

# A CEYLON CAUSERIE

ILLUSTRATED

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7



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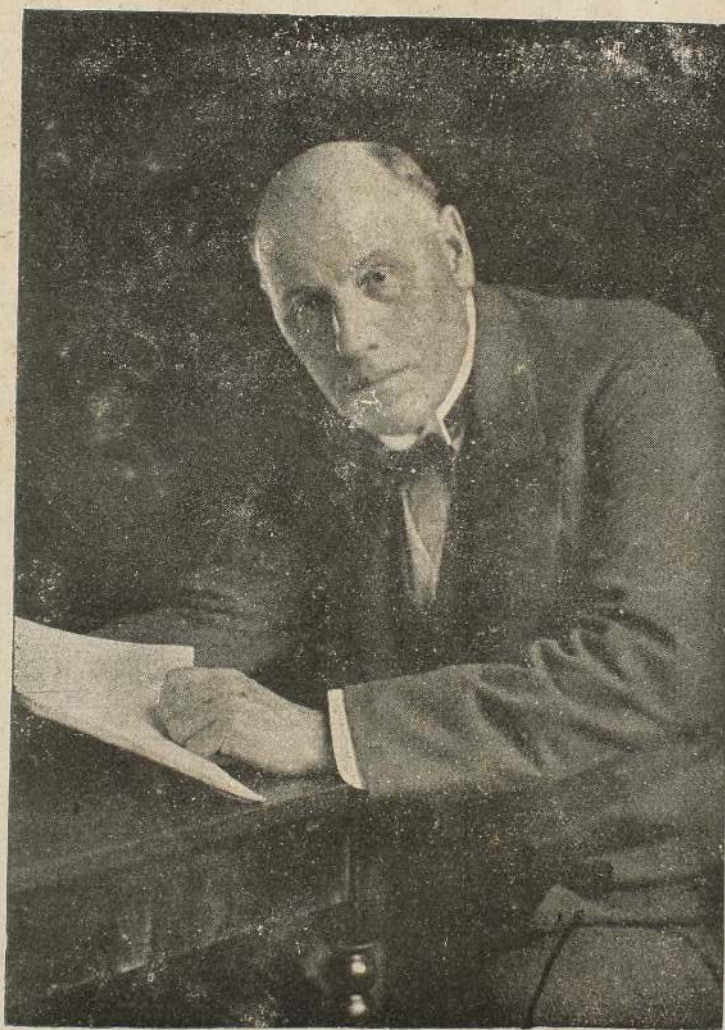
# The PASSING HOUR

& The Editor

SIR Hugh Clifford and Lady Clifford passed through Colombo, on October 24th, on their way to England, Sir Hugh having resigned his high office in the Straits Settlements on account of Lady Clifford's serious illness. We would desire to express our hearty sympathy with them in their trouble, and we trust the return to England will result in the re-establishment of Lady Clifford's health.

Would it be correct to say that this marks the end of Sir Hugh's career? We can scarcely think so. He may not be a great Pro-consul again, but he is young enough for politics and his experience will be useful in the House of Commons or, shall we say? the House of Lords. And there is literature, which calls both Sir Hugh and Lady Clifford.

The Royal Commission on Motoring laws has recommended heavier penalties for driving that is really dangerous, having realised the futility of speed limits, which



SIR HUGH CLIFFORD, K.C.M.G.,

cannot be effectively enforced. A motorist remarks that while the Commission is down on dangerous driving, it makes no mention of the common offence of dangerous walking. There is no doubt that the pedestrian is as often to blame for a

the slaughtering of wayfarers is to have "certain persons" excluded from the roads. Will our magistrates kindly note?

We are always hearing something new about food and feeding. According to the modern view soft food is a source of digestive trouble, and we are advised to eat like the herbivora, and consume uncooked vegetable matter with an occasional feed of bran. The Professor of Public Health, at Edinburgh University has now come along and banned the homely frying-pan, the friend of our youth, which was so convenient for the hasty preparation of a delectable meal. According to the Professor it dries up food and makes it hard and indigestible. When told that the people of England have been eating fried food for many years, he retorts that they have suffered badly from indigestion all that time. It is suggested that he was probably thinking of the happy days of early married life which were seared with bitterness by the burnt offering laid on the domestic altar!

An article on the growth and decline of languages, taken from a Swiss paper, makes out that English now occupies the first place among languages. A century ago, it was spoken by less than 20 millions, to-day it is the language of 160 millions, while 60 more understand and use it, if they do not call it their mother-tongue. A century ago, German was the language of 32 millions: now it is spoken by from 52 to 90 millions, and no more understand it. The only language which is declining is Turkish, which has diminished from 34 to 24 millions. Unfortunately though English has

made great strides, it cannot be said that it is maintaining its purity. America is the greatest offender in the corruption of English pure and undefiled.

A Ceylon Causerie is issued monthly, free of charge. All you have to do to insure regular delivery is to send 40 cts. stamps to cover cost of postage for the year.

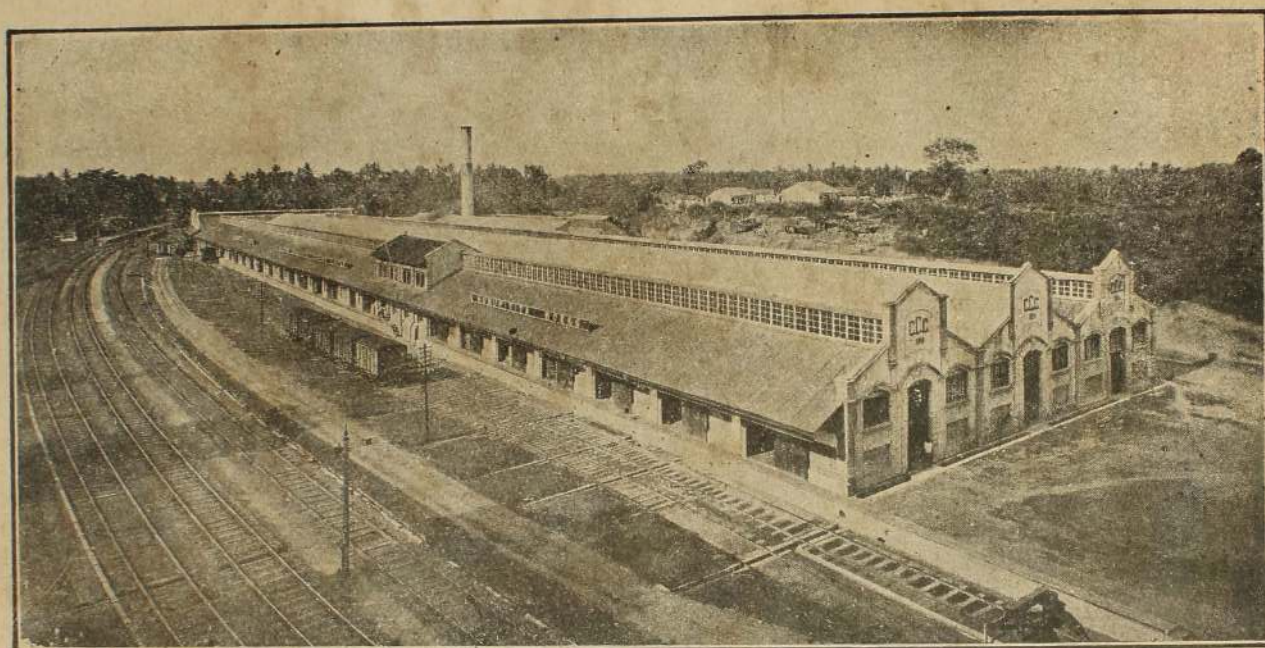
Pastor K. A. Chunchie is a Ceylon man who offers us the strange case of a Malay converted to Christianity. It was not in Ceylon that the religious change took place, and no direct missionary influence brought it about. The War of 1914, in which he played a man's part, changed his outlook, and he began to study Christianity for himself. He was invalided to England, and later he was placed in charge of work among he coloured seamen and others in the East End of London. His work was wonderfully well done. A breakdown in his health made him try a holiday in Ceylon, and he returned to England by the "Shropshire," on the 23rd October, but not before Kingswood brethren had gathered at dinner.



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WHAT are we doing to popularise our Agricultural Products? Last August, the High Commissioner for India in London made an appeal to the British Nation for the increased use of Indian produce in preference to that of non-Empire origin. In closing his speech, in the course of which he had much to say about the various products of India, he told his hearers: "Buy more from India and enable us to buy more from you. It is pitiful that at present less than one third of the United Kingdom's supplies of rice should come from India, despite her huge production and despite the fact that she could easily supply the whole demand if encouraged to do so. By buying from us more rice, more tea, more coffee, you will be raising the purchasing power of our cultivators, expanding the market for British goods, and doing something towards relieving your unemployment problem." Have we no one in England who can speak up for us in the same convincing manner?

Tea, rubber and coconut planters, lend me your ears! At the end of last year I received a letter from a resident of Florida, who apparently has been making a fortune out of Papaws from his 40 acre plantation. Here are some notes I made from his letter: 400 trees per acre; 300 lbs. of fruit per tree; sold direct to the consumer at 15 cents (American) per lb. Calculating the value of the dollar at that time at Rs. 2/76½, a friend made the following arithmetical calculation for me: 400 plants x 40 acres x 300 lbs. (of fruit per acre) x 15 cents = 720,000 dollars, which, at Rs. 2-76 (equivalent of a dollar) = total income of Rs. 1,987,200! or, dividing by 40 (acres), Rs. 4,968 per acre. I have not checked these figures, for I thought it would be a pity to do so with the possibility of discovering an error in the calculation. If, as I be-

lieve, there is no mistake, then I should not be surprised to find a large exodus of planting readers of the "Causerie" bound for "Fla U. S. A."

The genus *Cestrum* is represented in Ceylon by yellow, purplish-red and crimson flowered species. The first, which is a small shrubby tree, is particularly handsome when covered with little tubular blossoms the colour of burnished gold—hence its specific name *aurantica*. Comparatively recently another species was introduced, viz. *nocturnum*, the flowers of which, though inconspicuous, are highly fragrant—their odour being exuded at night-time; hence *nocturnum*. It is commonly called the "Queen of the Night", and must not be confused with the "Night-scented orchid," a name by which the "Tonkin Creeper" (which is not an orchid) is sometimes known. The Queen of the Night is not ornamental in respect of either its flowers or foliage, and is inclined to grow and spread into a great bush. It should not therefore be planted too near a bungalow, as the odour of the blossoms is very over-powering. *Cestrum* belongs to Solanaceae the Tobacco family. The reddish flowered variety is freely grown as a hedge plant in Nuwara-Eliya.

The "Toon" or "Red Toon" tree is commonly found on estates lying between Kandy and Nanu Oya, and is said to thrive up to 6000 feet elevation. No one would have thought that it was likely to grow in the Colombo district; but I have seen healthy young specimens at Angoda Asylum, where Dr. Parsons planted them from seedlings procured from Maskeliya. Botanically the tree is *Cedrela Toona* and belongs to the order *Meliaceae*, in which are also included the Satinwood, Margosa, Indian Lilac, Lunu-midella, and other useful trees. The

doubt that many Up-country plants will be found to thrive at lower elevations if attempts were made to establish them. This fact has been proved with flowering plants, many of which have become acclimatised in Low-country gardens. But the case of Toon is a striking one, and the enterprise of the Superintendent of the Asylum is most commendable. Had Dr Parsons not become a medical man he would have made a successful agriculturist, as his agricultural work at Angoda goes to indicate.

The resuscitation of the Bee keepers' Association is a happy idea, and it is gratifying to find that the Society is being well-supported. From the Book of Rules I find that H. E. The Governor is Patron, The Hon. Mr. C.V. Brayne, President, and many well-known gentlemen are on the committee. The reason for my mentioning bees on this page is that bees are of greater importance to the growers of plants than many people think. In the cultivation of fruit they are invaluable. Bainbrigge-Fletcher has shown that they are of the greatest importance in coffee culture; and Sampson tells us that they are the chief agents in the fertilization of the coconut. There are people who fear bees as they do a plague; but they fail to realise that bees like elephants can be domesticated and made very tractable. Every estate owner, if he be wise, will keep a few hives to fertilise his fruit crops, and supply his table with honey.

The Cocoa or Chocolate Tree was introduced into Ceylon about the year 1819, but was not systematically cultivated till 1877. Efforts made to grow it in different parts of the Island did not prove successful. Of all our commercial crops it is the most fastidious as regards natural conditions, and its cultivation is more or less restricted to the Kandy and Matale Districts. The generic name of Cocoa is *Theobroma*, meaning "Food of the Gods." Its specific name, *Cacao*, was at one time in common use, to distinguish the tree from the cocoa or coconut palm. But now that the "a" in cocoanut has been dropped, and we spell the name cocoanut, there is no necessity for using the word cacao for cocoa.



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# A MUSICAL REVIEW

by "Etude"

THE pianoforte recital given by Miss Carmen Foenander, at the Royal College Hall, on October 12th, was the chief musical event of the month, and one that was eagerly looked forward to by the numerous friends of the artiste, who returned to the colony after nearly four years' absence, during which she secured high qualifications both at the Royal Academy and the Royal College of Music, London. Miss Foenander, who was enthusiastically greeted by a bumper house, presented a pleasing programme, which included Bach's "Prelude and Fugue," Beethoven's "32 Variations in C Minor," a Chopin group, and three modern compositions by Debussy, Chasin and Albeniz, all rendered with a critical understanding of the mind and temperament of each of these widely-differing composers. She excelled herself in her interpretation of the Chopin pieces, and drew rapturous applause by her delicate rendering of "Reflets dans l'eau," while the manner in which she attuned herself to, and attacked, the "Rush Hour in Hong Kong"—to use a hackneyed but expressive phrase—brought down the house. Miss Foenander without doubt scored a signal success at this first recital, and on her next appearance on December 4th at the Royal College, she will play an entirely new programme.

and Napoleon Silvaf, who came of a very musical family, the tenor violin. Louis Nell played the cornet, Fredrick Kriekenbeek the flute (secundo), and Gabriel Ohlmus was bass player on his ophicleide." To-day, alas, our young men do not seek the pure joys of music!

The history of the Theatre in Ceylon, though brief, should be interesting. My memory can go back to the Garrison Theatre in the Fort, and recall such names as Staples and Gunter, among the military officers, who were well known actors. Then there was the old Town Hall, the upper part of which was convertible into a place of entertainment. Later came the Floral Hall in the Racquet Court—both now wiped out. Still later came the Public Hall, built mainly on the initiative of Mr. (now Sir) Stanley Bois, a musician of note in his day. Now we have a number of so-called theatres (picture places) and a real theatre in the building. I do not expect to live long enough to see the erection of the City Hall, which Major W. G. St. Clair has so strongly pleaded for. I fear the materialisation of the idea lies in the dim and distant future, but it is bound to be an accomplished fact when our legislators are men of culture and vision.

old days, Grandpass, as its name would go to indicate, was the West-end of Colombo.

