This apparatus is found to be of great service both to the laboratory and the ward. It minimizes the risks of contamination, and it saves the ward personnel the time and trouble which are apparently inseparable from the operation of sterilizing a syringe in a military hospital.

I wish to thank Assistant-Surgeon A. J. DeMonte, I.M.D., for many valuable suggestions and much practical help in making up and testing this apparatus.

A LABORATORY TIP.
BY CORPORAL C. SAPHRA.
Royal Army Medical Corps.

Laboratory assistants know that when carrying out the usual method recommended for the filtration of agar media, namely, first through cotton wool, and then through filter paper, a good deal of time is taken, and an appreciable quantity of the material wasted.

Instead of the cotton wool and filter paper I have been using a double thickness of ordinary white lint as a filter medium, the smooth side being next the glass funnel. The results have been found satisfactory in practice, a perfectly clear agar being obtained with a single filtration, during which very little is lost, so that there is a saving of both time and material.

Travel.

SOME PICTURESQUE PLACES IN SOUTHERN INDIA.
BY MRS. H. V. BAGSHAWE.

PART I.

During the two years we were stationed in the Nilgiri Hills we made many interesting excursions into the adjoining districts, two of which I shall now describe.

In October, 1926, a friend and I went to the Dusserah at Mysore (the Durga Poojah of Bengal and other North Country Provinces). We left Wellington by car at 6 a.m., arriving at Mysore six hours later. Our route lay up over the Ooty downs and then down the Gudalar ghat (hill) at the eastern end of the Nilgiris; going down this ghat one obtains a fine view of the Wynnad tableland with the immense bamboo forests in the Moyar River valley immediately below. The village of Gudalur is situated on the side of the hill, amongst picturesque coffee and tea estates. About two miles beyond the village one enters the forest (commonly called the Mysore ditch) and for the next twenty miles the road twists and turns through
dense jungles of sixty-foot bamboo, teak and pipal trees, and other giants of the forest. Wild animals of every kind and description inhabit these jungles, from elephant and tiger to small antelope, wild cat, monkeys and even smaller species. There are thousands of brightly-coloured birds and myriads of lovely butterflies. On the morning that we drove through the forest the latter were in such large flights that one only had to hold out one's hat to sweep them up in it as the car passed. We saw no other animal life except the usual brown monkey, chattering and shrieking at us from the trees.

Fifteen miles out of Mysore we crossed the Kabini River near the native town of Nanjangud, which we saw down-stream on our right. It boasts of one of the finest Hindu temples in Southern India, and we could see the top of it raising its finely-carved pinnacles above the town. The summit was crowned with golden horn-shaped spikes, which glinted and glistened in the bright sunshine. Just the other side of the river is a quaint modern Hindu temple; over the archway of the door is an enormous stone bull, painted all colours of the rainbow, and adorned with many quaint embellishments and decorations.

We reached our destination "staff quarters" in Mysore soon after noon, and were delighted with the comfortable quarters allotted us. "Staff quarters" is run on the lines of a paying guest camp for the Rajah's self-invited guests. For the sum of Rs. 10 per head a day we were fed and housed and were given an entrée into all enclosures and ceremonies during the three days' festivities; added to which we found invitations to the European Durbar and entertainments at the residency and palace. In fact His Highness's hospitality was quite embarrassing, especially as we and other visitors to the camp were self-invited.

"Staff quarters" is situated on the outskirts of the city, commanding a fine view of the Cauvery valley and Seringapatam in the distance. The city is more or less modern, planned and laid out by a German on continental lines. Fine shady roads with large and stately public buildings, palaces and bungalows, beautiful gardens—both public and private—everywhere a blaze of flowers. The scarlet "flame of the forest," yellow acacias, mauve jacarandar, and many others. The residential quarter is quite un-Eastern until one comes to the palace precincts, which are all one expects them to be. The palace is truly oriental—a most picturesque building in grey stone, surrounded by various smaller buildings, each a little gem in its own oriental way.

