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1932

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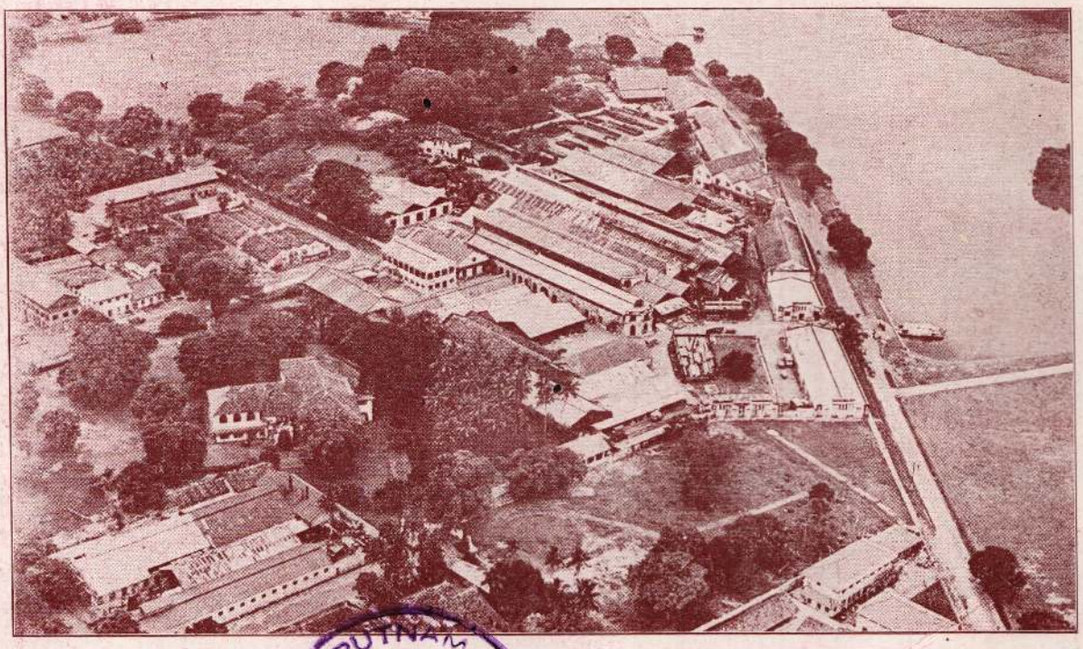

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Twenty-ninth Year of Publication

The Times of Ceylon Christmas Number

Editor :
A. C. STEWART

CONTENTS

THREE PHOTOGRAVURE SECTIONS.

THE COVER DESIGN

by Mudaliyar A. C. G. S. Amarasekara, depicts the gorgeousness of the spectacle on the annual Perahera Day of the Kelaniya Buddhist Temple.

The Times of Ceylon
Christmas Number

GAMANI AND CITTA

Mahawansa IX, 17.

When Citta was born, skilled Brahmans foretold that her son would slay his uncles to obtain sovereignty. Her brothers therefore wished to kill her, but were dissuaded. So they shut her in a room to which none could have access save through the King's Chamber. They gave her a serving woman to attend her, and stationed a hundred soldiers round about. Now her beauty was such that it drove men mad, therefore was she called Ummadacitta. A certain Prince Dighagamani or Gamani, from opposite her window caught a glimpse of her, and straightway his heart was inflamed with love for her. She, seeing him, returned his passion. But love, who laughs at locksmiths, guided him by way of a "hook ladder" to her window.

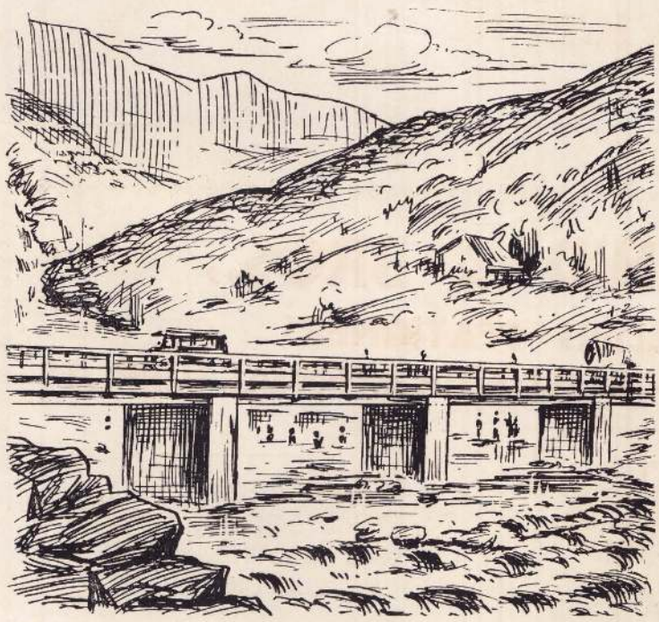
By Mrs. Rex Hamer, who has just had a most successful exhibition of her work in Australia, where the Board of the South Australian Art Gallery purchased one of her pictures.

Cameos of the Jungle Village

By R. Jones-Bateman

THE PROPHET

PUNCHIRALA knew a great many things that very few people in Europe knew. He knew, for example, that a stick from a certain kind of tree is an infallible charm against wild elephants, and that the same stick can be used to cure snake-bites. He may have been a little too ready to believe anything he was told; but, after all, it is polite—and, according to some philosophers, natural—to believe implicitly anything that one hears and does not know to be false. And Punchirala was both polite and natural.



One day a soothsayer came to the village. Punchirala was anxious to know what was going to happen in three petty law-suits in which he had been engaged for a year or two; so he took the first opportunity of consulting the soothsayer. The soothsayer said nothing very definite about the law-suits or about anything else, except that Punchirala would "die by drowning, unseen by anybody."

Punchirala then knew that he would die in that way, but he thought he might try to put off the evil day, at any rate until he had won his three cases in the courts. He was clean enough in his personal habits, and did not want to give up bathing altogether; so he determined that when he did bathe he would do so in the most public place possible.

Punchirala's village is on a main road, along which quite a lot of 'buses go. Where the road enters the village there is a bridge over a small river. Below the bridge the river falls almost sheer for several hundred feet; above the bridge there is a large pool, which is seldom more than five or six feet deep at most.

The road, of course, is especially narrow where it passes over the bridge; and, that being so, it is just there that 'buses always stop to put down passengers or to enable the drivers to have a little conversation with the passengers. Bullock-carts also usually stop on the bridge, for much the same reasons or for no reasons at all. Any traffic that does want to proceed is almost sure to be held up there for some considerable time; it would require the best brains of the Ceylon Police Force to solve the traffic problem. Even a London policeman—but what he would think about it is perhaps unprintable.

The pool just above the bridge was obviously the place for Punchirala to bathe in after the soothsayer's prophecy. So, when he wanted to bathe the next day, he went there with his cake of soap, lathered himself all over, stood in the pool, and in the usual way bobbed his head up and down, in and out of the water, in full view of any number of people if they cared to look at him.

Nobody paid any attention to him, and he was missing for the next fortnight. Someone then found his body under a rock in the river, about five hundred feet below the bridge. It was impossible to determine the cause of death, but the soothsayer has doubled his fees.

HIS AMBITION

ARUMUGAM'S village is not the sort of place where you would expect anybody to have any ambition. It is a small village in the dry zone. Everybody in it owns some paddy fields which he gets cultivated by coolies whom he imports for the purpose, and a small garden containing, amongst other things a few orange trees and coconut trees, which produce fruit in the proper way, that is to say, without any effort on the part of their owner. The tank, strange to relate, is completed, which means that the amount of work to be done annually on it is so small that it can easily be done by the imported coolies in their spare time. In fact there is nothing to worry about there, and, generally speaking, nobody does worry about anything.

But Arumugam at one stage of his career had an ambition. That in itself was peculiar; but Arumugam was not eccentric enough to have any ambition for himself. His ambition was for his son Velupillai. Arumugam could not even read or write his own language, but he intended that Velupillai should learn English.

Velupillai could not do this anywhere near the village; Arumugam had to send him away, at some little cost to himself, and had to pay for an "English"

education. So Arumugam had to save money and, to some slight extent, he developed the qualities of thrift and energy.

There was nothing offensive about his thrift and energy. He still remained a genial, cheerful fellow. If, as was likely to happen, he managed to grow a particularly large pumpkin or snake-gourd, he was still ready to give it away to any official who visited the village or to any fellow-villager whose pumpkins and snake-gourds were particularly small. But he managed his affairs well, and took care to see that things were done at the proper time and in the proper way.

If, for example, he wanted coolies to sow his fields, he engaged them at the right time, and not, as most people did in the village, a few days or a few weeks too late. When his paddy crops were ripe he had them reaped before they rotted. If he found that he had a surplus of paddy over and above what he required for his family and himself, he did not throw it away, but stored it safely until he could sell it.

Recognizing his business-like qualities, the villagers always elected him as Kama Vidane, which meant that, in return for a small share of everybody's paddy crop, he was responsible for the distribution of water from the sluices to the fields, and for various other small matters connected with irrigation and cultivation. He did this work very well, by which everybody benefited, and nobody grudged the bushel or two of paddy given out of his crop to Arumugam.

By the time Velupillai was ready to be sent away to school Arumugam had acquired sufficient money to pay for an "English" education. So, with all due pride in his own achievement and with many paternal regrets for the temporary separation from his son, he sent Velupillai somewhere where he could learn English. Arumugam was a widower; his daughter Sangi, for whom he had no ambition, a pretty little girl with a charming shy smile, stayed at home to keep house for him, which I have no doubt she did very well, though she was only about seven or eight years old.

All that happened several years ago. Velupillai has returned to the village now, and when he returned he had some sort of rudimentary knowledge of English. But from that day to this he has never had occasion to speak, read, or write a word of English, and I do not suppose he ever will.

BORROWER AND LENDER

PONNAN had the misfortune to live in a village that had grown big enough to be called a town, and he was eminently unfitted for town life. The only advantage of town life that he could see was that it was easier to borrow money there than in a village. There was a number of people who usually seemed able to lend money, and Kandappah in particular was always able and willing to oblige anybody with a loan.

Ponnan once borrowed Rs. 20 from Kandappah. In the course of the next five months he paid Rs. 25 in interest, and not long afterwards, having a sudden influx of wealth, he repaid the whole of the loan, which by that time had somehow reached the figure of Rs. 30. Six months later Kandappah again demanded payment of the loan or at any rate of interest on it; he explained that the Rs. 30

paid by Ponnan in a lump sum was merely an advance of interest. Kandappah had chosen his time well; Ponnan happened to have Rs. 30. He was a little mystified by this high finance, but he paid his Rs. 30 on being assured that this was a final repayment of the loan.

Six months later Kandappah again demanded payment of the loan. Ponnan said that he had paid it. Kandappah challenged him to produce a receipt, which of course Ponnan could not do. He knew that receipts were things of interest to clever people like Kandappah who could read

and write, but he himself had never worried his head about them.

Even a worm will turn, and Ponnan had had enough, or rather he thought that Kandappah had had enough. He realised that now he would have to be very careful about getting a receipt ; he agreed to pay the money if Kandappah would come the next day and sign a receipt before a witness in Murugar's house, Murugar being a relation of Ponnan's who was rich enough to own a pen and a bottle of ink.

Kandappah was extremely contemptuous of anything that people like Ponnan and Murugar could contrive against him, and he took no precautions before going to Murugar's house. He went in ; Murugar and Ponnan were inside, and outside there were two friends of theirs. There was a sum of Rs. 30 on the table and a receipt awaiting signature ; Kandappah signed it with one hand on the money, took up the money, let go of the receipt, and then was quietly but firmly relieved of the money by Murugar and Ponnan, while their friends outside made it impossible for anybody passing by to see what was happening inside the house.

What happened afterwards, with all its ramifications, is really another story. Kandappah of course instituted a case against Ponnan for assault, robbery, rape, abduction, insult, and criminal trespass, and Ponnan, greatly daring, instituted a case against Kandappah for burglary. Both cases failed owing to the conflicting nature of the evidence, and Kandappah has hitherto been unsuccessful in his attempts to regain possession of the receipt.

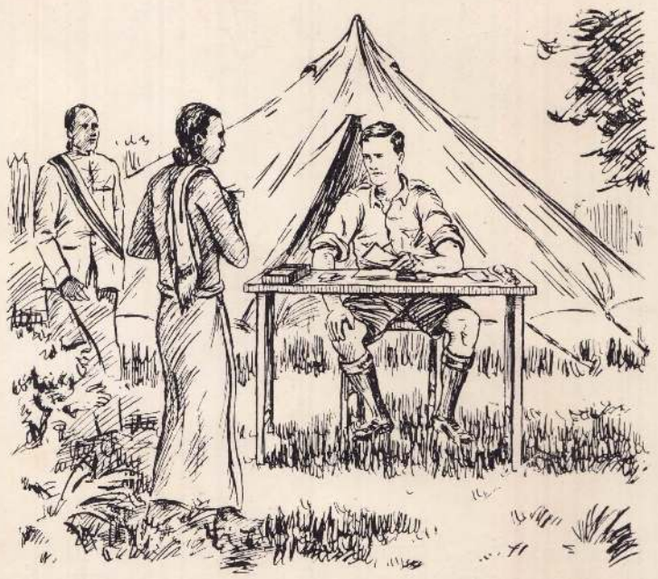
THE FINANCIER

DINGIRI BANDA was the greatest financier in his village. He had been the first person to realise the immense possibilities that lay in representing to outside capitalists that the Crown land in the village was his own and selling it to them accordingly. There was about a hundred acres of Crown land, undeveloped land, in the village, and out of this hundred Dingiri Banda had managed to sell about five hundred acres to various people.

Several of his fellow-villagers had subsequently done much the same thing. Dingiri Banda's arithmetic, though apparently better than that of his purchasers, was not very good ; and he did not suppose that there was any Crown land left in the village which he could sell to outside capitalists or—what was really the same thing—that there were any outside capitalists left who would purchase such land from him. And Dingiri Banda was in debt.

That, of course, was nothing unusual ; in fact it was an elementary maxim of Dingiri Banda's system of economy that it is better to live on other people's money than on one's own, and he had always lived up to that maxim. But his creditors were becoming very insistent. To escape their undesired attentions Dingiri Banda had a long time before donated to his wife all his land, *i.e.*, land which he regarded as being in some special way his own and which he occupied accordingly. But he had contracted nearly as big debts in his wife's name as in his own, and he was expecting that at any time he and she would be sued and perhaps sold up.

That was the worst of Dingiri Banda's troubles, but it was not the only one. The Land Settlement Department was shortly going to settle land in the village, and, though Dingiri Banda felt that he was bound to have his own house and garden settled on him—or, if he preferred it, his wife—for a nominal sum, he knew that once that was done his creditors



would seize the land and that any money he paid for the settlement would be wasted. And there were difficulties, as will be seen later, in the way of doing the usual thing and getting it settled on his minor children.

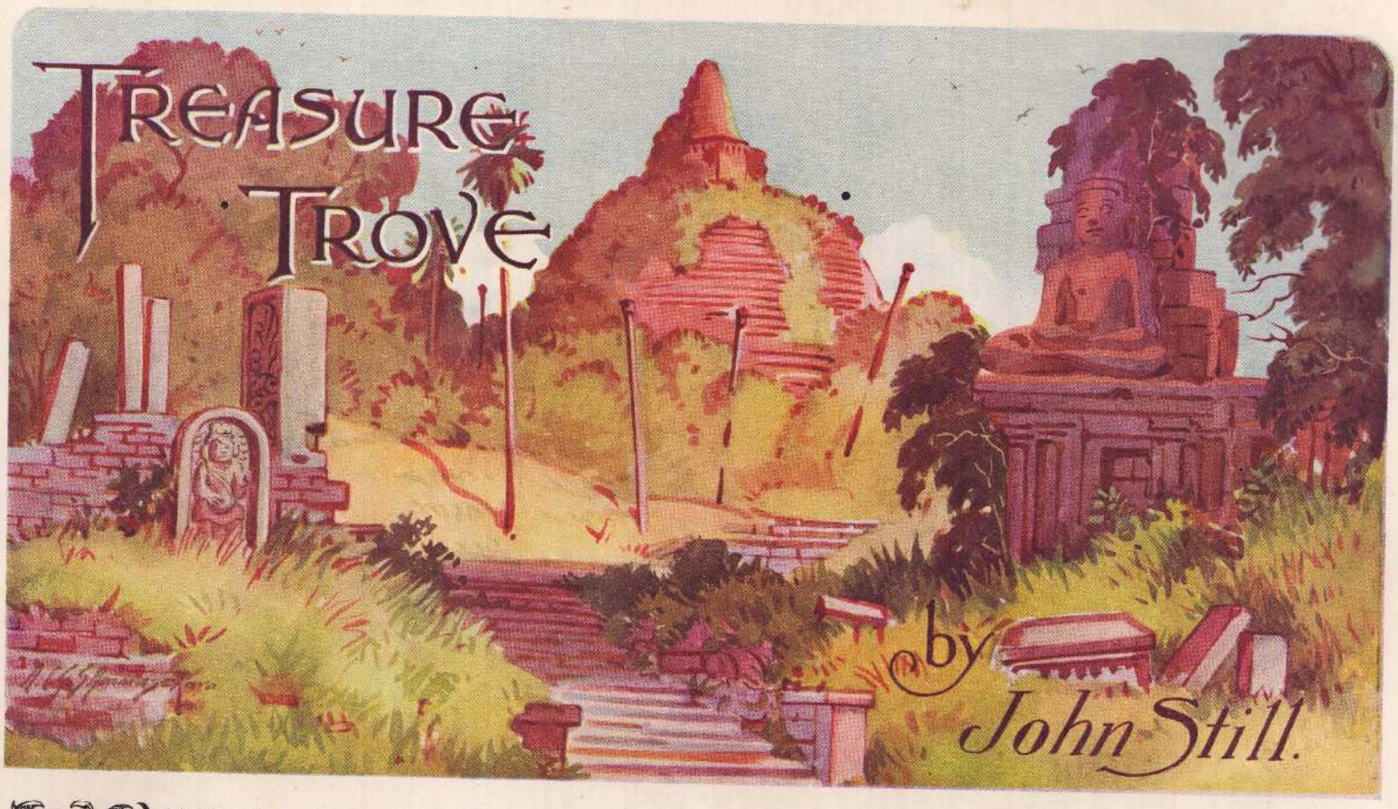
But Dingiri Banda, as I have said, was a great financier, and he got over those difficulties. A Settlement Officer came to the village and offered to settle Dingiri Banda's garden on him for Rs. 10. Dingiri Banda asked that it should be settled on his minor child, Menikhamy. He paid Re. 1, and he and the Settlement Officer signed a document which would be stored away somewhere until it was eaten by white ants or until Dingiri Banda paid the balance of Rs. 9, when the land would finally and definitely be settled on Menikhamy.

The Settlement Officer was not concerned with the ethics of Dingiri Banda's evasion of his creditors. And, since it was unlikely that anything further would be done in the matter until long after his own transfer, resignation, or death, he did not trouble to ask whether Menikhamy was a boy or a girl, the name being common to either sex.

Five months later the same Settlement Officer happened to be somewhere near the village, and Dingiri Banda did a very surprising thing. He paid the balance of Rs. 9 due from him.

This departure from his ordinary principles of finance can only be explained by mental aberration due to excitement over the birth, which had occurred a few days previously, of his first and only child, Menikhamy.

Dingiri Banda was and is a great financier.



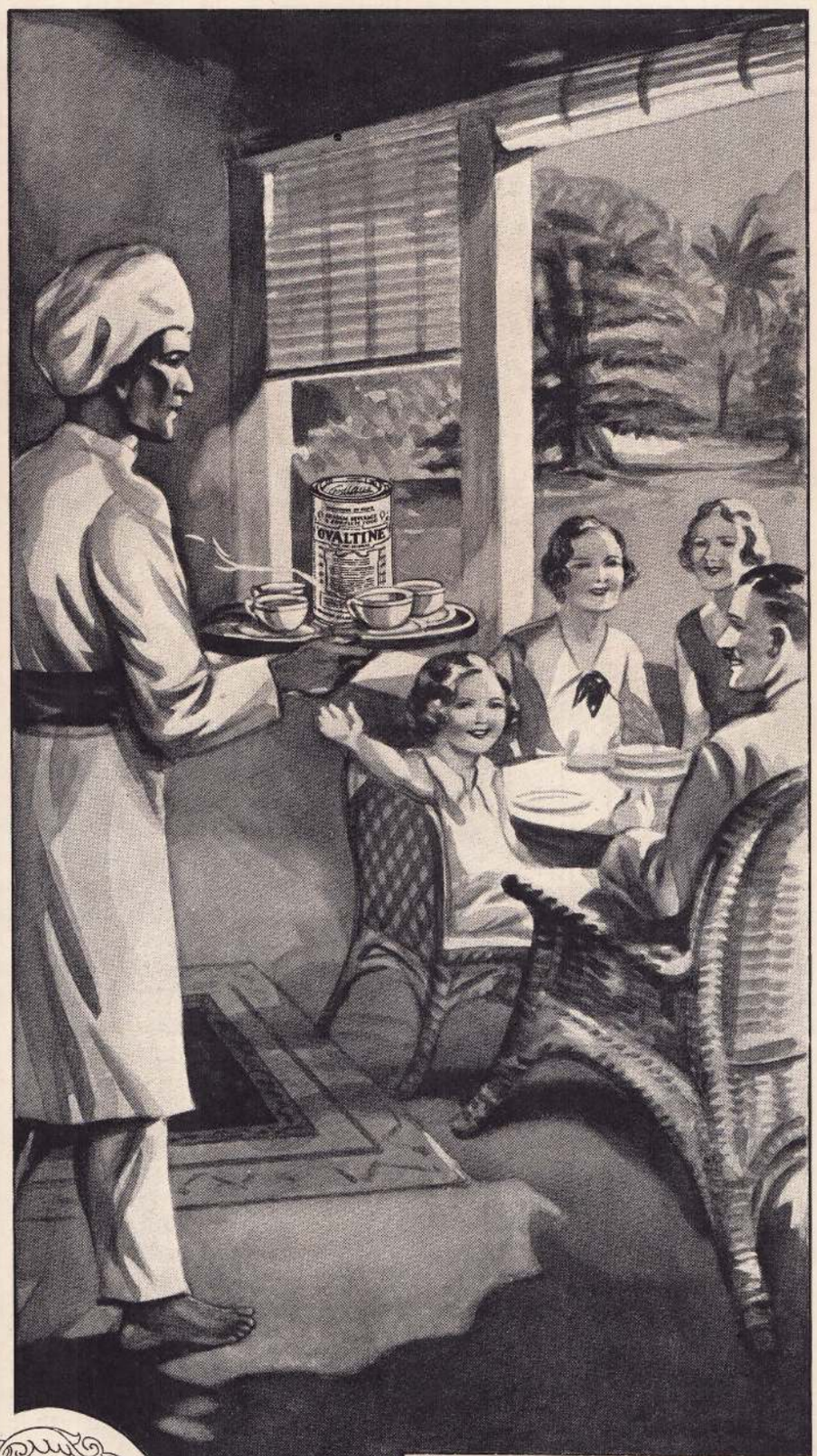
LONG after their temples have crumbled to earth, the gods live on alone. Termites devour the timbers men had carved : sun, and storm, and centuries strip the last frescoes from the walls ; but stone images, conceived in fervour, stand in the cloisters of invading forest while blossoms from the crowns of lofty trees fall upon their heads, and hands, and altars. The names of their creators are forgotten. The meanings of their symbols are lost. But their majesty of form still breathes awe into the hearts of men, and thoughts that some great artist enshrined in stone are born anew in those who burst through the living wall of leaves, to stand amazed where kings once bowed in worship.

A Statesman in London laid a ruler on a map and drew a line. " Let the trace run straight through there," he said ; and the Engineer nodded. It should not prove difficult. The only obstacles were a few rivers and a low range of hills ; and surveyors had reported that the railway would traverse forest where there were no towns and but few villages. He did not know that the forest-covered plain had once been a populous kingdom ; or that the kingdom had declined when its people perished from malaria. Nor was he told how jungle villagers fought a long losing battle with mosquitoes until at length fever killed them, or he might have added to his estimates to allow for human wastage.

Orders for the railway's construction passed on by a series of jolts, like the impetus sped noisily along a ballast train. The Statesman sent the Governor a despatch whose urgency was not masked by the courtesy of its tone. From the Governor the impulse ran through a series of high officials to others of lower status, until urgency outsped courtesy with the end of white-men's responsibility in a thatched hut where an Assistant Engineer was camped in the edge of the woods. Thenceforward the orders went on from brown men who could read English to brown men who could not, until at last they reached Simon Kangani. Simon was a broad, short, dark-skinned man who professed Christian principles, could swear in two languages, and keep simple accounts in one of them. Below him, orders became actions. Drawn by hope of profit, he had recruited a gang of coolies that now formed the point of the Statesman's thrust towards the unused deep-water harbour. Most of Simon's men were Indian Tamils of unsettled habits who had wearied of steady work on healthy tea estates in the hills, and drifted down into a lawless life of casual labour in the plain. But two East-coast Mahomedans were among them, and three real foresters. It was rare for the forest folk to harness themselves to regular labour, but for some reason these three men had elected to do so. They may have required money to satisfy an usurer, or they may have had good cause to leave their village ; or, possibly, they had some quite different reason which they kept to themselves. Rangan and Perumal were brothers, and the third man, Andi, was their uncle. He had first joined the gang, and the brothers had followed from respect, for they held their uncle to be the best man they had ever known.

Simon Kangani thought quite otherwise. From the very beginning of their contact, he had disliked Andi, scornfully, openly, and without known cause. Whenever there was an unpleasant job to be done, he made it fall to the lot of Andi.

Simon and his gang lived in temporary lines, thatched with grass, floored with earth, smeared with cow-dung to abate the plague of fleas, and walled by green and leafy twigs. But the three foresters departed each day after work, disappearing silently into the rustling woods, and emerging once more when the coolies were mustered and tools given out in the morning. At present, all hands were employed in clearing a straight and narrow line through the forest, felling trees, lopping branches, and making ready for those who would follow with



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level and theodolite. All supplies passed through Simon's hands, rice and salt, coconuts and curry-stuffs ; and on each of them the Kangani levied two profits, the one when he charged the men rates which even the difficulties of transport did not justify, and the other when he falsified their monthly accounts. But these profits from food-stuffs were by no means the main streams of his flood of fortune. That flowed from the sale of smuggled arrack, and Simon reckoned it a grievance that the two Mahomedans should be orthodox abstainers, for pagan fanaticism was sinful in his eyes. However, men were not easy to recruit, and the Mahomedans were notably resistent to fever. In any case, their minor delinquency seemed trivial beside the foresters' parsimony, for those thin silent men lived entirely upon their own resources, drawing neither drink nor rations, and claiming the full wages they had earned, without deduction. This meanness the Kangani attributed to Andi.

In course of time, the party advanced further into the woods. The temporary lines were abandoned, and others built a few miles on upon a mound where brick debris hinted at earlier occupation. Simon hoped that this move would compel the foresters to deal at his store. But he was disappointed, for, when the day's work ended, the three dark men moved quietly off by a forest path, and disappeared into the wilderness. Next morning they as punctually returned.

So far, they had laboured in dry heat. The sun beat fiercely down, dry leaves rustled on the trees and only the cries of monkeys or of deer told that the forest was frequented by greater things than birds. But now rain threatened. The heat grew more oppressive. The very air seemed tired, and under a sky closed against the winds of heaven, the men's naked bodies were drenched with sweat. The Kangani ordered that trenches should be opened round the lines to carry off storm water ; and for one whole day they laboured at preparing for the rains. The foresters and one Mahomedan were sent to cut and carry ramba grass for thickening up the thatch, and Simon himself saw to the digging of the drains.

The ground was hard, and the coolies cursed as they cut into a pan of brick and broken tiles ; but it interested Simon. He had heard of men finding treasures in old buildings such as this : heathen temples, may be, or the palaces of bygone princes, so he kept a narrow watch. First went a pickaxe man who hewed through the sun-baked soil and brick. Then, while he rested, another dragged out the broken soil with a hoe, and filled baskets for the carriers. Working thus in relays, it was Palani the pickaxe man who led the way, and presently it was Palani who found the treasure. The point of his tool, instead of ringing hard upon brick or tile, crashed into an earthen pot, and the Kangani saw him scrape carefully with the point at some buried object.

Simon stepped down to investigate, and a dozen men saw him prize out the last pieces of brick and lay bare a brown pot. Lifting it carefully out, Simon tipped the contents on to the grass, and spread them with his fingers.

For a moment there was silence. Every man stared at the heap upon the grass, and then the Kangani said, "There are fourteen of us to share." "I found it," exclaimed the pickaxe man ; but without conviction, for he could not hope to keep the whole treasure to himself.

"They are only copper," said another man. But Simon was less sure. The coins were black, but that meant little. He picked one up, and rubbed it on a brick until it shone white as silver. There were letters on the coin, but in no alphabet he had seen before. "We must keep this secret, or Government will claim the lot," said Simon, slipping the shining coin into his jacket pocket.

"Share and share alike," cried a man with a sharp voice like a girl's. But Palani objected: "It was I who found them." And Simon upheld Palani, for he did not intend that the shares should be equal.

"My brother went with the grass cutters," growled a Mahomedan ; and then they all began to talk at once.

Simon fingered the coins. All were of one size, and equally black. They appeared to be of equal value. "I will count them and share them out," he said. "The grass-cutters must not be told."

But the Mahomedan protested loudly, and it seemed dangerous to leave him dissatisfied. He might tell the Engineer.

"I will share them out," said the Kangani decisively, "and Mohidin shall take his brother's share, but the others must not know."

"I found them," muttered Palani once more, as Simon began to count. There were several hundred coins, and it took time to count them, for they were clotted with patina. Simon talked as he separated them into little heaps. "You found them, Palani, though I told you where to dig. You shall have two shares. And Mohidin gets two. The rest will have one share each."

"Will you take one share, too?" asked the man with the girl's voice. "No, baby-face, I shall take four. I knew where to dig, and I am Kangani. The men grumbled half inaudibly, but Simon went on counting laboriously. Coins that felt heavier than the average, and all that showed the colour of silver, he placed nearest to himself ; and the broken ones he put on one pile designed for the man who had twice interrupted him. Suddenly a man on the outside of the circle whispered loudly: "Here come the grass-cutters!" Simon put up his head to listen. There were voices in the jungle near by. "Here, take yours," he said quickly to Palani, and snatching up the four nearest piles together with a clot not yet separated, he told the coolies to divide the rest, and put his share into his pocket.

A minute later, Andi appeared with a bundle of grass on his head. His face was half hidden by its trailing ends, but he saw that something had happened. The trench-diggers hurriedly resumed their work, excitement still glowing in their faces ; while, with greed and cunning peering from his eyes, Simon urged the men on with their digging, uttering volleys of oaths as though the Engineer had unexpectedly arrived. To Andi's ears the Kangani's shouts rang false and hollow. Like a stag who scents danger, he grew instantly alert. Then his eyes fell upon the pot which lay where Simon had dropped it, and he guessed the truth. As he stepped slowly towards the lines, he saw Mohidin sign to his brother, and noticed Simon watching furtively. The Kangani had just realised that the pot betrayed them. He moved forward to kick it into the trench, where, surely,

Palani would have the sense to tread on it. But Andi forestalled his move by throwing down the bundle of grass so that it covered the piece of ancient earthenware. The other carriers followed suit, and the crisis passed.

With a boorish shout, the Kangani ordered Andi up on to the roof, and thatching began.

The first trench soon reached its limits, and Simon had to lay out the next. He glanced at Andi, astride the roof, and went off to do so. From where he stood, he could still see Andi arranging bundles of grass as they were flung up to him by Perumal ; but he did not notice that the swing that sent the last bundle flying upwards, caught the pot, and rolled it into the bushes. When, later, he went to see, he supposed that another conspirator had removed the evidence.

That evening, in their camp, the three men of the woods discussed the incident. The pot was passed from hand to hand, and marked against its side they saw circles where coins had lain close packed for centuries. Whether the treasure was of copper, or silver, or even of gold, they could not tell ; but they felt aggrieved at receiving no share. Rangan threatened to tell the Engineer ; but Perumal objected. It offended his deepest instincts to take any course which might lead to a police court. Andi supported Perumal. "Can the fawn venture among the leopards?" he asked. "Then let's take our pay, and go home," pleaded Rangan.

Andi looked up through the tree-tops, where stars began to spangle the deep vault of heaven. He was silent, and Rangan urged him again. "We can't prevent the railway from running."

With his eyes on the stars, Andi said softly, "No. Not after the trace is cut. But the rains are coming. Simon might die of fever ; and the next man might choose another line."

A few days later the weather broke up suddenly. A tremendous thunderstorm sluiced off the thatched roof, and rushed down the trenches into the rejoicing forest. Trenches and new thatch kept the lines dry, but soon every pool in the woods contained millions of mosquito larvae, and before many weeks passed, malaria swept out upon the advance camp, and it grew rare for half the men to be fit for work on the same day. On week days they worked slowly and dispiritedly, and on Sundays they did not work at all.

The three foresters moved into an open cave. Soft dust lay underfoot, and a vast rock leaned out over their heads. They knew it as the rock of writing ; but who had chiselled the inscription on its face they did not know, nor when, nor what it signified. Each week, one of the brothers journeyed to a hamlet hidden in the woods, and returned with the provisions those frugal men required. This was not Andi's part, but one Sunday he made the journey, and, when he returned, had a small gold coin carefully hidden in his waist-band.

On Monday the Kangani was depressed. The Engineer had inspected his work and shown displeasure. In truth, it was the displeasure of the distant Statesman. How could a comfortable man in London know what it meant to hew a way through wet jungle in the height of the fever season? Simon had orders to advance his camp two miles, and must go forward that very day to choose a site for the new lines in the unbroken wilderness.

The rain swirled down in showers that raced across the sea of trees in disorderly procession. It was eminently the kind of day to spend indoors drawing pay for doing nothing, but the Engineer would not brook delay. Simon looked at his carefully planned trenches functioning so admirably. He glanced up at the smoke-stained inside of the thatched roof : there was not a leak, not even a trickle. How would he get the men to move? When he called upon the Tamils, one and all pleaded fever ; and when he called for the Mahomedans, they did not reply. They had taken their pay, their share of the coins, their cooking pots and

SIMON AND HIS GANG LIVED IN TEMPORARY LINES, THATCHED WITH GRASS, FLOORED WITH EARTH AND WALLED BY GREEN AND LEAFY TWIGS.

spare clothes, and absconded in the night. They had also taken two axes, and Simon would have to replace them himself.

In the verandah, watching the rain, the three foresters waited impassively. "Come on, you!" shouted the Kangani rudely to Andi. "Come and find a new site for the lines."

Andi looked out where rain swept across the narrow clearing cleft through his forest, and down at the mud where a brown mist rose under the flail of falling drops. "Hurry up! You useless old fool," shouted the Kangani. And then, with kilted cloth, and holding an umbrella over his savage black head, he drove the forester along the trace to the North. When they reached the end of the clearing, there was no longer any path, and Andi was sent ahead to lop the wet branches which barred the way. The umbrella was useless here, and soon drenched shrubs wetted Simon as thoroughly as though he had plunged into a river. But from Andi's naked body the rain slid off, as it slides from the feathers of a bird. Now and then he paused, looked for some mark he knew, and slipped silently forward again. At the end of an hour he stopped. "We are near the river. After this there is no more high ground." The forest was very thick, and Simon looked morosely round. It was not much good thinking of building where they stood. He cursed Andi for a fool, and cursed him again for dumbness when he did not answer back. "Have you nothing to say? Where is the ridge I saw from the hill by the Engineer's camp?"

Andi pointed westward, and the Kangani moved in that direction.

IN COURSE OF TIME, THE PARTY ADVANCED FURTHER INTO THE WOODS.

"Come on. Clear a path," he commanded.

They proceeded slowly, and soon began to mount a slope. A hundred yards further on Andi stopped and squatted down on his heels. "This is the place," he said.

"Then why didn't you bring me here first? I believe you are lying. Get on with that clearing."

Andi lopped a few more branches, and then halted once more. "It is all the same along here," he said. "Any place will do." But Simon had grown suspicious, and pushed on for another two hundred yards before he was satisfied. The trees were not so crowded here, and it would be easy to clear a site. "This is better," he admitted less aggressively as he peered through the undergrowth around them. "Hullo! Is that a pillar?"

Andi had done his best to hang back, and now that the Kangani seemed contended, he determined to dissuade him from exploring any further. It might be safe to let the lines be built here, for coolies seldom left the beaten track for fear of the bears. So he replied meekly, "Yes, there are old pillars here. Some old temple, I expect. We might find a treasure if we dug here."

Simon glanced suspiciously at him. How much did this thin dark wood-lander know about the coins they had found? He approached the pillar and studied it. It was grey with lichen, and somehow did not look quite like other old pillars he had come across in half-buried buildings. There was a round knob on the top which did not look as though it had been the support of a beam. The rain had ceased, and now a rift in the clouds let through a gleam of sunlight. Only for a moment did it fall upon the stone, but that sufficed, for the slanting light revealed letters cut into the face of the pillar. Simon could not read them, but they recalled to his mind the legend on the silver coins. "The lines shall be built here," he said with finality, and with no more words turned and headed for the camp.

The Engineer visited and approved the site, but the move was delayed by the epidemic of malaria. New coolies were sent forward to replace the sick, but they too succumbed, and again the move was postponed. Regularly, as though by routine, the wettest, hardest, most unpleasant tasks were allotted to Andi; day by day he was harried by the Kangani and night by night, in the cave, Rangan grumbled and urged his uncle to clear out, wages or no wages. "What can you do?" he would ask. "You can't reason with that leopard of a man."

But Andi always replied that he would stay where he was until the railway trace had crossed the river.

Simon took Andi's silence for fear, as indeed in part it was. A lover of peace is always dismayed by a brawler, and the simple are overawed by officials of the meanest kind. But it was not all fear, and Simon's estimate of

Andi was as far astray as was the foresters' belief in the Kangani's power to choose the line the railway should take across the river.

Pay-day came, and Andi's money was short. He was slow at reckoning, but when the rest had received their wages, he came to the Engineer's table and said humbly that there had been a mistake. The Engineer was in a hurry. He had just received orders to divert the trace to a more southerly crossing where building stone was plentiful; but he listened to Andi's complaint. Turning up the check-roll, he verified the account. "You worked for twenty-one days," he told Andi. But still Andi looked puzzled. He had worked for twenty-six. "We three worked together," he told the Engineer, indicating his nephews. Simon was called upon to produce his book, and laying his finger upon a page covered with writing the Englishman could not read, he read out how Andi had been fined five days' pay for malingering and slack work. The Engineer was rather doubtful, but it was politic to trust his overseers, and he declared the matter closed.

When the foresters had gone, Simon was called back and the Engineer told him of the deviation of the trace. "Do not tell the coolies yet," he advised. "They won't like moving." Simon concurred heartily, for he knew there would be grumbling, and perhaps half his men might bolt. "When they are due their next month's pay, I will tell them," he declared.

"Now you will go!" reiterated Rangan, as they returned to the cave. But Andi said: "Not yet. Wait till they come to the river."

When the coolies mustered for work the next morning the Kangani was half drunk. Rain had ceased. The warm forest steamed; and long-tailed robins sang in praise of the sunshine; but Simon felt sick and irritable. The Engineer had called upon him to replace the axes stolen by the Mahomedans. "Where is the axe I lent you?" he demanded of Andi rudely; and when the man denied having borrowed one, he struck him with his open hand.

Rangan watched with the look of a cornered wild animal. What had come to his uncle that he ate dirt like this? But the affair passed off without a fight, and Simon believed more faithfully than ever that Andi was a worm who would never turn.

Once more, when they reached the cave, Rangan begged his uncle to quit. And this time Andi answered "Yes. I will go in one week's time." Then for a long time he looked out from the mouth of the cave in silence.

The moon rose behind the trees, and their canopy cast black patterns upon the carpet of fallen leaves. The forest was full of voices. Far away, in the river valley, an elephant trumpeted again and again. Once they heard the harsh roaring of a leopard who sought to stampede the spotted deer. "A leopard of a man," muttered Rangan to himself, as he watched Andi's long thin face grow remote with thought. The forester had meant to do things in a different way; but now Simon had forced the pace, and he must make fresh plans. The gold coin would still serve. He hoped Simon would not be drunk to-morrow. He did not think it would rain.

Next morning, Andi sought Simon cringingly, like one who has a private message to convey. The Kangani was gratified. Did it not prove that a heavy hand payed? One must drive these jungle dwellers hard, or they would not respect one.

"I have something to show you," began the forester with a humble gesture, "only no one else must know."

Simon glanced round. "What is it?" he asked.

Andi said nothing, but felt in his waist-band, unknotted a strip of rag, and displayed a small gold coin. The Kangani took it in his hand and examined it. "It is not worth more than three rupees," he said at length.