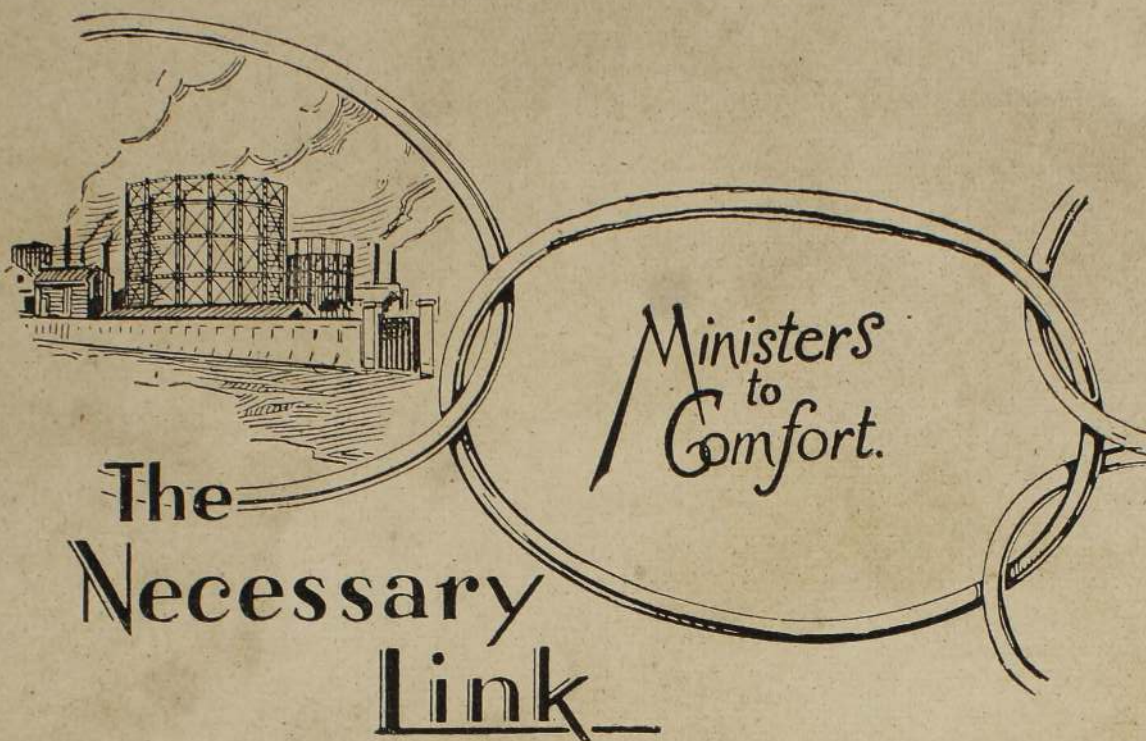
How many people are aware of the romance that lies behind that ever-green song, "The Lost Chord"? Whether sung, or played as a piece, it makes a strange appeal to the heart of the listener. I recall hearing it rendered in the Albert Hall, London, as a cornet solo, with the great organ accompanying; and the recollection of it is a joy for ever. Who, to-day, knows anything about Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds, who was one of the greatest singers of her day—not so long ago, either. Among her most ardent admirers were Emperors and Princes, but none more ardent than Sir Arthur Sullivan. It was she who sang for the first phonograph record of "The Lost Chord." She rehearsed it in Sir Arthur's drawing room before an audience of about hundred musicians, who were amazed at her rendering of the song, which brought tears into the eyes of the composer. When Sullivan died in 1900, he bequeathed his original manuscript of the song to Mrs. Ronalds, and at her death three years later she directed that it should be buried with her. It has been said that the influence of this forgotten singer on the musical life of the day was unchallenged; and that she did for music what Cardinal Ottoboni achieved at Rome in the days of Handel. But to-day she is scarcely remembered!

There is a rumour current that a group of Ceylonese artists are about to organise themselves into a light Opera Company, and produce a musical play. It will be recalled that a good many years now, a similar company produced Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado" with great success. The play was staged at the Public Hall—now the Empire Theatre—and was voted on all hands to have been an excellent performance. Much water has passed under the Victoria Bridge since then and it is gratifying to find that a new generation of singers-cum actors are bent on proving their capacity for histrionics. Colombo residents will look forward to the production with expectation.

In an entertaining lecture on C. A. Lorenz, delivered at the Dutch Burgher Union last July, Mr. E. H. Vanderwall gave us a glimpse of the kind of orchestra there was in Ceylon some eighty odd years ago. The following extract from a letter of the late Mr. John Prins tells us of a band which Lorenz started when quite a lad, and long before he became a pre-eminent man. "Lorenz led the band with his flute, on which he was an accomplished player. Charles and William de Waas played the prime violins, J. B. Siebel, the second violin,

To revert to ancient history, eighty odd years ago there was a theatre in Grandpass, of which one gets a glimpse in Mr. E. H. Vanderwall's reminiscences of Lorenz, from which I quote: Lorenz's band was also the orchestra of the once famous Grandpass Theatre, which attracted, as its leading spirits, his old Academy comrades. Of this theatre it need only be said that Lorenz was manager, actor, scene-painter, music-composer, and leader of the orchestra besides." One can only exclaim, "what genius! what versatility!" Of course, in those





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# Ceylon Celebrities

by "CAUSEUR"

**S**IR Marcus Fernando's is an arresting figure in any assembly, be it scientific, political or social, for reasons which will be obvious at the end of this sketch.

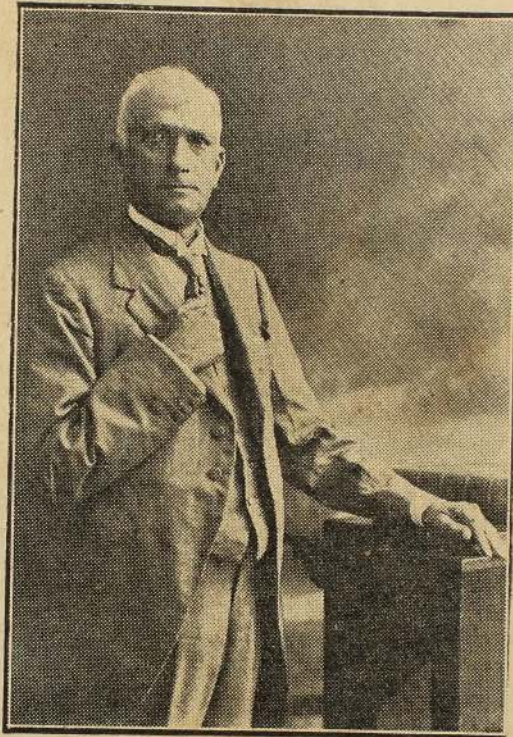
He was educated at St. Benedict's Institute and Royal College, and after a brilliant career, proceeded as Government Scholar to England where he distinguished himself while pursuing the medical course at University College, London, invariably taking the highest place in the different classes he attended, and ultimately securing the B. Sc. and M. B. degrees, in addition to being elected a Fellow of his College. Later he passed the M. D. examination.

On his return to Ceylon, Dr. Fernando (as he then was) held various medical appointments under Government; and at the same time built up an extensive practice as a general physician. He proceeded to Bombay at the request of Government and studied the Bubonic Plague, then very prevalent in that Presidency and threatening to find its way to Ceylon. In a valuable report he submitted to Government he recommended the practical preventive measures that should be adopted in the Colony to keep the Plague from our shores.

In 1898, Dr. Fernando re-visited England and specialised in Bacteriology, returning to take charge of the newly established Bacteriological Institute. This Institute it might be mentioned incidentally was founded in memory of Mr. Charles de Soysa, one of Ceylon's greatest benefactors, who was a victim to hydrophobia; and it was appropriate that Dr. Fernando, who married a daughter of Mr. de Soysa, should be its first Director.

Dr. Fernando next turned his attention to Malaria, of which he made a special study in connection with a virulent out-break in Galle during the excavations that pre-

ceded the construction of the railway to Matara. Later he made researches into Leprosy and Dysentery. It has been truly remarked that no Ceylonese had so successful a career at College and University, or specialised in so many subjects.



SIR MARCUS FERNANDO, M.D.

As a medical man he commanded universal confidence and his reputation as such travelled far beyond Ceylon. Had he chosen to do so, he might have succeeded to high office in his own University or elsewhere in Britain, owing to his profound knowledge of medical science.

Dr. Fernando's enthusiasm in his professional work knew no bounds; and like his distinguished brother Mr. C. M. Fernando, who adopted the law as his profession, he never spared himself. But with better discretion, he retired from the government service, and later from professional duties, as soon as he realised that the strain of work was too great to be longer endured with impunity. And so while Mr. C.

M's promising career was cut short by premature death, Dr. H. M. devoted himself to less-trying and more congenial activities.

It is not every man who can enter upon a new enterprise as a hobby and make a financial success of it. From medicine Dr. Marcus turned to Agriculture, and what he does not know about the soil and the plant is not worth knowing, he having studied every aspect of the science and art of Agriculture, the theory and practice of it. Owning, as he does, extensive lands he directed his energy and skill to improving his broadacres, putting into effect the great principle which makes out that the aim and object of the agriculturist should be to get the most out of his land at the least cost and with the least deterioration of the soil. He interested himself in every phase of Agriculture, and, in addition to cultivating the main commercial crops, went in for growing various fodder crops and for stock-breeding on scientific lines, with encouraging results. To-day he is no less eminent in the agricultural world than he was in the medical world; and has attained to the unique status (for Ceylon) of a "gentleman farmer."

With ample leisure and ampler means at his disposal, Dr. Fernando entered a fresh field, viz., that of Politics. He has served in both the Legislative and Executive Councils of the State, where his fertile brain and his powers of sound reasoning have brought him into prominence as an authority on legislative expedients.

As a conversationalist Sir Marcus—for we must now call him that, since his Majesty the King singled him out for the honour of Knighthood for distinguished services—is hard to match. The range of his knowledge is so wide that there is no topic on which he cannot discourse and invest with a new interest that holds the attention of any company in which he finds himself. He is possessed of a keen sense of humour which is most engaging and illuminates his talk with a sparkling wit.

Like most men, whose knowledge is deep, Sir Marcus shuns the lime-light, and dislikes advertisement.

(continued on page 40.)





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GOODYEAR



# M. C. C. Team in Colombo.

Impressions of their Match with Ceylon.

IT was easy to account for the unprecedented gathering that assembled on the Sinhalese Sports Club Ground, at the Victoria Park, on Saturday, 19th October, to witness the whole day match between the M. C. C. cricket team bound for Australia and New Zealand and the pick of Ceylon. From the moment it was announced that Prince Duleepsinhji was one of the M.C.C. team interest in the visit of Gilligan's side knew no bounds and local cricket enthusiasts were intoxicated with the thought of seeing one who had already established himself as one of the idols of the British cricket public in action on a Ceylon field. Everybody was longing to see Duleep, and no wonder then that the crowd present to see the successor of the incomparable Ranji was the largest ever seen at a cricket match in Ceylon.

Quite recently we read that Jack Hobbs went down to a certain boys' school in England and there was met—one must not say greeted, for that would imply an awful spirit of familiarity—by a reverence reserved only for the Gods. That is very much as it should be—to people on the fifty mark or thereabouts. Hero-worship when accorded to few heroes and accompanied by a passionate desire to be something like them in a very modest way, was undoubtedly a good thing for the young. One says, "was," because a hero's reign is so very brief in these days; once he is beaten or passes his best—which happens so often in many games—a new hero must be found at once, to be discarded for another hero of a moment. The striving to become great and good after the menace of a great example was well summed up in "The Belle of New York," where they sang, "of course you can never be like us, but be as like us as you're able to be." Miss Edna May sang that song and, of course, nobody ever *could* be like her—or ever will be, so think many of the men of a generation and a half.

To see Duleep at a period when the great B. P. had deservedly acclaimed him as a hero not in embryo, but one who has already made good, was a treat worthy of the Gods, and the rousing reception which all devotees—old and young—extended to the Indian Prince from the moment he stepped on Ceylon soil was in the eternal fitness of things. In the past we have had the good fortune of seeing the immortal W. G., A. E. Stoddart, F. S. Jackson, A. C. MacLaren, M. A. Noble, Jack Hobbs, C. G. Macartney, Clem Hill, George Giffen and other celebrated giants of the cricket world play in Colombo, and years ago we also had the pleasure of watching Prince Ranjitsinhji bat on the Barrack Square. The peerless Victor Trumper, whom good judges have described as the greatest batsman the world has ever seen, often passed through Colombo with Australian teams, but never played here. Of all these celebrities, W.G., as only to be expected, received the greatest ovation that was ever accorded a visitor to our shores, and many yet remember the G. O. M. with his impressive build and wonderful *bon hommie* emerging from the Galle Face pavilion to take his stand at the wickets and very soon afterwards patting T. Kelaart on the back in recognition of his great feat in clean bowling him.

When Gilligan's team took the field after having lost the toss, the crowd lost little time in spotting Duleepsinhji, and the thunderous applause which followed from every corner of the ground was sufficient to make the modest Indian blush. Duleep bowed his acknowledgments but the crowd was not satisfied till they had a close glimpse of this wizard of the willow. Such is hero-worship!

The Ceylon team batting first recovered well after a disastrous start, thanks to M. K. Albert and F. A. Waldock, who coming together after two wickets had fallen for 12 runs

stayed to take the total to within two runs of the century. Albert was the same imperturbable batsman we have known him to be on great occasions, and his innings of 72 had the impress of the experienced master. He shaped extraordinarily well and never looked like getting out. Waldock was ultra-cautious, but he had no alternative as the bowling of Allom, Nicholls and Barratt was not to be lightly treated. Allom, the fast bowler, struck me as being the best of the trio. He was not bowling his fastest, but yet had the batsman tied up in knots all the time. His length was excellent throughout, and his really fast one occasionally left the batsman thinking hard. He should get heaps of wickets on the tour. Nicholls and Barratt were both embarrassing and M. K. Albert paid the highest tributes to their great merits as bowlers. Apart from Albert's excellent innings and Waldock's resolute display there was not much to enthuse in the batting of the Ceylon team. J. A. de Silva was shaping quite well when he had the bad luck to be run out. Allom had the best figures for the visitors and he fully deserved his success.

When the M. C. C. took their innings Woolley, who opened with E. W. Dawson, soon made himself a favourite. He batted with all his wonted freedom and early on gave evidence of his penchant for hitting sixers by an effortless stroke on the leg side off Horan which found its way over the cadjan enclosure. The crowd had settled down to see some lively cricket when young Poulter, put on in place of Horan, immediately caught and bowled Woolley. It was a great achievement for the fast bowler to dislodge the brilliant left-hander who was obviously set for a big score. Duleepsinhji followed and amidst deafening applause set about at once to exploit the leg glide, which has won for him such remarkable tributes. He twice got Poulter deftly to leg in the first over he faced and continued to dazzle the onlookers by his effortless batting. The fielding was however so good that Duleep found some difficulty in finding the gaps. After a brisk beginning Duleep was partially tied up by the fast bowler Poulter, who kept pegging away at the off stump

(Continued on page 37)



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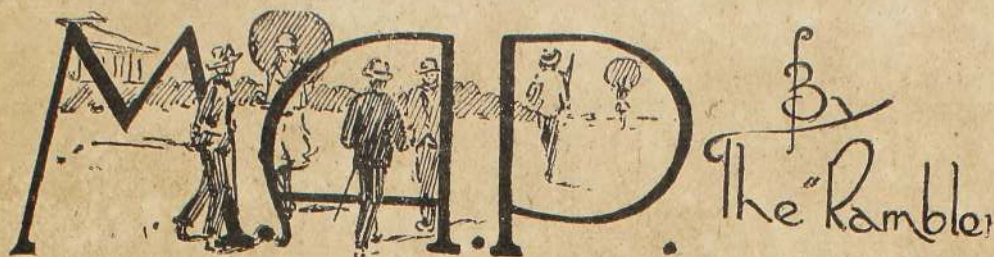
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JOHN Cotton passed away on the 4th October, at the ripe age of 81 years. He was active and vigorous almost up to the last, and was to be seen at last year's Nuwara Eliya Show, looking no older than he has done during the past decade or two. Of a kindly and cheery disposition, he made himself popular wherever he went. He lived for many years in Nuwara Eliya, growing English fruits with considerable success. Later he migrated to Batticaloa from a temperate to a torrid clime—and was none the worse for the violent change. At the latter place he supervised the work of an extensive coconut estate, and took no little pride in a system of irrigation he had devised. Ultimately he settled down at Ambawela, where he had ample opportunities for indulging his penchant for horticulture. John Cotton was one of nature's gentlemen.

described by one who knew him as a man possessed of winning ways, which endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

Not many of the present generation will recall Mr. A. F. Broun, late head of the Forest Department



THE LATE MR. A. F. B. SMEATON.

The death of Mr. A. F. B. Smeaton at the Baker's Ward, Nuwara Eliya Hospital, on the 14th of October, removes a familiar figure in planting circles. The late Mr. Smeaton was a man of wide sympathies, who was held in high esteem among all communities, having spent no less than 47 years in the colony, the greater part of it passed in the K. V. For many years he served as chairman of the P. A. in that district, and was also nominated to the chair of the parent Association, but was unable to accept it for private reasons. In recent years he lived in the Galle District, and was Chairman of the P. A. there. During the rice crisis in 1920, Mr. Smeaton was a member of the deputation with Messrs Scoble Nicholson, Sabapathy, A. E. Rajapakse, Gate Mudliyar, Raju, Abdul Ali, Adam Ali and Mis-kin representing the different communities of the Island, who succeeded in wringing liberal concessions which saved the situation. He has been

in Ceylon, the most highly qualified official in his line of work. Mr. Broun received his training at the Forest School in Nancy, and later served in India before coming out here. He did admirable work in the Colony, which unhappily lost his services just when it was reaping the benefit of his administrative ability. He organised a Forest School, as an adjunct of the Colombo School of Agriculture and thereby enabled local men, who were unable to proceed abroad for their training, to receive it here: but on his departure his successor unwisely closed down that useful institution. Subsequently Mr. Broun held office in the Sudan, and quite recently published a work dealing with the Flora of that region, where many plants are said to be common to this colony also.

