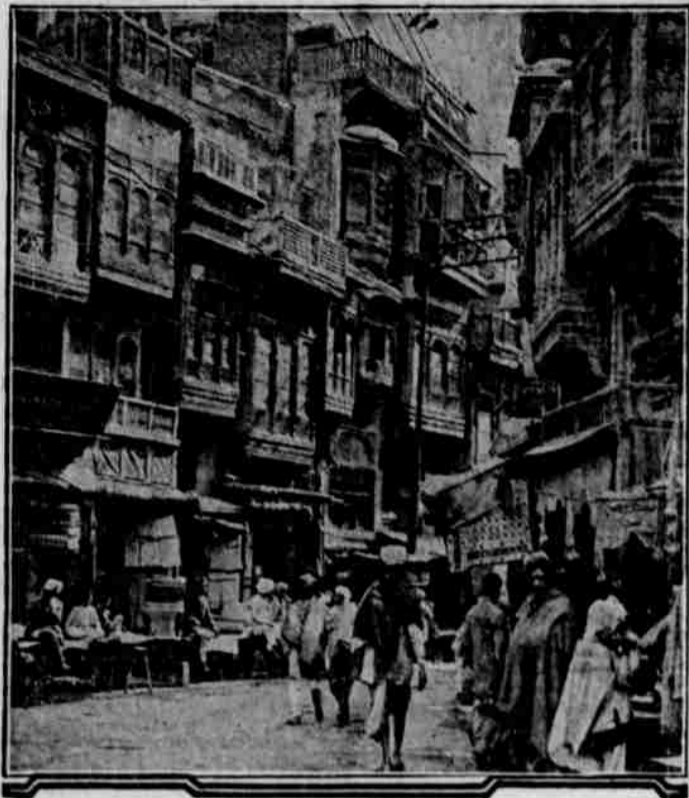


TWO INDIAN STATES



A Few of Lahore's Balconies.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

AMONG the multiplicity of provinces and states in India, two stand out as more familiar than their fellows to Western ears—the Punjab and Hyderabad.

Although the Punjab was one of the last districts to come under British control, it has long been noted for its progressive viewpoint and modern activities. It is a vast agricultural state built upon irrigation, the dry climate of its plains making farming possible only where canals lead Himalayan river waters into the fields.

There are seven of these great streams which flow from mountain snow fields down over the hot, dry plains. Of these the Indus and the Jamma, a branch of the Ganges, form the two outer limits of the province. Between them are the five fingerlike tributaries of the Panjnad, from which the district received its name in the days of ancient conquests. The word Punjab comes from an old Persian compound meaning "five waters."

Punjab province is shaped like a letter "W" whose top extends far into the hill country which forms the north of India, and whose left leg drops into the great desert. Between these two extremes lie the plains for which the province is famous. On their irrigated surface crowd 25,000,000 people.

The Punjab is one of the few parts of India where Mohammedans greatly outnumber the Hindus. It is also the homeland of the Sikhs, that tall and swarthy race who police so much of the British empire. The great variety of racial and religious types in the province, its nearness to the border, and the fact that Simla, India's official summer capital, lies in its hills, combine to give the district great romantic interest.

Historic Lahore, the provincial capital beside the river Ravi, is celebrated among the cities of India for its heat in summer and cold in winter. Early in May government officials retreat to the hills for the duration of the hot season. Amritsar, the holy city of the Sikhs, is built around an artificial lake. Its bazaars are famed for Kashmir shawls and oriental rugs. Either of these two Punjab cities might have sprung full grown from some Eastern fairy tale. Their sky lines give the impression of stage scenery and their streets are perpetual pageants of movement and color.

Delhi and Simla.

Delhi, the capital of the Indian empire, lies in a federal district cut out from Punjab territory. This old city on the River Jumna was capital of the ancient Mogul empire of India and boasts some of the most beautiful mosques and palaces in the world. Like Lahore, however, it is famed for its summer heat, and the English early seek refuge from the sun in the Simla hills. The viceroy and his governmental family conduct their official duties at an elevation of 7,000 feet during the hot season.

It is to beautiful Simla, high amid the pines and cedars of the foothills, that Anglo-India retreats from the heat of the plains. At Simla, wrote Kipling "all things begin and many come to an evil end." High up the mountainside on terraced stone terrace stretch pleasant cottages of the Anglo-Indians. Roads and bridle paths wind among the fir trees beside the English church and cricket grounds. Only troops of monkeys, swinging from tree to tree, speak of India. Simla, to the Englishman, is a bit of home.

This gay resort is a different world from the plains below on which stretch mile upon mile the farming villages that make up the Punjab, stifling hot in summer, freezing cold in winter, depending for their livelihood upon irrigation. Part of this vast region is governed by native rulers, like the Maharajah of Patiala, while part is under direct British control. Both sorts of government have aided in the building of roads and canals and in the establishment of schools to relieve

the lot of the dense population crowded between the "five waters."

The Sikhs, number fewer than 9 per cent of the 25,000,000 crowded into this wheat field area of India.

