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THE  
**MERRY**  
MAGAZINE

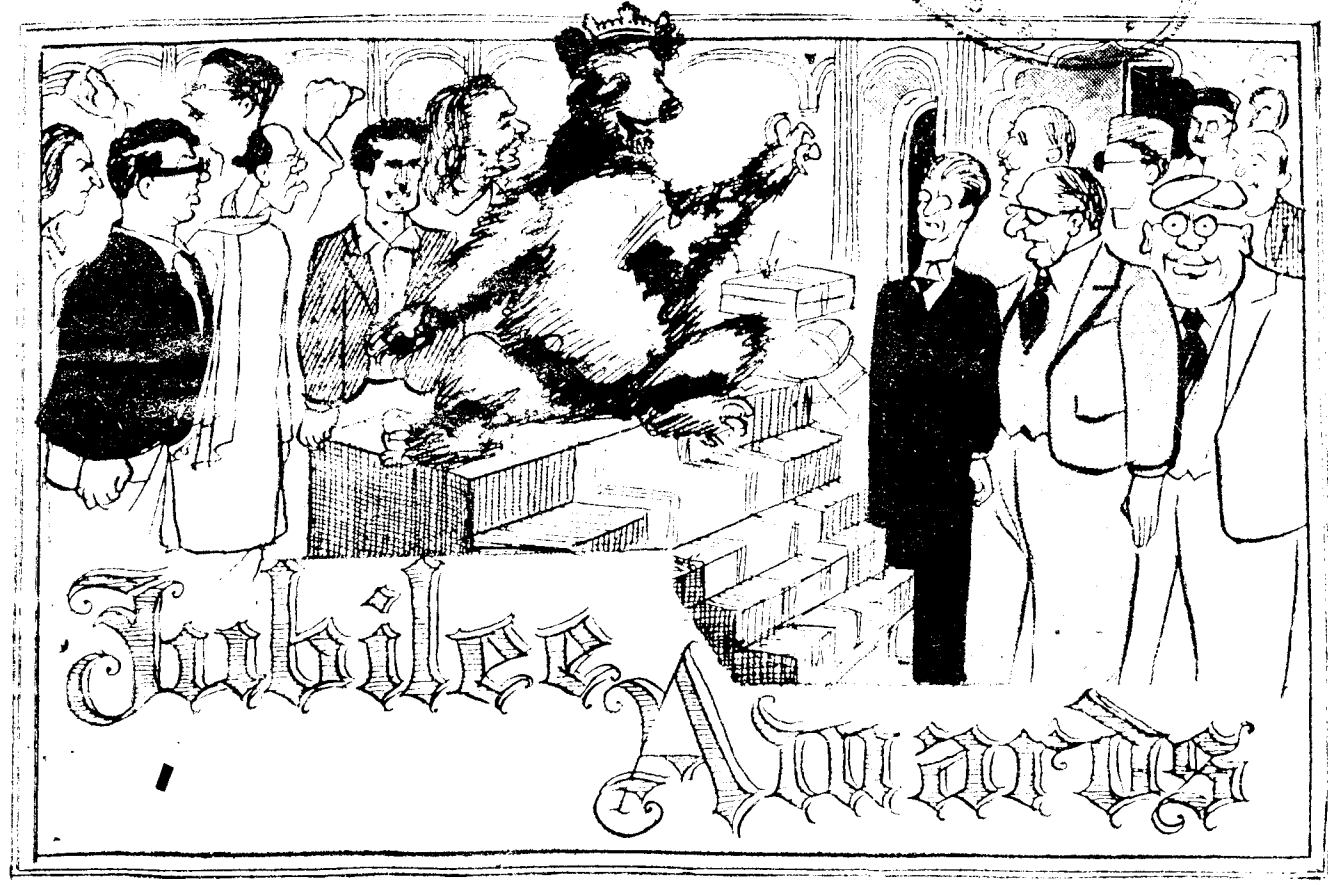
Vol. III

2210

MADRAS, 4th MAY, 1935

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR  
3-MAY-1935

No. 18



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**M**ANY people find it difficult to learn English today. They are often asked, "Have you heard from him today?" Still others say, "between you and me," and wonder how often it is used. In fact, it is a common mistake to say "between you and me" and "between you and I". The correct words are "between you and me".

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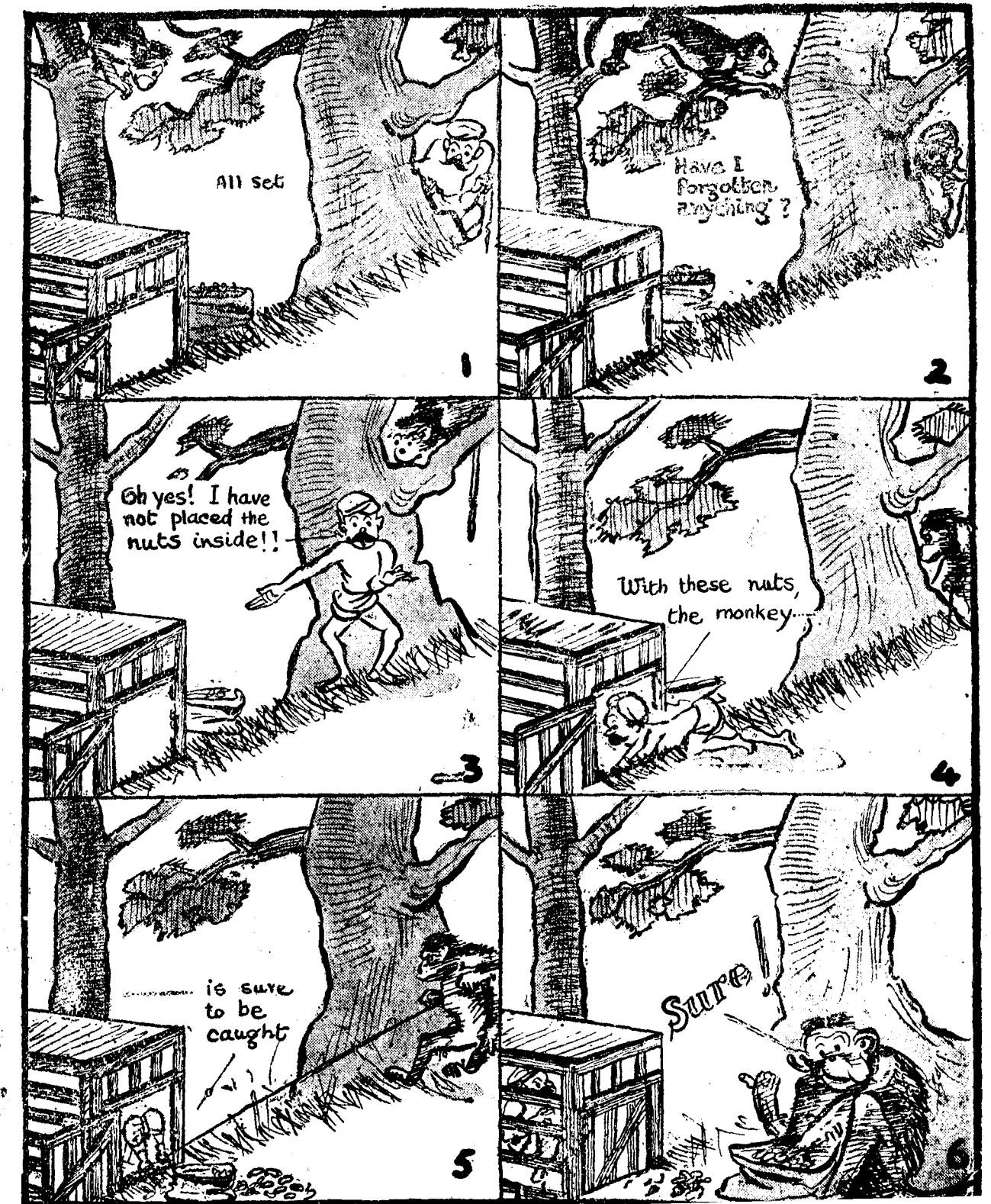
# THE MERRY MAGAZINE

Vol. III

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No. 18

## THIS MONKEY BUSINESS



# The Prize Brinjal

By 'EMBUSQUE'

**D**RIVING rain lashed the huts and booths that stood in forlorn rows, decorated with bedraggled bunting. Flood-water swept over the level expanse in the foreground. At intervals, a cyclonic wind brought a tree crashing to the earth. It was, of course, the morning of the Puddlepet Agricultural Exhibition and Rural Fair.

Who would have supposed this pathetic scene, so typical of rural uplift, to be the setting of tense romance and pregnant drama? Yet it was.

The alleged festivities were the work of an alleged Rao Bahadur. You will observe that I write with due journalistic caution. If you happen to know of any Rao Bahadur called Pappadam Mudaliar, he is not this one. In fact, the Pappadam Mudaliar I have in mind had been dead for some time. Having thus artfully evaded all possible suits for libel, I will get on with the story, starting from the beginning.

Pappadam Mudaliar had a daughter. Her eyes were like stars, her lips were red as coral. Her breath was jasmine, and when she spoke, her voice was like the tinkling of silver bells. In short, she was eminently marriageable. Romances in magazines are always about girls like this. Romances about the other sort of girl are the prerogative of marriage-brokers.

Champak (that was her name) had no need of the mitigatory tergiversations of wedding-mongers. Indeed, there were already two highly-eligible young gentlemen in the offing. They were Mani and Seshu.

Mani was an artistic lad. He was pursuing a post-graduate course of studies in sculpture and decoration. He was to be found any day at the Art School, messing about with clay and plaster of Paris. Rao Bahadur Pappadam Mudaliar snorted at the mention of the boy's name. The old man thought Mani something of a milksop.

Seshu was a son of the soil. After failing three times in

the Intermediate examination, this truly rural lad returned to the ancestral estates, and took a mild interest in buffalo-racing, cock-fighting, and other bucolic and pastoral pursuits. The Rao Bahadur approved of Seshu.

Champak, in her artless, girlish way, had acquired a secret preference for Mani. But like a wise lass, she kept her own counsel; except, of course, that she talked it over with her mother, her mother's mother-in-law, several aunts, and every girl in the place. Somehow, it leaked out that she favoured Mani.

The Rao Bahadur had a bee in his bonnet or rather turban. Once upon a time, he had received a



pamphlet circulated by a misguided Government, and ever since then, Pappadam Mudaliar had not been the same man. He went in for modern rural development and the improvement of indigenous agricultural products. The Rao Bahadur saw himself climbing to eminence as the prophet of neo-style farming. Hence the Puddlepet Agricultural Exhibition and Rural Fair.

In planning the festivities, the Rao Bahadur decided to announce a grand prize for the best brinjal exhibited at the Fair. His idea was to encourage the production of a prize-strain of this typically Indian vegetable. But the Rao Bahadur was also economically-minded, and it was high time that Champak was married. He therefore let it be known in the proper quarters that he expected either Mani or Seshu to win the prize. In fact, the producer of the prize brinjal would be the bridegroom of Champak.

Thus the munificent award—a sum of five hundred rupees, no less—would remain in the family and would help towards the marriage-expenses. Moreover, Seshu was far more likely to raise a prize brinjal than the aesthetic Mani.

Seshu and Mani began to cultivate a brinjal-patch apiece, in anticipation of the prize-contest. Strangely

enough, none of the professional brinjal-growers of the neighbourhood made similar preparations. They were all tenants of the Rao Bahadur, and knew better than to intrude upon the pastimes of the well-to-do.

Naturally, great local interest centred on the brinjal-patches of the contestants. It was noticed with some regret that Seshu's brinjals were far superior to those of his rival. The result was reckoned to be a foregone conclusion. Certain members of the pro-Mani faction, however, held that their man would spring a surprise at the last moment. It was whispered that, in a small shelter adjoining his brinjal-patch, he was secretly nurturing a brinjal of unprecedented dimensions.

The whispers reached the ears of Seshu only the day before the show. In honest rustic fashion he decided to take no chances. At dead of night, supported by armed and trusty retainers, he visited Mani's brinjal-patch.

His worst fears were realised. The shelter contained a truly gargantuan brinjal, fresh and clean, ready for exhibition. The simple country-lad immediately saw that the thing to do was to purloin his rival's vegetable. True, there might be suspicions, even blows; but, after all, nothing could be proved, and he would get the girl and the five hundred rupees. So Mani's prize brinjal was ruthlessly removed.

Imagine Mani's consternation when next morning he went to gather his monstrous brinjal! It was gone! Mani was in despair. All was lost—the girl, the five hundred rupees, the honour and glory of being the owner of a prize brinjal. Someone had stolen his precious possession. Yet, for reasons known to himself, Mani made no complaint. He simply went out to his public brinjal-patch, and secured one of the miserable specimens there on view, and trudged with it towards the Exhibition-grounds.

Fortunately, the weather improved a little during the afternoon, and quite a crowd gathered to witness the prize-giving. The great event was, of course, the adjudication of the brinjals.

There could be no question as to the winner. Of the two vegetables on view, one was a colossal brinjal, an emperor of brinjals, while the other was of the kind that crafty hawkers thrust upon unobservant house-wives. The colossal brinjal was labelled with the name of Seshu.