The reason of the Dusserah and its history would take too long to explain here. The festival lasts for ten days, the last three of which are the chief, and also the most spectacular and interesting to the European sightseer. During the ten days the Maharajah fasts, does not wash or shave, and becomes in the eyes of his people a god. All his subjects and possessions do poohah (homage) to him, whilst he worships his throne as the medium which brings him his livelihood. It was very interesting to note...
that at any function in the throne room the Maharajah never mounted the throne, or even passed it, without making deep obeisance to it.

We were furnished with a programme of all ceremonies and entertainments by the steward of our quarters, so we knew exactly what was to be seen and where. On our first afternoon we were glad of a short siesta, and then started off to explore the city, ending up outside the palace about 6.30 p.m., to await the coming of the Maharajah for the Indian Durbar that was due to commence at 7 p.m. The Durbar hall is situated in the front of the palace like a huge verandah, and is open to the public on one side; the throne is placed immediately over the central archway, which is the entrance to the inner courtyard. The floor of the Durbar hall is arranged on broad tiers, or steps on which were placed elegant French gilt chairs for the European guests, or on which the native gentlemen sat (tailor fashion) at the Indian Durbar. Soon after 7 p.m. a procession of palace officials appeared, beaded by soldiers, mace-bearers and others, all clad in brilliantly-coloured coats or uniforms. After a short interval the Maharajah was ushered in, a small and stately figure clad in magnificent brightly-coloured robes and a blaze of jewels. Wonderful diamonds in his turban, a large tassel of pearls hanging over his left ear; row upon row of diamonds round his neck, and every finger of both hands laden with priceless rings. On reaching the throne His Highness made deep salaams to it, and then mounting a short flight of steps on the left hand side, sank gracefully into the downy cushions thereon, his legs tucked neatly beneath him, Indian fashion. The throne itself is a sight to behold, and worth a king's ransom, I should think, from the amount of jewels that adorn it. Above the throne hangs a magnificent silken canopy edged with a fringe or net of pearls, whilst the whole is surmounted by a small peacock in solid emeralds with diamond eyes and crest. The back of the throne is in a flower design inlaid with all kinds of precious stones; whilst round the sides, below the seat, hang large tassels and fringes of pearls and diamonds. As the Maharajah took his seat upon the throne, the whole of the outside of the palace sprang into a blaze of light, the palace gates, all public buildings, and even the sacred hill of Chamundi that faces the palace, were outlined in a myriad of little electric lights. It really was a most wonderful sight, and hardly to be believed possible out of the "Arabian Nights." What made it appear even more startling was the fact that until the moment that the Maharajah seated himself on the throne the whole city and palace was bathed in a gloom of darkness, as only a few indispensable lights were visible.

Whilst the guests were filing past the Maharajah in the Durbar hall, a variety of entertainments were taking place in the courtyard in front of the palace. Wrestling, musical rides by the Mysore Lancers, Boy Scouts displays, native dances, and many other weird native entertainments.

The thing that struck me most during my three days' visit was the politeness and orderliness of the crowds. My friend and I were quite by
ourselves, standing in the crowd watching all that was going on around us. One and all were most civil and respectful, and always made way for us wherever we wished to go, the soldiers and police being even more so. On the last night of the festival we went down into the heart of the native city to see the return of the big procession. We left the car in a side street, and walked down to the main road and perched ourselves up on some railings behind the crowd; a policeman caught sight of us, and in two minutes a gap was cleared before us and until the procession had passed no one was allowed to fill it.

