In the present case the patient had no food requiring digestion for seven clear days, and after that only one pound of grapes a day for three days longer, as described.

It is a truism to say that little or nothing can be argued from one case, but nowadays typical cases of enteric with enteritis are not common among soldiers.

As regards bacillary dysentery, many approve of some modification of this method which has been well tried out at the British Military Hospital, Quetta, during 1931.

There can be no virtue *per se* in starving those wasting with a long fever, but this treatment is far from starvation when glucose is being given. Many will probably consider that under good conditions the above treatment could not be recommended as a routine. Under adverse field service conditions, when rations and tinned medical comforts provide the fare, and invalid cooking has to be undertaken in unfavourable circumstances, the above method, as a tide-over, is worth consideration. The case is not written up with the object of insisting that this method is specially good as a routine, but with that of showing that it is feasible.

I consider that it would be an advantage to include glucose in field medical supplies. It is useful in many acute illnesses.

I am indebted to Assistant Surgeon A. J. Selvey, I.M.D., for the photograph in the text, and to Lieutenant-Colonel P. C. T. Davy, C.M.G., R.A.M.C., Officer Commanding, British Military Hospital, Quetta, for kind permission to publish this case.

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**Travel.**

**BY RAIL AND ROAD IN INDIA.**

*By Major L. B. Clarke,*

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I.—THE SOUTH.

One of the advantages of military service is the opportunity to travel and see something of the world. Service in India probably provides this opportunity in greater measure than does that in any other country. From the Khyber to Comorin, from Bombay to Burma, the great sub-continent contains within itself such varied scenes and conditions as are without parallel in any other part of the world. The keen observer, be his wanderings by rail or road, has in the course of his sojourns in India ample opportunity for recording an almost endless variety of impressions.

The average Englishman at home, unless he has associations with India, knows very little of the country and it must be confessed at times displays
By Rail and Road in India

little interest. How often does it happen that one's friends, having heard that one has been in India, receive the information with either complete indifference or merely temporary interest! "Oh, it must be very hot out there." Agreement is followed by "Well, you know we had it very hot the other day." The topic then languishes, but should it by chance persist it will be found that many stay-at-homes can be divided into: (1) those who think that one lives like a rajah in a palace with a hundred servants, and (2) those who think one lives with the "natives."

The happy mean between these two extremes is difficult to explain, and to the uninitiated the description of any circumstance has frequently to be punctuated with words of explanation which tend to mar the narration of one's best stories. After all the Englishman comes out to the East bringing with him most of his paraphernalia of civilization and settles down in an environment which is as English as circumstances permit, and is merely modified by the local conditions of geography, climate, customs, etc. And yet these modifications are the things which matter and make life in India so different from that at home.

The entrance to India is through Bombay. Viceroy's and Governors proceed in stately ceremony through the "Gateway of India" on the Apollo Bundar, the rest of us are dumped down at the docks in a seething mass of humanity who appear to be imbued with two objects: (1) to get in your way and (2) to get your money, at least that is the impression of the new-comer. But once through these jostling crowds, what of Bombay itself? After years in the Near East it seemed surprisingly civilized. The great rows of European shops, the big hotels, the Secretariat, the Museum, the Victoria Terminus strike at once a note of emphasis and solidity and one feels that civilization has left its mark. One wanders far afield however into the purlieus of a great city looking for the East and it is not there. Neither in the wealth of Malabar Hill nor in the poverty of Parel is it revealed. No, nowhere in Bombay is there anything of a really Eastern outlook. Morocco or the Near East contains far more of the Orient than does Bombay. And so let us leave this modernized seaport in its humid haze and seek for other places more oriental and less sticky. Less sticky, does one say? Yes, by all means, but let not the traveller imagine that Bombay in all its heat and moisture is a fair sample of what the East can produce. Let him sample Madras when the wind has dropped, Singapore at noonday and Rangoon at almost any time!

The journey up the Western Ghats by day reveals in stark nakedness the black and jagged outline of those erstwhile volcanoes which, running cheek by jowl with the Indian Ocean, poured out vast quantities of lava and so formed the foundation for the black cotton soil of the present day. The lifeless aspect of the gaunt and graceless hills impresses the mind but does not please.

