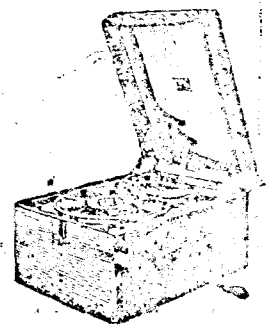


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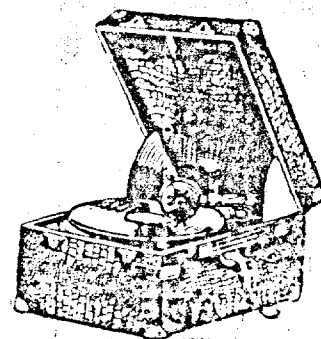
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The Tattler

(The Most Popular Humorous Monthly)

Vol. II.

DECEMBER 1934.

No. 5.

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WORLD RECORDS CHART

423.76	M. P. H.	Aeroplane	Warrant Office Francesco Agello, Lake Garda, 1933
272		Motor-car	Sir Malcolm Campbell, Daytona, 1933
235		Rocket-driven Sledge	Max Valier, Lake Stranberg, 1928
151.86		Motor-cycle	Ernst Henne, Germany, 1932
143		Rial-Zeppelin	On Berlin-Hamburg Run, 1931
131		Rocket-driven Car	Fritz Von Opel, Germany, 1928
125.42		Motorboat	Commodore gar Wood, Michigan, U.S.A., 1932
102.30		Railway Train	G. W. R. City of Truro, Plymouth-London Run, 1904
85		Rocket-driven Aeroplane	Fritz Von Opel, Germany, 1929
81.50		Airship	R. 190, England, 1929
76.29		Cycle (behind motor-pacer)	L. Vanderstuyft, Paris, 1928
72.85		Pigeon	W. H. Royston's Bird, Durban, 1929
60		Toboggan	J. R. Heaton, Cresta Run (Gradient 1 in 77), 1933
50.56		Ship	French Destroyer Cassard, Off Finisterre, 1932
40.91		Horse	Monastery Garden, Epsom, 1927
36.69		Greyhound	Shut Your Mouth, West Ham, 1930
33.90		Glacier	F. Schultz, Germany, 1927
32.14		Cycling (unpaced)	V. L. Johnson, Herne Hill, 1909
27.15		Skating (blades)	T. Donaghue, Hudson, 1887
24.97		Skating (rollers)	A. R. Eglington, U.S.A. 1916
22.17		Running	Eddie Tolan, U.S.A. 1932
13.13		Sculling	J. Stanbury, Thames, 1896
9.42		Walking (1 mile)	G. Cummings, Manchester, 1913
4.01		Swimming (100 yards)	J. Weissmuller, U.S.A. 1927

Distance

5,600 miles in non-stop aeroplane flight from New York to Rayak, Syria, by M. Manrice Rossi and M. Paul Codos, August 5-7th, 1933.

Altitude

19,000 metres (nearly twelve miles) by U.S.S.R. balloon on September 30th, 1933.
44,819 feet, ascended by M. Lemoine in aeroplane on September 28th, 1933.

Depth

3,000 feet under sea, descended by Dr. William Beebe in his "babsphere" near Bermuda Islands, September, 1932.

Human Endurance

4,000 miles walked in 30 days 5 hours by John Ennis, New York to San Francisco, 1910.
3,600 miles run in 21 days 21 hours 57 minutes 20 seconds by Johnny Salo, New York to Los Angeles, 1929.

34,367 miles cycled by A. A. Humbles, England, in one year, ending December, 1932.

78 miles swum by Pedro Candioli in 35 hours 1 minute from Rosario to Santa Fe, Argentina, 1925.

78 hours 46 minutes swum by Ruth Letzig in Baldey Lake, Germany. She died 1933.

Miscellaneous

World's longest boxing match. Fought by Andy Bowen and Jack Burke at New Orleans, April 6th, 1893. 110 rounds, lasting 7 hours 19 minutes.

Fastest knock-out in professional boxing, Al Forman "dropped" Ruby Levine at Montreal April 25th, 1928, in 1½ seconds.

World's record break in billiards. 3,905 by W. Lindrum in 1931.

Highest individual score in first-class cricket matches. 452 by D. G. Bradman, New South Wales v. Queensland, at Sydney, 1929-30.

Highest score for individual innings in Test Cricket. Hammond in England v New Zealand, 1933. 336 not out.

Most wickets in one Test Match. S. F. Barnes (England), 17 for 159 v. South Africa Johannesburg, 1914.

—Pearson's Weekly

SENTENCED

WHAT YOU READ BEFORE

Keshav Singh a gangster is sentenced to be hanged for the murder of one

Manilal Sowcar but he manages to escape just when the judgment is pronounced—only to fall in the hands of

Govind a rival gangster who tortures and tries to make Keshav reveal the secret of Manilal's hoarding place. But Keshav's man under the leadership of his lieutenant

Shankar, contrive to rescue him. Just before that he meets with an accident and this combined with the long suffering he had undergone makes him fall ill. But he recovers under the treatment of

Dr. Parasuram. Keshav is afraid that the Doctor might prove treacherous and advises Shankar to do away with him. This Dr. Parasuram overhears and in order to safeguard himself gives certain medicines which make his patient suddenly grow worse. Shankar realising that he could not safely do away with the Doctor keeps him a prisoner—but anxious not to make an enemy of him as long as his chief's condition was bad, permits him to write a letter and send some money to his wife. From the letter Mrs. Parasuram makes out the identity of her patient and communicates her doubts to

Detective-Inspector Anand who picks the pocket of the spy placed by Shankar to watch the lady.

NOW PROCEED ON WITH

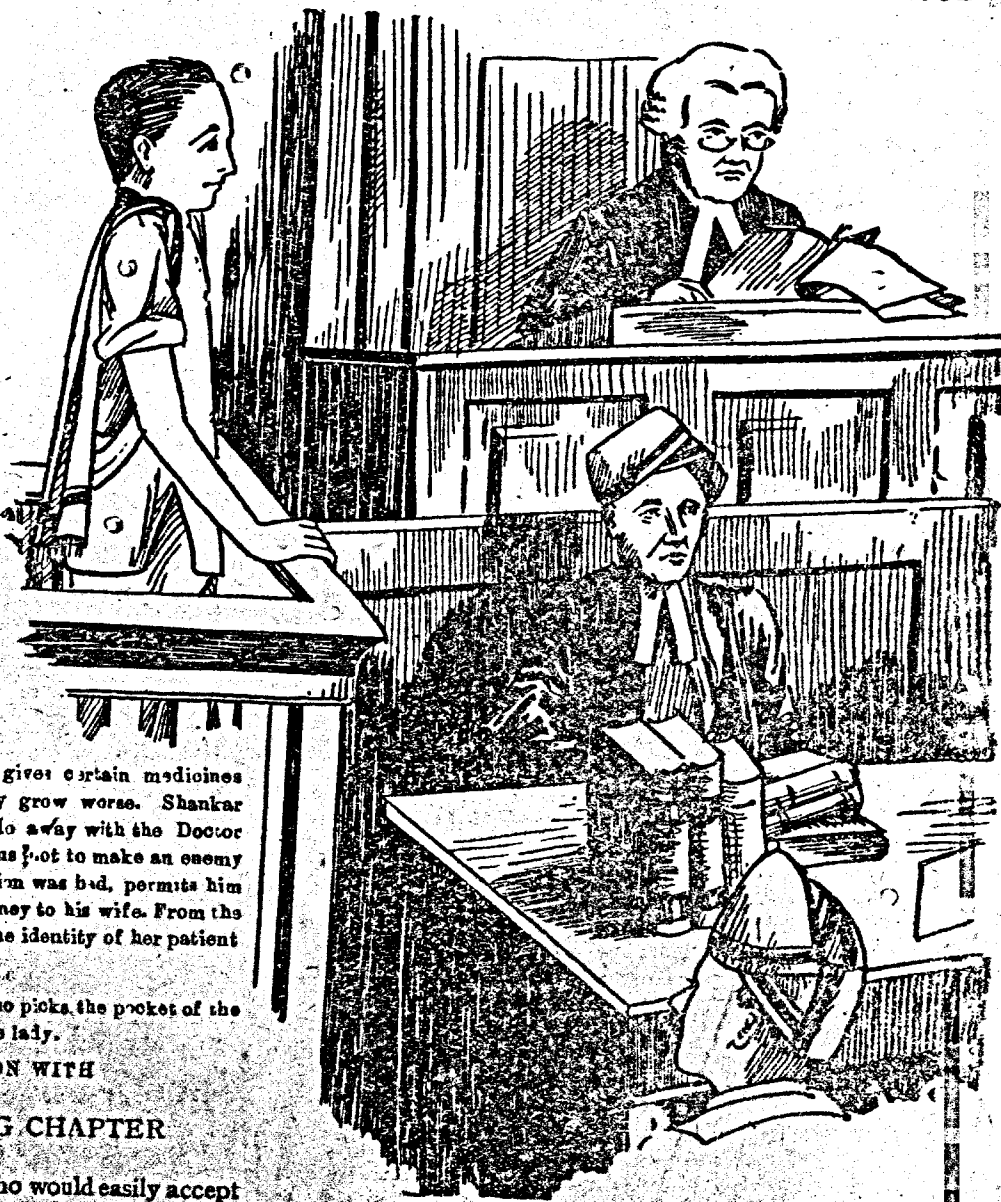
THE CONCLUDING CHAPTER

Govind was not a man who would easily accept defeat. A noble spirited young man he had turned a gangster by sheer force of circumstances and in spite of the fact that he led a lawless life, and lived by his wits, no one could say that he had behaved meanly or that he had become discouraged or frightened with setbacks.

Every profession, every business—in fact even the most calling that you may undertake or pursue is sure to have some obstacles. Your nobility lies in your not being frightened by them. And when you meet with

failures, you must not become discouraged. Failure is the stepping stone to success. Study what you have done, ponder over it and try to find out the reason for your failure. And when once you have found it, avoid similar mistakes. If you persist in your endeavour you are sure to succeed.

Govind knew this quite well. His was a profession in which there were more failures than successes. And if at all a crook like him wanted to come out successful, he must carefully plan and try and try. Govind was



To Be HANGED

by
P. R. R.



he had a hidden underground chamber where there were lakhs and lakhs worth of silver and gold coins. Govind had reasons to believe that this rumour was not unfounded. His investigations had also revealed to him that no one except Manilal Sowcar knew the whereabouts of this hoarding place. And his informants had told him that Keshav had extracted the secret from Manilal ere shooting him down. And since Manilal was dead only he knew the secret. And Keshav had resisted both persuasion and threat.

not at all discouraged by his first failure to extract the secret from Keshav's unwilling mouth. Of course on one or two occasions he had despaired and had even made up his mind to forget all about Manilal's hidden riches. Keshav was a man with Spartan courage and power of endurance. That day's torturing had proved to Govind that Keshav could and would endure a lot. What could he do if Keshav was determined to die rather than impart his secret?

Of course that was quite likely. But Manilal was a fabulously rich man. Rumour said that somewhere

But find out the secret somehow or other that he must at any cost. That day he had only just begun torturing Keshav when the false alarm had been given. Had it not been for that he could have carried on his experiments on human endurance to breaking point and he might have succeeded. After all Keshav was a human being and Govind thought that the man who could stand some of the specially invented forms of tortures of his was not yet born in this world.

(Continued on page 206)

So he must try to get hold of Keshav once again and torture him as best he could. Otherwise there was the danger of his never finding out the secret. This he could do only if he had Keshav again under his control. How was he to achieve that?

His spies had informed him of Keshav's whereabouts. If what he had heard was true the gangster was dangerously ill and Shankar was managing and keeping control of the men. He had also come to know that strict watch was being kept over the house. There were men ready at the windows with machine guns pointed towards the road, ready to send in a shower of bullets and kill a battalion. There were also men at the entrance with loaded rifles. And they were keeping watch night and day working in batches of twenty. To get hold of Keshav these men must be got rid of first. An open attack was out of question. It would attract too much attention and before he found time to arrange for an effective defence, the police would raid and get hold of the wanted man. And they would also arrest him on various grounds—creating nuisance, conniving at the slaughter of men killed in the skirmish, house-breaking, kidnapping, harbouring a condemned man—in fact if they caught him then he would be forced to defend himself on all the offences mentioned in the Criminal Procedure Code. Neither could he take the gangsters by surprise. Under the hawk-like eyes of Shankar they were discharging their duties quite carefully and they could never be caught napping. At the very first alarm the other free gangsters taking rest after their vigil would also take part and there would ensue a regular battle—as fierce as it would be if he attacked openly the bungalow where Keshav was. There was no use trying force. Force would only land him in grave difficulties and make him as notorious as Keshav without in any way enabling him to achieve his object. He could get hold of Keshav only by strategy. Of course he might try bribing the "sentinels". But Govind knew quite well that he would not succeed in persuading any of them. They were all very well paid and they would not jeopardise the large sums that they got every now and then from their chief. Moreover they were all afraid of Shankar. A strict disciplinarian he never brooked either slackness or treachery and always punished men who were guilty of these offences with the utmost severity—first torturing them in the presence of the other gangsters and then shooting them down mercilessly. All those who worked under him knew this and since life is dearer than money they would never condescend to play false to their bed-ridden leader.