Early on the morning of the second day we were outside the palace by 8.30 a.m. to see the procession of arms and possessions. We had nearly a two hours' wait, as the procession is not allowed to start until a propitious moment appointed by the head priest. We were lucky enough to get excellent seats under the palace verandah, immediately behind His Highness's dais, from which he blessed his possessions as they passed before him. Immediately His Highness had taken up his position on the dais the state horse appeared leading the procession. A beautiful milk-white Arab stallion, with pink eyes and a tail 4½ yards long, dyed in stripes of many colours. The animal was gaily caparisoned with a cloth of gold and many jewels. On its mane was a fine net of pearls, while the same gems fell in clusters from its head band. Its hoofs were painted gold, and it had solid gold anklets round its fetlocks. It was preceded by fan, palm and mace bearers, whilst two soldier orderlies led it by gold leading reins. Immediately behind it came a bearer carrying a large silken umbrella to shade it from the sun. The animal was led up beneath the Maharnjah's dais, who threw attar and pan and petals of lotus and jasmine on it; the priests blessed it and intoned weird chants. It did not seem to appreciate all the attention being showered on it, as it became more and more restive, and seemed quite pleased when it was led away.

Immediately afterwards came the state elephant, an enormous brute with lengthy and massive tusks. It was almost entirely enveloped in a magnificent cloth of gold, jewel studded. There were large ropes of pearls hanging from its ears and massive necklaces of chains of gold round its neck, whilst on its forehead was an enormous ornament like a shield, all gold. The parts of the body not covered by the cloth were painted ebony black, and adorned with coloured paintings of flowers. Its tail was painted gold, likewise its toes. While it was being blessed mahouts fed it with colossal bunches of sugar-cane. These two animals are looked upon as sacred, and are only kept for processional work, worship and breeding.

In quick succession followed a palanquin, gondola-shaped, in which lay the state sword, carried aloft by twelve hefty bearers in green and red uniforms. Then came the old state coach, used in bygone days before the advent of motor cars; a beautiful old vehicle that reminded one very much of the Lord Mayor's coach. Then the state dandy, or carrying chair,
followed by the state elephant coach, an enormous sort of wagon with a canopy, and pulled by two elephants tandem fashion. Then a succession of eight or nine elephants, all in bright and gaudy trappings, with differently shaped howdahs on their backs. After these animals had slowly ambled past, His Highness’s horses appeared, English race-horses and hunters, fine Australian walers, Welsh cobs, beautiful Arabs, and finally minute Shetlands, the property of the palace children. State bulls and oxen, camels and dogs, were waiting in the background, but did not come up to make their salams to His Highness. When all the animals had gone the palace motors appeared, pushed by coolies and not under their own power. Magnificent Rolls Royces, Daimlers and Armstrongs, down to the humble Ford, all gaily garlanded and decorated. These finished the procession. The Maharajah then retired to the inner rooms of the palace, and we were free to disperse. It was a wonderfully interesting sight, and well worth our long wait.

The same afternoon we did some more exploring, visited the School of Arts and Crafts and Museum, then went to the Zoo, where they have a fine collection of animals, very well kept and looked after. That evening we
were bidden to attend the European Durbar, which commenced at 7 p.m.
We had to be in our places by 6.30 p.m. We entered the palace by a side
doar and wended our way up a beautiful marble staircase, with gaily frescoed
walls and carvings, and here and there we passed beautiful doors carved and
studded with silver. When we arrived in the Durbar hall we were told to
await the arrival of His Highness and the British Resident. About ten
minutes to seven a salute of guns informed us that the Hon. the Resident
had left Government House, and soon after we saw his coach and four drive
into the courtyard beneath us. His Highness was awaiting his coming, and
they entered the Durbar Hall shortly afterwards, together, the Maharajah
mounting his throne, and the Resident seating himself on a large gilt chair
to his right. We immediately afterwards proceeded to file past the throne.
His Highness's private secretary calling out our names, men and women
making a stiff bow, first to the Maharajah and then to the Resident. We
then seated ourselves to the left of the throne and watched the other guests
file past. When this was over the Dewan and some of the palace officials
came round and garlanded the Illen with strings of sweet-smelling jasmine.
The ladies then filed past His Highness once more, each receiving, in turn,
a charming little early Victorian bouquet of sweet-smelling flowers. During
these proceedings many interesting displays had been taking place in the
courtyard. About 9 p.m. the Maharajah retired, and we were free to leave.
It was a most interesting function.