By night, with the construction of the new electric line in progress, the view from the carriage window looking down on to swarms of naked coolies
a hundred feet below, working in the weird light of flares and torches, with cranes poised overhead and the loud rumbling of falling rocks below, was a veritable picture of Dante's Inferno. This, one's first view of the interior of India, made one think.

One's second view was from the carriage window again, seven in the morning and forty miles beyond Dhond, and what a picture! Miles and miles of almost flat cotton soil of the darkest colour, and dust and scrub and occasional villages. Was this the beautiful India of one's imagination? Scarcely could the desert be less attractive.

Two days of this and then the scene changed, for at evening hills appeared on the left, part of the Eastern Ghats, resplendent in the red reflected light of the setting sun and crowned with all the majesty of a passing thunderstorm.

The contrast with the monotony of the Deccan was most striking and one realized that India is a land of extremes. If she is beautiful she is very beautiful, if she is ugly she is extremely so, and this one notices again and again.

People have often said how uninteresting is the journey from Bombay to Madras. One can tell without the skill of a Sherlock Holmes that they have gone by "Mail." Advise them to go by "Express," and they will modify their views, for the "Mail" passes these gems of sandstone hills in the dark.

Arkonam Junction within forty miles of Madras and one is down at sea.
By Rail and Road in India

level. The train reverses and climbs painfully through the night up on to
the high tableland of Mysore, and at an early hour in the morning com­
pletes its 900 miles journey at Bangalore. Thirty-six hours in a place is
no justification for description or comment, but the first Indian station
which one has seen leaves certain impressions which, as such, are worth
recording.

The wide open spaces of a well-ordered cantonment, the absence of a
street of shops, the intense glare of the sun, the lofty and cool mess
buildings, the dead silence of the afternoon siesta, the continuous and
wearisome noises of the insects at night, all these remain permanently in
one's memory.

One tends to forget with the passage of time life's little discomforts and
the memory dwells rather on the things which are pleasant, but one
experience which was otherwise lingers still. It is worth recording if only
for the benefit of those who have yet to come to India. The advice received
from "old qai hais," that one should never obtain one's tropical kit in
England as it is so much cheaper in India, sounds good at a distance. It
is, but converted into terms of reality it is the rottenest piece of advice ever
given to the new-comer. One travels with troops on arrival at Bombay,
and therefore in khaki drill which is all right. In the evening one accepts
an invitation to the Club. "What kit?" "Oh, any old kit." One looks
around and finds that the old mufti kit is thick English serge quite
unsuited to the tropics. One dons this minus a waistcoat and spends the
rest of the evening alternately mopping one's brow and cursing one's well
meaning but misguiding friends. Twice the durzai's topmost price would
one have paid then and there for raiment suitable to the occasion.

The 650 miles journey from Bangalore to Poona on the narrow-gauge
railway through Belgaum started at night. As this was the first time away
from troops, one felt rather on one's own and that one's exploration of
India had really commenced. It was also the first experience of the Indian
restaurant car. The smell at breakfast time was emphatic and lingering.
At tiffin time one was introduced in the pantry to an Indian murgai which
was enjoying his last crow and at dinner time made his further acquaintance
in the form of roast chicken. One thinks nothing of this after a time—
by the way how many murgais does one consume in a five years' tour?—
but on that first occasion it left an impression, a distinct impression, in
more senses than one.