With the election of Mr. H. A. P. Sandrasagara to a seat in the Legislative Council, that august body will count among its number one of the smartest members of the legal fraternity. I use the term smart in a sense in which it is not usually employed, but as signifying exhilarating. Mr. Sandrasagara—to use a somewhat loose expression—is breezy, and when he rises to speak whether in a court of law or at a convivial gathering one may be sure of hearing something with a freshness all its own. In Council he should prove a valuable acquisition not only owing to his bold and vigorous utterances but also for his originality and his cheery outlook. There is no maudlin sentiment about him.

Father Knox, unlike Dr. Johnson, but like the curate in "The Private Secretary," does not like London; but he explains that he is referring to London as it is to-day and not as it used to be. Carlyle lived in Chelsea; but, asks Father Knox, "can any one imagine him staying two nights in modern Chelsea?" He has supreme contempt for people who, forced to live in London for business' sake, try to make a virtue of necessity by despising others who have no call to leave the country. Certainly one has a feeling of confinement in London. The houses are close packed together, and the rooms are more or less crowded on each other. There is never any waste of space in the houses; and Father Knox says that waste of space is the first requisite for human comfort in a house.

G. K. Chesterton, who has always something interesting, if somewhat startling, to say thus puts the case of higher education:—To be of the company of such men (the great thinkers and writers of old) is to feel a steadying power upon the spirit and the love of large spaces and large ideas, rather than of little lunacies and secrecies. It is something that understands at once modesty and dignity; something that is never servility and never pride. It is the power in the mind that can keep order among the virtues, often almost as dangerous as the vices, and so on. How extremely well he puts the case, and, withal, how delightfully.



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The Austin "Seven's" recent performance in the Ulster T. T. 408 Mile Road Race, which has astonished every one, proves beyond dispute its absolute reliability, dependability and excellent design.

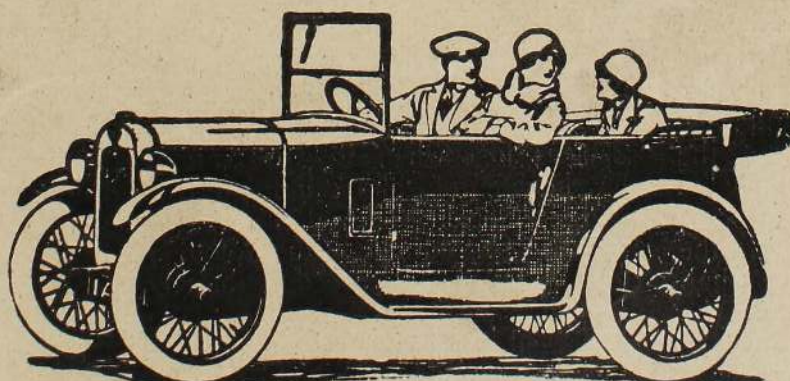


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## A. C. C. RELIABILITY TRIAL, 1929.

FOR CARS AND MOTOR CYCLES.

**T**HE 1929 Reliability Trial for the 'Dunlop' Trophy and other awards, will be held on Sunday, November 10th, and in order that Up-Country members may compete, it has been decided to begin and end this year's Trial in Kandy.

### CLASSIFICATION.

Entrants will be divided into the following classes:—

Class A:—Motor Cycles with or without Side-Cars,

Class B:—Motor Cars not exceeding 11 h.p. (R. A. C. rating)

Class C:—Motor Cars from 11.1 h.p. to 17 h.p. (R. A. C. rating)

Class D:—Motor Cars of 17.1 h.p. (R. A. C. rating) and upwards.

### AWARDS.

A miniature of the 'Dunlop' Trophy will be awarded to the most successful competitor from Class B, C. & D and the name of the winner will be inscribed on the Trophy—which remains the property of the Club. Under the conditions specified by the donors of the Trophy, Motor Cycles are not eligible to compete for this award.

The 'Dunlop' Trophy is familiar to most Members who have visited the Club Lounge, but in addition, an excellent series of awards is offered in the various classes. A special display of the Cups and prizes will be made at Messrs. Miller & Co., Ltd's premises in Colombo.

The full list is as follows:—

The 'Dunlop' Trophy.

For the best performance from classes B, C & D.

Winner to receive a miniature of the 'Trophy.'

Messrs. Rowlands Garages Ltd's Cup for the best performance by any competitor.

### CLASS AWARDS.

Two awards will be made in each

Class, one to each of the two competitors putting up the best performances.

#### Class A:—Motor Cycles with or without Side-Cars.

The President's Cup.

Messrs. Brown & Co., Ltd's Cup.

#### Class B:—Cars up to 11 h.p. (R. A. C. rating)

Messrs. Walker Sons & Co., Ltd's Cup.

The 'Mobil-Oil' Cup presented by Messrs. Vacuum Oil Co., Ltd.

#### Class C:—Cars from 11.1 h.p. to 17 h.p. (R. A. C. Rating.)

Messrs. Empire Motors Prize.

Messrs. National Motor Works' Cup.

#### Class D:—Cars 17.1 h.p. (R. A. C. rating) upwards.

The 'P. L.' Cup presented by Messrs. Peirce Leslie & Co., Ltd.

Messrs. Freudenberg & Co's Prize.

In addition to the above awards, Messrs. The Colombo Stores Ltd., will present a set of Champion Sparking Plugs for each of the prize-winning vehicles.

### CONDITIONS.

Cars must be standard productions of the makers and, although additional equipment is permitted, no standard equipment may be removed.

Any exchange of drivers through the Trial is forbidden and entails disqualification.

Competitors will be given their starting time from Kandy as early as possible after entries close and must adhere as closely as possible to the speed laid down in accompanying schedule. Entrants will be disqualified if they are more than five minutes late at the starting point

Competitors may only check their watches with the official watch at

the Kandy Control before starting, and at the Nuwara Eliya Control finishing the first section. They will not be allowed to check their time and then run their car or motor cycle into the arrival controls.

Competitors must allow other competitors to pass should they desire to do so.

It is most important, this in the event of a competitor experiencing a puncture or break down en route, the vehicle must be taken close to the left-hand edge of the road at the nearest place suitable for cars to pass. Failure to observe this rule will result in the offending competitors being disqualified.

No restrictions are imposed as to passengers carried by cars or motor cycles.

Numbers as supplied by the Club's Secretary—which will be issued as early as possible after entries close—must be firmly affixed in a conspicuous position at the back of the car, visible from the rear. In the case of motor cycles, the number must be firmly affixed to the rider's back.

The decision of the Officials will in all cases be final.

### ALLOTMENT OF MARKS.

Marks will be lost by any Competitor who is either ahead of, or behind, his schedule time at the undernoted checks and Controls and the object of each Competitor is to lose the smallest total number of marks during the Trial:—

- i. The Starting Control at Kandy.
- ii. The Arrival Control at Nuwara Eliya.
- iii. The Finishing Control at Kandy.
- iv. Secret Checks en route.

### ROUTE AND TIME TABLE.

#### First Section.

Kandy (72nd milepost near Queen's Hotel) via Peradeniya Bridge, to Kadugannawa. Turn sharp left to Gampola, Ulapane, Nawalapitiya, Kotmale Dimbulla, Talawakelle and Nanu Oya to Nuwara Eliya.

Control and Scandal Corner.

Distance: 72.5 miles.

Time allowed: 4 hours 42 minutes.

(Continued on page 25)



# The Vital Tube-

There's many a motorist gives earnest consideration to his choice of *Covers*, but neglects the question of *Tubes*. And yet the tube is the heart of the tyre!

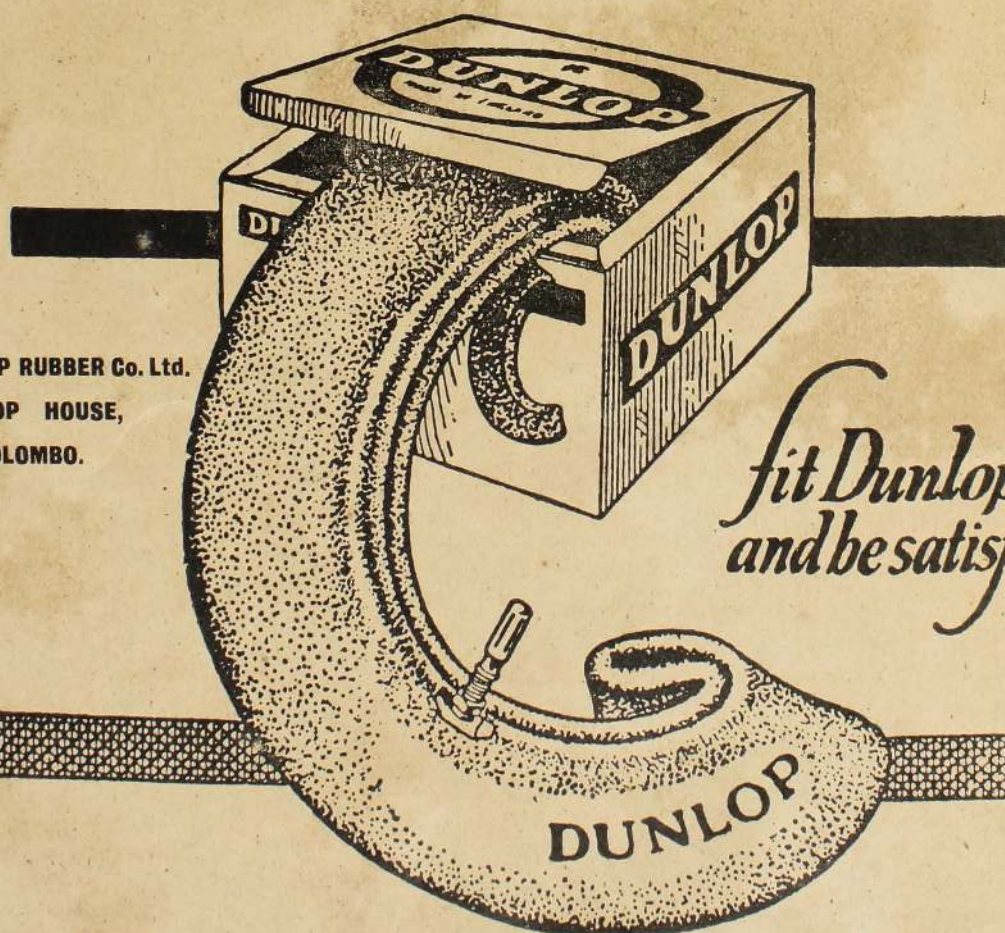
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## DUNLOP TUBES

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They are supremely good — manufactured by experts from the purest and best rubber, and moulded in *circular form* — eliminating crinkling and stretching during fitment and use.

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*fit Dunlop  
and be satisfied*



# A Sports Causerie by "Itinerant"

## CEYLON'S SUCCESS IN THE ALL-INDIA RUGBY TOURNAMENT.

CEYLON was in the happy position of sending a really representative side to compete in the All-India Rugby Tournament held last month in Madras, and the optimistic note sounded by J. D. Farquharson, who led the team, prior to their departure, foreshadowed a victory for the representatives of the Spicy Isle. It was generally expected that Ceylon would be in a position to give the strongest sides competing—particularly the Bombay and Madras teams—more than a match, for apart from the fact that the team was strong at all points, the three-quarters were the speediest we have ever sent across and here it was felt that we would have a decided pull over the best opposing fifteens. The following from an Indian contemporary shows how well deserved was Ceylon's success.—“The best rugby team in India is Ceylon. That sounds rather funny, but it is explained by the fact that Ceylon won the All India Rugby Tournament at Madras, beating Madras in the final, after they had vanquished the favourites, Bombay, in the semi-final. This Tournament attracted the cream of the Rugby teams in India and some really great rugby was witnessed at times. Bombay, who were expected to win it again, were soundly beaten in the semi-final, in a game in which the Bombay three-quarters were not allowed to get really going and the smart tackling of Ceylon quite upset the calculations of Hopkins and his men. Ceylon, however, were worthy winners and no one will grudge them their victory. Naturally there was some rejoicing in the Island when the victorious team returned with the trophy.”

In an interview with J. D. Farquharson on his return from Madras I gathered that the success achieved by Ceylon was entirely due to

their wonderful team work. In the gruelling struggle they had with Bombay in the semi-final the team played like the proverbial machine, and everybody was full of the magnificent way in which every member of the team concentrated on his job.



THE POPULAR "FARQUI."

The forwards were great and put every ounce they possessed into their scrum work and in the loose and line outs they were indefatigable. No praise, he remarked, was too great for the three-quarters, whose spoiling work was as valuable as their vigorous onslaughts, whenever they got possession. Ceylon's full back also deserved all the nice things written about him, for he proved a veritable tower of strength to the side. The tournament itself was an education to the team as the styles and tactics of the various teams differed so greatly. The Ceylon skipper paid an eloquent tribute to

the lavish hospitality extended to the team. This is the second occasion on which Ceylon has won the All India Tournament, their previous success having been gained in 1920. On their return from Madras, Farquharson and his team were entertained to lunch at the G. O. H., by the Ceylon Rugby Football Union.

## A RUGBY MEMORIAL.

What Mr. F. J. Wall is to the association game, Sir Rowland Hill is to the Rugby code, and at Twickenham, on October 5, a great tribute was paid to his memory. Teams selected from Ireland and Scotland on one side played England and Wales on the other, the occasion being the opening of the thirty-five feet high oaken gates, named after the Rugby legislator, and called the Rowland Hill gates. Representatives of all the Dominions were among the number of Rugby celebrities who laid wreaths on his monument, in an impressive tribute before the game started.

## FRENCH TENNIS STARS FOR INDIA.

The forthcoming visit of a representative French Tennis team to India is causing widespread interest on the adjoining continent. The pick of the tennis talent of India is to be collected in a big tournament which ought to see tennis of all-round quality never before seen in India. Each player will be of Davis Cup standard and there will, in addition, be an international match between India and France. The invitation tournament which the South Club is organising has already received good support from the premier players in the country and though one or two stars will be absent, notably M. Sleem, the opposition the Frenchmen will have to meet will be the stiffest India can put on the courts. It will provide a big test for Indian tennis but the flip which this visit will give to the game generally will be enormous. Every player will watch the French masters closely and no doubt some valuable lessons in court craft will be learned. O. L. M. Pinto, Dr. C. H. Gunasekera and G. O. Nicholas were all asked to participate in the invitation Tournament, but none of them unfortunately are able to make the trip.

(Continued on page 25)





Presented by Messrs The Dunlop Rubber Coy., Ltd., to the Automobile Club of Ceylon for annual competition amongst members. The 'Dunlop' Trophy was first competed for in October, 1927, in which year it was won by Mr. C. C. Glasse's Austin '7', driven by Mr. P. C. Bartells.

No Reliability Trial was held during 1928 owing to the absence of the Secretary on sick leave and to other causes. The Second Trial has been arranged to take place on Sunday, November 10th, 1929.



# Current Topics

By "Vigilant"

*Gambusia holbrooki* has entered the anti-malarial arena and is going to do his mighty little bit in chasing away the spectre of malaria. *Gambusia holbrooki* is a modest little fish of ventral colour, and though one of the least impressive of his sort or view, was perhaps the most valuable of all "fishey" exhibits of forty species which were recently on show at the annual exhibition of the American Aquarium Society in New York. He is never so happy as when he gorges the larvae of anopheles by the baker's dozen and more. He is indigenous to the swamps of Georgia and Florida and has cleared the place of the Malaria-carrying mosquito. He is now on a visit of invitation to unhealthy spots in Africa and South and Central America, where he and his fellows have been shipped in shoals, *en famille*, by the American Department of Agriculture. And his records will contain in the near future real and effective "birth control" among the young mosquitos in murky waters. If this is so in these new fields, we are sure that *Gambusia holbrooki* will soon be hearing from the Ceylon Authorities who should be only too willing to receive him with open arms.

