon. 34. Valet. 35. Strap. 37. Odin. 38. Redd. 40. Heron. 42. Yamen. 45. Dune. 46. Rapt. 48. Peri. 52. Ea. 53. Ae.

# LADIES

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Book Page: What the Critics Say.

## New Books IN THE Library

**Haig Vol. 2**

by Duff Cooper

**Regency**

by D. L. Murray

**Clansmen**

by Ethel Boileau

**Kings of Merry England**

by Philip Lindsay

**The Fool Hath Said**

by Beverley Nichols

**Baren Metal**

by Naomi Jacobs

**The Sixth Beatitude**

by Radclyffe Hall

**David & Joanna**

by George Blake

**Vein of Iron**

by Ellen Glasgow

**Skin & Bones**

by Thorne Smith

**Trumpets of Rome**

by Marjorie Bowen

**She Stayed the Night**

by John Glyder

**And Berry Came Too**

by Dornford Yates

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LIBRARY,  
"Iceland," Colpetty.

# "The Hundred Years" (1837-1937.)

Great Forthcoming Volume by Philip Guedalla.

MR. Philip Guedalla has been engaged for some time past on a book in celebration of the greatest of British centenaries, which will fall in 1937. The century which has passed since the accession of Queen Victoria is the most crowded and eventful time in human history; and *The Hundred Years 1837-1937* will be an experiment in panoramic history designed to describe, in a single volume, its leading moments as they affected the leading countries of the modern world. The British Empire, the United States, Russia, and Western Europe, will all come into the picture as the scenes change. Mr. Guedalla is already well advanced with the book, which he hopes to have ready for publication by Hodder and Stoughton in the late Autumn of 1936.

**ANOTHER HISTORICAL SURVEY.**

*Great Britain, 1886-1935.* (10/6) is a survey of events and tendencies of one of the most critical periods in the history of our country. At its opening Queen Victoria was still on the throne within sight of her Jubilee as Sovereign. Mr. Gladstone was still an impelling force in politics, which were still controlled by the two great parties—Tory and Liberal. Then the Boer War, which before its close saw King Edward VII enthroned.

Mr. Spender's survey of the development of Continental intrigues and combinations, of our own political adventures, is of interest for everyone who studies the history of our times. The story of the events which led up to the Great War can now be traced definitely from the various official documents which have been published. Mr. Spender has drawn upon these records and gives a concise résumé for the

general reader to whom the originals are not available; he shows that we were forced by inevitable circumstance to become a European Power.

(Orders for the above two books can be placed with Plâtés Circulating Library, Iceland, Colpetty.)

**IMPORTANT BIOGRAPHIES.**

*French Replies to Haig* is a vigorous vindication of the late Lord Ypres by his second son, Major the Hon. Gerald French, in reply to the attacks and criticisms that appeared in Haig's Diaries. The second volume, by the way, of Duff Cooper's *Haig*, which is based upon these diaries, is also published. It is relevant to quote Lord Haldane's tribute to French (as he was then):

"My feeling about you," he wrote, "is one of personal pride. It is long since I learned how great was your military ability, and that the nation possessed in you its greatest commander in the field. And now not only have you laid our country under a debt of gratitude, but you have shown yourself as in the direct line of Marlborough and Wellington, of the great generals this country has produced."

In his foreword to Major French's book, Mr. Lloyd George is equally downright. He is, he says, not here concerned with the author's defence of his father:

"But I understand and sympathise with his indignation at the attacks upon the late Field-Marshal in Haig's public diaries. I knew Lord French well. I valued him highly as a soldier and an administrator. I frequently sought his advice and esteemed his counsel. In my judgment he was a bigger man than his successor."



**LORD PALMERSTON.**

Professor H. C. F. Bell's prodigious and monumental work *Lord Palmerston* (Longmans, 2 vols., 24/-) is too formidable to review at length here: we can only appreciate its impartial and scholarly accomplishment. It is well enough for "official" biographers to let their subjects "tell their own story"; but readers do not often have the time or opportunity to ascertain the essential truth or falsehood of the solemn affirmations of injured innocence with which so many letters and diaries are sprinkled. A little history is a great corrective to impressions given by autobiographical material: and it is with this in mind that Professor Bell approaches his task; which, objectively does "not attempt to show what Palmerston did, so much as what he thought and what he wished to do." And when one considers the relevant material available for study, the length of Palmerston's administration, the great domestic and economic problems with which he was occupied; and considers too (with all it involves) that in the decade of his Premiership came the American Civil War, the construction of the Suez Canal and Bismark's war against Denmark, it is surprising that Professor Bell has succeeded so well in keeping his object clearly before him. Narratively his book is excellent: the style is clear and engaging; the references, notes and index admirable. It will, we are assured, prove not only a valuable study of a great Englishman, but an important contribution to the history of the Victorian era.