The beautiful rolling downs of Surrey appeared to have been transported
wholesale to southern India and so one imagined—until in a clearing by the
side of the line one saw a circle of thirty squatting monkeys holding a
parish meeting with a chairman in the middle, an older and wiser monkey
than the rest, but he was unable to call them to order when they jeered
and made faces at the passing train. A score of parakeets of vivid plumage
and more monkeys, this time performing physical jerks on the telegraph
poles, and night fell. With morning, Poona and one's first station.
Settling into a bungalow is for the new-comer a strange experience. The afternoon siesta was abruptly terminated at 4 when the bearer acting under instructions produced furniture and tea. In the scanty clothing of a sultry day one was embarrassed to see a large procession enter the room, preceded by a tall and stately lady coolly carrying on her head articles of an intimate domestic nature, and followed by all her relations in single file completing the scale of hired furniture. To hide one’s embarrassment attention was turned to tea. The bearer had procured a tea set, and what a set! With the coolies still dumping their articles on the floor in a scene of the utmost confusion the tea-pot caught the eye. It could not fail to do so. It was the sort which at home would have pursued a hurried journey from the drawing room to the dustbin. It was of cheap, gritty, white crockery, embellished with a semi-heraldic device of green ivy leaves, and in the centre in emphatic bold block lettering was the motto “GOD HELP YOU!” and below in smaller type “Made in Germany.” Its one redeeming feature was that the motto was appropriate to the occasion.

And then the mentality of one’s servants—what volumes could be written! The Poona bearer, a Mahratti, was no better and no worse than many. His chief tendency apart from a disinclination to see eye to eye with his master on matters of finance, was to cast blame whenever and wherever possible on someone else. One day noticing that clouds had suddenly obscured a previously clear sky, one asked with hand pointing heavenwards, thinking the monsoon might have started afresh, “What are all those clouds doing in the sky?” He went outside, looked at the garden, looked at the sky and returned with the remark, “It’s the mali’s fault, sir.” Censure had been construed into an innocent question and so the gardener got blamed.

Soon after this the car arrived from home and one commenced one’s exploration of India by road. One travels by train and one is amazed to find the entire population of India travelling by train and on the same day too! Then one travels by road and one is similarly amazed to find that the entire population has forsaken the railway and taken to the road. There is this difference however: when they go by road they take with them their ox and their ass, their sheep and their goat, their bile cart and their dog, and the last state is worse than the first. Another astounding thing one soon discovers and that is that the Indian dog does not get out of the way of the motor car. He just stays in front and gets killed. Goats hold the record for speed in escaping and rarely succumb; the slow record is held by dogs, with human beings a good second.

Punctures and punctures, what language has been used in India! The bullock drops his “half” shoe, ground to razor-like sharpness, the front wheel kicks it up and places it at the disposal of the rear wheel, whose tyre it enters with a loud report. An average of two punctures a week for six months resulted, solely caused by bullock shoes.

The Bombay-Poona run along the Duke of Wellington’s great military
road is, apart from the steep climb of the Ghats, a fast one. The Iron Duke, however, did not foresee the era of mechanical transport and the climb up the Ghats, of 2,000 feet in four miles leaves much to be desired in the way of gradient and surface. Hairpin corners on a "one in five," with the inevitable bile cart concealed round the corner, involved pulling up on one's brakes with engine boiling and waiting in patience for such time as driver and bullock woke up and allowed one to pass.

The Caves of Karli just off this road are worth visiting as examples of primitive religious structure of the simplest and earliest type. You don't build, you just excavate at the side of a hill and so carve out your church. The nave is impressive and is said to resemble that of Norwich Cathedral.

Not far away are two picturesque lakes connected by a tunnel under the hills and the water from these lakes passing along a canal is dropped 2,000 feet below to the turbine station, whence the Tata Hydro Electric Company relay power to the city of Bombay.

A few days in Poona and orders were received to accompany a regiment by troop train to Dinapore and return with another regiment. The position of Dinapore on the map was unknown, but it did not matter, for further chances of seeing something of the country were welcome and one was prepared to go anywhere. Reference to the map, however, showed it to be alongside Patna, 1,200 miles away, and well over towards the other side of India.

In addition to the usual troop carriages was one specially reserved for families, and some of the latter overflowed into ordinary compartments. In one of these travelled a lady recently discharged from hospital, who it was stated should be under observation from time to time, for although the cold weather was approaching it was still well over 90°F in the middle of the day. At the first stop a visit was paid to her carriage where she was found with the glass windows securely shut and the fans turned off, the worst possible arrangement for a hot day. Advised as to the dangers of heat when travelling in India, she politely but firmly declined to have either the windows open or the fans functioning—for fear of her hair becoming disarranged. And so she was left. A few hours later disgruntled workers by the wayside, disliking the presence of troops, hurled stones at the train and broke the only windows to be seen, those in this carriage, so the lady was compelled by force of circumstances to have fresh air whether she wanted it or not.