Marriage makes men more feminine because husbands acquire the traits of their wives, according to Professor Lewis Terman of Connecticut, whose study of masculine and feminine characteristics over a period of many years was submitted recently to the International Congress of Psychology at Yale University. From his investigations Professor Terman has learned that some men are more feminine than the average woman, and that few women are more masculine than the average man. This is still another argument of course, for those of Uncle Sam's country who wish to cry "Away with this marriage business." This Professor is nothing if not thorough, for he has discovered no fewer than "five hundred pet sources of

annoyance which make men and women peevish." He finishes on a grand note: "women of all ages are found to be twice as susceptible to irritation as men!"



Mr. H. A. P. Sandarasagera

K. C., M. L. C.

The Police Magistrate has not infrequently been the object of criticism as the dispenser of law in provincial towns, but the P. M. of Colombo has rarely merited strictures to the same degree. It is true that there have been some instances where these judges have displayed strange idiosyncracies, but in recent years the Colombo "beak" has been marked by ability and efficiency. Such judicial officials as Messrs Luddington, Kauffmann, Stevens and Lucette have passed the quicksands of the Colombo Police Magistracy with conspicuous ability. There is no better test of patience and endurance than the holding of this office without creating trouble for themselves and the public. In this respect the Municipal Magistrate, Mr. Mervyn Joseph, whose occupancy of the post is more or less permanent, has also acquitted himself with credit.

Count Keyserling, the philosopher, has published two new books—"The Recovery of Truth." and "Creative Understanding." He is the founder of the School of Wisdom," at Darmstadt, which is intended, not for the young, but for the middle-aged. According to the Count man becomes conscious of his essence only when he is grown up, and very few people under 30 years care about the reality of life. Life, he tells us, is growth; and "original force" the dynamic. To cultivate this original force is a prime need. But let the Count express his views in his own words.

"If there is no original force, then the best possible external education is often worse than the grossest savagery. For a scientifically trained savage is doubtless a much more dangerous creature than an ignorant savage. And man returns to the state of the savage when his personal soul and spirit remain undeveloped as it is increasingly the case in modern mass-education. . . . In all respects, "being" is more important than "efficiency", in all respects, depth of life is more valuable than external riches; in all respects, understanding alone and not exterior knowledge leads to real progress as opposed to success."

Count Keyserling has had a most extraordinary career. Born in Esthonia, educated at Heidelberg and Vienna, he married a grand-daughter of Bismarck. Losing practically all he possessed, in the hard times following the war, he travelled a great deal, and lectured in Europe and America. His best known book is his "Travel Diary of a Philosopher." So he is something of a world celebrity. His philosophy is described as practic, and does not consist in pieces of knowledge, but is first of all an attitude, a desire to understand, to express one's own idealism in one's own life.

With Count Keyserling's views on higher education, may be compared those of Lord Haldane. It was almost his last public utterance, made at an educational Conference: "Higher education is something a man must do for himself in the main. All he can be taught is to free himself from his own prepossessions and his own narrowness; and view life as a whole on its deeper side."



**Architonic Bodies**—New in principle, non-squeaking, non-rumbling dreadnought construction; new strength and safety; new slanting non-glare windshield.

**Synchronized Power System**—Engineered as a unit from radiator to rear axle; new flexibility, smoothness and economy; still longer life.

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**Larger Engines**—Greater piston displacement; greater horsepower, torque and operating economy; seven-bearing counter-balanced crankshaft; Invar-Strut pistons; full pressure lubrication; oil filter.

**New Spaciousness**—All bodies 3 inches wider; 3 to 5 inches larger according to type; greater headroom; front seat adjustable for leg length and pitch.

**New Beauty**—Dynamic symmetry; chromium girdle moldings; arched windows with chromium architraves; Pennon louvers; scone-type parking lights. Wide color choice with upholstery to match.

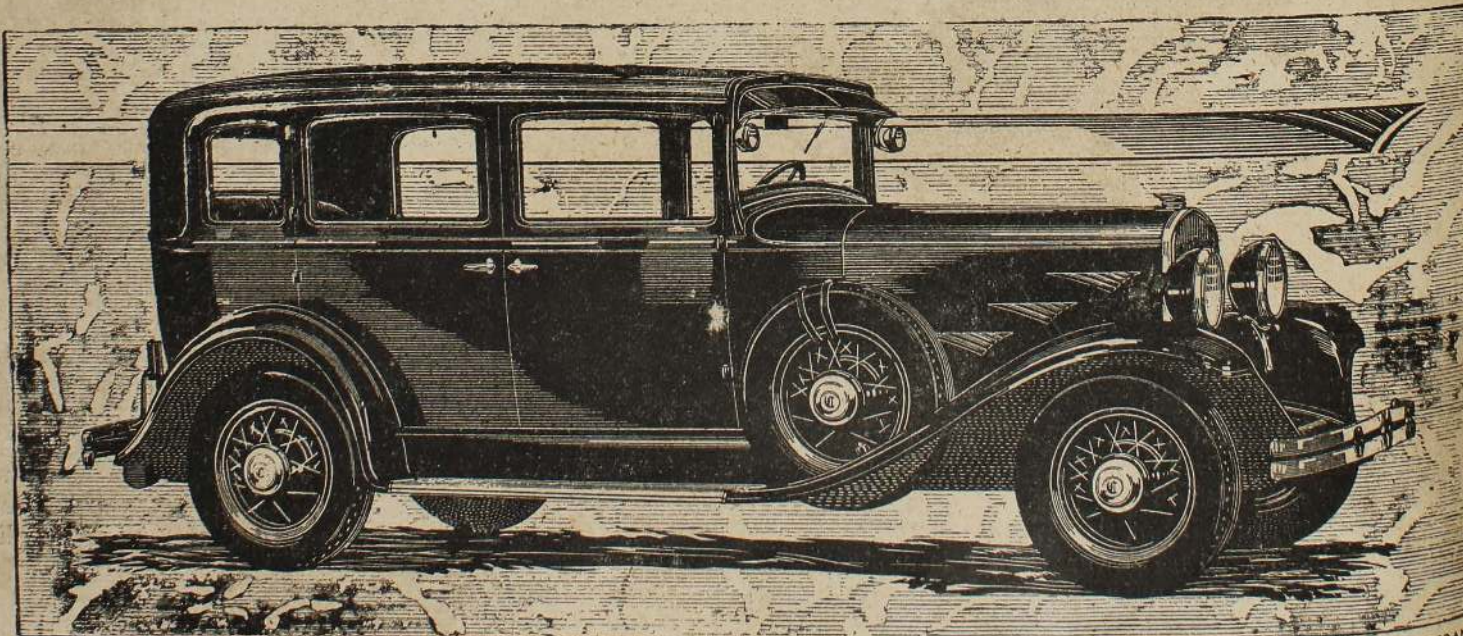
**New Interior Luxury**—Newly engineered seat cushions; luxurious pillow-type upholstery; metalware executed by Cartier, world famous jewelers.

**New Riding Comfort**—Paraflex no-sidesway springs; new chimney-type rubber shock insulators; extra depth girder type double drop frame; hydraulic shock absorbers. Oversize 6-ply balloon tires.

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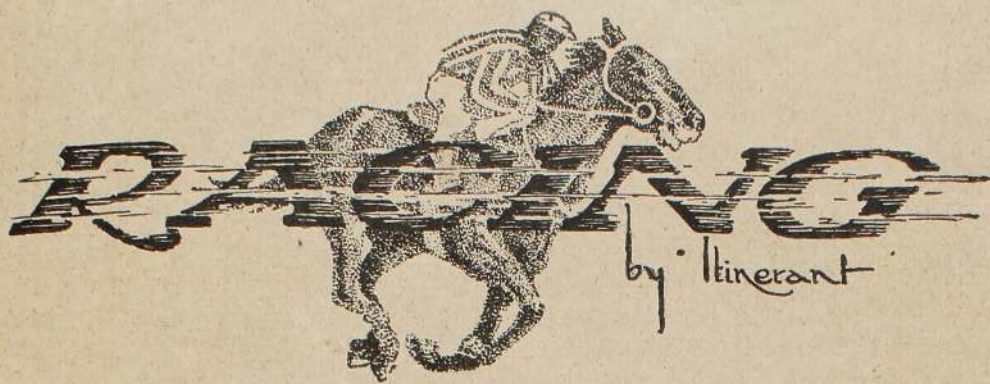
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THE NEW 400 ROYAL SEDAN

# CHRYSLER





## C. T. C. October Meet.

THE October Race Meet was voted on all hands a great success. During the meet the fact emerged big on the second day that there was quite a goodly percentage of sportsmen in Ceylon who would not be weaned away from the Race-course when a meet was on, even for the great pleasure, and possibly only opportunity, of witnessing two of the greatest cricketers of the world in action. These two were Woolley and Duleepsinhji who were playing for the M. C. C. vs. All-Ceylon on Saturday, the 19th of October. But of course there were very many who preferred to give themselves this pleasure and consequently the attendance was affected, but not in any way to the spoiling of the day's sport. As a matter of fact to atone for those who preferred to stand loyally by the Sport of Kings—and incidentally give themselves the possibility of putting some money in their pockets,—seven favourites of eight obliged, and Alder II was left to give the necessary spice of an upset. It will thus be seen that the loyal minority obtained what was really the finest sport of the three days. Before going to a detailed review of each day, as has been my practice hitherto, I should wish here to strike a note of warning to the officials of the C. T. C. Time was, not long ago, when every one who had anything to do with racing in Ceylon, was proudly and confidently able to aver that it was the cleanest obtainable in all the world. But during the recent meet, I got into conversation more than once with people who have been in close touch with racing in India and even in England, and was told that there should be a stricter enquiry into the running of

horses than there is at present. It is not my intention to pick out specific instances which gave rise to such statements, but would mention only what I see has been noted elsewhere,



BEN ROSEN.

the incongruity presented by a comparison of the time taken in the first race of the last day, the Dalkeith Stakes, and that of the third race, the Chester Stakes. Both were over nine furlongs. In the former seven Class II horses went out; in the latter, there were twelve Class IV; the first was won by Lemson, the last to get away carrying 8.7 in 2 round mins.; the second was annexed by The Dud carrying top-weight 9.6 in 1 min. 53 secs. Under the circumstances, as they are set out, the only explanation tenable without offence is that the classification is all wrong! But this, of course, is absurd.

Now to that review.

There was quite a good gathering out on the opening day including His Excellency Sir Herbert Stanley who was known to be making his debut as an owner. There was an air of keen expectation on that account and when ultimately his animal Rustic was placed third in the October Handicap (Div. 1) the partial success was well received. The first race of the day proved one thing clearly and that that Mr. Rooke as a gentleman rider was in a class by himself. After this success of a favourite Flying Scud created a flutter which realised R 99 for his backers. The third race enabled trainer Pike to score a double in succession when Hakimight beat his better fancied stable companion Chalk into fourth place. Here too the dividend just missed three figures. The fourth race went to that old favourite Raisins ably ridden by MacPherson and the unexpectedness of it was revealed in the award of R 112 on each winning ticket. The big event the Serpentine Stakes saw a well backed stable fancy returned when Plactoi ran away with it to beat Lady Glendoe, Excelsior, Spot Barred and other reputed fliers out of sight. Happy Life ran a little fancied second and Kirkliston took third place. The next race provided the finest finish of the afternoon when the judges could not separate Little Ben, the second favourite, from an outsider in Miss Bonzo. The latter's backers were delighted to receive R 99, while those who had plumped for Little Bengroused in that their dividend was reduced to R 21. The Mosul Stakes for Class I Arabs saw the favourite Zain-ul-mulk ridden by that master Ben Rosen, stave off a great challenge by Pervis to win by a neck. Then came the big surprise when Itihad going a smart pace from the winning post got to the starting post at 5 furlongs 23 yards and led the field home. It was a magnificent effort and thoroughly compensated his backers for their rashness in following such a regular failure, for they received as much as Rs. 115 for each ticket. Amal running third paid Rs. 85. The course double on Plactoi and Zain-ul-mulk yielded Rs. 384 for Rs. 10 and Rs. 184 on Rs. 5.

(Continued on page 22.)



# Racing.

## C. T. C. October Meet.

(Continued from page 21)

On the second day, as already stated, there was a fair attendance that was privileged to watch excellent sport. It also opened as on the first day with the return of an Arab favourite in Suaidan. In the second race there was an early tip out for Potato Beetle, a well-bred one by Pomme-de-terre, and as Ceylon's Champion jockey had the handling of him he went out a red hot favourite, even though it was his first time out. It was the bracket of Happy Star and Belsay Dene that held the race, and though the latter was the stable favoured one, the former made short work of him and Covenant who ran in between. In the Havelock Stakes which followed, Powders atoned for his failure of the first day. Then came the smashing of a record by Uncle Hugh who put writ to the time registered in August over the Channer Straight by Wessex, who ran behind him, and his stable companion Inholmes into third place. The next race was the Champion Stakes and Epos, ably handled by Ben Rosen, won it in a manner that made him out a real champion. So much was this combination fancied that only Rs. 26 was obtained on the win. Cotillon and Blazed Trail running first and second in front of Venonius in the next race, straightway won promotion into Class II, an honour they laid so little store by, as a week later, to participate in one of the slowest races yet seen in Ceylon. I have stressed this above. The surprise of Alder II followed when he took the Arab Handicap by a head from Fairdoss to pay out Rs. 164 for the win and Rs. 51 for the place. The day's splendid sport came to a close when Ben Rosen rode Tawfig in for the last race to pay out an appreciable Rs. 49. Alder II intruding, the course double Rs. 2880 for Rs. 10 (the solitary ticket), and Rs. 1526 for Rs. 5 (where four tickets were sold).

The third day saw quite a respectable crowd out, and all the conditions

were in favour of good racing. But it came as a big surprise that seven Class II horses took 2 minutes to decide that the best in the small field was the last to get away. Close finishes were practically the rule of the day for in four out of the seven events either a head or a short head separated the winner from the second while the other placed animals were also almost invariably close up. Well backed animals coming in throughout, no dividend, except one for a place, reached three figures but they were all quite satisfying. In the first race, Lemson one of the least backed by the public, paid out Rs. 67 to open with. The favourite Cotillon did not justify his promotion, running nowhere. Miss Bonzo ran third and paid out Rs. 51, indicating the short memories of most punters who failed to appreciate her dead heat victory with Little Ben on the first day.

Barclay's then took it into his head to run up to the persisted in expectations of his stable connections, and the latter were repaid by the return of money previously invested on him, with perhaps something by way of interest. The Dud next proceeded to win the Chester Stakes carrying top weight 9'6 over 9 furlongs in a manner that must have raised a blush on the part of Lemson & Co., had they been there to see it. Then followed the great victory of the day when Spackman on Kirkliston put the Manning Cup in the keeping of their popular owner Mr. R. Alford. I have mentioned the jockey first for had not Spackman been very much alive near about the bend, Kirkliston could never have achieved what he did later in knocking off 2/5ths of a second from Jingle's record set up in 1926. As they came up the straight one looked in vain from the firmest favourite of the day so far, when suddenly he was found to be slipping under Spackman's clever generalship into the most coveted berth, that on the rails—and almost

from that time Excelsior was beaten, even though the latter gamely lasted till the end. Mr. Alford's annexation was loudly acclaimed. Venonius next proved that class must tell some time or other, and that it was inadvisable to leave Ben Rosen's mount unbacked. Firtashanur then clinched his claim to be considered the Champion Arab sprinter in Ceylon today, when he displaced Nainava's record of two years ago over the Channer Straight. By doing this he is now the only pony that can point to two different time records to his credit. The biggest surprise in the race came in Nashat Beg running second to pay Rs. 125 for the achievement. The last race also saw the lowering of a record when Zuggar was shaken up by Rosen on the post almost to break away from a dead heat with Grand Boy, lowering the time standing to the credit of Najran over 1¼ miles. It was this final effort of jockey Rosen and the perhaps inevitable swerve of his mount, that induced the objection which followed. But happily for the supporters of both horse and rider, the objection was overruled and a very much appreciated R 63 was paid out.