The next day (which was also the last day of the Dusserah) we spent the
morning going over the stables, garages and kennels, all built and run on
the latest European lines, and all containing many breeds of English and
European horses and dogs, and all sorts of wonderful motor cars. Shortly
after 4 p.m. that afternoon we took up a position just inside the palace
grounds to watch the big state procession leave for the parade ground,
where His Highness reviewed his troops. The procession was three miles
long, and started with eight gaily caparisoned elephants in pairs—one pair
had a small calf with them, only three weeks old, that kept up with its parents
the whole way there and back again. Then came a regiment of Mysore
Infantry, followed by four state bullock carts, all gaily decorated; then the
camel carts, funny old-fashioned vehicles, like old-world coaches, drawn by
two large camels, ridden by men in vivid scarlet and green uniforms. More
elephants with gorgeous golden howdahs and trappings came next, followed
by a squadron of Mysore Lancers on grey ponies. Then came His Highness's
household lancers or bodyguard, picked men, mounted on pitch-black
horses, their saddle-cloths being spotted panther skins, the panther's head
protruding from beneath the cantle at the back of the saddle, and set up
with its jaws wide open in the act of snarling: an extraordinarily startling
effect. Following close behind came all the Ursu noblemen and palace
officials, nearly all dressed alike in dark chocolate-coloured frock-coats, 
white turbans with gold edges.
The Maharajah was seated in a magnificent golden howdah, high up on
the back of a state elephant. The howdah once belonged to the famous Tipoo Sultan. It is jewel-studded, and the inside was illuminated with tiny electric lights. The elephant was surrounded by gaily-clad soldiers and attendants, some bearing giant staves and maces all worked with silver, artistic fans and umbrellas. Following immediately behind came the hereditary eunuchs, funny old men with long beards, their faces disguised by multicoloured paints, and each carrying a prehistoric scimitar. More troops brought the procession to an end. The crowd closed in, and for a couple of miles a solid block of seething humanity jostled and fought to get to the parade ground to see the final ceremony of a never-to-be-forgotten ten days. The return journey was made in the same order, but torches were carried which made it even more picturesque than before.

On reaching the parade ground His Highness descended from the elephant and entered a large shamiya (tent), and shortly afterwards emerged, clad in uniform, and mounted a coal-black charger and proceeded to the saluting base. Up to now the grounds had been in semi-darkness, but on the word of command, calling troops to attention, the whole place sprang into a blaze of light; to my astonishment I saw that there were wires stretched from one side of the ground to the other, from which were suspended hundreds of small electric-light bulbs, which gave the effect of a ceiling of light.

Of course, in comparison with a review at home, the whole affair was Lilliputian, but it left an everlasting impression on one; for picturesqueness and beauty it would be difficult to beat. We managed to slip away before the crowd and procession began to return, and took up a good position at the side of the road in the heart of the native quarter (already mentioned) to see the return by torchlight. And so ended a most interesting and unforgettable three days. India and Indians, pure, simple, and impressive. The India one expects, unspoilt by Mr. Gandhi or his friends, the India of one’s dreams.

