

*Violet Cottage*

# PLATES

# CEYLON ANNUAL

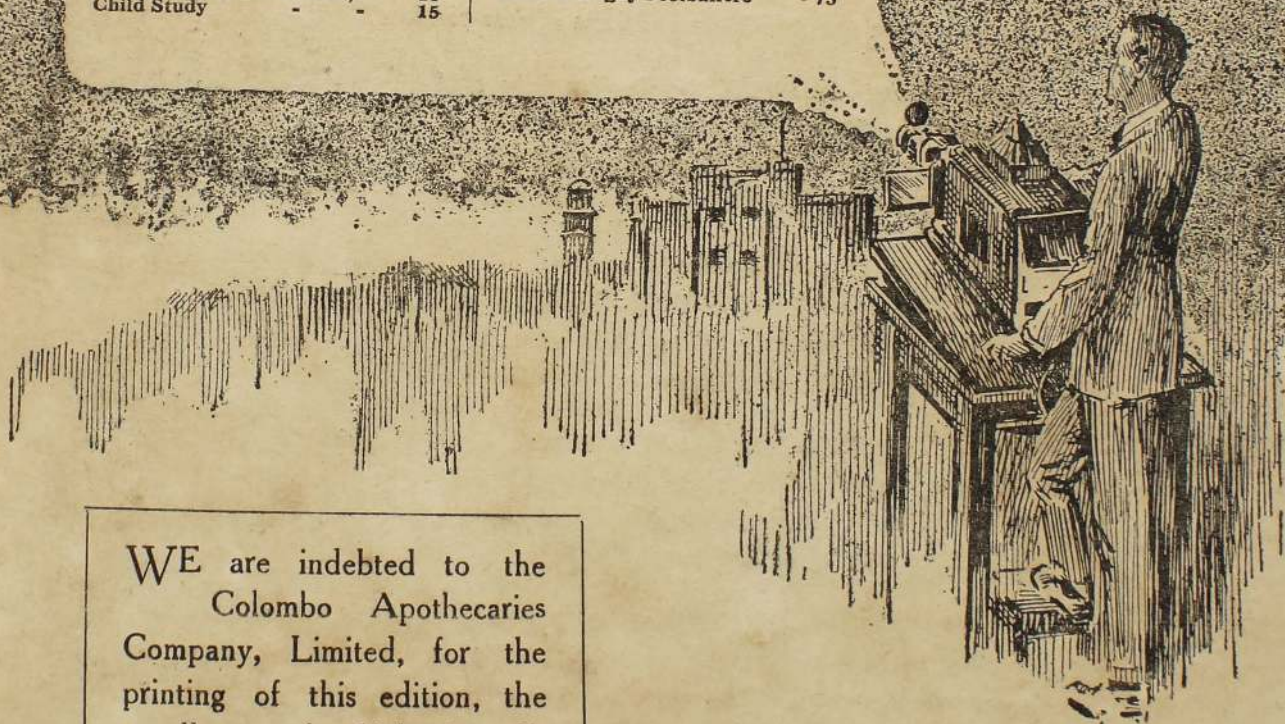
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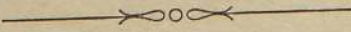


WE are indebted to the Colombo Apothecaries Company, Limited, for the printing of this edition, the excellence of which is self-evident.





## THE ANNUAL RUBAIYAT



**A**WAKE ! for Plâté from the press have hurled  
Their " Annual " into this small Island world ;  
And lo ! each page depicts a masterpiece,  
By Camera, Brush, or Pencil here unfurled.

Now Master-minds into this vortex fling  
Their Sketches, Snapshots, Paintings, ' Odes to Spring ' ;  
And having gathered these, the Jurors sit  
In conclave stern to ponder everything.



Says one : " I vote, from all this motley crew  
We choose these etchings of a Girl—Mon Dieu !  
Her Arms, her Waist for manly arms, observe,  
And see those naughty Eyes and Lips of rose-red hue ! "

" Art for Heart's sake ! " his teasing brethren cry ;  
" Nay, let us rather choose this unique ' sky ' ;  
Sunshine and shadow, storm and calm are here, "  
Thus do they wrangle while we lesser Mortals sigh.

Sigh as we wonder who will win a prize,  
Dream of the Shirts and of the Socks and Ties  
Displayed at Milgils—asking to be bought.  
Ah ! pass my work, you Jurors, wond'rous wise !

" What ! Mine not in ? My Sketch not even placed ? "  
That Photograph or Sketch of Beauty chaste !  
Good Friend ! Be not disheartened, try again,  
Next time your work may meet the Jurors' taste.

So when our " Annual " does at last appear,  
'Twill greet each Client with our wish sincere,  
That Christmas Joys for each one will abound  
And '24 will prove a Prosperous Year.





## OUR PRIZE STORY

### "THE GREAT EVENT"

By "ENNARBEE"

#### (I) The Low Country.

IT was all over, and to them both it seemed more like a dream than anything else: "Mr. and Mrs. Wintergreen" sounded good, sounded *funny* really: it *was* funny!

And yet it wasn't, it was *splendid*,—and Popsy was happy, happier than she ever had been before.

In the vestry she had cried,—cried like a kiddie,—but it was not with a thought of regret, it was just that strangled and puffed-up sensation when the throat aches and words will not come, and the feelings are suffocated with thoughts of one's Maker, and one wonders why the Altar, the Dove on the Pulpit, the Organ, the Padre's surplice all stand out so vividly,—they do not do so in the ordinary way, do they?

And even Jack had gulped, and, after he had kissed her, blown his nose with what seemed to be quite unnecessary vigour. He had murmured something which she did not hear, and for which he was thankful, because, although he knew what he wanted to say, the words were—like himself—all muddled, and a young man hates to look foolish to a girl, even in the vestry immediately after they are married.

And now they were on their way to Kandy, and as the car swung over Victoria Bridge and round into the main road, Popsy withdrew her hand gently from Jack's, gave his arm a tiny squeeze, opened a bead bag full of goodness knows what, ultimately producing a small silver powder box, with mirror and puff artfully

concealed within its depths, with the aid of which she proceeded to dab her face lightly—and quite unnecessarily—in truly feminine fashion.

Jack was glad that the spell was broken (the interruption by vulgar early actions of heavenly dreams and things like that always *are* welcomed by men,—the sterner sex are so beastly prosaic) and enabled him to cough, pull his tie and coat straight, shift his position to one less conducive to partial (if temporary) paralysis, and generally to recover his mental balance.

They talked of the recent floods. "The Kelani was right over the road here, and the K. V. road of course was under water at goodness knows *how* many mileposts."

"Was it really? It must have been very awkward for Planters and people like that who *had* to get back to their estates, mustn't it dear?"

Poor little girl,—she could not help it,—she knew *perfectly* well that the roads had been flooded, and she knew fairly well *where* they had been flooded.

The fact that most Planters could always get back to their totems by train never entered her dear little head,—but then what *of* it?

They were just married, and that's all there was about it. Some people of course will say that only the *insane* marry,—that wise people avoid matrimony,—but then perhaps they see through coloured spectacles, or may be the chance has never come their way.

So far as we are concerned, however, there is no doubt that the mental faculties of Popsy and Jack on that great day were distinctly wobbly,—wobbly as wobbly could be: but it



was with an insanity born of the sheer joy of each other's company and ownership, and the prospects of a new and larger life before them.

*Of course* they had a puncture, and of course it happened miles from a resthouse, but that did not matter, and Jack (although not lazy, he had never actually made a *pastime* of work) even offered to and actually *did* assist the chauffeur to the extent of holding a tyre lever and a hammer alternately, and banging the rim when so instructed.

Which will doubtless confirm the unbelievers in their opinion that he was insane.

They reached Ambepusse (she thought it very funny when he told her it was commonly known as the "Yellow Cat") about one o'clock, where the hamper was opened, and from the very attentive way in which the resthouse staff dashed here and there with crockery, cutlery, etc., and the fact that a bunch of flowers,—not very gorgeous perhaps, but indicative of the resthouse-keeper's goodwill and of the occasion generally—made its appearance on the table—was fairly conclusive proof that the chauffeur had not merely taken the car to the back for water, but had *talked*.

It was a great repast: turkey and ham, salad, *pate de foie gras*, goodness knows what else, and the best-man had not omitted to include a bottle of Moet and an ample sufficiency of ice.

Great was Jack's happiness when, just before continuing their journey, he took the resthouse book to her on the verandah.

"Here you are dear,—write it in here (pointing with his finger),—'Mr. and Mrs. J. Wintergreen of Colombo'."

Popsy blushed modestly, "No, *you* darling."

"No, *you* Popsy dear," insisted Jack.

Woman-like she gave way, took the pen he offered her, and signed, for the very good reason that she wanted to all the time.

## (2) At Kandy.

Kandy was reached about four o'clock, and here Jack's courage was first put to the test.

He told the porter to "wait a minute," led Popsy to a chair and walked over to the office, behind the counter of which a clerk stood awaiting his enquiry.

Jack coughed slightly,—took his topee off (in his agitation he had donned it after leaving Popsy), and proceeded to open a very poor fire.

"Er, — did you —, that, is, — er, have you — er, (here he took a plunge), Mr. Longhead wrote up for rooms, didn't he? You know — er —...."

"No Sir, we have reserved no room for any one of that name, and the hotel is full."

Jack was now perspiring profusely.

The clerk broke the silence. "If you'll wait one minute I'll speak to the Head Clerk," and a few moments later that functionary arrived.

"I'm sorry, Sir, but there's a P.A. meeting on and every room is taken."

Jack gasped and wiped his forehead nervously.

"But *surely* Mr. Longhead wrote up *three weeks* ago and booked the suite just over the porch?" he said.

"Yes Sir, some one—I forget the name at the moment—booked it for a Mr. and Mrs. Wintergreen, who are .....

"Well, that's ME!" exclaimed Jack, his grammar going sadly to the wall.

"Certainly Sir,—yessir,—I will see to your baggage.....Porter!!"

They ran out to Peradeniya Gardens as the shades of evening fell,—were back, dressed, and she ordered his G. and B. and lit his cigarette at eight o'clock precisely.



This latter was in the nature of a record for Jack,—hitherto it had always been “*eightish*”!

### (3) **An Interlude.**

(By way of introducing three extra characters.)

Miss Ironback, as her name suggests, was hard,—hard by name and nature.

Born in the early seventies of strictly Protestant parents, she had been brought up to regard life as a career of sin for most of its travellers.

She wore *pince-nez* glasses, flat-heeled shoes and high-necked dresses, and her favourite occupation was the criticism of—although she did not realise it—her betters.

She had a limited income—left her by her parents—sufficient however to provide for occasional trips out East, whither she came to avoid her far too flippant and worldly relatives (mostly connected with the Church, but of the *right* sort—not hers) at home.

At present she was staying in the hotel as a guest of a Colonel and Mrs. Faringdon: he was on leave from the Frontier for a short spell, and Mrs. Faringdon, whilst in India, had had the misfortune to meet and recognise in Miss Ironback a schoolmate of her early youth.

Incidentally Miss Ironback had been nicknamed “*Hardbake*” at school, which information, when communicated in strict confidence by Mrs. Faringdon to the Colonel, caused him to chuckle quietly with understanding appreciation.

The Faringdons and Miss Ironback were seated in the lounge, opposite and close to the Wintergreens, when the latter rose from their seats and started for the dining room, so “*Hardbake's*” curiosity as to the identity of the overpowdered and underdressed hussy (Popsy was looking very nice, really: Jack *certainly* thought so and, strictly between ourselves, so did the gallant Colonel) was satisfied when Popsy,

in her excitement, dropped her bag, allowing a card case full of obsolete “*Miss Jones*” to distribute its contents on the floor at her—Miss Ironback's—feet.

Jack apologised, gathered up the case and cards with clumsy fingers, put them hurriedly into his jacket pocket, and they proceeded on their way.

### (4) **The Dining-Room.**

They had finished dinner, and the finger bowls were before them, when the Colonel, his wife, and Miss Ironback entered the room and seated themselves at the next table, which, owing to the large number of diners and extra accommodation, was unusually close to their own.

Popsy had had a tiring day,—even joy and happiness are a strain on these occasions—and her little head was aching,—oh so badly!

“*I think I'll go upstairs, darling,*” she said, “*I'm so very tired. It's been a long day and we're going on to Nuwara Eliya to-morrow.*”

“*All right dear, you go up to bed, —you know our room? I'll come up later.*”

Jack had spoken in a tone unduly high, and it penetrated to the ears of Miss Ironback as a sharp needle will penetrate paper.

“*Well, I'll see you safely upstairs anyway, and come down for a nightcap before tucking you in,*” said Jack, rising and assisting Popsy from her chair.

Jack saw her upstairs, and Jack came down for his nightcap, and perhaps it's as well that he did not hear, or witness, the comedy which followed at the Colonel's table.

As well, that is, for his peace of mind at the time,—now he would probably laugh at it.

.....  
“*Disgusting,*” said “*Hardbake*”—  
“*disgusting and disgraceful,—have the present girlhood of our sex no sense of shame?*”



"What are things coming to that such degenerate creatures should be at large?"

The questions were directed at Mrs. Faringdon.

"I should ignore it, dear,—the East is the East,—and we know nothing about the facts of the case," the Colonel's wife replied quietly.

She was a charming lady, with a strong aversion to interfering in other people's affairs, and she liked the look of Popsy and of Jack, and—well—she was still very much in love with her husband, and that's all that mattered: she could afford to think generously of others.

The wrath of the Back of Iron, however, was not to be allayed in so easy a fashion,—she turned her guns on the Military.

"Colonel! you saw the cards,—we all saw them, 'Miss Jones!'—'Miss!!' Will you sit here and allow such things to go on in the same hotel,—a hotel reputed to be *respectable*? Will you allow *your wife* to be *insulted* by the very presence—under the same *roof*—of two such demoralised creatures?"

The Colonel shifted his chair uneasily.

"Well, Miss Ironback," he replied, "I don't know that we can do anything,—it's not our business anyway."

"Colonel,—I'm *surprised* at you, —I'm surprised at you *both*!"

She raised her voice as the butler, whose attention had been attracted by Miss Ironback's excited condition, approached.

"Butler! who are those unfortunate and *wretched* people that have just left that table?"

She extended her finger dramatically towards the recently vacated Bridal Table, a look of triumph on her face,—for was she not wallowing in the slime of her little soul's delight!

The butler hesitated a moment and then smiled.

"They are from Colombo, lady,—a Mr. and Mrs. Wintergreen,—only married this morning."

Something between a groan and a cough came from the Colonel's lips, and Mrs. Faringdon found it necessary to study the *menu* most carefully at a complete right angle to her school-mate, as the latter centred all her attention on the plate before her.

.....  
Collar studs are objectionable things at times, and even in the course of retiring for the night they have an unfortunate habit of falling to the floor.

The Colonel's did, and he found it in the easiest way possible,—he *trod* on it.

Being an Army man, his remarks were short and to the point.

H — L!!!

It was not particularly loud, but sufficiently so to reach his wife in the bedroom adjoining.

Mrs. Faringdon put her head round the corner of the dressing-room door and addressed her spouse in mock admonishment.

"What did you say, you *naughty* boy? —It was something with an 'aitch' in it, wasn't it?"

The Colonel hesitated a second and then replied:

"Yes, old lady, I'm afraid it was—" (he chuckled grimly)—"I think I said 'HARDBAKE'!"

### THE CONSCIENTIOUS SCOT.

"An enterprising drummer," says a New York business man, "once attempted to bribe an old Scotch merchant by offering him a box of cigars."

"Na, na," said the old chap, shaking his head gravely, "I canna tak' 'em.'"

"Nonsense," said the drummer. "If you have any conscientious scruples you may pay me a quarter for the box."

"Weel, Weel," said the old Scot, "I'll tak' two boxes."





HER EXCELLENCY LADY MANNING AND MISS MANNING.



PORTRAIT STUDY BY OUR KANDY STUDIO.



INVOCATION.



## WHO'S WHAT ?

### A COMEDY PROBLEM

(See page 14)

I

**B**ELINDA and Elsie are very dear friends. They even tell one another where they get their hats from in London for August Week. And they spend hours together on the telephone. So you see they are really very great friends.

And I think I ought to know, as I am the husband of one of them. You can guess which. Perhaps you have guessed already!

Quite recently one of the ladies presented her husband with a little baby. And somebody else's brother presented the other lady with a tiny puppy. That this baby and this puppy are the most beautiful puppy and the most beautiful baby in the whole world will surprise nobody. Certainly not Belinda or Elsie. In their language each is "a perfect darling"—especially her one.

Babies are born: puppies are bred. Otherwise they are remarkably alike, as far as I can see. Both are expensive—dashed expensive, because instead of eating rissoles and hashed beef and sensible things like that, the baby-puppy or puppy-baby inside—as the case may be—has to be hourly stuffed with patent foods of great price, and described at greater length in free literature distributed with each tin or bottle.

The presence of the two little pets has curiously affected our speech. If Belinda talks to Hugo, or Elsie to Joan, they neither of them speak English, but a strange language called "Puppi-babble." I never learned shorthand, so I can only faintly attempt to reproduce the effect.

When the two pets are in the presence of the two owners this strange language flows violently.

"Isn't oo a darling little woola kinees?" murmurs Elsie to Joan.

"And look at this little instiminsti ullawulleenas," croons Belinda over Hugo.

And if one of them has a pain the ordinary forms of medical speech are quite useless.

"Darling, is oo tumkin upsidowny veddimuch?" asks Elsie.

And Belinda then prescribes the necessary treatment with a wealth of detail that would be out of place except in *The Infants Medical Journal* or *The Dog Times*. I trust you have now discovered all you want to know about the sex, age, race, breed and so forth of the two little wonderful pets. It's not my fault if you haven't!

I have already remarked that babies and puppies cost a great deal to feed and clothe and maintain. But in addition the owners have had to get a lot of new clothes, so as to be a credit to Hugo and Joan.

Even my own wardrobe has been adversely criticised since the pets arrived. I was going out one afternoon, for example, in shorts. This was strongly resented.

"What will Joan and Hugo think of you?" I was asked by Elsie.

"They both detest shorts," added Belinda. And though, perhaps, it was weak of me, I sneaked upstairs after tea and changed, on the pretext that it looked as if it might be a wet evening.



## II.

That a baby and a puppy should each give a tea-party may sound absurd. But it actually happened (like so many other absurd things have a way of happening in Colombo, such as ..... well, you know).

Belinda says she thought of it first. Elsie is equally positive that it was her idea.

Perhaps they both thought of it first. But each kept the tea-party notion a dead secret from everybody—except the other. As I have said before, the girls are great friends.

To give the tea-party, some highly expensive stationery was purchased from Glave's with the initials of each pet, in gold, inside a circle.

I forgot to mention, by the way, that each lady kept the date of her party a secret from the other, so that the date would come as a nice little surprise for Joan and Hugo. Thus it happened, by bad luck, that both Belinda and Elsie eventually fixed on the same day and the same hour for her party. Such a pity, as it turned out. One ought to be so careful in such matters.

Joan's invitation was quite modern:—

JOAN	
Friday, 5 p.m.	
At home.	Milk and Bones.

Whereas Hugo's was more cheery, if less formal:—

<p><i>Hugo's compliments, and hopes you will pop in next Friday, about 5o'clock.</i></p> <p><i>P.S.—No Ayahs, by request.</i></p>
---

What meaning exactly was to be attached to this postscript I really cannot say. Hugo's owner could perhaps explain. She had given children's parties before!