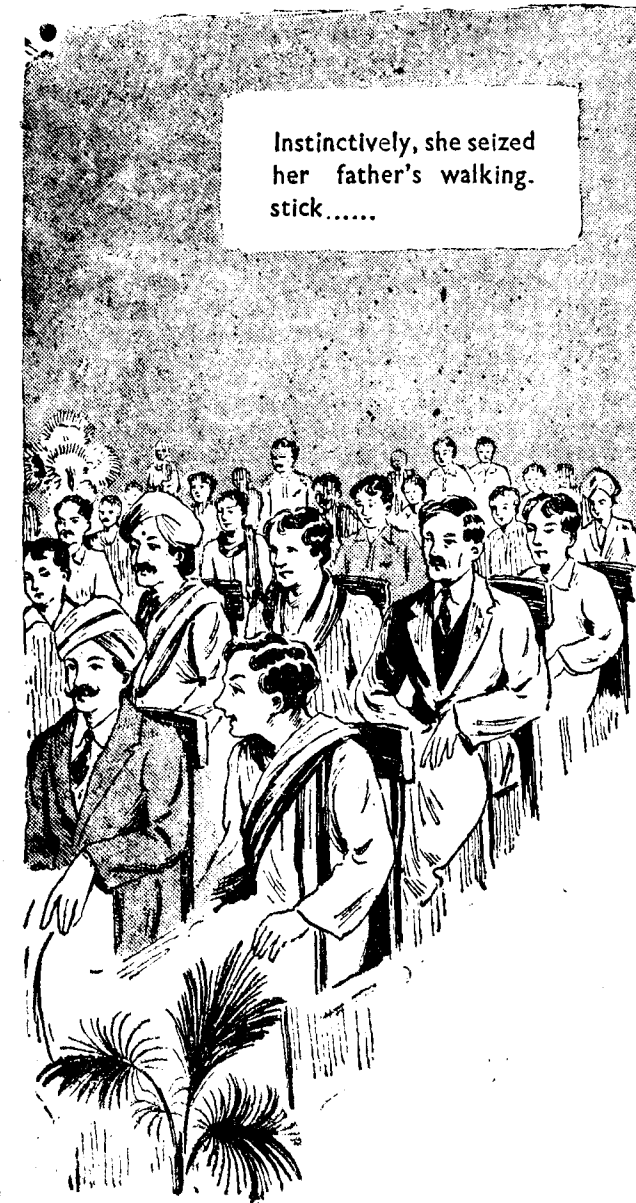
Champak stood on the platform behind her father. There was a polite smile on her lips, but her maidenly heart was raging with disappointment. Seshu's was so obviously the better brinjal. The hateful boy sat there with a smirk on his face, already casting sheep's-eyes at her. Poor dear Mani skulked in a corner, hanging his head. Oh, why hadn't he produced a decent brinjal for the occasion?

The Rao Bahadur cleared his throat. "Hurrum, my friends," he boomed. "We now come to the adjudication of the brinjals. These splendid indigenous vegetables....."

But we can leave that part out. Suffice it to say that for twenty minutes the Rao Bahadur talked like a Government pamphlet. At last he showed signs of getting down to brass-tacks.

"Strangely enough," he said, "there are only two entries for this popular contest." His hearers tried to

(Continued on page 5)





I have had such jolts in my life that I have ceased to be startled by anything nowadays; but my *sangfroid* has been pulverized by the sensational revelations made by Professor R. A. Dara, lately of the Punjab University. Somebody once took the world by surprise by saying that Jesus Christ was a native of palmy Malabar and Pharaoh Ramesis was of Indian origin, his name being a corruption of the Indian name Ramaswamy. According to Prof. Dara, Homer's *Iliad*, the immortal epic of Helen of Troy, is merely an adaptation of our Ramayana, which was written ages before Homer penned his masterpiece. After several diligent years of intensive research into the evolution of the civilization of mankind, the Professor has arrived at the conclusion that Helen is no other than Sita, the fair daughter of King Janaka, Manelaus no other than Rama, and Paris no other than Ravana, the ten-headed.

Prof. Dara is not content with presenting us with one surprise packet. He is convinced that Greek, Egyptian and Mayan (Central American) civilisations were originally derived from India. "The Greeks," he avers, "originally migrated from the Indian province of Magadha. The name became Machada and then Macedon."

An interesting suit came up before Mr. Justice Charles of the Chester Assizes recently, in which Mrs. Cooke claimed damages for negligence and trespass from Miss Passmore. The case arose in this wise. Mrs. Cooke was giving her friend, Miss P., a drive in her run-about, when a chicken, without adequate notice, crossed the road in front of the car. Miss P., to save the hen, snatched at the steering wheel, as a result whereof the car overturned and Mrs. Cooke received a fracture on the nose and several other injuries. Mrs. Cooke gave evidence.

Mr. Justice Charles (looking at her nose): You have got a bit of a lump on it at the end.

Mrs. Cooke: At the end it looks like the seat of an easy arm-chair.

Mr. Justice Charles: It does not matter to a man. I have had mine broken twice.

Mrs. Cooke: It still looks very nice. (Laughter)

Mr. Justice Charles, (laughing): If you were not married, I would be suspicious.

Mrs. Cooke: It is never too late to mend. (Laughter)

Miss Passmore denied that she grabbed the wheel, but stated that she touched Mrs. Cooke's arm just before the accident.

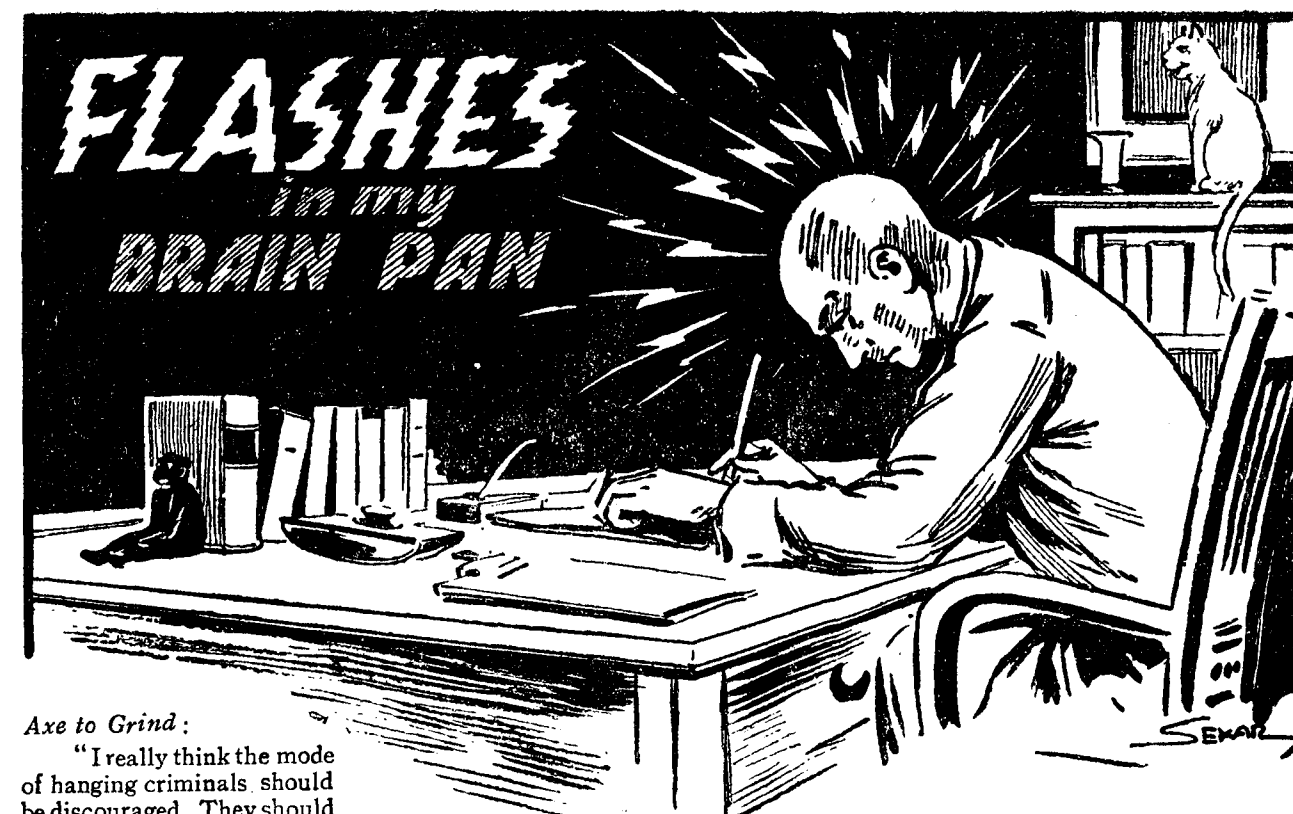
Mr. Justice Charles: Was this hen a grown-up one?

Mrs. Cooke: I should say it was middle-aged. (Laughter)

Mrs. Cooke was awarded £550 for her injury, the Judge incidentally remarking that it was melancholy to contemplate that so serious a case should have arisen out of so small a happening.

Kanai, a sweeper of Contai, Bengal, had great belief in astrology and yet loved life. When a seer told him that he would die unless he cut himself off entirely from the terrestrial sphere, he had an idea. One starry night, he climbed up the tallest cocoanut tree in the district, and neither the coaxings of friends nor the curses of the police could dislodge him from his perch. In order to force him down, the people below cut off food supplies. Kanai held on for some days by helping himself to the plentiful supply of green cocoanuts atop, but when that too ran out and hunger began to grip him in his middle, the hero of Contai had to acknowledge defeat and climb down. He is now absolutely convinced that the world is full of bloodthirsty, sanguinary maniacs, who are out to finish him. You know why? That astrologer, remember?

Still, Kanai has nothing to feel sorry about. He will not be relegated to the dull depths of oblivion but will go down the pages of the history of endurance feats, as the man, who, though removed by several generations from his ancestor of the tree-tops, remained on top of a tree for full seventeen days!



Axe to Grind:

"I really think the mode of hanging criminals should be discouraged. They should be electrocuted."

"Are you a reformer?"

"No, I hold shares in an electric supply company."

Testament and Trifles:

A man in America has written his last testament on a sheet of steel.

The iron will?

Her Reason:

There was a young lady of Misser  
Who went and wedded an Officer:  
When the friends asked her why,  
She replied with a sigh;  
"Oh, the man is such a good kisser!"

Naughty Note:

Some wives have a finger in every one of their husbands' pies, complains an essayist.

What is even worse is that all of them have a hand in everyone of their husbands' pockets!

Flattery:

Many a wife believes that her husband is a big noise.

Especially when he is asleep.

Exactly:

A burglar broke into a music accessory shop and attacked the night watchman with a fiddle.

This is what is known in legal circles as robbery with violins.

Sounds:

"Who said noise injures your health?" a doctor writes. "I maintain that it is noise which keeps you fit and hearty."

Sort of sound health?

Epitaph:

He put his arm around her waist  
As he drove his limousine;  
Funeral takes place to-day  
Exactly at ten-fifteen!

Paid in Full:

Indignant Tailor: I make a suit for you. I put all my soul into my work. I toil from morning till night. And what do you pay me for my labour?

Customer: My compliments, I'm sure.

Brrrrr:

Of all 'shop'-talkers, the dentist is the worst, says a gossip writer.

His conversation, in other words, is bound to be 'boring'.

Sorry Story:

There was a young fellow called Fuddle  
Who loved a girl called Miss Muddle:  
But the trouble was this  
That she wouldn't let him kiss  
Her, or hug her or e'en cuddle!

I read that potatoes can cure scurvy:

There was a man called Jose Hurvy  
Whose condition grew very nervy:  
His doctor said, "Jose,  
Don't you eat potatoes."

And then the poor man died of scurvy.

By Gum:

A Chinese woman of Halking  
Was exceedingly fond of talking.  
Once her husband, one Lung  
Cut off her tongue;  
You will agree that this was very shalking.

# THE EDITOR'S PAGE

**T**O-day's mail-bag contains a letter from one who signs himself "Educationist", registering a mild (?) protest against the "Importation of Billingsgate into Broadway" by some of the contributors to these pages and "the ithyphallic tendency of slang." What a swell adjective to use against poor slang!

What exactly is slang? Let the *Daily Express* answer this question.

*The language of the people. Write as you talk. Dictionary English is your grand-father's slang gone dead and put into cold storage. Use good words with live flesh on them. That's what Chaucer did. Use slang, talk it, write it. You'll be in the Oxford Dictionary twenty years hence.*

The big noises of the English lingo (excuse my slang!) claim, unashamedly, that it owes its greatness to its assimilation of foreign words, to its infinite capacity to borrow from languages beyond its coastline. It was by such sedulous picking of the pockets of other languages that English grew as fat round its paunch as its national symbol, John Bull.

Macaulay conceived it perhaps as part of the White-man's Burden, and started exporting this language to "Barbaric Ind" and we have all but adopted it as our national language. I am not discussing the ethics of this adoption. Indeed there is precious little of ethics involved here, so far as we are concerned. We had no hand in the game. But we cannot burke the fact that it has come largely into our life, political, commercial and social. Why, then, cavil at one of its manifestations?