Further on, a long halt was made at a small station and we were invited to inspect the remains of an officer's car which, travelling in the baggage train ahead, had been almost completely burnt out. The cause was uncertain, but the owner's language was not, for the car was not insured.

The next day a diversion from the ordinary route through Jubbulpore had to be made, for the Nurbudda, rising in flood, had washed away the railway bridge which crosses it near this town. Accordingly the train was diverted from Itarsi via Bhopal and Jhansi to Allahabad. We crossed into
Bhopal over a great bridge and the river was even then almost in full flood, and going dead slow we saw only a few feet below the swirling water which had already exceeded by sixty feet or so its normal level. It is not the rush of rapid water which destroys the bridges in India, for the piers are shaped like the bow of a boat towards the current. It is the flotsam and jetsam, often houses, trees, etc., which, carried against the piers and driven at right angles to them, offer a broadside obstruction to the stream's destructive force. Apart from this the bridges usually stand until the flood reaches the railway line and then these immense structures are swept away, causing enormous expense, inconvenience and delay.

Bhopal is a fascinating country with its dense jungle and its multi-coloured scenes of foliage and plumage. The capital was reached at dusk and next morning we meandered slowly through the hilly country of Jhansi and frequently had to negotiate at dead slow speed lengthy bridges and viaducts of wood.

In the afternoon as we were running down an incline the communication cord was pulled and the train drew up. A soda-water bottle in the course of being opened had burst, an officer receiving a nasty wound of the wrist with considerable haemorrhage. A second stop to apply sutures and dressing was required and the train got under way again.

As a wire was being drafted out to arrange for evacuation at Allahabad at night the cord was again pulled at a time when we were doing about 50 miles an hour down a long hill. What had happened? A man had fallen out. Nearly half a mile's walk back up the hill showed that this indeed was the case and the unfortunate man was lying between the two sets of metals with a fractured skull and on the point of death. Nothing could be done and he passed away before even a stretcher could be obtained from the train. Some doubt existed as to how the accident had occurred, but examination of a signal post showed clearly that this was the cause, and it was subsequently found that the man had been leaning out of the doorway of the troop carriage. Contact with the signal must have caused immediate unconsciousness. This unfortunate accident had a marked effect on the men and everyone was glad to complete the journey at Dinapore in the morning.

Through the kindness of the C.O. a car was made available for exploring the neighbourhood and advantage was taken of this to go to Patna along several miles of the banks of the Ganges. This great river was then in flood and its width in places about ten miles.

The heat and dust and filth of the Dinapore-Patna road revealed India at her worst. Crowded bazaars with swarms of unkempt children, pi dogs, flies and smells, again showed India a land of extremes.

The chief industry in this part is rice, and Patna rice is of course world famous. Low lying, dead flat land, irrigated from the Ganges and the paddy growing in water, such is the district for miles around.

There seemed little to do at Dinapore, at any rate in the heat of the day,
and the time was spent in the Club all through the long hot afternoon, waiting for the sun to go down and taking a perfunctory interest in the odd craft and wild-fowl on the adjacent river.

The outgoing regiment entrained in the cool of the evening and the night was spent in the train, a night of stuffiness, noises and mosquitoes, for we remained till daylight in the goods yard. Our way was resumed in morning and many inquiries were made regarding the journey down and the incidents which had occurred. Such things did not, of course, happen to a good regiment. No, perhaps they did not.