**"LABBY."**

Henry Labouchere, the subject of Mr. Hesketh Pearson's new study *Labby: The Life and Character of Henry Labouchere*, was the most independent and amusing personality of his day in English Politics, the "comic conscience" of the Victorian age. Gambler, diplomat, jester, reformer, politician, theatre-owner, newspaper proprietor, "Labby" lived among the rich and spent his life in working for the poor. The founder of *Truth*, he waged continuous war on the company promoter, the sweater of labour, the child-torturer, the religion canter, and all the other public nuisances cloaked in respectability.

His writings have no parallel in journalism for their wit and humour, and many of his sayings have become proverbial. His enemies were always among the wealthy and powerful; no one ever had to fight so many libel cases; few have run so much risk of personal violence; but though he earned the hatred of hundreds, he received the thanks of thousands.

*Labby* is published by Hamish Hamilton at 10/6.

**OTHER BOOKS.**

This *Confessions of a Ghost Hunter* (Putnam, 10/6), is a most interesting book. Mr. Harry Price, whose researches into psychic phenomena are well known has collected here some of the results of his investigations and experiences of unusual people and strange things. Odd manifestations of all sorts have claimed his attention, and he has tested honest, deluded and fraudulent people claiming abnormal powers. His conclusion seems to be however that, so far, in spite of exhaustive inquiry, there is no real *proof* of anything supernatural in any of the matters he has investigated. He is nevertheless the first to admit that with our yet insufficient knowledge of the working of the mind and other obscure forces that, in some instances, rational explanations are not at present possible. As Mr. Price says, inexplicable things *do* happen at *séances* and elsewhere, but, he adds, it is only after long experience, an extensive training in the technique of testing a medium, and a thorough knowledge of the art of mystification, that one can discriminate between truth and falsehood, illusion and reality.

His own account of his exposures of frauds (as well as of his examination of perfectly genuine possessors of unusual powers) is always highly diverting and sometimes very humorous: but occasionally Mr. Price met with unpleasantness—to say the least.

There have, he says, been several modern spirit photographers.

"The greatest of them all was William Hope (1863-1933), of the so-called 'Crewe Circle' of photographic mediums. In 1922 I had a sitting with him, and caught him

(Continued on page 36)

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# New Books Expected

**Patriotic Lady**

by Marjorie Bowen

**Torteval**

by Hilton Brown

**In the Steps of St. Paul**

by H. V. Morton

**Hester and her Family**

by H. W. Freeman

**Far Forest**

by Francis Brett Young

**Miracle in a Tea Cup**

by Tennyson Jesse

**The Island of Sheep**

by John Buchan

**Thieves Picnic**

by Leslie Charteris

**Faster Faster**

by E. M. Delafield

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# The Elusive Black Diamond.

## DETECTIVE-

Inspector Dan Wayne lifted the receiver as his telephone bell shrilled.

"Yes? Who is it? Man wants to speak to an officer about Tim Martin? Put him through. Yes. This is the officer dealing with the case. Who are you? Bert Sprange, eh? All right, Sprange, this is Inspector Wayne speaking. Yes, there might be something going for information. Come and see me. Too dangerous, eh? All right, where can I see you? The White Duck, Brixton Oval Saloon Bar. Seven to-night? Right. I'll be there and I'll see that you are looked after."

He hung up the receiver and his lips formed into a soundless whistle. For Bert Sprange, although a nasty type of humanity, had his uses, and apparently Sprange had somehow stumbled into some news of great value concerning the escape of Tim Martin. He pressed his bell and summoned his assistant. Sergeant Fruby.

"We're going down to Brixton, to-night, Jim," he said. "Bert Sprange has just 'phoned up..."

"Sprange? That's the Brixton squealer!" broke in Fruby.

"Quite right. Well Sprange has got hold of something concerning the disappearance of Tim Martin. That means, of course, something involving The Black Diamond, and consequently it spells danger to Sprange, although he doesn't realize it, as far as I could make out. Arrange to have a couple of men put on at once to look after Sprange. One will watch his lodgings and the

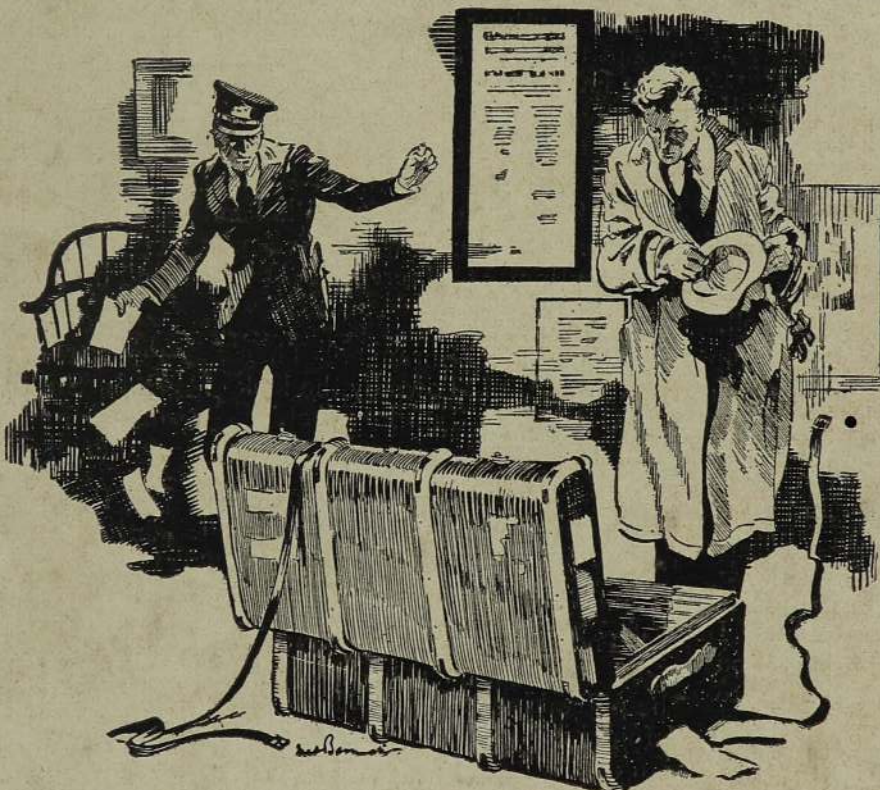
## SPRANGE THE SQUEALER.