"If one is worth three rupees, a thousand would be worth three thousand rupees," said Andi slowly. He saw Simon's face change.

"Where did you get it?"

"I found it. Many things are hidden in these jungles."

"Then why do you work as a cooly in this wretched wilderness? If you were rich, you would live in a town."

"I am afraid," said Andi simply. "But you are afraid of nothing, and that is why I have come to you. We can go shares."

The Kangani's eyes half closed as he stared into Andi's face. But the forester went on: "I know where it is all hidden, thousands like this, but the goddess guards it, and I dare not dig it up."

Simon laughed. He despised this heathen man who was afraid of a goddess, and afraid of him, afraid of drinking, and afraid of towns. At first he had not believed, but he began to now. "If we don't get it the Engineer will," said Andi; "for this line through the forest, this trace where the rails will run, points straight to the place where it is hidden."

Simon knew now that the trace was to be diverted, but he was not such a fool as to tell Andi that. If this timid man could be cheated of his secret through fear of the Engineer, why should a wise man interfere? So he looked round once more, and said in a whisper: "Then it must be done at once, for the Engineer is due to-morrow to inspect the site for the lines."

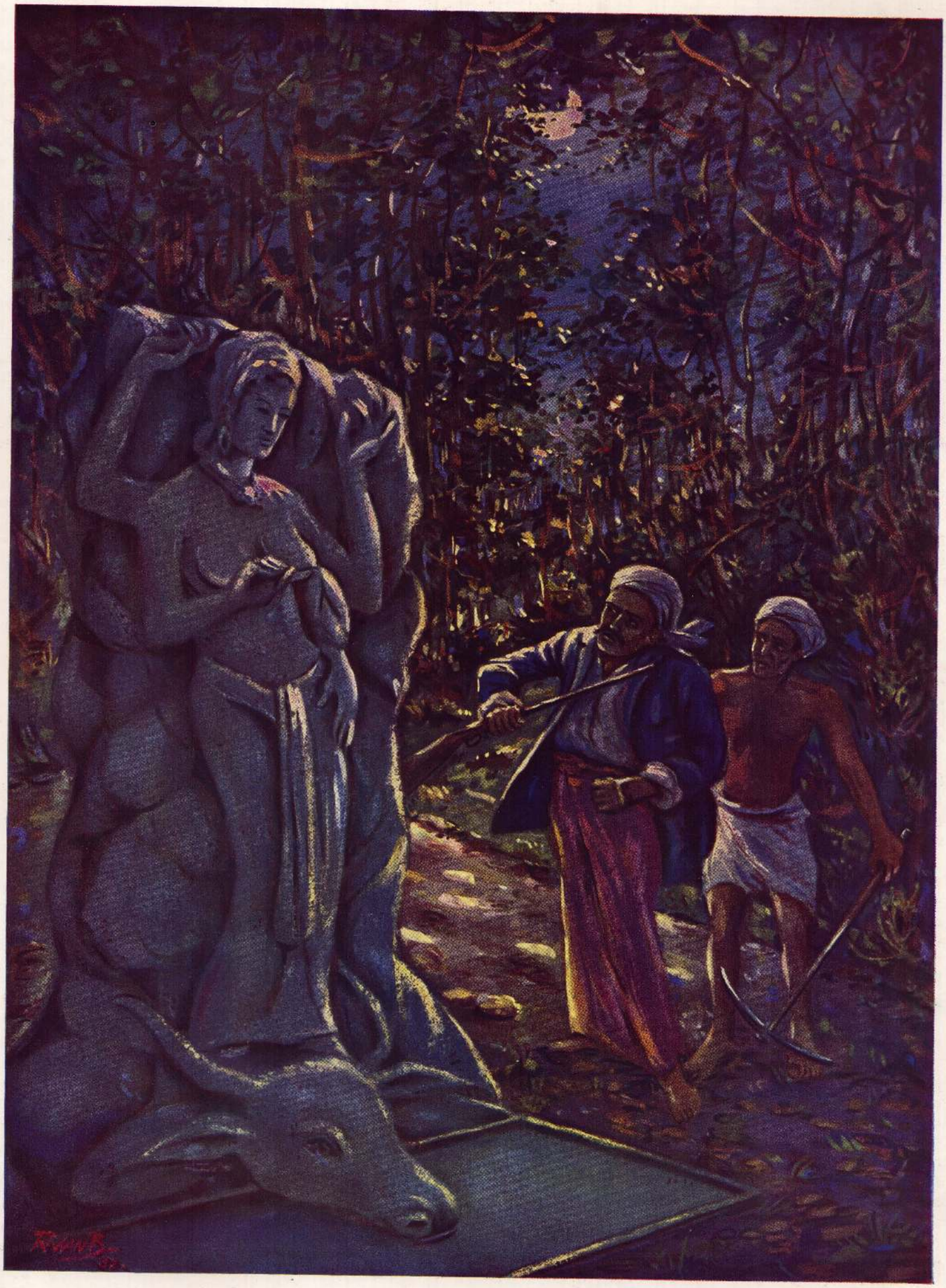
Andi believed him. The whole camp knew that the Engineer was expected and this might well be his purpose. But Simon was speaking again. "Who knows beside you and your nephews?

"No, no," cried Andi eagerly. "Don't tell my nephews. They would kill me." So he fears his own people as well as all the rest of the world, sneered Simon to himself. "Where is it?" he asked, fingering the coin. "Near the river, where the bridge is to be built. If you will come to-night I will show you. Come along the trace to the northward, and I will join you out of sight of the lines. If we are seen together someone may suspect.

Someone did suspect, and that was Simon. Could the man mean to murder him? But Andi saw the thought in his eyes, and countered it deftly. "Come silently, and bring your gun. Load with slugs in case we meet a bear."

Simon's doubts subsided. If the man had meant violence, he would never have suggested bringing the gun. He determined to comply. He would make Andi walk in front of him, and he would keep the coin in case they did not find another.

All that day the Kangani drove the coolies to their tasks. He wanted them to be tired and thirsty.



THE GODDESS STOOD UPON THE MASSIVE HEAD OF A BULL, BETWEEN HIS HORNS. THE BEAST WAS CARVED FROM GRANITE, OF ONE BLOCK WITH HERSELF; BUT HIS NECK AND MUZZLE REPOSED UPON ANOTHER STONE WITH A SQUARE RAISED BORDER, AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN DESIGNED TO CONTAIN LIQUID.

When they knocked off, he wrote a vague report about nothing in particular to the Engineer, and sent off Rangan and Perumal with it, bidding them bring a reply next morning. It would be safer, he reckoned, to have them right out of the way. Then he served out arrack generously, and waited for the weary coolies to fall asleep.

In his own room at the end of the lines, Simon prepared. He loaded the gun with slugs, as Andi had suggested, and round his waist he buckled a broad belt with pockets in it. He had decided that the railway had seen the last of him. He meant to disappear. The tools were to be checked, and his accounts inspected ; and both were sure to get him into trouble. As a rule, men who absconded made back along the trace towards the track-hiding slums of the town behind ; so he determined to go in the other direction. He would force Andi to guide him right through the forest to the coast. And then : what next? He had not yet, perhaps, thought his plans out to their logical conclusion ; but he knew at least three good reasons why Andi should never be seen again. Andi would expect to share the treasure. Andi would betray the direction of his flight. Finally, he had hated Andi more than ever he had hated a man before. He had told Andi to bring a pickaxe, and it might prove useful.

The tired coolies soon fell asleep. Simon could hear their snoring as, gun in hand, he crept softly out into the moonlight. Not a soul was in sight. Not a voice could be heard. Along the lines the sleepers breathed, and down the trace there moved mysteriously the calls of nightjars who flitted invisibly along that gash through the ancient forest. Away into the distance, straight as the line ruled by the Statesman, stretched opposing walls of trees, one of them silver in the pale glare of moonlight, the other, black as the grave. The Kangani believed in gods. Doubtless they existed somewhere ; but into Simon's life they had not entered, as yet. Gods, and ghosts, and devils might haunt this dark forest, but he had never known them to interfere, and did not believe they ever would, or could, unless it was with the weak of purpose, like Andi. As for a goddess scaring him away from a treasure of gold, the very thought was ridiculous.

Waiting in the edge of the woods, Andi saw Simon approaching. He too heard the nightjars calling, and pictured them as forlorn spirits who bewailed the destruction of the forest. He heard the thin shriek of a loris, and knew that the voice came from no living body. Close above him a gecko uttered its chinking call, a single note repeated seven times, and with his finger-nail he tapped back upon the handle of his pickaxe in like rhythm, lest the call should be meant for him. Before the Kangani reached him, Andi stepped out into the moonlight. He wished Simon to see that he came unarmed. From the Kangani's unsteady walk, he judged that the man had been drinking ; and this did not displease him, for he wished his companion to go forward full of confidence. When the Kangani came close, the forester said not a word, but stepped out along the trace. Only once in the next two miles did he speak, and that was to ask if the gun was loaded. "With slugs in both barrels," replied Simon. "It is well," replied Andi shortly. "We might meet a bear."

What a coward the man was, thought Simon, always afraid of something. Half an hour later they reached the end of the trace, where the two walls of forest, the black wall and the silver, closed in upon them. Here no axe had swung, and they pursued game tracks, roads that animals alone had trod, save when rare foresters made their path their own. The track was sinuous as a snake, and the moon shone sometimes from the right, sometimes from behind, and sometimes from straight ahead. Once, as they passed beneath a giant tree, monkeys cried out in startled anger, and once they surprised a sambhur, who leaped with a crash from the path, antlers laid back, and sped through the undergrowth. Presently Andi halted. Simon could see that he listened intently ; and soon he too heard a sound, the muttering voice of one complaining, and advancing as he complained. The forester stepped lightly from the path, and moved down wind into the shrubs. Ten yards in, he squatted down to look along the floor of the forest below the level of the branches. Simon followed, and soon the mutterer came in sight black against moonlit leaves, a shaggy old bear who trundled along at a round pace until he came to the man's footsteps. With a loud snuff of indignation, he thrust his head down to smell the ground. Simon advanced the gun in perfect silence, but suddenly the bear gave a short bark, and fled along the path. Andi shouted after him some words that Simon could not understand.

They returned to the path and continued their way. Presently the path felt rough underfoot. "The old brick wall," said Andi in a low voice. "We are near the river now, and this was the temple's outer court." Simon's eye glistened like a wet leaf. For a few yards the path went up hill, and then Simon saw the first stone pillar. It gave him a start, for it was about the height of a man, and shone white in the glare of moonlight. They went very slowly now, passing several more pillars ; but on them the moonlight fell less brightly, for the ruined temple was densely overgrown with thorns.

Had Simon been a true forester, he would have grasped the significance of that thorny thicket, for in such forest thorny undergrowth is rare. It meant that the temple had been cleared and light let in. It meant, therefore, that centuries after the building had fallen into decay, and forest grown over it, some human being had come out into the wilderness and performed hard work. But why? Was it some seeker after ancient wisdom? Or, perhaps, some treasure-hunter such as himself : this thought would have disconcerted him. Or did some one still worship the gods of old? But Simon was not forester enough for any of these questions to trouble him. The thorns pricked, and he swore, and that was all.

Andi stood to one side and let Simon pass. Set calm enveloped his soul, as though he were but an onlooker at some strange drama, a passive weapon wielded by the hands of fate.

Simon pushed his way through with head bent to guard his face. When the thorns ended, and he raised his eyes, he saw the goddess.

In the centre of the thicket a plot was cleared of all growth, but grass. The shrubs ended abruptly in a square that enclosd an image, and the goddess

stood erect in a room whose walls were leaves. The moon was behind Simon, and her light fell full upon the standing figure. The goddess was of stature greater than a living woman's, and her face was austerely beautiful, calm with the formal grace that ancient artists loved. She had four arms, but that did not seem unnatural, while her rounded breasts, with deep shadows cast beneath them, stood forth bravely like standards of motherhood. Only her eyes seemed strange, for they were deep, and black, and void of all expression, unless their empty hollows spoke of indifference to men. Simon looked long at her, like one hypnotised, whose set gaze stares into depths unknown. When Andi spoke to him, he started, and almost dropped the gun. Then he stared at the goddess again, more critically, and saw that candles had been burnt before her. Parts of her person, her strong breasts and elsewhere, were darkened as though by oil; and by those signs he knew that the goddess was still worshipped; but none of the significance of those signs of devotion found an echo in his greedy mind. Neither their symbolism, nor their menace. Here in the forest, where once had been a city, the goddess still lived in the hearts of men. She still symbolised eternal change: motherhood and birth: motherhood and death: creation and destruction, world without end. Month by month, the trees that fall go back to earth again. The beast that falls is devoured by brother beasts, and in a few days is forgotten. Life springs anew from death, as worship springs from faith. Simon saw that the goddess's eyes were terrible, and hated them for being so; but that feeling of hatred was the nearest approach to reverence that he had ever made. The oil which stained her form symbolised her function as creatress. It was a tribute to Nature's boundless fecundity. Her set stare, the poise of her arms, and the weapons they wielded, displayed her function as destroyer. Which side of her dual nature would Simon come to know? She offered abundance, and she offered death. Which would Simon choose?

The wind blew from the river, bringing a sickly smell of carrion. Down by the water's edge a startled moorhen cried, and the grunts and scufflings of a herd of wild swine approached along the rushy margin of the stream.

Andi spoke in a low voice: "Look where she stands. The treasure lies beneath the altar."

Simon looked where he was bidden. The goddess stood upon the massive head of a bull, between his horns. The beast was carved from granite, of one block with herself; but his neck and muzzle reposed upon another stone with a square raised border, as though it had been designed to contain liquid. Oil, perhaps, or blood. Andi pointed to the broad base where the bull's head rested upon the altar, and Simon saw that a shallow groove led into the bull's mouth, and down a dark hole. He heard Andi whispering that the treasure lay within it. "Thousands of gold coins like the one I showed you, thousands of pieces of gold." Simon bent down and looked more closely. Moonlight did not enter the hole, and he could not see inside. "The stone is hollow, and full of gold," whispered the voice at his ear. "Priests hid it there."

Simon pushed his fingers slowly into the stone mouth: cautiously, for there might be a snake in it. But his hand would not go in. The slim hand of a woman might have slipped through, but his was short and broad. The hole was little wider than his thick wrist.

"My father's father told me," came the whispering voice; "when the walls were breached, and the shouting Cholans poured in, the High Priest and his son barred the great temple gates, and poured their treasure down the bull's stone throat. Then, with a golden knife, the Priest forced out the goddess's eyes, great sapphires, blue as a Kingfisher's wing. He dug them from the sockets, and with the golden blade, thrust them in until they fell upon the pile of coins below. And then, with the knife that had committed sacrilege, he stabbed himself to death. When the doors gave way, the boy flung off his robe and escaped; but the soldiers found the Priest's body lying on the altar where you are standing now."

Simon looked down as though he expected to see blood upon his feet. Then he looked up at the eyes. What huge sapphires they must have held. With the rising of the moon to her zenith, their hollow shapes had changed, but still they gazed far away from him, far away from all mankind.

It was very quiet. They could hear the river rippling over stones, and a horrid sound of swine devouring carrion.

Simon knelt down and tried to force his hand into the hole. "We must lift her," he said. Then, with a gesture of reverence, Andi placed the blade of his pickaxe where the bull's neck rested upon the altar, and working it from side to side, gained a purchase. When he bore upon the handle, the image rocked slightly. Again he worked the steel from side to side, and when he leaned upon the haft once more, the image moved again. He heaved until the bull's head rose an inch from the stone.

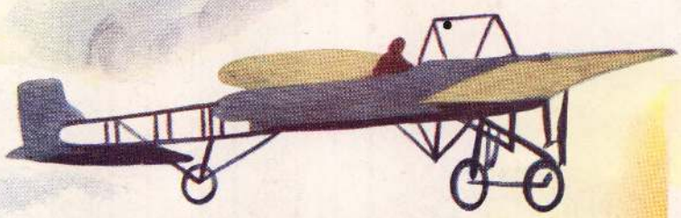
"I will hold it thus," he said; "thrust in your hand, and take what you find there."

Simon tried again, but the angle was too sharp and he had to lie flat upon his belly before, with a sigh of satisfaction, he thrust in his arm up to the elbow. Where thousands of worshippers had knelt, Simon grovelled before the goddess of birth and death. He felt round with his fingers. "I can't reach it. Heave her up another inch or two." Andi raised the heavy image one more inch, breathing hard as he bent his whole force upon the pickaxe; and Simon thrust in his arm right up to the shoulder. "It's too deep," he mumbled with his mouth against the stone, as he struggled to stretch his arm yet farther. But this was not possible, for Andi had relaxed the strain, and the goddess sank gently back into position. This lapse of Andi's did not hurt Simon. Indeed, he was not yet aware of it, for his arm exactly fitted the hole and was in no way pinched. But when he tried to pull it out, he could not. "The hole goes down," he said; "lift her up a bit, and I will come out and help you. We must topple the old thing over."

Instead of obeying, Andi worked the pickaxe free and stood up. He moved the gun away, and stepped back from the altar-stone. Simon spoke again, but his words were muffled by the stone. All Andi heard was a mumbling voice, as he passed like a shadow through the woods.

CEYLON SPORTRAITS

(1) F. L. A. Ballardie, Captain of the C.H. & F.C. Association Team against Up-country; (2) F. de Saram, Captain of Colombo, Winners of the Dunlop Tennis Trophy; (3) M. S. Murdoch, Ceylon's leading Squash Rackets player; (4) H. P. L. Roberts, who led the Up-country Hockey Team against Colombo; (5) E. S. Danks, Amateur Golf Champion; (6) Captain E. Travers, who led the victorious Colombo Team in the Fellowes-Gordon Polo Challenge Cup match; (7) Dr. P. J. Chissell, whose pony, Suaidan, won the Roberts' Cup; (8) T. B. Hankey, Captain of the Up-country Cricket Team against Colombo; (9) E. F. N. Gratiaen, who led the Ceylonese Rugby Team; (10) D. M. Mackie, Captain of the Colombo Hockey Team against Up-country; (11) C. D. Green, Stroke of the Colombo Rowing Crew which visited Madras; (12) F. A. W. Mitchell, Captain of the Colombo Rowing Club; (13) Mrs. G. M. D. Noble, Captain of the Colombo Ladies' Hockey Club; (14) Miss Clodagh Wright, Lady Tennis Champion; (15) Miss B. Keyt, Captain of the Ceylonese Ladies' Hockey Club; (16) Mrs. E. Travers, Lady Golf Champion; (17) Mrs. P. W. B. Ashton, Captain of the Up-country Ladies' Hockey Club; (18) Mrs. D. Doig, Runner-up in the Ladies' Golf Championship; (19) Dr. C. H. Gunasekera, who led All-Ceylon against the M.C.C.; (20) T. Cuming, Captain of the Colombo Cricket Club; (21) Captain F. Fenwick, who won the Governor's Cup with Aroostook; (22) F. C. A. Speldewinde, Captain, Government Services', Winners of the "Times of Ceylon" Soccer Cup; (23) R. H. Horne, Captain of the Ceylon Rugby Football Union Team which won the All-India Tournament; (24) O. M. L. Pinto, Men's Tennis Champion; (25) R. K. Blair, who led the Up-country Association Team against Colombo; (26) Edward Henry, Captain of St. Michael's Sports Club, Champions of the Colombo Association Football League; (27) W. A. Timmis, who captained Up-country against Colombo at Rugby Football; (28) W. S. Burnett, Runner-up in Amateur Golf Championship; (29) Lieut. Blundell, who led the Services in the Clifford Cup Rugger Contest; (30) A. E. Blair, who captained Up-country in the Clifford Cup Rugby final; (31) Captain L. R. J. C. Wilkinson, who led the Outstation Polo Team for the Fellowes-Gordon Trophy.



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Elephant Pass

by

John Kitching

Jaffna was the last stronghold of the Portuguese in Ceylon and capitulated to the Dutch in 1658 after a siege.

The incident portrayed in this story occurred at Elephant Pass between 1640 and 1650 on one of the occasions when the Dutch fleets descended on the coasts of the Island.

* * * *

THE little fortress on the water's edge stood for a moment bathed in a bright light from the sun, but already the far shore of the lagoon retreated into gloom.

In his chair in the upper room the old Portuguese soldier settled himself more comfortably.

"They sent me from Colomba to the North," he growled to his young companion, "because my speech was too frank, and the perfumed fool of Jafanapatao, who plants gardens and dallies with the ladies, assigned me to this command. Outpost of His Majesty—point of danger—Pah! Meanwhile, his Highness the fool makes gay in Jafanapatao and grins if by chance my name be mentioned."

Luiz de Andrade snuffed the wick of the crude lamp.

"Perfumed fool of Jafanapatao," he replied in a murmur. "We are all perfumed fools there. Oh yes, I have realised that of late. There are things that happen, you understand. One's eyes are opened suddenly...."

The old soldier watched him with a not unfriendly expression. "And so you were banished and sent to relieve me of this important command."

"That, oh yes." De Andrade's face belied his casual reply and he changed the subject by inquiring listlessly.

"The countryside?"

"Desert to the South. To the North all is quiet."

"The men?"

"Five all told."

"And should the Hollandezes come?"

The old soldier drummed on the table so softly that he made no noise. Then of a sudden his head lifted in a soundless chuckle.

II.

A few days later de Andrade stood on the seaward watch tower in the cool of the morning. After a first scrutiny of his surroundings he had fallen into a brown study, his eyes fixed in a stare of painful concentration.

"Now, Motta, five nights have we diced and I have won. One acre remains of your farm at Leixoes. Tonight we dice for that—yes?" There was the suggestion of a threat in the invitation.

The words drifting up from the courtyard penetrated dully to de Andrade's consciousness.

"By our Lady, we will dice. Yes, Barriga, I will win back all I have lost, and take the very shirt off your back."

De Andrade pulled himself together. "Polish those arms," he called out sharply. "One day you will have need of them."

He turned his back and continued his scrutiny of the countryside, striving to keep his thoughts from wandering.

A tender blue sky lay above and the rays of the sun glistened on the still waters of the lagoon. He sighed. It was a morning when a man ought to feel glad he was alive.

Shading his eyes against the sunlight he followed the line of the further shore towards the ocean. And there, dancing and shimmering between the blue of sky and water, he saw three black ships.

"Shut—shut the gates," he cried out excitedly.

The men-at-arms gazed up in astonishment over the half-cleaned accoutrements. For a moment de Andrade gave no further sign, for he had a sudden dreadful fear of making a fool of himself. Then he called out curtly.

"Motta."

"Senhor?"

"Come up here."

The portly figure of the man with a farm climbed slowly up the ladder.

"Those ships, Motta?"

Motta's eyes were not yet accustomed to the bright sunlight and he screwed them up painfully.

"I see three ships, Senhor Capitao."

"Yes?"

"Senhor Capitao, four years have I been here and never a ship appeared. And now I see three ships."

"Mother of God," muttered the young man. "You would drive a man mad. Whose are the ships?"

Motta's jaw fell, and hung there gaping. "Holy Mother," he gasped.

A dark smile grew in Barriga's face.

"Senhor Commandante, we can close the gates. We can mount the flag of Portugal and bid defiance to our enemies."

"Aye, and for how long?"

"For an hour, for a day, for a week. Have we not provisions for a fortnight?"

An answering smile appeared in de Andrade's eyes. It spread to his lips, his throat. He put back his head and roared with laughter so that the ray of sunlight caught his pointed beard and made it golden.

"Turn out the guard," he shouted in a great voice. "Summon my army of five men."

De Andrade descended the ladder to the still shadowed courtyard and called in a low voice, "Barriga."

The senior member of the garrison appeared.

"How long will it take to send a message to the Modliars?"

"At the most two days, Senhor."

"And for them to bring their levies to our succour?"

At that Barriga understood and his face darkened.

"Your pardon." He spoke grimly, "I have been in many battles in this Island and seen much of the people. We of Portugal are not loved. Should you summon the Modliars, Senhor, they will not come."

"Yet in Jafanapatao there is one who with fire and sword...."

The man-at-arms shook his head. "Senhor de Andrade, in Jafanapatao there is one who pays no heed. We can expect no help from there."

Silence fell and a level beam of sunlight slanted down over the walls into the courtyard.

"What can we do?" muttered de Andrade, but his face had become strained again as if he were thinking of other things.

III.

It was now dark and nothing had happened. The sheer corner of the fort was just visible from the upper room where it came down to the water. All else was darkness, unlit by the soft brilliance of stars.

In the courtyard voices were murmuring. "So, Motta, you wretch, we will dice for that one acre?"

The portly Motta grunted. "We are allowed no lights. Here in this well of darkness must we sit waiting our turn for guard. For me, I would rather sleep than dice."

"No, Motta, no," Barriga urged remorselessly. "Should you sleep, there would be no guard for you, no wakening when the Hollandezes come. Only the fires of hell would serve to rouse *you* once you slept. Motta, that acre of land...."

Soon the clinking of dice gave place to the faint murmurs of the night. The game over, Motta stared sullenly after the form which retreated into the darkness.

"So, Senhor Barriga," he growled to himself. "We are getting very fine some of us these days, are we not? Thinking that we shall wax rich on the lands of others!"

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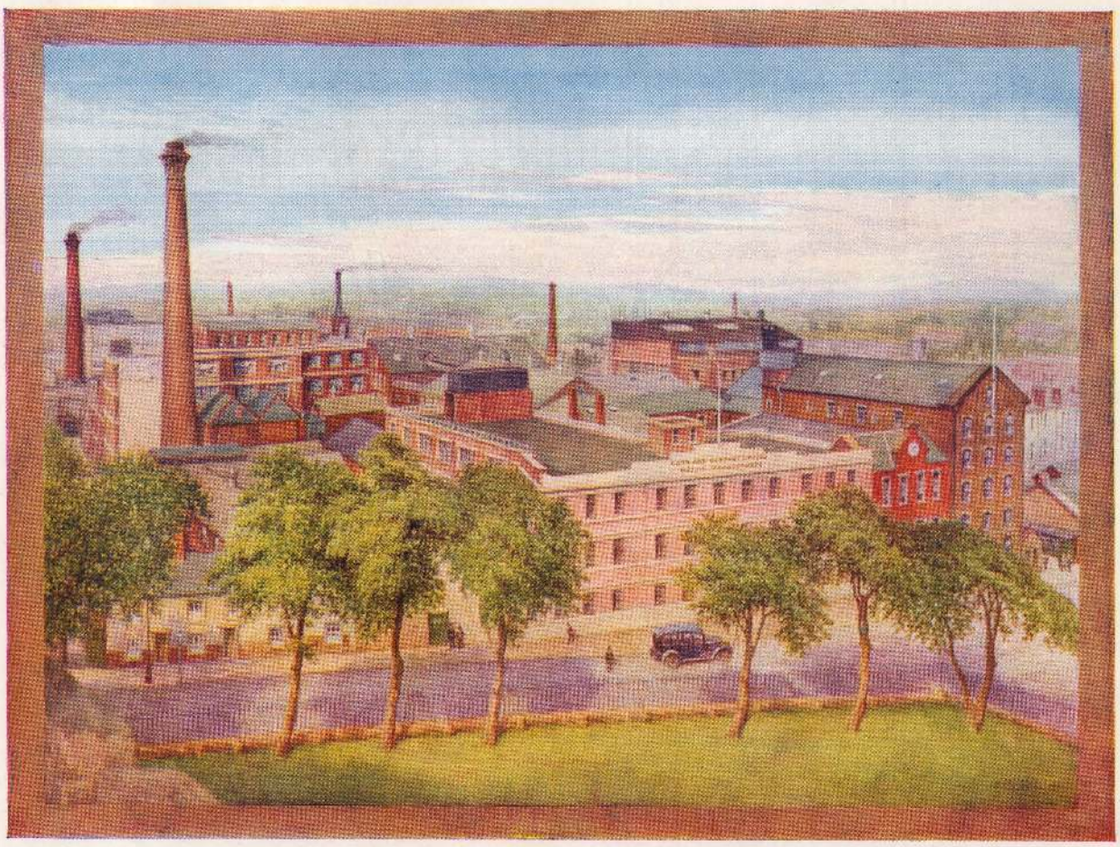
(CARR'S BISCUIT WORKS IN 1931)



CARR'S BISCUIT WORKS

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About midnight there came the sound of muffled oars. Motta, dozing at his post on the seaward side, heard it and strained his eyes towards the sound.

Nothing. He shrugged his shoulders. Why fuss about these things? They were but six men, all told, and the Hollandezes might be merciful. Perhaps if he kept silence they would rush the fort without bloodshed and all their lives would be spared.

A loud report from the main building startled him. "The Commandante does not sleep," he said under his breath, "But what use to fire at an enemy one cannot see?"

Silence—a complete utter silence—now broken by the cry of a night bird, under which you might imagine the beat of oars.

Barriga descended from the roof where he had stationed himself and wormed his way unnoticed close to the sentinel. "S'sh," he hissed.

The sibilant whisper terrified Motta and he began to repeat anxiously, "Pardon—pardon—pardon," like a subdued and respectable parrot.

"A pretty watch you keep, you miserable carrion. The Hollandezes might have captured the fortress under your nose!"

Motta backed as far as he was able. "Who is it? Barriga." Indignation followed his fear. "You dog, I thought it was the Hollandezes. You creep here like a snake to frighten me. You dog. You...."

Barriga laughed quietly and turned to face the lagoon whence the sound of muffled oars could again faintly be discerned as if retreating into the distance.

Motta peered at the outline of the broad back. That was the man who had won everything from him with the dice; that was the man who was going to get them all murdered with his watches and his creepings like a snake.

A second shot rang out. It was impossible to say whence it had been fired or where it had struck, for the echoes came rolling round the little fort like waves across the lagoon.

"A signal to the boats," murmured Barriga.

But the shot had given Motta an idea.

He slipped his knife from its sheath and stepped up softly behind the other.

"Get us all murdered—hey? Creep in the dark like a snake—hey?"

The knife slid home and Motta listened for the heavy thud on the sand outside the walls.

He looked round him anxiously. No one had stirred. Satisfied on this point he peered down into the courtyard and gave vent to a cautious, "Hola! Wake up you fools and go tell the Commandante that Barriga is dead."

"What happened?" De Andrade had felt his way up on to the watch tower.

"Senhor, that shot. Barriga was standing here beside me and he fell."

"I saw no flash," whispered de Andrade.

A sudden stir of wind set ripples lapping along the shore. The young Commandante turned his face towards the innumerable stars of heaven, his beard jutting out in a straight line.

"My friend," he said at last softly, "I believe we are all very soon to die."

The wind came whispering into the little fort, breathing on the sheer walls, sighing away almost without sound to be lost in the obscurity of the jungle.

Motta was of a sudden overcome by a strange agitation. It gathered in his breast, accumulating from nowhere, until he could no longer contain it.

"Senhor," he muttered, "I have a confession to make, will you listen?"

The face of de Andrade was still raised to the dark sky. There had come to him a clear vision of a garden in another fortress ten leagues away, a garden with a stone seat and lit by moonlight.

"Well," he prompted quietly.

"My farm in Portugal," Motta spoke with an unusual dignity, "I diced with Barriga and I lost. Again I diced. Always I lost and at last that fellow said, have you no property which I can win from you? I staked my farm and I lost.

"Senhor, I have no farm. I staked what I did not possess. But the provocation was great, Senhor. If I explain that to the good God will it not make a difference?"

A slight grating noise nearby passed unnoticed.

De Andrade was still lost in a reverie, he was barely conscious of the soldier's words—the girl on the stone seat—her hair shining black—her eyes smiling at him under lowered lashes....

"It will doubtless make a difference," he muttered mechanically.

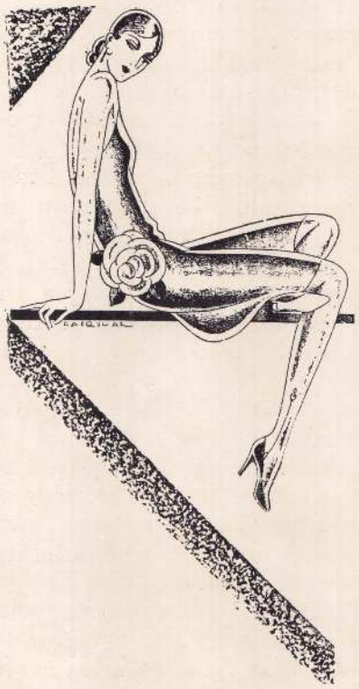
Motta sighed and crossed his hands over his stomach. For a moment he wondered if he ought to confess to the death of Barriga, but that weakness passed immediately. His complacency returned and he was about to make a remark in his usual pompous fashion when there was another loud report. Motta's head rocked on his shoulders and he staggered back stunned.

The gate crashed down. The Hollandezes poured into the courtyard uncovering their lanterns as they came.

The first shots disposed of the two up on the watch tower and the remnant of the garrison had no chance.

* * * *

Ten leagues away in Jafanapatao a scented fool was smiling. He had reason to be in good humour, for he was supping late with a girl who hitherto had been cold.



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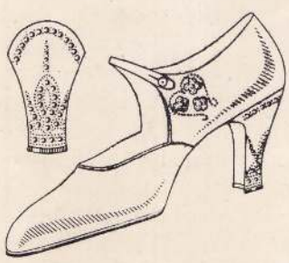

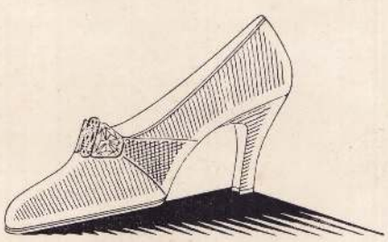

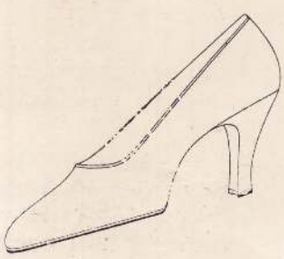

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It Never Is

By "Thauria"

THE resthouse was always said to be haunted. There was a tradition to that effect, though I never met any one who had seen the ghost. I was not alone in the bungalow. There were two other guests—motorists—a man and his wife; and they occupied the room opposite to mine across the dining-room. At dinner I met the lady, a stiff, rather formal person, with a precise and acid voice. My early advances were not an unqualified success, but after the fish she thawed a little, though not much. She said her husband had gone out to dine with business friends and would be back presently; and after the meal she withdrew. I sat for a while in a long verandah chair over a smoke and a final whisky and soda, but the insects were troublesome, and ultimately I went to bed at about ten o'clock.

I cannot say precisely at what hour the apparition arrived, but my impression is that it was well after midnight. I awoke to see it looming whitely in the doorway, where it stood for a while gently swaying from side to side. Then, with outstretched arms, it began to move forward gropingly, and I felt the hair of my scalp rise. Little tickling shivers raced up and down my spine. The approach was slow and painful, and the figure seemed to move with difficulty and with a gliding or shuffling motion, until its hands touched the mosquito curtain, and I realized with horror that it was trying to get into bed with me. With a great effort I pulled myself together, and said as calmly as I could—"Who are you? What do you want? Speak."

The figure stopped, its head already bent under the net, and it said—"Shorry, old chap. Musht be wrong room."

"Yes," I replied, "it is." Something I had heard of dinner and business friends recurred to me, recalling me to a sense of my duty. "Let me help you," I continued as kindly as I could.

To this he made no comment either way, and I started to guide his uncertain footsteps. He had, I ascertained, discarded his outer garments, and indeed I found a dinner jacket and waistcoat next morning behind the dressing table. The figure was, therefore, clad exclusively in a stiff white shirt and collar, and black patent leather shoes. Taking his arm, I led him towards the door. We proceeded at an incredibly slow pace, and with the same shuffling movement, which a pool of moonlight revealed was due to his trousers having come to rest round his ankles, restricting his gait as would a pair of shackles. In this fashion we crossed the dining room, and finally reached his destination. "Now, pull yourself together," I whispered, and, opening the lady's door, gently pushed him in, very quietly closing the door again behind him. Then, with the consciousness of having behaved rather well, I retired.

I had hardly regained my bed and tucked the mosquito curtain round me when a piercing outcry broke forth from across the dining-room. A female voice, startled and shrill, was demanding with evident indignation—"How dare you? How dare you, sir? Who are you? Go away at once. Harry! Harry!"

Then Harry (who was evidently already home and asleep) began to boom—"What the....."

Next moment my door flew open. The ghost, his movements now quite unencumbered, burst into the room, and shot through it towards the bathroom. The tin tub, which for some mysterious reason was kept hanging on a peg, fell on the stone floor with a shattering crash. The outer door was flung open, and I heard the ghost's running footsteps patter away down the drive.

* * * *

The uproar in the opposite bedroom had by no means subsided. A lamp had been lit, and the female voice was chattering with outrage and anger, like an excited old monkey; while the male voice rumbled pacifically as opportunity offered. There was indeed a sound like the beginning of a laugh, but it was cut short by the shrill assertion that—"I see nothing amusing about it whatever, Harry."

I myself lay convulsed with my face buried deep in the pillow, striving to suppress the shouts of laughter that threatened to choke me. As I lay there suffocated, and I fear emitting stifled but incriminating noises, the door half opened.

"Yours," said the voice of Harry in the dark; and he threw in something that fell with a light patter on the matting floor. Then he slammed the door.

Thoroughly sobered, I pulled myself together, groped for my torch, and turned it on. There, in the middle of the room, lay two patent leather shoes, and what had recently been a pair of shackles.

* * * *

The ghost—whoever the clumsy beast was—was never seen nor heard of again. The night swallowed him up; but in the morning when the lady passed me in the verandah on her way to the car, she swept scornfully past with averted head, and without a word of greeting or farewell. But to Harry I managed to whisper—"I assure you it was not me."

"No," said Harry with a whimsical smile, "it never is."

KAPIRI-GAMA

By J.E. Dias-Wanigasekera.

ABOUT 500 years ago upon an evening a band of twelve young men, led by a patriarchal-looking old man, arrived at the banks of the Malwatu Oya in the ancient and abandoned city of Anuradhapura. The men were armed with bows and arrows and light battle-axes and had their loin cloths tucked up to ensure free and easy movement. Their leader was named Kiriwanthe ; he carried only a staff in his hand and had a sharp, long dagger at his waist. Although old, he appeared full of vigour and in the full possession of all his faculties.

They rested for a while and at a word from the leader, laying aside their arms, they began to clear the place to camp for the night. The work was nearly over when a company of men, women and children of all ages began to enter the clearing, following each other closely in single file, each carrying a load of some kind. Placing the loads on the ground, they threw themselves wearily beside them. In their wake came heavily laden *tavalam bulls* and a herd of cattle.

After a short rest, preparations were made for camping. Before sitting down for their evening meal, all the people washed in the river, having first taken the precaution to make the crocodiles harmless by " charming " a few stones and casting them into the water.

The whole company numbered about a hundred souls. They were clad in the manner of that period when cloth was scarce, for they had to weave it for themselves. The men wore loin cloths which did not reach below the knees, and the upper part of the body was bare. A woman's cloth reached down to the middle of the calves, and one end of the cloth was taken up from the waist and thrown over the shoulder to cover the breast ; they wore bangles and rings and ear-ornaments of silver and sometimes of gold, set with precious stones, and necklaces of glass, large red coral, or agate beads.

Long before midnight silence reigned in the camp, and only the cackle of the burning logs in the fires round the camp was heard. The stillness was broken occasionally by the distant coughing of a leopard or the trumpeting of an elephant, and that shewed the watchers the necessity for keeping awake.

Away from the sleeping crowd, Kiriwanthe sat by the fire surrounded by a few of the older men. " For four days," he said, " we have been travelling from our last home in the hills. One more day's journey lies between us and the home of our fathers where I was born. It was a land flowing with milk and honey when we fled at the approach of marauding Tamils. Everything which we could not carry away then, we consigned to the flames, lest they fell into the hands of the robbers, and of our houses we made huge bon-fires. It was learnt that out of revenge the Tamils destroyed the tank. While the women and children rest here to-morrow, we shall make the customary offerings to the Dissava at Nuwara-wewa and obtain his permission to proceed to our old village and rebuild it. His *walauwa* lies not farther than the sound of a cock's crow."

In the morning a procession started from the camp to the *walauwa,* taking the offerings and gifts for the Dissava. Kiriwanthe and his companions, having prostrated themselves before the Chief, made their offering of betel leaves and presented the various gifts which consisted of sweet-meats, fruits, cloth, milk in the form of curd and syrup of the kitul palm. They stated who they were and prayed to be allowed to return to the village which had been abandoned under such tragic circumstances. The Dissava received them favourably and accepted their gifts.

On arrival at Ambagaswewa it was found that the site of the old village was now a forest, and the fields were overgrown with scrub. The tank was breached and without water except at the breach itself, and its bed had become a large open green, the feeding ground of herds of deer and wild buffalo and pig.