Shankar—oh, what a good lieutenant he was! The best leader available in crookdom. Keshav was lucky in having such a trustworthy man to rely on when necessary. If only he had a lieutenant like him—a trustworthy brave young crook, he could have made mints of money!

The thought of Shankar at once gave him a good idea. Keshav was ill and bed-ridden. He had only Shankar to manage affairs. If something happened to Shankar then there would be none to control the men. They would conclude that Keshav's days were over and after another leave him helpless in bed.

And so if he but got hold of Shankar. . . . Yes then he could easily lay hand on Keshav. And when once Keshav fell into his hands he could manage the rest. He would try all possible means to extract the truth out of him and. . . .

Yes, only Shankar was the real obstacle who stood between him and Keshav—in fact between him and Manilal's crores. If only he managed to get rid of him, or at least to get him away, he could easily lay hands on Keshav.

Govind pondered over this for sometime. Shankar was a brave man and would put up a stubborn fight. He must not allow that. The best way to get rid of him was to involve him in a fatal accident. And Govind at once thought of a good plan to carry it out.

Shankar had no cause for lying low. The police could pin nothing against him as all the crimes he had committed were attributed to Keshav. And so he was free to move about and attend to his business. The police might have received information to the effect that Shankar was a trusted lieutenant of Keshav and might be on the look out for him. In order to provide against such a contingency Shankar always moved about well disguised. But it was not very difficult for Govind to penetrate through the disguise. And so when one day Shankar went out to the bazaar to make some purchases, a car followed him.

It was a crowded thoroughfare and Govind's man could not do anything to Shankar. At a safe distance he kept watch. Shopping finished Shankar hired a rickshaw and turned towards home the car following at a distance.

There was a turning in the road and the rickshaw turned in that direction. Suddenly the car which was trailing behind gathered speed and the chauffeur took the turning at fifty miles per hour. People behind howled at the recklessness of the motorist. Pedestrians who stood in the way ran helter skelter to the sides so as to be away from the path of the car. Somewhere at a distance a constable blew his whistle furiously. But none of these seemed to trouble the motorist. He sped on and so, when the car had cleared, there was no rickshaw in the road. Only what was once a rickshaw lay scattered while the rickshaw-puller could be seen in the street gutter, lying limp. Obviously the wheels of the motor should have run on him, for life was extinct in the poor fellow. As for Shankar, he lay amidst the remnants of his conveyance, crumpled up while all around him was blood. The pedestrians hurried to the rescue of the two victims. A constable also ran to the scene. There was nothing but confusion everywhere.

"Has anyone seen the number of the car?" Someone asked.

No none had seen it. In fact the car had sped at such a great speed that no one could read the number plate. What was the colour of the car? Some one said it was black. Another remarked it was dark blue. No, no it was blue, asserted a third. A fourth man had a brain wave. "They are fools and mention the first colour that come into their heads. I saw the car

and it was painted red," he said. The constable realised that it was useless to take the words of the mob. Their evidences would be conflicting. Trace the car—that the police must. But how could they do it when there was so much conflict in the description given by those who were present at the scene?

Meanwhile the crowd around the two victims grew larger and larger. Some one cried "fresh air" and the constable tried to keep away the mob so that there might be some fresh air—to the dead rickshaw-puller.

The constable had never before come across such a terrible accident. In fact he had joined the force only a short while before and did not know what to do. Crowds were collecting apace. They were converging towards the two victims and there was the momentary danger of their being trampled to death—if at all there was any life left in them. Single handed he could do nothing. Better summon assistance and leave things to better people. Accordingly he drew out a whistle and blew several blasts until his lungs seemed to burst.

His summons were heard. Several other whistlings were heard assuring him that assistance was near. And soon there was a battalion of constables at the spot few minutes later a sergeant came to the scene and he took control of the situation. He ordered the police to keep away the crowd. He summoned two rickshaws, put the two limp bodies on them and sent them away to the Government Hospital. And he remained behind to collect some evidence and note down particulars about the accident.

Thus did Govind carry out his plan. The greatest obstacle to his getting Keshav in his possession had been Shankar. And he had effectively wiped him out—or at least he had made him unfit for active service for a considerable time. Of course he had taken a terrible risk in carrying out this accident in broad daylight. But that could not be helped. And after all what could the police do? They would try to trace him with the help of the number on the plate—if at all anyone had noticed the number. But he had put a faked number and there was no danger in that direction. And even if the police managed to trace the car and the motorist responsible for the accident, only the motorist would be hauled up and that for rash and negligent driving. A couple of years at the most—that was all. And Govind was not a person to bother himself on this score. Even if the motorist was sentenced to be hanged he would not mind it. After all he was only a paid servant—paid heavily for every such dare-devil villainy of his.

Shankar was in a place whence he could not control his men. Keshav was too bad to take command and make them work. And so the gangsters were leaderless. Govind knew that without anyone to keep them under restraint they would soon become uncontrollable and that in all probability they might try to wash their hands off and escape. And he made up his mind to sow seeds of disaffection and discord amidst them very early.

Detective-Inspector Anand could have earned a lot and could have enjoyed a roaring practice if he had as a pick-pocket not committed a mistake in the choice of his profession. He had undergone special training under experts and instead of utilising this experience for personal profit he used it for purposes of criminal investigations. A thief to catch a thief and he had become a thief just to enable him to track down criminals.

A master of disguise and an expert actor, his knowledge of crooks and his deftness had proved to be so dangerous to those who fought against law that they always saw Anand's ghost in every stranger they had to deal with and seldom took up a new member unless they were satisfied as to his bonafides.

This art of picking pockets Anand put to use whenever he was at a loose end. When baffled for want of clues and in doubt as to how to proceed, he would just select some one who showed undue interest in the gang he tried to track down and pick their pockets and such pickings invariably supplied him with clues that always ended in the utter frustration of the object of the gang and not infrequently shattered their organisations. And this it was that made Anand a terrible danger of crookdom.

It was with the utmost deftness that he picked the wallet of the "beggar" who was spying on Mrs. Parasuram. Anand knew quite well that his trick had not been noticed, yet he wanted to be on the safe side. He must find out whether it contained any clues and must act quickly—before the spy had time to find out his loss and report to his superiors.

Accordingly his gait changed the moment he turned the corner of the street. There was no longer the air of a consumptive about him. He walked briskly, turned through several lanes and at last entered a hotel the proprietor of which was well-known to him. Once there, inside the four walls of the private apartment of the proprietor, he wasted no time in opening the wallet and looking into the contents.

It contained several knick knacks—betels, nuts, chunam, tobacco, a few coppers and the like. Anand was not interested in them—at least not for the time being. They could wait for later investigation. But what demanded his immediate attention was a slip of paper containing an address scribbled in an almost illegible hand. Anand peered over it for a few minutes before he could make out what was written thereon—31, P. G. St.

P. G. Street or Police Guard Street as Anand deciphered is situated in a mean locality of Madras—a locality where knife-thrusts are frequent, and where habitual criminals and ungovernable rowdies usually live. It is occupied by persons who can boast of at least half a dozen convictions and incarcerations. The police in charge of this division are specially picked tough men with a tougher dare-devil of a sergeant in command. And these always had their hands and lock-ups full. Not a crime, not a theft or murder in Madras

(Continued on page 225)



**Read these
Testimonials:-**
FROM 2 CALCUTTA DOCTORS.

"I have tried 'Enervin' Tonic wine in a case during the convalescent stage after typhoid and am satisfied with it. I.....will continue to prescribe it."

"It is a good tonic. I will prescribe especially during the convalescent stages."

FROM 2 ENGLISH DOCTORS.

"I found nothing to touch it as a post-Influenza Pick-me-up."

"I can think of nothing better as a reconstructive tonic."

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THE LIGHTNING PICK-ME-UP

Obtainable from all Principal Stores

Sole Agents for South India:-

WILSON & Co.,

Post Box No. 2, MADRAS.

NOT A PORTABLE VARIETY



Boss: I insist on your going to Bangalore with me, in this trip.

Typist: I may be a typewriter, sir—but I am not of the portable variety. And so I can't come.



AMRUTANJAN

**BEST INDIAN
PAIN BALM**

THEY STARTED ON NOTHING

Their number is legion—I mean the number of unemployed in India. And why is it? It is just because the line of vision of our young hopefuls is very much circumscribed. When once they leave the portals of the college or school, they must think only of a job—and a clerical job at that. And because all think of only clerical work, there is a greater supply of clerks than can be assimilated and consequently their value has become lessened.

How many clerks on fifteen rupees per mensem do you want? Just put an insertion in some daily paper and if the next day you are not besieged by at least a hundred applicants you can thank your stars for having been saved the botheration of granting interviews to the whole gang of them!

A legion of applicants for a pittance of fifteen rupees! Can you think of a more degraded value for education? Does not any ordinary coolie earn more? And now let us view it from another angle. What is the amount that the parents have to shell out before their sons matriculate and acquire the qualifications necessary to earn this pittance? Not less than a thousand—and mind you, this does not make allowance for the amount the young man could have earned if he had spent his time in work instead of study! And assuming that it will be another thousand, the nett amount invested in educating a young man up to the matriculation is a couple of thousands. You can easily get twenty rupees per mensem if you lend out this money. And what is more, your capital will be safe.

But, after all the trouble he has to undergo to matriculate himself, the young man finds it difficult to earn even fifteen rupees. And he has to wait months, interview thousands of god-fathers, and secure as many letters of recommendation as possible before he gets this chance. And even after this ordeal he cannot be sure of a steady job.

If instead of wasting their time and money in the so-called education, the parents had started some small business for their children, then certainly their future would have become a rosy one. They could boast of a standing of ten years and within this period they would have mastered the business so thoroughly that anything they lay their hands on would turn out into gold.

Parents need not hesitate because they don't have a sufficiently large capital. A large capital is only a superfluity—at least it is not a necessity. You can start your children on a good and flourishing business with a very limited capital and they will find it easy to develop it by their honesty and straight dealings. When once they have established a reputation for honesty and reliability they will find that lack of capital is no bar to development of business and that they enjoy credit running to fabulous figures.

I do not talk as a theorist—no, far from it. What I say is practicable and you will be surprised to know how several famous magnates started their business with no capital or with capitals not worth while mention and how they now control roaring trades.

SIR WILLIAM MORRIS had only £5 in his pocket when he opened a bicycle repair shop. His motto was "Given the will, one can do almost anything." Soon he was making bicycles, then motor-bicycles, and finally motor-cars. He is now the biggest motor-car manufacturer in England.

FRANCOIS OOTY, the perfume manufacturer and richest man in France, was an assistant in a chemist's shop in Corsica when a boy of eighteen. He liked a perfume that the chemist was making, and bought the recipe.

He went to Paris and sold the perfumery from door to door. Now he controls many other big businesses, publishes three French newspapers, and has made ten million pounds from his perfume business alone.

Another remarkable business romance is the story of ROBERT H. INGERSOLL, the watchmaker. He was an English boy who went to the United States. He began his business with £32 capital, and his brother Charles to help him in the workshop. Now that business is a world-wide organisation, and is worth twenty million pounds.

The world's biggest laundry is run in New Orleans by B. C. MCCLELLAN, a Scot, whose family emigrated to the United States. He handles 18,000 bundles of laundry a week.

He began as a boy in a laundry earning fourteen shillings a week. As soon as he had saved about £60 he bought an old run-down laundry. He worked day and night until he was handling 4,000 bundles a week.

Then McClellan began to advertise. His laundry grew so rapidly that his rivals became frightened. They asked him to organise a merger. McClellan is now at the head of a million pound company, and has 3,000 employees. That is the result of saving £60!

Though only a few get right to the top like these men, there are hundreds of English people who make modest fortunes by initiative and a small amount of capital.

The managing director of a chain of food stores began just before the war with £5 capital. He opened a shop in a London suburb, and he and his wife worked hard to build up a profitable business.

They succeeded, and to-day there is a chain of shops. The man has a salary of over £2,000 a year, and his wife now lives comfortably, reaping the rewards of her hard work a few years ago.

So, parents awake! Give up all thought of clerical jobs. Never educate your children hoping to see them as government servants or railway employees. And let not your ambition extend to the legal profession. Inculcate in them the principle of straight dealing and start them on some business. And you would have done not only to them but to the whole country the best service. For thereby jobocracy will cease to flourish. It will cease to be a craze. There will be a lesser number hunting for clerical posts and the plight of the few who cling to it will become better.