## M.C.C. Team in Colombo.

(Continued from page 11)

and repeatedly found a nasty spot which made him very difficult to play. Duleep stayed for well over half an hour to fully demonstrate his genius as a batsman. He was eventually cleverly taken by L. D. S. Gunasekera at deep point off Edward Kelaart, who bowled really well to trap the famous Indian batsman. The rest of the M. C. C. batting was colourless except for some vigorous hitting in the last ten minutes by Earle, who sent the ball three times out of the ground. Kelaart bowled best for the Ceylon team to capture three of the five wickets that fell for 35 runs. Benson who kept wickets for the visitors proved most capable in that position. Altogether it was a very enjoyable game and Ceylon deserved credit for the very fine show they put up.



# On Pot Plants.

BY K. H.

IN the inconsequent way in which tags of magazine poetry will stick in the mind when more solid reading is forgotten, there has always lingered in my memory a few lines supposed to have been written by a woman who had longed all her life to travel and to see: "The storied cities, and the glow and colour of the South." Fate had however set her down to pass all her days in a rather grey and uninteresting little town; but, with a brave and gentle philosophy, she finds consolation in the fact that—

"Yet from my window I behold,  
A green and friendly hill;  
And red geraniums ablaze  
Upon my window-sill."

And I think that aptly suggests the place that window-boxes fill in the lives of city dwellers; for pot plants can be great consolers. A garden is, of course, an impossibility for millions of people pent in big towns. And the love of blossom and greenery that is in most of us is an expensive taste if it has to be gratified by frequent visits to the florist. For though flowers suggest simplicity and nearness to Nature, there is no shop-window that speaks more loudly of the standard of wealth than is spoken of as "having money to burn", than does the one where lillies of the valley bloom in January, and queerly coloured carnations at a shilling each, neighbour orchids costing sums that one hesitates to name above a whisper.

What then is to be done to satisfy the flower-loving instinct? There are, of course, the public Parks, where especially of late years the beds of flowers are a delight to the eye. But they do not satisfy the heart. I once overheard a pompous old gentleman, a member of his Town Council, pointing out to a small niece from the country the beauties of the Town Park, of which he was a trustee. "Look at those gladiolus," he said. "Nothing like those in your villagers' cottage garden,

I'll bet. And there's not the poorest child in the slums of our town, who can't come here and look at 'em, and say: "I have a share in those flowers, as a resident in this town I can feel that they belong to me." But the small niece, with memories of the particular joy of her own small garden, said thoughtfully: "Then why don't they all water 'em?" No, a communal garden may be a finer thing than ever we could hope to own for ourselves: and everybody must be most grateful that such beauty should lie within the reach of those who live in crowded streets—but still, most of us do like to have some growing thing that we can tend, some flowers that we can water or cut when we wish to, and so feel that they are indeed our very own.

And hence windowboxes were invented: to give stray touches of beauty to dismal streets, and also to lend a touch of grace to the solid splendours of dull magnificence. For whether the box be an elaborate arrangement, in which the florist has planted the most expensive species of pink ivygeraniums; or whether it be put together from an old packing case begged from the neighbouring grocer, and planted with a penny packet of nasturtium seeds, it nevertheless gives to its possessor something of the proud feeling of being a landed proprietor. In the dreary atmosphere of Arnold Bennet's "Riceyman Steps", almost the most cheerful touch is the description of the joy with which the wife, stinted in everything by her miserly husband, spends the few extra shillings which he once gives her on bulbs for her window-box, and of the eagerness with which she looks forward to the brightness which they should bring into her days—but which she never lived to see.

It is for such folks, who yearn for beauty amongst surroundings very unlovely, that the National Gardens Guild is doing its great work today in the grimy English towns. It was

founded by a band of disinterested enthusiasts, to help the slum dweller to cultivate, or regain, his love of beauty, by providing him with seeds, bulbs and cuttings on easy terms, by advising him as to the mixture of his soil and other mysteries of plant growing. And, to stimulate interest, prizes are sometimes awarded for the best results. What brightness the work of the Guild has brought into tired lives can never be guessed. But even the economists say that a man in office or factory does his work the better when, at the end of it, he can look forward not merely to food and rest, but to the following of some hobby in which he takes delight. And in watching how the eternal miracle of growth defies smut and squalour, even a slum dweller may learn to dream again.

But we, in Ceylon, have no such difficulties to contend with. To us the pot plants on our verandah, which are the equivalent of the English window-box, are only the border of a wide garden. Of course the verandah itself is debatable ground. Up country, where, to be of any use at all during a large part of the year, it must be glassed in, it belongs definitely to the house. But throughout the Low Country it combines, for the most part, the pleasures of house and garden; and is a place where books and sewing and comfortable chairs are shaded by growing flowers and roses. And therefore verandah plants needed special care. One cannot arrange them as old ladies used to do the broken vases on their chimney-pieces, and say; "Thank goodness no-one can look behind 'em." for the verandah garden should turn a good side not only towards people coming to the house, but to those sitting within it. Anything of the sunflower type would not be suitable, for there is something almost insulting in the uncompromising way in which a sunflower will turn its back on its owner to face the light. I remember one dear soul who planted a whole border of them just outside her windows because "their yellow faces would be so cheerful to look out on." She forgot that her house faced East; but the young plants soon found out which was the orient, and never a single yellow face did she see from her windows all that season.

(Continued on page 24.)



# On Pot Plants.

(Continued from page 23)

So in many ways much thought is required in the starting of a verandah garden. First there are the pots themselves. The provision of these is an easy matter for those who live on estates to which nails and tea-lead and even liquid fuel are brought in attractively shaped boxes and tubs. A saw and a pot of paint will complete the work. How many of us have not also been grateful for what somebody has called: "the inevitable accompaniment of an advancing civilization"? I mean the empty kerosene tin. For flowers have no snobbery: and, as in England a rare geranium will often bloom better in a cottage window—where it certainly robs the cottagers of light and air—than it will do in an expensive hothouse; so I have seen chrysanthemums and the lovely plumbage flourishing in tins and old broken buckets, whilst they have unkindly wilted and died when transferred to handsome cement pots. But of course the best flower pots of all are the red ones locally made of baked clay. They are to be got in good shapes and if one avoids those with narrow "waists", which constrict the roots, and takes care to put a layer of stones to provide drainage at the bottom of the pot, and then to fill it with good jungle soil, the first steps have been taken towards the making of a verandah garden which shall be a delight.

The next step is to procure the plants. This, of course is best done through the kindness of our friends. But it is best to remark that it should be through the kindness, and not through the blindness! For there are folk who have been perhaps too shy to ask for "just one tiny cutting"; and yet have thought that it could never be missed if they helped themselves to it. And there is even one dark story of a lady, the variety of whose pot plants was supposed to bear some direct relation to the size of the beautiful embroidered hand bag which she always carried when she went calling, and begged that her hosts would let her have "just a peep at the dear garden." But, for the most part, garden-lovers in Ceylon are both an honest and a

generous crowd. And one who wishes to fill new pots, can usually bring back a souvenir of each visit paid to a neighbour in the shape of root or cutting. It was gratitude that prompted one such lucky recipient to name each of her plants after the donor: but it had rather quaint results, as when she said that she "really must cut Mrs. Smith, who was far too "leggy" to be pretty;" or that "Dorothy Brown should be kept in the background now, as she was getting *passee*." All the same many new acquaintanceships have blossomed into friendliness over gifts and exchanges of plants; and a verandah filled in this way has a charm which does not belong to one filled with uniform ferns and flowering plants, ordered en masse from the florist.

Whether uniformity or variety gives the best effects, is, of course, a moot point. On other people's verandahs, a line of well-grown maiden-hair ferns, in pots that match, and with graceful bamboo palms rising from amongst them at regular intervals, seems the perfection of cool greenery. But there is much to be said for the "patchwork" arrangement by which everything that is beautiful in flower or foliage is admitted, and blends together into the harmonious whole which plants of differing type seem, unlike their human owners, always able to achieve. Now that the ground orchids have, within the last six years, become so popular, it is possible to have the delight of massed colour: but curiously enough, one tires of the mauves and purples of ground orchids, perhaps because they are so unchanging. Chrysanthemums, perhaps best of all plants respond to care, for it is difficult to believe that the beautiful, wide-stretching, creamy heads with long curling petals, which one sees on the plants from which all superfluous buds have been removed, are even of kin to the shabby, ragged little blooms that cluster in dozens on the straggly stems of the untended plant. Lillies too will live happily on the verandah, provided that they are given big tubs and plenty of

room; and the wide dark leaves, and the clear white six-pointed star of the petals, with the spiked, green-tinted crown that recalls some of the narcissi, are a constant, delight. Also, humble though its origin may be, a place should be found for the spider lily of the swamp where it can make the night air sweet with the fragrance of its filament-like flowers. But the most constant friend of all the flowering pot plants is the begonia. The tuberous rooted variety, with the great square flowers, does not do well in Ceylon; but what matters that when the fibrous rooted species provides both lovely foliage, leaves of beautiful shapes, mottled and veined with dull rose or tinted with silver, and also knots of drooping blossom, pink like apple bloom or red as bunches of ripe cherries? They are all lovely, from the tall bamboo begonia to the little low-growing one that is called "the Bride."

And here I come to one of the great needs of Ceylon flower lovers. We have no pretty names by which to call our plants, indeed they seem to have no names at all except the long botanical ones which few people can remember. I wonder how many people know by which to call some of their favourites, and have to fall back on descriptions. "The little thing with the lot of trumpet shaped purple flowers" or "juicy-stemmed one with the bright red small blossom." These things take a long time to say. And this namelessness exposes us to another danger as in the case of the lady who "Ipomoea" was a nice name, paid good money for the seeds, tended and transplanted them, and was hurt to find that they developed into nothing more rare than the morning glory which trailed along the fence of her vegetable garden.

Our Ceylon poets are going to find this a great drawback. Walter de la Mare can write of an English Sunken Garden—

"Speak not—whisper not:  
Here bloweth thyme and bergamot;  
Dark spiked rosemary and myrrh,  
Lean-stalked, purple lavender."

And the very words suggest beauty. But I defy anybody to do the same with coreopsis, and antignon and salpiglossis!

Can nobody invent some pretty names for our flowers?



# A. C. C. Reliability Trial, 1929.

(Continued from page 15)

**N. B.**—On this section, the run from Kandy Municipal Limits (near Peradeniya Bridge) to Kadugannawa Limits is calculated at 25 miles per hour. The remaining distance being at 15 miles per hour. Competitors are reminded of the special parking instructions applying to Nuwera Eliya, which are detailed elsewhere.

## Important.

Competitors will not be checked out from Nuwera Eliya. Under the schedule one hour is allowed for lunch and Competitors must start away promptly on schedule time.

## Second Section.

Nuwera Eliya (from Scandal Corner.) via Ramboda to Delta Estate turn-off. Sharp right between 24th and 25th milestones.) Through Delta to Pupuressa caddies, round to right turns. Turn left in Galaha Town to Galaha Factory, where road to right is taken through Dunally, Oudewella and Hantane Estates. Enter Kandy with market on right turn right, passing bus stand (on left) straight up Ward Street to 72nd milestone past Queen's Hotel.

Distance: 48. 3 miles.

Time allowed: 3 hours 51 minutes.

**N. B.**—On this section the run from Nuwera Eliya to the Delta Estate turn-off is calculated at 15 miles per hour and the remainder of the run into Kandy at 11 miles per hour.

## INSTRUCTIONS TO COMPETITORS.

Kandy:— Vehicles must be in position in Kandy near the starting line—facing towards the Queen's Hotel—a few minutes before their scheduled starting time, and come up to the line on their number being called by the Official in Charge.

On no account must cars be driven direct from the Queen's Hotel to the starting point, along the road

next to the Lake. This is reserved for the Course and Competitors must approach by the road leading round the Square.

Nuwera Eliya:— Competitors on passing the Control at Scandal Corner must on no account remain there, nor turn left to the Grand Hotel. Cars must proceed straight on, taking the left fork past the Post Office. Turn left at crossroads (Miller & Co.) and approach the Grand Hotel (Petrol Pump in front of the Hotel), lining up on the left of the road as near as possible to Scandal Corner.

This is necessary as cars will be leaving Nuwera Eliya on the second section at the same time the last few cars arrive out of the first section.

The road between the Grand Hotel and Scandal Corner will therefore carry one-way traffic—down to the corner—only.

Competitors will not be checked out of Nuwera Eliya but must leave Scandal Corner at their scheduled time. It is not necessary for Competitors leaving Nuwera Eliya to pass under the Control Banner.

## EXAMPLE.

A Competitor, whose schedule starting time at Kandy is 8.10 a.m. should be in his allotted position ready to start in response to his number being called by the Official in Charge. On hearing his number called the Competitor will approach the starting line which he should cross exactly on his schedule time.

Whilst en route, the Competitor will endeavour to regulate his speed at exactly that specified in the time table, i.e., 15 miles per hour from the starting point to Kandy Municipal Limits (near Peradeniya Bridge), from thence to Kadugannawa Local Board Limits 26 miles per hour, from Kadugannawa to Nuwera Eliya 15 miles per hour. The time allowed each Competitor from the start in Kandy to the Nuwera Eliya Control is 4 hours 42 minutes so that this

car should check in at Nuwera Eliya at 12. 52 p.m.

On the second section the Competitor shown should leave Nuwera Eliya at 1.52 p.m. (even if he had arrived late) and whilst en route should endeavour to regulate his speed from Nuwera Eliya to Delta Estate turn-off at 15 miles per hour and the remainder of the run into Kandy at 11 miles per hour, arriving at the finishing point in Kandy (the same place as the start) at 5.43 p.m. The time allowed for the second half of the course being 3 hours 51 minutes.

Strict adherence to the speeds given is necessary to ensure success as by means of secret checks en route the Competitor's speed will be ascertained.

## ACCOMMODATION.

Competitors must make their own arrangements with regard to Hotel accommodation in Kandy and Members staying over the Saturday night are advised to book rooms as early as possible.

## A SPORTS CAUSERIE.

(Continued from page 17.)

### BOMBAY CRICKET TEAM FOR CEYLON.

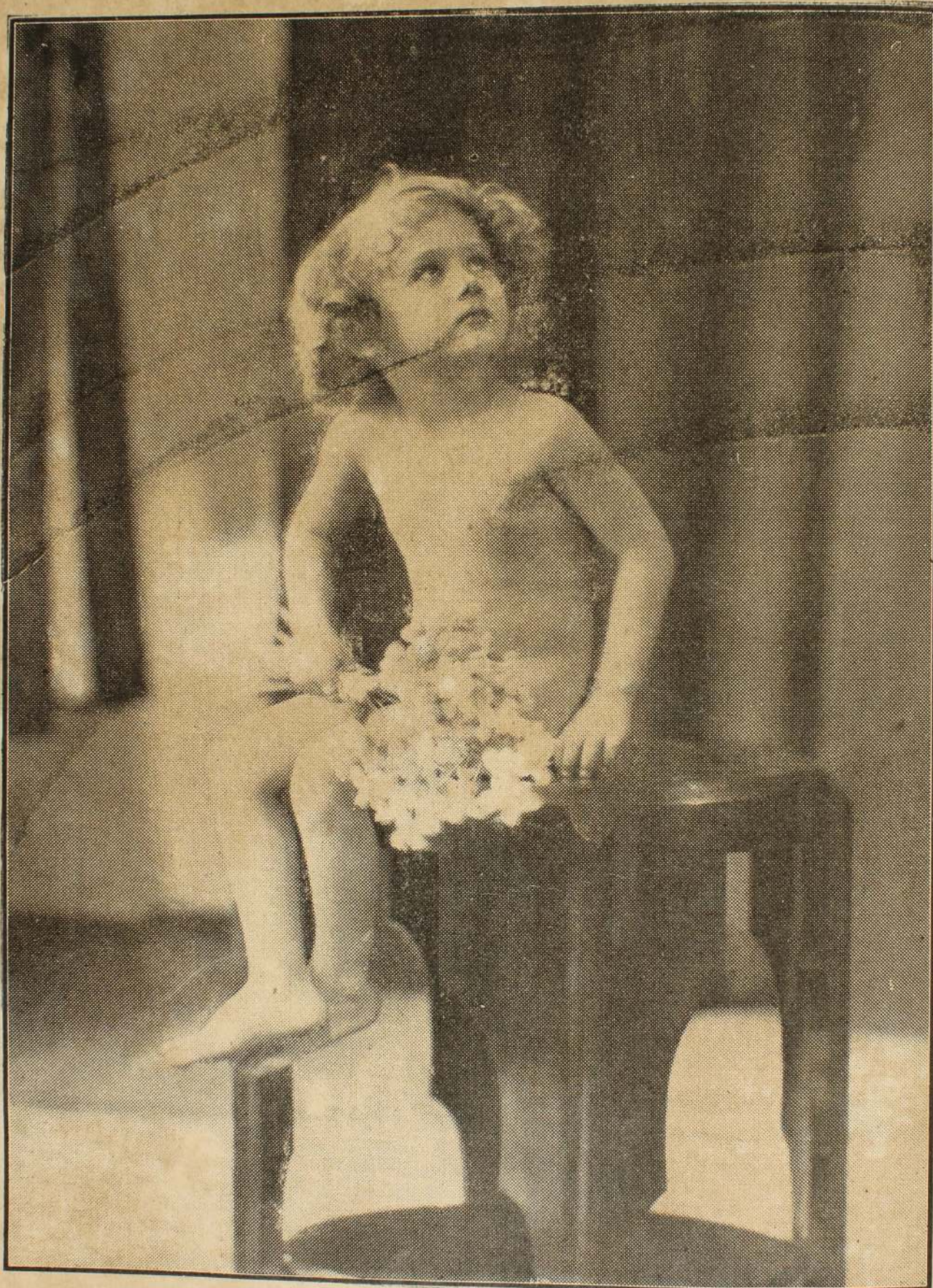
A representative team of Bombay cricketers, composed of Parsee, Hindu and Mohamedan quadrangular players, will be visiting Colombo in December to engage in three matches with the Europeans, Ceylonese and All Ceylon and everything points to some really interesting cricket being witnessed. A similar team came over three years ago and created a great impression, though the side lost their final and most important fixture against All Ceylon after a thrilling finish in which Major F. R. R. Brooke and W. T. Brindley achieved the seemingly impossible by a display of vigorous batting, which has never been excelled in a match of such importance. Dr. John Rockwood and Mr. Dinshaw Billimoria, who are jointly responsible for the forthcoming tour, are both experienced organisers who have handled previous tours with credit to themselves. They can depend on the co-operation of all true patrons of cricket in their laudable undertaking to provide us with some really high class matches next December.