During the course of the afternoon an officer received a wound of the thumb through the bursting of a soda-water bottle which he was opening. It was not as severe as the other accident, but was bad enough and orders were sent round at once for all bottles to be wrapped in a towel when being opened. The increased pressure caused by pushing in the stopper, combined with the heat and shaking on a long journey, is quite sufficient to make this an extremely dangerous proceeding. The metal-capped bottles are far preferable, for here pressure is reduced instead of increased on opening. Further, all kinds of dust and dirt are washed straight into one's drink, and yet we go on using these old-fashioned bottles, mixing our "chota pegs" with well-washed dirt.

However, to resume the journey. Well run regiments may not have things happen, but the next occurrence was the fall from the train of a follower's wife who received a mild concussion.

The climax of a series of adventures on this journey was reached on the morning of the last day. Information was received that twins had been born in the night! Amazement left one speechless! One was taken to the last coach and there on a perfectly good litter were the twins and their proud mother. The canteen goat had given birth to kids... and so ended an eight-day journey.

On return to Poona one settled down for a time and then inspection tours commenced. The first was to Ahmednagar and Aurangabad. One went by car. T.A. (travelling allowance) could only be claimed by rail as it is always cheaper. However, this tour proved an exception, for whereas the road is as straight as an arrow, the railway, via Dhond and Manhmand, proceeds in leisurely fashion round a great S-shaped figure and provides good T.A.

The station of Ahmednagar with its ancient fort, its schools of instruction and pleasant little Club is situated about seventy-five miles from Poona, and Aurangabad is about the same distance further on. Between the two places the wide Godaveri River has to be negotiated. There is no bridge and one just goes straight through. Soft sand and shingle for a quarter of a mile give place to a shallow stream deepening towards the far side. Here with running boards awash and about to rush the car out on to the steep bank, one found the way blocked by the inevitable blundering bullock cart and a halt had to be called. The river bed held, but the engine
stopped. Fortunately the engine responded to the self-starter, the bile cart meandered out of the way and the car rushing the steep incline in bottom, landed safely on the other side. Prospecting for the return journey one saw that the engine would be in deep water at once and would be put out of action miles away from any assistance, so a mental note was made to inquire at Aurangabad for an alternate route homewards.

The Godaveri is the boundary in this part between British India and the northern extremity of Hyderabad and from here onwards the road was atrocious. Lunch by the wayside afforded opportunity to the bearer to give at a discreet distance a full and authentic description to a passing wayfarer as to who one was, where one had come from, where one was going, and the object of one's visit, for being catechized subsequently he gave affirmative replies to each question.

An English church steeple appearing above some small trees in the foreground seemed a strange sight in a land so far from home and somewhat out of place. Here, however, was Aurangabad, a former station of size and importance and now reduced to two Indian battalions and a miniature Club. Here is a fine mosque, the mausoleum of the Emperor Aurangzeb, a small scale replica of the Taj at Agra, and the custodian who was in charge was almost ready to lick the dust from one's boots on hearing that one had actually set foot in St. Sofia, the great mother church of his faith in Stamboul. An exquisite scene for a camera and many snaps were taken, but the spool was a dud and the results a blank.
Near Aurangabad are the celebrated caves of Ellora, perhaps the finest India has to show, and one was amazed to find numerous temples of the rarest design and carving excavated from the solid rock of the hillside. One contains a bas-relief of delicate design and in a frieze of gods and goddesses around the central stupa is seen one goddess with an inverted baby on her lap and her right hand raised in the attitude of chastisement. The ancients were certainly not devoid of humour.

Inquiry at Aurangabad showed that there was an alternate road by which the return journey to Ahmednagar could be made. There was a turning to the left from the Ellora Road which was quite easy to find and involved only a short detour. Quite simple on the rough map drawn to demonstrate it, but somehow it was not found and the short detour developed into an additional hundred miles. Fortunately an early start had been made, the roads were good and there was no traffic except outside Ahmednagar, where an army corps of pilgrims who had to be overtaken were apparently intent on suicide, for the repeated warnings of a loud hooter failed to rouse them from their lethargy.

The 185 miles to Ahmednagar was covered in seven hours and after a late lunch the journey was resumed to Poona without complication and a total of 255 miles was recorded.