SHEAR ROBBERY

A native boy, working at one of Cape Town's big hotels, sent a letter to his friend, using the hotel newspaper. Imagine the surprise of the proprietor on finding in the letter rack some days later a letter addressed: Tom Ninepence Esq.,

Hotel—,
Excellent Cuisine,
Terms Moderate,
Tariff on Application,
Proprietor: Mr.—,
Cape Town.

Which reminds us of the simple but true tale of the house boy named Sixpence in Rhodesia whose master rewarded him for his good work by promoting him to the rank of Shilling.

—Montreal Star.

The Truth Will Out

"And now, how far is your house from the station?"

"Only a five-minute walk if you run."

—Montreal Star.

Explained

"What is the meaning of the words 'abstract' and 'concrete'?"

"If my wife promises to make a cake, that's abstract, and if she makes it, that's concrete."

—College Humor.

Be Fair

"I am going to publish a volume of my poems and do it under the name of John Smith."

"Well, that wouldn't be quite fair."

"Why not?"

"Just think of the thousands of innocent men who will be suspected."

—Christian Science Monitor.

Cheap

Nell: I stepped in at that bargain sale this afternoon.

Belle: Did you see anything that looked especially cheap?

Nell: Yes, several men waiting around for their wives.

—Automobilist.

"Mother, isn't your hair permanently waved?"

"Why do you ask that, child?"

"I've been thinking, mother. Why can't I have my neck permanently washed?"

—Boston Transcript.

Time to Laugh

An Englishman, according to legend, gets three laughs from a joke—first, when the joke is told, second when it is explained to him, and third, when he understands it.

The Frenchman gets only the first two—he never sees the point.

The American man gets one—he won't wait for the point.

And the American girl, of course, gets none at all, because she's heard the joke before.

—Sour Owl.

More Convincing

An Irishman in a Boston court was endeavoring to disprove that he had a brogue. The judge, listening to his statements, interrupted, saying: "Pat, if you wish to deny your brogue, may I suggest that you put it in writing?"

—Ottawa Citizen.

Missing

Father (teaching small daughter to tell the time): "These are the hours—and these are the minutes—and these the seconds."

Little girl (still puzzled): "But where are the jiffies, Daddy?"

—Tit-Bits.

A--Hem!

The family was seated at the table with a guest, who was a business acquaintance of Dad's, all ready to enjoy the meal, when the five-year-old son blurted out, "Why, mother, this is roast beef!"

"Yes," answered the mother, "What of it?"

"Well, Pop said this morning that he was going to bring a big fish home for dinner to-night."

---Christian Science Monitor.

Aha! The Soap!

"Archimedes," read the schoolboy, aloud, "leaped from his bath shouting, 'Eureka! Eureka!'"

"One moment," said the teacher. "What is the meaning of 'Eureka'?"

"Eureka" means "I have found it," said the boy.

"Very well. What had Archimedes found?" questioned the teacher.

The boy hesitated, then ventured hopefully, "The soap, sir!"

---Terre-Haute Tribunal.

"THE FUTURE

(By

The youth of to-day considers smoking a necessary qualification to keep up his status in society and at home. You might be considered a fool or an ass if you declined an offer of a cigar or cigarette from a friend.

Researches conducted on an extensive scale confirm the fact that it is a pity that 99.99 per cent. of the smokers, irrespective of what they smoke, have not developed the art of smoking to perfection; much less do they know the correct way to hold a cigar or cigarette when smoking it. I only wish I could some day teach them all through post (free) this unique secret. Many critics of the smoking world belonging to various nationalities and climes have come forward, during recent times, to endorse my way of holding a cigar or cigarette as being unique and ideal. A rare, a very rare distinction, this! It is worth your while to go all the way to my place—I live in the Himalayas—if it is only to see how gracefully I hold my cigarette while smoking. I wager you would simply admire it.

Coloured Cigarettes!

I believe cigarettes will in future be manufactured in various sizes and colours to suit a long range of tastes. I can foretell with much confidence that the day when people, especially the fair sex, would go crazy over fags coloured to match their favourite dresses is not very, very far off.

In those days Eve would get her weekly bill from her tobacconist something like this:

	Rs.	A.	P.
1 packet Gold Flake Cigs. white medium ...	0	3	6
12 pkts. do. do. Heliotrope			
Extra thin	3	0	0
6 pkts. Gold Flake Cigs. Pink do.	1	6	6
5 pkts. do. do. ultra			
marine long	1	14	6
5 pkts. Gold Flake Cigs. Buff Extra long	2	3	0
Total ...	Rs.	8	11 6

However let us stick to the white fags for the present. Smoking gives a man a compelling personality if he is a smoker and a woman the much-sought-for equality with men, when she takes to smoking.

And Now Some Tips

If you want to be recognised as a gentleman (or woman) in the society you move about you must not hesitate to have with you always a battery of cigar or cigarettes whichever be your line. If the man on your next lights an "Elephant" you must at least light a "Sisurs". If he smokes a Beedi you can light an "Akbar Saw". If he has an "Akbar Saw" you must be prepared with at least a "Rooler". Stick to "Cold Blacks" if your neighbour is a "Sisurs" enthusiast.

To Cigar Smokers

Beware of cheap cigars selling at as low as a pie each. You would have to spend one full match box to smoke each cigar to an inch; for, the fire goes out at the end of every puff at your mouth.

There are certain "Tobacco Magnates" who manufacture quite a variety of cigars which are very bad. The magnates must have taken into their heads the trouble to put to test the power of people's lungs by making and selling these cigars cheap. However they do gain something out of this business—Heaven knows how—for these kinds of cigars and manufacturers are known to exist from B.C.'s and still continue to do so mercilessly. One of the advantages the cigarette smokers score over the cigar enthusiast is said to be that the cigar smoker has to pull at these cigars violently (for every puff) till the sides of his cheeks touch each other internally and make you cry out with pain.

To Beediwallas

When you buy a bundle of Beedies stow it in your inside pocket. You can put only one or two beedies for immediate use in the outside pocket. You can transfer one by one or two by two to the outside pocket when needed. This measure is especially recommended by the author to put an end to the disgraceful habit of certain people who live on other men's beedies. And this custom is prevalent in India to a great extent.

Economy in Smoking

The cost of the match box has gone pretty high, as readers are well aware, owing to increased taxation (thanks to Sir George Schuster!). We must be indebted to Sir George, the ex-Finance Minister for his precious service to India if it is only in having tried to teach us some economy.

It is a common sight nowadays that people light their cigarettes from other people's. Before you reach your office from home you are stopped by a dozen fellows "en route" who would light their cigarettes or beedies from yours. This is all of the increased taxation! But for this kind gentleman—Sir Schuster, we would not have learnt this economy. In plainer words if we had developed this sense of economy in us long before might be, Sir George would never have thought of forcing on this extra taxation at all.

Novel Competitions

Competitions of any kind in smoking are not publicly held as one would like them to be. There are only those good old contests which all smokers should know of: in how many puffs could you finish a cigarette? How long could you hold a mouthful of smoke inside your lungs? The record for the former, I believe, is held by a Sanyasin last seen in Cawnpore (3 puffs) while the latter record is held by a diver of the Malabar Coast. (Record 7 mts. 49 secs.) I suppose you have heard of the trick of letting out the smoke through one's eyes, upon which I shall not enlarge. If you have not, ask the next smoker you meet to show or teach you that. Blowing the smoke through the nostrils in a dead straight line is a very common sport of the smokers. Even the street urchin who is barely 2 ft. 6 in. high does it! If somebody were to start a contest, something like how many cigars or cigarettes

OF SMOKING"

" REFLEX")

in a day one could get free from his friends and smoke, I am sure it should certainly prove popular. I know a boy who smokes ten cigarettes a day on an average and has not paid for a single cigarette all his life. Could anything beat it or at least equal it?

To-day's Fashions and To-morrow's

It is now fashionable to smoke the cigarette inserted into a mouth-piece. These mouthpieces are made of celluloid and in different sizes. Short cylindrical pieces in which form they were first introduced are no longer in vogue, but long, thin tubes of varied colours only find a market. The length of the tube has been rapidly increasing and to-day it stands somewhere nearer 6 inches than 5 inches. I dare say that it will grow more and more and God only knows where it would stop. It might also develop into curious shapes as fancy would dictate.

A New Invention

A tobacco magnate of international reputation told me the other day that in future people would use a pair of forceps to handle the cigarettes when smoking. He further told me (strictly on oath) that he was experimenting on a new device which when perfected would cut down the cost of smoking by nearly three-fourths.

The said invention will be a sort of gadget about the size and shape of a cigarette lighter that costs you two chips. It will have a nozzle about an inch long out of which the smoke that has been previously put inside flows out gently on pressing a certain switch which will be provided for the purpose of opening a valve to let out the smoke. And this magnate added that "service" stations would be erected in important junctions of the road in all villages and towns wherefrom you could refill your gadget "tank", you could also get large supplies canned and provided with valves that allow the contents to be drawn out in small quantities whenever necessary.

The Future of the Pipe:

The future has in store a pleasant surprise for the pipe enthusiast. The pipe is going to assume weird shapes. We know that people are disgusted with the present conventional shape of the pipe. The future pipe will be in the form of a semi-circle and when placed in the mouth will, emerging from the mouth, encircle the head passing right over the left ear, stop over the occiput from where it will go off outwards at a tangent to the head or perpendicular to the spinal

(Continued on page 217)

BLOOM OF YOUTH.

Preservation of youthful beauty will be the cherished desire of everybody

"MYSORE SANDAL SOAP"

is the sure aid to restore your good looks.

The refreshing and agreeable feeling produced by the cleansing action of the velvety lather of this soap leaves a lingering charm and a pleasant memory.

Try and be Convinced.

SOLD AT ALL LEADING STORES.

**Government Soap Factory,
BANGALORE.**

Tatler's Ticklers

One touch of legislation makes the whole world sin.

A daughter usually takes after the mother; that is, if there is anything left in poor father's pockets by that time.

Judging from the ballroom scenes women these days are the bare necessities of life.

Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow all three may be illegal.

The triangle was invented by Euclid, tested by Don Juan, and brought to perfection by film scenario writers.

Whenever a woman looks in a mirror she always sees a man.

Of course, when a man in Aberdeen wants to commit suicide, he goes and sticks his head in his neighbour's gas oven.

Nature is a wonderful thing! A million years ago she didn't know we were going to wear spectacles, yet look at the way she placed our ears!

May be you've not heard about the Scotsman whose girl got so fat that he wanted to break off the engagement. But she couldn't get the ring off her finger, so he married her.

"I can hardly believe my own census," said the father, when nurse told him it was triplets.

The man who first called stocks and shares "securities" had a beautiful sense of humour.

A law suit is generally a matter of pounds, shillings and suspense.

Clothes do not make the man, but many a one owes a lot to his tailor.

When a widow asks a man's advice about her garden, she probably wants to get rid of her weeds.

My wife knows enough about a car to take it apart, but she has to have a tree or a lamp-post to mount her.

A brain is as strong as its weakest think.

The latest is of a Scotsman who died of a broken heart because his doctor made him give up smoking just as he'd had his cigarette lighter refilled.

Nowadays a girl seems to dress in three things. Two of them are shoes.

After all is said and done, a woman will keep on saying it.

It is just about now that the family has to realise that father owes best.

Anybody can play bridge, but it requires a cannibal to throw up a hand.

Strange names are sometimes given to racehorses — by disappointed backers.

Then, on the other hand, a bachelor's life is just one undarned thing after another.

In auto-biography indiscretion is the better part of valour.

The trouble with alimony is that it's just throwing good money after bad.

Give a motorist an inch and he'll try to park his car.

It rather looks as if the latest bathing suits have taken 10 per cent. cuts, too.

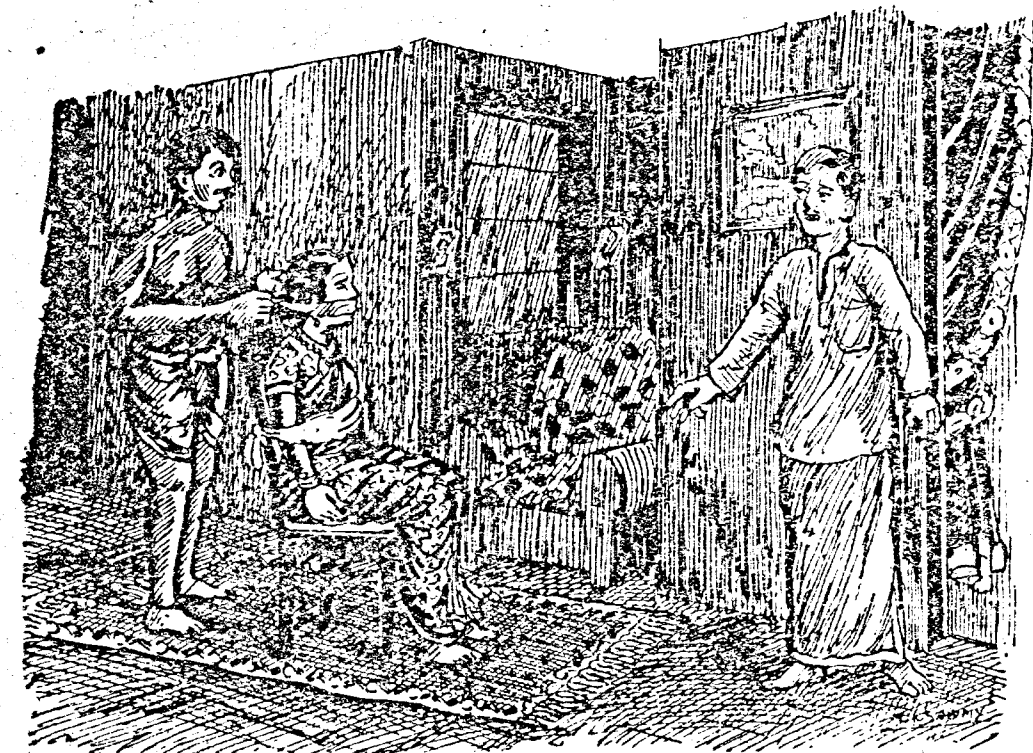
About the only things a man can count on in these hard times are his fingers.