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# THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

**"The Goblin who could only eat People who didn't say 'God Bless You'."**

BY

R. H. BASSETT.

ONCE upon a time there was a Man who was insistent, consistently, and persistently naughty. Everyone warned him that if he went on like that something terrible would happen to him, but he took no notice, and continued in his bad ways, until at last it happened. He was turned into a Goblin by a Fairy. Then he began to be sorry for his naughtiness, but it was too late, he was a Goblin now, and he had to behave like one.

There are all sorts of Goblins, though none of them do any harm to people who are good, and in any case they cannot hurt anyone under twelve years old, however bad they are. Most Goblins will eat anything from Toy Soldiers to Strawberry Ices, but the Fairy had laid a special Spell upon this one's digestion, so that he could only eat People who didn't say "God Bless you", or "Long Life to You", when some one sneezed, or who didn't say "The Same to You", when someone else said "God Bless You", when they sneezed. If he ever ate anyone or anything else, even People who hadn't said "God Bless You" would disagree with him, and then he wouldn't have anything to eat at all.

For a long time the Goblin went about very hungry, trying to catch People not saying "God Bless You", and always getting there too late to hear whether they said it or not. Then he decided that instead of chasing round after People, he would wait for them to come to him, so he settled down, and made himself invisible on the centre rafter of a Rest House, or Ambalam, by the roadside. Before long he caught one or two Travellers whom he was certain hadn't said "God Bless You", when someone sneezed, because he was there, on the spot listening; but he

found it a very difficult way of getting a living.

One day, when he hadn't caught anyone for a long time, and was very hungry, an old Man and his Son came into the Ambalam and lay down to sleep. "Now I will make the Father sneeze", thought the Goblin, "the Son looks young and tender". So he raised a magic dust near the old Man, who immediately sneezed, "A-Tishoo". The Son sleepily opened an eye and looked at him but said nothing. "Aha", said the Goblin, "now I've caught you", and he appeared beside the young Man in a blaze of light, all ready to begin his meal. "You didn't say 'God Bless You' when your Father sneezed", he explained, "in fact you didn't even say as much as 'Long Life to You', so now I'm going to eat you up". Now it was very silly of the Goblin to have said this, because at once the Son, in his anxiety to make amends, and not be eaten, recited this little Rhyme, in order to bless his Father thoroughly well.

"Father live an hundred years,  
aye and twenty more I pray,  
May no Goblin eat you up;  
live an hundred years I say".

When he heard this the Goblin thought, "Well I can't eat him now, but the Father never said 'The Same to You', so I'll have him instead". But the reason why the Father had not at once replied "The Same to You" was, because it was taking him some time to make up a suitable verse in answer to his Son's beautiful blessing. So the Goblin was again disappointed when, just as he was getting ready to eat him up, the old Man said:—

You too live an hundred years,  
aye and twenty more I pray,  
Poison be the Goblin's food;  
live an hundred years I say".

"Aiyo", said the Goblin, "now I can't eat either of you". Then the Son, who saw that the Goblin did not really like having to eat People at all, talked to him very seriously, and told him that if he was really sorry for his naughtiness and went hungry, without eating any more People who didn't say "God Bless You", perhaps the Fairy would turn him back into a Man. The Goblin was very much impressed, and tried so hard that he became as obedient as an errand boy, and never ate anybody else, even if they didn't say "God Bless You" when someone sneezed five times. The Fairy heard how good he had become, and, after leaving him for some time, to see if it would last, turned him back one day into a Man. He remembered the Lesson he had received and remained good for ever after.

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# Rather Good

HUMOROUS AND OTHERWISE

"BRITISH Prestige," says a political writer, "was never higher than at present." Well, it has had a bit of a Philip lately, hasn't it?

An auctioneer won a recent amateur boxing championship. See what comes of practice in knocking things down.

"Why," asks an educationist, "are languages neglected in schools?" Because, what with golf and telephones, a man gets all the practice he needs later.

"Miracles," says a writer, "happen every day." Certainly an English heavy-weight won a fight the other day in America.

Two long-hitting golfers were compelled to wait on tee after tee for the slow pair in front. At last they lost patience. One of them said, "Oh, go on, Bill drive. We can be quite decent to the next-of-kin afterwards."

A shortsighted punter took his wife to the Ally Pally races. He was particularly interested in one event and gave his wife the glasses in order that she might watch the start and see how his fancy got away. "Are they off?" he asked anxiously. "Yes" said his wife, "they're off." "And how's the green and purple going?" "He must be a marvellous horse, darling. They've made him give all the others a quarter of a mile start."

An English tourist went into an Aberdeen hotel one hot day and asked for a drink with a Kick in it. So they brought him a glass of water with a fly swimming on top.

Two keen motorists were chatting. One, the possessor of a fine speed model, was complaining. "My fiancé doesn't care much about the lod 'bus," he said pathetically.

"Says she can't reach the gears or something. Afraid I'll have to change the car." "What?" said the other honestly aghast "change that car! certainly not. Change your fiancé."

Our Australian friends are already team-building in an attempt to wrest the "Ashes" next season. Ponsford is now fit after his unfortunate experience in having his hand damaged and is a certain choice. A Melbourne correspondent states that Ponsford has been nick-named "Half-Crown Ponsford." Lest the reason for this should appear obscure we might mention that in the only Test match in which he played last winter he scored 2 and 6.

"Accused, have you ever been sentenced before?"

"No, Your Worship" (agitated), "I was once sentenced to death but I was then quite a child——"

"Quite a child and condemned to death?"

"By a doctor, your lordship."

## PLATE'S CEYLON ANNUAL.

The publication of Plate's Ceylon Annual is an event that local residents look forward to with avidity. Unlike other Christmas Annuals, it is an album of art, besides providing a pot-pourri of entertaining reading matter and humorous sketches. This year's issue will be more than usually attractive, containing a number of beautiful coloured supplements, photogravures and toned photographic re-productions; while the contributions made by well-known writers of short stories and humorous sketches are likely to surpass anything that has appeared in previous Annuals. As a Christmas gift and a souvenir of Ceylon, Plate's Annual ought to satisfy the most fastidious critic. You will be well advised to book your copy at once as last year a mammoth edition was sold out in less than ten days.

Dentist: "What is your occupation?"

Patient: "I'm a comic artist on a weekly paper."

"Then I'll try to live up to my profession as you fellows draw me."

Teacher: "The Mississippi is called the 'Father of Waters.'"

Little Boy: "If it's the 'Father of Waters,' why do they call it Mrs. Sippi?"

Tom: "Has your gardener taught you anything?"

Dick: "Yes; I'll never again believe that we reap what we sow."

Photographer: You must try to wear a pleasant expression, sir.

Husband (to wife): All right. Mary will you please leave me alone for a few minutes?

"Mummy, what does daddy do when he isn't at home?"

"Oh, daddy's a taxidermist, dear." "Is he? Where's his garage?"

"When you were abroad, I suppose you saw the great tracts of barren waste?"

"Yes, he has a wonderful estate."

Wagg: "Had any luck hunting lions in Africa?"

Tugg: "Yes, I didn't meet one."

"No, she replied, more in sorrow than in anger, "I can never be your wife. The man I marry must be strong and silent—a man I can look up to!"

"Yes?" replied the rejected swain. "Well, I advise you to pop round to Trafalgar Square and have a look at Nelson!"

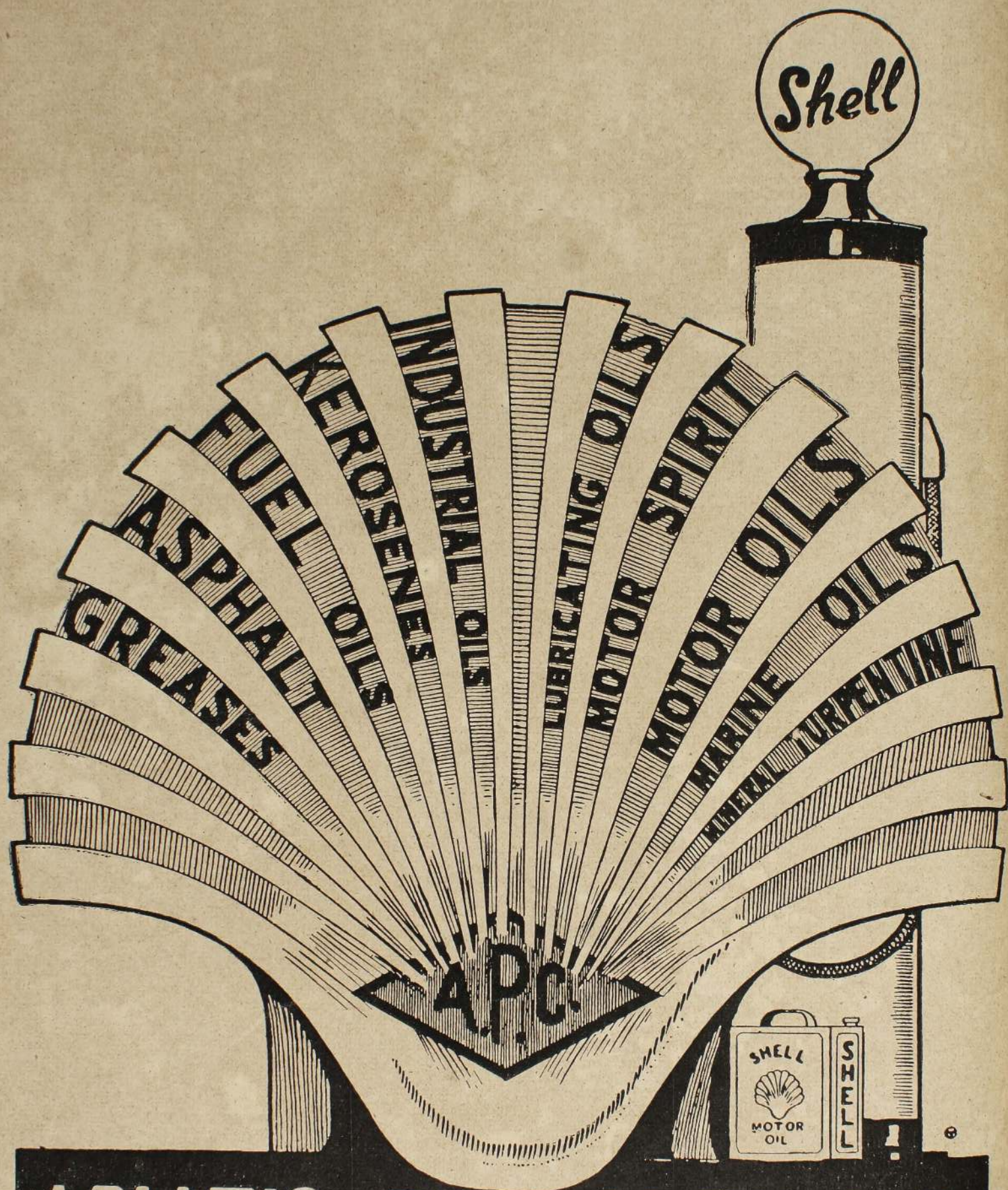
"Yes," said the gloomy one, "before we were married she used to say 'Bye-bye' ever so sweetly when I left her. Now it is 'Buy-buy!'"

"Ah," said his friend, "she puts a different spell over you."

"Have you ever been in a railway accident?"

"By Jove, rather! I remember one day when I went through a tunnel and kissed the father instead of the daughter!"





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Harold Begbie.

(Communicated)

**H**AROLD Begbie enjoyed a reputation which it is somewhat difficult to account for. He was not a great author in the commonly accepted meaning of the term. He produced no work of very striking merit. Yet he had a vogue, which more distinguished writers did not acquire.

In his earlier works he appears to have taken Dickens for his model, in his attempt to depict droll characters and humorous situations; but he did not succeed in being accepted as a good imitator of the immortal Charles.

In his later works he struck a moral note, which, in this frivolous age, one would not expect to command popular favour. The goody-goody writer scarcely has a look-in among authors of fiction who base their plots on some sex problem. Many of Begbie's books, indeed, had a strong, religious flavour. In some of them he displayed his sympathy with the work of the Salvation Army, with which he was in close touch; and he even acted as the historian of that great Christian organisation.

Some years ago Begbie accompanied Commissioner Booth-Tucker on one of his Eastern tours, which included Ceylon in its itinerary, and spent a little time in the Island. On that occasion I happened to run across Booth-Tucker and his companion during a rail journey to Kandy. The Commissioner, on leaving the train at Rambukkana, *en route* to a village where the S. A. was conducting a Mission among a depressed class, entrusted Begbie, who was bound for Kandy, to my care; and we transplanted ourselves to the Refreshment Car as a better coign of vantage for viewing the scenery between Rambukkana and Kadugannawa. During that memorable journey I had ample opportunity of studying my companion.

Begbie was a little man—well-groomed, neat and natty—and full of vivacity, almost to effervescence. He was keen on getting as much information as possible about everything he saw, and plied me with

### JUSTICE.

In the High Court of the Mind the sessions are in secret, when Conscience unveiled sits in Judgment over our various failings. Here, the wise Counsels of Piety and Reason, indict and punish offences without recourse to witness or juror, however grave the fault may be. Here alone the accused Fault is utterly powerless to withhold the truth, but even in a moment, in silent unspoken word doth acknowledge its guilt and await its punishment ..... The sentence may vary from a life of eternal torment to a few restless and sleepless nights; or it may be an hour of dire regret, or contrite tears; or just a good resolve to break not God's set laws.

P. C. R. J.

questions as assiduously as the most enterprising newspaper reporter, jotting down notes for future use. Later I read a column contributed by him to a London Weekly Illustrated, based on these notes, and illuminated by his own charming comments on men and things as he saw them in their tropical environ-

ment. He was a most entertaining conversationalist, and the recollection of my meeting with him, and the pleasant hour or two I spent in his company, will ever remain a happy memory. After his return to England I received a couple of letters from him, in one of which he made kindly reference to a little book of Poems I had sent him.