By George Stanley.

### III

other will tail him up. Perhaps that will keep The Black Diamond off him. Get to it now."

"Trust me!" said Fruby, as he hurried away to carry out his instructions. These performed to



*The Detective flung off the strap—and jerked back the lid.*

his satisfaction, he visited The White Duck, and, having surveyed the ground, he returned to The Yard to report.

Meanwhile Dan Wayne had spent a fruitless day in checking up on the reports which had come in, and in telephonic enquiries to the Devonshire police. Yet, although a General Call had been circulated, no news had been received of either Tim Martin or his escort. They seemed to have left the prison, and then disappeared into the air.

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At six-thirty he drove down to Brixton, and, leaving his car at a convenient point, strolled slowly to The White Duck.

It was five minutes before the hour of seven as he pushed open the door of the saloon bar and entered, to see Sergeant Fruby sitting at a table with a glass of beer before him, apparently engrossed in his evening paper. There was only one other occupant of the bar, a fat, swarthy man engaged in conversation with a barmaid. The Detective-Inspector ordered a drink, and carrying it over to a table near Fruby, sat leisurely filling his pipe.

The cuckoo from the radio set in the bar was piping seven o'clock when the door of the bar was opened and a thin, rat-faced, little man entered. It was Bert Sprange. His watery, blue eyes flickered furtively round the room and fixed themselves on Dan Wayne. The Detective-Inspector made no sign as Sprange walked to the bar, ordered a double whisky and tossed it, undiluted, down his throat. Then he turned to leave, and, as he did so, made a sign for Dan Wayne to follow.

Finishing his drink, the detective lit his pipe and strolled slowly from the bar. At the same time, the rustle of a newspaper from behind denoted that Fruby was moving also.

As the Inspector walked away from the brilliant lights of the public house, the little figure of Bert Sprange detached itself from the darkness.

"I ain't going to talk in the street!" he said. "I'm too windy. Come to my room. It's only round the corner."

"What's up, Sprange? What's scared you?"

"I ain't taking no chances. Some bird's been trailing me all day. Who is he, eh? That's what I want to know."

"Don't you worry yourself. We'll look after you."

Sprange grunted but would not speak, and in silence the two entered the dingy block of tenements where the informer rented a small room. He closed the door carefully when they were once inside, and then placed a chair for his guest as far away from the door as possible.

"You promised me something," he said cunningly. "How about it?"

"If your information's worth it you'll get a fiver. It might be more," said Dan Wayne, inwardly loathing his little companion.

"O.K." agreed Sprange. "Well, the three fellows who planned the job of getting Martin away, hang out here in Brixton. I was in the Cat and Trout in the High Road, the other night. Lots of the boys were there. Henry Magree and Sam Harris were talking to a bloke. They evidently came to some agreement and the three left, taking a bottle of Scotch with them. I thought there was something good on, so I followed. They went to Harry Magree's place and I stuck to them. Risked my neck I did too. Well this bloke offered Sam a hundred quid each to go down to Dartmoor with him and help 'im on a job. He told them some yarn that he'd got a whisper from a pal of his down there that Tim Martin was being shifted to another place because someone was trying to get him. He said that he'd got hold of the order for Martin's release and showed 'em some paper. Martin, he said, was a pal of his and he'd made all the arrangements. He kidded them that there was no risk if they did exactly as they were told, and said that he'd give them fifty quid down and the balance when they'd delivered Martin over to

him. They wrangled a bit, but by the time they'd finished the bottle of Scotch they'd agreed. I had to clear out then or I'd probably been spotted."

"Did you notice anything funny about this fellow?" asked Dan Wayne. "What was he like?"

Sprange thought a minute before he replied, and the detective could tell by his shifty look that a string of lies was about to be told him.

"Don't give me any bunk!" he snapped. "I suppose you actually didn't notice much about him, eh?"