For the next few days the noise of the axe and the crash of falling trees resounded in the forest. In a short space of time the village had risen on its old site, and the more serious work of repairing the tank was begun. At an auspicious hour selected by the astrologers, the first sod was cut and the breach was filled up rapidly, for the people worked with a will early and late under the direction of their leader. When the work was finished, there was much joy in the village.

In due time the rains came. There was anxiety in the minds of the people at the thought of the test which their work was to undergo for the first time. As the water rose in the tank gradually, they stood at the repaired spot noticing the effects on it, and when the required level was reached

and the surplus water flowed out at the spill, they were reassured. But the rain was incessant, the spill discharged to its fullest capacity, yet the water rose in the tank and continued rising. They could only gaze on helplessly.

It was night. The women and children were asleep, but the men had congregated in a few huts and were seated by fires, talking in whispers. Suddenly, above the hiss of the falling rain, there was heard a cry of alarm from the watchers on the bund. The men rushed out and clambered up the slippery slopes of the bund and were seriously alarmed to find the water lapping their feet. Every flash of lightning disclosed to their view a wide expanse of water, which, they realized, their frail bund could not hold back for long. A few men ran along the bund backwards and forwards, panic-stricken, imploring the gods to come to their aid and preserve the tank, but Kiriwanthe and the rest remained calm, though despair was in their hearts at the disaster which seemed imminent. With a crash of rending timber, followed immediately by the deafening roar of rushing water, the repaired embankment gave way.

The breach was repaired again, and every known ingenuity was adopted to make the bund as strong as it was humanly possible, and the spill also was made wider. It rained again, and rained unceasingly. The water rose over the bund, and the repaired portion was swept away. The men returned to their houses sullenly. The old leader, sick at heart and quite dispirited and rebellious at his hard fate, would not even go down to his house but sat by the breach, brooding. Whilst seated thus, he slept and he dreamed. A kingly personage stood by him and demanded to know what he was doing there in his domain. He replied who he was and said "Lord, twice did I repair this breach, and twice did it give way, I can do no more but must perish with all these little ones. As for me, I am old and what matters when I die! I would have cast myself into this raging torrent and perished ere this, did I not fear the fate of these that I have led here." "Thou hast not propitiated me by the sacrifice of a maiden, therefore vain has been thy labour." So saying the being vanished. Kiriwanthe awoke and it was dawn.

The man rushed down to the village and related his vision of Minneri Deiyo.

Despite the urgent need and the promise of wealth and favours, no one was willing to give his daughter for the sacrifice. In their dilemma, it was related that in one of the nearby hamlets there was a Veddah with unmarried daughters, and it was agreed to obtain one of the maidens by any possible means.

Kiriwanthe interviewed the old Veddah. What entreaties, what threats were used, nobody knew. All that Kiriwanthe would say was that he had succeeded in his quest. Watch was kept to see that the Veddah did not flee with his daughters. Permission was obtained from the Dissava to make the human sacrifice.

The work of repairing the breach was commenced for the third time. A passage was left leading right up to the middle of the breach, and there a polished brass pot with jewels inside it was placed. The people went to the village of the Veddah, and having dressed his daughter Kapiri in fine clothes and jewellery like a bride, took her in procession led by dancers and tom-tom beaters. Kapiri was shown the brass pot and told that it contained precious jewels meant for her, and she was requested to fetch it. With a glad cry she rushed forward and grasped the vessel. At that instant men who were waiting ready on the bund threw down baskets of earth upon the unfortunate girl and buried her quickly. Her cries were drowned by the loud beating of the drums and the shouts of the people.

When the sacrifice was over and the breach was closed, Kiriwanthe stood up and addressed the people: "This village," he said, "shall no longer be called Ambagaswewa. Kapiri is now its guardian, and so long as the sun and moon exist, it shall be called Kapiri-gama."

The village is about twelve miles north-east of Anuradhapura and goes by the name of its guardian spirit. From that time the bund has withstood every flood and storm.

BUT ONCE A YEAR

WHY is the Appu's face so bright?
The kitchen cooly's work so right?
They're both imbued with the idea
That Christmas comes but once a year.

The man who brings around the ice
Is now so friendly, kind and nice,
I'm filled with wonder (also fear!)
'Cos Christmas comes but once a year.

My dhoby, like a man re-born,
Would die if anything were torn.
He knows his victim's fate is near,
As Christmas comes but once a year.

The paper peon's step is light,
His smile is wide, his eyes are bright.
He seems to say "good news is here!"
For Christmas comes but once a year.

While ayah looks so round and sweet,
And hopes she'll have a Yuletide treat.
A saree bright is not too dear,
When Christmas comes but once a year.

Santosum! is the password now.
Though slumps and taxes wring the brow,
Our master's voice is full of cheer,
And Christmas comes but once a year.

D. S. O'R.

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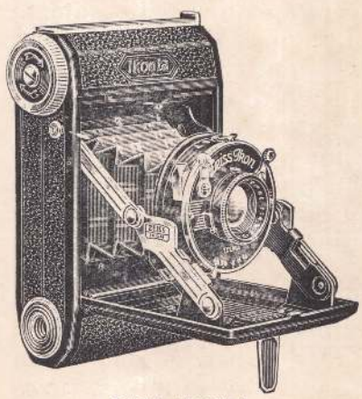

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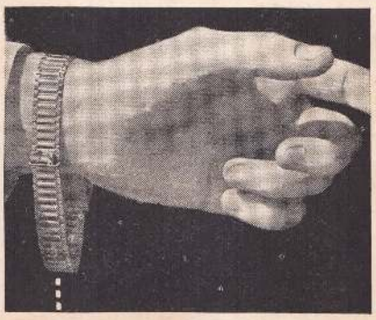

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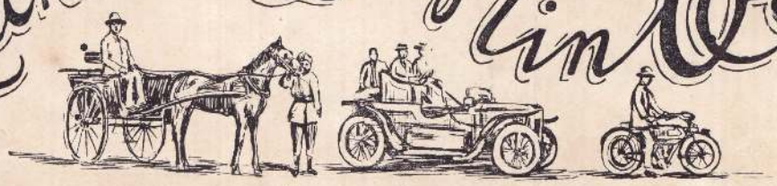
Rickshaw Days in Colombo

by T. Jones



Illustrations from Sketches by the late L. K. Van Dort.

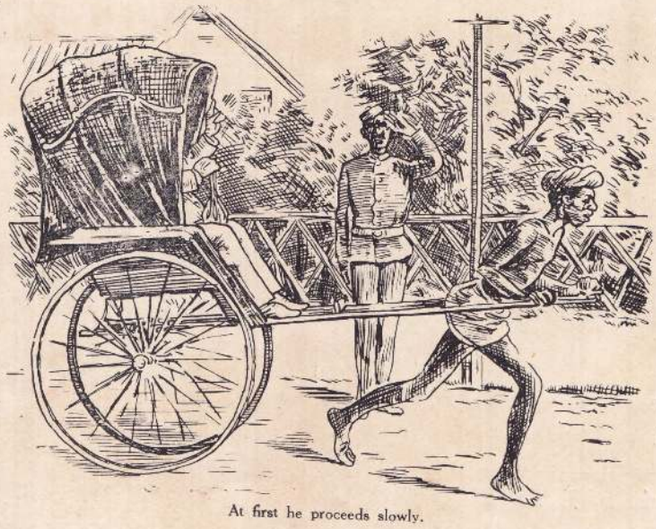
BETWEEN the gharry and the motor age in Ceylon was sandwiched the epoch when the rickshaw was the principal means of transport. At first there were no rickshaws, any more than there was whisky. The European residents drank brandy—freely—and went about in horse-drawn vehicles called Ticca Gharries. I do not know when whisky made its first appearance in Ceylon, but it was probably long before the rickshaw was imported from China—or was it Japan?—and was found much more convenient than the gharry for covering short distances. The rickshaw epoch was not very protracted, but it is important and embraced, among other events, the great rubber boom. The motor car era arrived with this boom.

Old Tourist engages the last rickshaw on the stand.

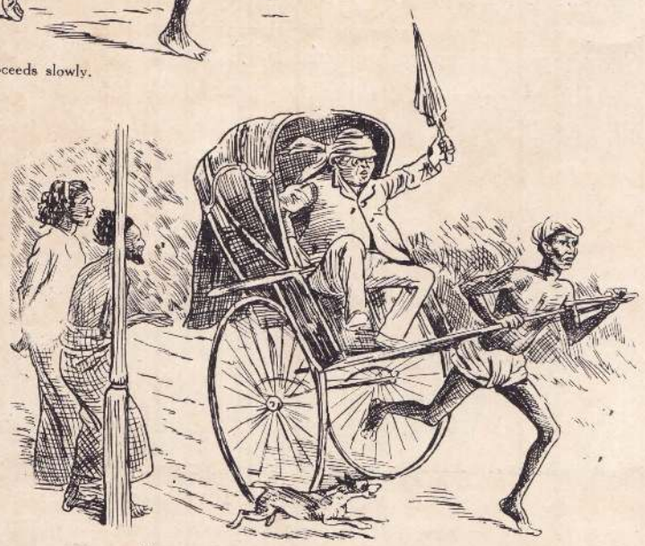
The writer arrived in Colombo in the early days of the rickshaw epoch. The most one could aspire to in those days in the way of luxury road travel was to have a rickshaw with two coolies—one pulling and one pushing behind. Only the heads of firms were supposed to indulge in this extravagance. An assistant who had a double-manned rickshaw would be frowned upon by his seniors as one who was putting on unnecessary frills and living beyond his means.

Mr. G. C. Gnapp, who is now selling "luxury" cars in Piccadilly, introduced a new luxury type of rickshaw with very low pneumatic-tyred wheels. All those who could afford it and who liked to swagger ordered one. A resident when he first appeared in one of these attracted quite as much interest as if to-day, say, Mr. H. H. Kirton appeared in a brand new Rolls Royce. But the vogue of the Gnapp rickshaw came to an end as suddenly as it had started. Owing to the smallness of the wheels it was much more difficult to draw and those who had too precipitately invested in this "posh" conveyance had to be content to travel at a snail's pace behind a toiling and perspiring cooly, while those who had stuck to the old type of vehicle swept past them with an exultant and grinning rickshawman in the shafts taking an occasional look back at them to see whether they were enjoying the joke. The pneumatic rickshaw fell to a lower price than even rubber shares can be bought at to-day.

It was quite a comfortable vehicle, the rickshaw, when you did not know anything better. A friend of mine used to fall asleep in one regularly on the way home to his bungalow after a dance or a dinner at the Club. Not having made himself clear to the rickshawman where he wanted to go to, he spent the whole of one night asleep in the rickshaw, only waking when the rickshawman, seeing an early caddy-keeper taking down his shutters,

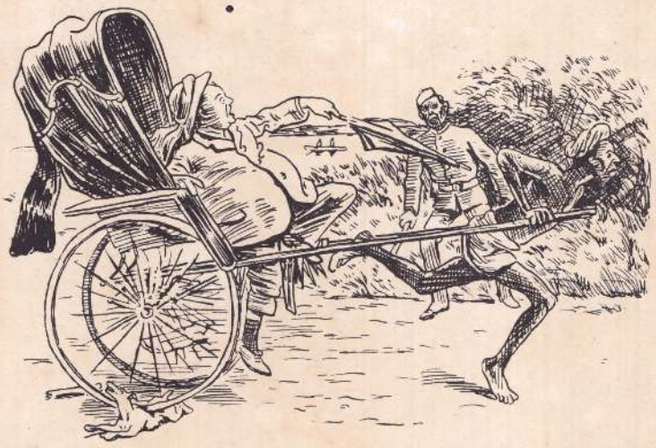


At first he proceeds slowly.



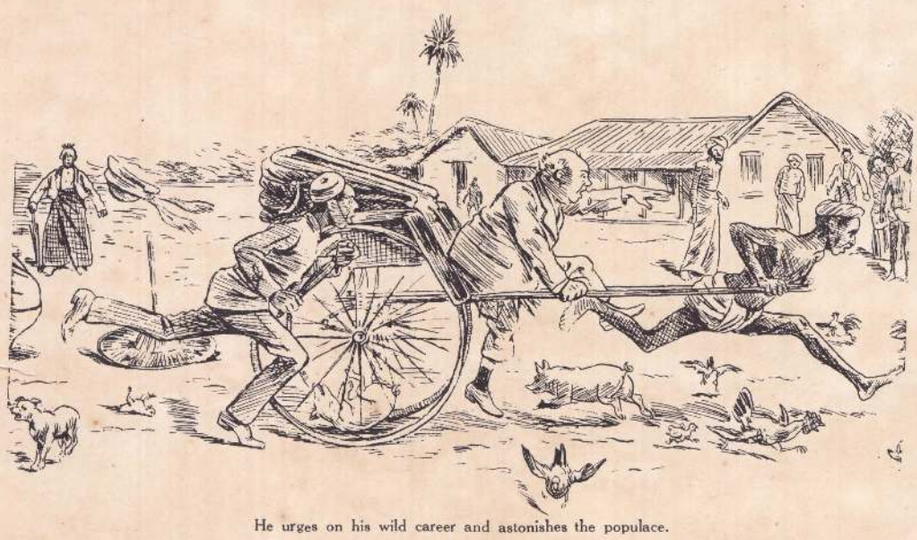
The pace improves. Old Tourist tries to modify it.

dropped the shafts in order to drink a glass of tea. On another occasion, being bound for a bungalow somewhere in the neighbourhood of Wellawatte, he woke up to find himself near the Museum. After gently reproaching the erring cooly he resumed his slumbers. Next time he woke he was back again at the Clock Tower!



The floor gives way. The deaf rickshawman takes this as a sign to go faster.

When I arrived in Colombo there were a number of cars in the Island; but they were sufficiently rare that when one passed through Baillie Street all the assistants in the mercantile offices rushed to the windows to have a look at it. Two or three of the more enterprising V.A.'s had 8 h.p. Rover cars, which used to take them almost anywhere with difficulty—they used to avoid Hakgala and Ramboda. The pioneers of motoring were Mr. G. C. S. Hodgson, Mr. C. M. Wright and Mr. Robert Davidson and one or two others. They and the V.A.'s already mentioned were almost the only car-owners. But a little later Dr. Aldo Castellani appeared in a small and noisy two-seater called a Piccolo, and the late Mr. Crosbie Roles in a motor (not a Piccolo), which though by no means silent had a peculiarly melodious engine-hum which earned for it the sobriquet of "the musical box."

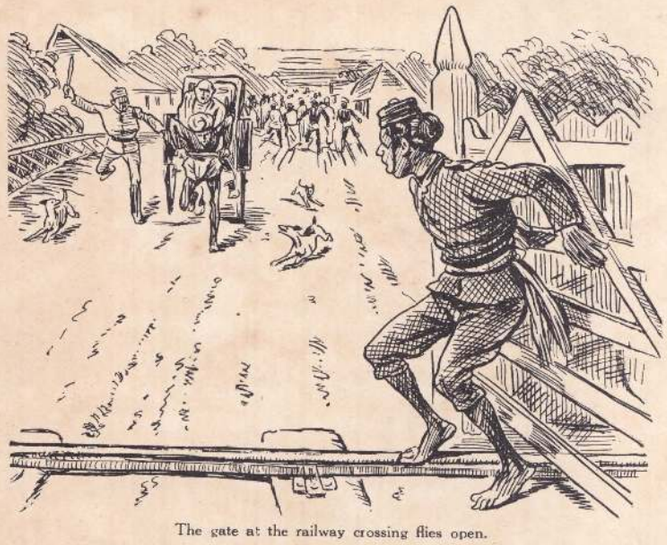


He urges on his wild career and astonishes the populace.

In the meantime the motor cycle had made several false starts. The first to introduce one, I believe, was a German named Kahn, but about the same time Mr. Bowle Evans, the late Mr. John Grieve and several others Up-country became proud possessors, while later in Colombo Mr. C. T. Young and Mr. H. J. Lovett of the Post Office, appeared as pioneers. Then the vogue completely died out for some reason or other, and I myself may claim to be amongst the starters of the next motor cycle boom. Lying in Brown's Stores, in Chatham Street in 1905, I found several brand new Minerva 2 h.p. motor cycles which had been left on their hands. I was able to purchase one of these for the magnificent sum of Rs. 120. It was run by battery ignition, and I used to charge the battery surreptitiously off the lighting current at the Mount Lavinia Hotel!

One of my first essays on the Minerva was an attempt to get to Batticaloa. I went by train as far as Bandarawela, considering it hopeless to try to negotiate either the Ginigatenne or Ramboda Passes or to go up *via* Haldummulla and Haputale—I was blissfully unaware of the hilly country between Badulla and Lunugala. Before I got to Passara the petrol induction pipe snapped. I was able to solder it together at Mr. J. J. Robinson's factory, but it went again before I reached Bibile. Here a village blacksmith effected a very efficient repair, but I had had enough of it by this time and turned back. I had had a pretty strenuous time of it pushing up hills on the way out, but it was nothing to the pushing I had to do to get back to Bandarawela. Never again did I take the Minerva out of Colombo

My debut on the Minerva at the Golf Club caused about as much sensation as if today a player landed on the links in a moth 'plane. I used to park it near the entrance to the locker room and when I made my departure all the members used to leave their drinks and rush out to the verandah to witness the exit. This must have been at the end of October or beginning of November, 1905, for I remember Mr. E. Human, then honorary secretary of the Club, startled by the series



The gate at the railway crossing flies open.

of loud and alarming detonations issuing from the silencer when I was starting, rushing out to inform me that the fifth of November was not till next week.

Except that there were rickshaws instead of cars life was not startlingly different in Colombo from what it is at the present day. There were of course much fewer people, and to see a strange face or someone one didn't know at the Public Hall or at a race-meeting was unusual. The hotels were open continuously, *i.e.*, day and night, and it was nothing to walk into the G.F.H. or the Bristol at three in the morning for a drink.

The hotels, too, were often full of passengers at these hours and as lively as a Paris Cabaret. On such an occasion the chief rickshaw and gharry traffic was in Main Street, for there were large colonies of "gay" ladies in Reclamation Road and Keyzer Street. The Red Lamps were extinguished for good in 1912.

As means of transport were much more meagre planters were largely confined to their estates, or at any rate to their own districts, and consequently August Week was a more joyous festival and marked by wilder and more hilarious scenes than in these degenerate, but more decorous, days.

Finally he is persuaded to stop.

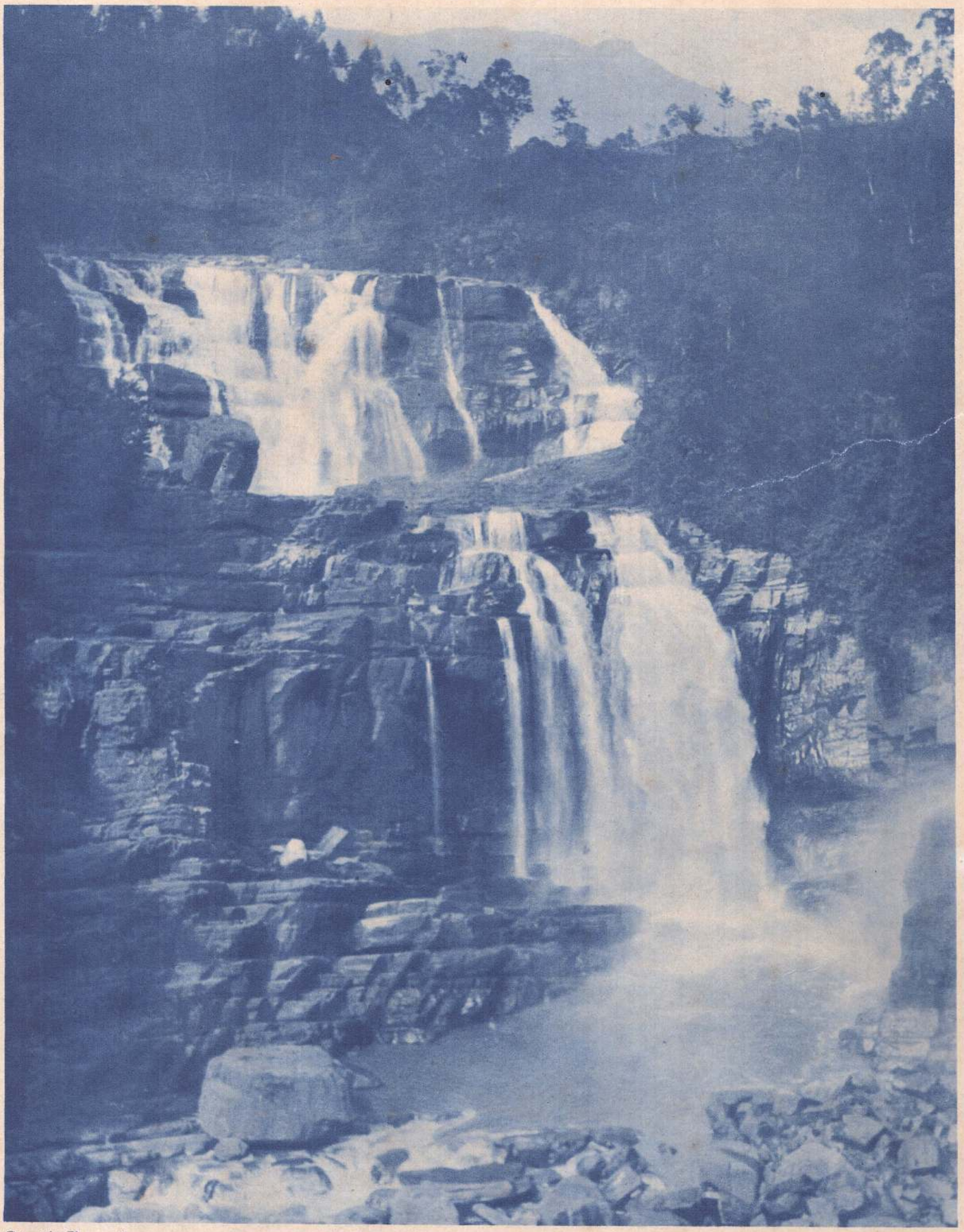
Reverting once more to the rickshaw there used to be an idea that the rickshaw-driver's occupation was an unhealthy one, or at any rate that it imposed such a strain on those who followed it that they either relinquished it before they were old or died prematurely. There are, however, still—or were as late as eighteen months ago—actively pursuing their calling in the Fort of Colombo, importuning passengers as eagerly as ever, not one but at least a dozen rickshaw coolies whom I often employed between the years 1905 and 1910. This does not seem to indicate that the rickshawman's lot is such an arduous one as all that. I interrogated one of these quite recently and he informed me that he had been at it continuously since 1907, not even taking an occasional three months " vacation " at the coast.

CEYLON WATERFALLS

Copyright Photograph *P. J. C. Durrant*

A remarkable study of the LAXAPANA FALLS.

THE ST. CLAIR FALLS



Copyright Photograph *P. J. C. Durrant*

"Hark to that roar whose swift and deafening peals,
In countless echoes through the mountain ring."

DUNHINDA FALLS

P. J. C. Durrant

The stately majesty of falling waters is illustrated in this beautiful photograph of the Dunhinda Falls, BADULLA

RIVER BEAUTIES UP-COUNTRY

AMID SYLVAN GRANDEUR.—A charming view of the Mahaweliganga, near Kandy.

P. J. C. Durrant

WITH MOUNTAINS BEYOND.—A rivulet which flows into the Maha Oya near Polgahawela.

CEYLONTRASTS ~2000 A.D.

BY
A.G.D. BAGOT
ILLUSTRATED BY R.F.L.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION EAST.

CELEBRATING his 75th birthday, old Mr. Raymond was in a happy and reminiscent mood. He had good reason to be so, for he was about to achieve an almost life-long ambition to revisit the land of his birth. He had left Ceylon at the age of seven, when his father, like so many other hard-pressed planters, had been forced to return to England with his family. Five years later his father had died and the youthful Jack Raymond had gone to make a livelihood, and possibly a fortune, in Canada, refusing to remain a burden on his mother's slender means.

Eventually, Jack Raymond had settled in Alaska, finding work as a trapper a healthy and interesting life though somewhat lonely. He had now saved sufficient for his own retirement and was looking forward with no little excitement to a tour which would include a holiday in his birthplace.

* * *

Of course Mr. Raymond—for so we should call this dignified gentleman of mature years—was out of touch with world affairs, but he did know that Ceylon was named Lanka, the change having been effected to mark the grant of Dominion Status in the late 'thirties. The clerk at the office of the International Travel Bureau at Montreal seemed totally unaware of the existence of such a country as Lanka or Ceylon. There was a great rustling of files, consulting of maps and reference books and at length an exclamation :—" Ah, here it is, sir ; Clapham Junction East. Lanka Island, Indian Ocean."

Pressed for information, the clerk could only refer Mr. Raymond to the Enquiry Bureau, but the officials there were very hazy in their ideas of Lanka, suggesting that it was a derelict island scarcely ever visited. Mr. Raymond, with faint recollections of his childhood and remembering what his parents had told him of the good times they had spent in Colombo, Kandy and Nuwara Eliya, was inclined to regard the suggestion with suspicion or even to dismiss it as preposterous. At any rate the officials knew a great deal about Clapham Junction East, which was apparently a huge airship filling station on an artificial island, on which were built hotels and recreation grounds for the convenience of tourists.

Old Mr. Raymond decided not to ask any more questions. He did not hold with those floating palaces and would feel more at home on dry land. What he wanted after all was to see Ceylon, or Lanka rather—he would have to call it Lanka or people wouldn't know what he was talking about. He wanted to arrive for Christmas and spend some time in Colombo and Mount Lavinia, put up for a night or two at Kandy, pay a visit to Bandarawela, and then—the crowning delight—go to Nuwara Eliya. From his headquarters at the Sanatorium he could visit his old school, Haddon Hill, and also Honeycoombra —the estate his father had worked —where he had spent happy, carefree years. And he would probably reach Nuwara Eliya at the height of the season when the tennis championships and the races were in full swing. No, he certainly would not favour the Floating Airways Hotel with his presence.

At any rate the officials knew a great deal about Clapham Junction East.

* * * *

Thus Mr. Raymond, having booked his passage in one of the latest Imperial Amphibian Air Liners, which could alight with equal safety on land or sea, set out upon his first real holiday. The " Carpathian " was a truly wonderful ship of the air, having a cruising speed of 500 miles per hour and accommodation for 1,000 passengers. He joined the airship at 6 a.m. ; breakfast was served during the Atlantic crossing ; and the leviathan reached London in time to enable the passengers to lunch on shore. There was a lengthy stop at the Empire's Metropolis, not so much for the sake of the passengers, but because of the time taken in discharging and loading the mails. By three o'clock, however, the ship was speeding to Cairo, which was reached in time for dinner on land, in " The Aerodrome Hotel."

Mr. Raymond would have liked to have broken his journey at Cairo to visit the places of interest, but, like the other passengers, he was also anxious to get to his destination. How different from the

PROOF that Sanatogen creates 60% more red blood-cells in 3 weeks

A feeling of lassitude is a typical sign of Anæmia. When the blood is weak and impoverished, it cannot carry the necessary life-giving oxygen and food to the cells of the nerves and muscles. As a result, the functioning of all the organs of your body slows down.

To become strong and healthy again you must overcome the weakness of your blood by strengthening the blood-producing organs and by building up a large number of new blood-cells in your body. And you can do that so easily—with Sanatogen!

A well-known physician has kept record-sheets of 80 of his patients treated with Sanatogen, and these documents prove that:

"As an average in all the men and women tested an increase of 60% red blood-cells was obtained after three weeks' use of Sanatogen."

(See "Medical Echo.")

This is surely convincing proof of the fact that Sanatogen will revive and strengthen your whole system within a few weeks. And just think what this promises you in the way of health! Sixty per cent. more red blood corpuscles will mean that in a few weeks you will feel fit and fresh again—that a new stream of life will flow through your veins.

900,000 red blood-cells per c.c.m. more in one month.

The "General Practitioner" records the case of a girl suffering from a severe form of anæmia. Sanatogen was prescribed and after a month, the number of red blood corpuscles had increased from 3,600,000 to 4,500,000 per c.c.m.

Think what new, fresh blood would mean to *you*. You would look healthy again, and would feel years younger, instead of being tired and "run-down." And think of the joy of having people exclaim again: "*How well you look!*"

SANATOGEN

The True Tonic-Food

Obtainable at all Chemists and Bazars.

days of travel in the great ocean liners. It gave him a feeling of pride, however, literally to see the British flag flying round the world, an even more intense feeling than he had experienced in the day when the Red Ensign was carried upon every ocean.

An early start was made next morning as the airship was scheduled to reach Clapham Junction East at noon.

Nearing the time of arrival, Mr. Raymond went to the rails to catch a glimpse of Lanka, and was just in time to see Adam's Peak visible above the clouds before the airship began to descend. Almost before he had located the Floating Island, the airship was alongside and the crew were busy disposing of the passengers' luggage.

The crew were busy disposing of passengers' luggage.

Clapham Junction East was a wonderful place. The hotel quarter had huge buildings and wide streets with shady flowering trees. There were tennis courts covered with awnings to protect the players from the tropical sun. There was also a golf course in a lovely setting of tropical vegetation and palm trees. Swimming pools had been built out into the sea with ample protection from the sharks. The Island, in fact, contained every amenity of civilization. There were hotels for people of every nationality and all had spacious reception and dining rooms. Bedrooms were limited in number as very few people stayed on the Island for more than a few hours, but there were numerous dressing and retiring rooms.

Mr. Raymond was only interested in visiting Ceylon, and at once saw the Manager to make arrangements for getting ashore and for his trip in the Island. He was told that hydroplanes left twice a day for the mainland, which was only ten miles away, or, if he wished, he could hire an aero-taxi for the whole trip. In further conversation Mr. Raymond heard something of the history of the Island after the grant of what amounted to self-Government. Swaraj apparently had been the downfall of the people. Colossal sums of public money had been spent in works for relieving unemployment; schools and universities had been built as well as elaborate Council Chambers for the numerous committees that governed the country. An attempt had also been made to rebuild the ancient palaces in the jungles in order to recapture the lost glories of 2,000 years earlier. To prosecute these schemes the country had been taxed dry. Capital had vanished and nothing had been left but mortgaged properties. The Island had then gone bankrupt; all progress had stopped and soon the jungle tide had set in and swept over all the abandoned cultivated areas. Malaria had decimated the population.

"You understand, sir," said the manager, "it was no good making our airways junction on shore. With this Floating Island we are free from taxes and malaria!"

* * *

Still undaunted, Mr. Raymond was determined at least to see Colombo, and, taking passage in one of the hydroplanes, arrived in the old harbour. The breakwaters had endured all the onslaughts of the seas, and remained a fine memorial to a bye-gone administration, but with the passing of shipping there was now no real use for the harbour and there was practically no activity.

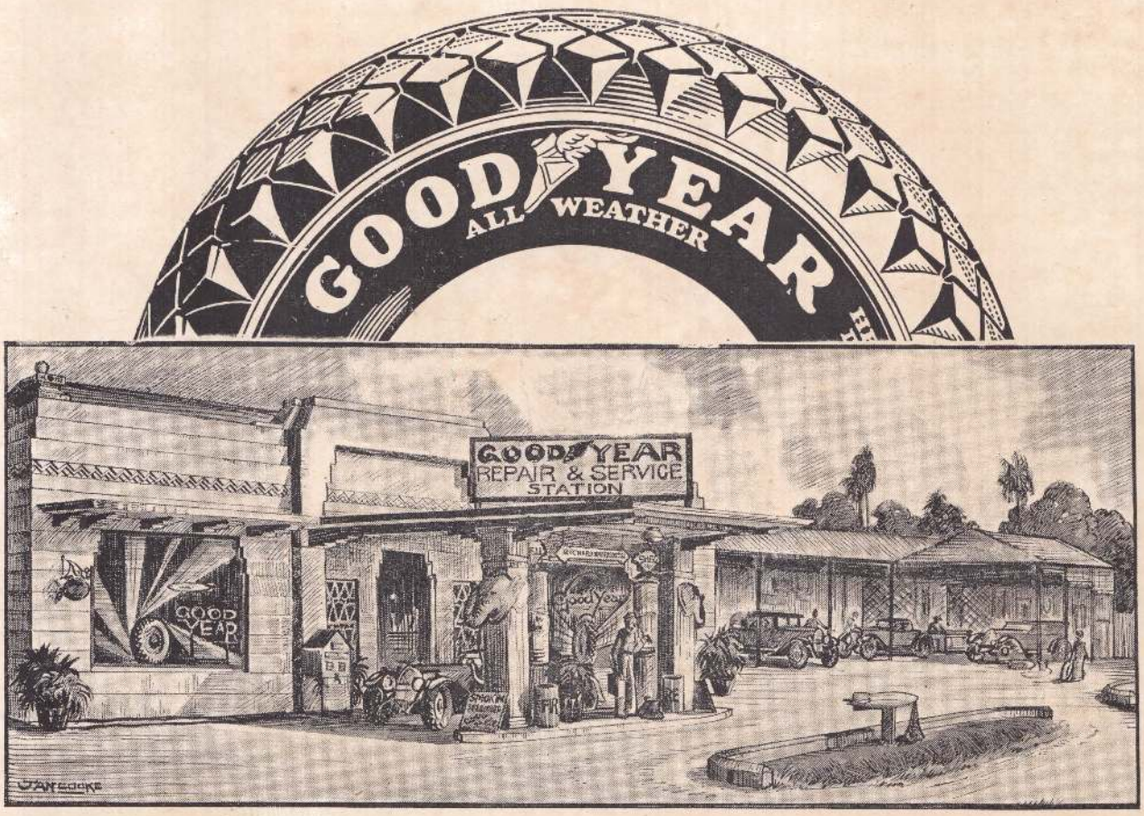
Untroubled by any Customs formalities, Mr. Raymond stepped ashore and entered a tumble-down building which had once been a famous hotel. A host of native guides offered to show him the ruins of Colombo, and it was only with great difficulty that he was able at length to make arrangements for an aero-taxi trip Up-country.

On his tour round Colombo Mr. Raymond was scarcely able to believe his eyes when he saw the desolation everywhere. Fine buildings had crumbled to ruins, and the Clock Tower seemed to be a relic of the Middle Ages, giving no indication that it had ever been used as a lighthouse. The Victory Column still showed its head above the ruins, as a reminder of what it stood for; but the only pleasing sights were the avenues of flamboyant trees which had once beautified the best roads in the East.

* * *

After this short tour Mr. Raymond stepped into the aero-taxi which was to take him to Nuwara Eliya. These taxis were really seaplanes intended

Tyre Servicing for Your Car !



THE ONLY SPECIALIZED TYRE REPAIR AND SERVICE STATION IN CEYLON !

We have specialized in tyres and tyre service. That service is now available to help you get the maximum mileage from your tyres, regardless of make.

Our tyre inspection, wheel and axle alignment checking, rim conditioning and other servicing features are specially designed to save you miles—and rupees !

And note this : our repairs are all GUARANTEED to last the life of the tyre or tube—need we say more ?

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Remember . . .

RICHARD PIERIS & CO.

at

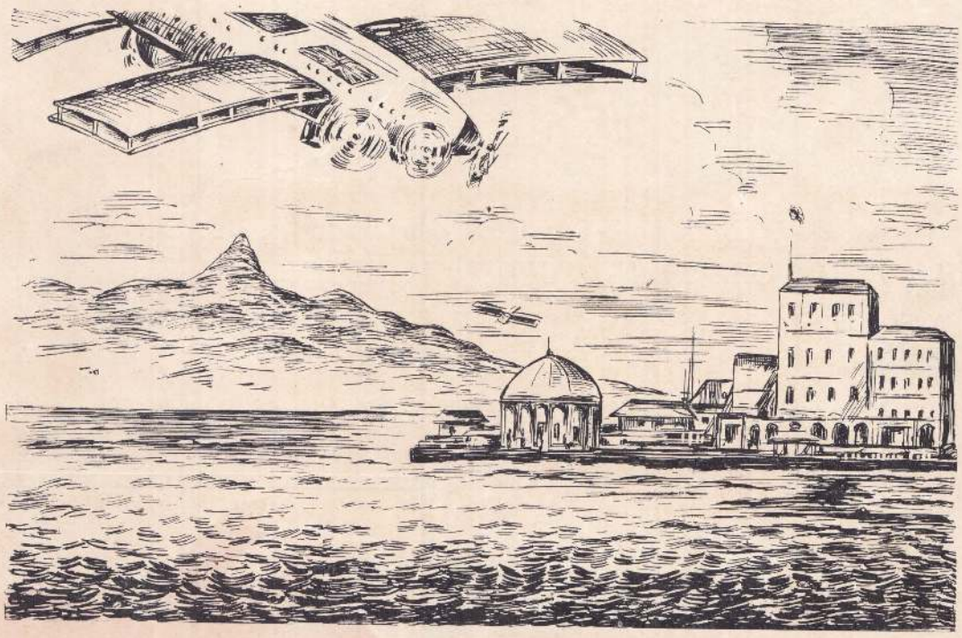
HYDE PARK CORNER, COLOMBO.

PHONES : **97 and 98.**

TELEGRAMS : **"PROGRESS"**

to land on the lakes at Kandy and Nuwara Eliya, on the tanks in the low-country and at places along the coast. To the observer in the seaplane the land had the appearance of a thick, impenetrable jungle. And so it was. In a comparatively short time of neglect the jungle had re-conquered the tea and rubber lands, and the only cultivation in evidence was coconuts and paddy.

Alighting on Kandy Lake, Mr. Raymond made a quick inspection of the neighbourhood, but was soon glad to resume the trip to Nuwara Eliya. True, he was interested in the Temple of the Tooth, but he found it difficult to make a thorough inspection on account of being pestered by hordes of beggars. An old ruin standing near the Temple of the Tooth attracted his attention and he was informed by the guide that it was the ruin of the new temple they had begun to build during the prosperous years of tea and rubber, but which had never been completed because they had found it impossible to raise the necessary funds. The original temple, however, appeared to serve its purpose !



* * *

On the way up to Nuwara Eliya, Mr. Raymond was engaged in conversation with the pilot, remarking aimlessly on the comfort of travel by air as compared with the tedious journey by road. De Silva, the pilot, could only dwell upon his regret that so few ladies and masters now came to Ceylon. If only more of them came, he might then be as rich as had been his grandfather, who had made a great deal of money in driving visitors round the Island in touring cars.

A perfect landing was made on Lake Gregory at Nuwara Eliya, and Mr. Raymond made his way to a dingy Resthouse, which was the only place catering for visitors. The meal consisted of the inevitable chicken, and he was glad to hurry away on his tour of inspection. A space, overgrown with thick scrub, marked the place where once had stood the racecourse, while the former golf course was a forest of accacia and gum trees. The tea bushes, which at one time had been the mainstay of the Island, were now growing wild and appeared as a scrubby undergrowth on the forest-clad hillsides. The ruins of bungalows were to be seen here and there, and it was obvious that the place was scarcely inhabited as there was no attraction for people born under a tropical sun to live at this elevation. Mr. Raymond eventually found his way to Haddon Hill School, only to find it a ruin like the other buildings in this place of desolation. Thoroughly disheartened, he decided to leave without delay.

* * * *

Making the return journey *via* Polonnaruwa, he noticed the old ruins of 2,000 years earlier, which apparently had stood up better to the ravages of time than had the more modern buildings, although it was certain the jungle would soon completely encompass them.

Back in Colombo again, Mr. Raymond decided to return at once to the Floating Hotel, as it was not safe to sleep on shore and risk getting malaria. He was thoroughly disillusioned, but his spirits revived somewhat during dinner, which was the best the hotel could produce —and it is no exaggeration to say the best Mr. Raymond had ever had—for delicacies from all over the world were brought to this air junction. After spending a few days on the wonderful Floating Island, Mr. Raymond booked a passage to England, and now lives there in happy retirement, at peace with the world.

THE LIDO OF THE UNIVERSE.

MR. BENTLEY stepped out of the air liner, feeling none the worse for his journey, although in his eightieth year. He was making the trip at the suggestion of his doctor, who had readily favoured a visit to the wonderful Island called Lanka.