Accordingly every baby-puppy and puppy-baby in Colombo received two of these intriguing invitations, one from Joan and another from Hugo, and great excitement ensued in every nursery and kennel. Dog-boys, for once, scored off Ayahs. Luckily, too, just at the time Colombo was full of babies and puppies. So the parties looked like being great successes in every way.

Then two little excitements happened, purely of a domestic nature. Both Joan and Hugo took exercise periodically in the garden, and in one case an impetuous flea and in the other a daring mosquito attacked the darlings. In each case the little bite disfigured their beauty, but they were very good and only rarely gave tongue.

And all over Colombo the other little baby-puppies and puppy-babies could think of nothing except the parties. The only pity was that both were fixed for the same time and day. The difficulty was, which invitation to accept.

The lists of invitations and guests would have made an A.D.C. green with envy. Some of the names were quite charming. For instance, they included Tom-out-all-night, Googoo-Boy, four Ethels and three Kathleens, McWhuffle of Aberdeen, Kandapola Tinker, one Johnny, two Walkers, Ippypippy Skwecky, and the Secretary of the Mothers' Union and the Editor of "Our Pets."

Quite a jolly lot of people, you see.

## III.

The storm burst at dinner. Elsie and Belinda, to heighten the effect, had decided to issue the invitations simultaneously. Consequently the invitations crossed in the post, and owing to the punctuality and despatch of our G.P.O. the letters were delivered just at the moment Belinda and Elsie were sitting down to dinner.



With one accord each dashed to the telephone, full of indignation.

"I never thought Elsie would do a thing like that," said Belinda to her husband.

"I do call it mean of Belinda to fix her party for the same day as mine," snorted Elsie. For, being such great friends, each naturally thought the other had "done it to spite her."

As I said before, each dashed to the telephone, rang up furiously, and demanded one another's number at exactly the same moment. Whereupon a miracle happened at The Exchange. The Operator actually put each of the ladies on to a wrong number. In consequence of which an eminent Proctor, and a Tavern-keeper in Colombo, listened in amazement to an excited message about babies, puppies, and parties, before the mistake was discovered.

Eventually the ladies got into direct communication—very direct. And each stuck to her date, and accused the other of not behaving like a perfect lady.

And each husband made a poor dinner, listening to the shortcomings of his wife's greatest friend.

Now Belinda's husband and Elsie's husband are great friends also. I use the word "friends" advisedly, in spite of the fact that we sit opposite one another at the same table in the same office, and have done so for four years, come next December.

You can guess what happened at each dinner table. Belinda and Elsie each made her husband promise not to come back from office next day till he had persuaded his friend to promise to persuade his wife to persuade her pet to alter the date of its party from Friday to some other day.

Each husband was weak enough to make the promise.

#### IV.

Next morning the two husbands met as usual at the office, and each

said "Good morning" in a voice that was a little forced. But till tiffin nothing was said. Each, naturally, being a man, wished to put it off. Had they been two nice women they would have enjoyed having it out without delay.

Monday in the Fort is always a black day. Further, my pal had recently bought a car on credit from Chalker's, meaning to pay for it by a flutter in rubber shares. And in my own case I had frequent communications from Largebill's touching a long over-due account. And each of us found letters from Chalkers and Largebills lying on the office table on this particular morning: you can guess the nature of the contents.

But the real trouble was about the party.

Still, neither of us felt that tiffin was the hour for domestic controversies. So we still said nothing.

We went back to work—and worked—and smoked—like all Fort Assistants work, and smoke, till 4-15.

The clock struck the quarter, and each knew the time had come.

Across the table G. looked at me, and said—

"What about Joan's party?"

"Well, what about Hugo's?" I replied. Just like that.

"My wife is very set on having it on the Friday," said G.

"My wife is more so," I said, stubbornly. A man must support his wife. Otherwise.....

There was a short silence. Then we got up and started to put on our coats to go home.

And suddenly the telephone-bell rang. Something told us what that meant. We both hesitated to take off the receiver.

It rang again—viciously.

"For you, I think," said George, politely.

"No, you," I said, firmly.

We still hesitated.

Again the telephone tinkled furiously.



I took out a coin and tossed.  
 "Woman!" cried George—and won.  
 I lifted the receiver and whispered  
 "Hullo!" feebly. And immediately  
 George's wife made a remark about  
 my wife that only a very great friend  
 of hers *could* make—though even  
 then hardly on a public telephone.

I handed the receiver silently to  
 George, who was looking jolly miser-  
 able. He tried to shut his wife up—  
 but failed. At the end he said, "I'll  
 see about it, darling."

We both felt so rotten, and home  
 was so uninviting, that I asked him  
 to come to the Club, where we had  
 some tea and played snookers till  
 rather late. Neither seemed in a  
 great hurry to get home.

V.

I got back quite late and found my  
 wife in tears.

"Both tea-parties are off!" she  
 sobbed. "Isn't it d..... d....  
 dreadful!"

And finally I discovered the pets  
 were ill. One had distemper and the

other collywobbles—whatever they  
 may be exactly.

"So, the row about the tea-party  
 is off too!" I said, with a sigh of  
 relief.

"Who's had a row about what  
 tea-party?" said my wife, hotly.

"Nobody—of course not, dear,"  
 I said hastily, and I wondered if  
 George had been fool enough to say  
 the same thing to *his* wife. (Sub-  
 sequently I found out that he *had*!)

VI.

Belinda and Elsie are greater  
 friends than ever—the result, curiously  
 enough, of distemper and collywob-  
 bles. Upon such secure foundations  
 are feminine friendships built. And  
 each, curiously enough, seems much  
 more worried about her friend's little  
 pet than her own, though the symp-  
 toms seem much the same.

And when *the* party comes off,  
 the invitations are to be issued  
 jointly by Joan and Hugo.

Aren't women curious creatures?

Z. Z.

## "WHO'S WHAT" COUPON.

Fill in the answers to the questions below, cut out the coupon,  
 and send it to Platé Ltd. The best solution sent in will receive a prize of  
 Rs. 15.

1. Was George the husband of Belinda or Elsie?	
2. Was Joan the puppy or the baby?	
3. Was Hugo the baby or the puppy?	
4. How old is Joan?	
5. How old is Hugo?	
6. What sex is the baby?	
7. What breed is the puppy?	



CHILD STUDY BY OUR NUWARA-ELIYA STUDIO.



MISS JUNE VALERIE CANTLAY.



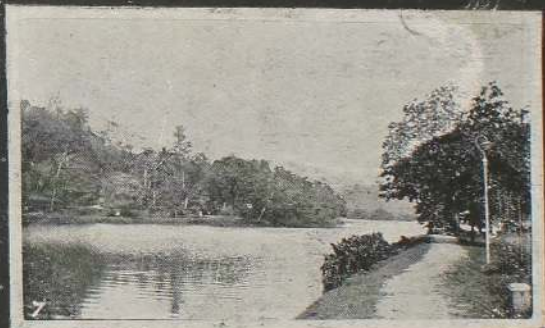
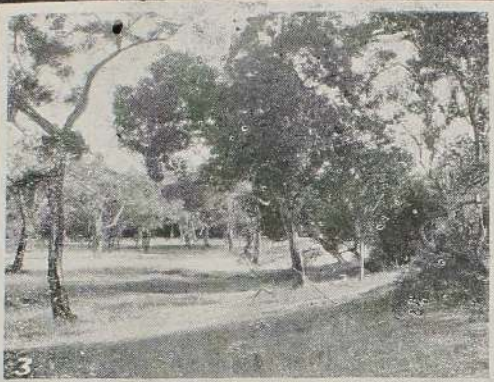
PORTRAIT STUDY BY OUR COLOMBO STUDIO.



"MANTILLA."  
MRS. R. M. MILNE.



# OUR AMATEUR SNAPSHOT COMPETITION.



1. Fleet of Maldivian boats by A. Mamujee (Prize winner—Seascape Section.)    2. Sunset off Panadura by W. W. Fernando.    3. Scene in Park Country, N. C. P., by R. Wilkins.    4. Sunrise by S. H. Grigg.    5. Reflections by Mrs. B. Lushington.    6. A corner of a Tank by Dr. H. U. Leembruggen (Prize winner—Landscape Section)    7. A River scene by Mrs. B. Lushington.    8. Mount Lavinia by G. S. Martyn.



# OUR CRICKET COMPETITION.

The Best Ceylon XI. as Selected by Public Ballot.



1. Dr. C. H. Gunasekere (390).
  2. W. T. Greswell (431).
  3. C. Horan (431).
  4. A. Aluwihare (242).
  5. V. S. de Kretser (416).
  6. C. T. Van Geyzel (384).
  7. D. L. de Saram (322).
  8. Edward Kelaart (424).
  9. M. K. Albert (380).
  10. S. Perimpanyagam (260).
  11. T. Cumming (381).
- Our competition for the naming of the best eleven Cricketers in Ceylon at the present time has proved a very popular one, to judge by the large number that sent in their selections. The winner appropriately enough is Mr. F. Ondatie, the All-Ceylon Umpire, who was the only competitor successful in naming the correct XI. The figures within brackets denote the number of votes each cricketer received.



## A STORY IN LITTLE CHAPTERS

By L. A. D.

### I.

PETER SAMSUN, Master of that Section of the Boy Scouts known as "F.F." (Ferocious Fellows), sat in his chair, drinking the cup of humiliation to its bitter dregs.

It was disconcerting, to say the least, to realise that his hopeless admiration for Miss Ratna had been discovered by his tactless friends Da Zylwa and Felsing; but when they took advantage of their knowledge, and hoaxed him twice within the week into clandestine appointments with the lady in question, his pride received a severe blow. At first a delicate scented note had lured him to ridicule, and this was followed two days later by a dulcet voice on the 'phone, which he had never doubted.

He ground his teeth in annoyance. What a fool the "F.F.'s" would consider him, if they only knew. He planned many schemes for revenge, but dismissed them as impracticable, or as impossible.

### II.

The holidays were on in full swing. Hoaxing was forgiven and forgotten, and, as usual, Samsun, Da Zylwa, and Felsing made a trio for their vacation. They decided to proceed by sea to Hambantotte, and return by 'bus and train, and a merrier party never stepped aboard the "Lady" boat.

Galle enchanted them, notwithstanding the fact that Samsun had been obliged to part company for the afternoon, to spend a few dutiful hours with his uncle, Pilot Samsun, and they were unable to join forces

again until dinner was served in the saloon. The boat was scheduled to leave at 10 p.m., and in the meantime the youngsters made merry. Before the meal was finished, however, both Da Zylwa and Felsing showed paralytic difficulty in speech and movements, and were assisted to their cabins. Samsun, on the contrary, appeared more alert and cheerful than ever.

### III.

It was early morning at sea. A wrecked boat was responding feebly to the efforts of a weather-worn old man. At his feet lay Da Zylwa and Felsing, wet with brine, and in a ragged and unkempt condition.

The oarsman glanced at them occasionally, and from them to the shore to which he was striving to guide his vessel. Rocks and cliffs towered on all sides, but a narrow opening revealed a beach, where it appeared possible to make a safe landing.

"What's happened? Where's the 'Lady' boat?" asked Da Zylwa, sitting up suddenly.

"Still crazy! Poor devil," muttered the man with the oars.

"Why crazy?" asked the passenger, in a tone of astonishment which aroused his companion.

"My holy godfathers! What is the meaning of this?" asked the latter in a scared voice.

"So you've come to your senses, have you? Well, thank a merciful fate that you are where you are, and that your memories have been a blank. Lucky for you that I was not bowled out too, and had a compass with me, else we might have been



food for sharks days ago!" replied the man, with a shudder.

He then related a thrilling tragedy, in which the "Lady" boat had been attacked by an up-to-date Slave Trader, and the passengers carried away for days, until the marauder had struck a mine and blown to atoms. With the greatest luck he had been able to secure a boat, and drag his half-drowned companions into it with him.

"We have been at sea ever since," he added, "and it was only this morning that we sighted this land, though Heaven knows what it is. We have finished the ship's biscuits, and there's only that tin of water left!"

Neither Da Zylwa nor Felsing had any recollection of the adventures so dramatically described, but their own appearance and that of the oarsman was sufficient evidence of all they had undergone.

"Perhaps this is one of the Maldives!" suggested Felsing.

"Maldives! me eye!" replied the oarsman contemptuously. "More likely one of those cannibal islands in the Indian Ocean or the Bay of Bengal."

Although doubts of the existence of such islands crossed the minds of the two men, they made no remark. Indeed Felsing, a dreamer of Glory, with a capital "G," imagined himself landing in triumph and planting the British flag, with the ultimate reward of a title being bestowed upon him by a grateful Government!

"Where's Samsun?" he asked.

"D-d-dont ask me," replied the man feelingly. "Too horrible to tell you!" and he bent over his oars, as if he would hide some fearful picture from his sight.

"Poor old Samsun!" remarked the friends in unison, their eyes filling with tears of sympathy.

#### IV.

Shortly afterwards the boat slid gently on to the shore, and the men were about to climb out, when a blood-curdling yell terrified them, and a dozen semi-nude warriors, barbarically painted and wearing feather head-dresses, rushed from the palm-fringed land upon them, brandishing spears and knives, and shouting in a strange tongue.

The oarsman leapt from the boat, and fell on his knees at their feet, praying for mercy, and intimating that they were harmless and undefended. They shook him roughly, and binding him and his companions with ropes, led them through shrub and thorn towards a fenced enclosure, in which were a number of palm-leaf huts, surrounding a central one. Towards this the warriors pushed and pulled their prisoners, and the noise of their progress drew forth old men, women, and maidens, to watch with curiosity these queer men from the sea.

At the entrance of the central hut stood a Warrior guard, and to one of these the leader spoke in a loud voice. The man went into the building, and returning in a few moments, beckoned that the captives be brought in.

Trembling with fright, they were led forward to a dais covered with a leopard skin, upon which reclined an old man, with long grey hair and beard, and overhanging, shaggy eyebrows, under which were two piercing eyes, glittering savagely. Behind him stood two warriors holding spears, whose bodies were daubed with paint, and had hideous death's heads outlined in white on their breasts. On either side of the chief knelt beautiful girls, fanning him gently with fans of peacock feathers.

The old man addressed the prisoners gruffly, but they could not understand him, and gave nervous signs to that effect. Turning to the



guard he spoke angrily, and impatiently waved them away. Each one, including the captives, bowed low as he left the presence, but the only acknowledgment of their obeisance was a "piggy" snort.

The men were led to a hut, where they were left tightly bound, bewailing their fate, and wishing that they had never been born!

V.

An hour later, a soft whisper greeted them from outside, and a girlish face peeped through the palm door, with a finger on her lips for silence. She glanced backwards and around her cautiously, and running into the room, rapidly cut their bonds and released them. Signing that the Warriors were in their huts eating their food, she led them by a tiring and devious route, frequently making them lie flat, whilst she listened for any sound of pursuit.

Satisfied that the coast was clear, she led them down to the boat, assisted them in hurriedly, and was in the act of pushing it off when a fierce yell came from the shore, and a number of angry warriors rushed on the scene. They dragged the men from the boat, tying them tightly, and turning on the girl they harangued her furiously. She was carried away, shrieking at her impending fate, followed by the warriors leading their prisoners, and the trio were forced to stand by whilst the maiden's face and neck were smeared with honey, and she was pegged by feet and hands over an ant's nest. This was more than they could endure, and they begged for her release, intimating in pantomimic gestures that they would gladly be sacrificed in her stead, but in vain.

Sick at heart they were again led before the chief, and his wrath knew no bounds; but his decision for their punishment met with delighted approval, and with loud smacking of

lips. Some of the guards had the bad taste to step forward, feel the prisoners' arms and legs, and nod their approval, so that no doubt was left in the minds of the men of what the judgment had been.

To their surprise they were left free and unbound in the hut on their return, and food and cooling drinks of coconut and lime-water were placed before them, which they ate and drank greedily. Their freedom, however, gave them a sense of being hopelessly imprisoned, for they realised a guard would be at hand, to prevent any further attempt at escape.

They were left undisturbed until nightfall, when their food and drink were replenished and mats and rough rugs were handed them to sleep on.

VI.

About 10 p.m. the prisoners were aroused by the glare of a fire, and by the noise of dancing and merry-making. Peeping through holes in the palm-walls, they saw a large cauldron boiling over a roaring fire, around which men and women sang and danced in fantastic steps. Presently the crowd sat in a circle, whilst old women served them from the cauldron with bowls of steaming meat and bones, over which they gurgled with savage delight. When the feast was over, they crept off to their huts, but the firelight revealed a skeleton human skull, and many suspicious bones left in conspicuous disorder in the flicker of the light.

Felsing sank on his knees with a moan. Da Zylwa repeated his catechism, until he suddenly observed his error, and switched off into a prayer. The old man gave a faint groan, and fell on his mat, where he lay like a log.

VII.

At early dawn the men were aroused, and commanded fiercely to follow four guards, armed with spears



and knives. They felt that their end had arrived, and were led through shrub and palm, until they came in sight of a macadamised road, which, under ordinary conditions, would have struck them as incongruous in a cannibal island.

Seated on a log on the roadside was the chief, and the prisoners were brought forward, and lined before him. Glaring at each one in an alarming manner, he growled and bared his teeth, and then with a sudden gesture snatched off his wig and beard, and revealed the smiling countenance of Samsun!

"You?" they gasped, almost with a sob.

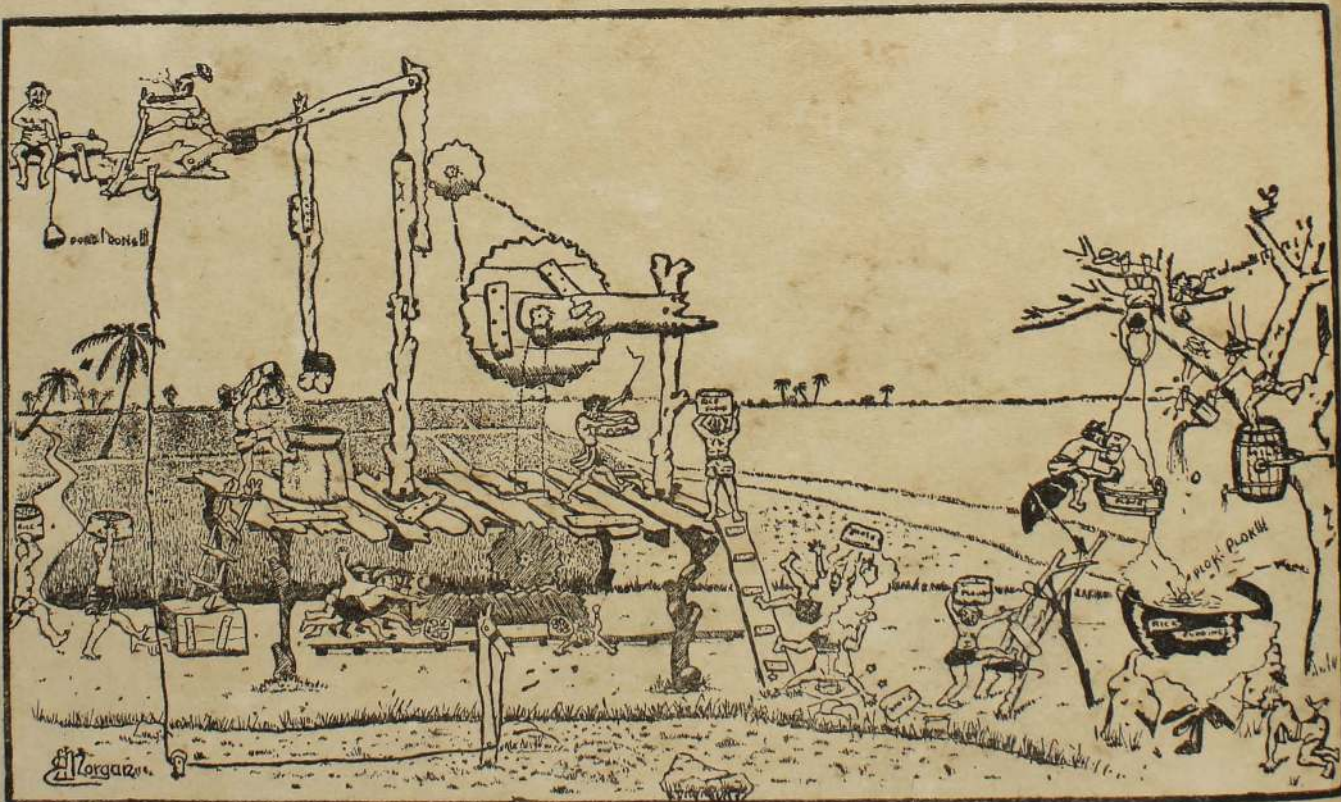
"At your service, my brother hoaxers! And behold my faithful 'Ferocious Fellows,'—who are

equally good in acting the part of a warrior, old man, woman, or a beautiful maiden,—and my esteemed uncle" (pointing to the old man beside them) "who has so excellently stage-managed the whole affair."