"That's a fact," admitted the little man unabashed. "He was a pretty tall fellow about the same build as Henry Magree. There weren't anything special about him, except that he'd got a glove on his right hand. But I reckon I'd know his voice again. Peculiar voice he'd got."

"All right," agreed the detective. "Keep your eyes open. I'll send you along your money. Have you seen anything of Magree or Harris lately?"

"No," replied Sprange. "They've cleared out of Town by the look of it. Got the wind up I expect."

"Well, if you see anything, or hear any whispers about them, give me the tip." He put on his hat and turned to go but stopped as the little man began to speak.

"That fellow..." he began. "He lost something while he was in the the pub taking to Henry Magree, and I found it."

"You frisked his pockets, that's what you mean I suppose. What did he lose, eh?"

"This," said Sprange. He dived his hand into his pocket and produced a flat, leather case which he handed to the detective. He opened it, and, to his surprise, found inside a key of a similar type to the one which The Black Diamond had taken from Sturmer in the house at Norwood; and, folded in an inner compartment, another portion of the same map. With an effort he concealed his interest from the informer.

"What's the good of these?" he asked. "Might be anything by the

look of them. I'd better take charge of them. Take a tip from me and don't open your mouth to anyone about this business. The fellow you saw talking to Magree is very dangerous. He whispers with an automatic."

He concealed the case containing the map and key in his pocket, and, slipping unnoticed from the building, made his way back to the Yard. Here, at the control-board of police activities, he was soon at work, and, within an hour of his return, the police telegraph was busy rapping out, to every station in London, the description of Henry Magree and Sam Harris, with instructions to bring them in when found. But although thousands of expert eyes scanned the streets for the wanted men, Dan Wayne, sitting in his office on the following day and sifting the reports which had come through, found not the slightest item of reliable information about either Magree or Harris. As the informer had said, both had evidently dived for cover, immediately the job had been done.

It was during the afternoon that the Detective-Inspector again heard from Sprange, and this time the little informer was full of excitement and drink.

"I've found him!" his voice shrilled over the telephone, "and... I've found out who he is. You'd never guess, the cunning devil. Still it takes a smart lad to fool me! I'll pick you up in The White Duck at the same time as yesterday. Then you can come and get him yourself. I'll keep my eye on him until this evening."

"You'd better tell me now, what you know!" snapped the detective. "I'll see that..."

"Not me!" broke in Sprange. "I'm not frightened of him. Beside I want money down for all the risk I'm taking, before I spill the beans. He looks a tough bird to me, and you'd better bring a gun. I'll be seein' you!"

Dan Wayne heard the receiver click on the hook as the informer rang off, and muttered a malediction on the foolishness of the little man. He sat a moment thinking of the

best line of action. Then he picked up the house telephone.

"Send up those three men who are waiting to see me," he ordered.

The three C. I. D. men who had been awaiting his instructions soon arrived, and Dan Wayne picked up their reports from the desk before him.

"I see you have had no luck so far with Magree and Harris. Can't be helped. I suppose they've dived for cover. I want one of you to concentrate on the dog-racing tracks. Magree used to be a regular racegoer when he was in funds. You'll stand a good chance of picking him up there. He has obviously disguised himself a bit. But remember that Magree is dangerous, he carries a gun, and if you find him, get someone on hand with you before you collar him. The other two of you will go down to Brixton and pick up Sprange, the informer, again. Don't let him know that you're watching him, at any price. He's treading on dangerous ground and he's picked up something vitally important, but the fool's got drunk. I don't want him bumped off. He's meeting me in the saloon bar of The White Duck at Brixton Oval at seven to-night. Whether you pick him up or not, one of you will go into the bar there just before seven. The other will stand-by outside in case of trouble. Don't do anything unless I signal. There may be other people in the bar on the watch beside us. Ring through when you've picked up Sprange. Right?"

An inquiry of another nature engrossed the detective-inspector's attention for the remainder of the afternoon, and it was just after six when he returned to his office to find a message awaiting him from one of the men he had sent to track down Sprange. To his surprise, it stated that the two men had failed to find any trace of the informer, and that cautious enquiries at his lodgings had furnished no details of his movements.

Dan Wayne sat pondering over this report for some time. At last he picked up his hat and coat, and set off for Brixton to keep his appointment. He soon arrived near The White Duck, and, as he

approached, he noticed one of his detectives outside. Entering the bar he ordered a drink and carried it to a table. Then, leisurely filling his pipe, he glanced around the room.

He saw Jim Fruby, his assistant, sitting reading a paper with a glass of beer before him and, at another table, the second watcher, engaged in conversation with a stranger.

The door of the bar was opened and shut several times, and on each occasion Dan Wayne expected to see the little figure of Sprange appear. At last, after fifteen minutes had passed, he made a sign to Fruby, and leisurely left the bar.

Once outside the public house, soon confirmed the report that no trace had been found of the little man. A premonition of trouble flashed through Dan Wayne's mind. Accompanied by Fruby and one of the men, he made his way towards the informer's lodgings, leaving one man to wait outside The White Duck, in case Sprange should appear.