Though Harold Begbie may not occupy a niche in the Temple of Fame, his name, which has acquired a strange familiarity all the world over, will be long remembered as that of an author who never descended to the level of the average novel writer who carries popular favour by adopting questionable devices. His books possess the merit of being absolutely clean, and though they may not grip the ordinary reader of works of fiction, they leave behind a sweet taste. As a journalist he excelled himself—chiefly as a paragraphist—and his descriptive writing and running comments were largely looked forward to week by week by readers of the magazines to which he contributed. His identity—only recently discovered—with "The Gentleman with the Duster" should go far to enhance his literary reputation.

### GREAT THOUGHTS.

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife—

Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art.

I warmed both hands before the fire of life:

It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

—Walter Savage Landor  
(1775—1864)

Many and sharp the num'rous ills  
Inwoven with our frame!

More pointed still we make ourselves,  
Regret, remorse and shame!

And man, whose heav'n erected face  
The smiles of love adorn,  
Man's inhumanity to man

Makes countless thousands mourn!

—Robert Burns (1759—1796)

Man is born not to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out where the problem begins, and then to restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible.

—Goethe (1749—1832)





This recipe is only one of a delightful series contained in our dainty booklet "The Cream of Creams." May we send you a copy?

## CRÈME À LA PORTUGAISE

INGREDIENTS.—2 oz. ground rice,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint milk, a little vanilla essence, 1 oz. sugar, 2 oz. preserved ginger, a few glacé cherries, 12 oz. tin Nestlé's Pure Thick Cream.

METHOD.—Put the milk into a pan with the sugar and ground rice, and stir until boiling, and cook it well for a few minutes. Add the ginger and cherries, and pour when cool into a glass dish. Whisk the cream with a little sugar and 2 teaspoonfuls ginger syrup. Decorate the dish with the cream, whipped, put through a fancy forcier, and a few cherries and ginger on the top.

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# My Lady's Boudoir

## On Fashions in Fancy Work.

BY K. H.

(Continued from our last issue.)

The fancy work of old days must have taken a cruel toll of eyesight. Spectacles for young folks were almost unknown, and the only illumination during the long winter evenings that were devoted to sewing, was the light of tallow dips, or, at best, of wax candles. There must have been many minor accidents, and much smell of singed hair when the ladies bent as close to the candles as possible, to get more light on their work.

And then presently there was a reaction in favour of a group of new handicrafts that did not demand such close work. Crinolined ladies set themselves to decorate their houses with "spattering." It was done by pinning a group of living ferns and leaves on to a white surface, surrounding them with a delicate shading done with Indian ink, and then taking leaves and ferns away and leaving their silhouette in white on the surrounding darkness. Then, falling in love with the lovely shapes of the leaves thus shown, the fancy workers went on to reduce them to "skeleton leaves," that looked like delicate ivory carvings. These had to be mounted and preserved in glass cases; and when once the glass cases were introduced, there was an endeavour to find something new to put in them. Groups of shells and seaweeds were collected and arranged into wreaths; even dreariest craft of all, the hair of relatives living and dead was collected and blended into funereal imitations of blossoms. But the craze that was most prevalent was for making wax flowers. Here again, it is easy to jeer at the taste which could prefer lifeless imitations under glass domes, to bowls of real

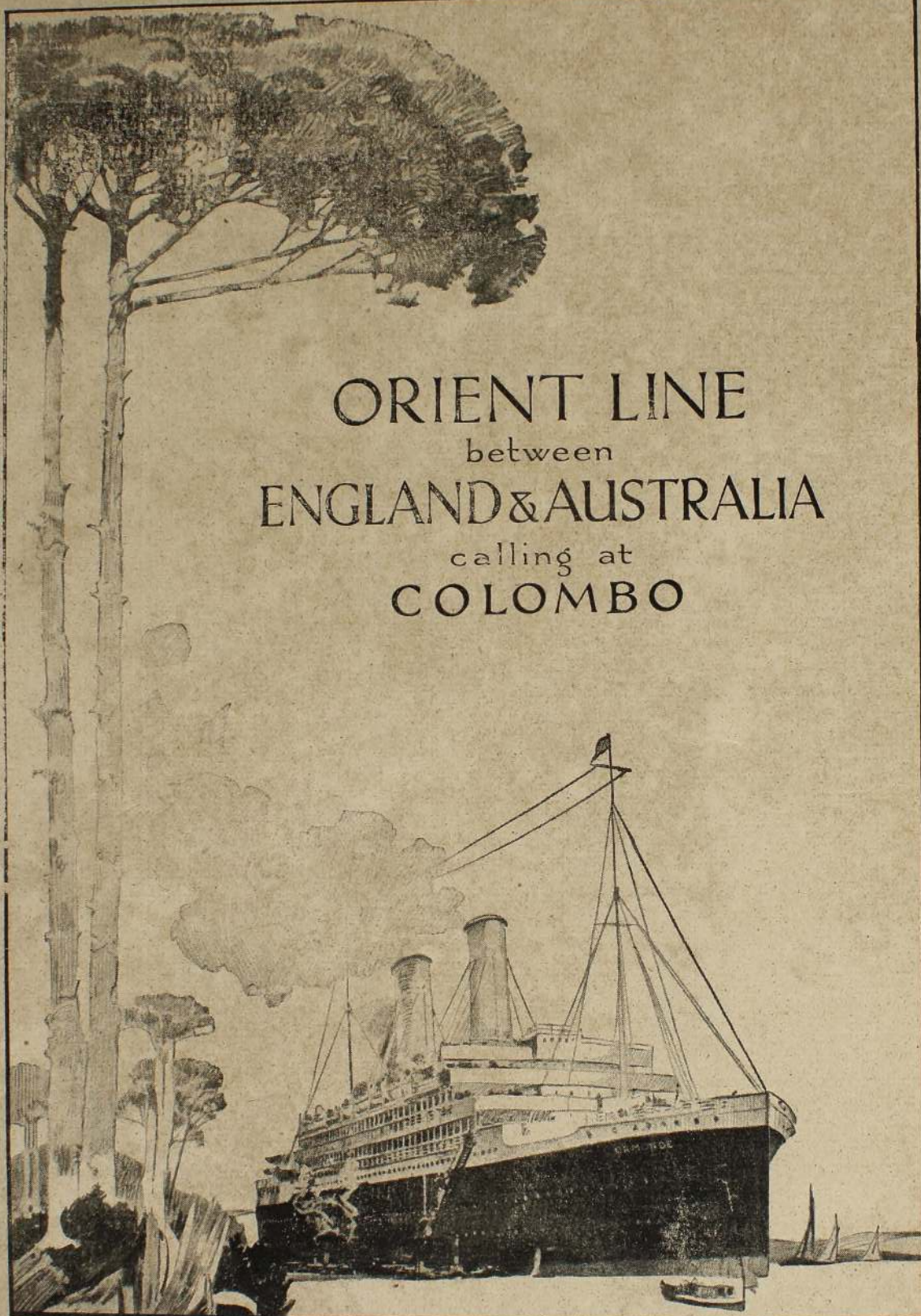
and fragrant bloom. Certainly the groups in wax, often a little chipped and broken, that are still to be found on the chiffonniers in some lodging house parlours, are very dreary things: but, all the same, it must have been a fascinating business modelling the curves of the tiny petals; and the completed group, wired into its china basket, must certainly have been regarded with just the same pride with which we of today look at the bunch of raffia blossoms which we have worked on a handbag.

The wax flowers had their day, and were followed by leather flowers; rather expensive to make these must have been, and dreadful dust-collectors when finished, as they were too big to be put under glass, and were generally used to surround mirrors or to decorate wall brackets. And then, with the aesthetic craze that came in about in the eighteen-eighties, fashion switched back again to embroideries of an "arty" type. The frills and draperies which filled all the drawing rooms of that day gave great scope for trailing scrolls of flowers and berries in gay "natural" colours; and most mantle-pieces bore hangings decorated either with sunflowers or with waterlilies. Patchwork was looked down on then as being old fashioned and "countrified." But still a few old ladies continued to do it; and now the floral bell ropes and cushions have been thrown away, we should all be glad to possess one of these "crazy-work" patchwork quilts, which often served as a sort of family chronicle, in that they contained scraps from the wedding gowns and festivity frocks of a whole group of relatives. And then

between that work of the last century and the fashions of fancy work to-day, there comes a gap. For four years the sewing needles had a rest, whilst everyone knitted, knitted, knitted. Oddly enough shaped socks were many of those that were produced by unskilled fingers during the early days of the war; but they served their purpose, even if they did not bring comfort to weary marching feet; for they certainly brought soothing to the frayed nerves of the knitters. I remember having a good six inches or khaki plain and purl shown to me with the explanation: "I did all that during last night's air raid. There was an extra big bang just when I was joining the wool there."

But the cloud has passed, and we are back to our gay colours and our fine stitchery. Raffia has come to vary the beauties of silk. And now we are helped by a wealth of materials from which to choose, by transfers from which we can iron off good patterns, and by a perfect spate of magazines advising us on the latest ideas on how best to decorate our table linen and our garments. One would expect that in these hurrying days the work advised would be all of the quickly-done variety; especially as in the ear of her who does fancy work to-day, there is always the horrid whisper, unknown to her mother and grandmother: "Why spend so much time, when you can buy just as pretty a machine-made thing, and probably one that will cost you less, in any shop?" But something deep in woman refuses to be influenced by the thought, and still sets high value on the thing that is hand-made and home-made. How most of us ever find time to sew at all, with the multitudinous claims of work, pleasure, reading, and sport pressing in upon us, is a mystery; but the books are full of applique designs for luncheon sets, so somebody must work them; information is given that shell-work is the "very latest thing"—shades of our great grandmothers. And here is an advertisement for a design for a tapestry picture. So, across nine centuries, Matilda of Flanders, stitching with her stiff little figures, can smile in fellowship with the woman of to-day.

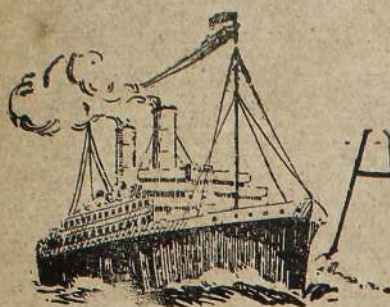




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# HOMEWARD BOUND

WE take this opportunity of wishing the following who left for Home in October, a pleasant holiday:—

By the *B. L. "Shropshire,"* on October 23rd:—

Mr. G. H. F. Wintle of Condegalla, Ramboda.  
Mr. W. H. Biddell, District Engineer, P. W. D., Anuradhapura.  
Mrs. H. F. Thompson of Hauteville, Agrapatna.  
Mr. H. M. Carmichael, Supdt., Maldeniya, Dehiowita, and Mrs. Carmichael.  
Mr. W. J. R. Hamilton, the Lindula Planter, and Mrs. Hamilton.  
Mrs. C. M. Houghton and Miss D. A. Houghton of Agrapatna.  
Mr. H. C. King, Asst. Conservator of Forests, Galle.  
Rev. K. A. Chunchie, who was on a short visit to the Island.

## WELCOME BACK.

By the *R. M. S. Otranto,* on October 5th:—

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Armstrong of Colombo.  
Mr. L. H. F. Bray of Messrs Gordon Frazer & Co., Ltd., Colombo.  
Mr. D. A. Buchanan of Messrs Jas. Finlay & Co., Ltd., Colombo.  
Mr. E. G. B. de Mowbray of Rillamulla, Kandapola, and Mrs. de Mowbray.  
Dr. S. W. Garne of Colombo.  
Mr. A. Gardiner of the Ceylon Theatres Ltd., and Mrs. Gardiner.  
Dr. and Mrs. S. A. Goonewardene of Westland House, Panadure.  
Mr. G. T. Hale of Messrs Julius & Creasy, and Mrs. Hale.  
Mr. J. L. Kotalawala of Colombo.

By the *P. & O. Naldera,* on October 13th:—

Mr. A. Boys, Partner, Messrs Bartleet & Co., Colombo.  
Mr. John Horsfall, Manager, Craig Estate, Bandarawela.

By the *B. L. Oxfordshire,* on October 14th:—

Mr. H. L. Anley, Supdt., Mahatenne, Elkaduwa.  
Mr. D. H. Balfour, C. C. S., and Mrs. Balfour.  
Mr. H. B. Bruce of Galphele Group, Panwila.  
Mr. G. S. Cowan of Gonapitiya, Kandapola.  
Mr. J. P. Corkhill, Engineer, Messrs C. A. Hutson & Co., Ltd., Colombo and Mrs. Corkhill.

Mr. E. L. W. Cumming of Hinwerella, Mawanella.

Mr. A. A. Dawson, Supdt. Hunewella Estate, Opanaika.

Capt. Peter Flood, Pilot, Master Attendant's Dept., and Mrs. Flood.

Mr. R. C. Fernando, District Engineer, P. W. D.

Mr. S. E. Grant Cook, Manager, Sarnia Group, Badulla, and Mrs. Grant Cook.

Mr. R. St. G. Jackson, Supdt., Avisawella Estate, Puwakpitiya.

Mr. C. H. C. Matthey, Supdt., Lindula Estate, Talawakelle.

Mr. J. A. Middleton of Karundapona, Kegalle.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Panabokke of Gampola.

Mr. H. Sadler, Supdt., Wangie Oya, Nanu Oya.

Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Stone of Colombo.

Mr. G. N. Skuce of Messrs Harrisons & Grosfield Ltd., Colombo.

Mr. H. B. Wade, Supdt., Arrattenne, Madulkelle, and Mrs. Wade.

By the *O. L. "Orford,"* on October 21st:—

Mr. L. Burckhardt, Supdt., Ettie Estate Kegalla.

Mr. & Mrs. R. D. Banks of Colombo.

Mr. A. Balfour, Supdt., Dickwella Estate, Badulla.

Mr. P. F. H. Bedingfeld, General Manager, Rosehaugh Co. Ltd., Colombo.

Mrs. Benison, wife of Mr. B. B. Benison of Duckwari Group, Rangalla.

Mr. J. Duff-mith, Manager, Messrs Walker Sons & Co., Ltd., Talawakelle, and Mrs. Duff-Smith.

Mrs. Edwards, wife of Mr. L. P. Edwards, Manager, Kiriwanaketiya, Agalawatte.

Dr. and Mrs. C. W. Fernando, of "Melrose", Moratuwa.

Mr. W. F. Hannin, Manager, Messrs Davidson & Co., Ltd., Colombo.

Mr. J. D. Hoare, Manager, Galatura Estate, Kiriella.

Mr. S. J. Kirby, District Engineer, P. W. D., Colombo, and Mrs. Kirby.

Mrs. McLaren, wife of Mr. H. A. McLaren, Gikiyanakande Estate, Neboda.

Mr. C. H. Norris Jones, Supdt. Calsay Estate, Nanu Oya.

Mrs. Oliveira, wife of Mr. B. E. G. Oliveira, Supdt., Lippakelle Lindula.

Mr. F. J. Poyntz Roberts, Manager, Drayton, Kotagala.

Mr. D. C. L. Safford, of Diyagama, Agrapatna, and Mrs. Safford.

Mr. A. T. Sidney Smith, Manager, Diyanillakelle, Lindula.

Mr. W. H. Smallwood of Messrs J. M. Robertson & Co., Colombo.

Mr. L. G. Byatt, Director, Messrs Bois

Bros. & Co., Ltd., Colombo, and Mrs. Byatt.

Mrs. Whitby, wife of Mr. G. R. Whitby, partner, Messrs Skrine & Co., Colombo.

Mrs. J. D. Walker and Miss Walker of Devon Estate, Talawakelle.

Mr. H. E. Weber, Manager, A. Bendixsen & Co., Ltd., Colombo.

Mr. G. W. Hunter-Blair, Manager, Kalupahani, Haldumulla, and Mrs. Hunter-Blair.

Mrs. Mathias de Mel of "Melrose", Moratuwa.

By the *P. & O. "Nankin,"* on October 24th:—

Mrs. E. M. Byrde of St. Vigeans, Bogawantalawa.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Arnott and Miss Arnott, of Colombo.

Mr. P. S. Raymond of Messrs Smith Campbell & Co., Colombo.

Mr. G. W. Gould, C. G. R., Colombo.

By the *P. & O. "Moldavia,"* on October 26th:—

Mr. J. S. McIntyre, Partner, Messrs Leechman & Co., Colombo.