Money does not mean everything, but everything seems to mean money.

Many a wife of a rich husband cares nothing for him, yet lives on his account.

Among the things that seem to grow by leaps and bounds are the children in the flat above us.

Words of wisdom are few, but there are many echoes.



Congratulations!

Hubby (to burglar): Congratulutions, my dear man, you're the first to have silenced her.

The Future of Smoking

(Continued from page 219)

column. The advantage here would be that the smoke from this pipe cannot injure or irritate your eyes, in that the smoke escape will be at one's back instead of in the front. Imagine how enormous would be the disadvantage if the smoke-pipe of your car were housed pointing out of the top of the bonnet towards the driver. What with the wind blowing towards your face at 12 knots an hour.

But the Big Question?

The big question—to smoke or not to smoke—has never been answered by anybody at any time to my entire satisfaction. Societies for prevention of smoking are founded in all parts of the world every day; and cigar and cigarette manufacturing factories spring up like mushrooms almost hourly.

The cigarette enthusiast tries to convince the beediwalla that a beedi is more injurious to one's health than a cigarette is; while the big bearded cigar-

walla advises the cigarettewalla not to smoke cigarettes but to take to cigars or cheroots. Manufacturers fight with one another as to whose product is most injurious to one's health. If the party goes to a wiseacre for justice the wiseacre tells them between sips of 'Johnnie Walker' that tobacco in any form is quite injurious—much to everybody's consternation. The pan chewer sometimes advises the smoker not to smoke; but the smoker reminds him in return that pan supari habit is equally detestable if not more so.

Smoking has been and is a fashion and rightly it shall be so. But as everything in the world has its own place and time smoking must have its own place and time. For you cannot smoke inside the class room and get away with it! Nor shall you deprive your father of one of his day's ration and smoke it in the backyard and get away with it!

COLLEGE DAYS

By P. S. HASTAK

All of you know what a school boy is like. You can just picture a satchel a winning look and all that sort of a thing. The school-master's rod, boxes on ears, black eyes as evidences of being amateur Dempseys and Carpentiers and parental admonitions complete the story. There comes the ever dreaded matriculation, that spring board from which many land into the college. Many do accomplish handsome dives. But, with regard to the actual swim, well it is another pair of shoes. And thus one gets filtered into the college. A strange and uncanny feeling comes into us when we leave the school for "fresh fields and pastures new". Some inches are added to our stature, of course not physical. I have known many boys who when they pass over into the colleges begin hating schools. When cornered they blandly say: "We are now gentlemen, you know." Perhaps so. Any way more often than not they develop into gentlemen at large.

College life is "some big affair", to put it in the Yankee way. Freshers are stunned, as it were, at the biggishness of everything. Big class-rooms, big names Professors with a pretty long tail of degrees, and what not. The fresher is a class by himself. He feels himself an outcaste at first, especially in big colleges. Those on the higher rungs of the college ladder, regard him a fool and rarely associate with him, unless our friend happens to be a docile fag. When our fresher steps into the second year, he heaves a sigh of relief and puts on the airs common to the higher fraternity of the college. Many of us have been "through the mill" and know the joys and sorrows of a fresher. He is a martyr for one year.

The beginning of the college life mostly synchronises with the beginning of the hotel life, and thus the freedom from parental control. The father's duty now dwindles down merely to sending money to the boys at the commencement of every month. The professors never cane you. The only men to reckon with are the Principal and the Warden; the latter rather seriously if one is a Hosteler. Barring these what a glorious abandon is Hostel life! Generally freshers are very keen on their toilet. It is a common failing and a perfectly natural weakness. They try to look very best. Anzora, Stallax, Marcolite red wax, Ven-yusa, multi-ficol coco-nut oil and the whole lot of beauty-aids adorn a fresher's table. All of them are eager to have "that school girl complexion."

Their labours in trying to become Adonis, Narcissus, Rudolph Valentino, Ramon, Novarro and Prince Charming are simply Herculean. A couple of years of disappointment suffice to tone down many a hero. Even the most perfectly tailored gentleman and "cock of the walk" grows tired of building castles in the air and of good

looks and settles down to a life of dull routine. All our sweet dreams are ended when we pass beyond the first year. We might be spendthrifts and prodigal sons in the first years; but we are happy then and that is what matters. "Perfect rag-time (No jazz band please)!" Who would not say, "Give us back our first year?"

I have come across many principals all hailing from Blighty or Britain in plain English. They are the bosses of our college or the Burra-Sahibs as their chaprassis love to put it. I have seen ten principals during my college life and I would not be wrong when I say that I am through the whole gamut of temperament and manners. The first principal whom I studied under was a jolly Scot. He was a B.A. of Cambridge and an M.A. of Glasgow. Quite a regular Scot, including "Chota Pegs" of Jhonnie Walker and the Black and White. Change of College means change of so many things and of Principals too. I take after the Biblical wandering few and have done a good bit of globe trotting or loafing if you please in my days. My new principal was as old as Methuselah and would have made a splendid advertisement for the Kruschen Salts. He is still young and strong. We used to call him Kavala (crow) as his cunning was passing strange. Every Sunday morning he used to perambulate through our hostel corridors, courts and kitchens too. Once I was rudely shaken by him. I had decorated my room with the pictures of Cinema Stars (mostly girls); once he happened to walk into my room. His eyes rested on the pictures and he smirked, "You are very fond of girls, it seems," said he. A mere "Oh" escaped my lips.

Science college means more work, and still more work. The science principal who taught us was a D.Sc. of Aberdeen. The class room door was always duly closed as soon as he called the roll. Then woe betide the late-comer! Once a lady student came a minute too late. She waited outside the door and kept on fretting and fuming and fidgeting. But the doctor was adamant. He came out and said, "Oh, Miss, I really cannot admit you inside. I can never excuse irregularity. No now he is married and I presume should have changed his principle, not even in a lady." That was three years back.

The clerks in the colleges are a species by themselves and do deserve special lines. One of them was a chatterbox. He made it his special hobby to translate vernacular into English which proved often ludicrous in their new garb.

Another clerk made it his practice to keep the students waiting behind the bars (one thought either of the prison or the booking office) for hours together simply for fun. He wanted to make it known to the students that he was a busy bee.

POLITICIANS AT PLAY

Churchill Becomes a Bricklayer—Lloyd George Reads Detective Stories, Whilst as for Mussolini. . .

We are all familiar with our politicians in harness. What are they like at their play? The question is interesting, because character is revealed by play just as much as by work.

Mr. MacDonald has two ideas of the ideal holiday. First, travel, second, golf. If he can combine the two he is supremely happy.

No man in public life has travelled more widely than he. When Mr. MacDonald is reported as taking a holiday cruise to the East, or to the West, you may be perfectly sure that his cabin is stacked with books upon the countries he is about to visit.

What one might term the Grand Babylon Hotel type of life makes no appeal to him. He prefers quiet. And in his small and unpretentious Lossiemouth retreat he has just what he loves.

Mr. Baldwin generally divides his holiday period between his beautiful Worcestershire home, where he is more squire than statesman, and the water-cure resorts of the Continent. He is not of an athletic turn. Even as a young man, he was never very keen on games.

Mr. Lloyd George has many interests outside his Parliamentary work. It is his secret that he can interest himself in many dissimilar occupations.

At his beautiful home at Criccieth he is content to take life easily. He likes to entertain friends there, or to walk in the pretty village.

At Churt, however, he passes more strenuous days. He has his farm—a late, but none the less intense interest in his life—and golf. There, too, he likes to entertain. He is fond of a good talk. He also has a weakness for a quiet hour with a detective story. On this type of literature he is something of an expert.

Mr. Winston Churchill has never been detected doing nothing since he was a Harrow schoolboy. His idea of a holiday is a change of work.

A holiday for him means more mental and physical labour—only of a different sort. Yachting, travel, gardening, brick-laying, painting, polo, or a hard spell upon yet another book, indicate in a few words the diverse activities of this dynamic man, writes *Pearson's Weekly*.

SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, like his famous father, does not much care for physical exercise. But he loves the country and finds that the ideal holiday is in his own beautiful gardens.

Among continental statesmen we find no ardent devotees of sport. Ask M. POINCARÉ his idea of a holiday and he will shrug and say, "Work!" And he means it. Holidays mean nothing to him.

M. CAILLAUX, the financial genius of France, will tell you there is no such ideal holiday as time to read—preferably in bed, with a very large box of cigarettes at hand. He reads omnivorously, and much of his

reading is in English. Few Englishmen know as much about their literature as this Frenchman does.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI has not much time for holidays. But he loves riding, and prefers a mettlesome mount. He has one hobby—his pets. These are in keeping with his character, for he possesses a miniature Zoo of pet lions.

GENERAL SMUTS is an out-door man who still has a keen love for hunting. But much of his leisure is now spent working at play, or, should one say, playing at work?

The great soldier-statesman is turning more and more to the study of philosophy and has even elaborated a philosophic system of his own. With such work on hand, there is not much time for sheer play.

MR. HOOVER, ex-President of the United States, was for many years a tremendous traveller. Games do not appeal to him, for he is of a sedentary disposition. During the nine years he spent in London, his chief relaxation was quiet entertaining in his Kensington home.

BE TALLER

ROSS FOR HEIGHT

LADIES—If you are short you can increase your height and, at one and the same time, develop that graceful, willowy figure that is so much admired by adopting the Ross System. **IT NEVER FAILS!** No discomfort or danger to health whatever is involved and thousands of testimonials from dozens of every age and every part of the world conclusively prove its absolute efficacy. The Ross System improves your health, physique and personality at the same time that it increases your height. **GENTLEMEN**—If you wish to be tall get to know a little about the Ross Method of Height Increase **TO-DAY**. There is no longer any need to be short and overlooked. You will develop your physical and mental powers to an extent that will surprise you. Inches can be added to your height within a few weeks without trouble or danger of any kind.

THE ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS
FEE £2 : 2 : 0 COMPLETE
JUST A FEW QUOTE USUAL
REPORTS OF ROSS PUPILS:

24 1/2" 5' 3 1/2" 10 days	19 1/2" 5' 10" 8 weeks
20 " 5' 10" 4 weeks	20 " 5' 10" 4 weeks
21 " 5' 10" 6 months	26 1/2" 5' 10" 4 weeks
20 " 5' 10" 4 weeks	40 " 5' 10" 4 weeks
40 " 5' 10" 4 weeks	10 1/2" 5' 10" 4 weeks
10 1/2" 5' 10" 4 weeks	10 1/2" 5' 10" 4 weeks

Some of hundreds of uncollected testimonials open for inspection under a Faculty of 2,000 of not less than 100 (Newcastle)—wonderful results. I "After disappointment in feeling fine, and mental from four have reached my other methods I am objective. My very pleased with height (bare feet) is my wonderful gain now 6 ft. 2 in. (an in height, and I re-increase of 1 in. in 7 months the Ross method). I expect system to every-you understand how grateful I am to you from an actual photograph An Organist, age 20, will take your showing how the Ross System writer (Jan. 1934) System known to all increased my own height to "I am more than I can among my pleased with your friends."

Write me to-day for Free Details and Convincing Testimony of the "Ross System, and machine 2/6 to delivery postage, etc.

T. I. MALCOLM ROSS
HEIGHT SPECIALIST, SCARBOROUGH, ENG

HOW I WON NALINI

BY RAO, MANGALORE

Nalini lived next door to mine; a school-going girl of sweet sixteen, blooming in her youth, inclined towards flirting but curbed down by her ever-watching two widowed aunts who stood near her, observing her movements every now and then, and showering harsh words at any and every action of hers. So grew Nalini as a sweet rose among "guardian thorns". Yet she craved for a happy word, a sweet word that would bring joy to her even if for a moment. She was an orphan—no parental affection soothed her; everything was hidden from her—there was no joy, no company, no conversation, above all no love.