The party arrived at the dingy block of tenements where Sprange lived, and made their way without question up the stairs. The door leading into the room which the informer occupied was unlocked. They pushed it open and entered, but there was no sign of their quarry. It was not until they had subjected the room to a thorough examination that they found the clue which was eventually to lead them to the little informer. A screwed-up piece of paper was lying under the grate.

Dan Wayne smoothed it out and read the message scrawled upon it:

DO YOU WANT TEN  
QUID? IF YOU DO COME  
TO 109, CRANBLY STREET  
AND ASK FOR SMITH.  
ANOTHER TEN QUID IF  
YOU CAN BRING A SUIT  
OF CLOTHES ABOUT YOUR  
OWN SIZE.

The detective-inspector whistled as he read this.

"There's a little rat for you," he said. "He was to get a fiver out of me, but the prospects of twenty

quid drove him frantic. Either of you know where Cranbly Street is? You know it, Jim? Good!"

He turned to the second man.

"I want you to stop here. If Sprange turns up, pull him in as a suspected person and run him round to the station. The silly little fool will get himself wiped out before he's finished."

Accompanied by the assistant, he hurried away from the tenement, and after a brisk walk, they soon arrived at 109 Cranbly Street. It proved to be quite a respectable road and when they knocked upon the door, a pleasant-faced woman opened it to them.

"Mr. Smith, Sir?" she said. "Yes, he lives here. I suppose you are the friends he expected. He said that you were to go to his room and wait. He'll be back any minute, but he told me to show you to his room."

She led the way to a room on the ground floor, and, switching on the electric light, she left them.

As soon as the door had closed, the two detectives began an intensive examination of the room. There was nothing of the slightest interest to them there, but, weighed down by an ornament upon the mantelpiece, they found a cloak-room receipt from a railway terminus station.

Half-an-hour passed and Dan Wayne began to feel suspicious. He turned to his assistant.

"Jim," he said, "I think we're being stung. This business runs along too suspiciously smooth for me. It's a funny thing that we find a note giving us a pointer to this place, and when we get here there's no sign of our man, but we find another clue. You stop in this house, and if Sprange or Smith turn up, pull them in and lodge them in the station till I come along. I'm going on to investigate this clock-room ticket. Keep your eyes open for we're up against a very wily customer."

He hurried from the house, and meeting the landlady on the step,

(Continued on page 32.)

## The Elusive Black Diamond.

(Continued from page 31.)

explained that an appointment obliged him to go, but that his companion would wait.

The idea which had been forming in his mind during his enforced wait, began to strengthen. A short cross-examination of the woman, he felt, might save him a lot of time.

"Did Mr. Smith have a visitor to-day?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied the woman. "He's been out most of the day, but he brought no visitor back with him when he came. He merely said that he was expecting some friends, and would I ask them to wait until he came back. He's evidently been delayed."

"I suppose this is the Mr. Smith that I expected to see," remarked Dan Wayne. "A big man. Tall with broad shoulders, wears a glove on his right hand?"

"That's my gentleman right enough, sir," smiled the woman.

"There seems no doubt about it," agreed Dan Wayne. "I'll call back later if I can, Thanks."

He walked briskly down the road, and, as he gained the main street, searched in vain for some quicker means of travel than the slow-moving buses and trams. Just as he had decided to risk a tram, he saw a taxi returning empty towards the West.

Diving through the speeding traffic he sprang upon the footboard and called to the surprised driver. In a few minutes the taxi was racing up the Vauxhall Bridge Road.

Flinging some coins to the driver, Dan Wayne hurried into the station, and with growing uneasiness rushed to the station-master's office. He presented his card and explained his mission, and, accompanied by the official, hurried to the cloak-room.

Within a few minutes the attendant produced the trunk for which he held the ticket and, at the

detective's request, it was carried to the station-master's office.

Once inside, and secure from unauthorised observation, the detective flung off the straps from the large trunk and jerked back the lid. As he did so his jaw set grimly. For within the trunk holding a card bearing a black diamond upon it, lay little Sprange the informer, shot through the heart.

## The Woman in the Lion's Den.

(Continued from page 7.)

from the Court atmosphere of plots and intrigues. Only her great devotion to her husband had induced her to join him in the forbidden city at such risk to them both. But since her arrival the constant dread of discovery and the frequent alarms had entirely unnerved her. The suggestion now that she should set out with strangers to an alien city was so alarming that it even balanced her overwhelming desire to escape by any means from the den of the Lion-King.

"How can I go alone so far away with strangers?" she asked doubtfully, "and how can I leave the Palace without being observed?"

"The ambassador has sworn to take care of thee as if thou wert his own daughter, Thou wilt live with his wife, treated fittingly according to thy station till I come. Regarding thy flight hence, Hinnipappu will bring thee tomorrow night a suit of clothes such as white men wear. Thou must disguise thyself in it, and he will then take thee to the house of the Dutchman. After thy safe conduct is guaranteed, I myself dare not come to thee again for fear of being spied on. Farewell be of good heart, and the gods protect thee. We will meet again in Colombo."

With a last embrace he tore himself away, and turned to hasten back to his deserted post.