The most austere English, correct as Court-dress, in diction, idiom and grammar, might be made the vehicle of prurient thoughts and ugly suggestions. The fish-women of Billingsgate Market might have used filthy, slangy invective in settling their little differences. But slang, in a larger sense, is not invective and never was intended to be such. Neither is it Billingsgate. It is, in a way, the nexus that bridges the wide hiatus that separates the humbler orders of society from the nibs, nobbs and toffs. (There! I have put my foot into it again!)

Take the word 'noddle', meaning 'head'. This came into circulation round about the time when Caxton was a suckling at his mother's breast. One of the commonest of slang words in relation to English money is 'quid'—£1. This word is sanctified by currency of over 300 years and, like a certain product of Scotland, is still going strong! 'Mob' is a word distinguished in English

literature as one at which Swift shied violently. But it has a patrician descent from the Latin expression *Mobile Vulgus*—an excitable crowd. English slang, and incidentally its literature, owe not a little to the prolific *alumni* of Oxford and Cambridge. The word 'kudos' (renown or glory) after having been tossed about in genteel society as a lump of hot iron, has been given a nice bath and is now as blameless as a young lady in a muslin boorkha. 'Toffs', aristocratic under-graduates of these universities, used to wear a tuft on their caps as a matter of exclusive right. The 'tuft' evolved into 'toff' and finally clung to the persons themselves. The most delightful part of English slang is that known as Cockney through which Sam Weller, Mark Tapley, Bindle and their tribe have passed into their comic apotheosis. May their shadows never grow less!

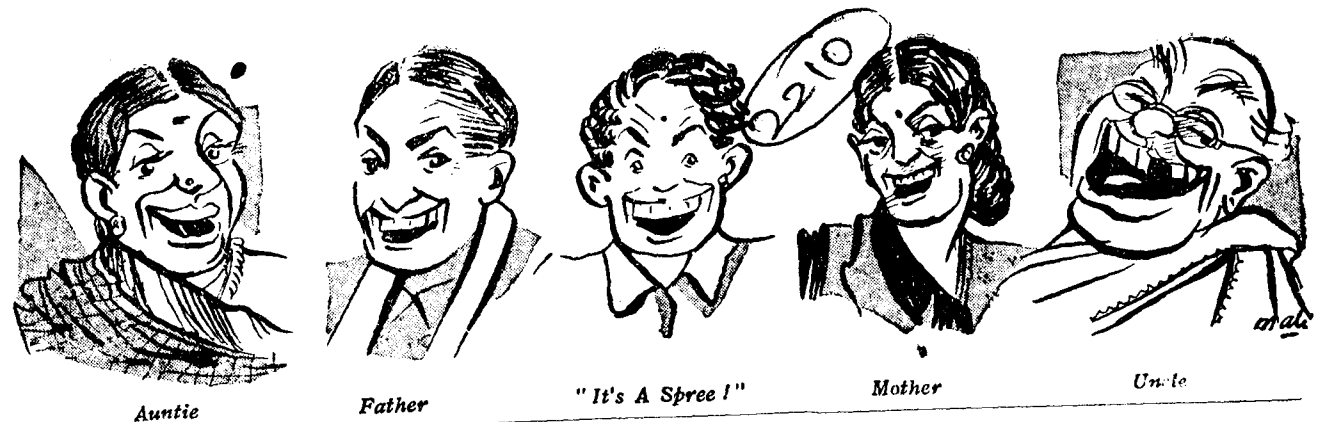
For vim, virility and variety, American slang is unbeatable. "Got one? Gimme one?" sounds harmless enough, and may mean a number of things to the uninitiated but it could only mean one thing—"Won't you give me a kiss?" Yankee slang is a hard nut to crack and is just Mongolian *patois* for people not familiar with latter-day American writers. Here are a few bright samples.

Doodas—Thingummies.  
Dumbell—A silent fool.  
Flivver—A cheap, rickety car.  
Getaway—Escape.  
Lid—Hat.  
Necktie party—Hanging.  
Yeggman—Hooligan.  
Highbinder—Extravagant person.  
Hit the hay—Go to bed.  
Jack—Money.  
Nut—Madman.  
Kike—Jew.

The American underworld has a language of its own, rather an involved and hopeless affair. 'Booze' (alcoholic drink) is supposed to be an American patent. It is not. Six hundred years or so ago it used to be known in England as 'bouse'.

The slang of yesterday is the proud acquisition of the letters of to-day. And the slang of to-day will find sanctuary in the literature of to-morrow. Slang, properly used, is pithy, unconventional and honest. A judicious mixture of slang with high-brow literature would mitigate the meretricious pomp and the smug humbug of the latter, giving it a touch of Voronoff vitality. "One branch of the beautiful is the ugly," if my correspondent thinks slang ugly. But, gosh! Yours truly doesn't think so.

—Editor.



## FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY

**Certainly!**

**Conceited Novelist:**—"Do you think people will be able to identify the characters in my book?"  
**The Critic:**—"Certainly. Everybody has read Dickens and Shakespeare."

**Sound Advice.**

**Chorine:**—"I'm certainly proud of this love letter I got from that wealthy playwright. What shall I do? Frame it?"  
**Room-mate:**—"Gosh, no dearie, frame him!"

**At The Bottom of It.**

"Wonder what made him to jump into the river."  
"There was a woman at the bottom of it, I believe."

**Proof Positive.**

"You know, I think my pal was drunk last night. Why, he came in and jumped on the bed."  
"Well, what's wrong with it?"  
"The bed wasn't there."

**An Apt Retort.**

"I think watering wine is a gross swindle."  
"So it is; but sanding sugar is a grocer swindle."

**Rather Different.**

**Inquirer:**—"The first principle of Anarchism is to divide with your fellow-man, isn't it?"  
**Politician:**—"No. The first principle is to make your fellow-man divide with you."

**Lucky Man!**

"And to what do you attribute your great age and general good health?" asked the visitor.  
"Well," replied the oldest inhabitant thoughtfully. "I got a good start on most people by bein' born afore these 'ere germs was invented."

**Wasted Effort.**

"I say, did you see a hat that was knocked out of the coach window?"  
"Yes. I threw it back into the train."  
"Great Scott! I've just jumped off after it!"  
**Wise Man!**

**Wife at 'phone:**—"How would you like to talk to my father?"  
**Hubby:**—"Through a spirit medium."

**A Gentle Hint.**

**Male Strap-hanger:**—"Madam, you are standing on my foot."  
**Female Ditto:**—"I beg your pardon; I thought it belonged to the man sitting down."



## THE TEASER SERIES, NO. 4



BILL SYKES AND THE LADY

MISS Agatha Peabody lived by herself in a small cottage in the suburbs. She was forty, rather plump and held her own opinions of men in general and lovers in particular; which opinions amounted to a profound detestation of the former and utter disgust at the latter's waywardness, fickleness and bad taste. These were by no means unique in women of Miss Peabody's experience of both. Miss Peabody certainly had good reasons for holding her views about men, for she had suffered much at their hands. She was no misogynist and her maiden state could not be accounted for by her attitude to matrimony. In her youth she had flirted with (or tried to flirt with) boys as the Marys and Madges and Lizzys did; but the Marys and Madges and Lizzys had cried halt at a certain stage and chosen the nicest of the boys as escorts up the aisle. In the case of Miss Peabody, however, the nicest of the boys refused to propose notwithstanding many hints she let out and many *tete-a-tetes* she engineered. So did the nicest-but-one boys and the not-at-all-nice boys. Waiving her preference for Youth, she used her blandishments on Age but Age was loth to surrender freedom for so small an inducement. Thus Miss Agatha Peabody in spite of her ancestry and descent, in spite of her silver service left to her by a colonel uncle of hers, in spite of the home she offered to the lucky man who would marry her, underwent all the stages of solitary womanhood—the flapper, the maiden, the young woman and the not-so-young woman—and definitely emerged into disillusioned spinsterhood.

'Slippy' Sam was known as a 'tough guy' in his own as well as police circles. His line was house-breaking and he used a jemmy effectively not only to break into a man's house but to break open a man's head if he inconveniently interrupted his operations. According to his own admission there was nothing soft about him.

Now 'Slippy' one night broke into Miss Peabody's cottage. This was small game, no doubt, but then they were being extraordinarily vigilant in the city and he didn't want to risk another stretch quite so soon. Moreover, Miss Peabody was reputed to be very rich. Her silver alone was worth a packet.

But Sam was disappointed. He ransacked the rooms and the secretaires without result. Where was her silver? Ah! He had not tried her bedroom. That was it! He gently turned the handle of the bedroom. He didn't want to wake her. If possible, he would avoid unpleasantness and bloodshed.

Miss Peabody woke up, sensing danger. She knew there was somebody in the room. By the aid of the moonlight she could see him standing before the dressing-table. She got up noiselessly, reached for the switch and pressed it. 'Slippy' swung round with a curse and whipped out his revolver.

Peabody immediately—

1. What did Miss Peabody say?
2. What did 'Slippy' do?

(Answers on page 18)



By  
'JEEVI'

INSPECTOR Meyers of Scotland Yard rang the bell at the massive gates of Mortimer's Keep and waited. A small heavily barred panel in the gate opened, and a bullet-head with cauliflower ears peered at him cautiously. Meyers slipped his card through the bars. The porter painfully spelt it out, and with a gruff "wait a bit" disappeared, closing the panel.

While he waited for the gates to open, the Inspector examined his surroundings. Mortimer's Keep was one of the old castles of the days dotted about the West Counties. It had been acquired six years ago by Mr. Hugh Langdon from its last impecunious though aristocratic owner. The new tenant was known as a businessman of vast interests, with a private telephone line to London and to Southampton, but no one knew exactly what the business was. While in the other castles similar to the Mortimer's Keep, the clanging of armour mail had been replaced by the clinking of cocktail glasses, Mortimer's Keep, under its new owner, had become a formidable impenetrable fortress. The high boundary wall had been repaired, and a three-feet high barbed-wire fence ran all round on its top. A bare gleaming copper wire on top of all this enwallment carried an electric charge which would instantaneously reduce to shrivelled meat anyone who was foolhardy enough to touch it.

But Mr. Hugh Langdon, which was probably not the name he was christened by, had another *alias*.—Bradbury Bill, an *alias* never definitely identified with Mr. Langdon by anyone living,—and dead men tell no tales. Inspector Meyers was perhaps the only one who had even remotely guessed the secret.

A key grated in the lock, and a bolt was shot back with great clanging, and one of the massive doors was opened just wide enough for the Inspector to squeeze himself in. Before he was well through, an experienced hand rubbed him down for any hidden arms, with the muttered remark, "Those are my orders, now go down the drive, and keep away from the dog kennels: the mastiffs are none too well secured and they have a fancy for busy's calves."

Inspector Meyers was received at the portico of the house by a footman. As he handed him his overcoat and hat, the footman's face seemed familiar. But he had no time to dwell on that. As he entered the study where Langdon was seated, Langdon turned round on his swivel chair, and with an effusive smile of welcome, he greeted him. "To what do I owe this honour, Mr. Meyers?" he purred ingratiatingly. "Nothing professional I trust. I pay my income-tax to the penny, I attend church regularly, and have always punctiliously adjusted my watch to summer time on the third Sunday of every April. Sit down, and name your drink."

Inspector Meyers, being a man of few words, curtly replied, "Came down here on a case. Thought I would look you up. 'Big' Mike will be out of Dartmoor in a week and I know for a certainty that he is thirsting for your blood."

Hugh Langdon knitted his brows, and with well simulated unbelief in his voice exclaimed, "I do not understand what you mean. If it had been anyone else I would have thought that you had been on the bust. Honestly, I don't get you."

"Mister Hugh Langdon, as you like to call yourself now," cut in Inspector Meyers. "Mike who is doing seven years for the forgery of the Spanish currency notes, has not forgotten that, but for the inside evidence supplied to the police by somebody,—and he thinks it was Bradbury Bill—he would never have gone to prison, and would probably be as rich to-day as you are. Not only that. Perhaps you do not know that his wife grew insane from abject poverty, and threw her two children into the Serpentine and also tried to drown herself. She was saved by a passer-by for three more years of hell on earth before she died. Don't forget it. 'Big' Mike has not. Good-bye."

"But, Inspector," protested Langdon, "you can't go away without a drink. All my servants have gone to the Harvesting Festival in the village; only Jackson, who let you in, is here; I will ring for him. Please sit down."

Jackson answered the bell and brought the whisky and the soda-syphon. As Jackson busied himself about the drinks Meyers stole another careful look at him, but he could not place his face. Langdon was growing loquacious. "It tickles me to death," he said, "that you should have wasted your valuable time on this errand. Most of these jail-birds get some strange delusions. But even a peaceful business-man has some dangerous enemies. Lunatic inventors who think that I have robbed them of some of their ideas, the modern thug out for ransom, the slimy blackmailer, all of them. I am not, however, unprotected."

ed. You must have noted my precautions even at my gate!"

Just then the telephone bell rang, and Langdon took up the receiver.

Laying it down, he said, "See my 'phone, this strip of metal, here in the handle, something like a tongue. Unless I grip it, and keep it pressed home, my voice cannot reach the other party. It acts like a cut-out. It is now second nature with me to press it only when I have to speak into the mouth-piece. At all other times I hold it loose; it enables me to listen to the 'phone, and at the same time to carry on a conversation in the room. Another of my precautions."