### VIII.

It was small comfort to Da Zylwa and Felsing to hear how they had been drugged and brought by the pilot's launch from Galle, which could be seen hidden in a cove, and to be also told that Matara railway station was within a few minutes walk from the spot; but they were sportsmen to the backbone, and laughed at the hoax, as they gladly accepted the Scout Master's invitation to remain at the "Cannibal Camp" for the rest of their holiday.

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[A Prize of Rs. 10-00 will be awarded to the Competitor giving the most suitable title for the above—Ed.]



# THE QUEEN'S HOUSE PARTY IN "AUGUST WEEK."



Back Row:—Capt. J. H. Baring, Extra A.D.C.; Miss K. Bartlett, Capt. L. Holbach, A.D.C.; Miss B. Bartlett, Pay-Master Commander S.S.C. Parsons, R.N.  
 Seated:—Miss Henderson, H. E. Lady Clinton Baker, H. E. Sir William Manning, H. E. Vice-Admiral Sir Lewis Clinton Baker,



# WEDDED.



1. B. Langram and Miss Joah H. Rodwell.
2. Major A. W. Seymour and Miss Mitchell Henderson.
3. Geo. Price, Jr. and Miss Muriel Lena Blanche Yeats.
4. P. N. Warren and Miss Lilian Gordon Wright.
5. A. T. Kingston and Miss Ruby Richards.

6. W. Fitzwilliam Carter and Miss Cecila Frances Lloyd Still.
7. M. W. Salgado and Miss Lucillia Beatrice Weerasinghe.
8. C. A. S. Perkins and Miss Rylda A. Perkins.
9. R. N. Pestonjee and Miss Kumihai Eduljee Billimoria.



# WEDDED.



1. E. V. Speldiwinde and Miss Louise Marie Leembruggen.
2. L. G. de Alwis and Miss Alexandra Cornelia Dias Bandaranaike.
3. C. C. Barry and Miss Eileen Moore.
4. H. A. Jeffries and M'lle. Antoinette A. Chevrier.
5. G. W. Usher and Miss Sylvia Margaret Heelis.
6. W. Seymour Walker and Miss Claire Calcutt Peacock.
7. E. G. Cantrell and Miss Winifred Constance Mann.
8. H. J. White and Miss Flora Mary Mutter.
9. Stephen Seneviratne and Miss Lilian R. de Alwis.
10. William Taylor and Miss Effie Kathleen d'Zilva.
11. H. D. Weerasinghe and Miss Evelyn Seneviratne.
12. Stanley Fernando and Miss Gertrude Merlyn Ena Wijeyesekere.
13. G. W. MacLeod and Miss Christobel Fraser.





1. H. E. Lady Manning presenting the Cup to Mr. G. G. Perkins for the best Dog in the Show; 2. H. E. Dias Bandaranaike's Bouncing Betty; 3. Lady Bandaranaike's prize bloodhound; 4. Mr. G. G. Perkins' Walpole John Bull (best Dog in the Show); 5. Miss N. Peiris' Arno of Killarney; 6. Capt. Holbech's Hasty; 7. Mr. T. H. Williams' Kilmar Actress; 8. Mrs. Buckard's Trevlac Tea Cup and pups; 9. Lady Bandaranaike's prize bloodhound.



# THE COMPLEAT PHOTOGRAPHER

By EDWARD BARRY

ONCE upon a time, for my sins, I shared a bungalow with Jones; that was when I was a bachelor and Jones was—well, Jones! One can hardly describe him better and more succinctly. He is one of those fortunate fellows who can afford to indulge his hobbies; but of all the things which befell Jones I certainly had most reason to regret the evil day on which his eye lighted on a newspaper advertisement in the *Times*, which depicted a girl in striped dress taking a photograph of Orange William, or of Mr. Bartleet, or some other August week celebrity, or celebration. Underneath the advertisement which depicted this entirely fictitious damsel was a bald announcement to the effect that these cameras could be bought from Messrs. Etálp's depots anywhere in Ceylon. To cut a long story short, Jones was smitten with 'photographitus,' and, at first, I was inclined to encourage him, as I entertained the hope that thereby I would be able to switch him off his present mania for repairing broken down motor-bikes underneath my bedroom window at all hours of the day and night. Photography, I thought, was a nice harmless hobby. Etálp's advertisement said, in so many words, that any fool could take a snapshot with a Kodak camera, and I thought how well this would suit Jones; I even went so far as to drive him down to the firm's office to help him make his choice. Little did I dream the trouble I was storing up for myself.

The process of choosing a suitable camera covered many days, because, in the first instance, Jones held very exalted ideas on the subject. I remember that at one time nothing but a 'Ross' lens and a camera of enormous proportions would suit him, and, owing to its initial cost, he magnanimously decided to defer buying a complete

developing and printing outfit. Meanwhile he took away a pamphlet on the subject of enlarging one's own photographs. We went straight to the Club from Etálp's office, and Jones commenced to 'shoot' at all and sundry. He snapped the Hardened Sinner lowering his handi-cap at the bar; he obtained a special sitting from the Most Beautiful Woman in Colombo; descending from the sublime to the ridiculous he snapped the podian fagging tennis balls, and one way and another contrived to get through three rolls of films before dusk put an end to his labours.

Now he was all impatience to see the result of his handiwork, and decided that to wait at least 24 hours for his results was too much of a strain on his nerves. Yes, to-morrow he would buy a developing and printing set. He talked camera throughout dinner, advised all of us (we had guests with us that night) to purchase a camera on the morrow. 'A most entrancing sport,' he said. We voted him an unmitigated nuisance when he insisted on reading aloud to us extracts from 'How to Enlarge Your Own Photographs' while we were vainly attempting to play a serious rubber of Auction.

Next morning Jones was at Etálp's door before the place was open. He left his rolls of films to be developed, and promised to return at noon. I was requisitioned to go with him on this second visit, and it was pathetic to observe poor Jones when Messrs. Etálp announced that all his photos were over or under exposed and that he had entirely neglected to work the distance gauge or the shutter speed mechanism. More by good luck than good management he had succeeded in getting only one passable—barely passable—result from 18 attempts. Jones seized on this; he would have it enlarged. Messrs. Etálp pointed out



that the photograph was already a fair size, and that it would be silly to enlarge further a photograph of what appeared to them to be the Ugliest Woman in the World.

'But that photograph is of Mrs. Clayton-Smith,' expostulated Jones.

'What,' chorused the professionals, each producing a magnifying glass. 'Impossible,' they finally announced, and in support of this produced a photo they had taken of the famous beauty. I am bound to admit that alongside the professional picture Jones' effort looked as if he were qualifying for a successful libel action. I cautioned him to destroy his negative and say no more about it. Eventually he agreed to do so, and Messrs. Etálp persuaded him to buy a smaller camera to experiment with. So Jones bought a Vest Pocket Kodak, a full developing, printing *and* enlarging outfit, also about two score or more films. Thus equipped he applied for and obtained a week's leave.

The last I saw of Jones he was sprinting up the platform in a last minute effort to catch the up-country mail. He had been so busy trying to photograph the Fort station (he had already decided to publish the photograph under the caption 'Night Lights') that time had escaped his attention, the warning whistles had fallen on deaf ears, and it was only when he noticed some of his 'Night Lights' receding in the view finder (into which he was zealously peering) that he abandoned the attempt to take the picture and made a despairing sprint after the train. The guard rescued him when his chances of connecting with the train seemed somewhat remote. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw the guard's helping hand stretched out to haul Jones on board.

But I had not by any means heard the last of Jones. At midnight my sleep was disturbed by the frantic efforts of a Telegraph boy who bore a message from him; some misguided or evil-intentioned fellow passenger had

told Jones that it was impossible to buy films at Kandy during the week-end—hence the wire asking me to procure a gross and post them immediately. At two o'clock in the morning there was more noise at the front door. It could not be a Telegraph boy; thinking I was merely dreaming I cursed Jones, turned over, and was dozing into unconsciousness when more 'rat-tatting' finally woke me to the full realisation that someone *was* at the front door. Another telegram; and from Jones again. This time he countermanded his last order, as he had heard from another passenger that films could actually be procured on the Sabbath in Kandy. Consigning Jones and his hobbies to a place where cameras are burnt at sight, I staggered back to bed. It seemed as if I had only just fallen asleep again when still more noise on the front door again roused me. Could it be? Was this a nightmare? Again I stumbled to the front door. Yes; Jones had heard that up-country films were sometimes climatically affected and he wanted a gross sent from Colombo. I was now thoroughly out of temper. 'Will you,' I asked the Telegraph peon, 'take a message to be telegraphed to this blighted idiot?' He consented, and so I wired: 'Jones care any Station Master where Night Mail still due to pass. Buy your own damned films; these telegrams must now cease.'

Having vented my spleen in this way I once more retired, feeling that now I should be left undisturbed. But no; at five I felt convinced the front windows would be broken unless I got to the impatient Telegraph peon. I shot out of bed and was half way across the room when it dawned upon me that this time I *had* been dreaming; disgusted, I decided to finish the rest of my sleep in the arm-chair; but this was not good enough for the House Cooly, who made further slumber impossible by moving the furniture about and otherwise making himself a general nuisance when he came to open up the house at daybreak.



Needless to say the hours I spent in office that day were in the nature of a slow torture; my sleepless night had thoroughly upset my temper, and the poor clerks bore the full brunt of my evil mood.

Two days later Jones wrote:—

Dear Old Horse,

You need not have been so beastly shirty about a small request; still, I am overlooking your rudeness (which I put down to sheer spleen) and am writing to ask you to ask Etálp what they think of the accompanying, and whether they will bear enlargement? Also tell them to send another dozen films. Am enjoying this holiday tophole, and hope to send you some more photos shortly.

Yours, Jones.

The accompanying photos! Ye gods!! They looked more like sheets of paper on which some three year old artist had committed in black and white a series of impressionist futuristic sketches, the one super-imposed on the other. I felt I could not insult Etálp's intelligence by asking them for an opinion, and I told Jones so in my answering letter.

He was more grieved than ever, as witness his next:—

My dear Old Prune,

You *are* peeved; spleen still worrying you? Anyway I feel so magnanimous that I am overlooking your remarks and sending you a further selection. Please tell Etálp to send two dozen films. Buck up, old son.

Yours, Jones.

The 'further selection' comprised unintelligible snapshots of every known variety of flower to be seen in the Peradeniya Gardens. Jones' idea was to present these snapshots to the Agricultural Department; but an ungrateful Government refused this generous and

disinterested offer. Then there was another batch depicting all the elephants which ever visited Katugastota for their weekly bathe. There were snapshots of elephants large and small, lean and fat. Some were of elephants merely behaving as such, either on *terra firma* or in the water; others showed the mammalia in the act of climbing the base of a coconut tree, of begging by the roadside, and of different other tricks taught by their capable trainers. One or two of the photographs would have been excellent had Jones succeeded in bringing the entire object within the compass of the film. He blamed his view-finder for the discrepancy, and wondered whether Messrs. Etálp had an artist who could supplement in the print that portion of the elephant which the film had omitted. But the effort Jones was most proud of was his photograph of a school of tiddlers shoaling round the Y.M.C.A. boat-house on the lake-side at Kandy. Anyway, Jones said it was a photograph such as I have just described. To me the print looked like a series of black blurs on a white background. Jones said the blurs were the fish, and in the absence of any contradictory evidence I was compelled to take his word for it.

But why go on? As one night I was haunted by Telegraph peons, so, later, my days were haunted by Jones' pictures—good, bad, indifferent and worse. When he developed his own prints it was bad enough; when he took to printing them it reached the limit. But his enlargements and touching up baffle description. He sent me an enlargement I shall never forget. But that it bore the title 'A Child's Head' I should have thought Jones had been photographing a pineapple at an 'experimental' station.

When Jones' holiday was over and he returned to the bungalow he talked photography day and night. When others were engaged in watching a football match or at the Club Jones was at Etálp's, and I'm sure those good people must have long since regretted



the day Jones patronised them. But that he was a never ending source of income to them (their film sales must have gone up a 100 %) I am sure Jones would have been poisoned within the walls of 'Cross Eyes,' their premises on the Ellag Road. Our own home was a litter of films, chemicals, prints and the like. It became nausea to live in the place, until I hit upon the scheme of confining Jones and all his works to a spare room, and instituting a fine for every occasion any apparatus was found outside.

One day Jones contrived a masterpiece. He had been to the seaside and had snapped a lonely palm-tree against a calm, fair sky; he had also, later, snapped a 'monsoon' seascape. Each picture, alone, was nothing extraordinary, but just after printing these Jones went to Messrs. Waves for tea, and there was fired with ambition to contrive something to beat Messrs. Waves' exhibits, even if it meant a little faking. So Jones put his 'lone palm' negative on top of his 'monsoon

sky' negative, and fondly hoped he would thus contrive his magnum opus. Not even Sir Arthur Conan Doyle could be deceived into proclaiming this anything but a bad fake.

That was a year ago. Meanwhile I obtained home leave, and after six very happy months spent in England I came back to Ceylon—importing a wife. Jones' wedding present is much admired by all our friends. For Jones has arrived; he is now writing a book called 'The Compleat Photographer.' He had progressed from the V.P.K. to a quarter-plate camera, and the Photographic Society ponder his 'yea' or his 'nay' in the matter of Amateur Photography. I am perfectly sure photography never paid him: still, that is no reason why Jones should desist from devoting a chapter of his book to 'Photography for Profit and Pleasure.' When the book is published you will be able to enjoy it the more for having read the preface. Yes, this is the preface. Jones asked me to write one, and he will have to make the best of this.

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## WHY IT WAS HELL.

A golf fanatic died and went to heaven. "Where is your golf course?" was the first question he asked St. Peter.

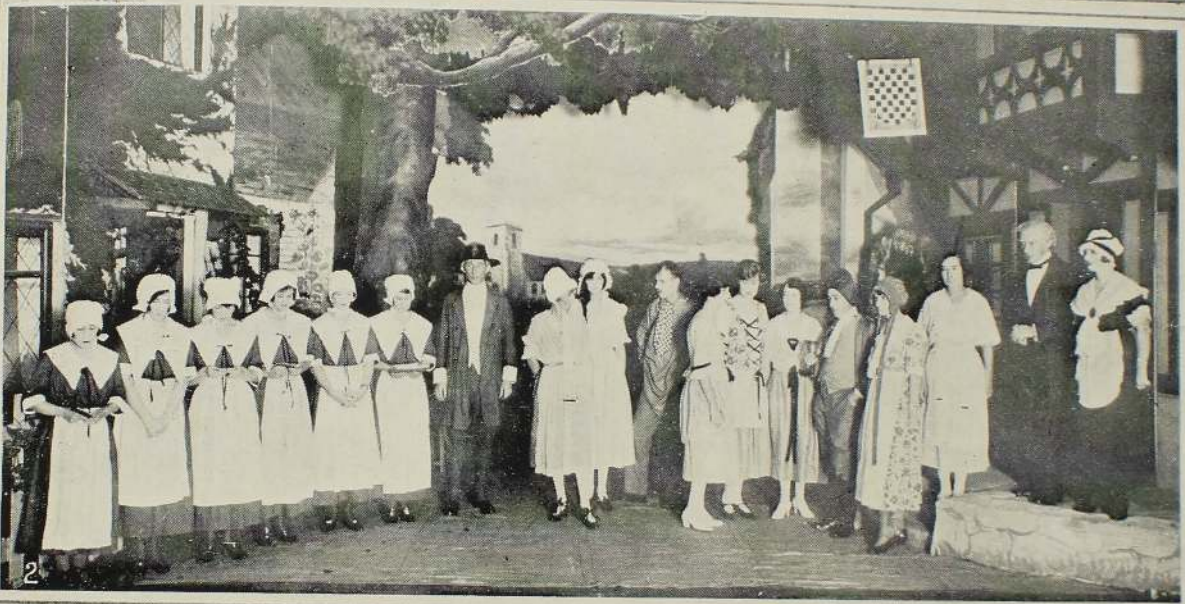
"We have no golf course up here," was the reply, "but I've heard there is a splendid one down in hell. You might drop down there and look it over."

The fanatic descended. Sure enough, there was the most wonderful links he had ever seen. An attendant imp led him into a club-house so perfectly appointed as to suggest Utopia instead of Inferno. It took but a minute to find some togs which fitted him as if they were made to order. The set of clubs which the imp handed him were those of which he had always dreamed during his earthly life.

The imp took him out to the first tee. "But the balls? We've forgotten the balls," said the golf fanatic.

"Ah-ha! There ain't no balls!" shrieked the imp. "That's the hell of it."  
—Paul Zoeler, Milwaukee, Wis.





1 and 2. "The Quaker Girl," staged by the Ceylon Amateur Dramatic Society; 3. "Charley's Aunt," staged by Ceylon Amateurs.





1. Vyvyan Catherine Ewart. 2. Phyllida Joan Francillon. 3. Myfanwy, Beryl and Hilary Dawbarn. 4. John Darwall Selwey Wall. 5. Ivor David Albrecht. 6. Pat MacCarthy. 7. "Tony." 8. James Manning and Anita Stephanie Wilson. 9. Marjorie Helen Hillman. 10. Marguerite Rosemary Fletcher. 11. Norah and Roy Gilbert Dutton. 12. Phil Coleman. 13. Sheila Vivienne Cunningham. 14. Charlotte Lucy Bertill. 15. Moira Cicely. 16. Edward Parr Wilmot Morgan.



# CEYLON CHILDREN.



1. Christabel Louise Dias Abeygunewardena. 2. Stuart Ian Cameron. 3. Richard Maxwell Milne. 4. George Charles Booth.  
5. Barbara Mary Mills. 6. Charles Cliffe Owen Hood. 7. Geraldine Jeffery. 8. Audrey Elizabeth Beck. 9. Joyce Bartlet.  
10. Pauline Bartlet. 11. Richard Levenson and Keppel Bagot Levett. 12. Leslie Featherstone Phillipson. 13. Frank Edwin  
Slingsby. 14. Patricia Mack. 15. Richard William Turner. 16. Alison Jacolina Ogilvie Blood. 17. Margaret Anne and  
Pamela Jean Byatt. 18. Master Percy.