(To be continued.)

## Smile Awhile.

A get-rich-quick lump of physical energy in the form of an out-of-work commercial traveller, applied to the manager of a firm explaining that once on the job, he could guarantee such a flow of orders that the staff would be unable to cope with them.

The manager knew his business, and said: "Well, young fellow, I'd like to see if you could do something. I can't. Industry is in a topsy-turvy muddle, and you can't get order out of chaos."

The applicant squared his shoulders, and declared as he looked up a telephone directory: "Let me do it. I haven't the pleasure of knowing Mr. Kayoss, but I'll get an order out of him somehow."

He didn't get the job, though.

\* \* \*

The rehearsal was over. The producer, who had been watching the performance from the stalls, called to an actor.

He led the way to his private office. The actor followed, a smile of satisfaction on his face.

Once inside the office, however, the smile disappeared, for with an angry frown on his face the producer began:

"Look here, I've been sitting in the third row of the stalls, and I haven't heard a single word you've said. Your elocution is as monotonous as the song of the bumble-bee. You can't walk across the stage even—you waddle across like a duck. Your wig doesn't set right, and your clothes hang on you as they would on a clothes-peg. You've so many pairs of hands you don't know what to do with them, and if you take my advice you'll go and stuff your feet in your pockets."

"Otherwise—I suppose I'm quite good?" queried the actor.

# CHILDREN'S PAGE.

My Dear Children,

I was disappointed that there were not more Essays about that delightful Film, "David Copperfield." However, those of you who did decide to write on the subject, did very well, and it was not easy to select the winner of our novel Prize of free tickets to a Picture Show. The choice was eventually between Edith Stephens and Naomi Beling, and, after careful consideration, the prize is awarded to Naomi. I wonder which picture she will decide to see. I'm told that "Babies in Toyland" with our old favourites, Laurel and Hardy, is going to be most amusing; so perhaps that will be her choice; but of course she can choose just which Picture she likes, and also to which Show, morning afternoon, evening, or the nine-fifteen, she would like to go. Personally, I'm always rather sorry when I see boys and girls at the late Show! You need lots of sleep if you are to grow tall and strong, you know, and should try to go to bed early, especially during the term-time.

.....You were certainly thrilled by the floods, my dears! Your essays on "Floods" were of a uniformly high standard, and I was glad to see your warm-hearted sympathy for the poor unfortunates whose homes have been destroyed. "Nothing is so popular as kindness," said Cicero, many long centuries ago and I think I would rather see all my nieces and nephews warm-hearted, kind and sympathetic, than anything else.

It's a great pleasure to me to receive so many nice letters from you—some from ex-members of our "Page" who are now too old to enter for our competitions, but still take an interest in us.

Goodbye, now, till next month,

With love

from

Auntie Mary.

Answers to correspondents:—

*Justin.* It was so nice to hear from you again. Thanks for your kind wishes. Do write again soon.

## PRIZE WINNERS.

### CLASS A.

Order for Rs. 15.

**FORTUNE FLOOR,**  
(Age 13)

*Max Cottage,*  
*Nuwara Eliya.*

Order for Rs. 10.

**GAMINI SALGADO,**  
(Age 12)

*Malwana,*  
*Bagatelle Road, Colombo.*

Order for Rs. 5.

**BETTY GADDUM,**  
(Age 12)

*Ambalawa Estate, Gampola.*

### CLASS B.

**ERIC RANASINGHE,**  
(Age 11)

*Hospital Bungalow,*  
*Hendela, Wattala.*

and **FRANCIS ARNDT,**  
(Age 10)

*18, Madangahawatta Lane,*  
*off Arethusia Road.*

### SPECIAL PRIZE

**NAOMI BELING,**  
(Age 13)

*Station Road,*  
*Mount Lavinia.*

Will this prize-winner please write to

*The Manager,*  
*New Olympia Theatre,*  
*Darley Road.*

and say which performance she would like to go to? and the two tickets (for Rs. 3 seats) will be forwarded to her.

*Ismail.* Thanks very much for your nice letter, and the photo, which I value very much—. I will try to write to you by post, during the course of the month. I think you look awfully nice in your national costume. Yes, I've read

"AND  
THE  
ANIMALS  
WENT  
IN  
TWO  
BY  
TWO"



Yes, and this time into a glass jar!—the animals of Noah's Ark in a glass of jelly marmalade. It's a happy idea that will furnish delightful amusement to the little folk. Imagine the delight of the children, and it's just as interesting to the mothers as to the youngsters. To the elders it recalls childhood's days; to youngsters it is their pet story in a form they are all too eager to devour with childish glee. "Come and see," and as the glass jar is held up against the light, the little ones crowd round it to identify the inmates of Noah's Ark, or they clamour for their own pets. All of which mean that appetite is awakened in the little folk as never before. And, be sure *Crosse and Blackwell* have made the marmalade good for them, and tempting too with peel cut into the shapes of animals. This sweet marmalade for children containing either Noah's Ark animals or the modern Mickey Mice costs **70 cts** nett for a 1-lb. size. Get a jar and give your Kiddies a happy time.