It was the last desire and will of her father that she should be sent to school until she married; so reluctantly and much against their orthodox feeling the aunts managed to send her to the local Municipal High School. Morning saw her trodding to school accompanied by the elder aunt for she was not to move with her classmates nor speak with them. She was reading in the IV Form—a brilliant student with a sad look in her countenance—yet a tender charming freshness in her body.

In her early years Nalini was my companion. I used to go to her house, chat with her father who loved me very fondly and often used to eat with Nalini by the side of her father. Many a time would she also come to our garden, picking up flowers and fruits. I used to walk with her to the meadow and speak childish talks with her. I felt a joy to be with her then; the feeling continues, but alas, this is not to be for ever. Her father died, mother followed him and poor Nalini became a bird in a cage to be guided by the whims of two old hags—I am not to speak with her; neither is she to cast a loving eye towards me. "Oh! How I wish for the old days."

To-day we see Nalini's house being decorated. Poor though her aunts, they tried to make their home the best for the occasion. A nicely decorated pandal was erected, people from all sides flocked together, relatives poor and rich gathered round; there was much bustle and confusion among the women-folk. Nalini's Marriage Day! The bridegroom had been selected—an old ugly beast of a human being. Uneducated, unmannerly and an inhuman creature—the only qualification which raised him in the esteem of the aunts being that he possessed ancestral property yielding 50 mooras of rice, some candies of arecanuts, some hundreds of cocoanuts and a house fully equipped with all necessities. Rice was more than sufficient, arecanuts she had plenty to eat and something to sell and purchase jewels for, cocoanuts quite a good yield. Not a bad match, however, he was only fifty and they knew of many men marrying after fifty and begetting children. What is disparity in age after all, considering that so much of good arises out of this match. Even if it should come

to the worst, their niece should enjoy her widowhood amidst such abundance and if desired they too could go and live with their niece whom they had loved as their child! Thus thought the two old crones about the marriage!

The auspicious hour, the purohiths had foretold was 9.45 P.M. that night and the bridegroom's party should enter the pandal at 8.37 P.M. promptly.

The bridegroom's party consisted of none but the bridegroom, his widowed sister and two elderly women—his distant relatives. He did not worry about taking many women with him because as he said "it was all a show and marriages should be brief". What he meant by "brief" the Reader alone must conjecture! The party had started sufficiently early in the evening so as to be able to cover up the 10 miles of bad road before them within the appointed time. The bridegroom was beaming with joy and his heart throbbed and danced at the thought of his beautiful would-be-wife. What a lucky fellow I am to catch such a bird as Nalini in my declining years? I must certainly be a beauty to have bewitched such a tender girl. So the old man was thinking seated in the palanquin. He was pouring torrents of rebukes on the poor palanquin-bearers when they reduced their speed to take breath or to change hands. The palanquin-bearers had already taken a dislike towards the too eager old bridegroom and were cursing him in their hearts. Yet they dragged on, now slowly, now fastly, singing and in silence. It had become dusk now and only two miles separated the bridegroom from his bride. He was all impatience. While the party was in the middle of a small forest just at about 7.30 P.M., the bearers all at once set down the palanquin on the ground and disappeared. No sooner had they gone than the party was beset by a number of beings, human in form but dressed in such a manner that one could call them ghosts. The leader commanded in a deadly voice that the bridegroom should retrace his steps towards his village and that the women should be left there only. The bridegroom trembled, knew not what to do. Were they devils or robbers? He could not make out anything. He had longed to see the beautiful bride but that could not be that night. He was in a dilemma when he heard a voice: "For goodness sake never again traverse this way either by night or by day. Should you open your mouth and talk aught about this event, Mind! you will ever be tormented by us. Go your way now with one of our men. Your women shall see you tomorrow morning." At this the bridegroom was caught in his arms and led away in spite of much moaning and weeping by the women.

The women were then strictly admonished not to utter anything about that day's happening to anybody

(Continued on page 232)

How to Become A Master of English

MASTERY of English is a unique asset in social, literary and financial circles. Without a fundamental working knowledge of English one finds himself handicapped at every turn. His doom is to stand aside while his word-trained companions speed on to greater and greater success. Almost any goal is possible to the man who always has at his service an overflowing treasury of choicest words to express himself and influence other people.

Grenville Kleiser, the famous author of over a score of standard works and the world's best known teacher of English by post, has perfected a wonderful correspondence course which enables you to acquire Mastery of English in your spare moments. It teaches you how to—
Enlarge Your Vocabulary by Thousands of Expressive Words;

Use the Right Word in the Right Place;

Avoid All Mistakes of Grammar and Idiom;

Write Tactful and Forceful Letters, Advertisements, Articles, Stories, Speeches, Petitions, Memorials, Essays, Etc ;

Become an Engaging Conversationalist, a Charming Correspondent and a Popular Writer;

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POST SCRIPT

MARGO SOAP

Margosa or neem is otherwise known as the pride of India, for this tree is to be found only in this country. Its medicinal properties are very great. Its oil is the best remedy for removing either from the system or from anywhere all poisonous germs.

And so it is not a surprise that Margo Soap prepared by the Calcutta Chemical Co. Ltd., is one of the most popular soaps manufactured in India—in fact it can be classed among the first rankers. It is guaranteed that only pure neem oil is used in its manufacture and it is very delicately perfumed. In fact it is a manufacture of which India can be proud. Nor is the cost prohibitive. It is only 10 annas a box of three cakes.

The "Swai" Ink

Editors do get strange presents—I said some months ago. This time I have received a presentation which I cannot exactly call strange, but I wish the persons responsible for sending it to me knew more about me.

To come to the point I have received a 2 oz. bottle of ink manufactured by the Punjab Chemical Works, Ambala City (Punjab). The ink is blue black in colour and is claimed to be good both for fountain and steel pens. I am using that ink for writing this—but only with a steel pen. I don't have a fountain pen, for only a week ago an obliging stranger borrowed it from me at the Post Office and absent-mindedly walked with it. Now how am I to find out whether this ink is really suitable for fountainpens—especially when I don't have one? I wish the manufacturers had provided for this contingency. Even now it is not too late. I am always ready to receive presents—provided they don't cause me any physical ailment or dislocate some joints.

This ink called the "Swai" ink is claimed to have received gold and silver medals at Aligarh, Saharnpore, and Meerut Exhibitions and I also hear that it is well spoken of by several big personalities. No wonder the ink is good and writes well—with a steel pen.

Now to certain hints to the manufacturers. The name "SWAI" does not sound quite original and I cannot but express a regret that they had not thought of something more Indian. Of course here I must admit that I am also equally a sinner in this respect. But naming journals in an original way is very difficult in as much as all popular and possible names have already been utilised in the west.

Again it is necessary to remark about the price. The 2 oz. bottle is supposed to cost 4 annas. There is nothing alluring about the price and it is my hope that the manufacturers will think over this suggestion deeply and reduce the price if possible.

I cannot say that ink industry in India is in its infancy—judge only in the large varieties arrayed in my stationer's show room—and what with foreign inks of long standing a new brand has certainly a hard struggle ahead. But with proper publicity and the stunts that are made to introduce a new article in the market I hope "SWAI" ink will become popular and that it would be used by the public extensively.

ONE DOG AGAINST AN ARMY

AND THE DOG WON! AN AMAZING STORY OF HEROISM

BY PAUL NERAK

Only a Mongrel...but if it hadn't been for his pluck and heroism the war might have ended differently.
A wonderful story, which will bring a lump into your throat.

VERDUN! Heroism! The two words are synonymous.

It is now a matter of history how the German armies, under the command of the Crown Prince himself, hammered to no avail at the gates of the gallant city. The eyes of the world were in Verdun. Whatever happened on the rest of the front that one key position must not be lost to the enemy. More and more divisions were moved up by the Germans. The attack grew more savage. But still the French held on. The pounding of the great German guns was answered by a unanimous cry: "They shall not pass!"

DESPAIR.

A German battery established itself in a commanding position upon the left of the town and poured a devastating fire into the defenders who were powerless to reply. Day and night the merciless gun swept the ranks of the Frenchmen until it was thought that nothing could stop the Germans getting through. Ammunition and supplies were running short in the garrison. Despair began to rear his ugly head. If only news could be got through to Headquarters there might be hope of relief. But there was not a single carrier-pigeon or messenger dog left in the town. The field telephone wire had been blown to pieces days before and since then no one had dared attempt to lay another. No one could live for five minutes out in the shell-swept area which lay between the town and Headquarters. To send a runner with a message would be merely throwing away a life.

THEY SCOFFED, BUT—

Among the desperate defenders was a French soldier called Duvalle, owner of a mongrel dog of the name of Satan. Satan, who adored his master, was grieving at having been left at Headquarters and Duvalle believed that an attempt might be made to send the dog to him. The rest of the garrison scoffed at Duvalle, saying that nothing bigger than a sparrow could cross the intervening three miles of shell-devastated ground which separated them from Bridge G.H.Q. Duvalle replied by saying that they didn't know his dog, that if he were sent nothing would stop him coming to his master.

Every day Duvalle looked out over appalling desolation of smoke and poison-gas, of torn shell-holes and shattered trees that was the barrier between Verdun and the supporting troops and which men said nothing could cross and live, writes Mr. P.N. in "Everybody's Weekly."

Then it happened. One morning Duvalle stared into the chaos of bursting shell and far away saw a tiny speck moving through the inferno. He gave a loud cry. The other soldiers came running. He turned a proud face to them.

"What did I tell you?" he roared. "It's Satan! It's my dog! Oh the brave little one! He comes as I said he would."

As one man the Frenchmen turned to the parapet. The officer got out his glasses and peered at the lonely little figure leaping towards them.

"Mon Dieu!" he cried. "If he gets through we're saved. He carries on his back two little wicker baskets with pigeons."

ALL DEPENDED ON HIM.

The troops cheered at the news. With anxious eyes they stared into the distance where Satan was coming to bring them hope and more than hope.

But it was not only the French who saw him. The German Forward Observing Officer controlling the attacking battery also got his glasses on to the gallant dog. He too saw those wicker baskets. In a flash he knew that the dog must be stopped at all costs. Upon that little hairy messenger depended the whole fate of the town. If Satan got through with his carrier-pigeons the garrison could send back to Headquarters the location of that terrible battery and Verdun would be saved. The whole line of the Allies was resting in the little paws of one dog.

In a flash the German Observing Officer reached for his telephone. Swiftly he barked his orders. All guns were to concentrate upon the dog. Machine-guns were to sweep the ground before him with a deadly carpet of whistling bullets. Ammunition was nothing. That dog had to be killed.

ON, ON, ON HE RAN!

Obediently guns were trained to point blank range. The German machine-gunners swung the death-spitting tubes in the dog's direction. Great holes were torn in the ground almost under Satan's feet. The ceaseless chatter of the bucking machine-guns showed its effect in the spurts of soil and mud which were flung up in his face. But though no man could have lived a half-minute in that appalling rain of lead the gallant Satan ran on.

Within the French defence Duvalle and his comrades watched that amazing race between a mongrel dog and an army. His master stared with tear-blinded eyes and the other soldiers were openly calling on Our Lady of France to guard this ragged little messenger.

Suddenly a groan of anguish went up from the agonised garrison, and the German officer, his eyes glued to his field-glasses, smiled grimly. Satan was seen to stagger. Then his legs doubled under him and he rolled over.

(Continued on page 225)

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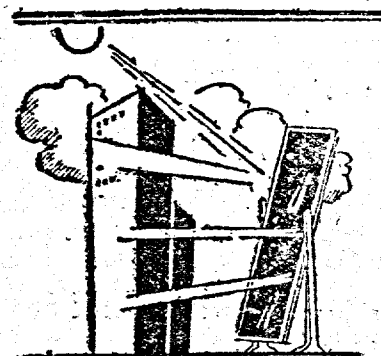
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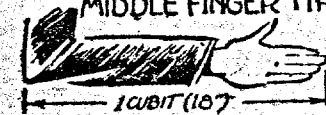
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3 PALMS EQUALS
ONE SPAN (8")

A CUBIT IS THE DISTANCE FROM THE ELBOW TO THE MIDDLE FINGER TIP



By Courtesy, Christian Science Monitor, Boston.

SENTENCED TO BE HANGED

(Continued from page 207)

but has had its origin in this locality and whenever the police want a particular crime to be unravelled they have only to warn their 'ranks' to get at the wanted man or the real culprit. Even the women of this locality can boast of record stays as His Majesty's guests. And so, when Anand noted the number and the particular street, he realised that he had placed his hand at the exact residence of the missing Keshav or at a place whence it would be possible for him to trace the gangster.

It was dangerous to make investigations in that locality—dangerous to police officers. Even if they went disguised, the criminals of the locality seldom hesitated to stab such people in their backs if they had the least reason for associating them with the Police department. The constables going out on night patrol in this locality are allowed to carry revolvers—and there was a standing order that they should go in two batches of twos and always to be within a short distance of the other batch.