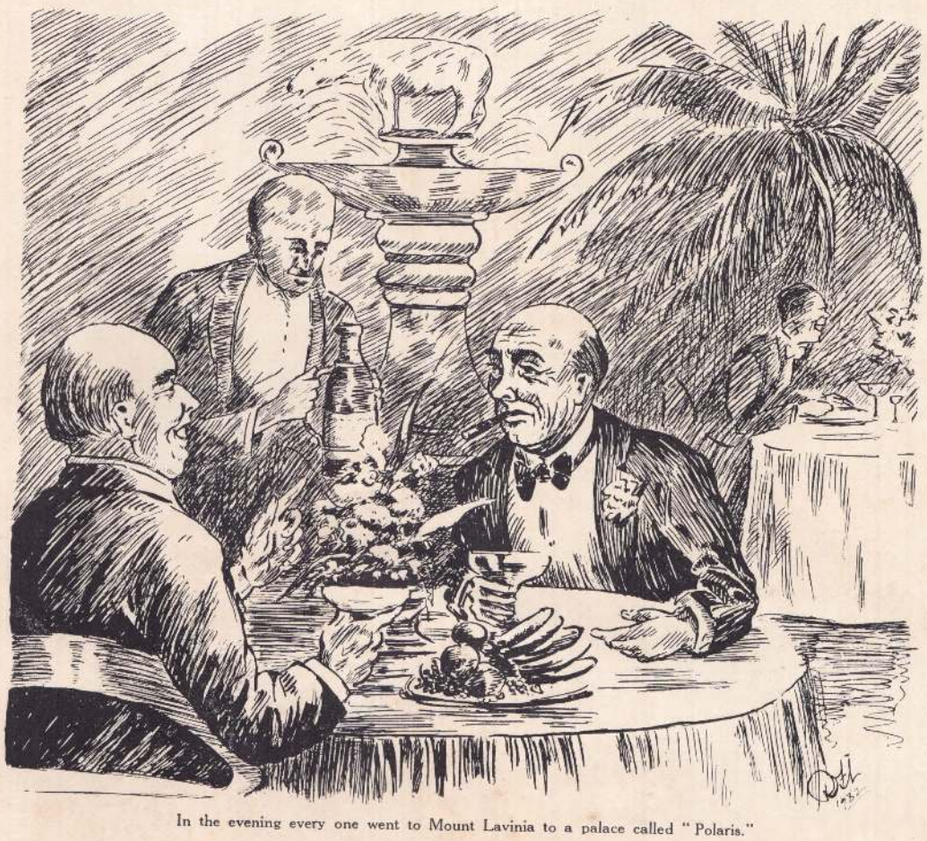
It was some 70 years earlier that Mr. Bentley had left this place, then known as Ceylon; so that he was naturally eager to see for himself the changes which had taken place in all these years.

Since the black 'thirties the whole world had made wonderful progress. The historical Ottawa Conference had dated the first real recovery in trade, and some years later, the equally important Lausanne Conference had settled the affairs of the nations. With general disarmament, and the removal of all trade barriers, the world had become a United Empire, ensuring the peace and prosperity of all civilized peoples.

In the early years, Ceylon with her newly-formed Government had been slow in getting off

the mark, but eventually had blossomed forth—an example to all—and was now known as Lanka, the most prosperous Island in the world, and, *par excellence* the ideal place in which to spend a holiday. Owing to its geographical position, it had soon become the Lido of the Universe, and people from all over the world flocked to its picturesque shores.

After alighting from the airship, Mr. Bentley was transported from the Aerodrome, situated a few miles outside Colombo, to the "Lanka Hotel," an enormous building with a spacious roof on which the smaller aircraft could alight.



In the evening every one went to Mount Lavinia to a palace called "Polaris."

"Gracious," said Mr. Bentley, "this exceeds all expectations. What a wonderful building!"

The clerk in the reception office smiled indulgently at the old gentleman. "You are not the first to make that remark, Mr. Bentley. Room No. 2002, sir, facing the sea. Your luggage will be taken up immediately, and"—noticing that Mr. Bentley was a stranger—"no tips are allowed in this Hotel."

What Mr. Bentley noticed first was the absence of fans, and yet the rooms were delightfully cool. On further examination he discovered that the building was ventilated by regulated air, and, although in the Tropics, was as cool, fresh and comfortable as could be desired.

* * * *

Colombo was a wonderful city. The modern buildings, though skyscrapers, were all artistically designed in Eastern fashion. The Opera House was a veritable marble Palace; and in these days of fast travel, for the Air Liners speeded at 500 miles an hour, the most famous artists were engaged to entertain the people in this playhouse of the world.

In the evening when the Opera was over, every one went to Mount Lavinia to a palace called "Polaris," where, on a Tropical night with the stars shining like diamonds in the sky, one entered a magnificent building which was decorated internally to represent the Polar regions.

One of the most attractive features of Colombo was the marvellous esplanade which extended from Colombo, through Mount Lavinia, to Panadura. The broad motorable road was flanked on the seaside by beautiful palm trees and on the land side by gorgeous flamboyants, with spacious mansions in the background.

A most popular craze at Mount Lavinia was ice-skating, and around the rink were tables where people supped, with champagne flowing like water, for everyone in this fair Isle was rich.

Mr. Bentley was astonished, and enquired how these wonders were possible, for when he had left the Island many years before everyone had been bankrupt.

Mr. Walker, the proprietor of the world-famous Palace, an elderly man himself, explained that some years after the Island had been given self-government, things had gone from bad to worse, but a saner Council had soon been elected, and an absolute transformation had gradually taken place.

Following the example of the Lausanne Conference, the new Councillors had worked together, forgetting racial and communal differences. They had elected a Marketing Board to control the numerous industries of the Island. Thanks to the Tea Propaganda Board, the Ceylon tea industry had become most prosperous, and a timely boom had supplied capital to finance other developments. Later, the boom in rubber had helped the Island enormously. The new rubber roads required no up-keep, thus keeping down the expenses of the State. The Island now had markets all over the world for its produce of coconuts, chillies, cotton, tobacco, plumbago, rice, and not the least of all, cashewnuts, the latest market produce.

"In these days of fast transport," continued the proprietor, "our fruits are greatly in demand all over the world. The result of all this is that Lanka has become altogether self-supporting. Instead of money being levied from import duties and taxes to finance the State, money is now collected solely from the produce exported, and as the revenue is enormous, there are ample funds for advertising our industries. As you see for yourself Mr. Bentley, it has paid us handsomely in the long run."

"Wonderful," exclaimed Mr. Bentley. "Now tell me—This perfect surface of ice for skating and

the delightful room temperatures—how is it all managed?"

Mr. Walker explained that after the completion of the Hydro-Electric Scheme so much electrical power had become available that people didn't know what to do with it all. Many inventions had been brought into use, and the general standard of living had improved enormously. Every village had its own electricity these days, and every villager was prosperous.

* * * *

Mr. Bentley returned to his hotel, and set out the next day to tour the Island. The Industries, being mainly agricultural, had not defaced the beauties of the countryside, and the villages through which he passed were just as picturesque as they had been in the old days; for the Government had had the foresight to insist upon all new buildings being of artistic design.

Travel along the wonderful smooth roads, through avenues of flowering trees amid scenery of beauty and grandeur, gave one the impression of being in a paradise. The roads had been greatly improved with ample paths on each side for pedestrians, and motoring was a real pleasure.

Mr. Bentley arrived at Ramboda from where, if he had wished, he could have travelled the remainder of the journey to Nuwara Eliya by the Electric Escalator, which rapidly ascended a sheer 4,000 feet, right over the pass. The journey provided a wonderful panorama on a fine day.

Of course, travel by air was possible, but one missed much of the scenery.

In Nuwara Eliya, the "Pedro Hotel" was as splendid as the "Lanka Hotel" in Colombo, but provided other amenities. A spacious swimming pool was surrounded by an enormous conservatory. The water and the air were warmed to suitable temperature, and in this crystal palace grew all types of tropical plants.

Here at this Sanatorium of the East, people from all over the world congregated. Every kind of sport and entertainment was provided. Most of the residents owned their own aeroplanes, and to live in this wonderfully temperate climate and yet be able to reach the Tropical zone in a few minutes was one of the great attractions.

Mr. Bentley already felt better for this delightful holiday. He visited Hambantota, which was now provided with a Harbour to export the cotton, rice, tobacco, and other produce grown in the surrounding districts.

The Council Chambers and Government Offices had been built at Anuradhapura. With the rapid cultivation of the land, the once mosquito-infected areas of the Dry Zone had all disappeared and the ancient Capital had again become a most perfect setting for the Island's administrative headquarters, which were erected on the foundations of the ruined Palaces from which the country had been ruled nearly two centuries earlier.

Mr. Bentley decided to prolong his holiday in Lanka, and eventually spent the rest of his life in this happy and prosperous Isle.

All about Ceylon

By A.C.S

THE idea is to give some information about Ceylon to those who know nothing of it, and possibly to those who know a great deal. First of all, Ceylon is the name of one of the units in the Colonial Empire of Great Britain, but, according to rule 842 of the local Government, it is not a Colony—most decidedly not. We are left to imagine exactly what it is, but are fairly safe in the assumption that it is an Island, being entirely surrounded by salty wetness.

But why Ceylon? Why not Lanka or Taprobane or Tapioca or Semolina? That is a problem which is wrapt in mystery, complete ignorance and utter bewilderment. However, the latest theory, for which no responsibility is assumed, is that the name is synthetic, as follows :—C stands for cinnamon, E for elephants, Y for yakas (devils), L for lawyers, O for opulence, and N for notaries. Extensions of this theory have engaging possibilities, but we won't go into that now.

SINHALESE

* * *

But what of Ceylon? We are immensely intrigued. Tell us all about it. Now, it would not be desirable to state that Ceylon has an area of 25,300 square miles, because the statement would not be strictly correct and it would convey little information to anyone but the mathematical fanatic who can look for and after his own information.

Contrary to the impression a glance at the map of the world would convey, Ceylon has shape and magnitude as well as position. Undoubtedly it is an obovate Island—shaped like an egg. In fact it is clear that when Ceylon came into the earthly cosmos someone had laid an egg—whether it was a good egg or a bad egg is not easy to decide. At any rate it was a small egg and that is one reason why the poultry of this land are never very ambitious. Of course, in the official accounts Ceylon is not said to be egg-shaped but is "of the shape of a pear," and the Island is variously called "the pearl of the Orient," a "dewdrop on the brow—or is it chin?—of India," or "a pear-shaped ear-drop." You pays nothing and takes your choice. I plump for the egg.

Its size? That's an awkward one. I have already hinted that it is a small egg, not very big, but its size, after all, is only relative. The person who foot-slogs it along the roads, shed or unshod, will have a very different idea of the Island's size from the person who covers the ground in a fast touring car. It all depends not merely on the point of view, but also on the means of locomotion. From the armchair we may look at the map of Ceylon and be satisfied with the knowledge that its greatest length is 270 miles, its greatest width 140 miles and that it is 760 miles measured round the coast line.

EUROPEAN

This watertight little Island, which is located in the Indian Ocean as if it had been shot off the toe of India with the order of the boot, is not flat as a pancake. It has well marked physiographical features. The land is dissected by numerous rivers and is divided into flat Low-country and mountainous Up-country, valleys and plains, wet zones and dry zones. As a result, Ceylon is the land of infinite variety, variety of climate, products, scenery and of peoples.

* * * *

Ceylon produces tea—that stuff which in its raw state is awful brown muck like finely-chopped cabbage leaves gone slightly bad, but which ends its career as a delightfully stimulating, non-inebriating beverage. For proof we might say that no tea-fight has ever been known to become a really rough house, but at the same time it must be conceded that the alluring flavour of tea encourages gossip, scandal and back-biting like nothing else. Ceylon produces a great deal of tea. In fact, if the correct amount of water were added, there would be enough tea to float the whole Island, and it is a consolation to know that if the worst were to happen, Ceylon could comfortably float on her tea.

TAMIL

This is all too vague, however, and from the careful historian you will require much more exact information. Precisely how much tea does Ceylon export per

MALAY

annum? Two hundred and fifty million pounds is the answer, corrected to the nearest fifty millions. This means that the dried and withered vegetation which is shipped under the cognomen of tea would make 50,000 million cups of tea according to the British standard of 200 cups per lb. or 75,000 million cups to the weak and watery American standard. Fifty thousand million cups of tea represents 25,000 million pints, which, translated into terms of beer, would be sufficient to keep an expeditionary force of five million men happy for the duration.

MOOR

Seriously though, the output of tea is sufficient to provide one-fifth of the Island's revenue, and, besides keeping thousands of absent shareholders in a pleasant aroma of whisky, maintains a labour force of 300,000 happily employed during the day and happily occupied in the toddy taverns in the evenings.

* * * *

Ceylon is likewise no mean producer of rubber. In fact, if all the rubber that Ceylon has produced had not been produced and could be subtracted from the world's visible supplies today, there would be a certainty of a rubber boom in 1965. Put in another way, if all the milky latex (which coagulates into rubber) that Ceylon has produced could be collected into one large earthenware bowl, there would be ample for the drowning of all the State Councillors as well as of all the people who voted for them. Nevertheless, Ceylon continues each year to export and sell her 60,000 tons of rubber at ruinous prices instead of retaining it all for more serviceable uses.

* *

Coconut growing supports a considerable proportion of Ceylon's population with effortless ease. And no wonder. The coconut is used not merely for coconut-shies. The "cockernut" seen at fair grounds is really only the shell of the coconut, which, in its natural state, is clothed in a green or yellow husk. Every particle of the nut has a commercial value. Copra and coconut oil, used for the production of margarine and soap, are the most important products, but there are also desiccated coconut for cake-making, coir fibre for mattresses and poonac for cattle fodder. Then we must not forget the local beer called toddy, which comes from the fermented juice of the coconut, and the spirit known as arrack, made by the distillation of toddy.

BURGHER

It is no wonder that Ceylon came to be regarded as a land flowing with coconut milk and money. Recently, however, it has not been all beer and skittles for the coconut-wallah, just because there are too many whales in the Antarctic and too many soya beans in Manchuria! This is obviously a case for international action, but there is not much fear for the future of a product which can literally supply bed, food, drink and entertainment, and there is reason to believe that the wily coconut is coming into its own again.

* *

Other products, of course, contribute directly or indirectly to the sustenance of the population. Paddy, which is merely rice in the rough and is an essential ingredient for Ceylon's famous rice and curries, is grown over a large area. Cinnamon (which puts the "um" in plum pudding), cardamoms (supplying an Oriental spice for high-powered sauce), cocoa, coffee, citronella (not Cinderella, but the oil used for scenting soaps and perfumes for her [ugly] sisters), cotton and tobacco are also grown, but these products together occupy less than 15 per cent. of the cultivated area. A certain amount of mineral wealth includes plumbago (not to be

confused with the plant of the same name or the disease of a similar name) or graphite, and precious stones such as sapphires and rubies and many semi-precious stones. It will thus be seen that Ceylon has enormous natural resources, most of which can be drunk or eaten, nicely spiced, tasty or pungent if desired.

* * * *

The census, taken two years ago, showed a population of 5,312,548, but in a highly productive country like Ceylon there are probably a few thousands more now. In every thousand souls there are roughly 670 Sinhalese, 249 Tamils, 63 Moors, seven Burghers and Eurasians, three Malays, two Europeans and five assorted. Surprising as it may, more than half the population are classed as "earners," which is not exactly the same as "workers," although we presume that the earners have to make a pretence of being workers. And yet it is not surprising when we consider how many of the women folk do a spot of wage-earning.

And even the children are expected to bring home, if not the bacon, a certain amount of curry and rice. They may not exactly be hewers of wood, but large numbers of them are certainly drawers of water, as the photograph shows, and it must be said that they look quite happy about it.

Copyright Photograph P. J. C. DURRANT.

EVEN THE CHILDREN ARE DRAWERS OF WATER, AND THEY LOOK QUITE HAPPY ABOUT IT.

Nevertheless, in spite of the census classification we would be inclined to classify the population in two large groups: 1,000,000 workers and 4,000,000 non-workers. The classification is arbitrary—admittedly. There is, obviously, the great difficulty in distinguishing between those who work and those who don't. There are, for instance, so many respectable men with umbrellas who draw wages, but work not. Again, there are many who accept good money, or soiled rupee notes, for so-called manual labour, but while they soil their hands they never do enough to suffer backache or to become horny-handed sons of the soil. They toil not, neither do they spin, but somehow are able to array themselves in bright-coloured raiment and are cheerful, withal.

On the obverse side of the medal, we have those who follow the learned professions, but many of them lag such a long way behind that they never get up with a real job of work. We might also divide the population into judgment-debtors and judgment-creditors, lawyers and litigants, bankrupts and near bankrupts, politicians and the gullible, Government servants and serfs—but why bring all that up? Enough to say that the population is composed of a smiling, happy-go-lucky, cosmopolitan crew who know how to live, love and laugh.

* * * *

Ceylon can claim to be an eminently progressive country, politically, socially and otherwise. Although her Constitution is popularly considered to be a trifle weak, Ceylon is certainly in advance, politically, of all the Eastern countries. Every man and woman of mature years has the vote and most of them know how to make the best use of it. Then there is a State Council, which is almost as good as a Parliament, with Ministers of State and plenty of people to run on little errands for them. Taxation is in the best modern style, and the Council has even adopted Income Tax to keep abreast with the progressive countries of Europe. The railway system has tracks through the mountainous sections which are feats of engineering skill, and the main roads are kept in excellent repair even where they traverse the jungle fastnesses. All the amenities of civilization are available, particularly in the capital city of Colombo, which has as many hotels, picture houses, pawnbrokers and taverns per square mile as any city of a like size.

The Jaffna Peninsula is perhaps the most advanced part of the Island, for it has boycotted the State Council and has even given Prohibition a trial. Not that the latter mattered very much when the thirsty man could shin up his own coconut tree and make his own home-brew. If that was too much trouble, it was always easy to get supplies from someone else. More striking proof of advancement is the fact that Jaffna, in accordance with the latest tendencies in the West, has been equally prompt in renouncing Prohibition.

We may sum up in a few sentences. Ceylon is a land of laughter and loveliness. Nature is lavish with her gift of easily-grown products and a wonderful variety of scenic beauty; and Ceylon's peoples are kindly and cheerful, even during the open season for murders. With its irresistible appeal Ceylon captures the heart of the resident and she beckons, not in vain, to the visitor.

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THE MONSOON

FAST, fierce, and free—amain ! amain !
Sweeping afore it the yielding rain,
The Monsoon breaks with exultant blast,
And scours the spaces wild and vast.

It smites the cords of the tunéd air,
And pipes to a motif rude and rare :
The lulling waves to the measure prance
And in heaving phalanxes advance.

They bear aloft the tossing crest,
They hold their course from South and West,
To boom on Lanka's barring side
And die in the throes of their might defied.

Now from the Rain, and the Wind, and Sea
There rises a thrilling melody,
And gulls that sweep on labouring wing
May hear the songs that the Sirens sing.

And in the heaven's spacious halls,
O'er-hung with cloud-inwoven palls,
Is wrought a drama Titan-bold,
As did the Ethnic days behold.

In the blackened sky is a fiery breach,
A crash beyond the eagle's reach :
Then a pulsing pause——a flash so stark,
It rends the heart of the groaning dark.

But when the height of the storm is past,
And its clangour dies in the dismal vast,
A mellower sound, and a merrier play
Mark the measure of waning day.

Then the Lightning takes a wanton's form,
Laughs in the teeth of the snarling storm,
Looses the robes from the loins of Night
Mocks his nakedness open to sight.

She frees herself from the Cloud's embrace,
Is lost awhile in the frenzied space,
And leaping aloft in Elfin glee,
Fills the Heaven with rhapsody.

Bedight with silver blade and sheet,
This harlot of the sky, so fleet,
Maddens the gloom with flicker and flash,
And marks his frame with a gleaming gash.

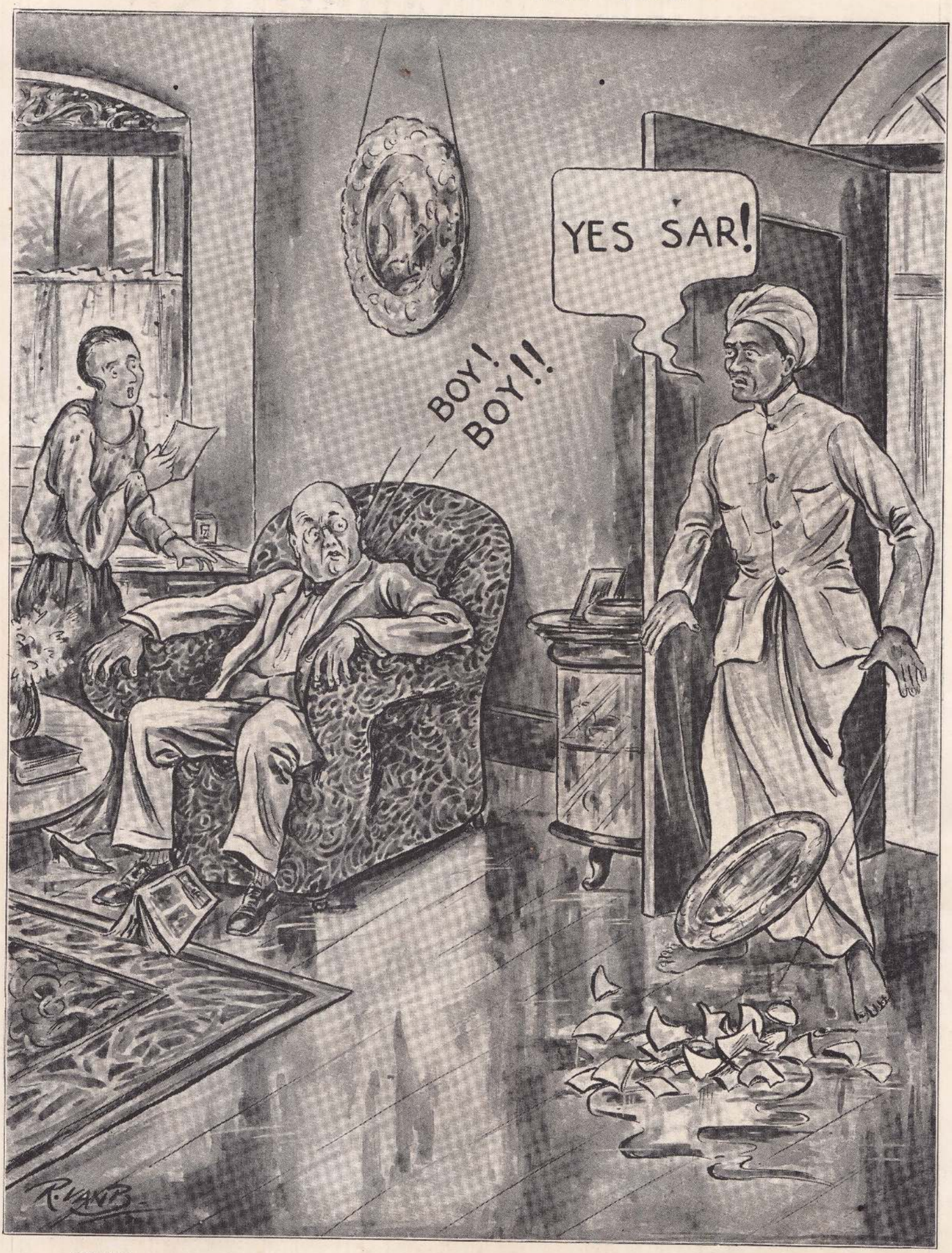
And grimly the deep-mawed Thunder growls,
As o'er the brooding arc he prowls,
Whilst the teasing Lightning, quick and slim,
Draws him on and badgers him.

Fall the rain-drops passionless,
Moan the Winds in sore distress,
But the laughing Lightning dances free
To the strains of a roaring minstrelsy.

Or ever the weakening Winds are spent,
In the languid air is a low lament,
There's nought it holds is harsh or sharp,
But all is sweet as David's harp.

R. L. SPITTEL.

BREAKING IN THE BOY.



"WHEN I CALL YOU, YOU MUST DROP WHAT YOU HAVE IN HAND AND COME AT ONCE."

A Lost Soul

By D.A.O.

"EITHER you've developed into an outrageous liar, or else a credulous idiot," Worthington remarked with an unusual degree of outspokenness.

"Please yourself whether you believe the story or not," I replied tartly, "but don't call me a liar. I admit, as I told you when I started, that it sounded a bit far-fetched, but I believe it."

There the incident closed not because I wanted it to, but because Worthington adopted methods of non-co-operation and apparently became absorbed in his book.

Lying in the light thrown from our one hurricane lamp, Worthington had listened patiently to my story of what must have sounded—I realise now—like an African Medicine Man story, with the difference that the Medicine Man was white. I had heard from a respected Kandyan that a white man was seen occasionally near Alutnuwara and was treated with the greatest respect. He lived somewhere in the jungle, no one knew the exact spot, and was regarded as a magician who could harm or heal at will. Naturally, I did not believe the latter part of the story, but the old Kandyan was a man in whom I had considerable faith, and he was in deadly earnest. The shooting and exploration trip was a good excuse to test the truth of the old man's statements, but Worthington proved a somewhat unexpected stumbling block.

Had I been in the hurricane lamp's circle of light Worthington would have read the chagrin written on my face and probably relented. Then the incidents I am about to relate would never have happened. We should have pushed ahead to look for the "medicine man," 40 miles to the east of our camp, instead of remaining for some leopard shooting. We decided to make our camp our headquarters for a few days and spend the next morning and afternoon with our trackers searching for suitable sites for our *machans*.

Neither of us had any luck on that first evening and by midnight we were both back in camp, not even having heard a leopard. The little difference of the previous night had apparently been forgotten—it was not referred to again either by Worthington or myself.

The next day we set out to visit a rock pile in the hope that we might find bear. It was a three hours' march from the camp by a track fairly well worn by the wild life of the jungle. It might have been the High Street of elephants—we did not know, being ignorant of whether elephants were in the habit of following one set path or not, and we did not care. We certainly saw their spoor. It was nearly mid-day when we reached the rock pile, and we spent an hour exploring it in the stifling heat. There were bear tracks, but none of the holes seemed to contain any specimens of the Bruin species.

After a few sandwiches for tiffin we decided to make our way back to the camp by a different route. We were in no hurry to get back before nightfall, and we planned to get back to "headquarters" just before dusk.

It had been a trying day and we decided to rest for half an hour to finish the last two bottles of beer we had brought. They were warm, but beer had seldom seemed so good.

We had been there only two minutes when I noticed the two trackers talking excitedly and pointing ahead. Worthington, too, had noticed that their usual calm had been upset and called to Sarnelius.

The man was evidently upset by something that we knew nothing about and his conversation with Worthington was, to say the least, excited. Not understanding Sinhalese I was at a complete loss.

"He says he hears a tom-tom ahead," Worthington remarked at the end of the outburst. "I think he must be mad. He says it's a bad white master."

My thoughts went back to the old man I had been told about, but I did not give voice to them. We both listened intently and were just able to distinguish a faint throbbing coming from the jungle ahead. Blank amazement was registered on Worthington's face. For fully five minutes we stood like statues, listening.

"Well, what about investigating?"

Worthington responded by shouldering his 12-bore and we marched forward. But we met with unexpected opposition from Sarnelius and the other tracker.

"Very bad man ahead, according to Sarnelius," Worthington said, interpreting a short conversation he had with the trackers.

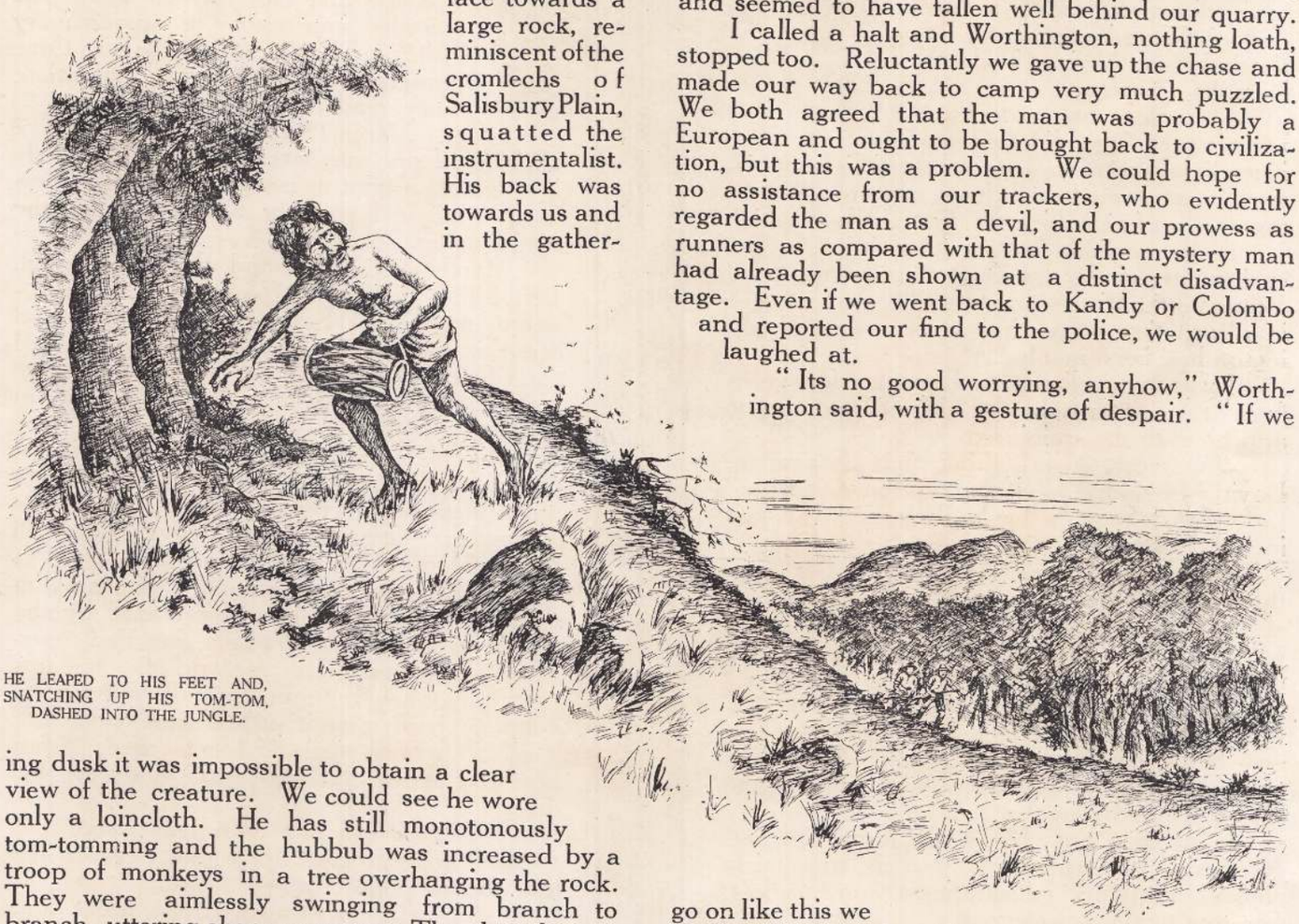
"Tell them not to be fools," I said impatiently, and pushed on towards the tom-tomming. But the trackers could not be persuaded to follow, and finally we left them to make a wide detour to the camp while we went straight ahead (as we thought) towards the tom-tomming.

Walking in the jungle with a noise to guide one sounds very easy. But we quickly discovered

that the contrary was the case. After three-quarters of an hour's scramble through the undergrowth the sound seemed as far away as ever. I was getting anxious because the afternoon sky, discernible through the trees, which in this particular section of the jungle were very close together, was overcast, and I was afraid the rain might spoil the entertainment.

"This is no human," Worthington remarked, "its a blasted will o' the wisp."

We finally emerged into a glade from which the sound emanated. On the far side with his face towards a large rock, reminiscent of the cromlechs of Salisbury Plain, squatted the instrumentalist. His back was towards us and in the gathering dusk it was impossible to obtain a clear view of the creature. We could see he wore only a loincloth. He has still monotonously tom-tomming and the hubbub was increased by a troop of monkeys in a tree overhanging the rock. They were aimlessly swinging from branch to branch, uttering sharp screams. The thought occurred to me that the monkeys were fascinated by the music of the tom-tom.



HE LEAPED TO HIS FEET AND, SNATCHING UP HIS TOM-TOM, DASHED INTO THE JUNGLE.

Worthington, too, seemed to feel that something unnatural was going on, and he stepped forward somewhat doubtfully into the glade. The monkeys saw him and their screams were hushed. The crouching figure in front of the rock sensed that something was wrong and looked over his shoulder.

Have you ever seen the startled look in the eyes of a deer unexpectedly encountered? If you have, you will visualise the look of hunted fear which the tom-tom man gave us.

He leaped to his feet and, snatching up his tom-tom, dashed into the jungle. During the brief glimpse we were able to obtain of the man it was fairly obvious that he was no Veddah, although his tangled black hair and his loincloth at first gave that impression. But his skin was too light, even for a Kandyan Sinhalese. I had no doubt whatever that he was the man my Kandy informant had mentioned.

Our first thoughts after our amazement at the scene had been overcome were to chase the man. He had a 30-yards lead, and, judging by his rapid start, was a nimble runner. But we charged through the undergrowth in his wake, being able to follow the sound of broken branches and twigs as the fugitive sped on.

We were panting hard at the end of ten minutes; stood a very good chance of being lost in the jungle with the rapid approach of darkness; and seemed to have fallen well behind our quarry.

I called a halt and Worthington, nothing loath, stopped too. Reluctantly we gave up the chase and made our way back to camp very much puzzled. We both agreed that the man was probably a European and ought to be brought back to civilization, but this was a problem. We could hope for no assistance from our trackers, who evidently regarded the man as a devil, and our prowess as runners as compared with that of the mystery man had already been shown at a distinct disadvantage. Even if we went back to Kandy or Colombo and reported our find to the police, we would be laughed at.

"Its no good worrying, anyhow," Worthington said, with a gesture of despair. "If we go on like this we shall get as mad as the old monkey-man. I'm going to try my luck again in the *machan* and forget all about tom-tomming maniacs. Sarnelius said there were fresh tracks of leopard at the water-hole this morning."

My *machan* was about three-quarters of a mile from that occupied by Worthington and he had the longer walk from camp. He accompanied me part of the way to my "pitch." Even if it had been advisable when out on a shoot to talk I think we should still have been dumb, debating in our own minds the mystery of the tom-tomming man. All interest in the night's sport had left me, but I knew that if I lay in bed in the camp I should get no sleep with the puzzle still unsolved. I'm sure Worthington felt the same.

My belief in my powers of wakefulness, however, was somewhat misplaced, for I dropped off to sleep within an hour of climbing into my *machan*, and I rather suspect the two trackers followed suit. We had all had a strenuous day.

I don't know how long I had been asleep (it seemed only about five minutes) when I was wakened by the report of a gun—Worthington's.

Lucky blighter, I thought, and made myself comfortable once more to indulge my drowsiness. My next recollection was that one of my trackers was vigorously shaking me. He pointed excitedly in Worthington's direction, and I noticed one of Worthington's trackers down below, having evidently brought a message.

I could not understand what was being said, but my immediate presence was evidently of high importance, and I made all haste towards Worthington's *machan*, taking the first-aid box which I always carried on shooting trips. The excitement of the trackers alarmed me, and I covered the distance between the two *machans* in record time, expecting to find that Worthington had been mauled.

I was very relieved to be met a few yards from the water-hole by Worthington who appeared to be uninjured.

"A most awful thing has happened, David," he said. "I've shot the tom-tom man."

"Great Scott, is he badly hurt?" I asked incredulously.

"I'm afraid he's a gonner. Got him through the head with my 12-bore. Anywhere else and he would have been all right. Anywhere else—anywhere else—why couldn't it have been somewhere else?" he groaned.

The man was stretched out beside the water-hole in the light of a hurricane lamp and was badly smashed by the shot. The back of his head appeared to have taken most of the charge. Nearby lay his tom-tom.

I was soon busy beside the form stretched out beside the water-hole, but it was fairly obvious that my ministrations were useless. The tom-tom man was dead.

A little brandy seemed to pull Worthington together, but on the way back to the camp, after helping to make a litter to carry the body, I purposely refrained from questioning him.

It was a tragic, and sudden end to our holiday.

* * * *

Of course, there were inquest proceedings, but the full story did not come out then. It was sufficient for the Coroner to know that Worthington had seen an object in the dark, creeping towards the water-hole to drink, and, mistaking it for a leopard, had shot it.

Afterwards it proved to be a French visitor to the Island who had disappeared into the jungle ten years before and was never seen by a white man again until we discovered him tom-tomming. At the time it was concluded that he had been killed by a rogue elephant who was known to be in the vicinity. That he had gone mad during that ten years in the jungle was obvious, but the reason was not divulged.

Worthington knew the reason and after the inquest he let me into the secret—a small diary, very tattered, and written in French.

"I've had it translated," Worthington said, and produced two foolscap sheets of closely typed matter.

The first part seemed to be the recorded impressions of any ordinary visitor to Ceylon. But the last three paragraphs caught my attention. They read as follows:—

March 19th; Peace at last. Have shaken off my pursuers. The grim tragedy is now only a faint memory. After a few days in the jungle I shall be able to brave the world again.

March 20th: Dreadful thing happened. Left Bibile Resthouse, 8 a.m. and shot wanderoo monkey. Fearful screams, human screams just like Jacques five years ago. I can't face life again. Don't know what to do. I shall live in the jungle for a few days to think.

March 21st: Tried to shoot myself to-day, but could not. Can still hear monkey's and Jacques's scream. They follow me everywhere. Found cave to-day where I shall sleep. Hope I never wake up.

"That's the explanation," Worthington said. "The poor fellow was crazed by the monkey's screams. Possibly, he had murdered this man Jacques and the screams of the monkey brought the affair back to mind so vividly that it unbalanced him."

"Sounds feasible," I remarked, "but how on earth did you get hold of this diary?"

"Found it in a bag round his waist, and I wasn't going to give up a little treasure like that to the police."

"But what a tragedy," he went on, his tone changed. "Think of that poor blighter out in the jungle for ten years, with a tom-tom he had probably pinched from some village, trying to placate the monkey's relatives, and probably living only on berries, herbs and roots." There was a pause, and Worthington added, "By the way, I seem to remember calling you a liar a few days ago. I apologise."