# MILLER'S

COLOMBO & BRANCHES

your articles in The Junior Scribblers' Page and one, I believe, in the Times.

### Competitions for June.

#### CLASS A.

An Essay on (a) "If you want Peace, prepare for War."

or (b) "Our Half-Term Holiday."

#### CLASS B.

A drawing of a pet animal. You may copy a picture from a book, if you like, or try to draw from life, and your picture can be coloured with paints, or crayons.

#### Class A. 1st Prize.

### AN ESSAY ON "FLOODS."

How interesting and yet how sad a flood can be!

To the schoolgirl, who always likes adventure, a flood like the recent one we had in Colombo, is the time for the most rollicking fun.

To turn up at school drenched to the skin, with soaking shoes and stockings, after playing the loveliest games with the water on the way, and then to be met by a horrified teacher who says a lot of things about chills, and speedily sends you home again. And does that not mean that there will be no horrid lessons for the day?

But when the flood becomes too boisterous, and rushes along in swirling torrents, playing wickedly with the poor people, it is really very sad. It is heartrending to see with what agony they see their homes and most precious possessions taken away from them by the cruel waters, while they have to flee for their lives.

They build up their little home nests for years, and when they have almost finished, all the fruit of their labour is washed away in a minute.

In "Waggon Town" during the late floods, I heard many a sad story, and I almost wept to hear the sufferers say "It is the will of the good God, missy."

Miss Fortune Floor,

#### Class A. 2nd Prize.

### FLOODS.

"The gathering of the storm" who the title of one of the Photographs in the daily papers. Having seen it I was very anxious to go and see the Floods. One day my Uncle sent the car for me and I set off with some friends. I first noticed the paddy fields completely under water; as we went on I noticed that there were many people in carts by the roadside. Then I knew that I had come where the flood was at its worst or as it is better known the catchment area. In some places I could see only the roofs of certain houses, then the tops of trees only were seen, no sign of the trunk was visible. According to the papers the Kelaniya river had risen to a height of nine ft. five inches at that time. I noticed while I was passing over the bridge, a very strong current. Then we returned and while coming I was lucky enough to see a house collapsing. I was very happy to see it, but I think the owners of the house would not have been so happy. On my homeward journey I saw the people on the other side of the road and I thought to myself how much damage floods could do. I noticed too when I saw the faces of the children that they were very sad, I felt thankful that I was out of the reach of the floods.

Gamini Salgado.

#### Class A. 3rd Prize.

### FLOODS.

About seven years ago when I was four years old, there were very bad floods in Gampola and all the houses were under water. One day news reached my father that three small children were marooned on the roof of a house about quarter of a mile away and that no boat was available so my father decided to try and rescue them. The water was very deep and as he swam resting on the roofs of houses my father says he saw rats, snakes and insects of all kinds trying to escape the floods. When he came to the house on which the children were supposed to be he found that they had already been rescued so he turned and swam back.

Betty Gaddum.

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St. Elmo Muller; Francis Beling; Sydney Perera; Chandra Ranhoty; Dulcie Abeywickreme; George Arndt; Ismail; Eileen Molligodde; Phyllis Gunasinghe; Joan Muller.

**Class B.****RABBITS.**

Rabbits are animals that live in tropical as well as cold climates. These are of many kinds. The ones that live in cold climates are called rabbits and the others hare. The rabbits are of many colours, mostly they are white. The tropical ones are usually of one colour namely ash brown. In some countries rabbits live in large numbers. These animals are a great drawback to the people who cultivate vegetables. They come in very large numbers at night and destroy the gardens.

Some people rear rabbits as pets and when tamed they run about in the house and are very pleasant to look at. The tropical variety cannot easily be tamed as they are so used to jungle life. These animals when prepared for the table serve as fine dishes.

The furs of these animals are used to make wollen dressing and, also for various other purposes as cushions and so on.

Eric C. Ranasinghe.

**RABBITS.**

Rabbits are furry, four-footed animals with beady pink eyes. They live in warrens which they burrow

in the ground. When we rare them we put them in hutches.

Rabbits are scarcely bigger than a big pup; they love lettuce and they also like a certain kind of grass called "bunny-grass" which is just like the clover. Rabbits are grey, black, and white.

My cousin had a pair of white rabbits.

(Continued on page 36)

**RULES.**

1. Please write on one side only, of the paper.
2. Essays in Class A under 17 must not exceed 250 words in length.
3. Essays in Class B, little people under 12 years of age, must not exceed 150 words.
4. All work must be the original and unaided work of the competitor.
5. Don't forget to sign your name, age, and address at the foot of your essay, and write clearly on the top left-hand corner of the envelope to which Class you belong, Class A. under 17, or Class B. under 12, and attach a Competition Coupon which you will find below to your essay.

And these are the lovely prizes the lucky boys and girls will win:—

Class A boys or girls under 17. First Prize. An order for goods to the value of Rs. 15. Second Prize. An order for goods to the value of Rs. 10. Third Prize. An order for goods to the value of Rs. 5.