Mr. John Galpin, Director and General Manager, "Times of Ceylon," and Mrs. Galpin.

Mr. H. V. Warner of the Harbour Engineer's Dept., and Mrs. Warner.

Mr. E. Ware, Supdt., Allakolla Group, Madulkelle.

Mrs. Stewart, wife of Mr. R. P. Stewart of Messrs Leechman & Co., Colombo.

Mr. R. E. C. Hephherd, Supdt., Ythan-side, Kotagala.

Mr. O. B. M. Cheyne, Supdt., Horatapolla, Nattandiya.

Mr. R. C. C. Mac Donald of Selagama Estate, Matale.

Mr. D. B. Mac Gregor, Engineer, Messrs Walker & Greig, Ltd., Colombo.

Mr. J. C. Mitchell, Manager, Stationery & Sports Dept., Messrs Cargills Ltd., Colombo.

Mr. C. J. Blythe of Messrs. Rowlands Garages Ltd., Colombo.

Mr. L. C. Maudslay, Manager, Dickoya Estate, Dickoya.

By the *B. L. Staffordshire* on October 28th:—

Miss M. Shelton Agar of West Haputale, Ohiya.

Mr. J. T. Ambler, Resident Engineer, Railway Work-hops, C. G. R., Ratmalana and Mrs. Ambler.

Mr. M. C. Burland and Miss Burland of Le Vallon, Galaha.

Mr. D. M. Berry, Supdt., Pallawella, Ratnapura.

Mr. A. G. D. Bagot of Park Estate, Kandapola, and Mrs. Bagot.

Mr. W. S. Burnett, Manager, Wanarajah, Dickoya, and Mrs. Burnett.

Mr. C. H. Bradley, District Engineer, P. W. D., Badulla.

Mr. H. J. Bromley, Director, Messrs Bosanquet & Co., Ltd., Colombo, and Mrs. Bromley.

Mrs. Clark, wife of Mr. H. O. Clark of the Survey Dept., Galle.

Mr. H. M. Cadman of High Forest, Kandapola.

Mrs. R. E. H. Dickinson of St. James', Haliela.

(Continued on page 37)





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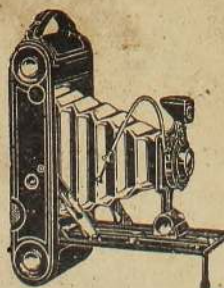
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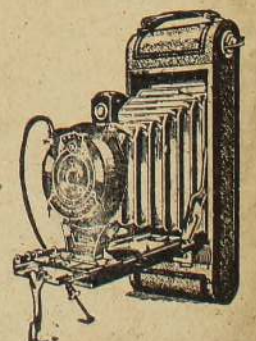
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## THE FRAME OF HAPPINESS.

By Count de Mauny.

AS the readers of a *Ceylon Causerie* might get tired of my monthly efforts I thought it more interesting for them to publish a letter I have received from France.

Cher Comte,

Don't you know that our frame of happiness consists in the furniture which surrounds us. I can assure you that it is even more difficult to choose suitable furniture than to find a husband of one's choice.

I wonder if our love for our furniture ought to be the result of a love match of that of a "*mariage de convenance*." I am inclined to think that the eye must fall in love at first sight, reason will follow later. Don't laugh when I say that happiness must be framed.

Certain colourings affect one's temperament. Beware of red, it means quarelling, while blue is soothing and green tickles our intellect. Sometimes a comfortable, unpretentious armchair, a plain honest writing desk, an attractive and frivolous looking bed, spread with a leopard or polar bear skin are synonymous auxiliaries of our conjugal "*entente*"

Men are apt, even inclined, to fall in a groove and hate surprises. Many of them were brought up in the surroundings of Louis XV panelling and Empire columns. Women, with smiles of understanding and seduction must shape their inclinations and get them to discover a new love in the art of to-day. If they object, we only have to flatter them and we always get what we want.

There is no "*art nouveau*," it is art which adapts itself to our civilisation. It is the complement of our social life, of our means of transport: aeroplanes, cars and pullman cars. A Louis XV armchair flavours of a "*sedan chair*." Put it next to a ROLLS and it will make you shriek with horror.

We do not know how history will christen our modern style. Will it call it Poincare or Briand? We know the names of all the great carvers and cabinet makers of one hundred and fifty years ago yet we ignore those of our wonderful artists of to-day who work next door.

Tulip trees, mahogany, precious woods land from our far-away colonies cabinet makers have never made such ingenious and intricate "*marqueterie*." We fell our wonderful forests of Africa and Indo-China where precious woods grow in a day; their branches slide from the "*tronc*" like reptiles and become pianos or kitchen tables—all this to satisfy our tastes.

I admire the pluck of these young married couples who live in the midst of modern art regardless of these cantankerous old fogies who, on principle, love what is old and faded.

The house of a pretty woman must be her accomplice. From the hall onwards one ought to feel if one's hostess is either wise, intelligent or frivolous. A cushion, a piece of silk, a picture soon reveals a character. I know of a beautiful home, (you know it too, it is near the bois de Boulogne) with its marbles and ceilings worthy of Trianon. When I call on la Marquise de..... I always feel that she ought to wear "*robes a paniers*" and powdered hair.

Short hair, short shirts sulk Louis xv "*bergeres*." They are not in keeping with them. Yet, the beautiful is always beautiful and never an intruder; you can mix without fear a "*cloisonne*," a Watteau, a Clodian with purple laquer. Reclining Buddhas and Greek marble works of art are always at home because perfection makes of a dream a reality. They cannot be the prisoners of an epoch because they create another style. Our friend the Duchess of..... has understood this problem; by the way the Duc before his marriage stayed with you in Ceylon. He speaks of the country as of an earthly paradise and goes on remembering his visit to H..... with its lovely gardens, as an experience never to be forgotten. I really believe that at times he wishes he were a Ceylon planter. Well "*lad duchesse*" has allowed the past and present to unite and play in her lovely drawing room. DIM is the marker of the dining room where everything from lock and key to the lighting of the ceiling is in exquisite harmony; what a reward it is when all is in the right place,

balanced, ornamanted, finished as we dreamt it should be.

La Duchesse flings open the doors of the dining-room, made of corat wood and palissandre; how beautiful she looks in this "*decor*". Her auburn hair, her hasel eyes match the chiseled copper ornaments and design. To suit such a perfect grande dame the table of classical shape yet adapted to the ingenuity of the various woods and metals was necessary. The red mahogany very light in colour, brightened by orchids and exotic flowers bring a "*lighting touch*" to this room, so beautiful yet severe.

I shall call with you on some mutual friends in my next letter, but to-day I must say *au revoir*. I am flying in my moth to London for a dinner this evening. Such is life.....

Princess de M.

## WELCOME BACK.

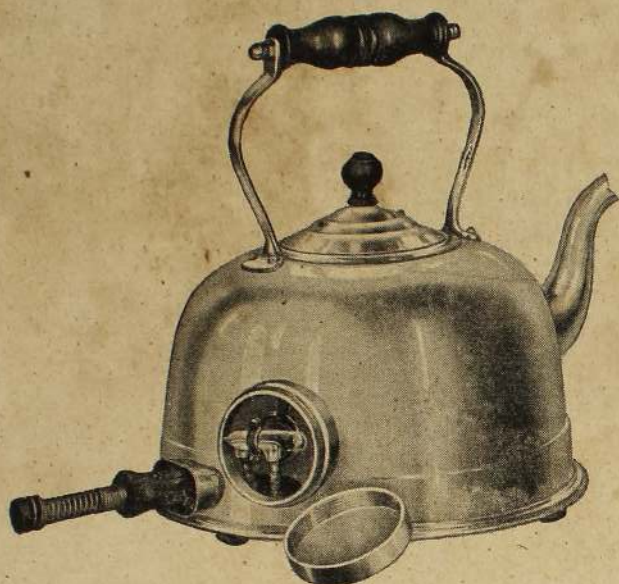
(Continued from page 35)

- Mr. R. Francillon of Nayabedde, Bandarawella.
- Mr. E. L. Fraser, Director, Messrs Carson & Co., Ltd., Colombo.
- Mr. E. R. E. Geddes, Manager, Madampe Estate, Rakwana.
- Dr. Dorothy C. Hay of Kandy.
- Mr. W. J. Hurst, Supdt., Kellie Group, Dolosbage, and Mrs. Hurst.
- Mrs. Henman, wife of Mr. O. W. Henman, Div. Irrigation Engineer, Batticaloa, and Miss Henman.
- Mr. F. J. Holloway, Manager, Trafford Hill, Galagedera, and Mrs. Holloway.
- Drs. E. E. Hardie, oi "Leafields," Barnes Place, Colombo.
- Mrs. Oscar Johnson of Uva Hignlands Bandarawella.
- Mrs. F. P. Jepson of Peradeniya.
- Mr. M. C. Lyde, Supdt., Higgoda, Undugoda.
- Mr. F. M. Mackwood of Messrs Mackwoods Ltd., Colombo. and Miss A. F. Mackwood.
- Lt. Col. E. O. Mackwood, O.C., C.G.A., and Director, Messrs Mackwoods Ltd., Colombo.
- Mr. W. S. Maddams of the Survey Dept., Mrs. Maddams and Miss Maddams.
- Mrs. Carson Parker of Shawlands, Lunugala.
- Mrs. Praat, wife of Mr. G. W. J. Praat, Asst. P. M. G., Colombo.
- Mrs. Reid, wife of Mr. T. Reid, C. C. S., Colombo.
- Mrs. A. Dyson Rooke of Ratwatte, Ukuwella.
- Mr. H. V. Stephens, of Messrs Hull Blyth & Co., Ltd., Colombo.
- Mr. P. W. G. Spence of Messrs Aitken Spence & Co., Colombo, and Mrs. Spence.
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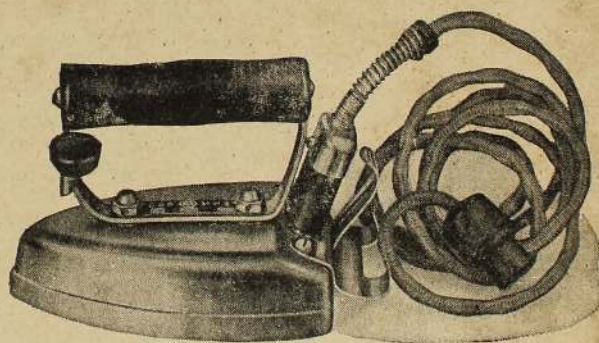
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# The Orchestra Past and Present.

BY DR. KARL BÖHM

*General musik direktor, of Darmstadt.*

It is difficult to imagine what Mozart or Haydn would have thought if it had been possible to put a modern score before them; because it is a fact that only those musicians can be said to be capable of a genuine appreciation of our modern orchestra who were born—as it were—with a knowledge of the immensity of the development which modern music has already gone through and is still about to go through.

And yet it is true that a good many years have passed since the days when Hector Berlioz and Richard Wagner, the greatest revolutionists in the domain of orchestral technique, were alive. Wagner effected very considerable progress in the technique of the “valve” instruments; and it is not too much to say that, without cornets-à-pistons, the marvellous “Meistersinger” score could never have been written so beautifully as it really is. Formerly the cornet-player was merely able to produce a small number of natural notes on his instrument, supplemented by a few stop notes, whilst he can now produce without difficulty all the sounds of the chromatic scale. Every conductor regrets that Beethoven was unable to make use of those instruments, because they were still unknown at his time; and for the sake of clearness it is often desirable—nay, even urgently necessary—to introduce some discreet retouching here and there.

Wagner also employed three sets of wood winds, and created, in “The Ring of the Nibelung,” a special acoustic atmosphere altogether his own. The normal type of orchestra was supplemented, in addition to the strings, wood winds and brass instruments of which it usually consisted, by a fourth set of wood winds and tubas. The latter—also known as ring tubas—were principally em-

ployed by Wagner in his musical description of the sombre character of the world of the Nibelung kingdom.

Richard Strauss—the most accomplished orchestral artist of our own days—still further extended the possibilities of Wagnerian orchestra, as may be seen most clearly in his “Salome” and “Electra.” He added a number of instruments, such as the heckelphone, increased the number of clarinets, etc. By doing so, he provided the orchestra with that particular timbre which we denote by the term “Straussian.” But Strauss himself recognized that it would not do to increase the number of instruments indefinitely; and and by his “Ariadne” he proved that he has just as much command of a small chamber orchestra as of a very big one.

A notable feature of recent developments is the increased use made of the piano as an orchestral instrument. Although the piano sounds somewhat unexpressive when it is employed to accompany the emotional music of the strings, its use in connection with the other sections of the full orchestra is very valuable provided that it is skilfully introduced.

The much-abused—and much-praised—saxophone has also found its way into the modern orchestra. This, of course, is as it ought to be; for I, at least do not know any other instrument which so completely reflects the mentality of our age (translated into music) as the saxophone, the popularity of which is enormous. Finally the instruments of percussion, such as drums, kettle-drums, tambourines, cymbals, etc., are also of much greater importance now than they were formerly.

These numerous and diversified kinds of instruments enable modern composers to produce an endless

variety of musical effects; and it depends on the skill and the artistic sense of each individual composer whether he succeeds in “mixing his colors” well or otherwise, and whether he simply follows in the wake of his predecessors or creates entirely novel combinations and varieties of sound.

Apart from German composers, some Russians, *e. g.*, Scriabine, and some Frenchmen, *e. g.*, Debussy, have exercised an important stimulating influence upon the technique of modern orchestration.

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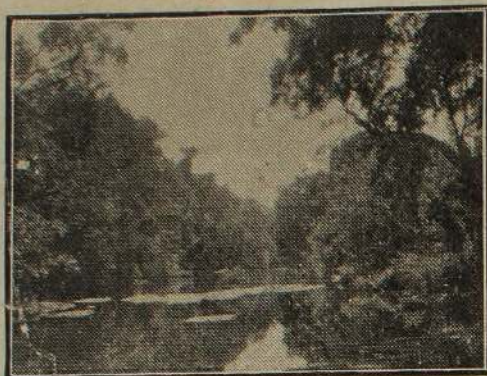
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## Ceylon Celebrities.

(Continued from page 9.)

In his habits he is simple almost to austerity, and is fond of walking. Almost any morning he may be seen indulging in this form of exercise on Galle Face promenade, where he meets a few congenial spirits and discusses men and things while drinking in the ozone from the Briny.

Scientist, Agriculturist, Politician, his big brain is well stocked with facts and figures, which he can marshal at will. Deliberate and convincing in speech, he scorns the wiles of the declaimer and his views, if not invariably accepted are always respected. Most public speakers are wont to be theatrical in their desire for effect; but there are exceptions and Sir Marcus is one of them. I recall hearing Eardley Norton ("the lion of the Madras Bar") in the District Court of Colombo, when he was engaged in arguing a complicated will case, and was

greatly struck by his soft voice and gentle demeanour, which seemed to me to carry more weight than the frantic efforts of the bawling, table-thumping legal orator. Sir Marcus' manner of speech is similar and he sedulously avoids playing to the gallery—appealing rather to reason than sentiment, through logical argument.

He holds no extreme political views, and recently helped to establish a Unionist party whose demands and aspirations are moderate. It is as "H. M." that Sir Marcus was known to everyone till the honour of knight-hood was conferred on him. Then it was that a clever versifier (whom rumour makes out to have been a lady) perpetrated the following *Ten D'esprit* which is worthy of "Punch." People were discussing whether the new Knight was to be "Sir Marcus" or "Sir Hilarion," and this is how the writer referred to put it:—

Whoever in dim ages past  
Chose from vocabularies vast

The names that one day should so  
shine

Must have forseen this fate of  
thine.

How should they choose with so  
much sense

Names suited to such eminence?  
It might have been plain Bill or  
John—

Why Marcus?—Why Hilarion?

Nay! from thy birth has fortune  
smiled;

She *knew* thee for a wonder child.  
And nobly hast thou justified  
Her favour, and thy country's  
pride!

Marcus—you've won. We hope  
you're happy.

Hilarion—Good luck old Chappy!

I expect no one enjoyed this more than Sir Marcus himself with his rich vein of humour, for behind his baptismal names, for which he could not be held responsible—no more than we for ours—there was the tacit acknowledgement of his eminence which, as the old song has it, nobody can deny.