Inspector Meyers stood up to take his leave. Langdon also rose and rang the bell for Jackson to show the Inspector out. It appeared to Meyers that Jackson came in much too soon, as if he had been standing outside the door, but as Langdon did not remark on it, Meyers left silently escorted by Jackson to the door.

The business which had brought Meyers to that part of the country engrossed his entire attention for the whole of the next week, and he had completely forgotten all about "Big" Mike and Hugh Langdon. He had no time even to look at the daily papers. Several days' *Daily Cry* had accumulated on the table in his room at the Mortimer's Arms, the local hostelry. But on Monday, the pressure of work had lifted somewhat, and he sat leisurely at his breakfast scanning the old papers. A bold headline caught his eye. "Spanish Note Forger Dies In Jail," it said in half-inch letters, and underneath was the story of "Big" Mike which Meyers already knew. There was nothing so startling in his death to galvanise the stolid policeman into activity. The paragraph, "It may be remembered that 'Big' Mike was once found with an automatic on him while he was arrested in a public-house row, and the magistrate gave him an extra six months for carrying unlicensed fire-arms." The story-writer further refreshed the memory of his readers with the additional news that the automatic was identified as one which was stolen from the Standard Fire Arms Co., in which was employed a brother-in-law of the deceased. The firm had to sack the man, though not without regret, as he was a bit of an ingenious gun-maker.

Remembrance came like a flood-burst, and Meyers tore down the steps five at a time. He rushed down hatless and breathless to the village post-office. With panting breath, he shouted to the post-mistress, "I am Inspector Meyers of the Yard. Where is your 'phone? Put me through to the Mortimer's Keep, oh, don't stand there and stare at me."

He shouted through the mouth-piece, "Beware of Jackson—Jackson, you fool, your footman. Jackson's sister was 'Big' Mike's wife, beware!"

Hugh Langdon smiled as he heard the frantic warning. He was amused and annoyed that Meyers should have thought so poorly of him. He must let this clumsy

fool know that he was not a nincompoop. His fingers closed over the handle of the 'phone viciously, and squeezed the metal-tongue home into position.

Meyers remaining with his ears glued to the receiver suddenly jumped back dropping the receiver loudly on the counter. Drowning the crackle of the telephone wire there had sounded in his ears a dull report like the bursting of a paper bag. He repeated his frantic warnings, but there was only an ominous silence at the other end.

Meyers returned to Mortimer's Arms a very puzzled man, and sat down to complete his unfinished breakfast. He was still at it when an incoherent and frightened domestic of Mortimer's Keep rushed into his room followed by the scarcely less scared landlord.

Meyers jumped up, cursing himself for not going straight from the post-office to the Keep when he heard the ominous sound over the 'phone. He followed the servant to the Keep, and found Langdon huddled over his table in his study. He was stone dead. There was a sort of surprised look on his face which was turned towards the telephone receiver still held in his lifeless hand. A slow trickle of blood had flowed out of the corner of his mouth, and spread into a wide dark stain on the baize-covered table.

Meyers in spite of his knowledge of the real character of this pseudo business man took up the investigation of his mysterious death. But neither then nor later was he ever able to understand how and by whom Langdon was shot with a miniature rifle, the bullet of which was extracted from the roof of his mouth. Every one of the inmates of Mortimer's Keep had an unquestionable alibi. Jackson especially, it was proved, had been in the village store, a mere stone's throw from the post office, while Meyers was 'phoning up Langdon.

Then how did Langdon die? Who killed him and how? Scotland Yard failed to solve the mystery. Can you solve it?

(No prizes are offered and no solution need be sent.—Ed.)



# "IT NEVER RAINS...."

## BY "BRAGWAT"

"THAT," said Hobhouse as he put down his cup, "is nothing. I know a thing or two which will beat your story hollow."

The discussion at the Tea Club had centred round the interesting topic of 'Luck, good and bad'. Mr. Jones had just recited a tale in which a friend of his had been favoured with a wad of fivers sewn into an overcoat which he purchased second-hand. His story held the interest of the audience, who were half sipping their tea and half wondering, why they did not get such wads. It was Hobhouse who refused to be carried away by such hollow tales. He said, if they were to call such stuff luck, they were underestimating the greatness of Lady Luck.

"I know a gentleman," he went on seating himself more comfortably, "who was a fortune hunter. He used to buy a ticket for almost every lottery, and his young wife, poor girl, had to cut down her own luxuries to provide for her husband's 'gambling'. She was a very nice girl, prudent and accomplished, and she hated what she called his vicious habit. But her husband, although he loved her deeply was adamant in this one respect.

"You will spend hundreds and hundreds of rupees and won't get a pie," she taunted him one day.

"How can you say that, my dear?" observed Henry. "Lady Luck will one day smile on me and then—"

"It seems," said Lily bitterly, "that you prefer the smile of Lady Luck—"

"Oh, come come," said Henry in a soothing voice. "Don't you see my point? When I do get a huge amount one day, who is to profit? Will it not be my little lady all decked with gold—"

"I don't want any of your gold," she answered, and there the matter ended.

Another day, Lily, disgusted with her husband's extravagance, made a remark to the point. He only smiled. "Tomorrow, my dear," he whispered passionately, "tomorrow the result will be announced—"

"Result? of what?"

"Of the Grand National," he said, and she almost heard his heart beating.

"Oh," she replied; her voice was full of scorn and pity.

"And suppose," she continued sarcastically, "suppose you get the prize what are you going to do with it?"

"Why?" he cried. "That of course is settled. We will start a newspaper, of course—a paper that will shake the world from end to end. Don't you know my plans and ambitions?"

His voice was passionate and sincere; and she well knew that he would thus spend every pie of his prize if he got it at all. He might reserve a portion for further gambling but otherwise he would behave straight. She was sure her husband had ability and talent; only he needed money. Supposing they did get a prize after all, wouldn't it be sweet? Why, she herself would easily manage the Women's Section!

But that was only hypothetical and she recalled how often her husband had lost. So she shrugged her shoulders and went to bed.

Lily was reclining in her easy chair, trying to read her magazine. Henry was walking up and down the hall, his hands in his pockets, every now and then looking out of the window and sighing. His whole frame was quivering with impatience. Between set teeth he was cursing his fate and at the same time hoping—hoping that the telegram might arrive yet.



"Read this telegram—read it—swallow it, eat it—"

"Damn the fellow. I am darned if he isn't at this moment smoking a wayside cigarette instead of carrying people's telegrams."

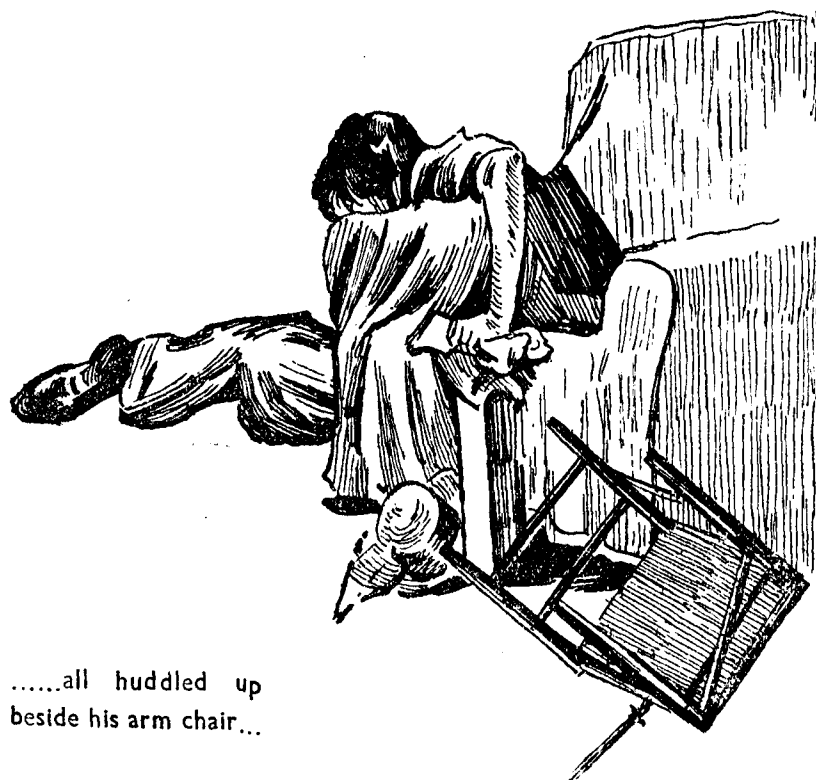
"He certainly would if he had any."

The husband ignored the sarcasm and continued, "I'm sure it is the cigarette that makes him late."

"Some people," said the sarcastic Lily, "count their chickens before they are hatched."

But the remark was lost upon her husband, who at first narrowed his eyes closely, and then stared at the landscape.

.....all huddled up beside his arm chair...



filling the entire room. The postman gaped at the spectacle for a few minutes and then grabbing the ten rupee note hurled at him, retired without comment.

\* \* \* True to his word the enthusiastic Henry would have begun his preparations the very next day but his wife prevented.

"You mustn't do anything of the sort in a hurry, dear," she said. "Now fortunately we are rich. We can afford to spend some days in luxury and rest. You must recoup your health—you are so run down."

"To be sure—my darling," he smiled. "Which would you prefer—Ooty or Kashmir?"

"Kashmir, of course. It is so very beautiful and they call it the Paradise of India. But you must promise me one thing, dear."

"What is it?"

"You mustn't gamble any more."

"I promise," he said, and sealed the promise with a kiss.

\* \* \* \* \*

And so they were in Kashmir. June was glorious in Kashmir and the hotel where they were staying was nice and comfortable.

It was their habit to start for a long walk after their afternoon tea; and Lily was just doing her toilet in the bedroom when she heard her husband ring. Her husband had already opened the door and she heard him talking to the hotel boy.

"What's that now?"

"A telegram, sir."

As she picked up her powder puff, she wondered what the telegram could be. She must hurry up and see. It wasn't usual to receive telegrams unless they referred to something important—usually something bad. Might it not be the death of some—?

She started; with a tremor of horror she heard a gasp and a smothered exclamation, "Oh"; and then the sound of something collapsing. She threw down the puff and ran out.

Her husband was all huddled up beside his armchair, his head reclining on one side, his right hand clasped to his bosom, and his left one hanging, a crumpled telegram in its grip.

"Henry—Henry—darling—do speak to me dear—what's it Henry?" She was talking all in a gasp, she felt her throat all choked up and her eyes were full of tears. *Poor Henry was dead!*

\* \* \* Hobhouse stopped, and looked round at his audience. "Now won't any one of you kindly offer me a cigarette? Mine are all finished."

"But you haven't finished the story," said one individual.

"Hobby is always like that," remarked another. "He wouldn't reveal the end—he wants people to ask questions—that's like him."

"But what do you want now? Haven't I already ended the fellow?"

There was a rushing demand now coming from every quarter of the audience, amidst which noise Hobhouse coolly lighted his cigarette. "We want, insisted a rather firm-looking chap, 'the real end. What was in the telegram?'"

Hobhouse gave out a huge puff, and replied, "Of that!—It was nothing very serious really, but when I tell it to you, you will admit that my yarn about 'Lucy good and bad', is the greatest of all. The telegram contained six words only: 'Won first prize Derby stop congratulations'."

## APRIL LUCKY NUMBERS

Have you copies of *The Merry Magazine* bearing any of the following numbers? Please verify and send your copy to this office and receive the prize-money. All claims should be preferred before 20-5-35.

**No. 710345 Rs. 50**

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## JUVENILE STARS

**H**OLLYWOOD is paying 6,000 dollars a week to its favourite child stars. The weekly salary of each child star varies from 60 to 1300 dollars a week.

At the peak of his career, Wesley (Freckles) Barry, the lean-necked son of a Hollywood store-keeper, was getting 1250 dollars a week. His star began setting when Jackie Coogan's began rising. The highest salary ever paid to a child star was to Jackie Coogan, whose box-office value was discovered by Charlie Chaplin when he selected him to act the part of the Kid with him. Jackie began with 150 a week in *The Kid*. With this picture, Jackie Coogan's golden reign was absolute. He went on making films for M. G. M. at the rate of one-eighth-of-a-million per picture, receiving half-a-million dollars in advance for four pictures. His trust-money is said to exceed many millions now.

As against this, the 1350 weekly pay-check of Jackie Cooper—the highest paid youngster of to-day—looks mere pocket-money. Next to him comes Shirley Temple's 1250 a week.

But for the singular short-sightedness of a Paramount executive, Jackie Cooper might be lower down in the juvenile-star ladder. Shirley Temple, on the other hand, might be nearing Jackie Coogan's record but for the equally singular far-sightedness of Fox Studios' head. Director Norman Taurog, Jackie Cooper's uncle, picked him out of Hal Roach's *Our Gang* for the title role in Paramount's *Skippy* at 100 a week. This made the public extremely child-star conscious. Taurog sensed that he would be a sensation. He waited until he could run the picture in the studio projection room for the head of the Paramount to see for himself. The magic name of Jackie Coogan had blinded the myopic head to the greatest child performance ever delivered. He refused to give him a contract at 750 a week. But M. G. M. took him on at 1250 a week.