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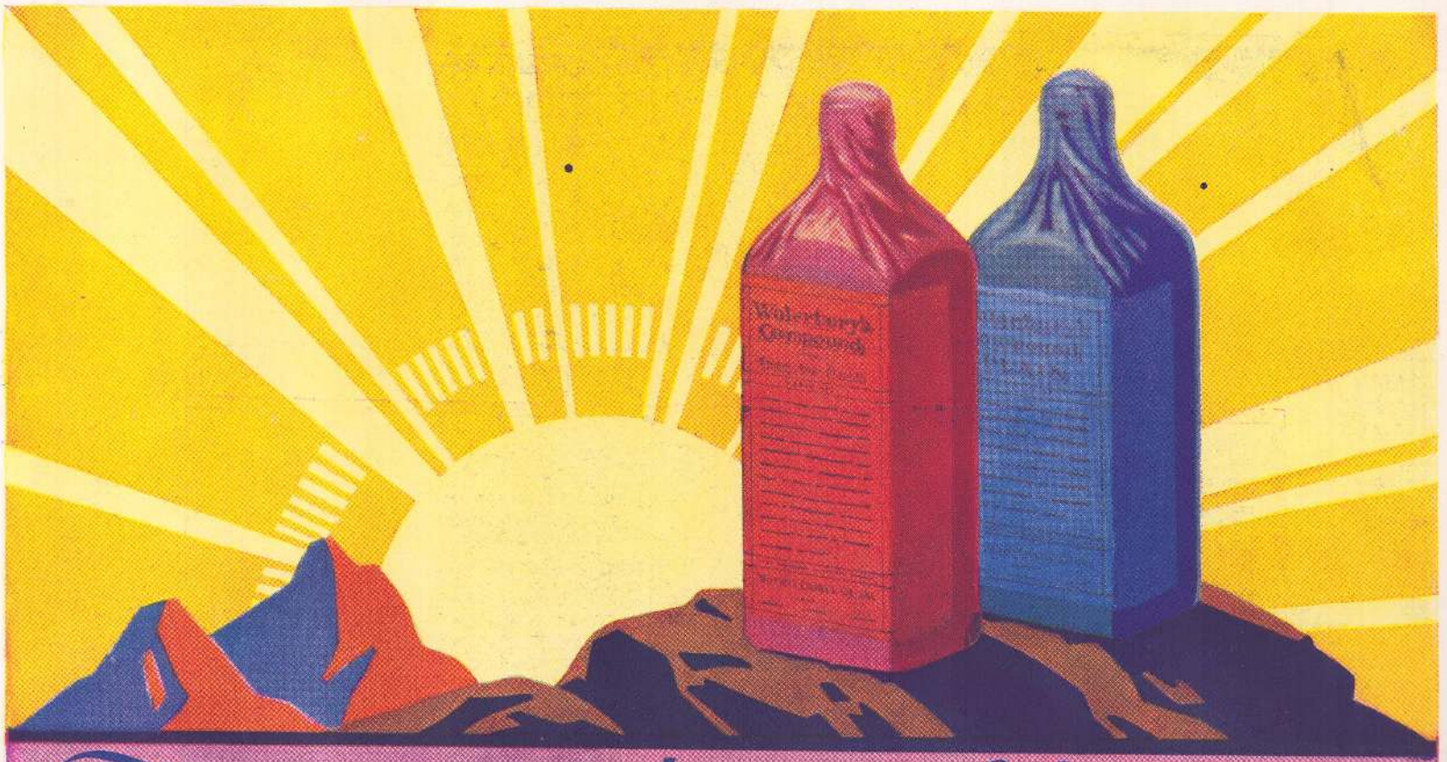

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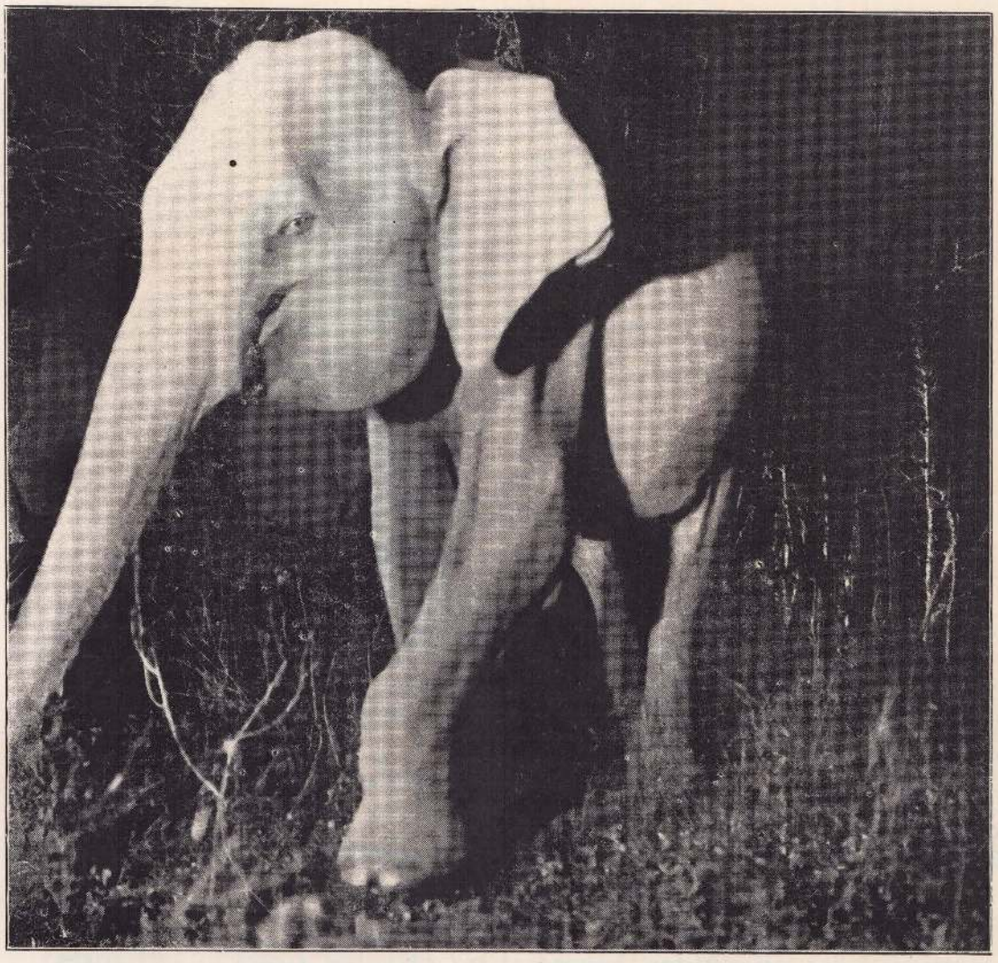
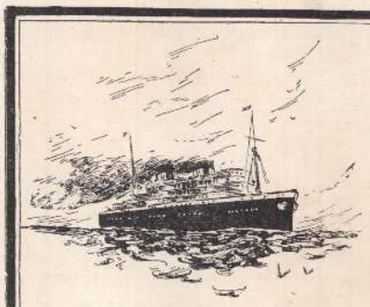


With a Camera in the Jungle

Shooting big game with the camera is becoming increasingly popular, but nothing is quite as interesting and fascinating as flash-light photography in the wild. The would-be camera shikari must have an intimate knowledge of the ways of animals. His camera with its trap wire must be cunningly camouflaged.

To secure the photographs of the elephant and the leopard on this page Messrs. A. R. Hughes and Lauritz Blichfeldt penetrated the most remote jungles of Southern Ceylon. They brought back with them some remarkable photographic trophies well worth the effort and toil required to gain them. The pictures were secured by carefully camera-trapping the game trails leading to water. The traps needed constant visiting during the night, calling for careful movement through the jungle.



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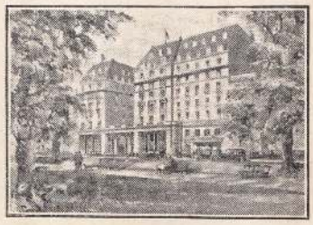

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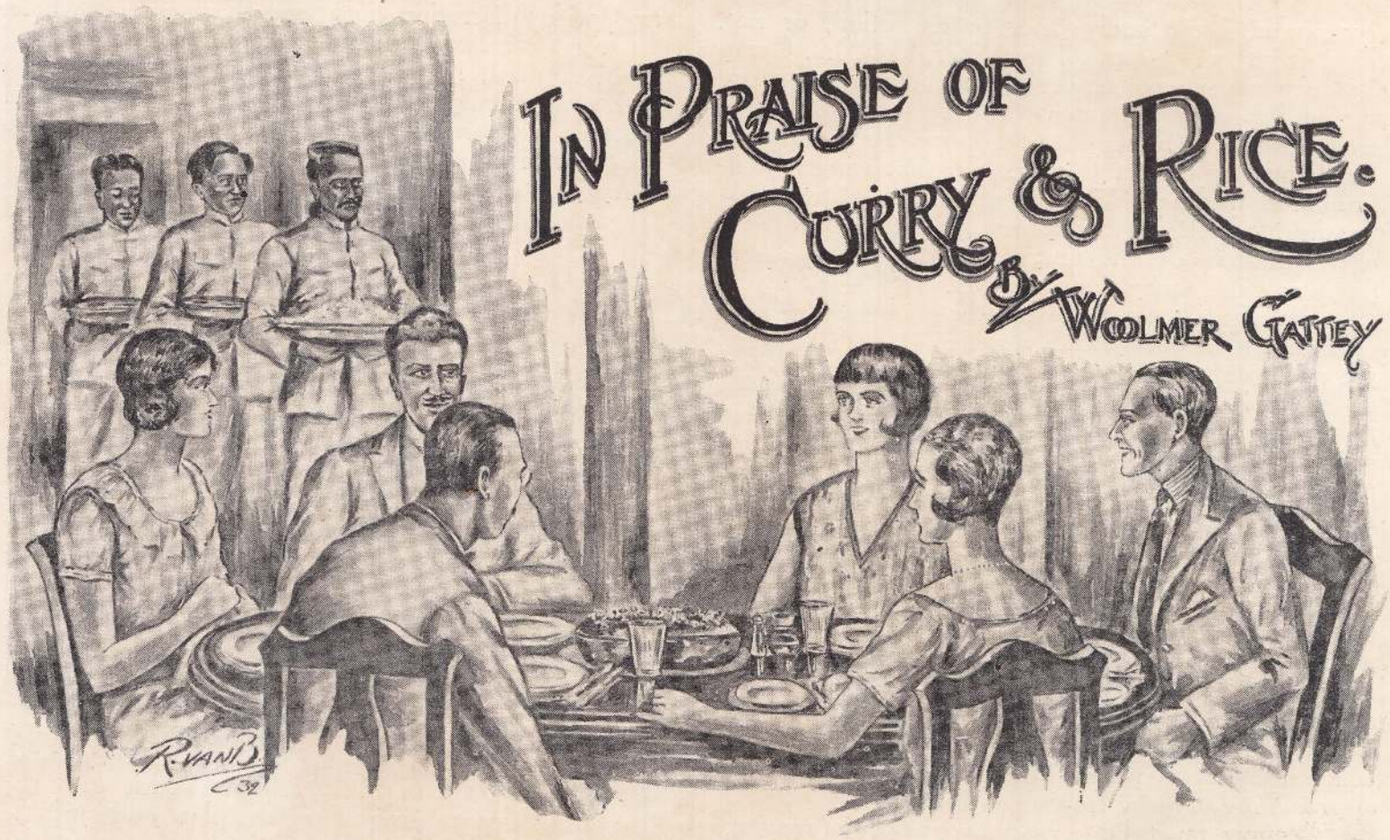
In Praise of Curry & Rice.

By Woolmer Gattey



CHARLES LAMB—who did not visit Ceylon—extolled in laudatory prose the epicurean delights of roast pig. Robbie Burns eulogized in ecstatic numbers the "great chieftain o' the pudden race," but his gustatory horizon was bounded by his native "land o' cakes." Dr. Johnson commended a Scotch breakfast, and loved a lark pie, his Socratean nostrils never having, undoubtedly, been assailed by that aromatic blend that heralds a Ceylon curry. Sam Weller found tongue a "werry good thing when it an't a woman's," and Pickwick almost met his Waterloo with "chops and tomato sauce." But the poet yet hides his head in obscurity who is to sing curry and rice into its rightful place in the annals of gastronomic literature.

Curry is not for the palate of some satiated millionaire who toys with plovers' eggs and larks' tongues, or pecks at out-of-season asparagus, and hothouse-grown grapes. It has no faint elusive flavour, no rare ephemeral odour, but is pungent, aromatic, decisive; warming the cockles of the heart, and bringing beads of delicious moisture to the heated brow.

Only a Sinhalese cook-appu should make it, preferably the old family-retainer type, complete with comboy and comb, a mixture of guide, philosopher, and cook, artist and butler. Your rice must be the country variety; none of your pallid *milchards*, anæmic *muthusamba*—Burmese imported—milled away to a whited sepulchre; but the pinkish-buff, flecked grain, looking as though it had been soaked in a wash of pale burnt-sienna. From the tender emerald of its birth, through the lush green of its adolescence, to its golden maturity, it has absorbed the aroma of Ceylon, the balminess of her air, the tang of her monsoon, the richness of her soil.

The pounding of the curry-stuffs is a rite, a ceremony, but in this you have no part. Appu is the High Priest, and the kitchen-cooly an acolyte. On no mere machine-made pestle and mortar must it be performed, but on a hand-hewn curry-stone, of local gneiss which has crystallized through the ages the very soul of Ceylon; and not new, but well seasoned with years of former curry-pounding.

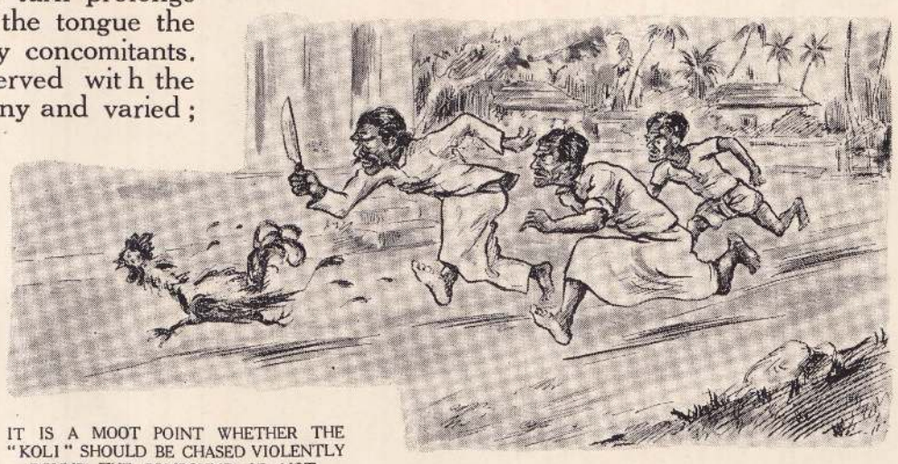
The ingredients are many, and can be varied; most of them should be grown in the garden and plucked fresh for the making. Of *kotthamallie* or coriander seed a small handful, as well as one or two leaves; and of the aromatic orange-yellow turmeric a taste, to impregnate the dish with its golden dye. Of cummin-seed a "tithe"—as much as the scribes and pharisees were wont to pay "with mint and anise, and omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith." A *soupcon* of saffron for a yet richer colour, (but for the white curry a taste of maldive fish). Pull a few pieces of tender green ginger fresh from the garden; four cloves—those innocent unopened buds, mummified ere they know the world; a couple of small hot chillies, a quill of cinnamon—Ceylon's commercial prize from earliest ages,—of fennel seed a pinch, and a few *karapincha* or curry leaves. All these pounded on the well-seasoned curry stone, and forget not the merest sigh of the "rank and guilty garlic," without which no curry is complete.

An important adjunct is the coconut milk. Watch the podian with simian antics scale the long slim stem of the palm. See that he plucks a full ripe golden fruit. Scrape the kernel to a snow-flaky mass that will permeate the milk with its nutty sweetness, and here is the soul of your dish.

It is a moot point whether the "koli" intended for the curry should be chased violently round the

compound immediately prior to execution, or not. Does it intenerate him—if the diner, like Mrs. Gamp "in consequence of tender teeth and not too many of 'em," prefers it tender? On the other hand, it may be more *de rigueur* that the curry-chicken should be slightly on the tough side. It is following a well-honoured tradition, and necessitates lengthier mastication, which in turn prolongs and enhances on the tongue the flavour of the spicy concomitants.

The *sambols* served with the curry must be many and varied; yet not so many or so varied as to upset by a vulgar ostentation the nice balance of flavour. Let them be arranged artistically on the tray, so that the madders and ochres, the cadmiums, ambers, siennas and umbers, interspersed with the flaked coconut's snowy white, form a chromatic display approaching some ultra-cubist fancy.



IT IS A MOOT POINT WHETHER THE "KOLI" SHOULD BE CHASED VIOLENTLY ROUND THE COMPOUND OR NOT.

A curry must be served by the quiet-moving, bare-footed, native "boy." No heavy-walking, leather-shod European should disturb the even tenor of the meal, as it were a brass band accompaniment to a Schubert melody. There should be at least three of them, so that dish follows dish in quick succession, that even the aromas mingle delicately and with discretion into one harmonious whole.

First comes the rice. Each pinky grain swelled to his utmost, lying separate from his fellows, yet with a unanimity. Heap your plate to the shape of a cone. (Beware of the man who only takes a meagre spoonful or two. He is no devotee, he has not the curry palate. To such an one curry is but as pearls before swine, and he will destroy the atmosphere as one sceptic will spoil a séance). In the centre of the cone of rice, then, make a hollow with the spoon and fork—never vitiate such flavour with the taint of steel—in which gently deposit the curries as they follow. Next come the *sambols*. A *soupcon* of each, but with discretion as to pungency. Take freely of the mango chutney, and, according to taste, of the acerb lime pickle and the sharp tamarind. Mix well on the plate and sprinkle with the crisp golden popadams, crushed in the hand. A plantain beside the plate to cool a momentarily over-heated tongue.

And now, "Let good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both," till repletion terminates the sequence of curry-eating in the arms of Morpheus.

NOW that the morning's heavier work is ended,
Comes Appu, all-important, in a hurry,
With all Arabia's vaunted spices blended,
A flavourous medley in a dish of curry.
The platter groans beneath a load of rice,
Impregnated with chillies, gravy, spice;
Lucullus' feasts were surely not more splendid.

Come, Appu! Do not linger with the treasure!
The steaming rice upon the plate is tossed,
Heaped up in good and overflowing measure,
Yet carefully, that not a grain is lost.
With spoonfuls of the golden curry cover,
And sprinkle crumbled popadams all over,
A plantain too, then gorge away at leisure.

Let's put away all thought of work and worry,
Let's cultivate a placid open mind,
And to our tempting midday feast let's hurry
Leaving the cares of other things behind.
Not all the wine that tuneful Omar lauds,
No Gargantuan banquet e'er affords
Such pleasure Epicurean as CURRY.

The Reason

by T.W.H.

THE Police Inspector had just finished writing his report, a colourless, routine affair showing that law and order were being maintained.

Inspector Wijenayake was a young man with ambitions. He rose from his chair and strolled round the Charge Room of the Police Station. Everything was in order and accoutrements shone. His men were clean and smart. Even the little garden in front was well tended. Just then he heard a discreet cough and a slight shuffling of feet on the verandah outside. "See who is there," he told the orderly. The constable stepped outside and returned. "It's Andris and Sarnelis. They want to see you, sir." "Right, show them in."

Two men entered and saluted the Inspector by placing their palms together on their breast. Both were young. One of them wore his hair long and tied in a *konde* at the back, while the other had short hair and a gaudy silk handkerchief bound round his head. A *sarong* and *banian* completed their dress.

"Well, what is it?" asked the Inspector. He knew Andris and Sarnelis, who had previously acted as informers.

"Oh *Hamuduru*," replied Sarnelis, doffing his silk handkerchief in respect, "it is the eve of *owrudhdha* —the Sinhalese New Year—and there is to be much gambling in Pablis Fernando's house tonight."

"Where is that?" demanded the Inspector.

"Oh, about half a mile beyond our house. It is going to be a big affair. They can be caught red-handed"

"Yes, but how and when do you propose we should catch them?"

"*Hamuduru*, you will have to go there in a cart so that no one will suspect."

"Who is going to get the cart?"

"Sarnelis looked sheepish and rubbed one foot against the other. Then—"We can get the cart, but—we are only poor men, *tch*. If the *Hamuduru* will be pleased to pay the carter something, *tch*."

"Not a *tuttuva*," exclaimed the Inspector. "You can pay the carter yourself from the *santosum* you will get if your information is correct."

Finally, it was arranged that a cart would be sent for the Inspector that evening about half-past nine and Andris and Sarnelis would be picked up opposite their house about ten o'clock.

* * * *

The Police Station was about a mile from the small fishing village near the Galle Road where Andris and Sarnelis lived. Their cottage was quite near the road.

It was moonlight. A cart had drawn up near the Police Station. The Inspector came out and glanced at his wrist watch. It was just past the half hour. He climbed in and spoke to the carter.

"There is no hurry. Go slowly. I don't want to get to the village before ten o'clock."

The carter nodded and the bulls started off at a slow pace.

It was close on ten o'clock when the cart stopped opposite the house where Andris and Sarnelis lived. Two figures approached.

"Everything is all right, *Hamuduru*," whispered Andris and he and his companion climbed into the cart beside the Inspector. Some distance along the road they came to a house standing alone. They alighted and approached stealthily. Not a light was to be seen. They came to the door. It was open. The Inspector flashed his torch inside.

Nothing was to be seen; not a soul was there. The raid had miscarried, for there was neither gambling nor gamblers. The only inference the Inspector could make was that the gamblers had received timely information of his approach and had disappeared. There was nothing to be done now but to return to the Station.

* * * *

It was long past eleven o'clock when the Inspector and his two companions reached the Police Station. He left Andris and Sarnelis on the verandah and stepped inside. There he saw a curious sight. Lying on the floor was an elderly woman whom he recognised as Sopihamy, the occupant of a small cottage near where Andris and Sarnelis lived. Her clothes, and, in particular her arm round which was wrapped a piece of cloth, were heavily blood-stained. The officer on duty reported to the Inspector that Sopihamy had entered the Police Station about ten minutes after eleven, bleeding from two severe gashes on her arm and other minor injuries and in a fainting condition. He had attended to her wounds and had made her as comfortable as possible.

As Sopihamy had now revived a little the Inspector proceeded to question her. On being asked whether she had identified her assailants, Sopihamy, who was still lying on the floor, immediately pointed to the two men she saw standing on the verandah. They were Andris and Sarnelis.

The Inspector was incredulous. He laughed. "Oh Sopihamy," he said, "you must either be mad or do not know what you are saying. How

can I believe you when I know these men have been with me the whole of this evening since ten o'clock and it is now close on midnight?"

"Oh *Hamuduru*," replied the woman, "I swear to you that Andris and Sarnelis were the two men who attacked me. I am speaking the truth and"—Here she collapsed in a dead faint.

The statement she had previously made was to the effect that she had heard angry voices and cries about ten o'clock that night. She had opened the door, and, having located the sounds as proceeding from a compound on the opposite side, she had made her way across the road.

It must here be mentioned that almost opposite the house of Andris and Sarnelis lived an old man, Arnolis, with his wife and a daughter who was married. Her husband John was employed in Colombo and visited the house regularly and frequently. The cottage stood in its own grounds some distance from the main road. Leading up to the little verandah through the compound was a narrow path which was entered through a *kadulla*, or wicket-gate, let into the barbed wire fence along the main road. The compound, like all village gardens, was thickly planted with young coconut, lime, and other trees and shrubs.

Sopihamy had hardly passed the wicket-gate when she had been attacked by two men armed with short swords. She had been felled to the ground, unconscious. When she had recovered all had been still. She had picked herself up and, with great difficulty, had made her way to her hut. Arrived there, she had again become unconscious. On regaining her senses she had bound up her wounded arm as best she could and had made her way to the Police Station.

Perhaps as a result of the Inspector's open disbelief of her story, combined with her extremely low condition, Sopihamy's statement, as recorded, expressed uncertainty as to her assailants. The Inspector despatched her to hospital for treatment.

* * * *

Early the next morning Arnolis's wife and daughter were seen in their compound calling excitedly to some of their neighbours. About ten o'clock the previous night, they said, while they had been cooking *kaevum*, or rice cakes, for the New Year they had heard voices calling for John. Arnolis had replied that he was not at home. Angry words had followed and, on going out, they had seen Andris and Sarnelis armed with swords. Arnolis had ordered them off his premises. More angry words and abuse; and then suddenly both men had cut at him with their swords. Arnolis had been felled to the ground under the rain of blows and, as he lay fallen, they had struck at him again and again. Panic-stricken, the women had turned and fled through the house into a thicket some distance away where they had concealed themselves till daybreak.

A large patch of blood-soaked earth on the path close to the verandah and splashes of blood on the foundation and the pillars left no doubt as to the central fact, but where was Arnolis's body? After a prolonged search the body was found lying on the ground at the side of the house hidden from view by a bushy lime tree and the overhanging branches of a young coconut tree.

* * * *

For the second time within seven or eight hours the local Police Station received information of a crime alleged to have been committed about ten o'clock the previous night by Andris and Sarnelis.

The superior officers were soon on the scene and the formal investigation began. When examined in the hospital Sopihamy definitely identified Andris and Sarnelis as her assailants, but, apart from these three women, no further witnesses were forthcoming.

The direct testimony of eye-witnesses is, it is said, the best evidence, but it has many infirmities. It may be wholly false. It may be honest but mistaken. The relentless logic of facts, however, is often more deadly than the asservation of those who have witnessed a crime.

Now Andris and Sarnelis were not on good terms with Arnolis and his household; they were on the worst of terms with his son-in-law John.

There was ample evidence of motive. But motive is a two-edged sword—it does sometimes happen that the witness of a crime finds little difficulty in proceeding from a moral conviction that a certain person has a strong motive for committing the crime to a belief that he did commit it, and finally

AS SOPIHAMY HAD NOW REVIVED A LITTLE THE INSPECTOR PROCEEDED TO QUESTION HER.

to the definite assertion that he had seen this person commit the crime.

Arnolis's widow and daughter were, of course, highly interested witnesses. As to be expected of ignorant village women of this class, their stories were not wholly consistent. Moreover, Sopihamy the third witness, was shown by her recorded statement to have expressed uncertainty as to the identity of her assailants. Although she was emphatic as to their identity at a later stage, it was urged that she might in the interval have been influenced by the story told by the other two women.

Above all, there was the proved fact that, by arrangement, Andris and Sarnelis had been met by the Inspector at ten o'clock at night on the high road immediately opposite Arnolis's house and had remained in his company till after midnight. Apart from the alibi suggested there was the improbability of the two men entering upon such a murderous enterprise about the time when and near the spot where they were to be met by the local Inspector of Police. It would not have been surprising if a jury had accepted the plea of mistaken identity, or, at best, had given the prisoners the benefit of the doubt.

Estimates of time—in a special degree a villager's estimates of time—are generally far from accurate. But two points of time were clearly fixed. The Inspector had arrived at the house of Andris and Sarnelis at ten o'clock. Sopihamy had arrived at the Police Station about ten minutes after eleven.

Apart from her own testimony it was proved that Sopihamy had been assaulted in Arnolis's compound. There were blood-stains where she said she had fallen and there were scratches on her body probably received from the barbed wire on the posts when she made her unsteady exit through the *kadulla*. There could be no doubt that Sopihamy's assailants were the men who had murdered Arnolis. The blood-stains in Sopihamy's house proved that she had returned to her house and had lain there for a time before she had gone to the Police Station.

When the Inspector had arrived opposite Arnolis's house at ten o'clock all had been quiet. Making a computation from the time Sopihamy was assaulted and allowing for her return to her house and her journey of a mile on foot to the Police Station, the murder of Arnolis must have taken place shortly before or shortly after ten o'clock. It was also beyond controversy that the murderous assault on Sopihamy had been made by the same persons and had taken place about the same time. The women had each given ten o'clock as the time of the murderous onslaughts. The alibi advanced on behalf of Andris and Sarnelis was thus not altogether unassailable, although it would seem that a strong presumption had been created in their favour unless it could be definitely proved that the murder and assault had taken place before ten o'clock, for the Inspector had undoubtedly been with them at ten o'clock.

* * * *

But there were other facts and circumstances which pointed even more strongly to the truth of the women's story and, in particular, to the truth of their statement that they had identified Andris and Sarnelis.

The evidence of the medical expert who conducted the post-mortem examination established the fact that Arnolis had sustained a large number of serious injuries, many of them individually fatal, and that death must have been practically instantaneous. Arnolis had been struck down and killed on the path near the verandah at the spot indicated by the presence of the large patch of blood-soaked earth. His assailants had carried his body round to the side of the house and deposited it where it was found the next morning. Why? Manifestly, they had a reason for lingering at the scene of the murder, in spite of the risk of detection, overcoming the natural instinct of a murderer to flee from the scene of the offence. Their object had not been to destroy, bury or otherwise permanently dispose of the corpse, for they had left it where it was inevitable that it should be found—as it was—when the next day dawned. The offenders, whoever they were, must have had some compelling reason for shifting the body from the front compound to the shrubbery at the side of the house.

An examination of the scene disclosed that the body of Arnolis, if left where he had been struck down and killed, would have been seen from the road on a moonlight night. On the other hand, it might not have been noticed by the ordinary passer-by, and such a person, even if he had noticed it, would probably not have paused to investigate. It was certain, however, that a body lying at the spot at which Arnolis's corpse was found could not possibly have been visible from the road. Obviously, the reason for the removal of the body by those who had committed the murder was to obviate the possibility even of the body being seen by some person on the high road, although the chances of its being noticed at all were negligible. On the other hand, precious time had been lost, and all the time there remained also the risk that the women who had fled might possibly return with help.

Why should it matter to a murderer whether the body was noticed, so long as he made good his escape? The conclusion was almost inevitable that the murderers knew that some person would shortly arrive at a point on the high road from where a body lying on the path would be visible. They knew also, it would seem, that he would pause at the spot and that he was a person who, on noticing such an object, would almost certainly proceed to investigate the matter.

The Inspector of Police had been expected at that spot at ten o'clock that night. Two persons arranged that he should meet them there and, therefore, were expecting him. They were Andris and Sarnelis—the two persons who had been charged by Sopihamy as her assailants, and later by Arnolis's widow and her daughter as the persons who had murdered Arnolis about ten o'clock on the eve of the New Year. Andris and Sarnelis knew that if the Inspector noticed the body, there was an end to their carefully planned alibi.

But for the circumstances that Arnolis's body had been carried from the place at which he was murdered, who can say the alibi so cleverly prepared by Andris and Sarnelis might not have helped them to escape the gallows on which they paid with their lives for the life they had so ruthlessly taken?

The Nagas, Semi-Divine Serpents of Ceylon Buddhist Lore

By G. C. MENDIS

KELANIYA on a Wesak night is not a sight to be missed. A myriad lights illume the Buddhist Temple and its grounds, adorned with flags and festoons. The large, pure-white, bell-shaped dagoba shines under the silver light of the full-orbed moon. Stream after stream of devoted worshippers flows into the sacred premises from Colombo and the regions around, and the air is filled again and again with cries of "*Sadhu! Sadhu! Sadhu!*"

Two thousand five hundred and thirteen years ago, on the birthday of the Buddha, Kelaniya offered a different sight. There were no human beings in this region then and no Buddhist shrine made the place a sacred ground. But there was even greater rejoicing on that day; for Kelaniya was hallowed by the presence of the Buddha himself.

A canopy, dazzling with jewels, stood on the spot where the dagoba now rises high above the Temple. Beneath sat the Buddha on a throne inlaid with gems. He had come in response to an invitation given by the ruler of this region, the Naga king Maniakkhika, the jewel-eyed, whose image now stands in the Kelaniya Temple. This king entertained with celestial food the Holy One and his five hundred companions, clad in yellow robes, while millions of Nagas thronged around to pay their homage to the Buddha.

Kelaniya calls back to mind not only the story of this cobra king. There were other Naga kings in this Island, and men say that the dagoba at Kelaniya has within it a gem-set throne presented to the Buddha by two of them who wanted to fight for its possession.

The Buddha visited this Island not once but thrice. The first time he came to free this Island from Yakkhas or demons and make it a habitation suitable for men. It was then that Maniakkhika decided to follow his teaching.

Five years later, out of compassion for the Nagas, he visited the region of Nagadipa in this fair Island. A war was about to take place between two Naga kings. One of these was Mahodara, who was gifted with miraculous powers, and ruled over a Naga kingdom in the ocean. The other was his nephew Culodara, in whose keeping was a throne set with gems, which Mahodara was also anxious to possess. Culodara had no desire to part with this treasure, and therefore the uncle made preparations to fight the nephew, and obtain it even by force.

When the battle was about to begin the Buddha came flying through the air and hovered over the battle-field. He filled the place with dread darkness, and struck the Nagas with terror. He preached to them next on the virtues of concord, and the frightened Nagas were so impressed by this sermon that they presented him with the throne instead of fighting for it. When he sat on it, they served him with celestial food, and eighty million Nagas who lived on the mainland and in the ocean became his followers. The Buddha, before he left, returned the throne to the Nagas, saying: "In remembrance that I have used this, do homage to it, ye Naga kings! This will bring blessing and happiness for you."

Nothing more is known about these ancient beings, who inhabited this Island and whose meetings with the Buddha form the subject of some of the oldest ballads of Ceylon. But fortunately the *Mahavansa*, the Great Chronicle of Ceylon, which records these legends, tells us more about other Naga kings who lived outside this Island.

The Naga king, Mahakala, like Mahodara, possessed wondrous powers. He lived for millions of years, and was able to see four Buddhas in his life-time. The great Indian Emperor Asoka, hearing of his existence, sent for him. When the Naga king came, he offered him a throne placed under a white canopy, and paid him homage. Then he expressed a desire to see the form of Gautama Buddha, and Mahakala created a beautiful figure of the Great Sage.

Another Naga king, Aravala, lived in Kashmir. He too possessed miraculous powers. Once he caused hailstorms to pour down upon ripe crops and floods to overwhelm the land. Hearing of this damage done, the great Buddhist Missionary who went to Kashmir, Majjhantika, hastened to the place to put an end to his evil actions. This enraged Aravala still more, and he caused fierce winds to blow, clouds to give forth rain, lightning to flash here and there, mountain-tops to be hurled down, and Nagas in grisly forms to belch forth smoke and fire. But Majjhantika was too powerful for him,

and the Naga, when he was subdued, offered him a jewelled throne, and became a disciple of the Buddha.

The Nagas are associated with gem-set thrones in other Buddhist works. A book which gives a life of Gautama Buddha says that when he was once born as the powerful Naga king Atula he presented the Buddha of his time, Vipassin, with a golden seat inlaid with seven kinds of gems.

Photograph by ARCHAEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

Guardstone at Anuradhapura depicting a nine-headed Naga king.

This connection of Nagas with treasures persists even to the present day. It is often believed that when misers die they return to earth reborn as Nagas in order to protect their hoarded wealth. It is also probably due to these ancient beliefs that the cobra is placed by the Buddhist villagers of Ceylon on a higher footing than other snakes and animals. It is always treated with respect and is addressed as *Naihami* or Your Lordship the Cobra. Other poisonous snakes are often killed when they approach a human dwelling, but this one is only entreated to move away.

The Nagas, in addition to their association with gems and jewels, are represented in Buddhist works as guardians of relics. It is said that the relics of the Buddha that were enshrined in the Ruvanveli Seya, the large dagoba in Anuradhapura, the capital of Ceylon up to the eleventh century A.D., were at first in a dagoba at Ramagama in India, and were worshipped by a tribe of people called the Koliyas. This dagoba after some time was destroyed by a flood of the Ganges, and the urn with the relics was carried into the ocean. From there the Naga king Mahakala took them to his palace, and built over them a dagoba of precious jewels.

That the Nagas were further regarded as guardians of Buddhist Scriptures is shown by a tradition of the Buddhists of the Mahayana, a form of Buddhism that arose in India and is now found in China and Japan. According to this tradition their holy book, the *Dharmakaya*, revealed by the Buddha himself, was protected by the Nagas and handed over later to their great teacher, Nagarjuna, when he visited their realm.

This conception of the Nagas as protectors of relics and of the Buddhist Scriptures, probably led to their connection with Buddhist sanctuaries. All the dagobas of Ceylon have relics enshrined within them, and since medieval times, probably owing to the influence of Mahayana Buddhism, metal plates, with passages from Buddhist Scriptures inscribed on them, have also been placed within the relic chambers of many of them.

Figures of Nagas carved out of stone are to be seen near many of these dagobas. A five-headed Naga king, for instance, is to be found on the eastern altar and a seven-headed cobra on the southern altar of the Jetavanarama or the Eastern Dagoba at Anuradhapura. Figures of seven or nine-headed Naga kings are also to be seen at the entrances to dagobas and religious buildings in Anuradhapura and in Polonnaruwa, the capital of Ceylon in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

In Buddhist art the Naga appears in two forms, either as a mere animal or as a human creature. The figure is always that of a cobra and not of any serpent. It is represented with many heads just as Hindu gods always figure with many hands. The number of the heads varies, but it is always uneven, three, five, seven or nine. The Naga in human form is characterised by the many-headed hood surrounding the head. In Ceylon art all these forms of the Naga are to be found, and perhaps the human form with the head surrounded by a nine-headed hood is peculiar to this Island.

The association of Nagas with precious objects was due to the fact that the *Nagaloka*, or the realm of the serpents, was considered to be a place of delight and wondrous charm, covered with jewels and other treasures. Buddhist works are not always definite with regard to its real position in the universe. Some books represent the Nagas as haunting the sky and the upper regions. They are at times definitely referred to as inhabiting the first of the upper worlds above the earth. But the general idea that prevailed in ancient times was that the *Nagaloka*, the world of the Nagas, was the lowest of the nether regions called the Patala.

Guardstone at Anuradhapura showing a seven-headed Naga king.

The author of the *Mahavansa* undoubtedly held this view. When relics were needed to be enshrined in the Ruvanveli Seya in Anuradhapura, Sonuttara, a Buddhist monk, was asked to fetch them from the *Nagaloka*. Sonuttara then plunged into the earth and reached the palace of Mahakala. After he obtained the relics he plunged into the earth again, and came out of it through his cell.

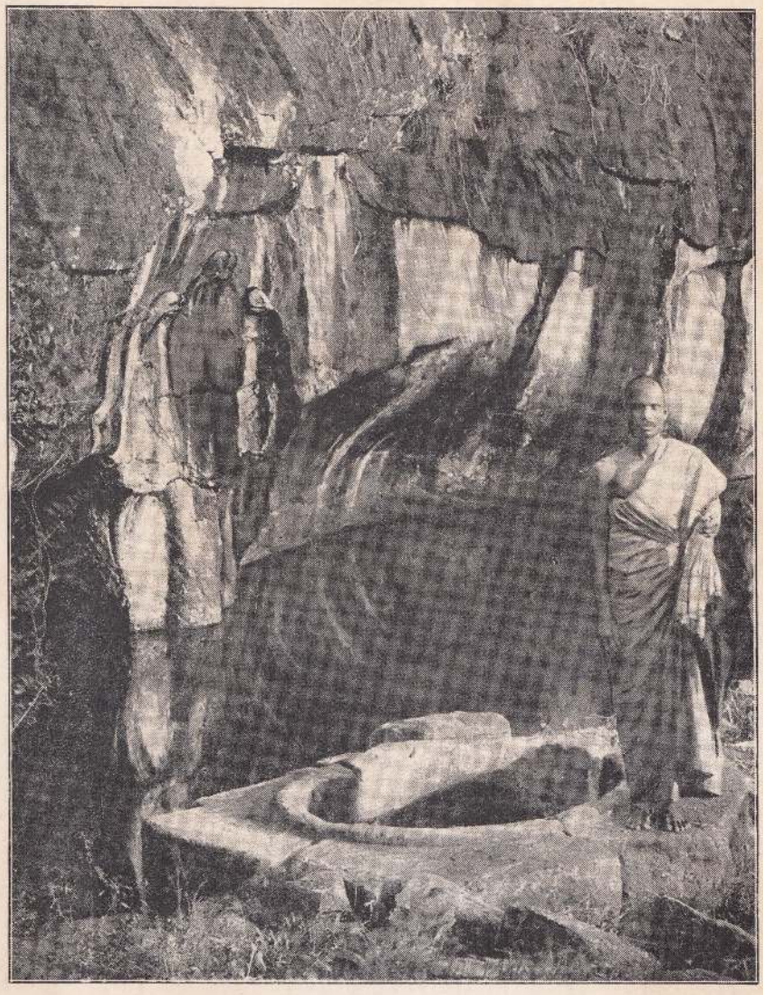
There were many entrances to this Naga World. One could enter it through the bottom of the ocean, through holes on the peaks of hills, or through lakes and water-holes. This is the reason why the Nagas were often represented as dwelling in the ocean, on the mountains, in lakes and ponds, and on lands surrounded by water. Mahodara had his kingdom in the ocean, and it is from there that

Mahakala took the relics to his palace. Culodara's father lived on the Kannavaddhamana Mountain. The Naga king Aravala lived in a lake. Ceylon being an Island was considered to be a place haunted by the Nagas and it, or a part of it, was called Nagadipa.

The representations of Nagas in Ceylon sculptures also show that Nagas were connected in Ceylon with wells and tanks. Figures of Nagas were often placed on the dams of tanks, such as the one still to be seen at Anuradhapura on the dam of the Tisawewa above its sluice. In Mihintale, near Anuradhapura, a three-headed hood of a cobra is to be found carved on a rock above a pond. The vessels of clay with figures of Nagas, now to be seen at the Colombo Museum, were also found near this place.

There is an interesting story in a book of the Buddhist Canon about a Naga who became a Buddhist monk. When the Buddha was alive there was a certain Naga who was ashamed of being a serpent. He thought that, if he became a Buddhist, he would be redeemed from his serpent state, and would be able to become a human being. He, therefore, assumed the shape of a youth, went to the Buddhist monks, and asked for admittance to their Order. His request was granted, and he was duly ordained. He resided in the monastery, and shared a cell with another monk.

Once his companion got up in the night, left the cell, and walked to and fro in the open air. Thereupon the Naga, thinking himself safe from discovery, fell asleep in his natural shape. When the monk returned he found a coiled snake in the cell, and, terrified, cried for help. Awakened by the noise, the Naga, assuming human form once more, sat down on his seat. The other monks of the monastery hurried to the cell, and asked for an explanation from the Naga, when the frightened monk related his story. The Naga confessed that he was not a human being, and explained why he sought entrance to the Order. After the Naga left the monastery the Buddha declared: "There are two occasions when a Naga having assumed human shape shows his true nature; when he has sexual intercourse, with a female of his species, or if he thinks himself safe from discovery."