During our short three days in Mysore we managed to fit in a flying visit to the old fortress of Seringapatam, situated on an island in the Cauvery, ten miles south of Mysore. The old walls still stand in an excellent state of preservation; the breach made by the British assault in 1799 may still be seen, and many other interesting relics of those bygone days. In the centre of the fortress is the modern village, but since the evacuation of British troops, about sixty years ago, no Europeans have lived there, the whole country being infested with malaria. British troops are now stationed at Bangalore, ninety miles away. Inside the fort walls there is much of interest, a fine old Mohammedan mosque, a Hindu temple, and the one-span bouncing bridge. But by far the most interesting of anything is Hyder Ali’s and Tipoo’s tomb, and the latter’s summer palace outside the fort walls. The tomb is built in much the same style as all Mohammedan tombs of that period. A square building with a large central dome, under which rest the remains of these two great warrior sultans. The Dauria Daulat, or
Some Picturesque Places in Southern India

summer palace, stands in pretty grounds with tall and shady trees, and fountains and pools of water. The palace itself is in an excellent condition, the frescoes on the walls are still visible, and the inner walls and apartments furnished with divans and cushions as they were in Tipoo's time. Not far from the palace is the old English cemetery and memorial to the British soldiers who fell in the siege, and, what is the most interesting to us, the ruins of the old military hospital, on which the words "British Hospital" are still quite visible. Two hours was not half long enough for all there was to see, so I hope to go again one day.

Fig. 2.—Tipoo Sultan's tomb, Seringapatam.

Before leaving Mysore, on our return journey, we visited the elephant and camel stables and some fine old temples and tombs. We much regretted we had not had time to go up to the top of the sacred Chamundy hill, where there is another fine temple and a colossal stone bull. The view from there is, I believe, very fine, especially by night when the city and palace are illuminated for the Dusserah. We also missed seeing the museum in the old palace, and had no time to avail ourselves of a swim in His Highness's fine swimming bath, which is put at the disposal of European visitors during
Mrs. H. V. Bagshawe

the Dusserah. Even a visit to Mysore at ordinary times is well worth the trouble. There is so much to see, and the Metropole Hotel is quite clean and comfortable and open all the year round.

PART II.

Early in 1927 we did a five days' trip down to the Malabar coast, leaving Wellington by the same route as if for Mysore, but branching off just beyond the village of Gudalur through the Wynaad, which is a tableland of over 4,000 feet, a very large area of which is under tea cultivation. The road curled and twisted through undulating country, through forests and tea plantations, over swiftly running streams, and through dense bamboo jungles. We passed many fine tea factories and pretty bungalows. About midday we suddenly came to the edge of the plateau at the Vitry ghat, where the road descends to sea-level—one comes upon the ghat so unexpectedly, and is astounded to find oneself looking over the edge of a steep precipice. The road is a fine piece of engineering, cut through sheer rock, and dropping down about 3,500 feet in a little more than two miles. Directly one reaches the bottom one is in a country of dense palm groves, green paddy (rice) fields, and beautiful flowering trees and shrubs. This road is the main road to Calicut, but at a small village called Tamasserie we branched off and took a by-road that led to the coast, twenty miles away. On reaching Quilandi we turned due north up the coast. The roads were excellent, cool and shady, and mostly lined with big trees that gave a pleasant shade. All along the west coast one passes tidal backwaters, over which one has to cross by a very primitive ferry, a jerry-built raft lashed to two catamarans. Getting the car on to these contrivances is rather hair-raising work, even to a first-class driver. It entirely depends on the state of the tide as to whether the ferry is on a level with the landing stage, or whether one has to bump up a kind of duck-board on to the ferry, a foot or more high or down the same height. It seldom seemed one was lucky enough to strike a happy medium. Luckily we had no mishaps, in spite of crossing our last two ferries in complete darkness. At Mahé, the French settlement, the crossing is by far and away the most dangerous, as it is right at the mouth of a backwater, practically on the sea-shore. Consequently, unless the sea is very calm, the ferry bobs up and down in the most alarming way and makes one feel very sea-sick. In the monsoon this crossing is very often impassable, and traffic is held up for days. We reached Tellicherry, our destination, at 8 p.m., 175 miles from Wellington—rather a long trip in one day, and we were all very tired. We put up at the Club, a fine airy building on the edge of the cliff facing straight out to sea. A path leads down to the beach where there is excellent bathing. Early next morning we were up before the sun and enjoying ourselves in the clear blue water, and delightful it was. Unlike the Mediterranean (to which I was accustomed) it was not a bit sticky, and at a delightful temperature. It
is also very safe here, as about half a mile out there is a small reef of rocks, just covered at high tide, which eliminates the danger of strong currents that abound on this coast and also protects the beach during the monsoon. Tellicherry town is not very interesting, but it is picturesque. There is an old John Company fort, over the land gate of which are some stucco figures in relief of John Company soldiers painted in gaudy colours.