In the case of Shirley Temple, every one concerned blundered. She was working for Educational Pictures for ten dollars a day when Paramount sent out a call for



# STAR DUST

children for producing Zane Grey's *To The Last Man*. Out of the bunch who assembled, Shirley was chosen at 100 a week. Then Fox engaged her for *Stand Up And Cheer* at 150 a week. Shirley went back after sometime, to Fox, to make *Baby Take A Bow*. This picture broke records. Shirley still drew 150 a week. But her pictures were making many, many times over what she was being paid. Her parents demanded 2500 a week. Winfield Sheehan realized Shirley's worth, tore up the old 150 a week contract and signed the new one for 1250 a week.

Baby LeRoy Weinbrenner rose to screen glory as *M'sieu Babee* with Maurice Chevalier in *A Bedtime Story*. He was drawn from a Salvation Army home by

Miss Rachel Smith, state superintendent of minor actors at Paramount studios. He was engaged for 50 a week. Now he makes 60 a week—not bad for a two-year old youngster who supports three people besides himself—his mother, his grandmother and his grandfather.

Now Miss Cora Sue Collins cashes a 150 M. G. M. cheque every week. Her seven-year contract runs up to 750 a week.

David Holt of *You Belong To Me* fame makes 150 a week. So does Jane Withers who, playing opposite Shirley Temple in *Bright Eyes*, had run away with many scenes to the chagrin of Fox executives. Jane appeared so formidable a rival to Shirley Temple that Fox grabbed her quickly. If it is their fear of her versatility, then Jane will be sacrificed for business reasons—a dark future for her. Her promise, however, is unmistakable.

Juanita Quigley, the dark-eyed darling of *Imitation of Life* now starred in her own right, started right out with 250 a week and 100 rises every six months.

Mickey Rooney, a talented and thoroughly experienced child actor—whom Max Reinhardt named as the one actor who had ever played Puck in *A Mid-Summer Night's Dream* as Shakespeare intended—earns only 150 a week under his M. G. M. contract.

Dickie Moore of *Seed*, is a free-lance at 600 a week, just like Jackie Searl.

The newest boy sensation is the eleven-year-old Freddie Bartholomew, the British boy who has been selected out of 10,000, for playing the role of the boy David in *David Copperfield*.

# AN OBLIGING GENTLEMAN

By  
R. Jagannathan

**R**AO Sahib Ratnam Pillai was reclining on his easy chair and perusing the morning paper when Mr. Raghavalu Naidu was announced.

The Rao Sahib was a local celebrity. He was a Municipal Councillor and a man of property and position. The property was unearned. It was bequeathed to him. The position was achieved by his own industry and talent. There was hardly any club which did not have his name on the membership roll nor any association or society of which he was not a patron, honorary or otherwise. Therefore, not to know him argued oneself unknown. Moreover, he was a man of engaging manners and cherished his gift of the glib and oily art of pleasing everybody. He knew all the big guns amongst officials and non-officials alike. He was invited to all functions and distinguished gatherings. He was popular with the rank and file as well. He never denied audience to anyone who asked for it nor did he ever refuse to give letters of recommendation to any that solicited his help.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Naidu?" he asked of the visitor.

It soon transpired that Naidu was an applicant for the post of a revenue inspector and a supplicant for the Rao Sahib's favour. Naidu was also a native of that locality and was known to the Rao Sahib.

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Rao Sahib, but I hardly know any other person who can help me."

"Spare your apologies, young man. I am glad to learn, you see, that you have passed out well from the University. I'm always ready, you see, to do my good bit for every one. Do you think I will grudge it in your case? Public service, you see, has been the object of my life, and nothing pleases me more, you see, than the esteem in which, you see, I am held by the people around me. Therefore, you see....."

"Thank you, Rao Sahib," Naidu gratefully interrupted. "I wouldn't have bothered you. I know you are frightfully busy. But, there are heaps of applicants for the job. I hear there's going to be some sort of preliminary weeding out. My only fear is that some interested parties may contrive to burke my application or, to say the least of it, not give it a proper setting. If you would therefore be so kind as to give me a letter to the Collector, I shall be highly obliged. I dare say you know the Collector well enough....."

"Oh, yes," admitted the Rao Sahib, "only last week I saw him. If you want a letter from me, you see, by all means, you shall have it. Write out a letter yourself and I shall sign it."

The thing was done. Naidu fervently thanked the Rao Sahib and returned hopefully.

After looking out for an auspicious day, Naidu set out to interview the Collector. He entered the office and presented his card to the peon. The latter scrutinized his face and asked:

"Come for a job, sir?"

"Yes," replied Naidu, "will you take this to the Sahib?"

"Orders are strict, sir," the peon explained. "I have been strictly warned not to admit anyone applying for a job."

"That doesn't matter. I have brought a letter for the Collector Sahib from a person well known to him. Hand it over to him along with the card."

The peon looked at the envelope, but was still sceptic.

"Orders are orders, sir," he solemnly vouchsafed.

"Orders be blowed," cried Naidu vexatiously. "Let the Sahib see this letter and say that he won't see me. Then I shall clear out. Take it, old man, and I tell you, you shall not oblige me for nothing."

A reluctant smile flickered for a moment or two on the old man's countenance and in he went with the Rao Sahib's letter.

Naidu held himself in a state of suspended animation hoping for the best.

A few minutes later he was summoned, and he went in with considerable trepidation.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir....." he was venturing to begin.

"I see," the Collector spoke, "you have been highly commended to me by Rao Sahib Ratnam Pillai. Is he any relation of yours?"

"No, sir," denied Naidu at once, "he is a Pillai and I am a Naidu. But he knows me very well. He is an old friend of the family."

"How long do you know him?"

"For about seven or eight years."

"Look here, Mr. Naidu, why do you come to me by the back door? Why can't you trust to your qualifications to get what you desire?"

"I am sorry you don't approve of my having come to you. I was afraid that other candidates might forestall me."

(Continued on page 20)

# THE LETTERS OF PRIVATE JOYFULL

## 47. GUARD DUTY

Madras, 4th May, 1935.

DEAR MOTHER,

ONE of the first things a soldier learns is the duty of guard-mounting, and it is a duty which he continually performs throughout his service. At different times he is mounted to guard everything from an ant-heap to a palace.

Before the Army was re-organised, guards used to be mounted on all kinds of objects, on the principle that once a thing is ordered to be guarded, it must be guarded for all eternity. For instance, a certain tree in Hyde Park always had a sentry standing beside it. It appears that Queen Anne passed that way when the tree was being planted, and, to protect the sapling from damage or theft, she ordered a guard to be placed on it. A hundred years later, the Commander-in-Chief happened to see the sentry standing there, and asked what he was doing. In a great fright the sentry gabbled his orders, which were to the effect that he was to prevent anyone from removing the tree.

### ANSWER to TEASER :

Miss Peabody said :

"Oh, my hero! My own!"

'Slippy' Sam fainted!

For the Teaser see page 10

.....and disappeared in  
a cloud of dust.

The Commander-in-Chief looked at the tree in surprise, because it was about twenty feet in circumference, and a hundred and fifty feet high. "Who gave these orders?" he demanded.

"Please, Sir, Queen Anne," said the sentry, very frightened.

"Queen Anne!" cried the officer. "Why, she has been dead for years!"

"Sorry, sir," stuttered the sentry, "I'm only a poor ignorant chap. I didn't even know she was ill."

Similarly, a guard of soldiers was mounted on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre from 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. every weekday over a period of two hundred years, and nobody knew why. It was very inconvenient for the management, because the performance started at 8-30, and it left only half an hour to get the stage ready. At last someone discovered that the guard was there to protect King Charles the Second. In his day, the performance started at 4 p.m. and the King used to sit behind the scenes and watch Nell Gwynn. Although the Merry Monarch had long since departed to take part in a performance where there are no pretty actresses, the guard still mounted at the old spot.

By far the hardest part of guard-mounting is what happens beforehand. If the guard is to commence at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, you start getting ready for it Tuesday morning. You take to pieces everything you possess, and wash and starch your clothes, and clean and polish your accoutrements for hours. You even polish the nails in your boots and the buckles on your braces. Your teeth have to be a dazzling white, your finger-nails trimmed, and your hair parted in the middle. About 4 p.m. the Corporal starts to drill and inspect you. When he is satisfied, the Sergeant has a turn, and then the Sergeant-Major, and then the Orderly Officer. By about 5-30, everyone has decided that you are fit to be



some mistake that all the other officers have overlooked—for instance, that one of the men has the spare end of his bootlace tucked-in on the wrong side. Then there is a dreadful uproar, and the man is led to the cells in disgrace, and all the officers have to answer for their neglect at Orderly-Room.

At last you are marched to your place of duty, and arrive there exactly at 6 p.m. Then there are very grand ceremonies of taking-over from the previous guard, with much repeating of orders, jangling of keys, and presenting of arms. There are great checkings and counter-checkings to make sure that nothing is missing, from the prisoner in his cell, to the wick in the oil-lamp. At last, all these terrors are over, and you are left to the comparatively easy task of guarding a crore of rupees, or a Governor, or a heap of refuse.

The orders of a sentry generally say that he must not fire at an intruder until he has challenged three times in the vernacular. We have to know the word 'Halt!' in all sorts of languages, because we are moved often from country to country. For instance, if the local inhabitants speak French, you say 'Qui va la?' In India, you mostly have to use three languages. You shout, 'Halt! Quon hai...?' and then something else, according to the part of the country.

Even then, you have to use your judgement, because ordinary civilians are not used to being challenged, and do not know what to say. They just stand and gibber at you, or run away, or, worse still, run towards you. So you have to be very careful, and must never fire unless the movements of the intruder leave no alternative.

New hands out here make very awkward sentries, because they think that all Indians are bloodthirsty robbers with daggers. The first time Tiny Hopkins mounted guard on the Treasury, he was very nervous, and kept on repeating to himself the order, 'Challenge three times in the vernacular'.

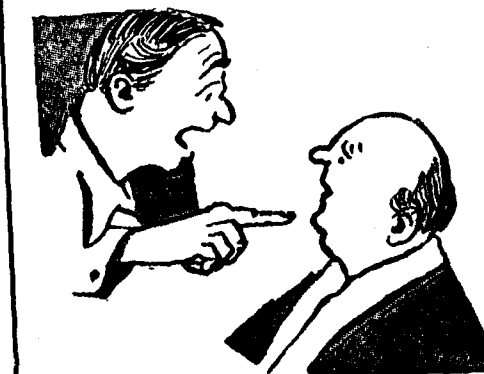
It happened that there was a poor cart-driver who had been making merry, and he mistook the gate of the Treasury for the entrance to his hostelry. "Halt!" howled Tiny, his bayonet forward, and his finger trembling on the trigger.

"Arreh!" moaned the car-driver, scared out of his wits. He fell down on his hands and knees, and began to crawl towards Tiny, to do obeisance to him. But Tiny had read how Indians crawl towards you and stab you, so he was dreadfully alarmed.

"Vernacular, vernacular!" shouted Tiny, hardly pausing for breath. Bang! Fortunately, he missed, and with a terrified scream the cart-driver rose to his feet, and disappeared down the street in a cloud of dust.

The Corporal of the Guard came running out, full of indignation, and relieved Tiny from his post. Tiny began to tell how he had repulsed an attack by a gang of robbers, and was quite downcast when he was put into a cell and charged with being a danger to the general public.

## DO YOU KNOW?



1. What is Tammany Hall?
2. Who was Cocker?
3. What is a Chippendale piece?
4. What is Fulham Palace?
5. Who is a Pharisee?
6. Who were the three great English novelists of the 18th century?

Please see answers on page 24.

A sentry can generally tell whether the person approaching is a friend or not. Once I stood on guard at the entrance to a camp. It was a miserable, pouring-wet night, and the password was 'Sunshine'.

Presently a figure loomed up in the gloom, staggering along under a heavy load of stores.

"Halt!" I shouted. "Who goes there?"

"You shut your great big ugly mouth, you damned leather-necked louse!" replied the stranger. "One word from you, and I'll knock your useless head off!"

"Pass, friend," I said, lowering my rifle.

It is very hard when you are a sentry in an outpost on the North-West Frontier. Quite often you see something moving in the barbed-wire fence. It may be a raider, it may be a goat, or it may be your imagination. If it is a raider, and you don't shoot him, he will cut your throat and steal your rifle. If it is a goat and you do shoot him, you will have to pay damages. Whatever it is, if you shoot and miss, it is put down to your imagination, and you get into trouble. The only safe thing to do is to let him nearly cut your throat, and then shoot at point-blank range. You thus have his body to prove that you have not wasted Government ammunition.

Sometimes we get what is called a hospital-guard, which is a polite way of saying that we have to stand sentry over a lunatic. On one occasion the patient was a Bombardier, whose insanity took the form of tearing-up all his clothes. Every few hours he would remove his garments, and methodically reduce them to small strips. At first, the guard tried to prevent him, and this always caused a dreadful struggle, which excited the patient and aggravated his malady. The doctor told the guard not to struggle with the patient; he would try a more subtle method.

"Ah, Bombardier," he said, "I see you have torn up your clothes again."

"Yes, Sir," replied the patient. "It is great fun."

"Oh, you do it for amusement, do you?"

"Yes, there's never any work to do in here."

"Ah, I see. How would you like to work for me?"

"Delighted."