Photograph by ARCHAEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

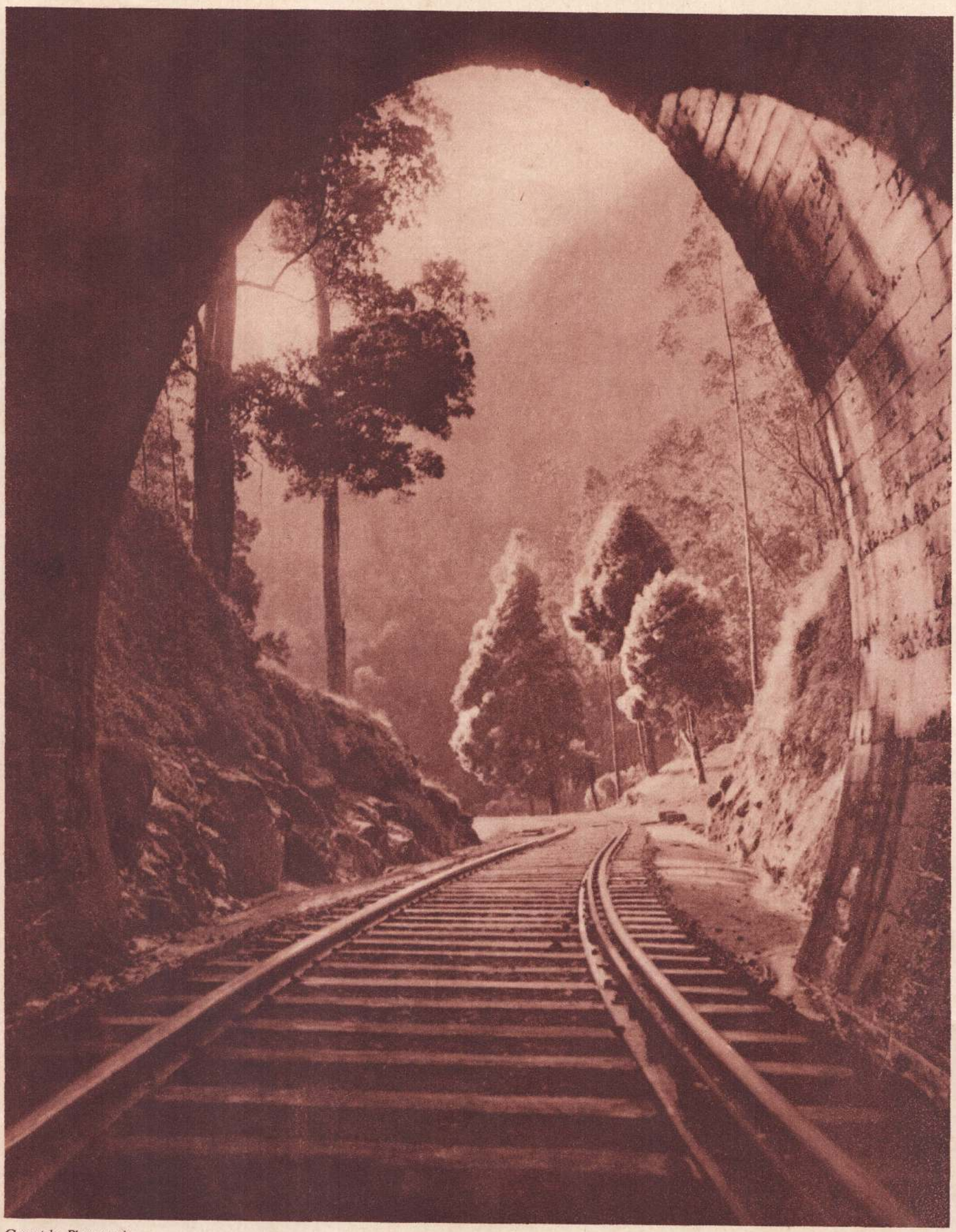
A THREE-HEADED HOOD OF A NAGA CARVED ON A ROCK ABOVE A POND AT MIHINTALE.

There is no doubt, as this and other stories show, that the Nagas were looked upon by the Buddhists as beings that actually existed, and that they were as real to them as angels and devils were to the medieval Christians. This story also makes it clear, if other accounts do not, that the Nagas were never thought of by them as human beings.

Nevertheless, many persons still class the Nagas of Ceylon mentioned in the *Mahavansa* among the aborigines of this Island. The one who first gave currency to this view was perhaps James Fergusson, the author of *Tree and Serpent Worship*. He expressed the opinion that the Nagas were not originally serpents, but serpent worshippers, an aboriginal race of Turanian stock which inhabited Northern India and were conquered by the Aryan invaders. Dr. C. F. Oldham, the author of *The Sun and the Serpent*, thought that the Nagas were not demons, but were so-called because they claimed descent from the sun, and had the hooded serpent for a totem. Hermann Oldenberg, the famous German Indologist, did not rush to such conclusions. He considered the Nagas to be demoniacal beings similar to the were-wolves, who like tiger-men and swan-maidens appeared in human form.

Professor Vogel of Leiden, who has dealt exhaustively with the subject of the Nagas in his book, *Indian Serpent Lore*, refers to the theories put forward by Fergusson, Oldham, and Oldenberg. He finds no foundation either in Hindu or Buddhist literature for the views held by Fergusson and Oldham. He differs also from Oldenberg. "The Nagas," he says, "may occasionally assume human form, but they do not belong to the human world. Theirs is the *Nagaloka*, wherever that mysterious realm of the snakes may be located. They are decidedly unhuman (*a-manusha*), and in Buddhist writings they are frankly classed as animals. In the legends they usually exhibit a bewildering blending of human and serpentine properties, they may even act entirely as human creatures, yet there can be no doubt that their real nature and form are those of the serpent. In the Naga the animal preponderates, at least according to earlier conceptions, whereas the were-wolves appear to be primarily conceived as human beings."

THROUGH THE TUNNEL



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A striking photograph of the scenery at Ohiya, through the tunnel.

UNDER THE CANOPY OF THE HEAVENS

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A view of Uva from Hakgala.

GATHERING CLOUDS

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The placid beauty of the Uva patnas is illustrated by this photograph.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY

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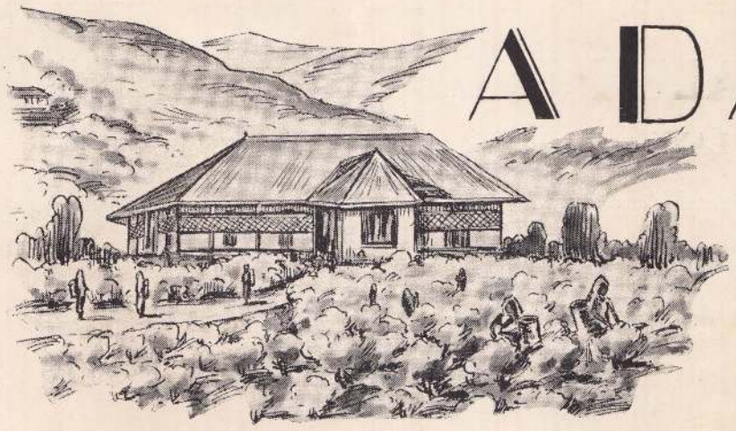
This view of Great Western has a serene beauty typical of Up-Country Ceylon.



A DAY ON THE TOTUM

By MARY CAMERON

IN the early hours of the morning the *vasa cutie's* tom-tom awakens the dwellers of the *totum** to the day that lies before them—be the day of happy sunshine or of threatening black storm clouds. The *vasa cutie*, by the way, is the sweeper of the cooly-line compounds. This duty is usually assigned to a man of the *Sakilia* caste by the conductor of the *totum*, advised, of course, by the head *kangany*, or *kanaka-pillai*.

The sweeper, I guess, must wake with the crowing of a neighbour's cock, for he has no alarm clock, and on him depends the punctuality of the labourers to appear on the muster ground. So at about four o'clock in the morning we hear the first *thappu* resounding through the *totum* :—

"Jenje-naku, naku, naku,
Jenje-naku, jenjenaku !"

On hearing this, the wives and daughters of each family are the first to rise. They roll up their respective sleeping mats and settle their *sarees* about their hardy selves so as to give a convenient and easy movement while they work. These *sarees* are only loosened at night. They are usually from seven to eight yards in length and are to a certain extent comfortably utilised both as blanket and night gown—one end serving as a garb from hip to ankle and the rest of the *saree* being thrown over the body as a covering. The men-folk, on the other hand, use one *vatee*, which is only half the length of a *saree*, as a night suit, and a second *vatee* as a covering. In the cold seasons both the men and the women use their *kambillies*, or coarse black rugs, which they wear while working on rainy days. These rugs do not seem waterproof, for they get rain-soaked in heavy showers and must be a cumbersome weight to the shivering, miserable labourer. Ready-made *kambillies* of black oil cloth seem to be taking the place of these heavy rugs—though there still remain some obstinate few who prefer the cheaper rugs.

The *vasa cutie*, or cooly-line sweeper.

Yes, I was saying that the wife is the first one to be up and about her household duties, while her lord and master, still lingering full length on his mat, asserts an order at intervals—such as to hurry up with the rice *cungy*—fry some chilly to go with it—boil the water—and only that slaving wife knows the other thousand and one commands that she has to answer. Eventually, the *cungy* made of overnight rice steams anew and the master of the house rises, takes the brass *sembu* containing hot water and steps out of the house. He goes to the nearest tea bush and breaks asunder a "nice" hard stem. Having cleared it of the leaves, he bites one end till that portion looks like so many bristles. With this "patent" tooth brush he rubs his teeth vigorously till it turns almost blood red. Then he seems satisfied that he has conveyed all betel stains from his teeth to the "tea-brush." He then throws away the stick and chews a bit of charcoal which he rubs on with the forefinger in a "polishing-brass-ware" manner. Lastly, he gargles and emits great sprays of red-tinted water from his mouth—letting all the world know by his guttural and nasal noises that he is at his morning wash.

Meanwhile, his wife rolls up his mat and sweeps the house. She then serves her master with a *cumba* (deep brass vessel) full of *cungy*. The *cumba* shines brilliantly—it was first cleaned with tamarind and salt to remove any verdigris or other stain, and then with sifted ash. With the *cungy* is served some chillies, to which, while frying, was added a piece or two of dried fish to give the whole an appetising flavour. When the master has leisurely washed and eaten, he enjoys a chew of betel and the wife hurriedly gulps down some *cungy*. Then fastening the door with the padlock (they are too busy to open their single window in the mornings), the couple make haste for the muster ground, to which a second *thappu* summons them.

Those who arrive in time are marked present for the day, and the tardy folk are sent back to the lines to court idleness and gossip the whole day long. A few beg forgiveness and promise to be

* Estate.

punctual next day, but seldom do they meet with mercy. Some kindness, however, is meted out to the mother with a baby. She is marked present and allowed to work though she did not appear in good time at the muster ground.

The cooly mothers cannot afford to stay at home to look after their babies; so every morning after muster the children are given in charge of an appointed *ayah-amma*, usually an elderly woman; and one might almost be sure that the parting plea of every uneasy mother must be, "please look after my child carefully." The little ones of under one year sleep most of the time, so that the *ayah-amma* has little or no trouble to mind them. She makes cradles of *sarees* suspended from different beams or branches of trees and rocks the infants. The two, three and four-year olds seem to be the most unmanageable. While the *ayah-amma* busies herself going after one who has crawled a little distance, another bawls out in a pitiful manner as he sees the blood on his knee cap—the result of a painful toss. Another chubby pair, all full of curves and curls, are wrestling with each other and the *ayah* separates them from their tight embrace. She turns round and finds one little man challenging another to move a big boulder from its place. They both try to overturn the rock with the disastrous result that they fall heavily on their backs. The *ayah-amma* has now to rack her dull brain to find some other amusement to quiet the crying youngsters.

A beautiful picture she makes as she strolls along the road.

Meanwhile, the parents are slogging in the field—the man with his mammoty or pruning knife and the woman exhibiting her nimbleness of finger with plucking tea as quickly as one can imagine it done. As fast as her fingers goes her tongue, and some are more skilled than others in keeping up an eternal gossip, sometimes of a trivial nature such as the *curry* that the next door family had for dinner last night, or a *saree* that so and so has bought and how much she spent on it. The most amusing sight, however, is to witness two women in a genuine quarrel. They face each other like two tigresses at bay, and before words go to blows the supervising *kangany* makes peace between them with the threat that they will have no name for that day if they continue their tongue exercises. Unfortunately, this is a frequent occurrence on the *totum*.

The hour for mid-day meals comes at last and the mothers eagerly hasten to their babies. The rest betake themselves to some spot where water flows. Here they untie the bundle of rice which the daughter or son who attends school brings them and ravenously attack the rice and curry with the wonderful appetite begot of labouring. The curry is usually of edible herbs or brinjal, which is a great favourite of the coolies. The high-caste coolies, I am told, thrive mostly on butter-milk and rice, or rice and a sour tamarind gravy which they call *puliyanam*.

After an hour's recess the coolies resume work and go on till about half-past four in the afternoon when the very welcome "knocking-off-work" *thappu* goes again and sounds in the ears of the weary labourers :—

"Rambutan Kangany *Vee-tu-coo po* (go home)
Muthamma, Muthamma *Vee-tu-coo po*" (go home).

The leaf is then weighed at the muster ground and the ambitious woman anxiously waits to hear the weight of her overflowing basket. She smiles with satisfaction to hear that she has plucked 100 lbs., but the smile vanishes when a few lbs. are deducted for the weight of the basket. Ordinarily when flush is scarce the hard-working woman plucks but 35 to 40 lbs. for a day, while the idler

She makes cradles of *sarees* suspended from branches of trees.

never plucks more than 20 lbs. when flush is plentiful and only 8 to 10 lbs. otherwise. At times a word of praise is meted out to the hard-worker.

"*Mitcham nalam*," says the S.D., whereon the bashful lady exhibits some affectation and shy maidens, or *cutties* as they are generally known on the *totum*, bestow a pathetic glance on the *Dorai*, which alas has no effect on him, for his words of praise go only to those who deserve them.

The leaf having been weighed and names marked the coolies disperse to their respective quarters.

Then comes a programme of household duties. The *podians* and little *cutties* usually go out to gather firewood—this being the dried prunings of tea bushes. The *cutties*, just blossoming into womanhood, prefer to go to the *peely* (water-spout) and a beautiful picture they make as they gracefully stroll along the road with their *sepu-co-dams* (brazen or earthenware vessels) on their hips. Leaving alone the gossip, and charitably looking on the better side of things, it is at the *peely* that many a romance has its birth. Some young lads of the *totum* oft-times linger at this cherished spot to exchange a few words with "the apple of his eye." Here they chew betel together and are happy while they may. Very seldom it is that these little love scenes end in marriage, for the girl, if not already married, is usually betrothed to another from the time of her birth, generally to an uncle or first cousin who is twenty or thirty years older. Need we wonder then that cases of elopement are frequent on the *totum*?

The mother's voice, wafted on the evening breeze, reaches the *peely* and the girl wakes from her dreams, places the now overflowing water pot on her hip and goes home. The father has just laid aside his mammoty, with which he had been working on the little plot that was given him for a vegetable garden. The little brother and sister have reached home long before her with large bundles of firewood. While the bright fire lights the humble room, the daughter takes to cleaning the brazen utensils, and when the rice is boiled and the pieces of dried fish swim in ample gravy of diluted tamarind the chatty pots are taken off the fire and placed on *pee-ru-ma-nays* made of coir. The deepest eating vessel, which holds about half a measure of rice, is filled to the brim and placed before the master of the house. His wife also serves out the dried fish and gravy and very often adds a generous heap of cooked, blackish green herbs, which in the dim glow of the coconut oil and "rag-wick" lamp appears like the silhouette of a miniature mountain. The man does justice to this and, when he has had his fill with a second serving, he proclaims his satisfaction with a belch which makes the next door neighbour just a little inquisitive to know what curry he had that night.

The women-folk then squat on the floor for their feed, after which they wash up the eating vessels—the cooking utensils are filled with water and left to be washed next morning.

Then comes the "cannot-do-without" chew of betel with arecanut and lime and a small piece of tobacco.

Now we come to the end of a "day on the *totum*" when the sleeping mats are spread out on the floor and the family settles itself to . . . . . we wonder if to a nightmare full of dancing demons or to a peaceful sleep !!!

THESE LEAN TIMES

Aiyo, Marikar, do you not think of standing for the State Council?
Why, no, Ralahamy. Politics is a curse. This State Council will soon have us all starving.

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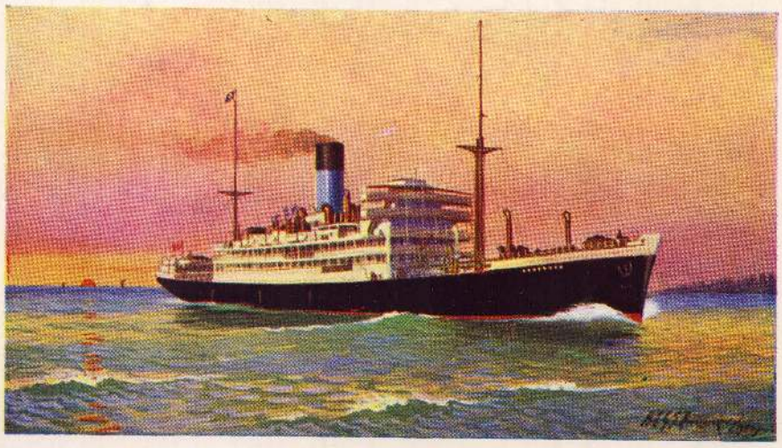

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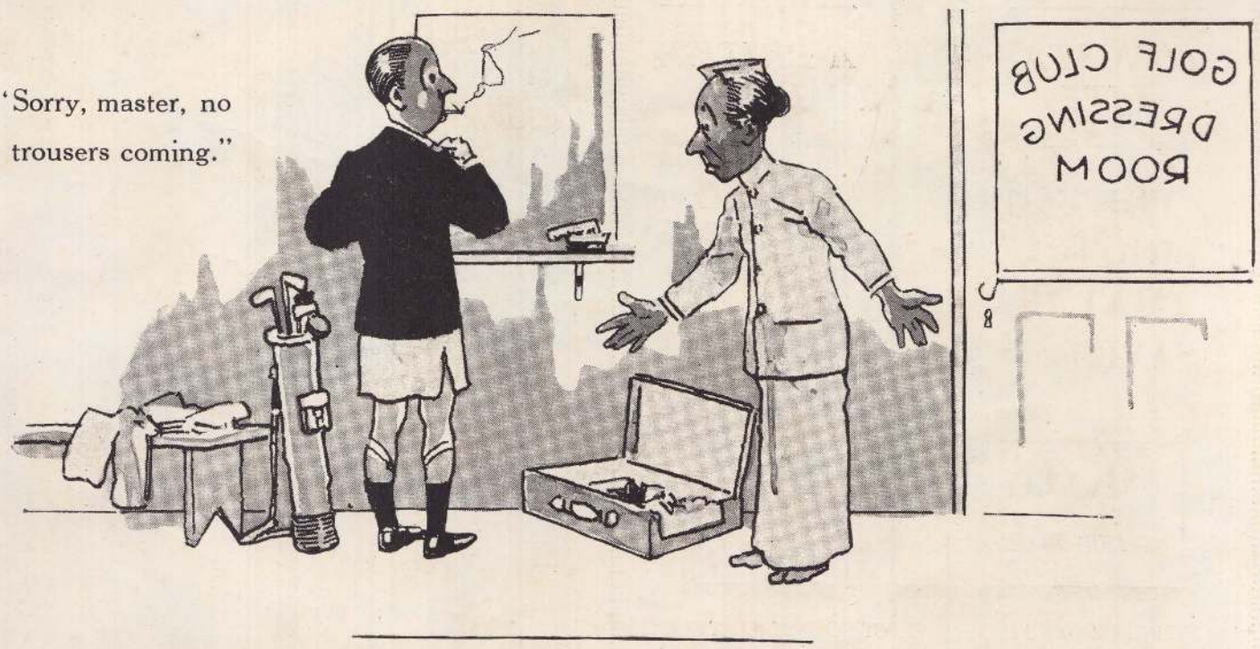
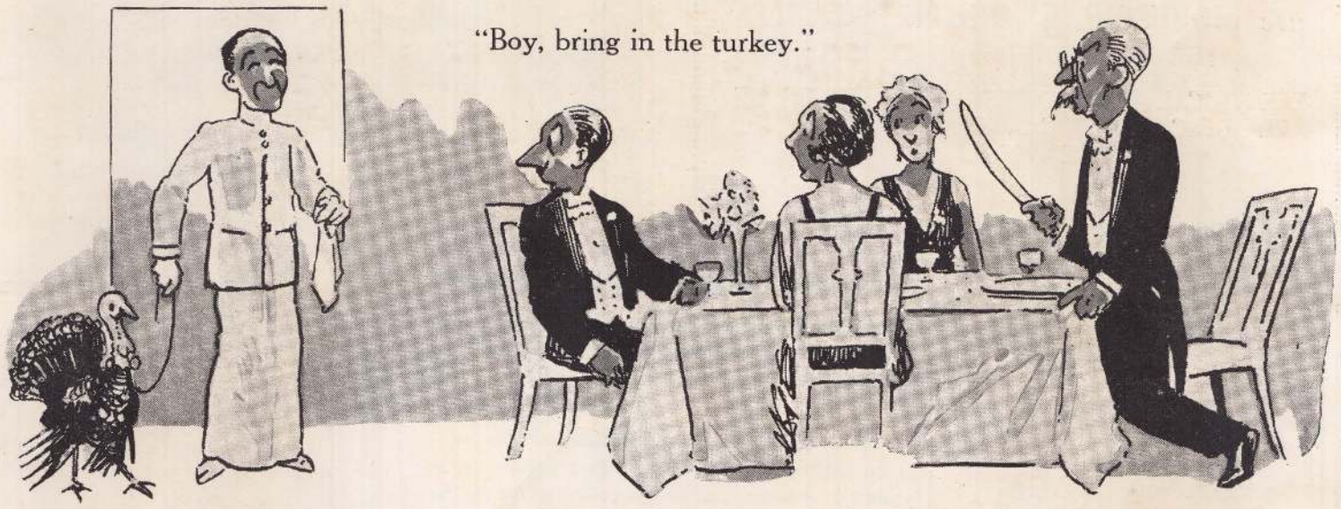


"Sorry, master, no trousers coming."



"Boy, bring in the turkey."

A bargains column sequel. —Seller (to purchaser): "What a sweet frock, I had one exactly like that."

SARADIEL of Utumankande

by T.R.P. Perera.

THE most remarkable figure in the annals of Ceylon brigandage is undoubtedly the celebrated Saradiel Appu of Utumankande, the Robin Hood of Ceylon. Utumankande was his Sherwood Forest, Tuan Sahrah his Friar Tuck and Mammalan his Little John. He had his Maid Marian, too, and a goodly number of merry men.

Saradiel was born in the year 1835 at Utumankande, not far from the delightful hamlet of Molligoda. Those were the halcyon days of rural simplicity which knew neither of railways nor motor cars. It was the age of the carrier pigeon and the horse-drawn mail coach.

Young Saradiel was the eldest of a family of five children. As was customary, he was duly sent to acquire a knowledge of the three R's at a neighbouring temple and under the fostering care of the monks of Illukgoda Temple Saradiel pursued his studies for some time with commendable zeal.

But Saradiel was a rebel born, seeking revolt and thirsting for the fray. Before long his fiery temper led to a fight in which some of the temple boys were sorely and severely thrashed. As destiny directed, forthwith Saradiel shook the dust of the temple from his feet, and left swearing vengeance. Before many days had passed the news got abroad that the truant Saradiel had waylaid the temple boys and severely assaulted them.

The sequel was an appearance before the law courts and a sentence of three months' imprisonment as a criminal. These three fateful months gave his career the fatal turn. After his discharge from prison, Saradiel spent a roving life, gathering round him a band of reckless outlaws.

Utumankande gradually became the stronghold of the most formidable band of highwaymen in Ceylon. Disgruntled youths from all parts of the country, disappointed men from every class, creed and caste, refugees from justice and nondescript malcontents from every quarter sought refuge at Utumankande. These bandits held up bullock carts conveying merchandise and secured booty even from the Royal mail coach.

* * * *

Folktales galore bear ample testimony to the almost incredible dexterity and cunning with which Saradiel and his henchmen scoured the countryside, and carried on their depredations amidst danger and death. Intrepid, cool and self-possessed, Saradiel's followers were difficult to lay by the heels, and they frequently evaded capture by passing for common peasants.

Saradiel had a weakness for gambling and he sometimes lost heavily. On one unusually luckless day he had gambled away all his money and was at his wit's end to find more to let him try his luck again and recoup his losses. As he was considering various plans, he caught sight of a lonely wayfarer. Saradiel engaged him in conversation and soon found that he was a villager carrying a large sum of money intended to be given as his daughter's marriage dowry. Saradiel induced the man to part with the money and bade him await his return at an appointed hour. True to his word Saradiel returned and handed over to the man exactly double the money he had borrowed. The villager went cheerfully on his way escorted by one of the bandits.

SARADIEL IN CAPTIVITY. *From an old print.*

Saradiel had a sense of humour and even in the most distressing circumstances it never deserted him. In the days when he was a proclaimed and hunted outlaw, he once visited a theatre hall at Kandy dressed

as a woman and left behind a bundle of woman's clothes together with a note explaining his identity.

In those days there was a general belief that a wonderful ointment, the *Henaraja Thailaya*, credited with the virtue of rendering invisible any person anointed by it, was kept in a temple at Badulla. With his godless band Saradiel broke into the temple and removed from its sanctuary this wonderful ointment, using it afterwards in many an hour of need.

Tradition still supports the belief that Saradiel led an enchanted life. Tuan Sahrah, his chief lieutenant, was a necromancer and magician of parts, versed in weird *mantra* lore which kept Saradiel, it is said, from all harm.

Some strange occult power, it was believed, rendered Saradiel's person proof against the power of bullets. When at long last a bullet drew blood from his sinewy body, it was rumoured that the priest who had endowed Saradiel with this wonderful charm had betrayed the secret to his foes.

Romance entered Saradiel's life as the result of a raid on the village of Katukelle, near the Hill Capital. The objective was the house of a wealthy money-lender named Cader, but no loot was found, as the man had taken everything with him to Kandy. Cader's wife was there, however, and was frightened out of her wits when the robbers broke in. She fainted, and the story has it that Saradiel carefully tended her until she had fully recovered. As a result, a strong attachment sprang up between them and it was rumoured that Saradiel acquired great power over her by occult means.

As time went on these depredations assumed alarming proportions, and eventually Major-General Terence O'Brien, the Governor of the Colony at the time, issued special orders to Mr. (afterwards Sir) Frederick Saunders, Assistant Government Agent, for the capture of the outlaw. A special expedition was planned, and in the year 1864 the whole island was ablaze with the news that Utumankande Saradiel Appu had at long last been captured at Kegalle after a severe battle with the police.

In March, 1864, Saunders with a large force of Malays pressed upon the outlaw's haunts, and after considerable difficulty succeeded in bringing the elusive Saradiel and his lieutenant Mammalan to bay in a lonely house. Shots were fired on both sides, but the combat was entirely unequal. At last Saradiel's one time friend Kumbalpana Dehivedarala, on the orders of Saunders, went up to the house and parleyed with the bandit, pointing out to him the wisdom of surrender in the face of inevitable capture. Saradiel threw all the arms he had out of the house as a signal of capitulation.

Saunders and Dehivedarala found the two bandits crouching on the floor of the hut, both wounded, Saradiel with a fractured arm. Some brandy was administered to them and they were then duly led away to Kandy. After trial they were convicted and sentenced to death. On May 7th, 1864, the corpses of the two foremost criminals of the generation were lowered to a criminal's grave. Thus closed the last chapter in the life story of the last of Ceylon's bandits.

REFLECTIONS

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THE KANDY LAKE.—An unusual view of the much-photographed Kandy Lake, showing the early morning reflections.

IN THE HILLS

Copyright Photograph *Andreas Nell*

AS IN CENTURIES GONE BY.—Elephants hauling one of the carved pillars used in the building of the Trinity College Chapel, Kandy, in which the old Sinhalese style and method of architecture are being employed.

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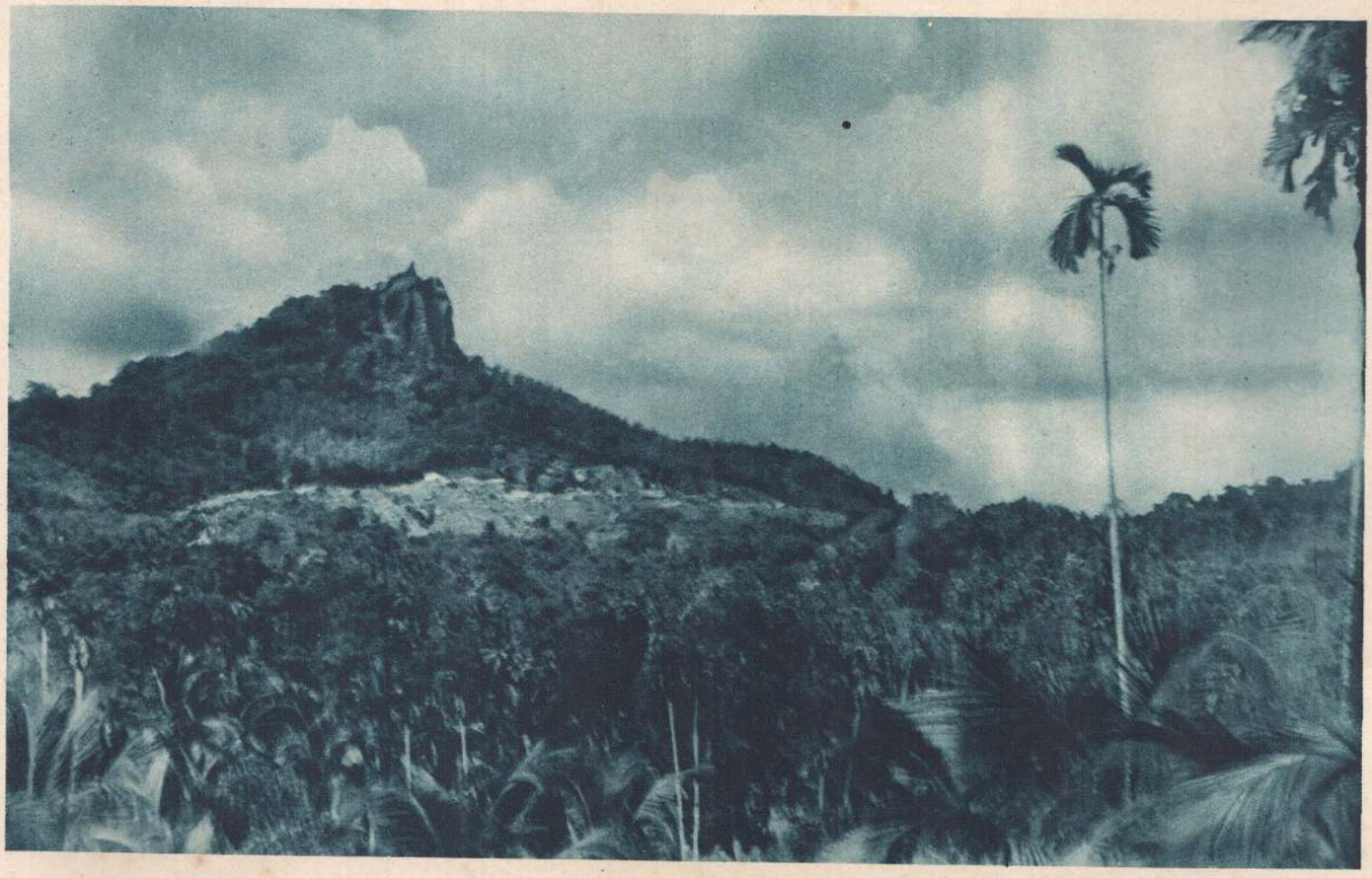
MIST IN THE VALLEY.—A view taken from POONAGALLA looking towards HAMBANTOTA through the morning mist.

IN THE COUNTRYSIDE



BLEAK AND WINDSWEPT.—A view of Utumankande which was the stronghold of SARADIEL, the Ceylon Robin Hood

P. J. C Durrant

A PASTORAL SCENE.—Villagers are seen preparing the fields for sowing paddy.

GLIMPSES OF ANCIENT CEYLON

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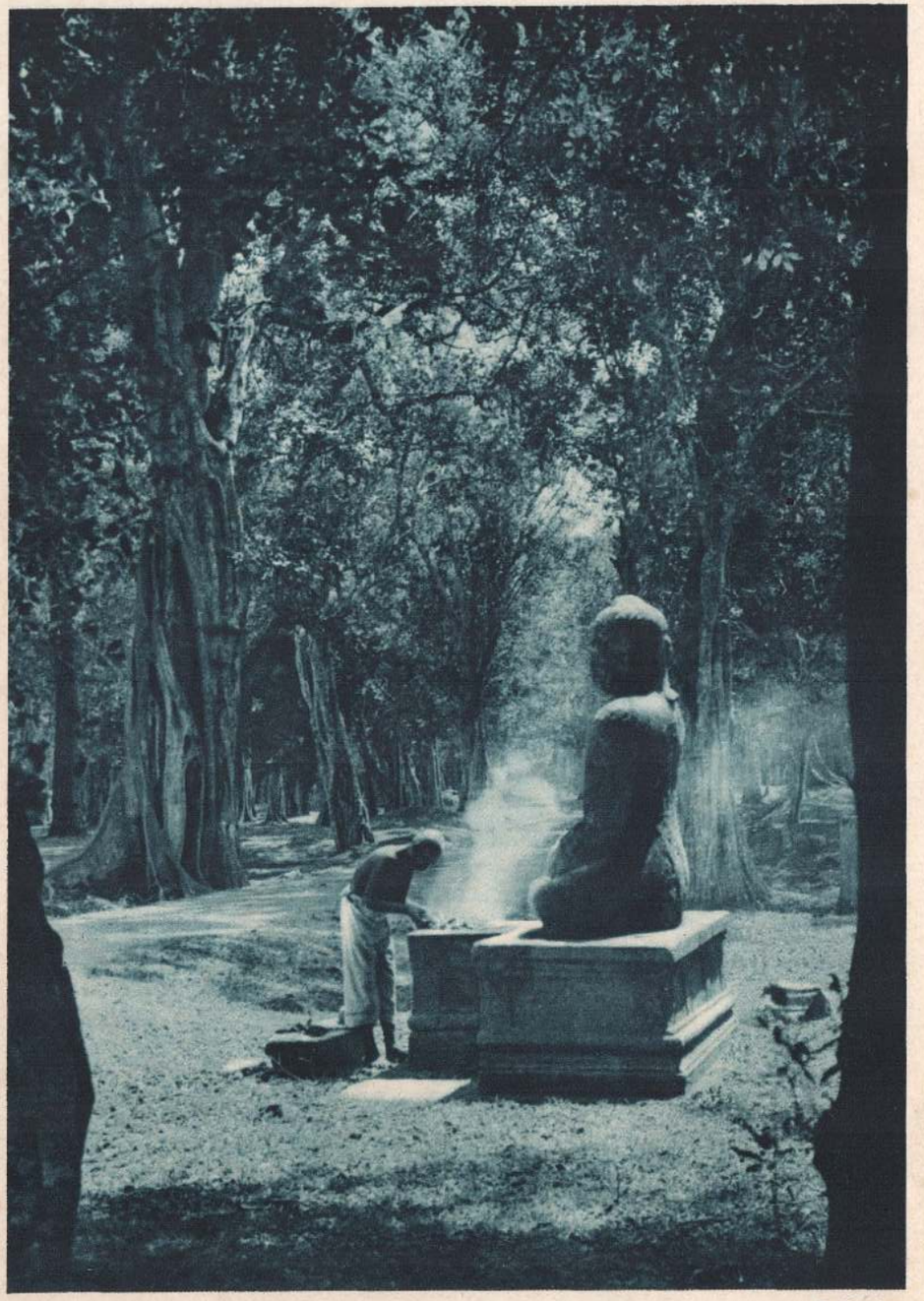
Ruins of an ancient monastery containing a stone cistern used for the dyeing of the monks' robes.



R. Sinclair

A worshipper offering incense before the image of Buddha near the twin ponds at Anuradhapura.

SINHALESE CUSTOMS AND PRACTICES

By R. B. TAMMITA.

MANY of the ancient customs, rituals, and observances of the Sinhalese are slowly disappearing, yielding to the civilizing hand of progress. Some of these practices are of value, but those that do not stand the test of commonsense must inevitably disappear from use. It is strange, however, that customs which are historic and altogether unobjectionable in character are falling into disuse much faster than others which are absurd, or even harmful.

On account of the widespread belief in the influence of the stars upon human life, astrology plays a part in most of the social activities of the Sinhalese, from marriages, deaths, and the healing of sickness down to small trifles such as the selection of an auspicious moment to do business or start on a journey. A visit to the house of a villager during the Sinhalese New Year festivities (April 13th) will supply abundant proof of this tendency. For days before the festival begins the master of the house has his mind preoccupied by what the New Year may bring, and has made constant pilgrimages to the *Nekaththa*, or astrological adviser, of the locality.

If the former is a man of some position, he will not rest satisfied until he has bought every almanac available in the vernacular and has carefully studied their forecasts side by side with those of the *Nekaththa*. So scrupulous indeed is the average villager in the matter of these traditional observances that a new occupation has been created in the rural districts, and village boys carry on a brisk trade in almanacs of all sorts and quality.

Seldom has the villager cause to complain of the shrewd *Nekaththa*, who takes timely care to bring his own forecasts into close accord with those of the almanacs. Good astrologers are few, yet anybody who practises the science holds a unique place in village society. The province of this interpreter of human destiny is vast, beginning with the birth of a child and ending only with his death.

* * * *

The birth of a child is one of the greatest events in family life, and every endeavour is made to ensure that the event takes place under most auspicious circumstances. It is firmly believed that a child can bring good luck or misfortune to his parents.

When a child is about to be born, the expectant mother is confined to a special room which has been duly sanctified. The ceremony is both elaborate and mystic. Upon a plaster of ground rice and mustard, which is later embedded in the floor, are drawn the names of the Grahayas—the Sun, the Moon, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus, Saturn, Caput Draconis, and Caudal Draconis. Offerings of incense and flowers complete the sanctification and the chanting of mantarams or charms takes place as the mother-to-be enters the room.

Nowadays, the correct time of birth is easily obtained, but half a century ago clocks were a luxury and this important item of birth registration depended mostly on guess-work, for the uninitiated found it difficult to read even the sundial. The recorded time of birth is straightaway sent to the astrologer who prepares the infant's *Kendaraya*, or life-chart. It is a simple diagram drawn on talipot palm or paper showing the situation of the nine Grahayas at the time of birth of the child, and really forms the précis from which his horoscope is cast. To the astrologer, it indicates at the first glance what sort of destiny awaits the newborn. Robert Knox has said that children who were ill-favoured by the stars were allowed to perish, if not actually murdered. This alleged homicidal tendency in the mothers of those days is probably as much a myth as it would be if said of the mothers of to-day.

When the child is named or allowed to see the sun or the moon for the first time, an auspicious time is chosen and the events are heralded by ceremonial, often of a religious kind. The ceremonial most in vogue is the chanting of *Pirith* by Buddhist monks, and the chapter generally chosen is that called *Ratana Sutta*, which the Lord Buddha recited some 2,500 years ago in saving the city of Vesali from a dread plague and drought. A child may be named within a period of ten to thirty days, and taught his first letters in the fifth year.

A custom still strictly observed by the majority of Sinhalese is the feeding of a new-born babe with a mixture of gold rubbings and mother's milk, sometimes accompanied by the juice of hedge hyssop, the object being to purify the blood and ensure the full development of body and intellect.

It is not clear how in olden days gold rubbings were procured, but now the practice is to rub a sovereign or gold ornament on a stone. As a consequence, there is more stone dust than gold dust in the milk so prepared. A circular golden ornament called *Panchaudhaya*, which is said to have the power of securing immunity from evil spirits and of conciliating the Grahayas, is also hung round his neck. Upon this ornament are embossed the five weapons of war, the conch, the defending-rod, the sword, the arrow, and a short cudgel.

Signs of the Grahayas—(1) THE SUN.

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A ridiculous superstition attaches to the event of a girl's coming of age. The belief is widespread among the villagers to this day that when a girl attains puberty she is cleansed of certain evils or *Was*, and no man is permitted to look upon her at this time lest these evils should lodge themselves in his being. Hence the practice to hide her away from the sight of man until she has been duly pronounced to be once again eligible for ordinary companionship.

Therefore, as soon as a girl reaches maturity, she is closeted in a room, but never alone. An elderly woman, with an arecanut-cutter or other piece of iron, goes with her into the room as her guardians. News of the event is loudly proclaimed and the *Nekaththa* is invited. He takes the time of the event, gives his forecasts, and fixes an auspicious day for the bathing of the maiden. This ranges from three to seven days after the event, during which period the girl languishes in her cell on starvation diet. Here again, the belief is that the girl should not take rich food lest she fall ill. Then, on the appointed day comes the *dhoby* woman, who bathes the maiden under the shadow of a jak tree from a new earthen vessel which is broken after the ceremony, this being the final act of riddance of evil. The *dhoby* woman is the most important functionary on these occasions and is well rewarded with gifts in money and kind. Near relatives of the girl are invited and they come with presents to the feast at which the girl is the guest of honour. The utmost publicity is given to this event by way of initial propaganda for the finding of a suitor.

(2) JUPITER.

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Marriage customs still enjoy precedence of place and are by far the most interesting and picturesque. Polyandry has outlived its usefulness in rural households, and marriages now generally conform strictly to modern laws. An element of tragedy remains, however, in that form of Kandyan marriage called Binna, according to which the husband lives in the house of his wife's parents at her will and pleasure. I have seen many of these marriages result in untold misery to the parties and their offspring, but, happily, Binna marriages are fast waning in popularity.

Romance rarely enters into Sinhalese marriage, which is usually one of convenience. Man and maid are brought together not by their own free will, but through the good, or bad, offices of a marriage-broker acting on behalf of parents who exact implicit obedience.