THE CEYLON MOTOR CYCLING CLUB ANNUAL REUNION.



THE COLOMBO GOLF CLUB ANNUAL "AT HOME."



## PATHS OF PLEASURE

BY "WOOLMER GATTEY"



"**G**OD Almighty first planted a Garden; and indeed it is the Purest of Human Pleasures."

My *Garden Path* begins, as Bacon himself would no doubt have it, with roses each side. Not "musk-roses," nor any that would win a prize in an English show, but a sweet-scented "cabbage," a *Marechal Niel*, a really fine *General McArthur*, and a *Peace*, who struggles as never yet did a League of Nations to impress herself on a hostile world. With the roses, I end my fight to make reluctant Western flowers grow in the East, and confine myself to those that really love the climate and soil. I walk in my garden as the sun loses power and dips behind the big ingasaman tree, glinting a farewell through its pink blossoms. This is the time of day when my poinsettia takes on its most glorious colouring, the scarlet leaves borrowing a living tone from the sunset gold. The bougainvillea, too, glows its proudest purple at the back of a spreading pink ixora and a mauve

and white brunfelsia. My path is bordered by calladiums — red and green, white and green, red and white spots on green, and all the intricate patterns and vagaries to which these decorative leaves are given. Behind these grow promiscuously—for I am no lover of order in a garden—the flaunting cannas which are always and faithfully with us, red and pink amaryllis, the beautiful pink-flecked monsoon lilies, and a mass of lovely-leaved coleas. The drain at the side is a perfect greenhouse of ferns after the monsoon rains. They come up in profusion, completely hiding the brickwork, itself quite prettily moss-covered. I have built me a rockery under the mango tree, and in addition to all that I have planted, these brave little ferns push up through every available crevice. Ramasamy, with a passion for spring-cleaning—or should it be pre-monsoon cleaning?—once carefully cleared all this fern away, to my unutterable dismay. However, it showed no resentment,



and it was not long before it found its way back. Another question on which Ramasamy and I differ is that of order and method. He has a *penchant* for rows and lines of one kind of flower, and for numerous round, square, crescent, or star-shaped beds, breaking up my restful bits of lawn. I have to arrest gently his artistic leanings, and insist on the irregular clumps of colour that are such a joy to me.

There lived here in Ceylon, in the very early ages, one King Mutasiva. At his capital, Anuradhapura, he "formed the delightful royal garden Mahamegha, which was provided, in the utmost perfection, with every requisite, and adorned with fruit and flower-bearing trees of every description."

My garden is not so plentifully nor so "perfectly provided" as King Mutasiva's, but of fruit I have the old mango, an avocado pear, one or two dark-foliaged mangosteens, and a group of plantains with their light-green silken leaves. Of "flower-bearing trees" there is the great ingasaman, the vivid poinsettia, heavy-scented temple flowers, a glorious flamboyant, and, of course, many of the ubiquitous hibiscus or "shoe-flower."

The mango is a useful prop for a tangampu and a thumbergia, the orange and delicate mauve blending in a delightful colour scheme on its gnarled trunk. From its branches I have hung orchids; just the ordinary ones, but very lovely, also in shades of mauve and orange. In addition, this heavily burdened old tree provides me with luscious fruit in due season. Beyond this grow the dahlias, and the great flame-coloured spikes of the wild ginger; the "marigold that goes to bed with the sun, and with him rises weeping" (I know not why); large red clerodendrons, who should be cousin to the rhododendrons, but there seems no family likeness! Bulbs of all kinds

carpet the ground where they will, pink, white, and yellow, like crocuses; lilies of great variety of form and colour. There is something to be said on the side of "painting the lily," as one must acknowledge who lives here, where lilies are red, and yellow, and pink, and orange, with stripes, flecks, and all manner of vagaries. Even roses have been painted in their time—by those busy little gardeners in the Queen of Hearts' Croquet Garden, so terrified lest their negligence be repaid with "Off with their heads!"

Colour, colour, and yet again colour—the *leit-motif* of the East, and the joy of my little garden. I, like that Queen of Hearts, keep very few white flowers there; only my special favourites, like the moonflower, who only opens her pure countenance as the sun goes down.

It is a constant surprise to find those plants that I once nurtured carefully in a greenhouse, here running riot, self-sown often, and almost weeds. Sometimes I have to pull up and discard lovely calladiums, coleas, young begonias, and many ferns, because they have sprung up uninvited, all too freely, in a special bed. Everything grows so easily and so rapidly in this tropical climate. The very posts I put in for fences sprout. One day I cut a stake from my "orchid-tree," to which I tied my tomatoes. Lo! in a week or two the stake was literally blossoming like Aaron's rod—lovely pink "orchid" blossoms mingling with my tomatoes.

Had Bacon lived in Ceylon, or the delightful John Evelyn, what literature we should have had on these charming gardens.

\* \* \*

Beyond the old mango tree begins *Lady's Walk*, obviously where "Lady" takes her exercise. Two large jak-fruit trees, up which creep pepper vines, form a gateway: then



I am in the midst of tea—my “bread and-butter,” as it were. There is to some a certain monotony in a tea field, but it has its charm and variety if one looks for it. Tea “in flush,” with tender green tips all ready to be plucked by the be-jewelled Tamil women, with their soft brown eyes and quick brown hands; tea pruned to a little low frame of branches showing the red soil which nourishes it; young tea sprouting with a valiant simulation of spring; the tiny tea seedlings fresh from the nursery; tea bravely bearing up in the hot weather, or succulently revelling in the wild monsoon. I follow its course with interest all the year round, as I take my daily walk, and the human touches in its history crowd into my mind. How wonderful to think of the Chinese using it more than 2,000 years B.C., brewing their pekoe and sipping their mild souchong! To Pepys, many centuries later, it was a novelty—“I sent for a cup of tee (a China drink), of which I had never drunk before,” he says.

And again.... “home, and there find my wife making of tee, a drink which the Pothicary tells her is good for her cold.” It must have been a costly drink when the East India Company presented King Charles II. with “2 lb. 2 oz.” The “Divine Leaf,” fragrant flavour for many a gossip—brewed best with a black kettle on a wood fire, and in an earthenware pot.

In Lady's Walk on plucking days is a picture for the artist—the bright red, blue, or yellow clad pluckers moving from bush to bush, their quick fingers selecting the tender growing tips and tossing them into

the basket on their shoulders, with incredible swiftness. Their arms, ears, nose, toes, and fingers are often loaded with jewels, and their faces half hidden by the cloth thrown over their head. Shyly they glance at “Lady” as she passes, and stop their incessant chatter, that sounded but a moment before like a disturbed rookery. The kangany is very important, too, salaaming “Lady” and shouting stern orders to the little brown maids in his charge, to show how strictly conscientious he is. At the end of the day they carry their fresh-smelling burden to be weighed at the tea factory.



LADY'S WALK

It is all so pretty and so fragrant, this making of tea. My pleasure in drinking it has been enhanced since I have pierced beyond the veil of ugly packet lead and crude label.

At the bend of this walk is one of my favourite views down the valley, and then a peep over the low country. I have a seat under a grevillea tree, from which I can watch the sunset be-

hind Buttalagalla standing square and distinct above all the other hills around it. During the monsoon the mist comes rolling up this valley like a fire-proof curtain at the theatre, blocking out my view in a few moments. Then is the time to hurry back to the bungalow.

If I go beyond the bend my path joins another that leads to the rubber. Here, in sunshine, is shade; in cloud, is depression. In the morning the birds call from tree to tree, as the tappers underneath shave off their delicate shred of bark to start the flow of latex. In the heat of the day the rubber seeds burst with a



"crack, crack," like air-gun shots all round me, and I examine the half coconut shells full of the milky fluid. At sunset the birds have gone, the tappers gone, and only a gentle breeze lifts the leaves with a little sigh.

At the end of this tea field a *Gansabhawa Path* runs through the estate. Rough, rocky, full of twists and turns, but always pretty. As it leaves the village it strikes through the rubber fields and is shaded and carpeted with leaves. Then it finds itself in tea, up hill and down dale, passing my appu's house, and a set of cooly lines. After this it crosses a running stream by stepping-stones, then edges a paddy-field, where one false step would precipitate the unwary passer-by into deep and squelchy mud. Tea again, and so out on to the high road.

It is on this path that I see something of the world on my daily saunter. I pass, perhaps, a Buddhist priest in his vivid yellow robe, holding a fan, and a talipot for shelter from the heat or rain, and behind him a step or two is his miniature—a small acolyte or novice he seems. Now come some gaily dressed Singhalese women, pretty, chattering, laughing. Their silken smooth hair is held in its knot at the back with silver pins, and a glimpse of copper skin shows between the spotless white jacket and the coloured skirt. They are so gentle, and look at me with shy and smiling interest, so we exchange a wordless greeting. Here come a gang of coolies, evidently moving from one estate to another, for each carries saman on his head. They are in single file, and the kangany at their head is a resplendent person in a sporting check coat, and white cloth, gold ear-rings, and a scarlet head cloth. Of what do they talk so emphatically? Their rice allowance, doubtless, and their "niyum," and the respective idiosyncracies of masters.

Then there pass old men, who salaam deeply, who have known this estate and this "Dorai" for many years, and intimate by their smile that although they cannot understand "Lady," nor she them, they wish her well.



JUNGLE PATH

Of my daily walks I think I love best the *Jungle Path*. It is sweet smelling of damp warm soil, and my foot sinks softly on the leaves of many years. The great trees on each side are almost obliterated by creepers, and in the dense undergrowth beneath them lurk who-knows-what of the "Jungle folk"? Certainly cobras—the "nullar parmbu"—and their kind,

poochies of all descriptions, a cabragoya or two, and perhaps even a leopard! If I go very early I hear the monkeys chattering on the tree tops..... "talking of wonderful things we know...." And if I go very quietly I will hear, and see, a blue jay with his glorious enamel blue plumage, the lovely golden orioles perchance, or some minivets. At the end of this is a na-tree, which in its season covers itself with wonderful coppery-crimson foliage.

I stand on the edge of the thicket and peer into its depths, knowing there are living things there, and that they know I am peering; but never a sign of a nose or a whisk of a tail. There are little ferns and mosses on fallen tree trunks, so thick as to hide their support, and creepers with little blue flowers, and orchids clinging to branches.

Alas, there was also a serpent in Eden—and if I stand on these damp leaves the leeches will find me out!

[Continued on page 43]



# BIG GAME SHOOTING IN AFRICA, INDIA AND CEYLON.



Mr. R. T. Burge, a distinguished American sportsman and Mrs. Burge recently spent a couple of weeks in Ceylon jungles and carried away some remarkable trophies. The above illustrations show the pick of their bag in Africa, India and Ceylon.  
1 and 6 (Ceylon); 2, 3, and 4 (Africa); 5 (India).



# ANIMAL AND OTHER PETS—PRIZE COMPETITION.



1



2



3



4

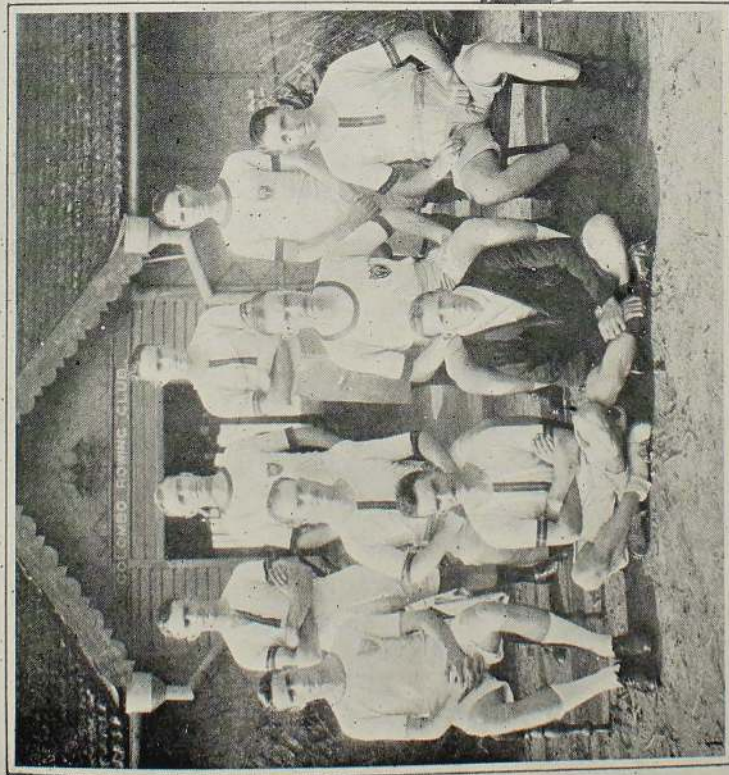


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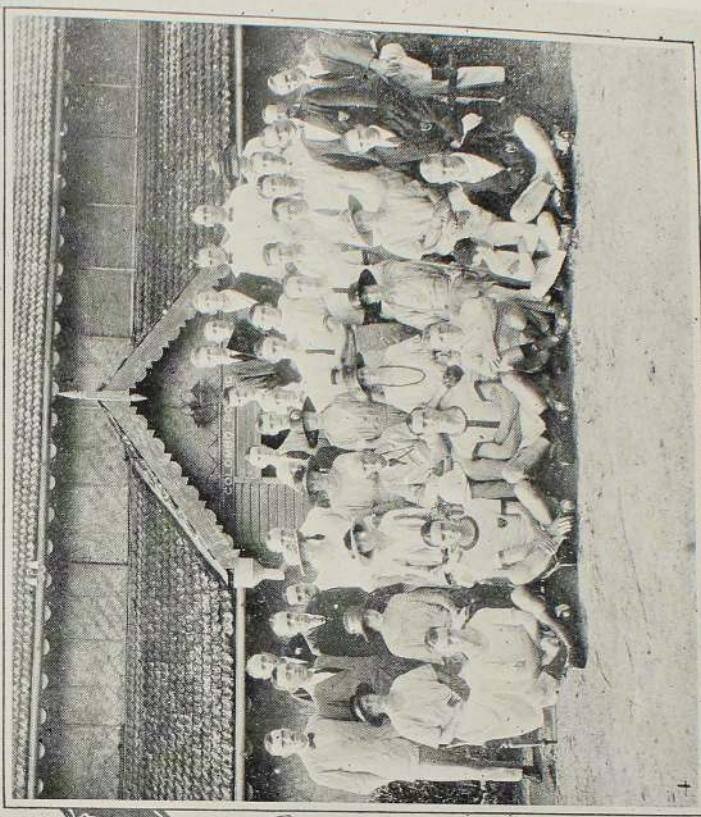
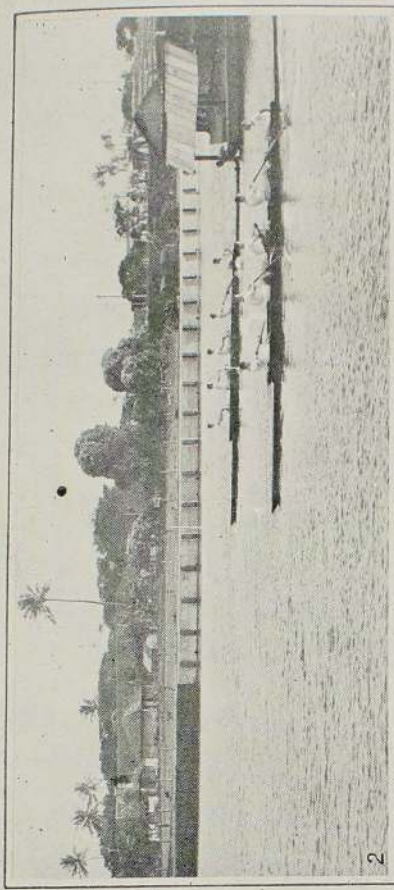
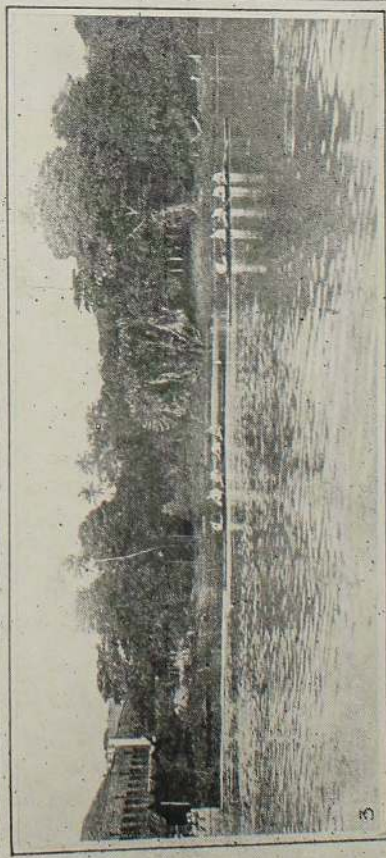
1. "Intelligent pets" by S. K. A. (Highly commended); 2. "A Lover of Music" by M. G. Poulter (Awarded 1st Prize);  
 3. "Kitty" by S. C. Bywater. (Highly commended); 4. "Pets at play" by C. H. Kilmister (Highly commended);  
 5. "A Happy Family," by Mrs. Palliser. (Highly commended).



THE COLOMBO ROWING CLUB REGATTA.



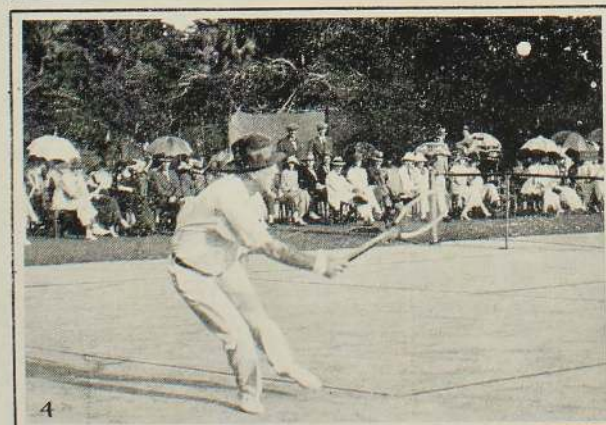
1. THE COLOMBO AND MADRAS CREWS.  
3. THE FINISH OF THE MADRAS-COLOMBO CONTEST.



2. THE START OF THE MADRAS-COLOMBO CONTEST.  
4. A GROUP TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE ANNUAL REGATTA.



# THE GARDEN CLUB ANNUAL TOURNAMENT.



1. THE GATHERING AT THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES. 2. H. E. LADY MANNING PRESENTING THE PRIZES.  
3. MR. W. E. MITCHELL, WINNER OF THE CLUB CHAMPIONSHIP. 4. and 5. THE TWO FINALISTS, MR. MITCHELL  
and MR. FURSE ROBERTS, IN ACTION.