Another tour, this time to Deolali and Bombay, was devoid of incident and on the second stage along the Nasik-Bombay Road a distance of just 100 miles was passed without seeing a single car, merely the wild desolate country of the Western Ghats and an occasional retiring sambhur.

If a dental officer ever plays golf at Deolali he must be somewhat put off his game, for a part of the Ghats in full view of the course exactly resembles the profile of a complete lower denture. This is, however, an interesting geological phenomenon, for it is one of the rare examples of the pulling apart of the earth's crust in contrast to the more usual contraction. However the dental officer is well handicapped.

The excellent road map of India which had been brought out from home proved somewhat inaccurate on this journey, for the thick red line of the Agra-Bombay Road went dead straight for the north of Salsette Island, but it is wrong. There is no means of crossing the wide estuary and a forty-mile detour had to be made to get back on the right road.

Driving in Bombay contains many snags. Continuing along the main road by which one enters the city, one ultimately finds oneself in a very narrow street full of carts, coolies and dogs and one is pulled up by a policeman. "Does the sahib know this is a one-way street and the sahib is going the wrong way?" Apologies, explanations and finally instructions to turn left into the Crawford Market enable one to emerge from an awkward predicament without loss of time or temper.

The last official tour was to Secunderabad, but duty first took one to Bombay, so the long railway run (497 miles) was commenced from the latter town. On this journey an excellent restaurant car provided a novelty
to the new-comer by way of cold roast peacock, a very palatable dish resembling turkey.

The name turkey, by the way, is interesting to those who have travelled in the East. In England we call it turkey because we think it comes from Turkey, quite simple. However, when one goes to Turkey and talks to a Turk he disclaims all knowledge of the name. No, he does not call it a turkey at all, he calls it a “hindee” because it comes from India. Here inquiry shows that the Indian makes no claim to the bird at all, he calls it something which sounds like “perrin,” pronounced with a sort of French inflection, because it comes from Peru, and so one goes on chasing the wretched bird all round the world.

To return to India, the traveller has to change at Wadi Junction and proceed on the Nizam’s State Railway to Hyderabad. At that time they ran the train into Hyderabad Station first and then reversed out to Secunderabad, which is within walking distance. This was the most tedious part of the journey for just as darkness fell the train ran into a bullock at about thirty miles an hour. A long delay occurred to ascertain: (1) whether all the wheels were still on the line; and (2) whether any dismembered portions of the animal were mixed up with the works. The inspection by the aid of two butties in the pitch darkness was somewhat protracted and we ultimately arrived very late.

Secunderabad and Bolarum are interesting and attractive stations situated in a wild boulder-strewn country, apparently of glacial origin, but the local inhabitants account for the boulders by saying that after the Almighty made the world these rocks were left over and He placed them here.

While waiting for the night train to leave Secunderabad for the return journey the bearer, engaged in argument with a local gentleman who apparently annoyed him, let out with his left and sent him spinning full length on the platform, scattering a small crowd. The latter became excited, blows were threatened and civil war between Hyderabad and the Mahrattis was only averted by the sudden departure of the train. Questioned as to his behaviour he replied that “the budmash had called him a bad name.”

A three weeks camp followed by manoeuvres left little time for monotony and the last tour from Poona was started. A round trip with troops to Madras, Wellington and back to Poona sent one wandering again over the south of India.

Madras is of exceptional interest. Four days of sightseeing by day and hospitality by night proved a pleasant diversion. There is an old world air about the capital of the Southern Presidency and many of the buildings go back to the remote period of our first settlement.

Fort St. George with the house in which Clive lived; St. Mary’s Church containing his marriage register and many other items of historical interest; St. Thomé Cathedral where the names of the incumbents are
By Rail and Road in India

recorded through five centuries; St. Thomas’s Mount where troops are stationed; Adyar and the Adyar Club, most distinguished of India’s many Clubs; the beautiful residence and park of Mrs. Besant; the Madras Club whose khitmagars wear the narrow-pleated long skirt with high waist of their forbears, just as in the famous picture on the Club walls of the landing at Madras; all these are interesting sidelights on the past and present of a great British Settlement.