Hyderabad with its 82,700 square miles is the greatest of the Indian states in area. The ruler is the Nizam, and the state is as often referred to as "the Nizam's Dominions" as it is by name.

Politically, Hyderabad is of great importance. The Nizam is the highest ranking Mohammedan prince of India, and his dominions are the heart of Moslem feeling and activity for the whole peninsula. Yet, by one of the strange quirks common in Indian affairs, the 11,000,000 subjects of this ruler are predominantly of the Hindu faith.

Hyderabad Almost Independent.

The state of Hyderabad has a status not easily defined. The British empire, through its aspect, the Indian empire, takes care of all foreign relations, and the Nizam undertakes to furnish certain troops for empire defense; but otherwise the state is almost as independent as Afghanistan or Persia. The public finances of the state have often been in bad shape; but the Nizam's private wealth is tremendous. Doubtless that is to be expected, for before Hyderabad received its present name it was the kingdom of Golconda—a name which has become a synonym for fabulous wealth. From a Golconda diamond mine, it is said, came the Koh-i-nor, perhaps the most famous of the world's huge diamonds.

Hyderabad city, capital of the state, and chief residence of the Nizam, has a population of half a million and is the fourth city of India. Most of the habitations were once mud huts; but many have been rebuilt with brick during the last quarter century. The Nizam's palaces, those of the nobles, and numerous government buildings all of stone, add to the present substantial appearance of the city. In the exact center of the walled area rise four lofty minarets, spaced in a quadrangle, dominating the sky line. From these towers, four broad streets run to the four quarters of the city. Over each, a short way from the towers, is a high arch.

The minarets are not connected with a mosque, but at a little distance from them is one of the largest temples of the Moslem world, the Mecca mosque. Under the huge twin domes of this structure 10,000 of the followers of the Prophet may assemble.

In size, the Nizam's dominions are almost exactly equal to Kansas; and as in that state some regions are comparatively dry, Kansas would have to be moved to southern Mexico, however, in order to lie in latitudes corresponding to those of Hyderabad. The country abounds in dry rocky ridges and buttes, especially in the southern part. In that section the streams dry up in summer and water must be impounded in tanks. These small artificial lakes dot the entire countryside. On the black lands of the north and west cotton is grown.

Clear Train-Calling Asked

Started by a school girl, a movement for clearer announcing of trains is under way in Cape Town, South Africa. Spurred by a near-accident to an old lady who, with many others, thought that an announcer had called "All change for Retreat," when he had said "Train for Retreat," the girl called in others to join in a drive for distinct speech about trains. The movement has caused government railways to take up the matter.

The New Car

Determined Lady—Have that red light taken off the rear of the car, or I can't be interested in it.

Salesman—What's wrong with it? Determined Lady—Why, anyone can see that it doesn't match the color scheme!

An Adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel

WNU Service Copyright Baroness Orczy

BY THE BARONESS ORCZY

STORY FROM THE START

The Scarlet Pimpernel, known during the French revolution as the most intrepid adventurer in Europe, is an Englishman. At a house party given by Sir Percy Blakeney the latest adventure of the Scarlet Pimpernel, the rescue of the Tournon-d'Agencays, is being related by Sir Andrew Ffolkes. The Scarlet Pimpernel is really Sir Percy Blakeney, popular London dandy. The failure of Lauset, revolutionary chief of the section in which the Scarlet Pimpernel has been operating, to prevent the escape of the Tournon-d'Agencays brings the condemnation of the government upon him. He causes the arrest of the Deszeze family on a charge of treason. Lauset announces that the prisoners are to be taken to Paris under a feeble escort, hoping to lure the Scarlet Pimpernel into an attack on the coach. The coach starts out and final arrangements are made for the capture of the Englishman.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

The men now were keenly on the alert, their eyes searching the dim light that glimmered through the forest trees, their ears attuned to the slightest sound that rose above the patter of their horses' hoofs or the grinding of the coach wheels over the muddy road. The forest between Mezleres and Epone is four kilometers long; the road which intersects it plunges down into the valley and then rises up again with one or two sharp bends to the crest of the hill, after which, within the space of two hundred yards, the forest trees quickly become sparse and the open country lies spread out like a map with, on the right, the ribbon of the Seine winding its way along to St. Germain and Paris.

It was in the forest that the enemy would lurk. Out in the open he would find no cover, and could be sighted a couple of kilometers all around and more, if he attempted one of his audacious tricks. The light, which became more and more stifling as the sun sank lower in the west, made observation difficult; the thicket to right and left of the road looked like a dark, impenetrable wall, from behind which, mayhap, dozens of pairs of eyes were peering, ready to attack. The men who were riding by the side of the coach felt queer sensations at the roots of their hair; their hands, moist and hot, clung convulsively to the reins, and the glances which they cast about them became furtive and laden with fear.

But those who were inside the diligence had no superstitious terrors to contend with. The aristocrats were huddled together in the far corner of the vehicle, and the men had spread themselves out, three a side, as comfortably as they could. A couple of bottles of excellent wine had been well come supplement to their rations and put additional heart into them. One of them had produced a pack of greasy, well-worn cards from his pocket with which to while away the time.