Even to-day few marriages are made without the intervention of a match-maker, in the past a relative, now often a man of mean attainments, crafty, and possessed of a facile tongue for flattery and exaggeration. Banda cannot in the ordinary course of things pay court to Emeline; neither can Carolis woo a Kandyan maid for his bride.

(3) VENUS.

As a recent development the match-maker has, however, brought about many inter-caste marriages, formerly almost completely taboo, but here again the wishes of the principals are seldom consulted. Almost without exception the ruling consideration is the dowry.

Banda is an eligible young man and Menika a girl who has reached maturity. It follows in the order of things that Menika's parents want her married without delay and they consult the *Magulkapuwa*, or match-maker, who calls on Banda's parents on behalf of his clients. He sings Menika's praises, exaggerates her accomplishments, disguises her faults, apologises for any blemish in her beauty,

and offers a handsome dowry in expiation of possible shortcomings. He, or the dowry, seldom fails to persuade, and already the marriage is almost accomplished although Banda and Menika are even now ignorant of the plans being made for them.

The next stage is reached when the astrologer is called in to examine the horoscopes and to foretell what wedlock has in store for the young couple. The match-maker intensifies his efforts, ingratiates the *Nekaththa* in the time-honoured manner and the benefit of great doubts is always given in favour of the union.

* * * *

For the first time Banda now visits his fiancée accompanied by an elder member of the family, and at a lucky hour Menika, dressed in silks and adorned with jewellery, is conducted to the visitors in the parlour. The match-maker is not present at this critical moment, for he deems it discreet that he should not be called to immediate account for any guileful exaggerations. He does not wish to jeopardize his commission, which may range from as low a sum as five rupees to as much as a hundred. It is a coy Menika who steps forward with a tray of betel and steals a glance at her future mate, which is not always easy, for Banda is usually as shy as herself. On the day the banns are published, Banda throws a necklace round the girl's neck, and the bethrothal is complete when she places a ring on his forefinger. Banda pays a second visit to the bride ; notice is then given of the marriage to the *Lekama*, or village registrar, and part of the girl's dowry is at once handed to Banda. An auspicious day for the wedding is then chosen, and invitations are issued in the form of betel leaves distributed by the members of the two families in person. On the day before the wedding the priesthood receive alms from the families.

The wedding ceremony is a picturesque affair of pomp and dignity. For royalty and commoner alike the ceremony has always been the same. Invariably the marriage is solemnized in the bride's house, the bridegroom arriving in procession, bearing gifts. The ceilings of the bridal house are draped with white calico and the same material has been spread on chairs and other furniture. In this setting the *Magul Poruwa*, or dais, where the marriage ceremony is performed, assumes an aspect of the greatest dignity. It is a square-shaped structure raised from the ground, richly decorated with flowers and roofed with a canopy of green cloth. The bride and bridegroom take their stand upon a floor strewn with white rice and each feeds the other with milk-rice from a vessel. The bride's maternal uncle then mounts the dais, with silken thread binds the right thumbs of the bride and bridegroom together, and pours scented water from a ewer over the newly-tied knot, while a group of children stand a little distance away chanting melodious *Ashtaka*, or verses depicting Buddha's attributes and blessings.

The ceremony over, man and wife descend from the dais to sign the marriage register according to the present laws of the land. A pretty custom, centuries old, is thus preserved with all its significance in the house of the rich and of the poor.

Money is lavishly spent on these marriage functions, sometimes as much as Rs. 5,000 when the contracting parties are persons of affluence.

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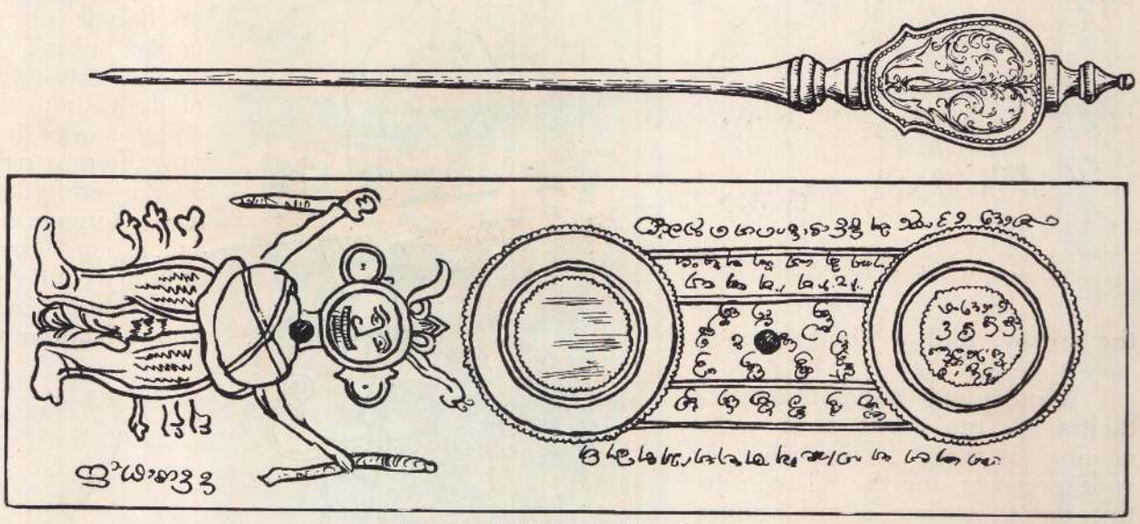
The mystic arts of the Sinhalese are in some



AN OLA MANUSCRIPT AND STYLE.

cases held in greater importance than their religious observances. Religion indeed shows the way to salvation, but evil spirits are considered to have the power to cure disease, to rid the district of pestilence, or to recover lost property. The belief is strong even among the literate classes that evil spirits interfere in human affairs, of their own will as well as at the instigation of man.

The delirium of a high fever is often regarded as a sign that a person is possessed. The native doctor, finding his treatment unsuccessful, strongly upholds this view, and thus enters the *Kattandiya*, or devil-charmer, as a last resort. He, like the physician, is versed in a jargon of queer languages that are not understood and the villager thereby is easily imposed upon. The devil-charmer, of shabby raiment, has a tattered knapsack in which he carries his weapons of war, a few bits of talipot palm scrawled with weird designs and figures, a style, thread and turmeric, and a stick or two of sandalwood. None the less he has a sonorous and impressive voice. He recommends a *Pideni* ceremony as the cure, swearing that nothing else can serve. His verdict, pompously given, is accepted without demur, and the household is subjected to a night of weird chantings and the beating of *Udakki* tom-toms.

QUEEN'S HOTEL

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SUITES AS REQUIRED.

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Electric Fans in all rooms. **Elevators to all floors.**
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Kandy is an ideal centre for trips to Nuwara Eliya or the Buried Cities. Arrangements can be made by the hotel, and an "Illustrated Guide" to the Ancient Capitals can be obtained from the Management. Golf on the Lewis Links at Peradeniya and Tennis within easy reach. Visitors should see the Temple of the Tooth, The Audience Hall, the Museum, and Kandyan Art Association. Also the temples at Galangolla, Galadeniya and the Lankatillake. The temple elephants can be seen daily bathing at Katugastota. Tea, Rubber and Cocoa estates should be visited. Some of the most beautiful drives in the world are in and around Kandy.

Cars can be hired through the Hotel and information obtained as to arrangements for short or long trips.

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The idea is to expel the devil by force of charms, or, if this is unavailing, to beg him to leave the sick man in peace in return for adequate compensation in the shape of the blood of a full-grown cock-bird.

A tiny wooden loft, standing about ten feet from the ground, is erected in the compound of the house and thatched with woven palm fronds. Inside flowers of various hues are arranged in a circle, and in this setting coconut oil lamps are placed on a base of milk-rice. A full-grown cock-bird is tied to the foot of the structure. On the ground nearby is another enclosure containing a clay model of the sick person lying prone.

The *Kattandiya* then begins to exorcise the devil. Standing in front of the loft he chants a series of charms in a loud, blustering voice, while two or more assistants beat time on tom-toms. Close on midnight the scene changes. The proceedings now assume a subdued tone, and the *Kattandiya* begs and implores the evil spirit to leave the victim in peace. At the approach of dawn, the cock-bird is killed and his blood is drained into plantain leaves and placed in the two boxes as a peace-offering. There is a belief that the evil spirit so addressed partakes of the offerings at dawn, and that the patient immediately recovers. Inquisitive lads and even adults peer into the containers from time to time in the hope of seeing their contents diminish. It is difficult to say whether this devil-feast ever takes place, but patients given up for dead have miraculously shown signs of recovery just after one of these acts of exorcism. If the charm fails, the *Kattandiya* only receives a day's wages, but if it succeeds he leaves the scene of his triumph a richer and prouder man.

BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AT A KANDYAN WEDDING.

Closely similar procedure is followed in the case of a *Balishanti* ceremony which has the same object in view, namely, the healing of disease. But in this case it is the nine Grahayas who are propitiated, and no blood offering is given. Clay figures of the Grahayas as well as of the patient are arranged within a decorated square, and the patient is made to recline within sight of them, while the performer, bell in hand, chants a series of incantations beseeching the Grahayas to intercede. This is more popular than the devil ceremony. There is, it should be noted, no fixed method of operation as regards either of these practices. The method differs in accordance with the versatility of the performer and the value of the gifts.

* * * *

Bara, the practice of making vows to a deity, is even more popular. On the eve of an important examination, many a young man, in the seclusion of his room, hangs up a limed coconut or a silver coin in saffron-coloured cloth as an earnest of further offerings to the deity if success is accorded. Long distances are sometimes travelled to the *Devale* (temple) or other place of worship where the particular deity is said to preside in order to discharge these sacred debts.

The casual wayfarer, if observant, may even to-day notice peculiar manifestations of this form of worship along the highways leading to Puttalam and Anuradhapura. At a shadowy bend of the road he may still come across, in the shadow of tall trees, an open glade where the turf has been trampled down by human feet. He may also notice there a tiny thatched hut lit by an oil wick or candle and hung round with withered branches and twigs, and on the earth immediately below an abundance of split coconuts. This is a *Sanhinda*, or circuit centre of a deity, and the fragments of coconut, twigs, and candle are the offerings of travellers who have asked for supernatural protection in order to reach their destinations in safety.

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While such customs are innocent in design, there are others which aim at destruction and vengeance. The least innocuous among these is considered to be a type of literary composition in verse, called *Vas-ḳawi*. Tales support the view that these recitations, if scientifically composed, can be very harmful to the person or object addressed. The science is now gradually going out of use.

Huniam, a practice which aims at causing death, illness, or serious injury to an enemy, remains the monopoly of a few evil-minded men who keep the principles of their art a close secret.

The devil is said to be the medium in this nefarious transaction, and it is also said that another sorcerer can counteract the curse and make it rebound on the original person, acting through the same medium. One of these practices is known as *Ira-pennaweema*, or crossing the line. A line, which is suitably charmed, is drawn across a path frequented by the person intended to be harmed, and it is believed that if he crosses the fatal line his feet will blister, the disease will gradually spread throughout his person, and he will ultimately die.

The most popular forms of *Huniam* are *Kodivina* and *Pilli*. In the case of *Kodivina*, the *Kattandiya* procures the tongue of a bird or animal, places it on a salver surrounded by flowers of seven different colours, incense and candle, and charms it near a stream or waterside. Then the charm is buried at a junction of three roads frequently used by the person intended to be harmed. The belief is that when he has crossed over this buried tongue, he will become ill and die.

In the case of *Pilli*, the *Kattandiya* procures the buried corpse of a first-born child of the third generation of first-borns and charms it at dead of night in a graveyard. The belief is that the corpse, resurrected for the time being, visits the house of the person intended to be harmed in person and works a curse, from which the entire household will ultimately perish.

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The most important of the disciples of superstitious rites is unquestionably the village clairvoyant or *Kapurala*, but local clairvoyance is vastly different from spiritualism in the West. While the latter confines itself in the main to the transmission of messages from the beyond to a living being, the former, through the agency of a local deity or spirit, performs certain services such as the tracing of lost property, foretelling the future, intercession when in trouble, or the wreaking of vengeance. Just as in the West, a séance is the *modus operandi* in Ceylon, but the medium, or *Kapurala*, is always a man, never a woman, and the séances are held only on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when the deities are supposed to devote their time to the affairs of this world.

There is a *Devale* in a village called Olupeliyawa, in the Wanni district, which is renowned for the efficacy of its séances. Indeed, for well over two decades this *Devale* seems to have enjoyed pride of place over all other centres of clairvoyance in the country. People from both the low and up-countries flocked there for one purpose or another, with the result the clairvoyant soon became one of the wealthiest men in the district.

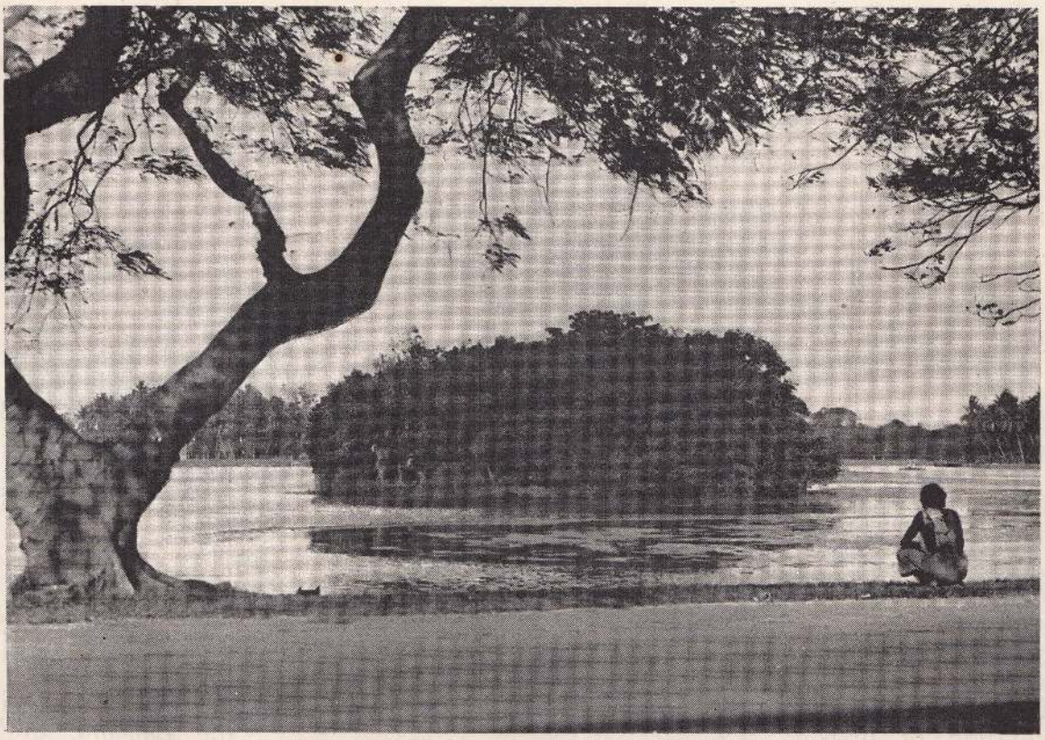
THE KAPURALA WAS A SHRIVELLED-UP OLD MAN.

He was a shrivelled-up old man, past his three score and ten, who hobbled about with the support of a stick and with the help of a guide at night. The *Devale* where he held the séances was a rudely erected mud-hut scarcely eight feet square, with a small verandah in front. Inside this room one found swords, spears, kris, and other weapons of all sizes and sorts, said to be the arms of *Kalukumara Bandara*, the presiding deity, whose intercession is sought through the agency of this old man.

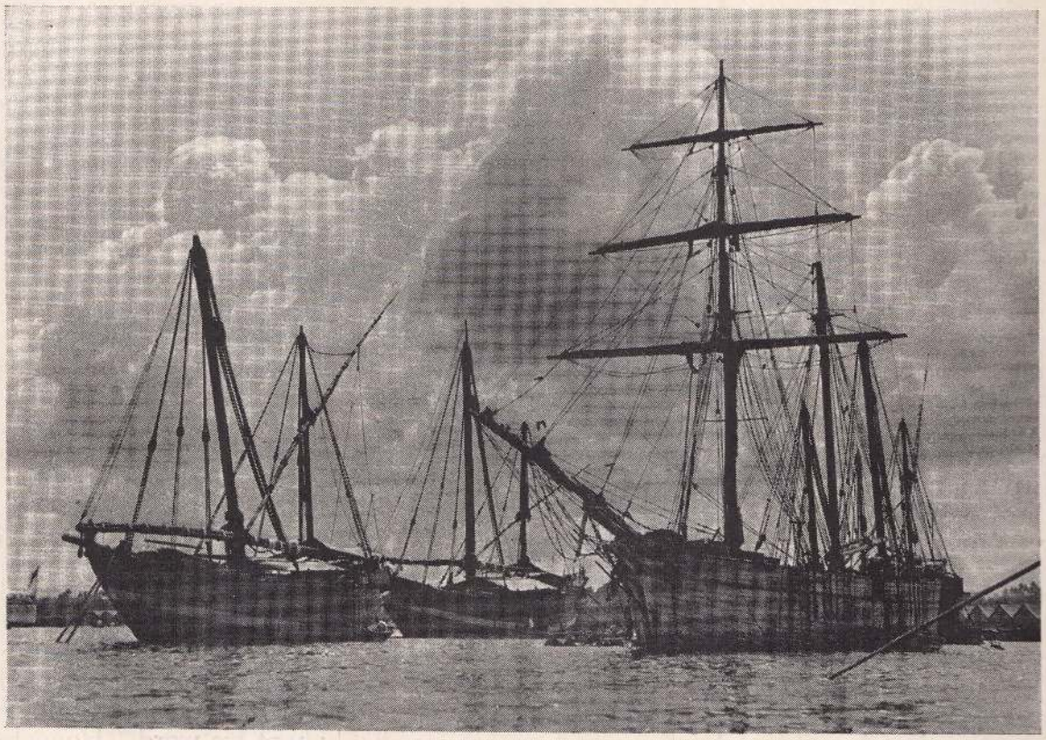
The séance takes place by night, when the outside of the hut is illuminated and the arms are assembled against the wall to lend their share of gravity to the proceedings. The old man hobbles in, and the expectant crowd subsides into silence. The *Kapurala* washes his hands and feet, swathes a white robe round his waist, puts on a string of little bells round each ankle, loosens his tiny knot of matted hair, and takes a coconut flower in his right hand. He is ready. His two assistants start thrumming on their *Udakki* tom-toms and raise a chant in praise of the *Bandara*, and a moment afterwards a visible shiver passes over the *Kapurala's* person.

The chant grows louder and louder; the drums keep time; and the *Kapurala* bursts into a sprightly but static dance during which one wonders what energy or power sustains the frail broken figure through those maddening contortions. Suddenly, from his mouth goes forth an awesome yell. He stops dancing and stands violently shivering and shouting in strange tongues. The murmur now goes round that the *Kapurala* is possessed. Suddenly he calls a man by name, and out steps a man from the crowd dumb-founded and amazed, for the two had never before met nor seen nor spoken to each other. But the *Kapurala* again addresses him by name and, after the stranger has replied, tells him in coherent language whence and why he had come and demands a price in return for the service he requires. The other agrees, and the spirit announces a date within which he shall have his favour granted. It is a very small fee that the man pays for this séance, the spirit giving him the right to pay the full price when the deed has been done. It is common talk that the spirit has invariably kept his word. How else, it is asked, could this frail old man have accumulated his vast wealth?

Such, briefly, are some of the customs and practices which continue to hold a place in the life of the Sinhalese people.



IN THE HEART OF COLOMBO.—FEW RESIDENTS OF COLOMBO WOULD RECOGNISE THIS BEAUTIFUL COLOMBO LAKE SETTING. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FROM LAKE ROAD, HUNUPITIYA, SLAVE ISLAND.



IN COLOMBO HARBOUR.—PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS A GROUP OF THE BUGGALOWS WHICH ENGAGE IN THE TRADE BETWEEN CEYLON AND THE MALDIVES.

The CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

By JORETH WARD.

WELL sir, they do say as 'ow Christmas comes but once a year and all the rest of it and all I can say is it's lucky it don't come more often. I've been on a good many sprees, and so on, with old 'Erb since we joined up, but I think this is the first time we've both spent Christmas together, on duty as it were.

To my mind Christmas is a time of beer, turkey, Christmas puddin', mince-pies and—er—beer—Thank you, sir, I don't think a small bottle would do me any 'arm—Yes, a time of goodwill when all men, even soldiers, should love one another and be'ave like little children.

Our luck was out this year. Sergeant-Major 'Usky 'ad been keepin' an eye on us for some time, as if two old veterans like 'Erb and me what was a model to all the young "rookies" could do any 'arm. 'Owever, as you probably know, sir, merit isn't always rewarded in the Army and often it isn't even noticed, and so it 'appened that my leave and 'Erb's as well was cancelled and we was ordered up to Kandy, on duty, durin' the Christmas 'olidays. My job was to demonstrate on the Lewis gun, which I may say I reckon I know all there is to know about. I 'avn't yet discovered what 'Erb's job was supposed to be unless 'e was sent there to show that "'ashes" and "stews," served alternate for six days of the week is a diet calculated to breed warriors.

Probably you know Kandy, sir. Of course you do. Them blokes what writes always 'as somethin' to say about the place. The placid waters of the lake nestlin' amongst the jungle-clad 'ills and all that sort of muck, but ten to one they'd never think of mentionin' the name of a decent 'otel where you can buy a glass of beer good and cheap. 'Owever, we discovered our 'otel the first night we was in Kandy. Old 'Usky 'ad made a mistake in sendin' us up to Kandy and we managed things so well that leave was as easy as if we was Brigadier-Generals, and we began to think that there was possibilities about Kandy. The second night at the 'otel we run into one of the rummiest crowds as I've struck for some time. They was part of a circus and I reckon they was as queer lookin' as any of the animals they was showin'. First we run into old Grube, the owner of the circus, as 'e was proppin' up the bar one evenin'. 'E introduced us to Coxe, the clown, one of the un'appiest lookin' comedians I've set eyes on, and out of the ring more likely to make you weep than laugh. There was Jeffrieson what did the motor-cycle stunt, a big blusterin' bloke, and then we met the star turn. Miss Maisie Duvaux was 'er name and she was the most versatile little piece I've yet struck. She was a stunt rider, a lion tamer, a caution as an acrobat and as pretty as a peach.

Well sir, of course the very first night after about eight or nine glasses poor old 'Erb fell for Miss Maisie, though I don't say I wouldn't 'ave done the same if I was unattached, as it were. She was one of them loveable little creatures, all smiles, 'ugs and kisses, and old 'Erb with the 'elp of a vast amount of alcohol felt certain 'e 'ad at last discovered 'is soul mate.

We went to the circus that night and a first-class show it was, and the next day bein' Christmas day we promised to 'ave dinner with Grube and 'is pals before the show. I got 'Erb 'ome and, of course, 'ad to listen to 'is ravin's as we got into bed until I got fair sick of it. "Look 'ere 'Erb," I says at last. "A man of your age ought to know better than to get spoony on a little girl like that. She isn't more than 'alf your age though you are be'avin' like a kid of twenty-one. I reckon if that girl is goin' to get off with anybody it 'll be that bloke Jeffrieson. I can see it by the way she looks at 'im."

"Oh!" says 'Erb. "So that's it is it? That motor-bike stunt, eh? Well, I don't reckon that's so very wonderful, though of course it would appeal to a girl . . ."

"'Ush! 'Ush!" I interrupts 'im, "If you go on like this you'll keep yourself awake and you won't look your best tomorrow. Now 'ang up your socks because I've 'eard the Orderly Sergeant is dressin' up as Santa Claus and you'll find somethin' nice in 'em in the mornin'. Get into bed and I'll tuck you in."

You've got to be a real believer if you are goin' to make Christmas day seem like the real thing out 'ere, but there are ways and means by which the convivial spirit can be come by. It was a lovely sunny day and after Church parade we was free for the rest of the day.

We found all them circus chaps round at the 'otel. There was all sorts and all nationalities, all workin' themselves up into the right Christmas spirit, and amongst 'em was Jeffrieson. 'E'd 'ad one or two and was talkin' pretty big about stunts 'e'd done in various countries. I suppose what I'd said the night before 'ad rather put old 'Erb against 'im. Any'ow 'e chips in and says whatever else Jeffrieson could do 'e evidently couldn't drink without it affectin' 'is imagination. Jeffrieson looks at 'Erb for a bit and then says 'e would drink drink for drink with 'Erb until it snowed if necessary, and if 'e didn't see 'Erb under the table or 'ave the pleasure of puttin' 'im to bed 'e'd give

up the profession and take to somethin' soft like soldierin'.

We 'ad some tiffin and I turned in and didn't wake up again until five pip emma. Grube 'ad invited us all to dinner and I didn't meet 'Erb and Jeffrieson until we was all sittin' down to table, about twenty of us in all. Lookin' at them two I could see it wasn't a fair test. Old 'Erb seemed almost normal except that 'e was talkin' more than usual, which means an 'ell of a lot. Jeffrieson, 'owever, I could see was nearly speechless and 'is eyes 'ad a 'elpless glassy sort of stare about 'em, which made me wonder what sort of a show 'e'd put up on 'is motor-bike that night.

It was a very cheerful dinner as you may guess, and after it I found 'Erb was very nicely thank you, and, as for Jeffrieson, 'Erb and I 'ad to assist 'im down to Bogambra where the circus was performin'.

Jeffrieson's stunt didn't come off until the end of the show, but even then I didn't see 'ow 'e was goin' to be fit enough to get on that motor-bike, much less ride it. I'd seen 'im do 'is stunt before and it didn't seem to me that any one so badly up the pole as Jeffrieson should be allowed to try it. There was two ramps or platforms, one each side of the marquee. Jeffrieson rode 'is motor-bike up one ramp and jumped across on to the other one. It made you 'old your breath to see 'im do it, 'though per'aps it wasn't as difficult as it looked. But I reckon it wanted more than a little practice and nerve.

Jeffrieson 'ad passed out in a deep slumber and old Grube was furious and tearin' 'is 'air, sayin' as 'ow Jeffrieson would 'ave to do the stunt, drunk or sober, as it was Christmas night.

"What it comes to is this," 'e says. "If that turn don't come off to-night Jeff gets the sack." There wasn't much time as there was only one more turn before Jeffrieson was due for 'is jump. We tried a bucket or two of water which woke Jeff up and we got 'im on to 'is feet, but 'e wasn't able to stand without assistance and we let 'im lie down and 'e dropped off to sleep again. Miss Duvaux, who 'ad just finished 'er turn, came up and said it was a shame to expect 'im to do anythin' except sleep.

We was just wonderin' what was to be done when 'Erb steps forward. 'E 'ad the sort of look on 'is face that Nelson must 'ave 'ad when 'e thought 'e was goin' to lose 'is arm. 'Is voice was 'usky, I suppose I ought to say "'usky with emotion" as they'd say in a novel, but to tell you the truth 'e was merely 'usky from the gallons of beer 'e'd been swillin' all day.

"It was my fault," 'e says. "I'm goin' to ride that bike."

No one spoke for a moment.

"You're more drunk than I thought," I says, takin' 'im by the arm. "You'd better come 'ome right now."

"Leave me alone," 'e says. "No one's goin' to get the sack through me."

"D 'you mean to say you're goin' to take the jump?" asks Maisie.

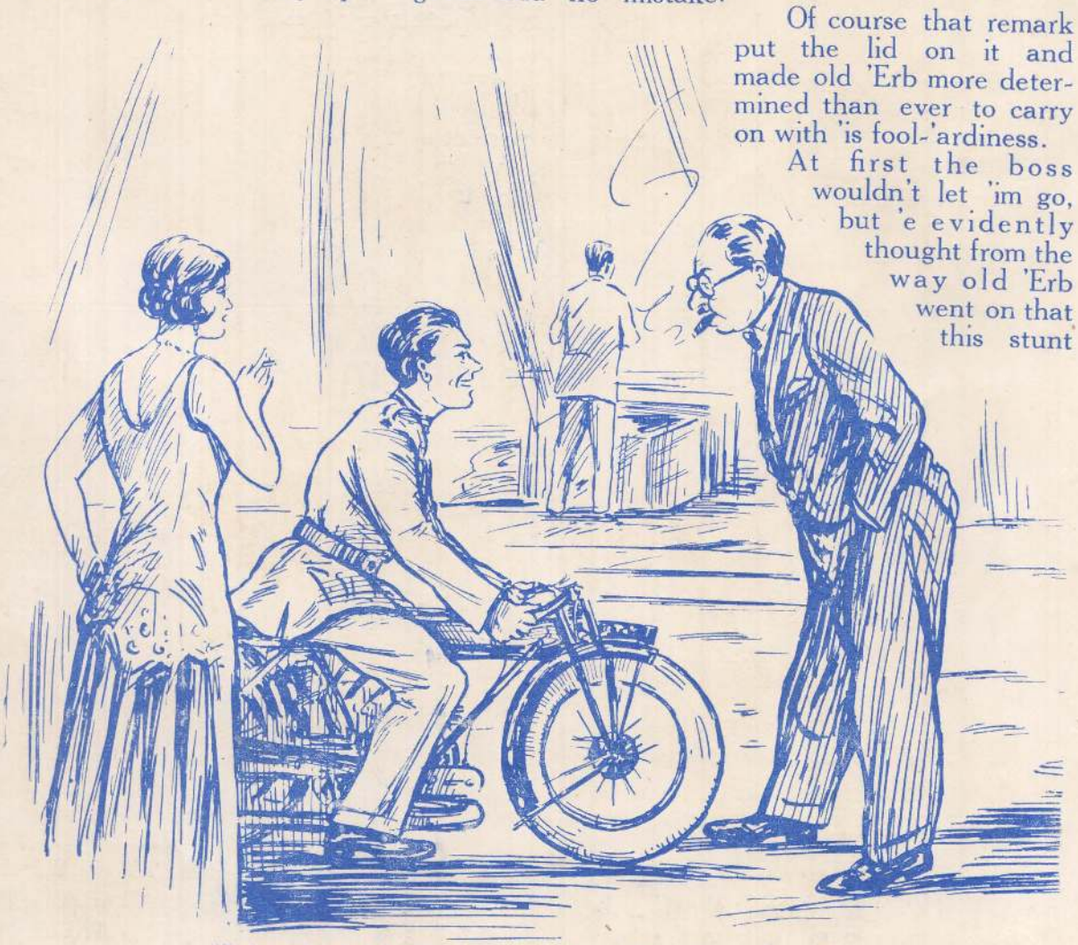
"I am," says 'Erb.

"'Ave you ever done that kind of thing before?" she asks.

"No," says 'Erb. "But I'll do it all right, don't you worry."

"Well," says Miss Duvaux, "you're the goods and no mistake."

Of course that remark put the lid on it and made old 'Erb more determined than ever to carry on with 'is fool-'ardiness. At first the boss wouldn't let 'im go, but 'e evidently thought from the way old 'Erb went on that this stunt was a mere flea-bite compared to some of the amazin' feats' Erb 'ad done on a motor-bike.



"You're goin' to do it then?" asks Grube. "Of course I'm goin' to do it," says 'Erb.

"All right then," says Grube. "But it's at your own risk, mind."

'Erb didn't even seem nervous. 'E 'ad another bottle of beer and said 'e was ready.

Old Grube was out in the ring addressin' the audience and some attendants was sprinklin' sand on the approach up to the take-off platform.

'Erb got on the bike just as Grube came in.

"You're goin' to do it then ?" asks Grube.

Little Maisie Duvaux was standin' close alongside, and 'Erb gives 'er a look as much as to say 'e was ready to die for 'er sake.

"Of course I'm goin' to do it," says 'Erb.

"I only 'ope you don't break your ruddy neck," was the boss's last cheerin' words, and "good luck," says Maisie, and then 'Erb started up the engine.

The engine roared as 'Erb opened the throttle and as 'e let in the clutch the machine jumped forward so sudden that 'Erb was nearly thrown out of the saddle, and 'e nearly finished 'is ride almost before 'e 'ad started. 'E straightened up that machine wonderful and roared up the platform and shot into the air, landin' bang in the middle of the far platform, as perfect as if it 'ad been Jeffrieson 'imself. All would 'ave been well, but I reckon 'Erb must 'ave lost 'is 'ead for 'e and the bike went chargin' out of that marquee at a good fifty mile an hour. The ground outside the marquee 'ad been badly cut up and was full of ruts so that the bike did a sudden swerve to the left almost turnin' right round, while 'Erb continued on over the 'andle bars.

The bike did a sudden swerve, almost turnin' right round, while 'Erb continued on over the 'andle bars.

Except that 'Erb was badly bruised there was no 'arm done.

After supper with the circus folk we got back to barracks, and I was just droppin' off to sleep when I 'eard 'Erb mumblin' under 'is blanket.

"Bill," 'e says. "I'm a fool I am, but after all 'ow was I to know?"

"Know what?" I asks.

"About Maisie," says 'Erb. "You see she isn't Miss Duvaux at all."

"Then what the 'ell is she?" I asks sleepily.

"She didn't wear a ring you see," goes on 'Erb, "and Miss Duvaux was 'er stage name."

"Well?" I asks wakin' up a little.

"Well," says 'Erb. "That long streak of misery, Jeffrieson, 'appens to be 'er 'usband, that's all."

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A MODERN TALE

THE UNDIVIDED

By F.A.E. PRICE.

GEORGE PETERSON and his wife Eileen were the most devoted couple I had ever met in my life—they were literally wrapped up in each other. I had known him for at least eight years before he married Eileen, and, as our estates lay side by side, and were rather isolated from the others in the district, we saw a good deal of one another.

We had come out to Ceylon together and, curiously enough, our first billets had been on adjoining tea estates. It was with very mixed feelings, therefore, that I heard of his engagement while at Home on leave, but, when I went down to Colombo to meet the happy couple on their arrival, I was happy to find that Mrs. Peterson was an exceedingly charming woman, while George was obviously very pleased to see me again.

We had quite a cheery little party that night at the hotel, in spite of (or because of !) the prevailing depression, and the next morning I drove them up to their estate in my car, where they were welcomed by the staff and labour force with triumphal processions and fireworks. I learned that Eileen—for we had very soon drifted into using each other's Christian names—had been a well-known singer in the North of England, and that George (who was passionately fond of music) had met her in town, where she had an engagement with the broadcasting authorities.

After what must have been a whirlwind wooing (George was always very thorough !), they had been married at a tiny village in Cornwall, and had then honeymooned leisurely on the Continent, to pick up their ship at Naples.

Now, George and I were not what you might call "social fans," for we were not very interested in the usual club gossip and scandal, and I wondered how Eileen would take to Ceylon life, for her tastes were similar to George's.

As it turned out, she was an immense success. Her voice unlocked all doors and she was in constant demand. All of which secretly pleased her husband greatly, for he was very much in love with her. As I said before, they were absolutely devoted to each other, and neither had a thought for anyone else ; in fact, if ever two human beings could be said to be *en rapport* they were Eileen and George. This made the subsequent happenings so dreadful in their stark tragedy . . . . which yet ended triumphantly.

George, being fond of music, but no musician himself, had always been very keen on wireless, so that he could collect music from the air, as he said, and was, by this time, quite an expert on designing and making receiving sets. His latest, bought at Home and improved very considerably by himself, was one of the finest I had ever listened to, for not only was it extraordinarily selective, it was also abnormally powerful, so that far distant stations came roaring in with the volume of the local transmitter.

Of course, it was in far less use now since Eileen's arrival, for he had picked up a very good second-hand piano at a sale, and many were the enjoyable evenings I spent with them, listening to her superb mezzo-soprano voice when she sang some of the favourite old songs to her own accompaniment. On these occasions George's pleasure knew no bounds, while her eyes, as she looked at him over the top of the piano but reflected his adoration. They were wonderful eyes, large and deeply set ; sometimes they reminded one of deep violet pools, at others they were a shadowy blue-grey, but at all times they were vital and compelling . . . . . so instinct with life were they. Often I had to turn my own away when, by chance, I intercepted a message telegraphed by them to George—it seemed as if I had blundered into some sanctuary.

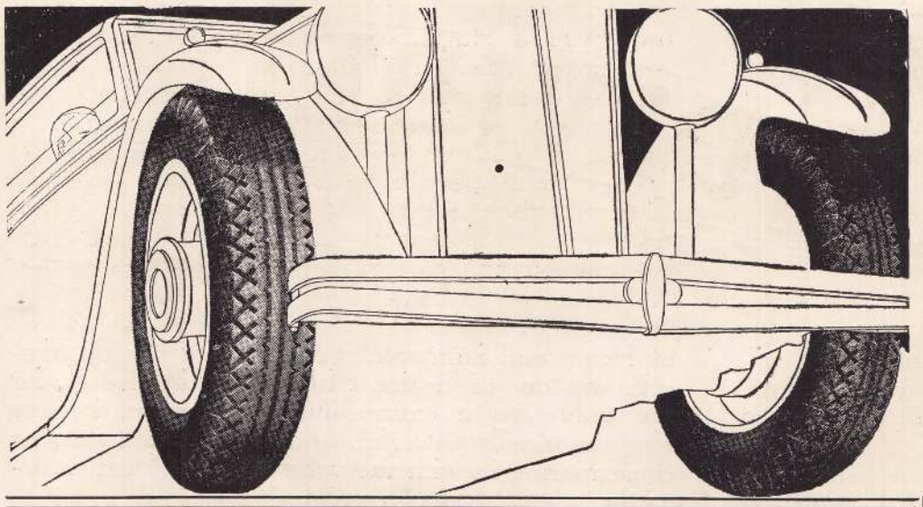
They had been married perhaps a year—it certainly wasn't more—when the first shadow of impending tragedy came over them in the shape of a long, narrow, sealed letter from England.

It seemed that fate, Kismet, or whatever you like to call it, had decreed that I should be a witness to the series of events that overtook them, for I happened to be in their bungalow when the letter arrived. I remember it distinctly, it was pale bluish in colour and bore a large black seal on the back—obviously something of a legal nature. We were all sitting on the verandah when the mail arrived, and George had just got up to turn off the wireless, "I can't stand anyone else singing your song, darling," he had said as he switched off the set. A lady from some far-off American station had been singing (not too well, I remember) the haunting words of "One Fine Day" from "Madame Butterfly." It was Eileen's favourite song, and it used to thrill me to hear her sing it in her sweet voice . . . .

George read the letter, frowning, ... put it down, then picked it up and read it again more slowly. "Well of all the confounded bad luck !" he murmured absently. "Sorry dear," he went on as his wife began to speak. He read it out . . . :

"*Dear Sir,*

We very much regret to advise you that from information received from Messrs. Calder, Jones & Calder of Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C. 2, we find that your late father executed a mortgage—unknown to us—with their client over his Ceylon property, and that as none of the terms have been observed, the mortgagee demands that the estate be handed over to him.



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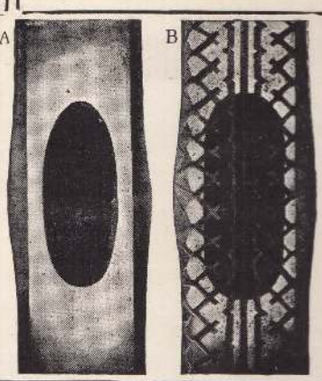


Compare the areas of Road grip shewn by the dark patches of tyres "A" and "B" in the diagram. "A" shows the area of grip of an ordinary tyre; "B" of an Avon. The Avon is at least 25% greater. These figures have been scientifically computed. They are facts, not guesses

We may add that we very much fear that you have no option in the matter, and we have grave doubts as to the possibility of raising sufficient funds here to settle, even if the mortgagee agrees to this.

If you are in a position to obtain a loan locally, kindly cable us at once, and we will use our best endeavours to persuade the mortgagee to accept same, failing which we are of the opinion that you have no chance whatever of resisting the claim.

We are, dear sir,
Faithfully yours,
MALLET & SHEPTON."

There was a dead silence. Eileen had risen and gone over to George and now stood, white-faced, with her hand on his shoulder.

I felt extremely uncomfortable, and heartily wished I were anywhere else but there. No one had the faintest idea that George's father had mortgaged the estate, and in view of the depression in the tea market it was very unlikely that George would be able to raise funds locally. It seemed that he was doomed to lose the place.

His father, General Peterson, had retired from the Indian Army, and bought the Ceylon estate. Then, tiring of the East, he had sent his son out some eight years before to manage it for him while he indulged in speculation on the English Turf. He had died the year before, having lost a considerable sum of money, but leaving, as everyone thought, the Ceylon estate, unencumbered, to George. It can well be imagined how dumb-founded the poor fellow was by the unexpected blow, which at a breath reduced him from being a comparatively rich man to one of extreme poverty.

HER EYES, AS SHE LOOKED AT HIM OVER THE TOP OF THE PIANO, BUT REFLECTED HIS ADORATION.

Then began an anxious time for them both, and for me as well, I must admit, for I felt their troubles keenly.

George went down to Colombo in a vain attempt to raise a loan, but everywhere was met by the same tale,.....tea was going down and no one would lend the requisite sum. Over and over again he cabled to his lawyers, and many were the advertisements he inserted in the local papers. But everything was useless, the estate had to go.