On the *Road to Kandy* I take a rickshaw. Here is surely the East, with a stream of humanity moving in both directions, under the pretty sunlight-dappled shade of the great trees by the roadside. There is no hurry, no worry. All seem happy and chattering and laughing, and all with a lifetime before them. Pingo carriers pass me with loads of plantains, fish, pottery, and even fowls; Singhalese, Tamils, Moormen, and Afghans with their baggy trousers, many waistcoats, and red fez caps. Other rickshaw coolies tingle their bells and pat-pat past with their load; and sometimes an old elephant will lumber along, taking in everything with his wicked little eyes. The bullock-carts are everywhere, with carelessly content drivers sitting astride the pole and urging on their bulls with "muk-muk!" At intervals the betel and sweetmeat sellers are squatted under a tree with their little tray erections in front of them. Here is less of the country, for all the way there are houses and boutiques with their open fronts and mixed wares displayed. Houses blue, and houses red, and houses painted ochre, with ferns in hanging chatties, and doors that seem to open on impenetrable darkness. Part of the road is shaded by great red-cotton trees. At the blossoming time these look like a Japanese painting, with their masses of scarlet blossom on a lacework of brown boughs, with a colony of black crows feeding on their nectar. Later the blossom falls, and the ground beneath acquires a scarlet carpet. Then the pods open and the white "cotton" bursts forth, at times falling like a suggestion of a snowstorm..... "Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be whiter than snow."

\* \* \*

The *Coconut Walk* is most fascinating by moonlight, when the tropic moon—surely no other moon is so

bright and beautiful?—silvers the edges of the rustling palm leaves. She is a wonderful artist, is the Lady Moon, softening here, and intensifying there, and turning all that is ugly into a vague silver beauty. Then it is that all the night poochies come out and start their orchestra—those little unseen denizens of cracks and crevices, loud of voice, though invisible. The birds give way to these insistent little creatures, and have retired to their beds. This is the time, too, when the moonflower opens, and regales you with her delicate scent on the night air. She is a shy pure soul, and fit companion for the moon. The palms are beautiful against the luminous indigo sky, silhouetted, yet sparkling silver where the wind turns the leaves. Presently over the valley a jackal gives his long-drawn mournful howl: another takes it up, and another, and then the pack are in full cry with their weird barking whine.

"Eyes that can see in the dark—the dark!

Tongue—give tongue to it!

Hark! Oh hark!

Once, twice, and again!"

It is an uncanny sound across the peace of night, and I shiver and go inside.

\* \* \*

*A Dream Path.* Yet it is, in part, stern reality, for there are many steps and hard, and the way is steep. To love it best you must go with only one, who also has the gift of knowing and loving these things.



COCONUT WALK



"And after that, that wicked ruler of men (Kasyapa) sent his groom and his cook to his brother (Moggallana) to kill him. And finding that he could not fulfil his purpose, he feared danger, and took himself to the Sihagiri rock, that was hard for men to climb....."

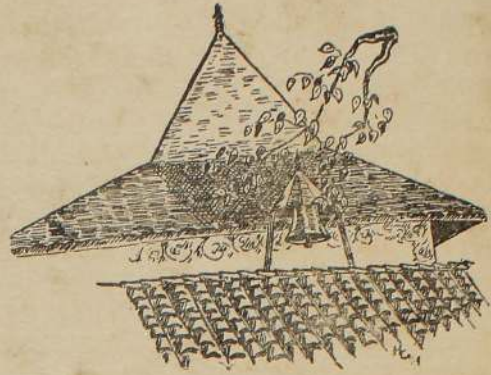
There it still stands, this wonderful majestic rock, a mute singer of romance and history. We mount the steps laboriously, and come to the first gallery with its wall of ivory-smooth yellow. It is the very gallery cut and made some thousand years ago, and it still stands, firm as then, when armed hordes passed along it, returning to their chief and king in his eyrie stronghold. As we go further the way has had to be built up, for the ages have worked their inevitable will; but half-way there are the remains (the great paws only) of the colossal lion that gave the rock its name.

"He cleared it round about and surrounded it by a rampart, and built galleries in it ornamented with figures of lions; wherefore it took its name of Sihagiri, 'the Lion's rock'...."

If we have energy and a steady head we gain the top, where is the site of the king's palace.... "He built there a lovely palace, splendid to behold...." Here we stand on rock and jungle-growth, where once a city stood and a king reigned. It is a kingly position, alone, mighty, and high. The country lies like a map at our feet, whichever way we turn—jungle, hills, valleys, and distant tanks.

Where is it now, this palace and this magnificence? Only a few scattered stones remain. Where are they now, those warriors and that king, who loved, and fought, and married, and died here so long ago? Do they come back in spirit to see their Rock, their impregnable stronghold, gradually losing all but nature's ramparts?

It is a wonderful story. It is a wonderful place.



KACHCHERI ROAD

In the *Kachcheri Road*, quaint by-street full of charm, I hear other music than the bird notes and jackals that orchestrate my bungalow walks. Here all day is the clang of the brass beaters' hammers, as they trace their Kandyan designs—the Singhalese lion, the goose, or legends of Buddha—with primitive tools. In the early morning and the early evening the thud of tom-toms and the weird music of pipes comes from the Temple of the Tooth near by, wherein the yellow clad priests are softly moving about their customary duties, as their brotherhood has done for how many thousand years? And I know that in there a Buddha sits—listening, silent, inscrutable, as he has sat through the ages.

In this little road is the charm of red-tiled roofs, moss-daubed, carved wooden pillars dark with age, quaint gateways, a great brass temple bell, over-hanging Bo-trees, a glimpse of the kachcheri, and, at the end, like a *decor de théâtre*, a lovely glimpse of the lake and its island.

Here my mind dwells on the past glories of those Kandyan kings; gorgeous ceremonies in the Hall of Audience; the elephant processions; Buddhist rituals; and perhaps more sinister happenings directed by the Kandyan hand of justice.

It is a quiet little road, though just round the corner all the Kandy traffic makes day noisy.



And then, in the not far distant future, I shall take *The Pathway Home*. I look now at the sea, and watch the smoke of a steamer sinking, sinking below the skyline, and that way go my thoughts. Then will the green of palms and ferns and tropic creepers give place to the soft grey-blue of the gums; the yellow and red of jungle flowers recede before the yellow wattle and scarlet gum blossoms; and the silent-footed crowd in the Pettah in their gay colours, be replaced by the sound of boots on the pavement of the more sober-clad business men Over There.

Yet the East has its spell. And this is the penalty that they pay who take the Long Trail—that the heart be for ever torn two ways.... to the Call of the East, and the Lure of the West.

"These two things fight together in me as the snakes fight in the spring.

"The water comes out of my eyes; yet I laugh while it falls.  
Why?"

Poor little Mowgli!



THE PATHWAY HOME



## THE TIME-GUN.

[A recent and most useful invention is called the "TIME-GUN." It can be set to fire in any direction after any fixed period of time has elapsed. It fires either blank ammunition or ball, as required.]

### I.

This new and great invention  
Was never needed more,  
When bores that I could mention  
Jaw on, and jaw, and jaw.  
But now when time expires  
In Council or in Hall,  
The TIME-GUN simply fires  
A round of blank—then ball!

### II.

In Council it stands frowning  
While Councillors dilate—  
TIME! and a bang comes drowning  
The torturer irate.  
And if Corea and Rama  
Persist in wasting breath,  
From comedy to drama,  
Debate will end in death!

### III.

And up at Hultsdorf weekly  
Appeal lists melt away,  
For Counsel shut up meekly  
Before our TIME-GUN J.  
And if this weapon scatters  
That verbose M.M.C.,  
The Mayor can deal with matters  
That int'rest you and me.

### IV.

And at St. Andrew's dinners  
When haggis scents the air,  
And guests, who are beginners,  
Nibble this nauseous fare:  
Yet there'll be compensations,  
For when the dinner's done,  
We'll hear but brief orations  
Thanks to this blessed gun.

### V.

This is the Age of Chatter,  
When every silly ass  
Can waste good time and scatter  
Articulated gas.  
But here's your chance to stop it,  
Just buy a patent gun—  
Then all our bores will hop it!  
*Will you subscribe for one?*

Z. Z.

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SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY.—"Where are you going in such a hurry?" asked Mrs. Bibbles.

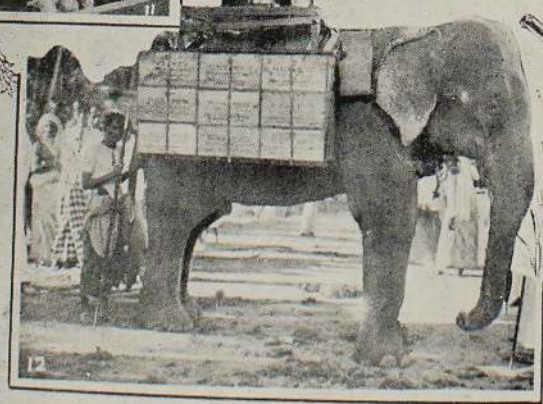
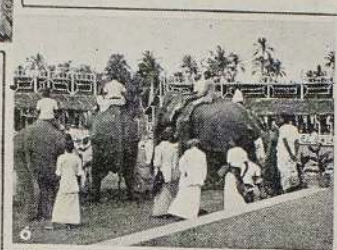
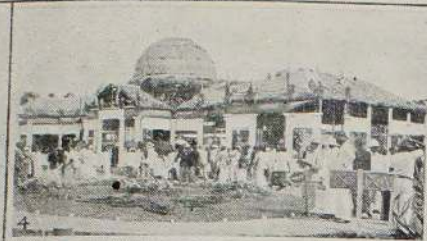
"Over to John Jagsby's house," said Mr. Bibbles. "He has just telephoned to ask if I could lend him a corkscrew, and I'm taking it myself."

"Couldn't you send it?"

"Mrs. Bibbles," said Mr. Bibbles, in cutting tones, "the question you ask me shows why most women are unfit to lead armies and make quick decisions in business deals involving millions. When the psychological moment arrives they don't know what to do with it."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*



# THE GAMPAHA PAGEANT.



1. H. E. the Governor and Lady Manning with Hon. Mr. J. G. Fraser. 2. Arrival of Their Excellencies. 3, 9, 12 and 13. A unique form of advertising. 4. General view of the Stands. 5, 6, 8 and 11. Performing Elephants in the Arena. 7. Their Excellencies being shewn round. 10. A Scene in the Arena.



# THE FORT TENNIS CLUB.



The above photograph was taken on the occasion of the Club Annual "At Home" in October.

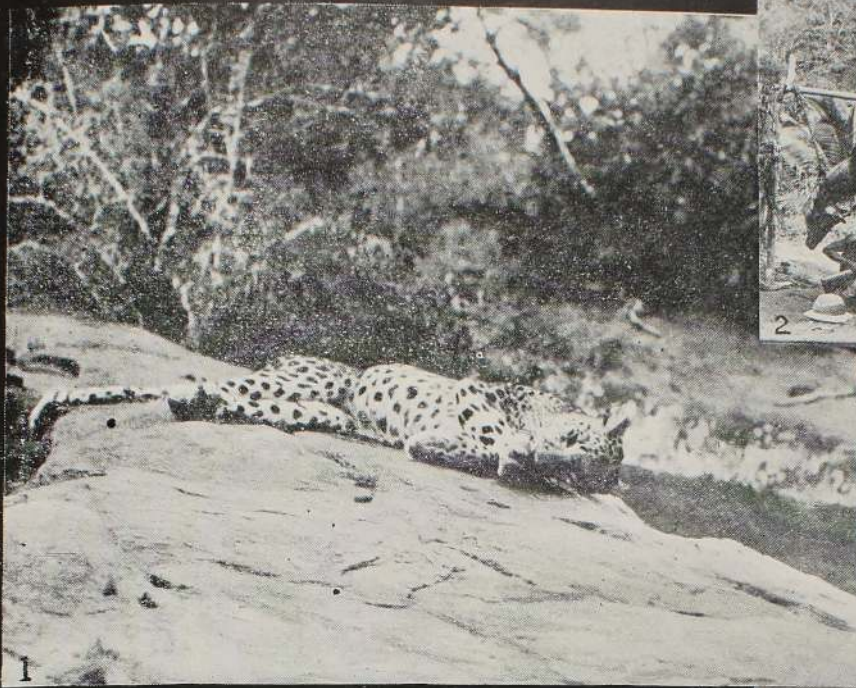
## THE MAGPIES.



Back Row.—T. Cuming, G. A. Wright, W. T. Greswell, H. P. L. Roberts, E. B. Alexander.  
Seated.—P. R. May, G. F. Fellowes (Capt.), W. Shakespeare (President), A. M. Clarke, A. H. S. Clarke.  
Front Row.—D. A. Wright, H. V. Greer.



# BIG GAME SHOOTING IN CEYLON—PRIZE COMPETITION.



1. A Leopard, by Dr. H. U. Leembruggen.  
2. Sambhur, by J. W. Robertson.

3. Deer, by C. Northway.  
4. A record Tusker, by A. B. Lushington. (Prize winner.)

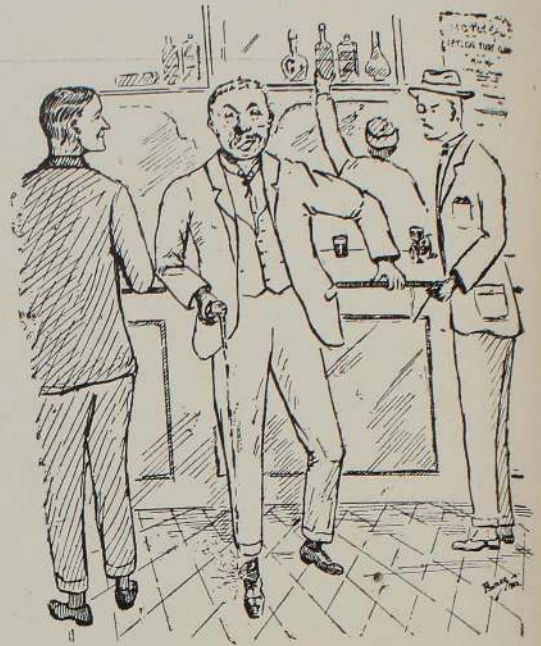




A "PIOUS FRIEND"

What ever is this cook? It frightens me! No master, don't get 'fraid, chicken not enough so I blowing up crust and making one fine pneumatic pie!

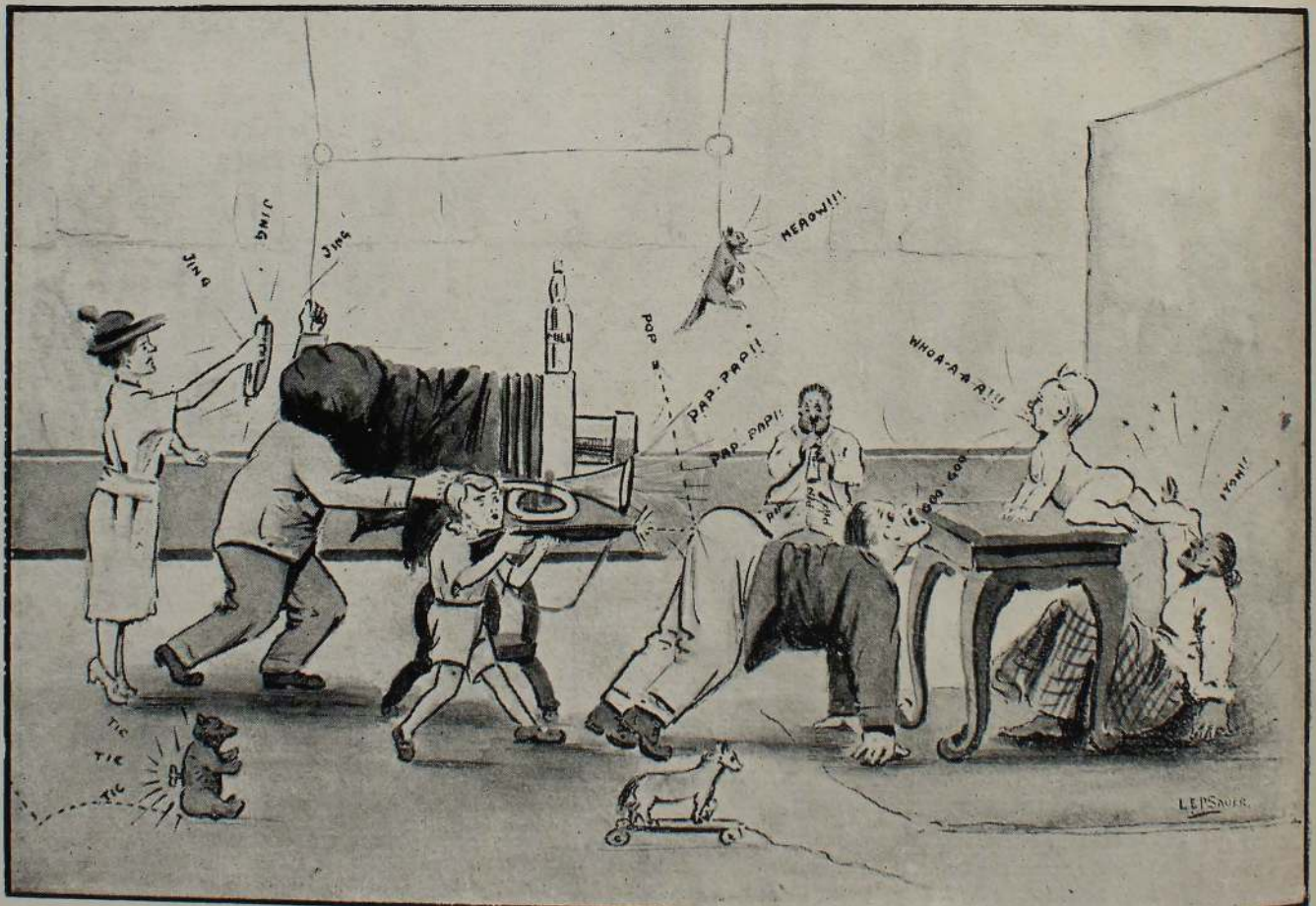
[The above, sent in by Miss Violet Bawa has been awarded the prize for the best humorous sketch or cartoon.—Ed.]



"MIXING IT" ON AN AUGUST OCCASION

The Cheerful One.—Have one wish me thish time ol'shapsh I've just had a 'undred cupsh on Governor's Tea Total Aboriginesh.

[The above, sent in by Sergt. Major Fred Butler, has been highly commended.—Ed.]



THE PHOTOGRAPHERS' JAZZ.



## "A MIXED FOURSOME"

"**S**ORRY. Hullo, Sir! Imagine knocking up against you in this corner of the world."

The apologetic tone of the man who had cannoned violently off a sensitive part of my anatomy as I turned into the lounge of the hotel, changed to one of pleased surprise, and my hand was grasped and pumped up and down more forcibly than I thought necessary. The voice sounded familiar, and, as I recovered from the shock, I found myself gazing into the grinning face of my nephew, Jim Morrison.

It was sheer luck that we had met, for after an absence of more than two years, spent with an expedition in the heart of Thibet, I had gradually lost touch with my various relations and friends. Hence the surprise in Jim's voice at this chance meeting in the lounge of the Grand Oriental hotel in Colombo, where I was spending a few days prior to sailing home.

A few minutes after our meeting I found myself established at a table imbibing a concoction which my nephew declared necessary to celebrate the reunion of loving relatives!

"Well, young man, and how are you behaving yourself?" I enquired. "Also, may I ask how it happens that your valuable services can be spared at twelve o'clock in the morning from the office which has the luck to employ you?"

I endeavoured to put much sarcasm into the question, but the young scamp grinned as he told me it was the usual hour for the brain weary and tired business men from the streets around to drift in and rest awhile from their strenuous labours.

The lounge was crowded, chiefly with men, who leant back in comfortable chairs and sipped cool inviting looking drinks, which I

trusted were more innocent than they appeared. It was evidently a busy time at the hotel, and there was a buzz of voices (if I were to believe Jim, everyone was engrossed in discussing business deals), while white-coated boys moved rapidly from table to table, answering urgent calls for "splits" and iced drinks.