Anand knew all this. But this was not the first time he was going to that dangerous locality. In fact he was a popular figure there—known as Pancho the Pick Pocket as it was in that guise that he frequented the locality. His frequent appearances and that for considerable periods had made the crooks conclude that he was a bird of their own feather and Anand played up to that part—even partaking once in a criminal enterprise to avoid suspicion and undergoing a trial—though he was acquitted subsequently.

And so, in the guise of Pancho the Pickpocket Anand went to 31, Police Guard Street. It was an old and dilapidated building and its appearance suggested that years and years should have elapsed since it had last seen a tenant. The front door was locked. Anand

could have easily picked the lock and entered that dirty hovel—but he did not. It is not safe to break open locks in day time even if it be in very bad localities as that would certainly attract undue attention and might even give him out. But get in that he must and Anand was racking his brain to find out the easiest method of entering the house when to his surprise he saw the spying beggar come running thither.

From the very look of him Anand realised that something very terrible should have happened to him—something that had scared him considerably. It did not take him long to guess what had caused so much consternation to the poor fellow. His face was pale and he looked terribly worried. But there had been no violence done to him—that was obvious from the very look. And as only a short time had elapsed since he had pinched the wallet from the beggar's pocket, Anand concluded that it was the wallet that had scared him. Now there had been nothing else in the wallet except a scrap of paper—at least nothing else worth while consideration. And so the scrap of paper should have contained valuable information.

Yes, that was evident. The man had found out the loss. And he had at once hurried to his employees to report the theft. There should certainly have been something valuable in the address mentioned in the scrap of paper. But No. 35, Police Guard Street did not seem to contain any life. How could it be valuable?

Suddenly a daring plan occurred to Anand. Why not waylay the spy once again and rob him of his disguise? If he could but do that, he could enter the premises and make investigations. But there were two drawbacks to the plan. Firstly, if at all the gangsters

(Continued on page 228)

ONE DOG AGAINST AN ARMY

(Continued from page 220)

HE HEARD THE CALL.

In a frenzy of fear for his beloved dog Duvalle leaped upon the parapet. Ignoring the flying bullets he cupped his mouth in his hands and yelled. "Satan. Satan! Here, here, boy! To me, Satan!" The next moment he fell back into the trench riddled with bullets.

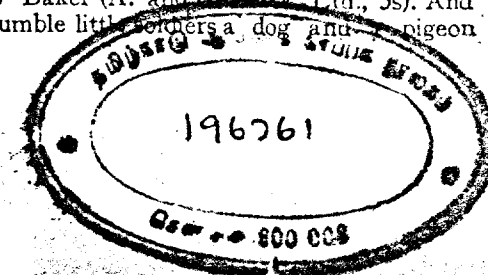
But Satan had heard. Over and above the roar of the guns, the screaming of shells and the awful jabber of the machineguns Satan had heard his master call him. A yell of pride, joy and admiration was torn from the garrison as they saw the devoted dog stagger to his feet, gaze around him in a bewildered manner and then start off again—on three legs. Within a few seconds he had reached the parapet. Eager hands dragged him to safety. He was kissed and embraced and hailed as a saviour, the emotional Frenchmen swearing that he had saved France and crying all over his fur. But Satan

asked but one thing—to be left with his master, who lay so still and unresponsive.

POUNDED OFF THE EARTH.

With eager, trembling hands a message was written in duplicate. The two pigeons that Satan had carried across those three blistering miles were released. One was killed immediately—but the other won through. Almost holding their breath the garrison waited. Then it came. A dull boom swelling into a roaring chorus as the French "75's" found that German battery and pounded it off the face of the earth.

This epic story of how Verdun—and the whole Allied Line—was saved, is told in "Animal War Heroes" by Peter Shaw Baker (A. and C. Black Ltd., 5s). And to those two humble little messengers a dog and a pigeon we owe it all.



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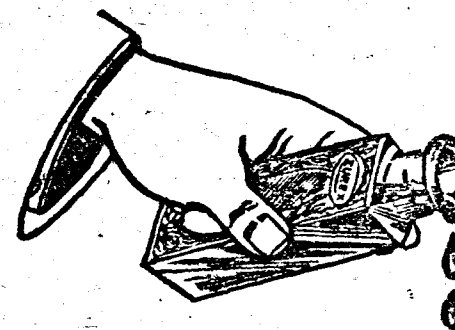
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SENTENCED TO BE HANGED

(Continued from page 225)

lived inside they would not open the door to every Tom, Dick or Harry who might knock at the door. There would be a pass-word and he did not know that. He must allow the spy to knock at the door or make any secret signal to the inmates. Then just before the door opened must pounce upon him and truss him up and hide him somewhere. There would not be sufficient time for him to do that. Secondly, even if he managed to truss up and hide away the spy, there was no one to take charge of him. In the absence of assistance it would not be possible for him to shut the spy's mouth effectively. And the spy would tell the inmates who Anand was. At once the gangsters would do away with him. He would be in the unenviable position of a rat in a trap and the odds would be terribly against him. He would only be endangering his life and running an unnecessary risk. Therefore Anand gave up the wild plan of pouncing upon the spy, trussing him up and entering the house in question disguised like him. He decided to watch him and if he found anything interesting or a way to enter the house without letting the occupants suspect who he was, well, that would be worth all the trouble he had undergone. Accordingly he lay on the pial of the opposite house and pretended to be fast asleep. Anyone who happened to look at him then would have taken him for a homeless vagrant snatching a little sleep when and where he could. No one would think that he was a police officer or that he was carefully watching the man who had rushed to that street post haste as if he had something very important to communicate.

The spy, all unconscious of the pair of eyes keenly watching him went to the house in question and knocked peculiarly at the door. Anand noted the sound he made for future reference. First a loud tap, then a low one and again two loud taps followed by a low whistling. And the beggar was whistling a popular Tamil tune—not the whole song but two or three lines taken from the very middle. This appeared rather significant to Anand. The man looked too flurried and worried to sing and he attached some significance to it. Since the man was not in a fit state to whistle, it meant that something had compelled him to whistle that tune. And what could it be except a signal to the inmate to prove that he was a friend. Anand made a note of the two lines mentally. He had a strong hunch that it might come in useful at a later stage.

Scarcely had the spy finished the second line when a trapdoor was cautiously opened and a burly head peeped out. Finding one of their gang outside he said to some persons, "It's all right, mates—only a friend." Anand heard only these words but could not guess to whom they were uttered nor to how many. But he was satisfied with one thing. There was a gang in that house and from their cautious behaviour it was clear that they were not quite straight. Whether Keshav was with them or not he could not find out. He hoped that Keshav would be somewhere there and in bed. Anand was not very particular that he

should capture Anand if at all he raided the place. That he could get several "wanted" men he knew quite well. Even if he failed to catch Keshav he would be able to lay hands on several similar persons and that would be a good day's work. And so he made up his mind to raid the house with a posse of constables. He only waited for the spy to get in. Then the door was closed and bolted. A few minutes later Anand left his place of observation and hurried to the nearest telephone available.

Govind was very quick. He knew that he could not and should not give Keshav's men time enough to pick up a new leader in the absence of Shankar and he set to work.

Among his own men was an old offender who had once worked under Keshav. He sent him to Keshav's house with the tidings of Shankar's death.

The fellow went to the house and spoke excitedly to the men on guard. "Shankar was run over by a car and is lying dead at the hospital. And before that he gave away this address to the Police," he said.

"How do you know that?" asked one of the gangsters.

"Well, I was at the scene of accident and saw him crushed down by a car driven furiously. I was one of the first to run up to him and I was supporting his body while a young constable gave him first aid. But it was all of no avail. Shankar gave this address and died. The constable has noted it in his diary."

"Look here, we don't believe you," said one of the gangsters.

"As if I care very much whether you believe me or not," retorted the fellow. "You will realise the truth of what I say when the police attack you in hundreds and thousands. You will all be shot down like dogs—and it's then and only then you will realise that I have tried to inform you and give you an opportunity to escape."

"There must be something in what this man says," nodded a wiseacre.

"Something!" the fellow snorted with contempt. "No, there's everything and everything I have said is the truth and nothing but the truth. Look here, how am I to know that you are all here if I had not heard from Shankar your present address? Well, the cops will be on you very shortly and you can say your prayers if you have not forgotten it already. I will go."

Just then there was a peculiar knock at the door, followed by a peculiar whistling—the sign agreed upon. A couple of men hurried to the door only to usher in the spy who had been placed to watch Mrs. Parasuram's house. And what he said was not at all reassuring. Now the police had two sufficiently strong reasons for attacking that house—if the man who had picked

(Continued on page 230)

AFTER-EFFECTS AT REVELRY



"Hi, thief, give me my coat and umbrella."



Amrutanjani

BEST INDIAN
PAIN BALM

SENTENCED TO BE HANGED

(Continued from page 228)

the spy's pocket was a police officer. Anyhow they sent a man in a car to find out whether Shankar had really died in an accident. The man returned to tell them that there was a huge crowd at Govindappa Naick Street and that they were all talking about an accident and rash driving. All these scared them considerably. Shankar was dead and Keshav was too ill to take command over them. If the police raided the house they would be caught and subsequently would be hauled up for several offences. And it was far more advisable that they should try to escape—especially when the coast was clear and there was no one to obstruct them.

"Well, there is no use waiting for the cops here," said Govind's man. "Now that you have found out that my words are true I will go. But if you take my word, quit when the coast is clear."

And that they did in time. In an equally short space of time Govind was in the house and he hurried up to Keshav with a few of his men. Govind's plan was to remove Keshav from the house to his own hide-out and there slowly torture him.

In Keshav's bed-room was Dr. Parasuram. Govind gave him a good kick. "Now run away from this place if you value your life. There is no one to prevent you," he said. Dr. Parasuram had no time or desire to protest against this treatment. He was glad that he had at last received an opportunity to escape with his life and as long as his life was freed from danger he was not very particular about the kick. Not even waiting to take his medicine chest he hurried away.

Keshav was unconscious. Govind looked at him keenly and realised that he would not be able to stand too much of rough handling. But he did not bother himself about this. His only desire and object was to make Keshav reveal the whereabouts of Manilal Sowcar's riches and whether he lived after that or not was quite immaterial to him.

Now to remove Keshav from the place was not advisable. It was broad daylight and it would attract unnecessary attention. Why not torture him then and there? Accordingly he shook Keshav roughly. "Wake up, Keshav," he said. "The police are raiding the house." But Keshav still remained unconscious.

Govind lighted a match stick and placed it on Keshav's legs. Still there was no sign of life in him! No, he did not even twitch a muscle. And that meant that there was no life in him. Could his surmise be correct? Was Keshav really dead? Good God, if that be true all his troubles would end in nothing. Again he shook Keshav. Still no sign of life. He became angry. He lighted a match and set fire to the cot. Still Keshav lay there—calm and serene as if he was on a bed of roses. There was not a flicker of the eyelids, not a twitch of the muscles. There was no doubt Keshav was dead—and with him the secret. And it was useless for him to remain there.

Half an hour later four lorries of policemen hurried to 38, Police General's street, and found that their presence was not required there. What the marked house urgently needed was a fire-engine. And soon several fire engines hurried to the place and after hours of furious struggle they brought the fire under control. When the embers had cooled down they searched all around and found a corpse burnt and charred beyond recognition. It was Dr. Parasuram who identified it as that of Keshav—the notorious gangster who had fought against the forces of law and who would have given them plenty more trouble had not nature laid him low with severe fever—or rather had not Dr. Parasuram made him worse. How the fire broke out was a mystery. But the police did not worry themselves about the cause of the fire. They had no desire to. It could be investigated later. Keshav was dead and the stigma on the fair record of the police force was removed. And that was all that mattered—except of course the fact that Mrs. Parasuram got the reward of thousand rupees for giving information leading to the arrest of the notorious gangster. Of course they had not arrested Keshav—in fact he was beyond their arrest and law—but nobody ever thought of raising this objection. The reward was paid without any protestation by the Commissioner of Police himself.

FINIS.

Win Rs 500 Guaranteed

LAST POSTING DATE 15-12-34,

Key Solution Deposited, with "My Magazine of India."

Result Posted to all Competitors.

MISSING LETTERS NO. 19.

- | | |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. PROTR--- | to put |
| 2. REFU-E | to repel |
| 3. FE--- | a companion |
| 4. P--- | to thrust |
| 5. PR--- | trial |
| 6. M-AN | to lament |
| 7. MAN-KIN | a dwarf |
| 8. -OWL | cry |

Rules:—Refer to Chambers XXth Century Dictionary. Entrance fee Rs. 8 for the first entry and Rs. 4 for each subsequent entry. Prizes Rs. 250 for all correct and Rs. 150 for one correct solution. Special prize of Rs. 50 for correct entries received before 15th December 1934 and another special prize of Rs. 50 for persons sending large number of entries. Other rules as usual.