"Then let me explain. I am responsible for this hospital, and I am tied down very closely by the cost-accountants. Well, there are some men in here—mad fellows, you know—who are always tearing-up their clothes. If this continues, I shall exceed my budget-allotment. Now, I would like you to help."

"By all means," replied the Bombardier.

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a suit of clothes, and I want you to look after them for me, and prevent these mad fellows from tearing them up. The easiest way to do it, is to wear the clothes yourself. Will you take on the job?"

"What is the pay?" demanded the patient, suspiciously.

"Eight annas a day."

"All right, I'll do it. When do you want me to start work?"

"Right away," said the doctor.

He brought a suit, and the Bombardier put it on, and began to do sentry-go up and down the cell, guarding his own clothes.

The doctor was delighted with the success of the ruse. The patient did sentry-go all day long, and every morning held the ceremony of changing the guard, when he checked the items one by one, and handed them over to himself. The doctor visited the patient every evening, inspected the clothes, and paid the Bombardier his salary. Imagine his disappointment when, on the fifth day, he found the Bombardier sitting naked in his cell, with a pile of rags in front of him, torn into small pieces.

"Why, Bombardier, I thought you were working for me?" said the doctor reproachfully.

"So I am," replied the Bombardier, "but you don't expect me to work on Sundays, do you?"

Your Loving Son,  
OBEAH JOYFULL.

#### AN OBLIGING GENTLEMAN—(Continued from page 17)

"Are you sure they haven't done so already? Just see these letters."

The Collector thereupon produced a bundle of recommendation letters. Naidu's hopes began to fail gradually.

"As for your Rao Sahib," the Collector proceeded, "see how many persons he has recommended for the same job. Count these."

Naidu counted a dozen.

"There's one more letter," the Collector added, "that you shouldn't miss seeing. Here it is."

Naidu took the letter and found that it was written by the Rao Sahib. The substantive part of it read:

".....Yesterday, a young man, Raghavalu Naidu, belonging to this place, came to me and pestered me for a letter to you. It seems he is also a candidate for the revenue inspector's post. I have given him a letter; but you need not take any notice of it..... Once again I request you to consider the claims of T. Sundaram Pillai, my sister-in-law's son-in-law,

about whom I have already written to you....."

Naidu was too stunned to reply. A lump seemed to have got stuck in his throat.

In a profoundly altered voice he found himself driven to say to the Collector:

"Sir, you have taught me enough for a life-time. I was fresh from the College and ignorant. Now I know. May I request you to be good enough to scrap off my name from the list of candidates? The world is wide enough and I shall seek for my livelihood elsewhere. Good-bye, sir."

The Collector looked straight into the young man's face and smiled.

"Just a minute, Mr. Naidu. I am not going to act according to the Rao Sahib's wishes. I'm going to give you the job and ignore his request. But I must tell you not to forget one thing; whatever you seek in life, honour, name or popularity, don't sell yourself. As for letters and testimonials, bear in mind what a wise man said of them: they rank even with churchyard epitaphs."



## Auntie Cawful's CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

XXVII

TODAY, my dears, Auntie will tell you how she came to be a book-reviewer. When your Auntie resigned her post as a professional co-respondent, she went into retirement for a while, and started to write novels. Her first work was entitled, 'Only A Servant-Girl'. It was about a humble maiden who was persecuted by a wicked lord for three hundred and ninety-nine pages. She had to fight for her honour twice in every chapter. On page 400, the wicked lord attended a low theatre, where an actress said she wanted a gentleman to take her out to supper. The wicked lord was killed in the rush. Then, of course, the poor servant-girl married a duke, who had been worshipping her from afar all the time, and they lived happily ever after.

Auntie thought it was a very good book, and certain to be bought by all the thousands of women who have never had to fight for their honour. All of us girls like to imagine ourselves to be endowed with the dangerous but flattering qualities of the heroines in story-books, and to see ourselves being persecuted by wicked lords. So a book in which lady-readers can vicariously battle for their honour is sure to be popular. They don't mind if they lose sometimes, provided they marry a duke in the end.

When Auntie's book came out, she bought a copy of each of the daily and weekly papers, and eagerly read what the reviewers had to say. Unfortunately, they all said things like this:

"I have never perused such a lot of transcendental bosh. This book deserves a supreme place in a bonfire of rubbishy English literature. The author should be honoured with a place on the highest gallows available. I was inspired by the uttermost disgust. The characters were absurd, the plot ridiculous, and oh! the writing!"—Arnold Bennett."

Auntie burst into tears and took this dreadful review to her publisher. "That's all right, my dear," said the publisher. "It'll make a jolly fine advertisement. I'll do the advertisement at once, and print another five thousand copies of the book."

"New book causes sensation!" said the advertisement. "Every critic raving about it!.....Transcendental.....This book deserves a

supreme place in.....English literature.....The author should be honoured.....The characters.....the plot and oh! the writing!.....Arnold Bennett in the *Weekly Log-Roller*."

"And now you are a famous writer," continued the publisher, "how would you like to be the book-reviewer of the *Daily Squeak*? All authors must be book-reviewers, you know."

"Why must all authors be book-reviewers?" said Auntie.

"So that they can praise one another's books," replied the publisher.

"Do you mean I shall have to praise every book I review?"

"Oh, dear no! You need only praise the work of the other book-reviewers. You can let yourself go when you receive a novel by some non-journalistic nonentity."

So Auntie had done book-reviewing ever since. It is a nice friendly self-contained profession, with only one rule: "You scratch my back, and I'll scratch yours."

A. V. K. (Kirkee). "In our community, we have a custom of prognosticating what profession a baby will follow. We surround the child with various articles—an account-book, a pilgrim's staff, a box of pills, and other symbolic objects. The article which the child touches first, indicates his future career. We tried this with our first-born recently, and he grabbed at everything at once. What do you think this foretells?" There is no doubt, my dear, that the little rascal is going to be a lawyer.

Canem (Triplicane). "My neighbour is very upset because he has lost his dog; yet he will not go to any expense in the matter. Why doesn't he advertise?" Because, dear sir, the dog cannot read advertisements.

Teacher (Srivilliputtur). "There is a little boy in my class, son of the local dealer, and when I put him through the multiplication-table, he always says that two twos are six." That is all right: the boy is learning his father's business. If you bargain with him for a while, he will come down to four.

Cheated (Tiruvannur). "When my neighbour was pressed for money, I gave him five rupees for a half-share of his cow. Am I not entitled to half the milk?" No, dear boy. Unless you stipulated otherwise, you may be deemed to have purchased the front half of the cow. You only have the privilege of feeding the animal.

C. O. S. (Chumangad). "I passed a beggar the other day. He had a dog with him, and a little girl who was crying. 'Pity the dumb!' I dropped a coin into the beggar's hand. Afterwards I thought I had made a mistake, and said, 'Oh, was that an eight-anna piece I gave you?' 'No,' replied the beggar, 'it was a pice.' He was not dumb at all!" But why do you complain, dear sir? The little girl did not say that the man was dumb. No doubt she was referring to the dog.

School boy (Kullu). "When is the best time to gather fruit from the local orchards?" When the owner's dog is tied up, dear lad.

Temperance (Aruppukottai). "I went into a barber's shop in the town, and while shaving me the barber cut my face. You see what comes of taking too much drink?" Yes, dear sir, it makes the face tender, doesn't it?

Celt (Cochin). "Why do Scotchmen wear kilts?" Because, dear boy, their feet are too big to get into their trousers.

Chitchat (Kayangulam). "For the last few days, my tongue has felt sore. What do you advise?" Try giving it a rest, dear madam.

Stethoscope (Sreeampur). "There is an increasing disinclination to call in a medical man when a member of the family is gravely ill." Yes, dear doctor; people have an annoying preference for allowing their relations to die a natural death.

Bridegroom (Basavangudi). "I got such a fright on my wedding-day." Auntie is sorry to hear she is as plain as all that.

Jane (Penang). "Suppose a girl were sitting on the beach with a young man, and she felt cold. Would it be proper if she let the young man put his coat round her?" Yes, dear girl, provided the young man took off the coat first.

Standard (Kebbathalli). "I have been troubled by a ringing noise in the head. My friend says my head must be empty, because he is never bothered by such noises." You can suggest to him, dear boy, that his head never rings because it is cracked.

Love's Young Dream (Odigudem). "My wife and I have our quarrels, but we make a perfect match." Auntie knows what you mean, dear boy. When you strike her, she flares up.

The Same Old Curiosity (Penang). "What are the traits a young man ought to look for, in a girl he is about to marry?" He should look for fourteen points, my dear. One, that her father is able to support him in the style to which he is accustomed. The other thirteen do not matter so much.

Master Awful (Straits Settlement). "Why do you chide the Editor for giving away big cash prizes? It will do his soul good." No doubt, my dear. The last time Auntie went to the races, she gave all her money to a gentleman who was shouting "Two to one the field!" Afterwards she had to walk home. You would have been greatly pleased with the edifying moral reflections and good resolutions that filled her soul as she hobbled along.

Curious Husband (Madura). "Why do women make such a fuss about house-keeping? It is not difficult to run a small flat. A woman is not answerable to anyone, whereas her husband is the slave of several masters, and has to earn the money and pay the bills." All that you say is quite true, dear sir. I wonder why you married one of these useless creatures?

Sina (S. India). "A modern woman carries only a third of the weight of clothes that a man does. She has not suffered in any way by discarding superfluous apparel. Why should not we men follow her example?" Because the true and original function of clothing was not concealment, but adornment, my good sir. And you must admit that you men have less to conceal and more to adorn than we girls have.

K. G. F. (No address). You did not read the rules of the Banana Contests, you naughty man.

Visitor (Egmore). "Auntie, what do you think is the most striking feature of Madras?" Well, dear sir, visitors are frequently struck by the local traffic.

Science Master (Mylapore). "I have been reading that a certain doctor claims to cure criminals by electric treatment." Quite so, dear sir. They already follow this method in America.

Tipster (Bassim). Thank you for offering to send Auntie the winner of the Derby; but she has nowhere to keep it at present.

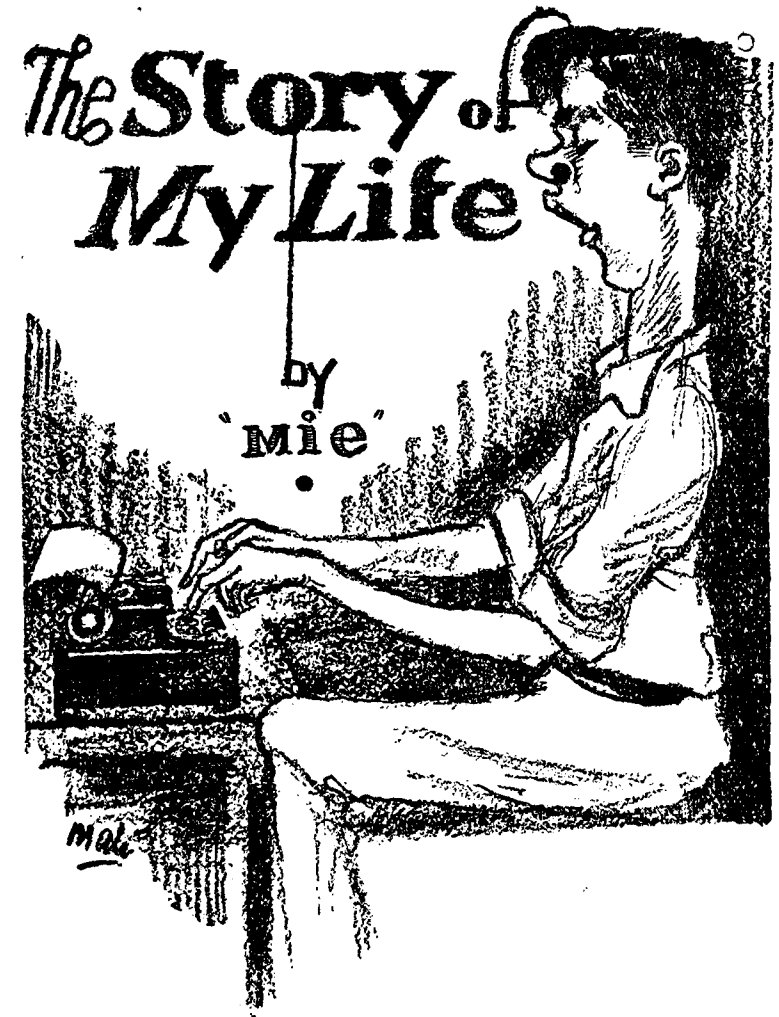
## XVIII

Now glowed the firmament with a thousand stars—Astronomer's Hand-book.

THE first time I saw a film it affected me profoundly. A touring company put up its tent at our little village and began to advertise by means of tom-toms and street-criers. I still can't understand what prompted the company to come there. It could not have been the prospect of a good draw, for, no one would have looked at our village and yet remained hopeful about the extravagance of the inhabitants. Probably they had made other places too hot for them.

I paid my two bananas and an egg and got admission to a reserved seat. The Police Inspector, his family and friends came, and were admitted: they had complimentary passes. The Magistrate, his family and friends also entered without paying. The head constable, of course, had his own company of friends to bring. The village-doctor had to be admitted. The grocer and butcher had to be propitiated: it were dangerous to alienate them. In fact when the picture was about to be shown, there was only one living being in the village who remained outside the tent. This was a pariah dog. The manager of the cinema (whether bitterly or humorously, I can't say) opened the wicket-gate and whistled to the dog. He also came in. I reflected that I was hasty in paying and entering. It was my impatience that cost me so much. If I had remained with the rest, I could also have got in without paying.