I returned to the catechism of my nephew, for I was secretly concerned to see that his usually cheerful face was disfigured by a look of worry and strain.

"The last letter I had from your mother, months ago, gave me the joyful news of your engagement to Joan. Of course she was delighted, and says that you have fulfilled one of the dreams of her life. I told her you were a young idiot to think of getting engaged at your age—twenty-five, isn't it? A lot you know about love and the responsibilities of marriage."

To my surprise Jim turned a bright pink from the top of his soft collar to the roots of his fair, curly hair, and seemed to be suddenly dissatisfied with the set of his very correct tie.

"Er—to tell you the truth, Sir, Jim is in the devil of a mess! You've arrived at a most opportune moment. I tell you I was never so pleased in my life as when I crashed into you just now. You'll try to help me, won't you?"

"My dear boy," I said very firmly, "fond as I am of you, I must tell you at once that I am too old and dignified to be mixed up in any of your escapades."

This perhaps sounds harsh, but though Jim is my favourite nephew, I remembered other occasions when he had put forth similar appeals. The last time he had fallen into the



"devil of a mess," as he termed it, was in London, and I had to use my personal influence to have him released from the police station, where he had been put into custody for assaulting a policeman at 2 a.m. The irate Bobby declared that Jim had endeavoured to make him change his regulation head-gear for a frivolous blue tissue paper cap from a cracker, and in the scrimmage that ensued, the young idiot had altogether forgotten that he was dealing with a representative of His Majesty's Police Force. It was only because the Inspector at the Police Station had served under me in France that Jim was not charged for "assault and resisting the law."

My prompt refusal and reluctance to help can perhaps be readily understood.

But as I tried to tell him that my advancing years did not permit of excitement of any kind, he rose quickly, knocked over his chair, and left me without a word of apology.

I looked after the youth in amazement, and saw him talking animatedly to a girl who had just entered the lounge.

It seems unnecessary for me to say that she was young and pretty, and from her expression as she looked at Jim, it was fairly obvious that my young scamp of a nephew had found favour in her sight. Jim brought her up to me and introduced her as "Miss Dennison," and I speedily discovered—from the use he made of it—in the conversation that followed, that her other name was Margaret.

After a short while, a cloud of silence appeared to descend upon the young people, and though I laboured heroically to make the talk of a general nature, I soon found myself monopolising the conversation.

I flatter myself that I am no idiot, and it required no great powers of

intuition to tell me that here were two people whose minds were pre-occupied; and if it had not been for Jim's appeal, I would have left them alone, for even at my age it is not pleasant to be the unwanted third in a party.

Looking back from the safe vantage of the wrong side of forty, to my own youthful indiscretions, it began to dawn on me that a "devil of a mess" and "woman" are more frequently than not synonymous, so I waited patiently for enlightenment, and was not surprised when, after an exchange of mental telegraphic messages between my companions, Jim suddenly blurted forth, "Let's ask his advice."

Turning to me with an air of resolve, he said, "Will you come up to the reading room, Sir, where we can have the place to ourselves? We want to ask your opinion on a very important matter."

Luckily the room was empty, and as soon as we seated ourselves, I intimated that I was ready and willing to give them the benefit of my superior years and consequent experience.

"Don't rag, Sir," Jim implored in a tragic voice. "This is a serious business. The fact is—oh—er—dash it," here he looked at the girl appealingly for help, but none was forthcoming, for she was examining the point of her parasol with a very intent air, so he gulped and continued desperately, "Margaret and I have been seeing rather much of each other these last few weeks, and, er, Joan arrives to-morrow on the Narkunda. She's coming out to stay with her brother, you know. He has an estate near Galle."

The news of her arrival was a surprise to me, and I tried to look severe, as he continued slightly incoherently, "What can I do about it?"



"I told your mother that you were a young idiot," I commented kindly. "What you wish to tell me is that you have forgotten that you are an engaged man."

"I suppose that's about it," he murmured. "Can you suggest any way out of the difficulty?"

I felt like telling the young fool that it was rather late in the day to change the object of his affections, but though I am over forty, I still have a soft corner in my heart for the girls, bless 'em, and the worried look on Margaret's face caused me to restrain my language, though I had to say bluntly that I could think of no solution, except that of telling Joan the truth. But the girl refused to consider this.

We finally arranged that Jim and I would meet the Narkunda next morning, a natural arrangement, for Joan and I were old friends; and I left the young couple with the uneasy conviction that they expected me to play the part of Providence and right their world for them.

Next morning I met a very depressed and dismal looking Jim at the hotel, and early though the hour was, he was fortifying his spirits for the forthcoming interview.

"How shall I meet her? What am I to say?" he implored, as we took a launch for the boat.

"For Heaven's sake try to look less as if you're going to a funeral. If you have such a susceptible heart you must expect complications," I said severely. "Pull yourself together."

"That's right. Rub it in," he remarked bitterly. "Of course, I can't expect you to sympathise with my feelings."

"My dear young infant, I may be on the verge of senile decay, but I can appreciate the fact that you appear to have made a bigger idiot of yourself than usual, and that's saying a lot. What two charming

girls can see in you to imagine themselves in love, I cannot conceive."

Jim grunted an unintelligible reply, and maintained a gloomy silence as we climbed the gangway.

We speedily discovered Joan in earnest conversation with a very presentable young man, whose most striking and prominent feature was his square protruding chin.

As we approached it suddenly struck me that the young people of the present day appeared to wear a look of worry and strain, judging from those I had met recently.

"You leave everything to me: I'll make him see reason," we heard the man say firmly, as we came up behind them, and his chin became more prominent than before.

Times have changed since my young days, and I was grieved to observe the casual greeting between Joan and her fiancé. May be the presence of a stranger accounted for the lack of warmth, but her "Hullo Jim. Here you are," was not as enthusiastic as I expected, and I reflected sadly on the off hand manners of the younger generation.

Her reception of me was flattering, and she appeared to regard me as a heaven-sent gift.

The youth with the jaw she introduced as Mr. Dantry, and judging from the way he glowered at the miserable Jim, he seemed to have taken a violent aversion to him at first sight. Me, he seemed to regard more favourably; but I could not flatter myself that my charm of personality accounted for his determination not to be parted from us, as we left the boat and returned to the hotel. His persistence was finally rewarded, for he left me no course but to ask him to join us at lunch, and I must say that his acceptance was almost pathetically grateful.



We repaired to the lounge, and I must admit that no one could have described us as a merry party. Dantry relapsed into a moody silence, and Joan looked vastly uneasy, and was altogether unlike her usual vivacious self; and after a short while Jim rose and muttered that he had to look into the office for a few minutes before lunch.

The atmosphere seemed perceptibly lighter after his departure, but Dantry persisted in looking at Joan much after the manner of the strong silent hero of the movies. I was in the midst of a long and detailed description of the manners and customs of the natives of Thibet, and had paused for breath, when he broke in abruptly, à propos of nothing, seemingly:

"It's no use going on like this. We must have it out at once." I stared at the man in amazement, grieved to find that he had been paying no attention to my words of wisdom.

"Phil, dear"—evidently Joan was addressing the glowering Mr. Dantry, for my name is Charles. "Don't be rash. It will be such a shock for poor Jim, and there's lots of time."

"There's no time," he interrupted. "All you girls are alike. You have an idiotic fear of hurting people's feelings. He's got to be told immediately."

"Will you explain, please, Joan?" I asked.

"I'll explain," said the young man, with jaw more prominent than ever, and I began to have a sneaking feeling of respect for him. "And Joan, you are to let me do the talking."

Glancing from the perturbed girl to the determined looking man, comprehension suddenly dawned upon me, and I could scarcely repress a grin as I said, "Come upstairs," and led them to the reading room.

Before Dantry could get in an innings, I began in my most repressive tone, "What you want to tell me is, that you and Joan have been seeing too much of each other on the voyage, hence your apparently unaccountable dislike for poor harmless Jim Morrison. One moment, Sir," for I could see explanations aching to be released from his lips. "Joan, have your feelings towards Jim suffered a change?"

Poor Joan! She looked at her square jawed lover as if hypnotised, and murmured an almost inaudible "Yes."

"Very well," I said. "Wait here till I return," and refusing to satisfy their curiosity, I went downstairs, spent a short time in the telephone box, and then wandered into the lounge, where I came upon my disconsolate nephew.

"Where's Joan?" he asked without much interest. "I say, Sir, what on earth's a fellow to do in these circumstances?"

"Have something to drink," I said firmly, "and listen while I tell you about our voyage up the Brahmaputra."

I had almost got him safely to sleep, when he shot up in his chair as if some one had administered an electric shock to his person, and I turned to find Margaret beside me.

"I came as quickly as I could," she said.

"Come upstairs, both of you, and for goodness sake look less like the Babes in the Wood, with me as the wicked uncle."

I entered the reading room noisily, and motioned four very confused people to seat themselves.

"I am going to be very brief, as it is nearly lunch time," I announced. "Joan, do you wish to continue being engaged to Jim?"

Four pairs of eyes stared at me in amazement, and Mr. Dantry leapt to his feet, but I waved him aside.





TEAMS IN THE EUROPEAN—CEYLONESE CRICKET MATCH.



DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE CEYLON LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP MEET AT NUWARA-ELIYA.





CRICKET TEAMS.



SOCCER TEAMS.



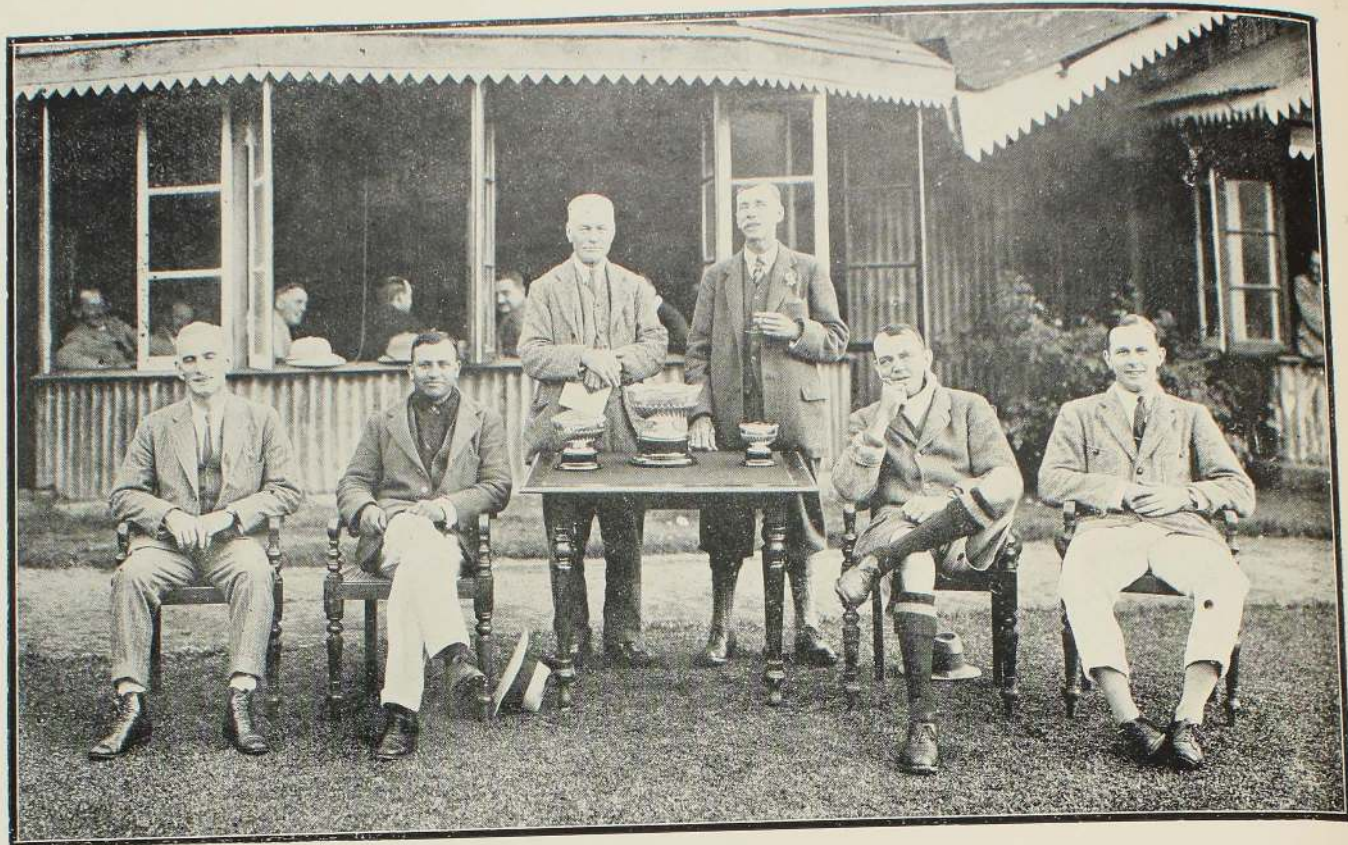


HOCKEY TEAMS.



RUGGER TEAMS.





THE SEMI-FINALISTS IN THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT NUWARA-ELIYA.



CEYLON'S LEADING LADY GOLFERS



"Well, Joan, what about it?" I continued.

With her eyes fixed on the fierce and frantic Phillip, she stammered, "I'm very sorry, Jim, I'm willing to be a sister to you always, but I find that my feelings have changed."

"And you, Jim, do you wish to hold Joan to her engagement?"

"Lord, no, Sir—not if she wants to be free," said the embarrassed youth.

"Well, that's that. And now, before you foolish young folk muddle up your affairs further, allow me the privilege of fixing things definitely. Miss Margaret, could you put up with my nephew's idiocy enough to be kind enough to look after him, and keep him out of scrapes for the remainder of his natural life?" And before the blushing girl could answer, I continued, "And, Dantry, I think you had better have an interview with Joan's brother immediately he arrives this evening."

There was a petrified silence, as they looked from each other to me,

and tried to readjust their minds to the new state of affairs.

"And, my children," I continued in my most fatherly tones, "thank your lucky stars that you had someone as experienced as myself to help you sort yourselves out. One last word of advice before we go down to lunch. Get married before you have time to change your minds again!"

Then came the deluge, for they recovered their senses and their voices at the same time, and there was a chorus of protest and much laughter, and I found myself being embraced by two excited young women, while both hands were grasped and wrung by their thankful admirers.

Rumour has it that there was a somewhat disgracefully hilarious lunch party at the hotel that day, and at the end of it I thanked heaven that I still retain my natural modesty, in spite of the fulsome compliments and pleasing speeches made in my honour.

H. D.

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## THE RUINED PLUM PUDDING.

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Mrs. McGregor had been busy all day superintending the making of her Christmas Plum Pudding and having at last mixed the ingredients in accordance with her own particular recipe she handed the pudding to her Cook Appu with instructions to place the mixture into a pudding cloth and boil it. She then left for a Committee Meeting. Meanwhile McGregor came home unexpectedly and found every servant except the Appu had left the bungalow—as is the custom when Lady goes out. Still he wanted a small whisky and called for it somewhat impatiently. Much to his surprise the Appu did not respond with his customary alacrity.

"Appu, be quick with that soda" he called.

"Cannot coming, Sair" was the reply.

"Why! What the devil's the matter?" demanded McGregor.

"Nothing Sair, only cannot coming" called the Appu from the kitchen.

Long strides bore McGregor to the kitchen door where he found that the Appu, who had mislaid the pudding cloth, was anchored to the range. He had used one corner of his flowing nether garments in which to wrap the precious plum-pudding.

McGregor did not pause to appreciate the Appu's ingenuity, nor did the Appu tarry to explain matters..... He broke moorings and took to his heels, jumping as he ran to escape being burnt by the hot pudding which dangled and bumped behind him.

The McGregors now have another Appu; they also import their plum puddings every year!

GORDON R. HOPE.



## SPORT IN CEYLON IN 1923

### A RETROSPECT

CEYLON is pre-eminently a sporting Colony, and for sheer keenness and enthusiasm displayed in the numerous pastimes indulged in she yields to no other country in the world. As a matter of fact many distinguished British and Australian sportsmen have frequently paid tribute to the deep-rooted love evidenced in all parts of the Island for the more popular games like cricket, lawn tennis, and football, and it must be a great satisfaction to those who for years have laboured to place sport in Ceylon on a sound footing to note the extraordinary strides that have been made in recent times. The year 1923 will go down to history as the most prosperous we have experienced since the war period. There has been marked progress everywhere, and a very important feature was the establishing of well organised councils for cricket and athletics. This is a distinct step forward in the march of progress, and we must congratulate ourselves on the existence to-day of such splendid organisations for the proper control of the leading branches of sport in Ceylon.

### RACING

The great popularity which racing has always enjoyed in this Island was never more strikingly demonstrated than during the present year. The Ceylon Turf Club has prospered to an extent which makes it the envy of all similar institutions in the East, and in addition to the excellent course it possesses, a magnificent grandstand has recently been erected to keep pace with the growing demand

for more accommodation. The Stewards deserve the greatest credit for the present flourishing condition of the Club, and for the care and minute attention they have given to every detail connected with the development of racing and the comfort and convenience of the thousands who so keenly patronise the Sport of Kings. During the year the C. T. C. lost the services of Major Owen Symons, who for many years had fulfilled the onerous duties of Secretary most efficiently. His term of office synchronised with the greatest period of prosperity the C. T. C. have ever experienced, and it must be placed on record that the Club never had a more conscientious official. In the new Secretary, Mr. E. H. Corbett, the Turf Club has been fortunate to secure an able successor to Major Symons.

The increased stakes offered during the year led to the importation of several excellent horses and though there were a comparatively few competitors from India for the big Meet in August, the racing was distinctly above the average, and provided most excellent sport. Orange William, on the strength of his brilliant showing in India, was expected to carry all before him in August, but the cup winner of 1922 proved a great disappointment, not only to his owner, but to the thousands who pinned their faith and money on him in the principal races he figured in at the big Meet. But for the heavy rains in August, Orange William would no doubt have made good, despite his severe impost. However, it was refreshing to see Mr. Wilton Bartleet carrying off, for the first time in his long career



on the Ceylon turf, the coveted Governor's Cup. He won the event with Aborigine, who ran a great horse during the Meet. Orange William finished second in the Cup, while Mandarin, who was strongly fancied to win, failed to even secure a place. Aborigine also won the Turf Club Plate in great style, but was beaten by Mandarin in the Fort Plate, on the concluding day of the Meet. It was altogether a great Meet for Mr. Bartleet, who thoroughly deserved all the success he met with. Mr. "Sam." scored a notable win with Crème de Menthe in the Roberts Cup—one of the most valuable events of the Meet. The racing at the various other Meets provided as keen and exciting sport as could have been desired. Make-it-up won the Turf Club Plate at the K.V. Meet, and Double One annexed both the Ladies' Purse and the Charlie Hill Cup. At the Radella Meet, Salisbury won the Radella Cup very comfortably, while the Horn Club Cup went to Dawn (Mr. Barnes up). The Nuwara-Eliya Meet, despite the weather, was a great success from a racing point of view. The principal race—the Governor's Cup—saw Leconfield a winner after a great tussle with Salisbury. The Nuwara-Eliya Plate was won by Chu-Chin-Chow, and the Errebodde Hunt Cup by Dorcelly (Mr. S. Obeysekera up). The revival of the Kandy Meet was a distinct feature of the year's racing. Splendidly organised, the racing proved very interesting, Dorcelly winning the Governor's Cup, and Parachute the Galle Gymkhana Cup. Aborigine won the Open Handicap at the May Meet, from a strong field, and Chu-Chin-Chow and The Gaffer also figured prominently at the same Meet. Taken altogether, racing continues to prove most popular, and the enormous volume of support it is

receiving from the public augurs great things for the future.