Address all Entries and M.O's. to:—

The Manager:

THE CROWN COMPETITIONS,
POST BOX No. 1244, G. P. O. MADRAS.

HOW FORGETFUL I WAS

BY WIGYVOND MARVAS

Suddenly I woke up from my slumber. I did not know why. Did I hear any sound? Of course not. I was in no mood to think. My mind was dull. I wanted something to make me brisk. Slowly my hand crept underneath my pillow. There I could not get what I wanted. Then where did I keep it—that blessed thing, the essence of my life. No doubt I had kept it there but, perhaps, somebody should have robbed it under my very nose. That cannot be. Then where had that accursed thing gone to?

I got up from my bed, went to my wardrobe and searched the coat pockets. Even there it was not. I searched some other places. Still my search was fruitless. I was tired of searching and came out for a cool breeze. Even though the breeze outside was cool and refreshing I was restless. I thought of the shop suddenly. Well, I could get it there. I ran—ran like a mad dog. Unfortunately for me the night constable happened to be passing that side. He stopped me and asked me who I was. I was in no way disposed to enter into unnecessary talk with him. I said something about 'dying and soda' and ran leaving the intruder much puzzled. I reached the shop. Alas! it was closed. That merciless fool! How soon he had closed the shop. Perdition seize his throat! I came back home very much disgusted. The clock chimed the hour of midnight. If so how could I expect the shop to be open? I was a fool in cursing the shop man.

Still I did not get my requirement. Without it I could not sleep. Once more I began my search. It was pitch dark. Still I did not care to put on the light. I did not want my wife to know of my awkward position.

I went to the cupboard and searched. In my hurry to avoid detection I upset all the things. The china plates came down with a crash. Oh Lord! If I am mistaken for a thief what would be the consequence? Why? I would not be surprised if my wife comes with a lathi and dashes my head. At this moment I heard a laugh. A shrill mocking laugh! It was my wife. I did not know what to do. I was at my wit's end. Still I managed to go near her and say "Where is the small box that contains the precious thing I love so much? How many times did I tell you to take care of my things?" In answer to what I said she simply took the box and handed it to me saying how forgetful I was not to remember that our child was playing with it and slept gripping it in his hand. Dear me! that was true. Without knowing that I searched in vain and broken many costly china plates. Anyway I got what I wanted. I opened it and took out a small quantity and thrust it inside my nose. But it was not enough to my distracted brains. I used it twice more. Then I came to my proper senses not before a sneeze though. I was

very happy. Then I realised I was very rude to my wife. I wanted to pacify her. I went to her, caught hold of her and pressed my lips—the only way—rather the best way—to pacify a woman. The very same moment the room was flooded with light. In the light I found that I was not kissing her on the lips. My lips were somewhere near the nose. How silly I had acted. I was so overjoyed that I forgot to be careful. Anyway it was not so bad as mistaking the housemaid for the wife and kissing her. I turned to see whence the light came. There he stood—my brother-in-law who just returned from the cinema with a torchlight in one hand. I simply dropped my head. I was very shy. The impudent ass came and spoiled the whole game. "Excuse me, please. I did not know that you young couple were so busy at this hour." So saying he left us with a mischievous smile. Then once more I took my wife in my arms and sealed her lips with the lover's knot, at the same time drinking the nectar of her lips. Here endeth my story. After all it was such a trifle—only A PINCH OF SNUFF.

VERY FEW ALTERNATIVES

WIN Rs. 200 GUARANTEED

First Prize Rs. 150 Second Prize Rs. 50

EASY TO SOLVE!

EASIER TO WIN!!

LAST POSTING DATE 20th December, 1934.

The Egeria Missing Letters NO. 17.

(Sealed Key Solution deposited with "TATLER.")

Substitute one letter for each dash to get the given meanings.

No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.
1	CAR-	Vehicle
2	VI-	Force
3	TIN-	Kindle
4	CAR-	Anxiety
5	NI-	Nothing
6	PAS-	Thrust

Rules:—Ref. Chambers Dictionary. Entrance fee only Annas FOUR per Entry in 4 Anna stamps. Reimburse of Annas eight and above by M.O. only. Any number of entries may be sent at four annas each. Results will be announced in the next issue of the Tatler. Keep an exact copy of your solutions. Other Rules as usual.

Address all your entries and fees to:—

The Manageress.

THE EGERIA COMPETITIONS,

Washermanpetta, Madras.

November Competition:— 1. SINGLY. 2. LOCATE. 3. CENTRE. 4. INTEND. 5. LINE. 6. BLUNT. Those who have sent solutions with not more than one error should claim before 20-12-34, when Prizes will be remitted.

HOW I WON NALINI

(Continued from page 218)

when they arrived at the pandal but to participate in the rejoicings as if nothing had occurred. If they were to break their promise something else was in store for them. The women were too glad that they were let off so easily and agreed to act accordingly.

Now lights appeared, the palanquin bearers came to sight, the ghosts were no more and the palanquin contained a person much the same as the one who had been driven away. Dear Reader, can you guess who the new bridegroom is? It was a great job for me to personate myself as the old bridegroom but everything was prearranged so nicely that there was no room for any suspicion for the bride's party.

The palanquin glided softly along the path and at the opportune moment arrived at the tastefully decorated pandal. I was received well at the place, taken to the altar, the bride was brought in and the sacred ceremony gone through in all solemnity. All the while the bride was blushing and smiling secretly—no one knew why. Some men who were inclined to make fun remarked that she was too glad to marry a man who had placed one foot already in the grave. But no remarks touched her feelings. Mantras were uttered, there was much amusement, talk, gossip, and buffonery but with the declining hours of the night everything terminated and there was silence again.

Supper over I and my Nalini went to the room set apart for us, she smiling with joy and I holding her warmly in my hands. When we were in she blushed and slowly remarked, "How well did you manage all this!"

Little Expense! More Comfort!!

Mosquitoes Breed Sickness

USE DAILY

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SOUND HEALTH

Doctors recommend it, and thousands have approved of it. "Mosquito Fumigator" keeps you away from Mosquitoes and consequently away from Malaria, Influenza, Cholera etc.,

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MANGALORE (S. INDIA).

Win Rs. 250 Guaranteed

IN PATRAM & Co's MISSING LETTERS No. 5.

First Prize Rs. 150.

Second Prize Rs. 100.

Last Posting Date 26th December, 1934.

Entrance fee: Only Annas Eight Per Entry by M.O. Substitute only one letter for each dash below.

No.	Words.	Meanings.
1	DA — — ISH	Somewhat damp
2	— UDD — —	Confusion
3	QU — B	Tremble
4	— — ERT	Public
5	PA — — O —	Clergyman
6	— — JOURN	Postpone
7	H — L —	Stop
8	— O — DLE	Caress

Rules.—Ref. Chambers' XX Century Dictionary. Entrance Fee must be sent by M. O. only and Receipts must be attached to Entries. Results will be published in the next issue of "Tatler of India". Any number of entries may be submitted at the requisite fee. Correct Solution must agree with the Sealed Key Solution. Other rules as usual. Manager's decision is final on all matters. Address all Entries and fees to:

The Manager, PATRAM & Co., G. T., MADRAS.

Correct solution of Competition No. 4: 1. Care. 2. Resorb. 3. Lee. 4. Suspire. 5. Mash. 6. Easy. 7. Bashed. 8. Shut. All correct and one error claims should be preferred on or before 26th December.

1. Benefit at Child's Birth.
2. Education for your Children.
3. Dowry at Daughter's Marriage.
4. Compensation for loss or death.

Are the Problems before You.

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IN THIS SIMPLE "MISPRINTS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE: Rs. 300.

SECOND PRIZE: Rs. 150.

Rs. 25 for the first FIVE Correct Solutions Posted.

Rs. 25 for the Sender of Largest No. of entries.

MINIMUM AWARD OF Rs. 75. GUARANTEED TO EVERY CORRECT SOLUTION.

Last Date for POSTING Entries:—29th DECEMBER, 1934.

SEALED KEY SOLUTION DEPOSITED WITH "TATLER OF INDIA"

HOW TO WIN.

No.	Misprinted Words	Clues.
1	MERTY	Pleasant
2	HIFT	Handle
3	RIDE	Current
4	ASGUTE	Shrewd
6	TOP	A bill
6	PICKER	A wood Pecker
7	FURGE	To Fabricate
8	BUND	To Tie
9	FIT	A Morsel

Here is an exceedingly simple Puzzle for you to solve with very few alternatives. In the accompanying diagram, you will find some words under the column headed "Misprinted" words, but each has only *one* letter misprinted. By the side of each misprinted word, there is a clue for the correct word. What you have to do is to correct each misprinted word by taking off the wrong letter and substituting the correct letter in the same place with the help of the given clues. For example, the letter "T" in No. 1 is a misprint for the letter "R" and so the correct answer is MERRY.

An entrance fee of only EIGHT ANNAS must accompany each entry by M.O. only and P.O. Receipts must be attached to entries. Any No. of entries may be sent at the requisite fee. The Prizes are all *Guaranteed* and will not be reduced under any circumstances. The results of this Competition will be intimated to all competitors and prizes remitted to winners within a week after the last posting date provided 4 quarter anna stamps are enclosed. The Manager's decision is final. Other Rules as usual. Address all your entries and fees to:

"MISPRINTS" Competition, THE PARAMOUNT PUZZLES, P.O. Washermanpet, Madras.

WIN _____

 _____ Rs. 2000

**Closing Date
Extended to
30th December**

IN

**FOUR ANNAS
PER ENTRY**

1st PRIZE Rs. 150

"Give or Take"

2nd PRIZE Rs. 50

WHAT TO DO

Below you will find ten puzzles and there are five columns to each. In the second column under the title Instruction you are asked either to Give or Take these words repeating alternatively. The third column contains the clues and the fourth is the puzzle proper. Now take up the fourth column which contains the puzzle. Read the corresponding instruction in the second column. If it is Give add one letter to the letters found in the fourth column and you will get a word whose meaning corresponds with the Clue given. If the instruction is Take you must remove one letter from the puzzle and get a word corresponding with the clue. ~

Thus take the first example. The Clue is A COMMON MAGAZINE FEATURE and the puzzle column contains the letters PUZZLE. The corresponding in-

(Owing to pressure of space the feature entitled "Competitions corner" has been unavoidably postponed to the January issue.—Ed.)

traction in the second column is Give. Now give one letter, in this instance the required letter is P, and you get PUZZLE which is the required solution for the first.

And now consider the second row. The clue given is **A NUMBER**. The puzzle contains **TENT** and you are asked to **Take**. Now take out one letter, the last letter **T**, and you will be left with **TEN** which is the correct solution. Similarly try your hand at others.

Remember that the arrangement of the letters found under the column Puzzle should not be altered and that you must either *give or take only one letter without altering the arrangement of the others*. And follow the rules given in the facing page rigidly please.

THE TATLER OF INDIA

No.	Instruction	Clue	Puzzle	Solution
1	GIVE	A common magazine feature	UZZLE	PUZZLE
2	TAKE	A number	TENT	TEN
3	GIVE	Training will make anyone	ITTER	
4	TAKE	Master	BAOSS	
5	GIVE	Beat	MLL	
6	TAKE	Brood	COVERY	
7	GIVE	Basis of scandal is often this	SLNDER	
8	TAKE	Narrow piece of wood	PAOLE	
9	GIVE	Fall suddenly	LUMP	
10	TAKE	Resident	LEODGER	

RULES

1. An entry fee of 4 annas per entry may be sent in any form, but Ceylon Stamps will not be accepted.
2. Entries may be in coupons.
3. The first Prize of Rs. 150/ will be awarded to the all-correct solution and the second to solutions with one error. In case of ties prizes will be divided, but a minimum of Rs. 25/- for every correct solution is guaranteed. In case more than Rs. 200/- is realised, the prize amount will be increased according to the discretion of the Editor.
4. All entries must be addressed to Give or Take, c/o Tatler, Mukernallamuthu Street, G. T. Madras.
5. In case entry-fees are sent by M. O., the M. O. receipts must be attached to the coupons—preferably after the remitter had noted down the number and date.
6. Of course the Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters connected with this puzzle and is an express condition of entry.
7. Entries close on 30th December and those who have already sent in entries can send in an equal number of fresh entries free, not necessarily in coupons, mentioning the fact that they had already sent in entries.

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Learn your future and arm yourself before hand.
If you send your time and date of birth or time of writing the letter, we shall send you unfailing and accurate predictions, based on correct scientific investigations. 4 questions Re 1. Annual life sketch, Rs. 2. Brief whole life sketch with important details Rs. 10. Full life with all its minute details Rs. 100. 4 Questions answered free with life-reading.
For races, lottery, etc., special rates.

A FEW OPINIONS.