On the second morning of our stay we motored over to Cannanore, fourteen miles due north. This is a small garrison town, consisting of one native infantry regiment and Indian military hospital and other details. There are many fine barracks standing empty, occupied until a few years ago by a large British garrison. Cannanore is a very pretty little place, broad shady roads and large airy bungalows. Of course we were not more than a couple of hours in the place, but it struck one as being a rather depressing spot.

The next day saw us on the road again; the route was the same as far as Quilandi. From there we continued straight on south until we came to Calicut, a large shipping town in the Moplah country. We only stayed there one night, and it was quite enough. A dirtier, smellier place I have never been in anywhere in the East. Everywhere in the streets were pools of stagnant and foul-smelling water, piles of rubbish and filth that made one feel quite sick in passing. Along the Marine Drive it was even worse, as, at intervals, one crossed small bridges over what—we presumed—were drainage canals, but, as the sand had silted them up from the shore there was no outlet for the foul water accumulating therein. All along this road

![Tellicherry](https://example.com/tellicherry-image.jpg)

**Fig. 3.—Tellicherry.**
are fine residential houses and the Malabar Club. I wonder how anybody can exist near these dreadful odours. Luckily the company of British troops stationed here live at West Hill, two or three miles out. We made a short excursion down the Bazaar and bought some Moplah handkerchiefs and caps and some quaint bits of brass as mementoes of our visit. The hotel was dirty and uncomfortable and the mosquitoes dreadful, added to which some other guest played a gramophone until 2 a.m.

We left Calicut before daylight next morning, as we had arranged to breakfast with friends at Mallapurram, where a company of the Royal Ulster Rifles from Wellington were stationed. Mallapurram is thirty miles from Calicut in the heart of the Moplah country. A strongly-fortified little garrison—stationed there to put fear in the hearts of the turbulent Moplahs. The barracks and B.M.H. officer’s mess and married quarters are situated on a little hill overlooking a valley of thick palms, the village nestling in the valley below. After an hour and a half for breakfast we continued our way via Pottambi and Phalghat. The country was densely covered with large shady trees and thick palm groves. We crossed some big rivers and passed some picturesque villages. Phalghat gives its name to the gap or pass that separates the Nilgiri Hills on the north from the Animalis on the south, and is the only means of egress from the west coast through the western ghats in South India. The gap is only sixteen miles broad; the two mountain ranges tower over 6,000 feet on each side. After passing Phalghat the country became treeless and dry. Green grass vanished and palm trees were no more. By 3 p.m. we were at Coimbatore, a large civil station and headquarters of that district—a dry and dusty-looking place. We soon left it behind us, and by 5 o’clock found ourselves at the bottom of the Nilgiris, just beyond Kallar. We stopped here for tea and a rest, also to get out our thick clothes, as we knew that within an hour, as we mounted the ghats, we should require them, although we were feeling overheated then in thin ones.

By 6.30 p.m. we were home, and found it very cold after the plains. A large fire and a boiling hot bath were required before we were warm again. Thus is India such a country of contrasts.

This had been a most interesting trip through a picture-book India of palms and paddy fields, dense jungles, deep rivers and lagoons, scantily clad natives, and steaming damp heat, but to me its many disadvantages were entirely obliterated by the beauty and picturesqueness of it all. The ever-changing East, to which, alas! in less than a year I must say good-bye.