Perhaps the most unique of the show places of Madras is the Aquarium on the sea front, where numerous specimens of the marine life of the Bay of Bengal fascinate and amaze. The wonderful colour and shape of the fishes is unexampled. Neither the Naples Aquarium nor the one in the London Zoo contains anything to approach what one sees here for the diversity of colouring or form and one is left spellbound by the beauty of marine life in its many aspects.

Proceeding south from Madras the train traverses very different country from further north. Here are seen vast quantities of vegetation, coconuts, palms and eucalyptus and the people are of a much darker colour. At Podanur close to Coimbatore the train turns north again for Mettupalaiyam at the foot of the beautiful Nilgiri Hills. Here the broad gauge finishes and change is made into the narrow gauge of the hill railway.

A few miles of dead straight running through an areca-nut plantation and the ascent of the hills is commenced. The line is now worked on the ratchet system and a journey of great interest continues. Dense tropical jungle at the lower levels gives place to blue eucalyptus at the higher and one realizes how the hills got their name (Nilgiri, blue hills), for these trees so closely packed together do actually give the colour to the mountain side. Ravines and torrents, halting places and steep inclines bring one to Coonoor, the lowest of the hill stations. A short distance further on is Wellington, perhaps the pick of the military hill stations of India. The hospitality which one had received in Madras, in fact one might say throughout southern India, is continued here, and next day a taxi run of about fifteen miles to Ootacamund (8,500 feet) affords an opportunity of exploring the summer capital of the Presidency. Wide open spaces, rolling downs, a few distant peaks, occasional lakes and numerous villas are the chief features of an interesting landscape, which at this height and temperature is of a very English appearance.

The return trip from Wellington to Poona was uneventful save for the fact that on the main line beyond Arkonam Junction the train came in two. A coupling broke and some time was lost in repairing it, but fortunately no serious damage was done. After four days, Poona again, night time and the fireflies in thousands as the train leisurely steamed into the station.

Within a few days another move was contemplated and this time a permanent one, for orders came through to proceed to Burma. The bearer, confident of a soft job for a couple of years, was stirred to the depths of
emotion and left in a flood of tears. Poor beggar, it was rotten luck just at the end of the trooping season, too, and no job in sight. So the next morning he was informed that he could come to Burma and continue in his job, provided that he would stay two years. He left salaaming and by evening produced a bazaar letter-writer's effusion informing his master that while he would always continue to pray for his long life and prosperity, he would require to come to Rangoon two thick blankets and 80 rupees a month. The idea of thick blankets in Rangoon was ludicrous and the 80 rupees his undoing.

He came as far as the boat at Madras and there, having delivered the kit intact into the cabin of the ship, received his pay and some baksheesh and departed in peace.

The journey down (675 miles) had been uneventful but hot, 110° F. having been reached each afternoon. Madras again was sticky and one was glad to embark. The boat goes out with the punctual timing of a train every Friday morning at 10 o'clock and as the low horizon of a palm-fringed coast receded into the haze of a tropic day farewell was said to southern India and to 12,000 miles of journeys by rail and road.

(To be continued.)

Current Literature


River or sea sand is used. The sand-grains should be of 0.3 to 1.0 mm. in diameter. The sand is thoroughly washed, dried, calcined in open pans for about two hours, and, while still hot, treated with a solution of silver hydroxide Ag(OH)₂. This is prepared from a 2 per cent solution of silver nitrate (AgNO₃) to which a 10 per cent. solution of spirit of ammonia is added gradually until the solution becomes quite clear. The solution is heated to 50° C. and poured over the sand, two parts of solution being added to one part of sand. The vessel containing the sand and solution is placed in hot water and for every two grammes of silver nitrate is added 1-1 c.c. of a 20 per cent solution of formaldehyde. The sand is rapidly stirred until it becomes silvery or light grey. A dark grey coloration of the sand is not so good, but such sand is still useful. The sand is allowed to settle for fifteen seconds and the solution is then poured off. Fresh water is poured over the sand and allowed to stay for fifteen seconds. It is then poured off.