The picture started. It was all about a king, his wicked minister, his beautiful daughter, and her handsome lover who was lowly born and could not aspire for the hand of the princess. The first fifteen minutes were devoted to introductions. We were told who wrote the story (I should like to see him), who pruned it, who converted it into a scenario, who assembled the cast, the names of the cast with the stars' names in prominence, who directed the picture, produced it, costumed it, financed it and other interesting information. After which a palace was shown from a distance. In English came the caption, "The Palace of Bhima Raya of Varudhanagar, 1375," then in Hindi, Gujarati, and all the Indian languages. Then a *darbar* and the king sitting in all his majesty. Such an idiotic expression as his I have never seen. But at the moment I was impressed. The minister was shown gnashing his teeth



and whispering treason to a confederate in a corner. In the balcony the princess was sitting. She appeared all a princess ought to be—from a distance. It was the close-up that spoiled it. A near view enabled us to see her squints, her prominent teeth, her plurality of chins and her smile. I marvelled at the young man who was said to be in love with her. He must have been a generous, broad-minded, noble fellow, catholic in his tastes to fall in love with this sweet girl, I thought. But he came in later on. Bound and hand-cuffed at the order of the wicked minister, he faced the king and us. Then I knew why he had fallen in love with the girl. They were a good match!

The lover was banished for some unknown reason and the princess moaned and wept. Her sorrow was very touching. She cried piteously, unrestrainedly, opening her mouth wide and showing her epiglottis and tonsils in the process. The minister smirked and rubbed his hands with pleasure.

The hero returned to the country, serenaded the princess and then the real fun began. About fifty soldiers, in fact the king's whole army, surrounded him

and tried to capture him. He simply took out his sword and waved it all round. The others also flourished their swords but stood at a very respectable distance from the hero. The hero lunged at a man standing at a distance of twenty yards and presto! he came down with a death wound. Thus eliminating them one by one, barely a dozen soldiers were left. The hero now said to himself, "Let us have some fun." He ran off fast; the others followed. He hid himself behind a bucket; the others ran past him without seeing him. Then he got out of his hiding place and called out, "Here I am, you muffs!" This amusing pastime was repeated many a time. He climbed walls which others couldn't scale. The soldiers with a patience and resignation and stoic indifference that would have done credit to any follower of Christ waited for him to run them through. They never hit him even when he was in their hitting range.

The story rolled on like that, each incident more and more emphasising the hero's bravery and skill with the sword. In the end the wicked minister's head was shaved, and he was paraded on a donkey before the populace and then was buried alive. These measures more or less satisfied the audience's thirst for Poetic Justice. The hero and heroine were united with the approval and blessing of the king. They had a long embrace—and then faded out.

There was an interpreter to make a running commentary for the benefit of the illiterate. He but imperfectly understood the story himself, but he made up for this by his own embellishments. There was also rain on the screen and frequent breaks when a new reel had to be mounted and when the reel snapped, which was often. Altogether I enjoyed the picture very much indeed.

The next picture I saw had a mythological subject. It was *Lanka Dahanam*. This was also a moving picture. Rama's parting with Dasaratha, his trek through the forest with Sita and Laxman, the bony and anaemic Hanuman whose varicose veins must have been a source of great annoyance to him, Ravana with his own and nine painted heads (all of which seemed to contain equal amounts of brain) all these were fascinating. On their way through the forest I

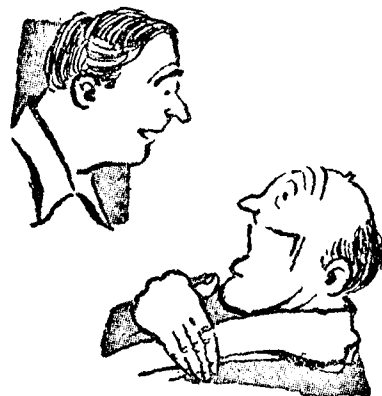
distinctly saw two motor cars, one an old model Ford and the other a Chevrolet passing in the distance. It would have been easier for the rather buxom Sita to beg for a lift in one of them.

Animals were shown. Fierce inhabitants of our Indian jungle. One was a tiger. A big piece of its skin was absent on its hind quarter and the end of a *dhotie* was sticking out. Skin was also absent on its paws and on one of the 'skin' less fingers there was an engagement-ring. This monstrous tiger slunk away on the approach of Rama. Later on there appeared the King of the Forest majestically stalking towards the camera, but unfortunately, the illusion of a wild lion in its natural surroundings was lost because its trainer could be seen now and then along with it holding a whip.

This one ended happily too, but there was some slight confusion. Hanuman in the last scene was very active and dominated the show. He jumped and shouted and frisked about with childish glee. The telegraph wires sometimes gave him trouble. Rama was unceremoniously shoved back. Hanuman very nearly kissed Sita but here the film broke off. I learnt later that when the picture was being produced, Hanuman was slightly boozed in the take of the last scene. He grew lugubrious and more heroic—all understandable—and then he wanted to marry the heroine himself as he did in the other pictures. (He was also a star). He very nearly broke Sita's wrist watch when he manhandled her. The director intervened and explained matters and it was arranged that Hanuman was not to have the heroine after all.

Later on, I saw an American picture—

## YES! I KNOW!



These are the answers to questions on page 19.

1. It is the official headquarters of the democratic party in the U. S. A. It is sometimes symbolised for political corruption.
2. A famous teacher of arithmetic who died in 1675. His name is a by-word for accuracy.
3. A light piece of drawing room furniture. It derives its name from Chippendale, an 18th century cabinet-maker.
4. It is the official residence of the Bishop of London.
5. One of the ancient Jewish sect distinguished by strict observance of traditional and written law. Now used to denote a hypocrite.
6. Smollet, Richardson and Fielding.



**T**HE King's Jubilee is coming, and I am now making these awards, and for safety's sake am taking three months' holiday and sailing for Zanzibar, Zambesia and Zuckerman. If any of you feel dissatisfied with these awards, you can go and see our Editor, who is a heavy-weight boxer, and will be only too glad to settle things with you. If you are pleased with what I have awarded you, just send the money by crossed cheque, postal order, or an insured cover. Now, mark you boys, no bad coins, dead rupees, or mismatched notes, and don't curse. Your parrot is listening.

Let us now start with our Indian politicians, and give them what they deserve; later on we can take up the authors who write for *The Merry Magazine*, and others associated with it, and give them what they deserve, or at least something near it.

**Mr. Jinnah:**—I don't know what this gentleman's educational qualifications are, and whether he has passed his Matriculation examination. He, however, deserves a further supply of points; so I award him fourteen more points.

**Sir. T. B. Sapru:**—He is a wonderful politician, and has done much work for India; so by your leave, gentlemen, I shall give him one on the back, and if he likes he can have three cheers as well.

**Mr. C. Y. Chintamani:**—I must not forget him. I received my schooling in his town. So now, gentlemen, unless any of you are against the idea, let us give him a pound of Bombay *hatwa*. May this leader and his *Leader* keep going strong.

**Mr. Jayakar:**—I don't know what he has done for India and whether he has ever tied for a typewriter prize. Anyhow he has somehow managed to get his name into the papers, and like 'Teddy Bear', make a name for himself. So let us present him with a copy of the *Daily Bugle Call*, containing his photograph.

**Sir Pheroze Sethna:**—I think he has everything that a human heart can crave for; so there is nothing, gentlemen, I can give him.

**All Other Politicians:**—More work and less votes.

And then we should not forget those others who are interested in India, or at least the British Empire, and also those who set examples for the world to copy, and to whom the public takes off its hat.

**Herr Hitler:**—Hail (Hitler), and snow, fog, sleet, rain and strong wind.

**Mussolini:**—More storks, more married-couples, more twins, triplets, and quadruplets, and less bachelors in Italy.

**The J. P. Committee:**—An order to go to the ant, and learn wisdom.

**The League of Nations:**—Half a league, half a league, half a league onward, into the valley of death, into the mouth of hell, etc.

**Our Finance Member:**—An Elementary Primer on Taxation.

**Our Assembly Members:**—A little gumption, and some backbone.

*Our Corporation Bosses*:—Some work to do, and less to talk about.

*Those Who Administer Justice*:—A pair of scales.

*The Indian Government*:—A lecture on Economics and Administration.

*The British Government*:—To the good old bulldog breed, I give a bone.

*The Council of State*:—A good dinner. (Why, you ask me? I can't say.)

*Our Railways*:—Workmen who can work for 24 hours at a stretch.

*Our Police Force*:—Peace, perfect peace, (In fact 'Rest in Peace').

\* \* \* \*

And let us not forget those who make life worth living.

*Our Sweethearts*:—Ourselves.

*Dr. Voronoff of gland fame*:—A degree of M. B. (Monkey Business)

*Our Mothers-in-Law*:—Plague, thunder and lightning.

*Our Priests*:—A first-class free passage to any warm place.

*To All Salesmen*:—A text-book on truth-telling.

*Our Rivals in Love*:—An overdose of morphia and a free funeral.

*Lady Houston*:—Two bucketfuls of Himalayan snow.

*Stanley Baldwin*:—He has very little toleration for Indian Independence; so let's give him a comb and a mirror as a Consolation Prize, for runner-up.

*Our Contributors*:—To some, more wisdom and inspiration, while to others—(Now, now, Teddy, no profanity) O. K. Boss.

*'Embusque'*:—On a hot, thirsty day, water with sherbet.

*'Caper'*:—See me in my office, will you, at 10 a.m.

*John R. Chapman*:—Gin without any ginger and rum without any kababa.

*E. L. Shipman*:—A wife in every port.

*P. K. Raja Raja Varma*:—The title of H. H. and a book on abbreviations.

*'Chappie'*:—Ten years in Sing-Sing or Yeravada (optional). To be put in class A.

*R. Jagannathan*:—Nothing decided yet, shall tell you to-morrow.

*'Mea'*:—More inspiration and 365 porcupines, like the ones King Solomon had, to learn more about women from.

*K. R. Daver*:—Kindly refer to drawer.

*'Tirumalai Nallan'*:—Ten rupees fine. (Because once when the day was hot and the sun was biting into the flesh, I entered a bar, and he saw me, and what do you think he said? He said 'Have a lemonade, Teddy!')

*R. Linton*:—A pot of cream, a scent bottle, and a box of powder. This is the only thing I can give a good-looking man.

*H. N. Clay*:—The title of High Naval Commander, although I doubt if he can at all sail a paper-boat.

*'Mie'*:—My, my, I was almost forgetting you. What should I give you now? Member of the Indian Empire? Like it? Nice things, these titles. Put it into a glass of water and drink it, good for hiccoughs.

*Mac. Thomas, A. T.*:—Brue, bra, brae, these Scotch people are again about. Let's see, what can I give him? You can't expect much in return from these Highlander Johnnies; nevertheless, let us give him a porridge bowl, empty: he will provide his 'ain parritch'.

*Our Composer*:—A pair of spectacles, a bottle of eye-lotion, and a phial of eye-drops.

*Our Editor*:—Now I don't know what I should really give him. If I give anything bad, it is bad for me, and if I give anything good the Klu Klux Klan association of authors will any day murder me in cold blood, for being lenient to an editor; so the only thing I can give him is a unique, universal, and unequalled collection of different types of rejection slips from all over the world.

*'Teddy-Bear'*:—Money, money and more money. (Creditors, note.)

*Manager of The Merry*:—Liquid quinine, twice a day, just before meal-time. (He made goo goo eyes at some one.)

(Remember he writes the cheques—Ed.)

\* \* \* \*

## By 'TEDDY BEAR'

And pray, why should we forget our domestics. Do they not add to our comforts, and make us feel lighter, when we feel heavy with cash?

*Our Milkman*:—Great scarcity of water.

*Our Cook*:—A small appetite.

*Our Washerman*:—A good temper while washing our clothes, especially our new suit.

*Our 'Chokra'*:—Insomnia.

*Our Barbers*:—A silent tongue, but sharp tools.

*Our Tailors*:—An accurate yard-measure, and a sense of proportion.

*Our Grocer*:—Transportation for life to a desert, where there is nothing but sand, sand and sand, just the sand he mixes in our sugar and other stores.

\* \* \* \*

And now, let us not forget our Artists.

*'MALI'*:—A pat on the back and a kiss on the nose.

*'VARMA'*:—A pinch on the cheek, and a hand-shake.

*'ESVI'*:—Three lollypops, one jujube, with one pepper-mint.

*'SEKAR'*:—One candy-bar, one chewing-gum, one kite, with one yard of string.

Ah—by the way I was forgetting an esteemed friend,

*Miss Daisy Dorkest*:—"One impulse from a vernal wood—"

And before I close the list, let me not forget the MAN WHO DOES NOT READ *The Merry Magazine*. He.....

(Tut, tut, Teddy.—Ed.)

# THE SHORT STORY

By

J. H. Acott



Going cautiously up to it.....