Class B boys or girls under 12. Two lovely prizes. One for the best essay sent by a boy under 12, and one for the best essay sent by a girl under 12.

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**GUARANTEE.**

I certify that the attached is the original and unaided work of the competitor who is ..... years and ..... months.

Signature of Parent or Guardian.....

Closing date July 12th.)

## Judges and Income Tax Evasion.

(Continued from page 20.)

copies of the computations of liability prepared in anticipation by the accountant, for his client's information. The submission of accounts and the giving of information regarding items charged in those accounts is a voluntary duty undertaken by the taxpayer to obviate appeal."

In Ceylon too, we find no legal requirement for accountants to submit computations to Income Tax Assessors. But accountants, it must be remembered, are, as I pointed out in the last issue of the "Causerie", a creation of the Income Tax Commissioner and practise their profession as "Approved Accountants" at the pleasure of the Commissioner. This undesirable fact cannot be overlooked. "Approved Accountants" would not displease the Commissioner and they therefore most probably hand over computations to the Income Tax authorities. Is it to the advantage of the tax-payer?

Notice to Correspondents:

A. W. Ratnapura;—L. R. Keggalle;—T. M. F. Kandy: Your letters were received late. They are crowded out of this issue.

## "The Hundred Years" (1837—1937).

(Continued from page 27.)

changing the dark-slide containing my plates which had been specially marked for me by the Imperial Dry Plate Co., Ltd. The markings, a lion rampant, were—at my suggestion—X-rayed on to each plate. Arthur Conan Doyle and his friends abused me for years for exposing Hope..."

Of all the remarkable men about whom Mr. Price writes, Kuda Bux, a Muhammadan from Kashmir, is perhaps outstanding.

"His repertoire of feats includes blind-fold reading, drawing and card-playing, etc. He will eat a bundle of hay if placed before him. He will consent to be buried alive (in an ordinary grave, with just a board over his face) for a limit of three hours. He will—apparently—stop his heart and pulse at request, and demonstrated this trick at my office. He will drink poison. He has performed the classic fire-walk on many occasions."

An authoritative and unchallengeable account of this fire-walking forms one of the most astonishing chapters in this book. Then there is his account of the Indian Rope Trick performed by Karachi and his son Kyder in a field at Wheat-hampstead and photographed by the author. In fact one could quote extensively from almost anywhere in this book and be sure of quoting something interesting. Mr. Price is to be congratulated upon it. It contains, by the way, a number of excellent plates and a sound index.

## Children's Page.

(Continued from page 35.)

I wonder how many know that the mother rabbit will line her nest with even the fur from her own breast.

My cousin's rabbit did it when she had four little ones.

It is said tea<sup>1</sup> rabbits are unlucky animals to rear, but it is also said that if you say "Rabbits" the first thing on waking on the first Tuesday of the month you are sure to get a present within that week.

Rabbit serum against hydrophobia.

Francis Samuel Arndt.

## SPECIAL PRIZE.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.

I like the play, because it shows us the life of David Copperfield, from his birth, and we can form an idea of his character from it. His father died when he was very young, and his mother married again.

One day when he came to his mother, to repeat his lesson, he was asked a question about the British Colonies. He began well, but stumbled over a few words, his step-father got angry, and brought out his whip. His mother cried out "Davie, Oh Davie," but his step-father did not like her petting him, and dragged him away upstairs. He gave him a tight rapping, and at the end David bit his hand, which made him get another six raps.

When his mother died his step-father sent him to London to learn under one Mr. Micawber, who had several children, and treated him very kindly. When he left Mr.

Micawber, he met a man, from whom he wanted a lift in his cart for sixpence.

How the man made off with his sixpence and bundle of clothes, was shown in a way quite true to life. Then an accidental fall made him so muddy, that when he reached his Aunt at Dover, she failed to recognize him, until he spoke her name. She took him in and treated him kindly.

He was a very clever lad and when older wrote a book which made his Aunt and Mr. Micawber very proud of him.

Naomi Beling.

## The League of Nations.

(Continued from page 19.)

that no change could possibly improve the truly desperate situation in which the world finds itself. If the League of Nations is to become an effective instrument of peace, the machinery for making these adjustments will certainly have to be improved. But an improvement in the machinery will not be enough: nations (and ultimately individuals) will have to be prepared to make some sacrifices if war is to be avoided.

From the present confusion, one fact at least emerges,—that peace, if peace is the objective at which we aim, will not be attained by increased armaments. It is often said that a strong British Empire would be the world's best safeguard against war, but this is unfortunately not borne out by history, much as we may wish it to be true. It is agreed on all sides that mutual fear and distrust are the greatest enemies of peace, but nothing has intensified mutual fear and distrust more than the piling up, in whichever direction we look, of armaments which we are always assured are "for defensive purposes only." This evident fact can leave us in no doubt that there is little to be hoped for from the only alternative seriously offered to the League method of preserving peace in the world. The only hope lies in a new League of Nations, reconstituted in the light of experience and supported not only by Governments but by peoples throughout the world.