A quarter of an hour later the captain in command called a halt; the jolting vehicle came to a standstill with a jerk, and there was much scrambling and creaking and jangling while the driver got down from his seat to see what was amiss. Nothing much, apparently, for a minute or two later the diligence was once more on its way. But only for a brief period. Soon there was an appreciable slackening of speed, then a halt. More shouting and swearing, creaking and scrambling. The men inside marvelled what was amiss. It was as much as their life was worth to put their heads out of the window or even to draw one of the tattered blinds to outside in order to peep. But they quickly put cards and wine away; it was better to be prepared for the word of command which might come now at any moment.

They strained their ears to listen and, one by one, a word or two, a movement, a sound, told them what was happening. Their comrades outside were ordered to dismount, to take it easy, to sit down by the roadside and rest. It seems one of the draft horses had gone lame. The men who were inside sighed with a longing for rest, too, a desire to stretch their cramped limbs, but they did not murmur. They were waiting for the word of command that would release them from their inactivity. Until then there was nothing to do but wait. No doubt this halt by the roadside was just a part of the great scheme for luring the English adventurers to the attack. Grimly and in silence the six picked men inside the coach drew their pistols from their wallets, saw that they were primed and in order, then laid them across their knees with their fingers on the triggers, in readiness for the Englishmen when they came.

CHAPTER V

Dissonance

It was not everybody at Molsson who sympathized with the Deszeze family when they were arrested. There were all the envious, the dissatisfied, the ambitious, as well as the rag-tag and bobtail of the district, who had linked their fortunes with the revolutionary government and who looked for their

own advancement by loudly proclaiming their loyalty to its decrees. For such as these the Deszeze family, with their well-known integrity, their wealth, and unostentatious piety, were just a set of aristocrats that the principles of the glorious revolution condemned as traitors to the state and to the people.

And on market day Molsson was always full of people; they were noisy and they were aggressive, and while the sympathizers with the Deszeze family, after they had waved a last farewell toward the fast-disappearing diligence, went quietly about their business or returned silently to their homes, the others thought this a good opportunity for airing some of those sentiments which would be reported in influential quarters if any government spy happened to be within earshot.

In spite of the persistent bad weather men congregated in and about the market place during the intervals of business and lustily discussed the chief



There Was Much Talk of Citizen Lauset.

event of the day. There was much talk of Citizen Lauset, whom every one had known as a young out-at-elbows ragamuffin in the employ of Hector Deszeze, and who now had power of life and death over the very man who had been his master.

Be it noted that Lauset appeared to have few friends amongst the crowd of drovers and shepherds and the farmers who came in with their produce from their outlying homesteads. With advancement in life had come arrogance in the man and a perpetual desire to assert his authority over those with whom he had fraternized in the past. Those, however, who had their homes in the immediate neighborhood of Mantes dared not say much for Lauset was feared almost as much as he was detested; but the strangers who had come into Molsson with their cattle and their produce were free enough with their tongue. Rumor had gone far afield about this arrest of the Deszeze family, and many there were who asserted that mysterious underground currents were at work in this affair, undercurrents that would draw Citizen Lauset up on the crest of a tidal wave to the giddy heights of incredible fortune.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Skates of Bones Used

in Ancient Britain

Skates were not always made of iron or steel. According to Fitzstephen's "History of England," it was customary for young men in the Twelfth century to fasten the leg bones of animals under their feet by means of thongs and slide on the ice, pushing themselves along by means of an iron shod pole. Specimens of the primitive skates have been found from time to time in the marshy fields near London.

Just who invented skating is not known. Holland, with its extensive water surfaces, is sometimes looked upon as the birthplace of the sport. But the Twelfth-century bone implements are said to indicate that there were some followers of the sport in England before the Dutch spread it abroad in the Thirteenth century. In Twelfth-century England the skaters on bone are said to have jostled each other as in a tournament.

A Review of Reviews

Measuring backward by the breadth of one or more centuries, 1928 was notable for the number of its memorial observances.

Men of letters seem to have claimed most of such attention during the past 12 months, while music, art, philosophy, statescraft and exploration each have been singly represented in the list. By means of general observance, or by more or less restricted attention, the people have been brought to recall the achievements of John Bunyan, Ibsen, Jules Verne, Tolstoy, George Meredith, Edmund Burke, William Tyndale, Captain Cook, Francisco Goya, Dante, Gabriel Rossetti, Franz Schubert and Oliver Goldsmith.

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Globe House Not Popular

Although it has commanded worldwide interest the globe-shaped house invented by a German has not been taken seriously in Germany. There has not been a single duplication of the one shown last year at the Dresden exhibition, Germans preferring the present style of houses with corners.

If you wish beautiful clear white clothes, use Russ Ball Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Contagious?

Seymour—I found out that Patricia has a fever blister.
Oswalt—How did you find it out?
Seymour—I got it from her own lips.

In his circle, a brainy young man usually inspires awe and reserve.

Keeping up appearances, with some men, begins and ends with clothes.

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