Eileen stood the strain remarkably well, and if it were possible, they seemed to grow more and more fond of each other.

She knew, of course, that she could earn her own living at Home, and at last she said something to George about it. He came to me. "Fancy Eileen thinking that I would let her keep me! It's too horrible for words. I'd rather do anything in the world than let that happen." But he couldn't raise a loan, and matters began to look desperate. I offered to do what I could for them, but I had no money. All my investments had gone with the tea slump, and Eileen wouldn't hear of it. George became despondent after a while, but she, in inverse ratio, seemed to radiate good humour and goodwill, and ever she pressed her argument, until at last he gave way and reluctantly consented to her going Home to obtain an engagement with the broadcasting authorities or with some producer.

I drove them down to Colombo, and must say that I seldom remember a more nerve-racking time than those few hours before her ship sailed.

George's resources were by this time pretty low, but Eileen said that she would go in for one extravagance only—she would cable him as soon as she got her first engagement. "And if it should be a broadcast, I shall sing our favourite song, dear!" she said, smiling through her tears. The ship eventually sailed and I took George back with me to the hotel for the night.

He was utterly heart-broken, and seemed to have left a part of himself on the ship. Back on the estate he busied himself in winding up his affairs. It could only be a few months longer before the mortgagee would take over the place, and he was determined to leave everything in first-class order.

* * * * *

In his spare time George devoted himself more and more to his wireless; listening to stations all over the world and extracting the best that each had to offer. Time and time again I remonstrated with him about sitting up so late, but his invariable query in reply was, "What else have I to live for until I see her again?" and I really had no adequate answer to give him, for his future looked pretty grim.

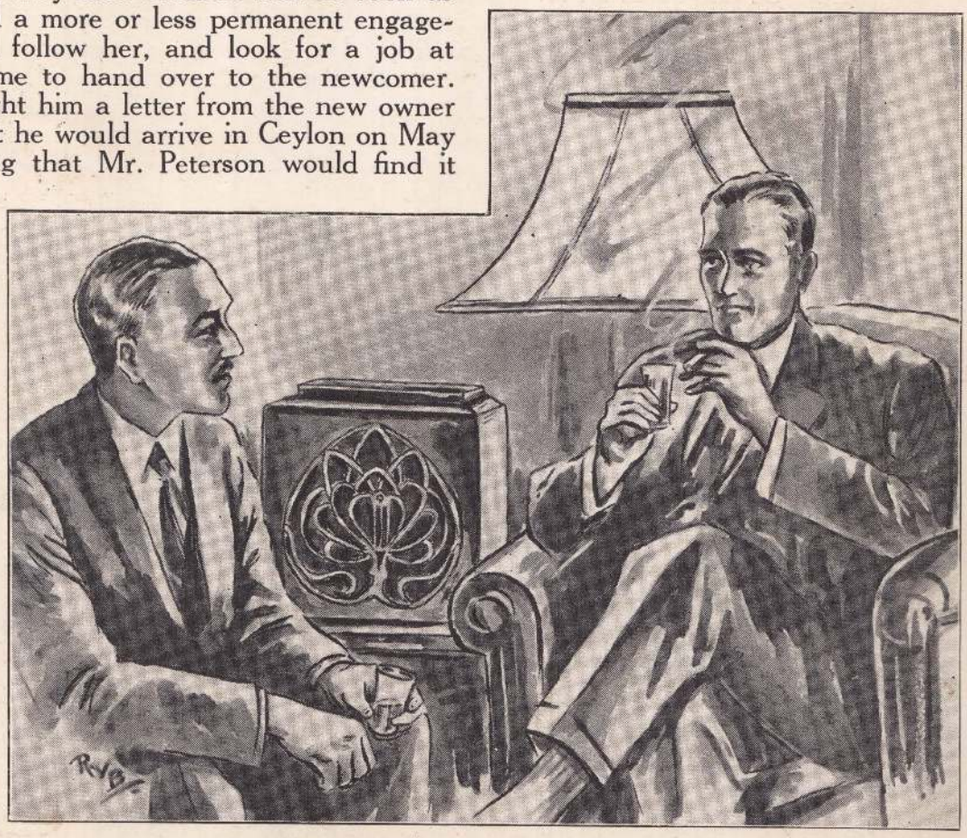
Weeks went by and he grew thin and pale. Worry and anxiety were telling on him, as well as the separation from Eileen, and I began to feel distinctly nervous about his health.

Eileen's letters, posted at various ports on the

way Home, gave him enormous pleasure, and on one memorable night, about six weeks after she had gone, a cable was brought him—" Have secured good engagement, broadcasting National 8.15 20th. love. Eileen "……

It was then April 7th and George cheered up tremendously in spite of the oppressive atmosphere of the S. W. Monsoon, whose approach was heralded by mutterings and sullen booming of distant thunder.

He overhauled his set for the hundredth time and fixed up a new aerial in order to be ready for the great day. They had decided that as soon as she had secured a more or less permanent engagement, he would follow her, and look for a job at Home, leaving me to hand over to the newcomer. Next mail brought him a letter from the new owner to the effect that he would arrive in Ceylon on May 3rd, and trusting that Mr. Peterson would find it convenient to hand over to him soon after that date. George handed me the letter, a sardonic smile on his face," " I like the part about the 'convenience,' don't you? I shall stay out and hand over to him myself." It really was too sickening, and I murmured something inane in reply.



"IT REALLY WILL BE MARVELLOUS TO HEAR EILEEN SINGING AGAIN !"

All his belongings that could be, were sold, and the eventful day of Eileen's broadcast drew near. He asked me over to dinner that night. It meant waiting up till nearly midnight before we would get on to London, and I was thankful to get into his, now bare, verandah and out of the storm which was brewing.

* * * * *

Poor old George was in a state of great excitement. The air seemed electric inside as well as out. He told me that he had devised a new gadget by which he could absolutely cut out all atmospheric disturbance. " Doesn't matter twopence what the conditions are, old man !" he exclaimed excitedly. " We shall get her broadcast all right," and he showed me his latest effort.

During dinner he seemed in an extraordinarily nervous condition, and could not wait for coffee. " Let's go and see what we can pick up," he called over his shoulder, as I hastily followed him to the drawing room.

The rain had, by this time, begun to fall in torrents, and the thunderstorm came nearer and nearer. In spite of it all his new gadget seemed to work marvels—I had never heard such wonderful reception before. Long before midnight we had circled the globe, and a good quarter of an hour before London was due he was seated by the set with the tuning dials at the correct settings.

" It really will be marvellous to hear Eileen singing again ! It will be twilight at home when she sings that song."

A flash of lightning followed by a deafening crash drowned my reply, but it seemed to be the last of the storm, for its boom died away in sullen mutterings around the hilltops, then faded to silence with no fresh din to rouse the echoes.

Just then we heard the familiar sound of Big Ben leisurely striking 8 p.m., its solemn notes reverberating eerily through the half-denuded bungalow.

Its last stroke was immediately followed by the equally familiar voice of the announcer, speaking in friendly fashion from the loud-speaker which we had rigged up on a table between us.

For ten minutes or so we listened to the day's news, every word coming through clearly and distinctly. Then, altering his voice slightly the announcer went on…." It is with very much regret that we have to alter our programme to-night, owing to the tragic death of Mrs. Peterson who was to have sung two songs. On her way here from the station she was knocked down by a runaway dray in Villiers St. and brought here unconscious. Every possible attention was…," there was a blinding flash of blue-white lightning and a roar like the crack of doom. George, who had risen to his feet, his face as white as chalk, fell forward with a choking cry beside the loud-speaker and I was hurled across the room, which filled with sulphurous fumes.

The bungalow had been struck by a direct flash of lightning, and poor George was stone dead. A smile was on his face—a face which reflected a glory not of this world. As I picked myself up semi-stunned, to see if there was anything I could do, I distinctly heard a soft voice stealing out of the wrecked loud-speaker. It seemed millions of miles away, and the faint words, sung in a whisper, were the refrain of "One Fine Day."

THOSE EXPENSIVE HUSBANDS

By J.T.S. Illustrated by Alex Taylor.

ON every hand it is agreed that we cannot spend too wisely or too well, likewise that the gentle art of saving cannot be overdone. I am giving, for the benefit of women readers, some helpful ideas on how to economise, especially on our husband's *kanak*. So helpful for the poor dears, don't you think?

Shirts.—These often come back from the dhoby a bit ragged and worn in appearance. If you cut off the lower portion and apply it to the upper half, it makes very snappy false fronts, the joins being hidden by the coat. The only snag is that hubby may complain of feeling the draught, but we all have to put up with something, haven't we, dears? After turning the cuffs and putting on a new neckband, there is still lots of wear to be got out of the average shirt in the shape of crawlers for the toddler or chic mats for the luncheon table.

Socks.—A stitch in time is said to save nine, but with socks it is just the other way about. The best way to prolong their life and to reduce darning to the minimum is by cutting off the feet. After all, as long as the ankles present a decent appearance to the world, who is to know what goes on underneath? And it is so cool and airy for the feet. Then shoes; I have often found that when soles get thin an insole of linoleum prolongs life wonderfully.

Coats and trousers.—These have an amazing habit of fraying at the seams, but the boy can soon be taught deftly to wield the scissors each dhoby day to remove this undesirable type of Ceylon lace. If all else fails old trousers make topping shorts, or even coats for the little ones.

It makes snappy false fronts.

Banians.—These are simply a nuisance. Seldom, if ever, are they in a whole condition. The best thing to do is to get hubby to dispense with them altogether. So cool.

Drinks.—I am sure every wife will agree with me that these should be cut out entirely. As we can't get the necessary support from our menfolk, all we can do is to have three whisky decanters; one filled with the real stuff; one well watered for serving as the evening draws on; and the third, secretly filled with a mixture of water and bitters, to be served by the boy after seven or eight (o'clock or drinks). The host will be too far gone to notice, and the guests too polite to comment. Why, in one evening you can often save enough for a new dress or hat at Cillers or Margills.

The boy can soon be taught deftly to wield the scissors.

Cigarettes.—Our menfolk would be far better off without these poisonous weeds. Of course, we cannot allow them to cut them out entirely, for then we should have none to smoke ourselves, but by dint of always having a supply on hand, ostensibly for visitors, we can make sure of *our* quota, hubby, of course, being sternly exhorted to go without.

Food.—Doctors agree that we all eat far too much, and as food is one of our most expensive items let us see if there is any way to cut down the bills a bit. Breakfast is, of course, out of date—a sharp walk, then bath and dress and off to the office is now quite acceptable to most business

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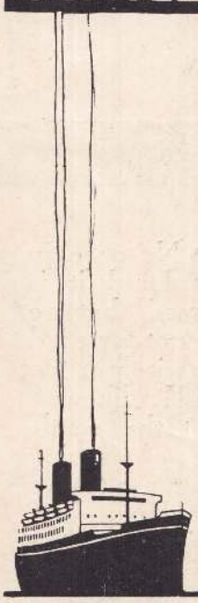

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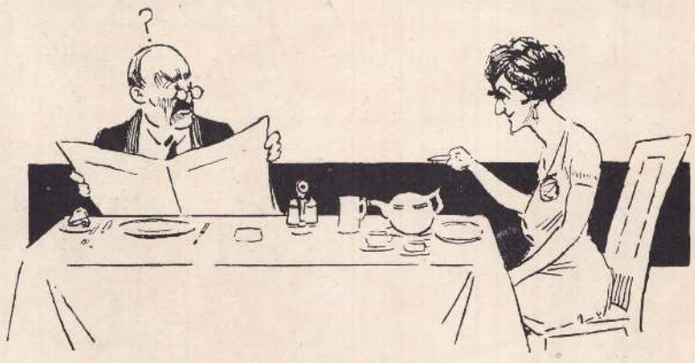
Mr. Martin Goldhart writes: "My own success with the Knowles System justifies my belief that it does more for the advancement of people than any other existing method." The book, which is being distributed broadcast free of charge, is full of photographic reproductions showing how these unseen forces are being used all over the world and how thousands upon thousands have developed powers which they little dreamed they possessed. The free distribution of 70,000 copies is being conducted by a large Brussels Institution, and a copy will be sent post free to anyone interested. In addition to supplying the book free, each person who writes at once will also receive a psycho-analysis character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles. If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own hand writing:

"I want power of mind Force and strength in my look, Please read my character. And send me your book."

Also send your full name and address plainly printed (state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss), and address your letter to: "PSYCHOLOGY FOUNDATION, S. A. (Dept. 070—A.) No. 8, rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium." If you wish you may enclose 40 cents (stamps of your own country) to pay postage, etc. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your letter. Postage to Belgium is 20 cents.

men. Besides, the no-breakfast idea is so slimming, my dears. We really should try it, too. Luncheon, if the bread-winner doesn't come home, is apt to be a solitary meal for us—much better to go and lie down with a book and some light sustenance, such as a box of chocolates and some nuts and fruit, thus saving the cost of tiffin. After sundown the men will probably be imbibing liquid refresh-



We all eat far too much.

ment, and this, in conjunction with short-eats, is usually all that is required. They usually don't want any dinner after a prolonged sitting, so why bother with food or a cook at all? If you really want a decent meal at any time, it is simplicity itself to call at some bungalow, preferably a chummery, and sit tight until asked for pot-luck. After all, why shouldn't these bachelors lend a hand occasionally, wild young fellows with more money than they know what to do with.

Car.—These men usually take the car down every day to the office and leave us stranded. Do as I do, my dears, and make them go by train. This saves ever so much petrol and leaves the car for us to go to our morning parties. So hot-making for us to go by rickshaw, don't you agree? Many ladies, I am glad to see, are doing their bit by driving the car themselves, thus dispensing with a driver's wages, and to those who have never driven before I address a few words of advice. Jump in boldly, seize the wheel firmly and have a look round. You will see a lot of knobs on the dashboard, and by experiment you will soon find out what they are for. Try them all one by one, or even two at once and usually the car will start up. If not, get someone else to start winding it up at the front. As soon as you hear a noise, press your foot down on one of the plates protruding from the floor. There are usually three of these and you can soon find out which to press when you want to go faster, and which one will free-wheel the car downhill when you want to save petrol. To start driving, you sound the hooter ferociously so that everything else gets out of the way, then push the gear lever up and down a bit and the car starts off about two miles an hour. Hoot again, press one of the footplates and move the lever, when you will hear a queer crashing sound and your husband will shout out in agonised tones, "Oh, my poor gear-box." But never mind about that, you will find the car makes a lot of noise of this kind at first.

As you proceed down the street remember to hoot quite a bit, as the Judge always asks you if you did so when you are in the dock. Proceeding onwards you will certainly come to a corner of some kind and you are expected to wave your hands a trifle; it really doesn't matter exactly how. In fact if in doubt simply copy the motorist in front, and if you have passengers in the back seat, just get them to put their hands out too, for luck. If there are any policemen at the corner just sail straight on, disregarding all other traffic, as they never hold up your car when they see a woman driving. I expect their Superintendents, or whatever they are called, have told the police force "Ladies first." When you come to a parking place, never reverse in, as you are almost sure to hit something and damage the mudguards and then there's trouble at home when its discovered. Go straight in, then draw up (which you can do by switching off the current). When you want to back, the easiest way is to get a crowd of onlookers to push the car out. While they are pushing and heaving you must twirl the steering wheel like mad, but if the car goes the wrong way, you must turn in the other direction. If the car won't start up again, press all the knobs and get the crowd to wind up the front handle. If it still won't go, perhaps you have forgotten to turn the key, or maybe the petrol is finished. That is one of the annoying tricks a car often plays on one, but don't despair, dears, you will soon be up to all its little tricks. What is more important, you will soon be able to retain the car for your personal use, give your hubby plenty of healthy train-catching exercise and dispense with the services of the driver.

With a book and some light sustenance.

Everyone agrees that never have things been so cheap before.

Telephone.—Quite a lot can be saved by dispensing with the telephone, and it is wonderful how easily you can get along without it. If you do have to make a call, you can do so free of charge from any shop or office or hotel (upstairs) or police station, and obliging neighbours for miles around

are only too willing to let you use theirs. Besides, we must do something to pay the Government out for foisting this Income Tax on our over-burdened shoulders, and when they find their telephone receipts dwindling, that will make them sit up and realise that the women of Ceylon are not to be played with. Personally, I have never found the telephone much use, as all I get are "number engaged," or "sorry, you've been trroubled," or wrong numbers—usually in the middle of the afternoon *siesta*.

Obliging neighbours for miles around are only too willing to let you use their telephone.

Clubs.—Resign from them all. You can easily go up with someone on visitors' day whenever you want a game. This means you don't have to sign any chits—think what a saving there is in that. Of course, as time goes on one's friends begin to get scarce, but don't let that worry you. These husbands are far better behaved when well removed from such haunts of temptation. And don't be tempted to allow him to become a pavilion member, for that might easily lead to a frenzy of chit-signing, not to speak of the destruction of the poor man's digestion and of the swollen *kanaks*.

The Bargains Column.—We have one great help in this pursuit of thrift and, of course, you have guessed that I refer to the bargains column in *The Times of Ceylon*, which, if well worked, can bring in an appreciable addition to one's dress allowance. Men never keep track of their various office suits, flannels, socks and ties, do they? All you have to do is to sell them quietly in the Bargains Column with the proviso "seen mornings" and pocket the money. Another idea is to haunt auction sales, pick up articles at next to nothing, then put them in the Bargains Column at four times the price. Moonlight nights are a great help, too. One can often cull delightful plants from surrounding compounds at night and sell them for a rupee a time next day, sometimes even to their original owners, who must have something to replace those mysterious disappearances.

Personal *Kanaks*.—Coming to our own *kanaks*, we can save money hand over fist by buying all the bargains we see. Everyone agrees that never have things been so cheap before, so that every time we purchase something we save something. Carry this to its logical conclusion and, you will all agree with me, that it is easiness itself to save Rs. 50 or Rs. 100 a month. Thus, we may go on purchasing our frocks, shoes and hats with an easy conscience, in fact with a glow of rectitude at the thought of all the money saved and the number of people who are thus given employment.

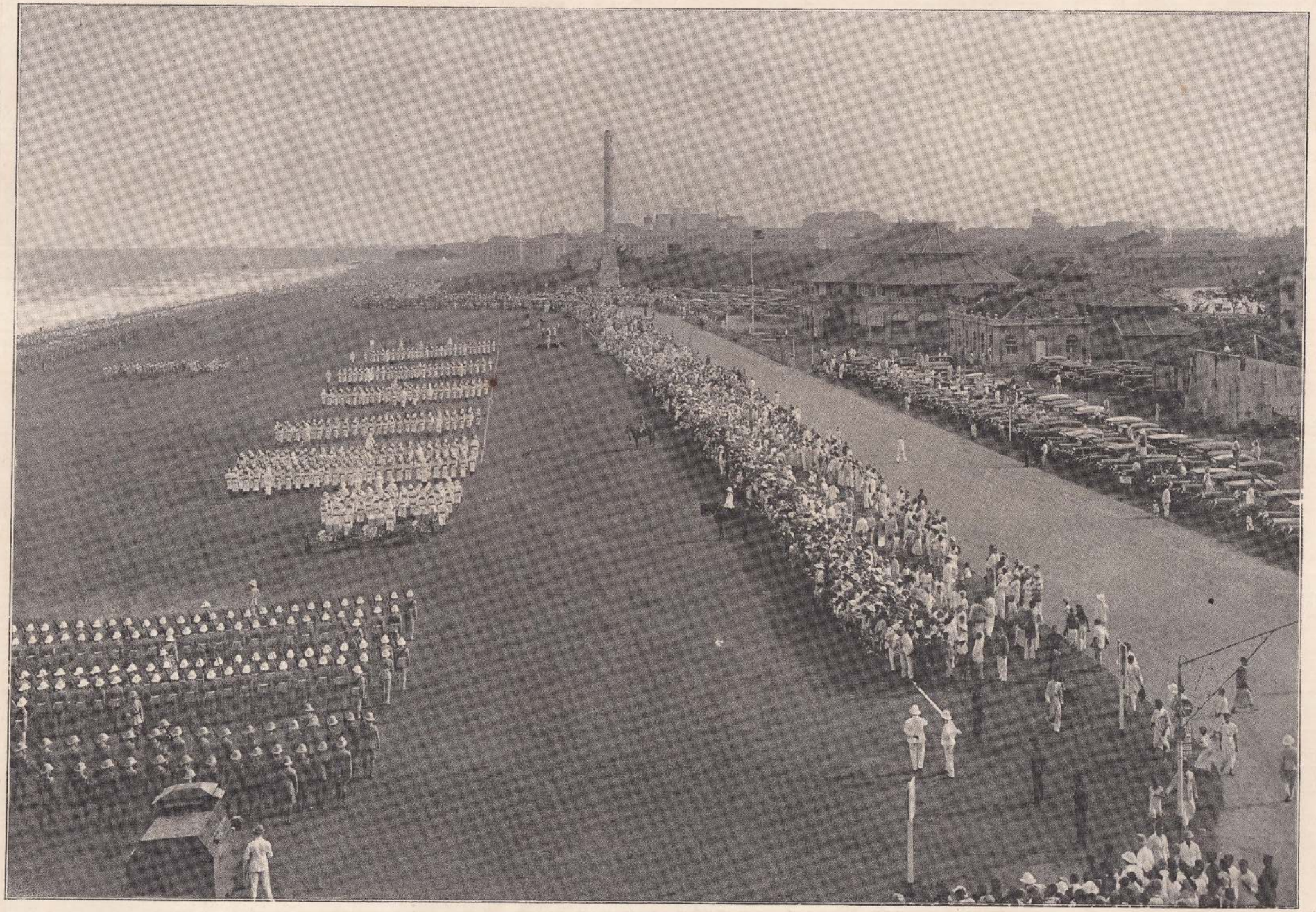
Of course, my dears, I never believe in *wasting* anything, and often quite small things which are apt to be overlooked can be made to serve some useful purpose. Old socks and stockings, for instance—if not already disposed of for financial gain—can be cut into strips and made into stuffing for broken-down settees, our own frocks can always be sold before they go out of fashion, sheets which have been sewn side-to-middle and are quite worn out, make polishers and floor-cloths, and torn bath towels, if folded in three, make serviceable bath-mats. Then what about discarded hats? Straw ones make nifty soup-strainers and felt terais are invaluable for wrapping round the ice. Don't you think my headgear shown in the sketch on the previous page is too utterly sweet for words? I can assure you it is nothing more or less than hubby's felt hat which he wears on rare occasions in the afternoon. With a becoming band of ribbon to fasten with press-studs when I wear it to the Fort in the mornings, it serves a dual purpose. Then again you see me in the sketch on this page sporting one of the new pinafore frocks, manufactured from an ancient pair of plus-fours, the blouse being contrived from the coat-lining.

I am sure no one can accuse us of extravagance when we make the best use of what would normally be flung away. Isn't it marvellous what we women can save when we really get down to it? I am sure our husbands ought to be glad and thankful to be married to such wonderful wives.

Plenty of healthy train-catching exercise.

P.S.—Such a blow, my dears. Hubby says he's sending me Home next week, as in that way he can *save ever so much money*.

KING'S BIRTHDAY PARADE ON GALLE FACE.



Copyright Photograph *Times.*

More than 1,500 were on parade, including 500 from the ships of the East Indies Squadron at this year's King's Birthday Ceremonial Parade.
Photograph shows the March Past, His Excellency the Governor taking the Salute.

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SINHALESE FOLK-SONGS AND FOLK-DANCES

BY
ANDREAS NELL

IT IS not the so-called "devil-dancing" which I hope to explain, but the folk-dancing which aims at social and personal entertainment. There were *Ratemahatmeyas* Disawas,* * even an *Adigar** known to me, who were able to join in the song and dance and happy to do so. One of them, the late Mahawalatenne Bandara, wrote in 1908: "In former times, indeed till quite recently, the Kandyan nobility, even the great *Adigars*, learnt to sing, dance and play on musical instruments. It was an accomplishment among them then as it is now among the Westerns." He added the remark which should be read, marked, learnt and inwardly digested: "The dancing and the playing I refer to must not be confounded with the dancing and playing usually seen performed by 'devil dancers.'"

The performers of folk-songs and folk-dances are the same individuals and families who are able to do the Eighteen-demon dances and the Bali-dances, but there is not sufficient reason to continue the use of the misleading name at present carelessly applied to them, that of "devil-dancers." In reality they are folk-dancers and folk-singers. Their ancestors were the same and it was only in the 15th century that "devil-dancing" was added to their repertoire. Another name applied to these folk-dancers is "temple-dancers," with more reason, because the families hold their houses and lands on service-tenures, which bind them to sing, dance and play on their musical instruments at certain services and festivals at the temple from which they hold their tenant-rights.

We cannot separate the three parts of their performances. The song, the dance and the instrumental music are associated in their training and in their practice. The greater part of the training is in the song and dance, which has nothing to do with exorcising demons, and in practice most of that work goes to certain groups who make a speciality of it. The groups are family groups. All, without exception, are able and ready to perform at the temples. Some acquire a repute for special excellence in the social entertainments, at which ballads, verse narratives of history, anecdotal songs and songs of pure joy are rendered with unwearying spirit and keen enjoyment by the performers. There is reason to marvel at the physical strain sustained without effort. It is the training from early youth which enables them to render instrumental music, to sing and to dance vigorously for hours without apparent fatigue. It is remarkable how the three constituent parts are combined into a synthetic unity.

Copyright Photograph ANDREAS NELL

The Li-keliya folk-dance in progress.

The musical renderings are based upon the infinite varieties of commutations of five primaries, called the *Pancha-tala*, named in some Kandyan districts *tat, dit, tit, ton, nan*, in the other districts *ta, dhi, to, na, ta*, (with hard *t* in the last). Of the tunes for song and dance called *Wannamas*, there are eighteen principal ones universally used, but some districts add a few, so that fourteen auxiliary ones are available. This regional diversity from a rigid canon is usual in folk-music in all countries. It is spontaneous utterance by people, who may be untravelled and illiterate, but possess the capacity as well as eager desire to express themselves. Inevitably, some singer, who is an artist, gives his rendering differently from the rest of the troupe, or slightly varied from the conventional rendering. The transmission is mainly by oral tradition and oral teaching, hence there is no stereotyping by writing and by learning from a book. In consequence the individual touch has greater scope. The words in some *Wannamas* vary in different districts, but the traditional tunes are faithfully

* Titles of Kandyan chiefs.

observed as they represent the movements and gait of some animals, *e.g.*, the cobra, the elephant, the horse, the hawk, etc. The accompanying music on the drums is adapted to each dance. Besides the *Wannamas*, there are traditional dances with song and instrumental music, once the delight of kings and nobles, still fully worthy of admiration by rich and poor, Eastern and Western, without exception.

Copyright Photograph ANDREAS NELL
The Star-dancer in the Naiyandi folk-dance

The Bali-dancing is omitted as a religious ceremony of a whole night's duration designed to propitiate the planetary rulers of superstitious man. The Eighteen-demon dancing is also omitted—it is a ceremony of conciliation and defeat of demons causing illness. Moreover, the *Wes Sellama* must not be performed as entertainment—it has a connection with the worship of Siva and Kali. The old ritual entailed on the performers many preparatory purifications and the erection of a special shed, of which, when completed, it was said, "this was yesterday a leaf shed, to-day it is a demon-house." Seclusion from women and privacy from a crowd were considered essential to avert ill-luck and other evils falling on all concerned. Therefore, though some troupes of folk-dancers wish to oblige by performing it for a social gathering, it cannot be included in the list of those which can be recommended for entertainment.

* * * *

There are five kinds of dances which come within the category of entertainment for private or public use :—

(1) *Li-keliya.*—Each of the eight or twelve performers holds two short sticks, which are struck against those of every dancer whom he passes in the evolutions, which remind one of the movements in the Quadrille and the grand-chain of the Lancers. The songs are sprightly and the movements quicken into rapid activity.

(2) *Panteru.*—A war dance with large metal tambourines in the upraised hands. The dance is a survival of the dancing minstrels who went in the forefront of the army when moving into battle.

(3) *Udakki.*—The dancers carry and sound the small drums of the shape of hour-glasses. They mention that its origin was to quell a charm laid on a princess, but do not attribute any magic to it now. Big drums accompany this song and dance, small silver cymbals give the time. The rhythm of the dance is wonderful.

(4) *Kalagedi.*—Small *chembus* of brass or pottery are borne by the young men dressed up as women, who reproduce the swaying, lifting, lowering and gently rotating movements of the filled waterpots. The dance replaces within the last hundred years the original dance on a tight rope of young women who advanced and retreated on the rope to the sound of vocal and instrumental music which regulated their steps and the movements of their arms. It is now seen only performed by men and on the ground.

(5) *Naiyandi.*—This fills the description by the 15th century poet, Wettewa (a pupil of Totagamuwa) whose poem the *Guttila-Kawya* mentions : "Hands moving as if intent on portraying a number of pictures, feet moving as easily and as quickly and as harmoniously with the music of the *vina* as mercury amalgamates with gold."

These five classes of folk-dances with folk-songs, and the eighteen *Wannamas* are more than sufficient to provide many programmes of fine entertainment and great interest. Adequate encouragement will lead to improvement in their execution. Perhaps the *vina* will come back into use ; for it is fervently hoped that the horrible "serafina" will be soon banished from all Sinhalese musical entertainments.

Of course, many variations and mutations are necessarily omitted from this brief notice of the principal features of Sinhalese folk-songs and folk-dances, particularly the regional peculiarities.

Copyright Photograph ANDREAS NELL
A veteran teacher, father and grandfather, to the members of a troupe of eleven.

* * *

Some advantage might here be gained in briefly discussing two controversial points which have been raised by anthropologists and cannot be set aside as irrelevant. A school of anthropologists hold that all art and culture spread from a common centre by diffusion. The contrary view, favoured by the majority, is that though diffusion can be proved in many instances, no theory of this kind is necessary to explain the many resemblances and similarities found in separate areas, because under similar conditions of environment, at similar stages of development, the normal reactions of primitive human minds will produce very similar results.

We are informed that in the 15th century of our era, an able poet and eminent Buddhist Thero introduced the Bali-dancing and the Eighteen-demon dancing, which can be shortly described as "devil-dancing." These came from South India and may be credited to the diffusionists as an instance in their favour. But the folk-dances and folk-songs are of extreme antiquity. Some may have come with other arts with the Vijayan colonists and the retinue of the Bo-tree about 240 years later, but they seem to have grown into indigenous forms, and the accretions during the last twenty centuries have been purely indigenous. The bulk of the folk-lore of Ceylon can be credited to the isolation theory of similar human actions under similar conditions, irrespective of geographical differences.

The other point raised by recent anthropological visitors is as to whether Ceylon folk-lore was communal in origin. One can admit that a communal sentiment or belief may inspire, but it was the individual inventor or creator to whom we must assign the origin of a tale, a song or a dance. It is, however, to communal appreciation that folk-lore owes its survival and health. If such appreciation can be made more general and popular in the present day, the preservation of the living art of the folk-dance and the folk-song will be assured.

Copyright Photograph ANDREAS NELL

A troupe performing a Naiyandi folk-dance.

* * * *

The degree of royal and popular patronage in olden times may be estimated from history and trustworthy tradition. Two instances out of many are of special interest. When in the second half of the 12th century of our era, the great Parakkama-báhu celebrated a festival in honour of the Tooth-Relic (and Bowl-Relic), there were "splendidly attired dancing-girls," "people bearing lutes, flutes, drums and the like," "female musicians, who were like to the heavenly musicians, to do honour (to the relics) with their dance, their song and their music." The same king even named one of his great gates into the city of Polonnaruwa after the heavenly musicians, the *Gandharvas*. The continuance of royal favour through the centuries is well-known. In the early part of the 19th century, a whole street in Kandy, now Brownrigg Street, was called by the Sinhalese the musicians' street. The king's palace had attached to it a musicians' hall, the *Kavikara-Maduwa*, on the site where the present District Court stands.

Unfortunately, there has been for a generation failure or disinclination to give any attention to the indigenous songs and dances of the rural people in Ceylon. A few individuals have made sympathetic research into the great quantity of folk-tales and folk-songs. The most thorough was by Mr. W. A. de Silva, whose descriptive papers are in several journals of the Ceylon Royal Asiatic Society. Ancient historical tales, social episodes, traditions and beliefs are embodied in primitive and spontaneous prose and verse of which much remains unknown to those who are absorbed in the activities of urban life.

With the ever-increasing popularity of the motor-'bus, the newspaper, the cinema and the gramophone, a gradual decrease of the interest hitherto well maintained in the rural areas can be expected. The carts making slow progress contained people who whiled away the tedium of the journey with song. The motor-'bus has replaced the slow travel by bullock-cart; it has also abolished the long halts at *ambalams* during the nights. The newspaper and the gramophone have eclipsed the attraction of the village singer and narrator of tales. The popular folk-tales may be saved by collection and printing, but the songs and dances can be kept alive only by the living exponents being encouraged, by employment and appreciation. Nothing could be more disastrous than to let these arts die for want of support, even though the words and the musical notes be embalmed in scientific records. The proper place for them is not in a museum, but among the people of Ceylon at their social entertainments. In the area of folk-lore study, much can be done to understand and help the singers and dancers, but it is far more necessary to improve their economic conditions and to promote their artistic capacities and ambitions. In former times there was patronage by the royal court and by the nobility. Even in the past generation there was patronage by the Kandyan chiefs. Some of us can recall to memory the names of men seen in our youth, who were happy in continuing the art-traditions of their parents and grand-parents, men who could dance the folk-dances and sing the folk-songs.

The quite recent interest shown in these dances and songs encourages the hope that many more will study those within their areas and take pains to record them, also to help the dancers.

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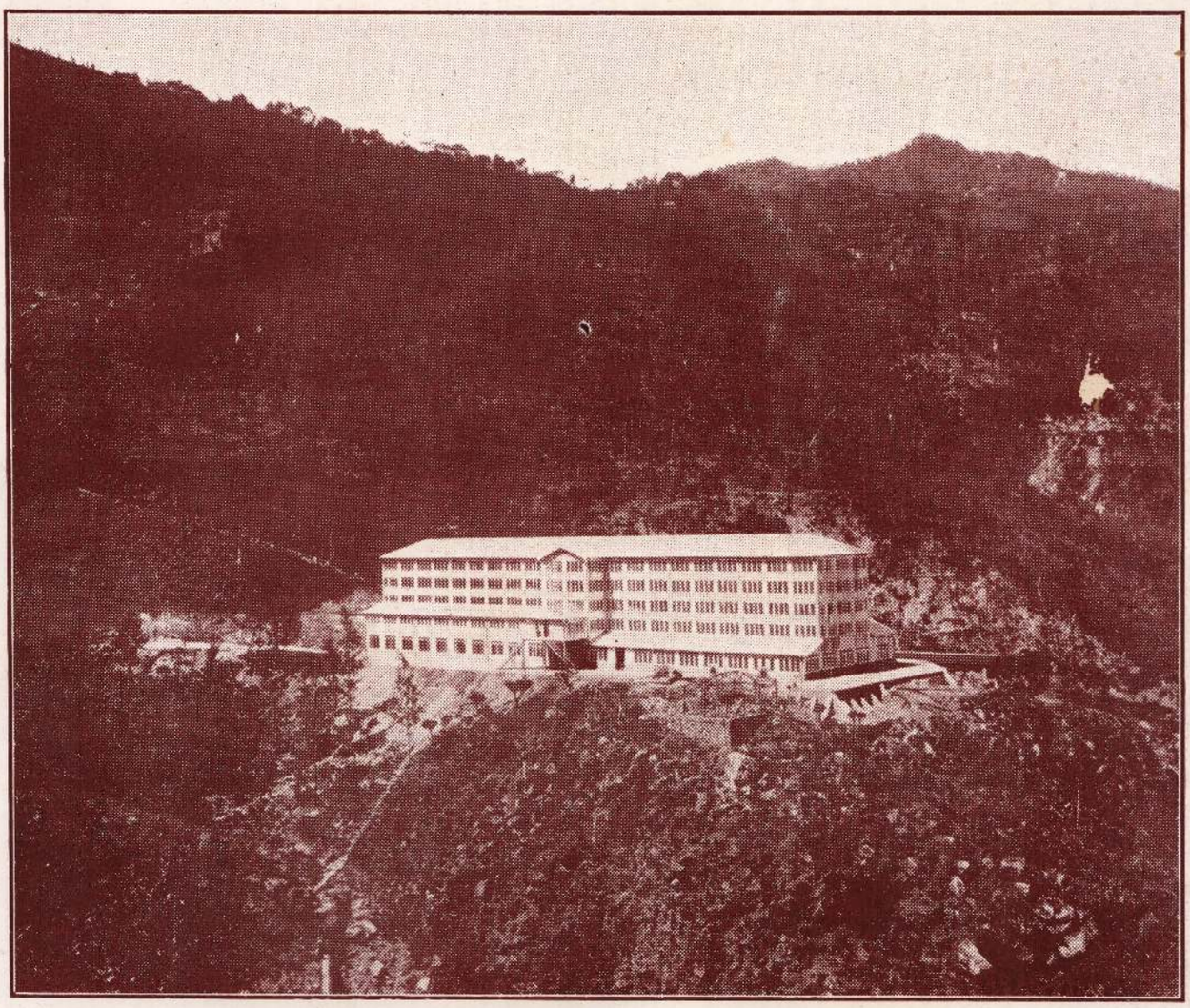

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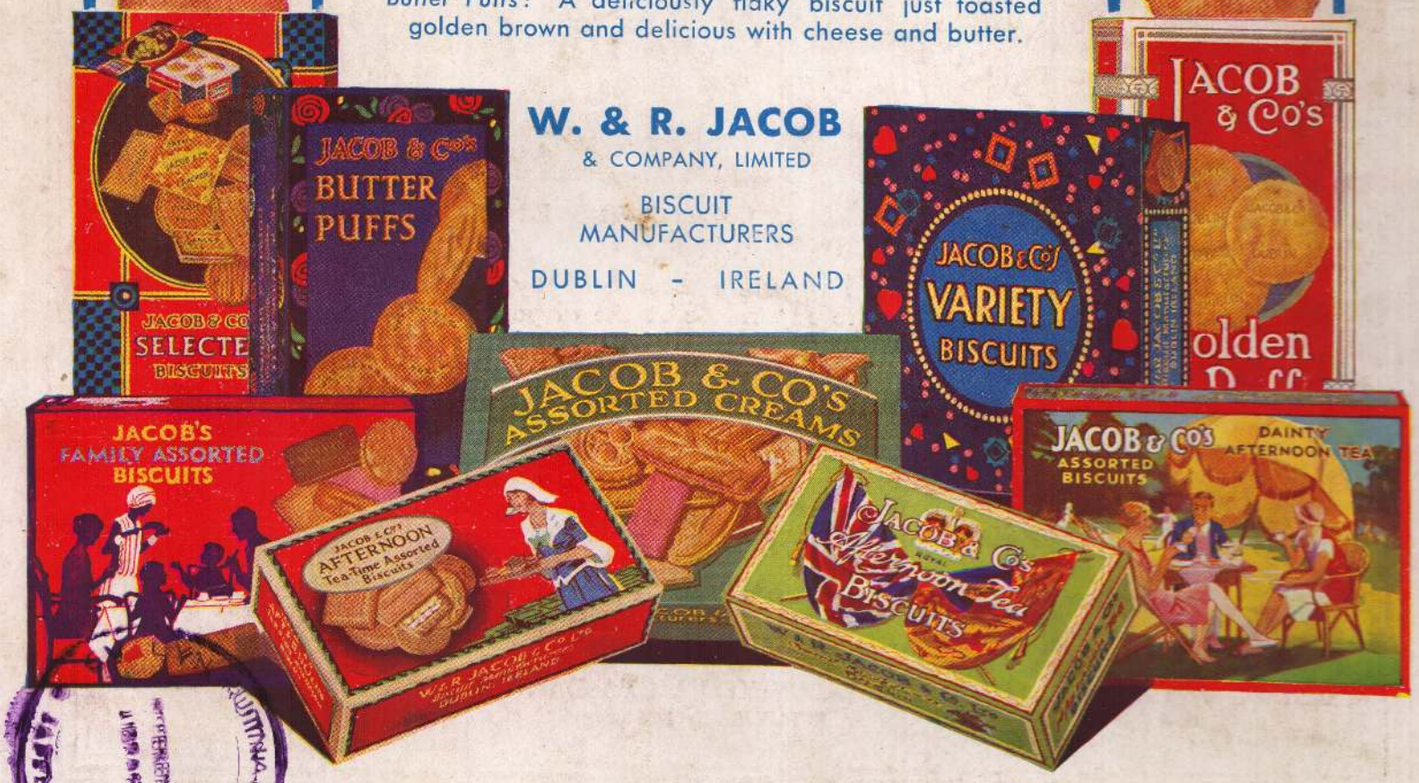

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