## CRICKET

The standard of cricket in Ceylon at the present time is probably as high as it ever was, and for this happy state of affairs we owe much to the interest taken in the game by the heads of Government and Mercantile bodies, who offer all facilities for the encouragement of the great national game. The Ceylon Cricket Association is a real live institution, and since its inception has given no end of an impetus to the advancement of cricket on the right lines. Though no outside teams visited us during the year, there were several highly interesting matches witnessed, the most important of these being the annual test between the Europeans and Ceylonese. The Ceylonese again emerged victorious, in a game which provided one of the most interesting struggles seen in recent years. A feature of the match was the beautiful batting of young C. T. Van Geyzel, who, on his first appearance in these Tests, showed real class, and thoroughly justified the good opinions expressed of his cricket at Cambridge in the previous year. While Ceylonese cricket has been making steady progress, the same can hardly be said of the Europeans, who have had few real acquisitions to their ranks since the war. Greswell continues to maintain his form and position as Ceylon's leading bowler, but the Europeans do not possess any other bowler of stand-out ability, and that has been the chief cause of their successive defeats at the hands of the Ceylonese in recent years. Their batting has also been hardly above the average, T. Cuming being the only one who could be compared with the great batsmen who



have figured for the Europeans in past years. Cricket up-country has witnessed a distinct revival, but we still look in vain for the successors of famous cricketers like A.O. Whiting, G. F. Cornish, A. L. Gibson, C. Fraser, W. P. Halliley, C. G. Inglis, and the late A. A. Pillans. The Ceylonese have recently discovered some splendid fresh blood, and though Van Geyzel and J. A. de Silva for the time being are lost to Ceylon cricket, they are hardly likely to surrender their present supremacy with such players as C. Horan, M. K. Albert, V. S. de Kretser, E. Kelaart, S. Perimpanyagam, P. Pulle, V. Schokman, A. Aluwihare, M. W. Perera, and the brothers D. L. and Fred de Saram, all going strong. One of the leading cricketers of the year has been the Tamil Union all-rounder, S. Perimpanyagam, who has figured extraordinarily well both in batting and bowling in first-class cricket. Two others who have distinguished themselves as all-rounders are G. D. H. Alston of Dickoya and E. Kelaart, the B.R.C. crack.

### LAWN TENNIS

The leading lights of 1922 were again well to the fore during the season just ended. The big Meet at Nuwara-Eliya attracted a high-class entry, the majority of the old brigade being amongst the competitors. Of the new-comers who figured at the Meet, there were none of outstanding merit, although young S. C. Sansoni gives promise of turning out a player above the average with more experience. The success of O. M. L. Pinto was the chief feature of the championships, the holder not only winning the singles for the third time in four years, but also wresting the doubles championship with L. V. Loos as his partner, and coming through the mixed event successfully with Mrs. F. J. Smith.

In the challenge round, however, Pinto and his partner succumbed to the holders, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. H. Alston, who were both playing excellent tennis. Pinto failed to give of his best in this match, being completely worn out after his strenuous struggle in the doubles earlier in the day. The ladies' championship fell to Mrs. C. Gilliat, who was in splendid form all through the Meet. She also annexed the ladies' doubles with Mrs. Goolden. Pinto, since his success at Nuwara Eliya, continued to easily hold his own in the other leading events he competed in during the year, winning the Lawn Club championship and later the Inter-District singles championship at Kandy. F. De Saram and F. C. Van Geyzel won the doubles for Colombo, while Mr. and Mrs. G. D. H. Alston, representing Dickoya, easily asserted themselves in the mixed event. The game is far more popular to-day than it was prior to the war, and since the introduction of the Government Service competition, the standard of play, in Colombo particularly, has improved perceptibly, there being a far larger number of players above the average than we had three or four years ago. A remarkable feature of club tennis was the success of the veteran W. E. Mitchell in the Garden Club championship.

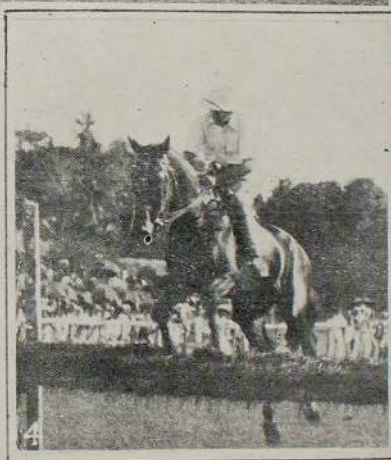
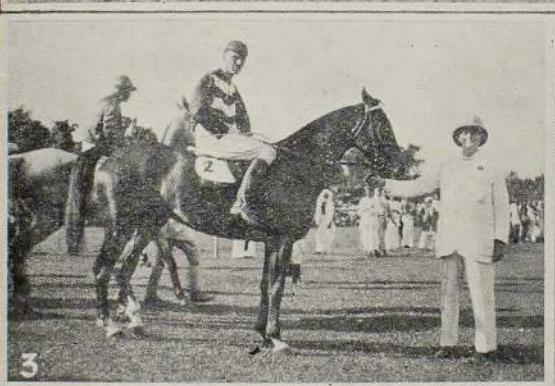
### GOLF

The struggle for the championship of Ceylon at N'Eliya brought together nearly all the leading golfers in the Island. There were, amongst others, A. R. Aitken, the holder, D. N. Humphreys, a former champion, Col. B. A. Hill, one of the most consistent golfers seen out here, W. S. Burnett and C. G. Thornton, and one of this sextette was expected to be the 1923 champion. But as events turned out only one

[Continued on page 67]



# THE KELANI VALLEY RACES, 1923.

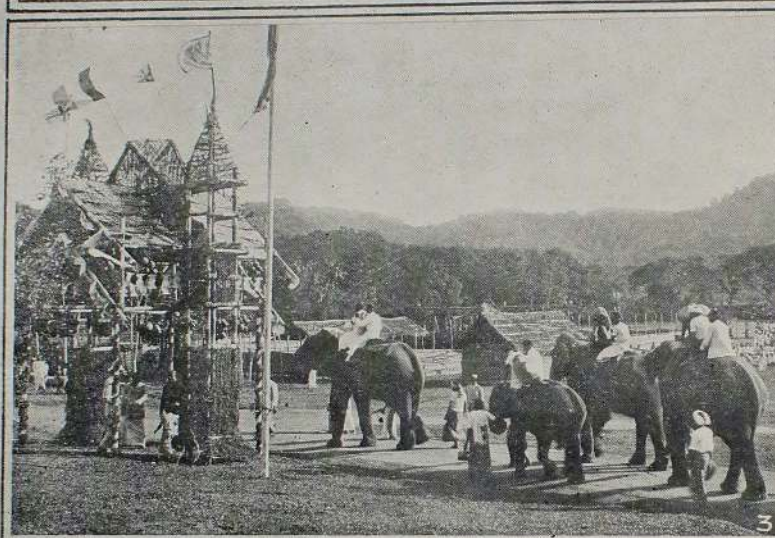


1. The Gathering at the Meet.
2. Mr. Aitken's Chatter Box.
3. Col. L. Bayly's Liberator (Mr. Barnes up).

4. Mr. Grogan on Dunbar.
5. Mr. Alford's Double One.
6. and 7. Mr. Barlow's Harmonist (Mr. Barnes up).



# OPENING OF THE KALUTARA C. & S. C. NEW PAVILION AT TEBUWANA.



1. The gathering present at the Opening Ceremony.

2. Mr. R. Garnier declaring the Pavilion open by cutting a rope of rubber.

3. and 4. Elephants Salaaming.

5. Gathering at the Fancy Dress Ball.





Some of the Prize Winners at the G. O. H. Fancy Dress Ball, in August Week.

1. Miss Maie Gentle—"Jockey."
2. Miss Ninette Jonklaas—"Cobweb."
3. Miss Denison—"Egyptian Lady."
4. Miss R. S. Richardson—"Spanish Lady."
5. Mrs. L. Winfield—"Polly Peacham."
6. Mrs. E. England—"Cassim."
7. Mr. J. W. England—"Duellist."
8. Mr. & Mrs. I. B. Hybart—"Pierot and Pierette."
9. H. N. Pryor—"Duellist."



# CEYLON CHILDREN.



1. Patricia Mackwood.
2. Dione, Cicely and Cresswell Clementi.
3. Richard Wynell Mayow.
4. Eileen Audrey Allen.
5. Elizabeth Mary and Robert Gordon.
6. Antony William Bently Buckle.
7. Pauline Sylvia Oatway.

8. Patricia Mary Bently Buckle.
9. Douglas Macdonald.
10. Gertrude Beer.
11. Mahesvari Tiruchelvam.
12. Helen Beer.
13. Charlotte Lucy Birtill.
14. Katharine Esdaile Schrader.



of this number reached the semi-finals, and that was Col. Hill, who, after a sensational match which went to the 19th hole, was beaten by a rank outsider in Timothy de Silva. In the earlier rounds Burnett accounted for Aitken in such convincing fashion that there appeared to be little doubt that the Kalutara man would go through without any very serious opposition. But Burnett's career was checked in the very next round by Col. Hill, who, despite the brilliance of his opponent, won by sheer steadiness. Eventually Col. Hill, Timothy de Silva, M. H. Lushington and A. E. Williams were left to fight it out, and the first and last named being eliminated in the semi-finals, the honour of being finalists fell to De Silva and Lushington. The golf during the last stage of the championship was not by any means brilliant, but De Silva, always having something in reserve, played a dogged game, and outplayed his rival by consistent driving and deadly putting. De Silva's victory was not merely sensational, but unique, as no Ceylonese had previously worked his way into a championship final. It was generally admitted that De Silva deserved his success on the consistent form he had shown from the first round onwards, and he was very heartily congratulated on winning the honour. The ladies' championship again went Mrs. C. G. Thornton's way. Her success was never doubted, and there can be no question of her great superiority over her rivals. The Burdett Trophy competition took place in Colombo, and ended disastrously for Colombo. Up-country had a formidable side, and the result was always a foregone conclusion. The Colombo Golf Club Championship was won by F. H. Creasy, who had a great struggle with A. E. Williams in the final, the match going to the 38th hole. J. J. Weinman won the Havelock

Golf Club championship, and M. Robert the V. G. C. championship.

### RUGBY FOOTBALL

Colombo shaped so well in the earlier matches of the season that few were prepared for their set back in the first encounter with Uva, on the racecourse. But afterwards the side pulled so well together that they won every match, and finished champions. The Annual Test in August between Up-country and Low-country looked like providing a very keen contest, but the Homesters, after getting well off the mark, were slowly but surely out-played by the hefty lot captained by Bill Adams. It was a splendid match, and Up-country thoroughly earned their victory, thanks chiefly to superior forwards. The visit of the Ceylon Team to Madras was an interesting event, and considering the strength of the side, it was generally thought that Ceylon would once more win the tournament. But after a great win over Calcutta in the semi-final, Ceylon went under to a superior team in Madras. Last month a Madras team visited Ceylon, and the tour proved an enormous success. The visitors lost to a Low-country XV., but rehabilitated themselves by a great win over Up-country at Kandy. In the final match of the tour against All Ceylon, the visitors were beaten in a game which will long be remembered as one of the most gruelling ever seen in Ceylon.

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

Association football was never more popular than it is to-day, if one is to judge by the monster crowds that are regularly seen at a League match. Three interesting tournaments have been decided during the year, and as a result the standard of play has improved considerably. The R.G.A. team proved a splendid combination,



and so did the C.H. and F.C. These two sides were the pick of the club teams figuring in the various tournaments. The annual contest between Colombo and Up-country in August week was probably the best witnessed in the long series of matches between these old rivals. The play was up to a high standard, and in the end the honours were divided. On the match being re-played early in October, the Hillsmen had the satisfaction of winning a great game by a goal.

### HOCKEY

The Moore Shield having been won outright by the B.H. and F.C. in 1922, there was no competition this year.

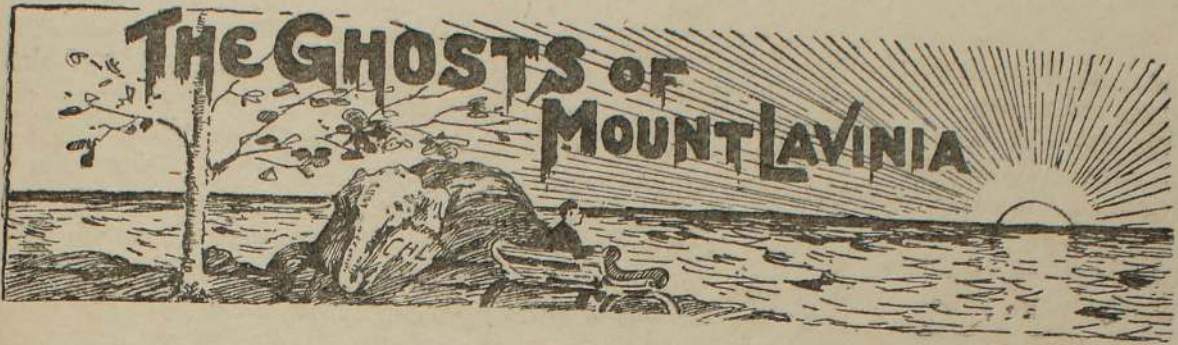
There was, however, the tournament for the Andriez Shield, which had also been won in 1922 by the B.H. and F.C. Though the C.H. and F.C. did not figure in the tournament, quite a goodly number of teams competed, and the B.H. and F.C. proved winners in the end. The winning team had to go all the way to retain the shield, and for their success they were to a large extent indebted to their splendid back division and their speedy forwards. Colombo had a fine side out against Up-country in August, and won with a lot to spare, while a Ceylonese team scored a creditable victory against practically the same Up-country XI. that lost to Colombo.

E. W. F



INSURANCE CANVASSER (new to the Island).—Can you tell me] where Sextus Fernando lives?  
P. C.—Yes Saar—Corner of Timbirigasyaya Road.  
I. C.—Just hold on a second, let me take it down; Timber and gas and somebody's ayah, is it?  
P. C.—Right Saar.





By G. HENRY BRUMELL

(With apologies to the Author of a "*History of Mount Lavinia*")

IT was sunset as I sat under the almond trees at Mount Lavinia, looking out across the sea and watching the globe of fire gradually disappearing below the horizon. A delicious refreshing breeze was coming off the ocean, and the heavens were all aglow with the most indescribable and glorious tints and colours, only to be seen East of Suez. Buddha's rays arose from the sky line to the zenith, the whole effect being most impressive and inspiring.

On my knee lay a little book which I had just completed reading, a history of Mount Lavinia by a

"It is somewhat strange," remarks the authoress, "that the Mount was not presented with a



lady resident. One thing in particular had struck me, and seemed to obsess my mind.

Ghost, its underground rooms, with their dank stone-walled passages and disappearing stone steps, create an ideal haunt and atmosphere for moans, groans, and dragging chains."

So she thought! But she little knew! She little knew!



This paragraph had fixed itself on my mind, and do what I would I could not eliminate the thought; and no wonder, for it was revealed to me later that this effect was caused by the actual Ghosts themselves concentrating their vapoury minds on me as I sat innocently enjoying the beauties of the setting sun.

At dinner that night, for some reason unknown to me at the time, my eyes were continually drawn, as if by some magnetic influence, to the two statues of "Classical beauties."

Now, for months I had sat in the self-same place without passing even a casual glance at these whitewashed and oft repaired nude figures; but to-night they held an uncanny fascination for me, and as I looked, I was suddenly startled by seeing the figure with a bathing towel or something of the sort in her hand, deliberately turn her head in my direction, close the eyelid of her right eye, and, after a pause, re-open it in a drowsy sleepy manner. At the same moment a long drawn-out shrill whistle sounded, — sort of policeman's whistle. It was only the peon outside signalling that the bath water tank on the roof was full, but it caused cold shivers to run down my spine.

My nerves were shaken! I couldn't stand it a minute longer, so got up abruptly, sweeping the floral decoration upon the floor, in so doing naturally causing a crash. Oh, dear no! Nothing of the kind! The glass flower stand fell on the floor *slowly and gently*, and then broke up into thousands of pieces without the slightest sound. That was bad enough, but what really put the wind-up on me was a chorus of silvery laughter which floated through the air.

On the lawn several groups of residents and visitors sat enjoying the cool air in the glorious moonlight.

It was full moon, accompanied by a cloudless sky. I knew most of the people, but they had no interest for me to-night. Common or garden mortals, probably fretting their very souls out about the price of copra or the shipping rates. Bah! I was in a different world to theirs, and almost walked outside myself, so to speak.

Nevertheless I was distraught, whatever that exactly means, shaken, and apprehensive of some revelation or calamity hanging over me, some event in my uneventful life as a Fort Assistant that would shake me to my foundation, or my feet, — you understand what I'm driving at?

I felt restless, very restless. I sat down first in one place and then in another, walked about with my hands in my pockets, walked about with my hands out of my pockets! It was no good. At last I took refuge from myself under the almond trees, *but the feeling was worse than ever* I wanted to shout! I don't know why I didn't. Even if it had only been "Boy!" it might have brought relief, or, (shall I say it) — the spirits!

Anyhow I did get up and made a bee-line (now what is a bee-line, I ask you?) for "the gubernatorial residence," as described by Mrs. Maria Graham, who, after her first husband's death (as everybody knows, or pretends to know) married Sir A. W. Calcutt, R.A. — no doubt a Royal Academy artist! — founder of Platé and Company! But I'm getting off the line — the bee-line!

Well, I entered and passed through the outer lounge, where the Colonel of some Underground Horse Marines with his red cumberbund was playing bridge with three other residents. I entered what the historian calls "The lounge," which, as Euclid would say, is absurd. It

[Continued on page 75]



# THE CEYLON WAR MEMORIAL.

Photographs taken on the occasion of the Unveiling by H. E. the Governor.



1. The Unveiling by H. E. the Governor. 2. H. E. placing a wreath. 3. The Last Post. 4. The Victory Column.



# THE AUGUST RACES—1923.



1. The entrance to C. T. C. Grand-stand. 2. New Grand-stand. 3. The gathering on Cup Day. 4. Creme-de-Menthe, winner of Roberts' Cup. 5. California. 6. Col. and Miss Coffin. 7. Ship's Biscuit. 8. H. E. presenting his cup to Mr. Bartleet. 9. Aborigine, the Cup Winner. 10. Aborigine (Richardson up.) 11. Mr. Dowbiggin presenting the Police Cup. 12, 13, 15, 16, 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23. Familiar Habitués of the Turf. 14. Finish of the Governor's Cup. 17. Grand Prix. 18. Chu-Chin-Chow.