1. Mr. B. S. V. Rao, Binny & Co. Madras writes on 5-10-34 "Sir I had taken my life reading last year. and I found it absolutely correct. I request you to give me another year's life-reading and oblige.
2. Mr. M. R. Ratnam Chettiar, Lenging Estate, Singapore writes on 21.12.31. "Some few years back I corresponded with you regarding my horoscope. I was so pleased with your predictions that I send my friend's horoscope."
3. Mr. A. Xavier. Ry. Guard, Arkonam, (M.S.M.) writes on 20-3-29. "I have the pleasure to inform you that the last year's life reading according to the time of writing was almost correct
- MANJAPUTHUR, VIRIYUR, P. O. } S. VENKATESA SASTRIGAL,
(via) TIRUKOILUR, S. I. R. }
Proprietor, Sarada Astrological Bureau.

NOTE:—I am staying here till 25-2-35 at 25, Armenian Street G. T., Madras.

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AND

DESIGN

BY

KLIC & CO.,

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4, Bunder Street, Madras.

PUZZLES MADE EASY

MISSING LETTER

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY DECEMBER 2.

The puzzle published in the Illustrated Weekly of the 2nd December is far from easy in as much as the number of alternatives are very great and the chances of winning a prize consequently more limited. If instead of simple words tough ones had been chosen it would have been considerably easier to fix up all the solutions. As it is for want of space we are pointing out the method of working out this puzzle and indicate as many as is consistent with space. Readers are advised to follow the lines indicated below to find out the other possible solutions.

The possible simple words of the fifteen pictures are:

1. Cob, cod, cog, col, con, coo.
2. gala, gale, gall.
3. lick-link.
4. geld, gild, gold.
5. bull, cull, dull, full, giull, hull, lull, mull, null.
6. mild, mile, milk, mill.
7. bob, cob, fob, gob, job, hob, kob, lob, mob, nob.
8. Pale, pile, pole.
9. dole, doll.
10. bog, cog, dog, fog, gog, hog, jog, log, mog, nog.
11. saw, sew, sow.
12. rock, rook.
13. muff.
14. ohm.
15. sub, sue, sum, sun.

In the above you will find that words 13 and 14 have no alternatives and that the letters F and H must be set apart for them. And so we are left with 13 letters which must be fitted to the 13 pictures.

After eliminating these two letters F and H, we find that each one of the words given can take in the following letters of course it being presumed that you use one word only once in a particular arrangement.

1. b d g l n o. 2. a e l. 3. c n. 4. e i o. 5. b c d g l m n. 6. d e k l. 7. b c g j k l m n. 8. a o i. 9. e l. 10. b c d g i k m n. 11. a e o. 12. c a. 13. f. 14. h. 15. b e m n.

Now you must arrange them by the method of permutation. And if you do not know the principle of this method, the easiest way out of the difficulty will be for you to cut out the 15 letters of the alphabet given on this card board, and go on arranging and rearranging them making only one or two moves at a time.

Here are some examples for you to proceed with:

1. g a n e d k m i l j o c f h b
2. g a n o d k m i l j e c f h b
3. g a n i d k m o l j e c f h b
4. g e n i d k m o l j a c f h b
5. g e n i d k m a k j o c f h b
6. g e n o d k m i l j a c f h b
7. g i n o d k m i e j a c f h b
8. g l n i d k m o e j a c f h b

9. g l n i d k m a e j o c f h b
10. g a n e d k b i l j o c f h m
11. g a n o d k b i l j e c f h m
12. g a n i d k b o l j e c f h m
13. g e n i d k b o l j a c f h m
14. g e n i d k b a l j o c f h m
15. g e n o d k b i l j a c f h m
16. g l n o d k b i e j a c f h m
17. g l n i d k b o e j a c f h m
18. g l n i d k b a e j o c f h m
19. g a n e d k j i l m o c f h b
20. g a n o d k j i l m e c f h b
21. g a n i d k j o l m e o f h b
22. g e n i d k j o l m a c f h b
23. g e n o d k j i l m a c f h b
24. g e n i d k j a l m o c f h b
25. g l n o d k j i e m a c f h b
26. g l n i d k j o e m a c f h b
27. g l n i d k j o e m a c f h b
28. g a n e d k j i l b o c f h m
29. g a n o d k j i l b e c f h m
30. g a n i d k j o l b e c f h m
31. g e n i d k j o l b a c f h m
32. g e n i d k j a l b o c f h m
33. g e n o d k j i l b a c f h m
34. g l n o d k j i e b a c f h m
35. g l n i d k j o e b a c f h m
36. g l n i d k j a e b o c f h m
37. g a n e b k j i l d o c f h m
38. g a n o b k j i l d e c f h m
39. g a n i b k j o l d e c f h m
40. g e n i b k j o l d a c f h m
41. g e n i b k j a l d o c f h m
42. g e n o b k j i l d a c f h m
43. g l n o b k j i e d a c f h m
44. g l n i b k j o e d a c f h m
45. g l n i b k j a e d o c f h m
46. b a n e d k j i l g o c f h m
47. b a n o d k j i l g e c f h m
48. b a n i d k j o l g e c f h m
49. b e n i d k j o l g a c f h m
50. b e n i d k j a l g o c f h m
51. b e n o d k j i l g a c f h m
52. b l n o d k j i e g a c f h m
53. b l n i d k j o e g a c f h m
54. b l n i d k j a e g o c f h m
55. b a n e g k j i l d o c f h m
56. b a a e g k j i l d e c f h m
57. b a n i g k j o l d e c f h m
58. b e n i g k j o l d a c f h m
59. b e n i g k j a l d o c f h m
60. b e n o g k j i l d a c f h m
61. b l n o g k j i e d a c f h m
62. b l n i g k j o e d a c f h m
63. b l n i g k j a e d o c f h m

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AGE 20

AGE 40

AGE 60

The Indian Mutual Life Association, Ltd., Triplicane, Madras.

WIN Rs. 500 IN ADD-A-BIT.
COMPETITION. NO. 2.
SIMPLE KEY SOLUTION. DEPOSITED WITH
WORDS. "TATLER"
Each Entry, As. 8 Only EASY TO SOLVE.

1. P A R R O T	TALKING BIRD
2. C N I I I	PERCEIVE BY NOSE
3. C I I P	TO CUT OFF
4. I A N I I I	TO MOVE
5. I A N I I	TO PROVIDE
6. P A N I I	MOIST
7. C I A P I	LOOK AWFUL
8. I - I I I I	INTERFERE

Rules:—(1) In this novel competition, you have to complete the given symbols to form letters by adding necessary straight or curved lines to make a word suitable to the meaning given as exemplified in No. 1. 2. Solutions may be sent on white paper. M.O. receipt for the entrance fees should be attached to the entry form—3 A sum of Rs 300 for all-correct Solution and Rs. 200 for the Runners-up will be awarded. Prizes shall vary as the entries permit. Ties will equally be divided. Manager's decision is final and legally binding.—4 Entries posted later than 25-12-34 will be disqualified.—

Address entries to:—
"The Manager,"
"STAR COMPETITIONS"
BANTUMELLI,
Kistna District.

The Truth in Your Horoscope

Let me tell you free some of your past experiences, future prospects, financial possibilities and other confidential matters. Your prospects of life, happiness in marriage, friends, enemies, success in all undertakings, legacies, speculation and many other vital questions can be revealed by the great science of Astrology.

Let me tell you free startling facts that may change the whole course of your life and bring success, happiness and prosperity. Your astrological interpretation will be written in plain, simple language and consist of not less than two full pages.

Be sure to send your birthdate, with name and address distinctly written by yourself. If you wish you may enclose 8 annas in stamps to cover cost of this notice mailing, etc. There will be no delay; you will hear from me at once. This offer may not be made again, so act now. Address ROXROY, Dept. 1119 A Emmastraat 42, The Hague, Holland. Postage to Holland 3 1/2 annas.



Note:—Prof. Roxroy is held in high esteem by his many clients. He is the oldest and best known astrologer on the Continent and has been practicing at this same address for upwards of 20 years. His reliability may be judged by the fact that all of his work for which he makes a charge is on the basis of satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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Just Attempt

It is Solved

WIN Rs. 1500

Last Posting Date 25-12-34
KEY SOLUTION DEPOSITED WITH
"MY MAGAZINE OF INDIA"
RESULTS POSTED TO ALL COMPETITORS
MISSING LETTERS No. 26

- | | |
|------------|-----------------|
| 1. B—FF | buffet |
| 2. PA— — | head |
| 3. BO— —E | to drink deeply |
| 4. RE—USE | to reject |
| 5. ROUS— | to stir up |
| 6. M—SS | disorder |
| 7. O— | during |
| 8. OBTU— — | blunt |

Rules :—Reference Chambers XX.
Entrance fee As. 8 for the first entry and
As. 4 for each subsequent entry.

Prize Rs. 750 for all correct and Rs. 500
for one error solutions. Special prize for
Rs. 150 for correct entries received before
15-12-34 and another special prize of Rs. 100
for persons sending large number of entries.
Other rules as usual. Entries on plain paper
accepted. Enclose 4 anna stamps for result.

Address all entries and M. O's to:

THE MANAGER

THE JUPITER COMPETITIONS

Post Box No. 1380, G. P. O., MADRAS.

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Madras are requested to correspond with us.

THE TATLER OF INDIA

BETWEEN OURSELVES

Important Announcement

I do not believe in changing the price of a periodical—much less in increasing the same. And as long as possible I have put off this move which I propose to take—though I must hasten to admit that I have contemplated this step long, long ago. But I find that it is no longer advisable to continue the present price and so I have decided to increase the price per copy of the *Tatler* to Two Annas.

Unless I quote the reasons that have prompted me to take this step, you would form the erroneous impression that I have become more avaricious. No, far from it. I find that as long as I maintain the price at an anna and half I cannot introduce certain improvements which I am eager to give effect to. What those improvements are I am not prepared to reveal now. You will find that the *Tatler* makes rapid improvements among humorous journals and that you get this extra-couple-of-pice-worth and considerably more. I am collecting these two pices from you just to give them back in a more appreciable form. You just purchase a copy of the January number and you will realise that I have given effect to considerable improvements within this short period.

Another reason for my increasing the price per copy to two annas is that other contemporaries of a similar type are sold at that price. It is but incumbent on my part to price the *Tatler* as well at a similar rate.

As a consequence of the increase in the price per copy of this sprightly monthly the annual subscription will also be increased from 1935 to Rs. 1-4. This will not affect those who enroll themselves as subscribers in 1934. They will be supplied twelve issues for the rupee already received from them. But from the 1st of January the annual subscription inclusive of postage will be Rs. 1-4-0. So it is advisable for you to send in your annual subscription so as to reach me on or before the 31st December.

New Year Number.

As announced last month the New Year number is under rapid preparation. It can be had of all newsagents at Four Annas a copy. If you can't place your order through any newsagent just write to me enclosing stamps to the value of four annas and a copy will be posted to you free. Subscribers are again informed that this New Year Number will not be supplied to them unless they pay this extra price.

It is proposed to print this New Year Number in good white paper. It will contain stories and articles by several popular authors, will be profusely illustrated and—well, you will find every page interesting. The issue will be ready about the third week of January. Only a limited number of copies will be printed and so make sure you get your copy.

By the by, when you send stamps make sure they reach me safe. I am not responsible for stamps lost in transit and as usual proof of posting cannot be considered as proof of receipt.

Another Grand Offer.

Elsewhere you will find an announcement about free gifts to readers which is run in co-operation with a firm of famous Booksellers who have in stock now a decent number of new sixpenny novels, which as you know, are being sold at 7 as. a copy. The collection contains several interesting titles by popular novelists. These books will be given away as gifts to readers at half the usual price. Readers can select any titles they like and a reader can get any number of these popular novels at this sacrifice price.

What you must do to get these free gifts is just this: You will have to take out the coupon entitled "Free Gifts—Novels" from the last advertisement page. For each coupon you can order a maximum set of four novels. If you want more than four books you must send a proportionately larger number of coupons.

Each coupon entitles you to receive four novels at this concession rate of 3½ as. a copy or As. 14 for four. Postage is extra though no postage will be charged on those who come and take the copies themselves at Madras. Postage for any book is 0-1-9 and for four books it is Five Annas which must be included in the remittance. Books will be sent at the Reader's risk and proof of posting will be obtained by us. In case you want them to be registered you must add another 3 annas. In case a particular title is not available, the readers must give the option of selection of another to the Editor. These books will be despatched within three days from the time of receipt.

Since I expect a rush and as I do not propose to go in for fresh books, please avail yourself of this opportunity at once.

A New Feature

This month you will find that a new feature entitled "Puzzles Made Easy." In this the solutions of the puzzles appearing in other Indian papers—only of those run by newspaper people—will be published. This feature will in future become a part of the *Tatler*. In this all alternatives will be given whenever possible. While the solutions will be picked up with the utmost care the management do not hold themselves responsible for mistakes that may creep in inadvertently.

This new feature has been introduced almost the eleventh hour and as such it has not been to include all the other puzzles. But in issues it will be my aim to solve all new puzzles. In case I forget to include a particular puzzle, request the readers to point out to me a specimen copy of the issue, of course free.