# VISIT OF THE MADRAS RUGBY FOOTBALLERS.



THE MADRAS TEAM

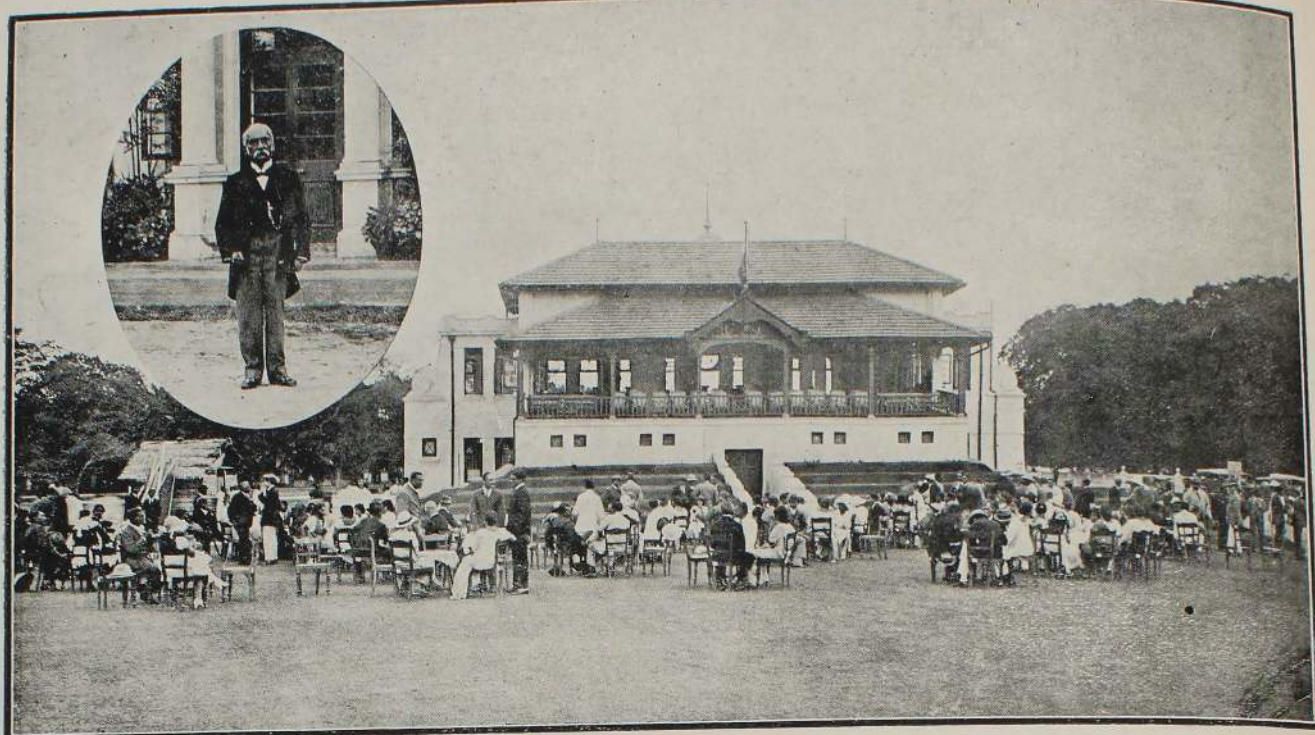


THE ALL-CEYLON TEAM

The Madras Team visiting Ceylon for the first time last month, played three matches losing to a Low-country XV and All Ceylon and winning against Up-country



# THE SINHALESE SPORTS CLUB NEW PAVILION.



The New Pavilion with the gathering on the occasion of the Opening Ceremony. (Inset—Sir Christoffel Obeyesekere).

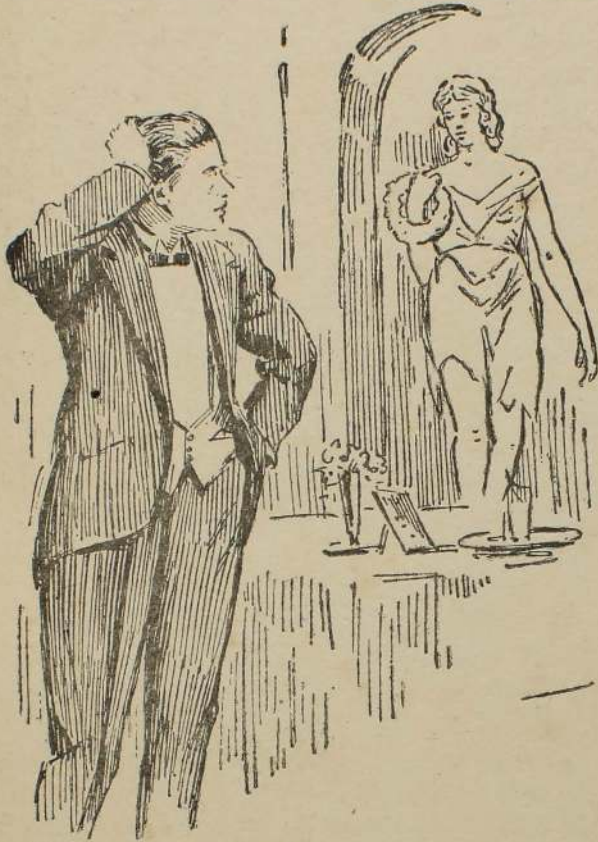
## COLOMBO'S LEADING LAWN TENNIS PLAYERS.



The Teams in the Annual Match between the Garden Club and the Lawn Club, which was won by the latter.



no more lounges than does a Civil Servant! It absolutely stands up on end, "charming and stately," with its columns arranged in half



*pillows* round the walls for the comfort of the visitors. The *pillows*, or is it the columns, are grouped in pairs, which seems somewhat suggestive—but let it pass, and on their heads (that is, the columns) they wear, instead of a topee, a "rich entablature." But what pleases me most is to know that this hall of "massiveness and dignity" is decorated in the Roman—just think of it—Ionic style! This is very comforting, as the *pillows*, and also the fact that the columns have *flat* volutes instead of round or triangular ones. It would have upset me dreadfully if those wretched volutes had been anything in shape but flat!

"Ah! but wait!" as my Johannesburg friend would say, "till you see our new Town Hall! Then the volutes and triglyph friezes will knock you silly. Wait!" I say.

I looked round for the flutings on mouldy (or is it moulded?) pedestals, but there was no music going on. I observed the putrinated friezes. Ah! those putrinated friezes! When suddenly I became nearly frozen and "putrinated" with agitation on hearing my name called,—abbreviated,—cut short, if you please! Again the call came, distinctly from the top of the room! There was no doubt in my already heated brain from whence that silvery call emanated. There she stood on her pedestal at the head of the room, clothed in whitewashed—no doubt the most suitable apparel for immortals,—I said *immortals*,—in the tropics!

She held a deck quoit, or is it a laurel wreath? in her right hand. She, the beautiful, the fair, the lovely, the queen of the house uttering words which burnt into the very marrow of my bones and made it frizzle.

"You have been chosen," she articulated in broken English.

"Oh, have I! Chosen for what?" I gasped.

"Time will reveal," she replied, closing her eyes, when a faint smile cracked the dry whitewash of her chiselled features. That was enough! I bolted from her presence, running slap bang into the authoress beside the bar—I mean the office!

I was just ready for her, longing to be rude, to say something that would leave a sting—a sting like a jelly fish! "Confound that history of yours!" I exclaimed, "you've stirred up all the spirits in the place with your talk of buried treasures, duels, classical beauties, and your clever impressions of Italian Renaissance and all that piffle — this old pub," I continued with spirit,—I mean heat—"is not fit to live in since you delved into its buried history!" I was really very cross, and showed it.



"Prawns!" she remarked, and swept past me with her nose (rather a pretty one, I must admit) in the air, carrying, no doubt, a *rich entablature*, whatever the blazes that is, on her head.

All the same I was glad; my heart filled with joy. I was satisfied that my gentle rebuke had gone home, and that never again would she attempt to break the peace and harmony of this otherwise delightful residence. I leapt up the "noble staircase," with its "beautiful Cassivellaunus balustrade," three steps at a time, (to save the carpets,) and retired to my room, jumped into my Shan pants, and lay reading on my bed with the object of obliterating the unearthly occurrences of the evening. At last I switched off the light as the midnight hour struck.

The windows were wide open and the full moon's brilliant light streamed into the room. It was a gorgeous night, so I lay listening to the roar of the surf on the beach and thinking of the fancy dress costume I should wear at the Galle Face ball. I was wide awake, having no inclination to sleep, when suddenly music, beautiful soft music, fell on my ear!

"Ah!" I laughed, "that must be the flutings I was looking for in the lounge."

A merry ripple of silvery laughter filled the air, when to my intense astonishment I beheld the three "Classical beauties" smiling at me!

The lady with the bunions was perched on the almirah. Her sister of the dining-room—the bath towel lady—sat comfortably on the top of the water jug, whilst the third nymph, she of the rope quoit, balanced herself most dexterously on the brass rod at the foot of the bed, playing with her quoit somewhat in the manner I have on occasions seen ladies play with their string of beads on the lawn of the Garden Club.

This all flashed through my mind in a jiffy, yes it did! and I wondered how many of them could do this balancing trick at the same time.

For a moment I was speechless with admiration, but seeing my position as host I quickly assumed the honour.

"Cheerio!" I exclaimed, "jolly decent (I wondered if it really was) of you to drop in like this"—(clothed in whitewash). "But look here girls! is this altogether—*'the altogether'*—quite proper?" I truly felt somewhat embarrassed!

A ripple of laughter went round (I forgot to say silvery). "Quite proper," remarked the lady of the quoit, "it's only you mortals who see things in an improper light."

She evidently referred to the moonlight!

"Right ho!" I replied. "That being so, carry on! Help yourselves to cigarettes!"

"We chose you for this visitation," they told me, "because we have noticed that you frequently—when nobody is looking at you—cast longing and sympathetic glances at us. Our stony hearts warmed up to you, as, alas, we have few friends, bar you and the Colonel."

"That authoress person hates us, and so did Miss Mavis, who threatened to have us broken up altogether! She always cast her eyes on the floor when passing us. Why, we never could guess!"

"And we don't like the new Manageress," interrupted the fair damsel with the towel, "she has threatened to bury us on the sands! Truly our lot is not a happy one."

"Cats!" ejaculated our bunion friend from her perch on the water jug, "all women—mortal women, are cats: they are jealous of us because we dress so simply."

"My name's Isabel!" exclaimed the beauty with the crooked ankles. "And mine's Sally," said the lady



on the almirah. "Miss Mavis was called after me, and that's why she was so jealous; I am more beautiful than she."

"And what's yours?" I enquired, addressing the little lady of the quoit as she sat dangling her fair legs at the foot of my bed. "Oh, I'm Lavinya! the beautiful daughter of Aponsuwa of Jaggery Caste, who loved the Governor in 1806." "My father," she rattled on, "having rendered His Excellency a great service, and smarting under the indignity of the custom of the country compelling women of our caste to tie a serviette round our necks to cover our breasts, resolved to sacrifice the desire of my heart, if necessary, and accordingly, when the Governor enquired of my father Aponsuwa what form of reward he would like, was requested to abolish this primitive and arbitrary custom, or to marry me. He abolished the custom; my heart was broken."

"But," she continued, brightening up, "to help repair my broken heart,

Sir," she said, "so we can never cry, Sir!" she said.

"Would you believe it, gentle Sir," piped in Sally, "you have no idea of the indignities we have suffered." (I liked that "gentle Sir.")

"We have been taken from our pedestals by ruthless hands, carried upstairs, and put into beds!"



this Mount was named after me, in spite of anything stated in that funny history book to the contrary."

"Have a drink!" I suggested, "you must be dry after that long story." "'Tis our nature to be dry,

"And another time," continued Isabel, "we were carried, much to our terror of being broken, at dead of night by revellers, and placed in the gentlemen's bathing pavilion!"

"Come, sweet Sir," called Lavinya, hopping down from the brass rail. "Come hither with us, and we will reveal to you, whom we love, the secrets of the Mount."

"My dear girl!" I protested, "I am not suitably dressed for such an occasion."

"More than we are!" they chorussed, and the silvery (haven't forgotten it this time) ripple broke out anew.



The beautiful, the aerial, the queen of the Mount, took my hand in hers. My hat! but it was a lovely sensation, and she led me through the door, which opened of its own accord, along the still corridor down to the cellars, followed by the other two classic beauties arrayed in white.

Ugh! I put my bare foot on a huge cockroach, and it went "pfut." "Enough!" whispered my ghostly guide, "cockroaches are the spirits of departed coolies who slaved here a hundred years ago: let them be."

The atmosphere was clammy and dark. I shivered and shook as we ascended a narrow stone dilapidated stair.

A dungeon door opened in front of us, and my companions beckoned me to enter. I jolly well hesitated.

"Come, sweet Sir!" they said in unison, "you have nothing to fear when with us."

"Oh, haven't I though!" I exclaimed, feeling embarrassed in my scanty apparel. They conducted me from cell to cell, and I saw many wonderful sights, I assure you.

First I was shown the spirit of a certain judge chained to the wall, within a foot of a flagon of sparkling Burgundy which he could not reach. His punishment was for ever-and-ever-and-ever to sit there and "look on the wine when it is red." He had merited this by his love for Bacchus in the days and nights of his mortal career (*vide* "History of Mount Lavinia").

"A terrible warning," said Isabel, "to you and all Colombo-ites."

As we left him he rattled his chains, attempting to reach the wine, but fell back with a supernatural groan which just about petrified me.

Then they took me to the Torture Chamber situated under the bar. It reminded me of Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors—it was nerve-racking.

Yells and screams greeted us, as we passed through the closed door, of victims on the rack. It was a ghastly experience!

What surprised me most was how on earth the residents slept through it all!

"Ah!" remarked Lavinya, reading my thoughts, "these sounds are unheard by mortals. All they can do is to dream about them after Welsh rarebit or prawns for supper!"

"Prawns!" that's the second time to-night those delicacies had been mentioned—strange coincidence.

We visited the cells under the old barracks, where they showed me with delight the spirits of numerous stalwart fellows feverishly engaged in making money whilst the rate of exchange rises by leaps and bounds.

All the wealth they accumulate is, however, taken from them, and distributed to funds for maimed soldiers and sailors.

They know this, yet cannot prevent it; 'tis wormwood to them! 'Tis their justifiable punishment! Their cell is named "The Funk Hole!"

In another cell was the ghost of the man who tried to hustle the East. He never ceases pacing up and down. From one corner he rushes to another, back and forward, like a dog with a tin can tied to its tail. He is suffused in perspiration. His arms and hands are outstretched to grasp elusive wealth, and he is doomed for ever-and-ever-and-ever to recite Kipling's lines:—

"The end of the fight  
Is a tombstone white,  
With the name of the late  
deceased,  
And the epitaph drear:  
'A fool lies here  
Who tried to hustle the  
East.'"

But the "Comic Dungeon" proved to be the source of much amusement to me!



Here was the golfer who had never sworn! the tennis player who never knew the score! the cricketer who always bowled for "run outs!" the full-back who never found touch! the polo player who religiously ignored "sticks down!" the yachtsman who never luffed! and the oarsman who could never hold his slide!

There they were, all trying to do what they couldn't do, and "until they did, in the dungeon they'd be hid!"

Suddenly we found ourselves beside the rocks immediately below the rustic summer house. Four figures in the moonlight, the three Graces and this wretched disgrace.

"See the elephant's head on the rock above?" said Lavinya; "watch it carefully!" She waved her quoit three times in a circular motion, when the elephant *unfolded and extended its trunk*. "Now!" she continued, "you shall see the hidden treasure!"

Hh! Hh! I thought, treasure! and the bill at my dentist's flashed across my mind.

She floated lightly forward, touched a spring in the place where the trunk had reposed, when, presto! the huge rock swung round on a swivel, revealing a *set of stone steps descending to a cave below*.

"You go first!" I said, giving Sally a push.

"No!" replied Lavinya, "you, Isabel, and I alone shall enter; Sally will guard the entrance from the crows, squirrels, and rock crabs."

At that moment a pistol shot rang out in the early morning air! Then another, from the direction of the bathing hut!

I ran forward to see; my escort floated beside me. "'Tis but the Chief Justice and the Major-General fighting their duel," explained Lavinya, as I beheld two figures disguised as Charles I. on the sands below.

"They perform this every morning; heed them not, but let us return to the hidden treasure before it is too late,—the night is far spent, the day is at hand!"

"That's the stuff!" I replied, still thinking of the liquidation of my bills.

We gained the entrance. Lavinya was about to descend, when a peal of thunder overhead and a blinding flash of lightning struck the huge rock. (The mark is there to-day.)

When I recovered consciousness I was in bed, having been carried there by the Butler and Head Waiter, who had found me lying beside the unknown entrance to the hidden treasure.

At breakfast the next morning Sally and Bel were back on their pedestals in the dining room as if the night's adventures were unknown to them, and as I passed through the lounge where Lavinya was smiling down at me, I heard a silvery voice, like that of running water, softly murmur:

"Hh! Hh! my sweet and gentle Sir,  
In future thou must take more care,  
Refrain from books of history dire,  
And prawns! which set thy brain on fire!"

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#### HARD TO FIT

A city man, driving his automobile along a little-used country road, heard something rattle beneath his car, stopped, looked back, and saw a bright metal object lying in the road a short distance behind. It was a plough-point, evidently lost by some farmer.

It was fully half an hour before the next car came along, and its occupant, seeing the first man flat on his back under his vehicle by the roadside, stopped, and asked what the trouble was.

The city man emerged and held up the plough-point.

"This blooming thing dropped off my car," he said, "and I've been hunting for half an hour to find out where it belongs."



## A MID-CEYLON FEBRUARY DAY.

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Scented by roses at dawn of the day,  
Fresh and cool and fair;  
Sweeping the remnants of slumber away,  
Eastern Mountain Air!  
Long ere the sun from his house in the East  
Tops the tree-clad hills  
Rise with the first of the bird and the beast,  
Taste the Air that thrills!  
Clear and defined in the freshness of dawn,  
Rock and peak and hill;  
Lingering shadows that soon will be gone,  
Dark and cool and still.  
Clouds in the vales as an ocean of snow,  
Dense and piled and white,  
Blush as the sun bids his minions go  
Kiss the mists of night.  
Golden the peaks in the glittering rays,  
Sky of azure blue;  
Purple and green to the far-away haze,  
Mist of coral hue.  
Born is the day, and the shades of the night  
Fade and die away;  
Vanish the mists in the warmth of the light,  
Eastern mountain day!

\* \* \* \*

Green of the rubber and green of the tea,  
Dadap, grevillea, palm,  
Green of the paddy and tropical tree,  
Eastern luxurious calm!  
Mountain and valleys strewn carelessly round  
Under a canopy blue;  
Flashes of silver from out of the ground,  
Pools of a deep sapphire hue.  
Shimmering haze of the sun at the noon,  
Shadows so deep in the cleft;  
Surely the rain of the dripping monsoon  
Died with an age that is left!  
Droning of insects of radiant sheen,  
Songs in the jungle of birds;  
Plumage of scarlet and saffron and green  
Lovely beyond any words;  
Cull'd from the sunset and cull'd from the morn,  
Tints of the earth and the sky;  
Given by God to the birds to be worn:  
"Dawning and eve shall not die!"

\* \* \* \*

Shadows of violet, purple and mauve,  
Golden Western sky;  
Deepening haze over hill-side and grove,  
Deepest blue on high.  
Cloudlets like water disturb'd by the breeze,  
Citron, orange, pink;  
Level the shafts of the sun thro' the trees,  
Molten ere they sink.  
Darker the heavens and deeper the haze  
Distant hills around;  
Flaming the sun as it sinks from the gaze,  
Peaks with crimson crown'd.  
Stars in the velvety heavens appear,  
Points of silver light;  
Peace is on all as the shadows draw near,  
Restful Eastern night!

KIM.