**"W**riting for a living! Win your way to the top of the banana tree! Do not be one of the 'also rans'! Let us teach you how to write! We can do it! What ho!" How often we see advertisements of this type nowadays! And the poor goof who reads most of them, coming to the part—"It does not matter if you can't write your name! Take up your pen and walk!"—grabs a pen, fills in the enrolment form, pays a nice little sum, perhaps the whole of his life's savings (usually Rs. 50 or so), and enters the literary world.

The first thing you should know about a short story is what it is. Well, it's a short story. There's no getting away from that fact. It has a plot (sometimes), a body (usually anaemic), and an ending, sometimes called the climax, and sometimes labelled as bilge. It usually consists of from 5 to 50,000 words, the shorter the better, and the most difficult part about it is to make an editor believe that it is worth printing in his rubbishy magazine. The easiest thing about it is to write it. (Ha!—Ed.)

Before you start writing your story, you have got to get hold of a plot idea from somewhere. Without this you can't start. A plot idea is sometimes very hard to catch. When you slip on a bit of orange peel and nearly get your ears cut off by an incoming train, don't turn the surrounding air purple or pink. Just crawl quietly home and use the idea for something like 'The Curse of the Orange Peel or Auntie Breaks her Neck, Hooray!'

If you see a man eating a banana, remember that, in that simple fact may lie the germ of a story. For, the man may carelessly discard the skin of the fruit, and the next time you come along, you may break both your legs.

Now, a plot, for the sake of success and your monthly supply of booze, must be as strong as a month-old kipper. If it's as weak as water, throw it away or feed your hens on it. For example, it's no earthly good your dithering about with a plot like this:

"Private Carrot, staggering through the desert, hungry and thirsty, with his back-bone rattling and his ribs rendering 'Home Sweet Home,' comes at last upon something that seems like a pearl in that waste of sand, desolation, and—er—sand. This looks like a dead camel. Going cautiously up to it, Private Carrot takes a bite at one of its hind legs. But the camel is not dead—(climax)—and with a bellow of rage it promptly kicks poor old Carrot on the nose, thus ruining his sweetheating prospects for ever."

Now, where do you think an awful plot like that is going to land you? Yes, you're right. Into the nearest Senile Decay Hospital.

There are, of course, many sources of ideas for plots, the chief of these being the human face, funny at the best of times. What about the fellow you saw yesterday—the chap with the black eyes and mutilated nose? Was he a pugilist or did he merely have a wife? You must use your imagination. If, to satisfy your curiosity, you stop a fellow like that and ask him what the hell has happened to him, he'll most probably tell you that he got angry with a motor car and butted it in the bonnet. But don't be discouraged. This writing is business, and you must treat it as such.

Now, we'll take it that you've got hold of a plot idea and that you have a few sheets of paper to write on; also, that you are determined to write a brilliant short story. We'll take it too, for the sake of an example, that your plot idea is 'Buffalo sticks its horns into man's er—er—back'. You must now start building up your plot, preferably on paper. If you try and do it all in your head, by the time you reach the end, you will have forgotten the beginning.



.....sharpening its horns on the man's spinal column.

(Continued on page 30)

# LOVE'S LABOUR = = NOT LOST. =

## III. ANDROCLES THE SECOND

### The Story so far:

Jimmy da Costa who loves Hazel asks her father, Mr. Shakleton to agree to their union. Mr. Shakleton kicks Jimmy on a place for reply; but they forget their differences with the help of whisky. Jimmy, when he is tight, brags that he would even bite a lion to win Hazel. Mr. Shakleton holds him to it. Next day Hazel meets Jimmy and shows him a way to bite the lion without being bitten in return.

You will read in this concluding chapter how Jimmy did bite the lion.

**M**R. EARNEST Bohn-Shoedsdadt *alias* Mr. Joe Muggins, (late of Princeton Docks, New York) proprietor of Shoedsdadt's Show—also its wild animal tamer—sat moodily at his dressing table in his small tent, staring ruefully at his own face in the mirror and chewing an unlit cigar. To an otherwise imbecile face, a replica of Wilhelm II's famous moustache was grafted on, producing an incongruous effect of bizarre ferocity, neutralised by a large, healthy wart on his ample nose.

The fact was, his show, of late, was none too remunerative. His publicity-man's stunts were proving flabby and effete. Added to that, Jeanette, the India-rubber girl in his show, gave him a juicy one on his nose that very morning, in exchange for a proposal of companionate marriage. So, poor Mr. Bohn-Shoedsdadt sat there, very much depressed, now and anon drowning his sorrows in the bottle that stood at his elbow.

A hand gathered aside the entrance flap of the tent. Mr. Jimmy da Costa stood framed against the white background of the tent, immaculately dressed, a cigarette between his lips, armed with a disarming grin and a walking-stick.

"You, the boss?" said Jimmy genially.

Herr Bohn-Shoedsdadt took in the young man with a deliberate stare. "You have hit it. And who the blazing Hades are you?"

Jimmy advanced with outstretched arm as if the other had said the kindest thing in the world. "Jimmy da Costa, you know—the guy who writes up the 'Jitters' column in the evening edition of the *Justisgal*."

"And what is eating you, Jimmy?"

"Came to talk. Got a bouncing idea."

"Shoot."

"Eh?"

"Pass the dope."

"Oh! Look here. Your publicity executive is wobbling."

"Damn your cheek! It ain't."

"That's what I call *suppression-vari* and *suggestio falsi*."

"Whas that?"

"Greek. Got it from Ramaswamy Mudaliar."

"Oh, yeah? Can it, lad, and speak Yankeeese."

"Very well. Look here, boss I will supply the stunt that will bust your box-office to hell."

Jimmy waited a few impressive moments. "I'll bite your lion!"

Mr. Earnest Bohn-Shoedsdadt started as if somebody hit him full in the face and nearly swallowed his cigar. "Oily Moses! Nude, raving muggums," he blurted out, "or swimming in booze or—"

"Wait, boss. I am not a looney nor am I a drunk. Before I joined the staff of the old *Justisgal*, I was a V. T."

"I believe you," agreed Mr. Bohn, missing Jimmy's meaning.

"Not that. I was ~~er~~—know a thing or two about lions—in print."

"That's fine!" Mr. Bohn was sarcastic.

"Wait a minute. Let it go about that a cave-man Johnny is biting your lion to-morrow. I am the Johnny."

"But, curse my kidneys! How are you going to do it? You are a spooky muggums alright!"

"Simple, my dear Mr. Shoedsdadt. There is—" He looked round cautiously. "Say, boss, are we private?"

"Absolutely. Go ahead."

Jimmy dropped his voice to a whisper and unfolded his plan. All the mad enthusiasm that, earlier in the day, Jimmy exhibited while Hazel was speaking to him, was reproduced in Mr. Bohn-Shoedsdadt; only he didn't kiss or do anything of that nature to Jimmy.

"Say, Bunny, you ought to be the Big Boss at the White House! Gee whiz, what a boy!"

"No, no," said Jimmy modestly.

"Sure! You ought. Let's have a wee highball."

Jimmy was agreeable. While raising the glass to his lips, an idea struck Herr Bohn. "Say, kid! How do you figure it out if it turns a wash-out?"

"Yah! Who am I—a half-boiled egg?" Jimmy waved aside the possibility. "I'll demonstrate."

"When?"

"Right now! Come along."

Herr Bohn led the way to the tent where the lion's cage was berthed and, at a sign from Jimmy, ordered the attendant out. They emerged ten minutes later, Jimmy with his nose in the air and Mr. Bohn-Shoedsdadt fawning in superlative glee. "Oh, Lord! What a howler! Damn my undies!"

It caught on like a gasoline tank on fire. The huge tent was packed beyond its capacity in spite of the fact that gate money was doubled. Herr Bohn drafted into service every medium of publicity—the daily press, hoardings, movie-screens, tram-cars, buses, air-planes and the radio. It was a stupendous success. His box-office off-take that one night exceeded what in normal times he should have netted in sixty days.

With Mr. Shakleton on his left and Hazel on his right, sat Jimmy on a sofa (provided free by the management) skirting the ring. The lion-biting stunt was scheduled to come off last. The show was nearly through. Mr. Shakleton nudged Jimmy and whispered with emotion, "Jimmy, I release you from your promise to bite that blasted lion. You can have Hazel without that."

"Can't be done, sir," Jimmy assumed a virtuous air. "I never break my word. Moreover, what will Herr Bohn say? What will all these people say?"

"We can slip away quietly, Jimmy. I can't have a murder on my soul in my last days."

"Murder! Ha-ha-ha! You are funny. You don't know what stuff I am made of. I can bite the whole blooming lot of lions in Uganda."

Sturdy, steel-bar frames were put up and secured in a circle in the arena. The lion's cage was wheeled to it.

A huge whip in hand, resplendent in correct evening clothes, Bohn-Shoedsdadt swaggered to the edge of the ring and made a theatrical bow to the spectators. Jimmy left his seat, put his hands in his trouser pockets and sauntered to Herr Bohn's side. Herr Bohn began.

"Ladies and Gents, I've the honour to present to you Mr. Jimmy da Costa of your burg, a guy—(Jimmy, in undertones, 'a young gentleman') I beg your pardon, a young gentleman, who plays with the—(Jimmy, 'most ferocious beasts') the most ferocious beasts of the jungle as if they was—(Jimmy, 'were') as if they were his grandmothers. I



didn't believe the blamed—(Jimmy, 'young gentleman') I didn't believe the young gentleman till he demonstrated his—his—(Jimmy, 'uncanny power') his uncanny power to me yesterday afternoon. Gee! How I wish he was my poppa! Ladies and Gents, watch him pull the trick."

Twenty thousand throats aided by forty thousand hands received this announcement in a hysteric shout that would shame the roar of Stromboli in eruption.

Jimmy divested himself of his coat and threw it jauntily at the India-rubber girl; undid his tie and whisked it to the gaping clown; tucked up his shirt-sleeves; took in a few holes in his belt and entered the barred enclosure. The bolts shot home. He was alone in that steel-barred enclosure. Four of the circus crew stood outside around the bars with guns primed for

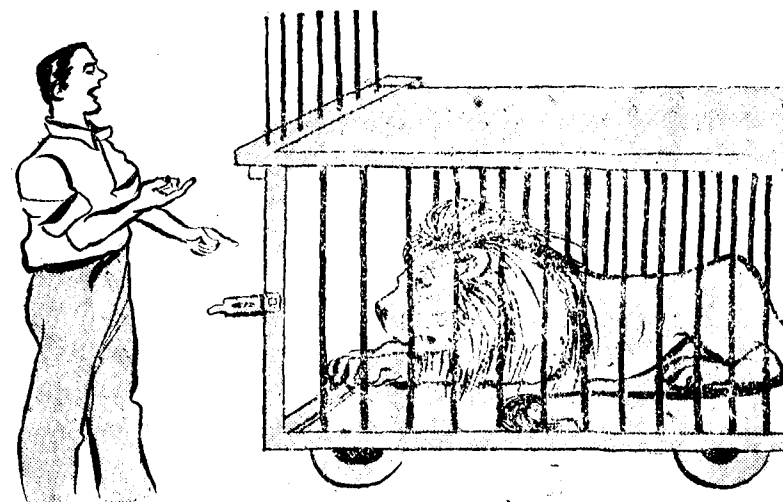
immediate action.

Meanwhile the spectators keyed themselves up to a pitch of nerve-cracking suspense. Their bodies stiffened; every breath was held; every movement was suspended; not an eye-lid flicked; the silence was awful.

"Pull up the door!" roared Jimmy.

The cage-door shot up. A magnificent beast lay couchant in the cage.

"Woa, Ninny, come out!" commanded Jimmy. Ninny blinked at him. He commanded again, "Come on, old girl, let's play." Ninny yawned. Jimmy vaulted gracefully into the cage and kicked the lion on its tail. Ninny said, "Ghrrrrr," leapt to the ground below and stood there wagging his tail. Jimmy followed it, laid his hand on its mane, tickled its whiskers and bit its right ear playfully. The lion licked his hand, rolled on its back, legs sticking into air. Jimmy bent down, kissed its shining nozzle, looked up and winked at Herr Bohn. The bolts of the door in the barred circle shot back. Jimmy leapt out into the arena. An unearthly yell more intense in volume than the first, shook the great tent. The frenzied mob rushed towards the hero. Jimmy was all but killed in that enormous crush.



"Woa, Ninny, come out," commanded Jimmy.

\* \* \*  
Wedding-bells,  
Orange-blossom,  
Confetti and Old  
Shoes.

And he said unto her (the padre said to Hazel) "Woman, wilt thou have this he-man for thine husband to have and to hold till death, does part you?"

And the maid blushed and replied, "Yeah."

And he turned and said unto

(Continued on  
page 32)

## The Short Story—(Continued from page 27)

The correct way to start building up your plot is to ask yourself some questions, not too hard, either. We'll say, just for the sake of argument, that your first question is:

"Why the devil should the buffalo want to stick its horns into the man's back?"

In answer to this your imagination suggests, "Because the poor animal had been treated very badly in its youth by the man's great grandfather."

"That's not too bad," you think, but when thought repeats itself in your brain, you see that it is all a bit too commonplace. So you have another shot, "Because the buffalo thought the man was its calf."

"Rot!" you say to this, and of course, you are not wrong.

So, in a fit of desperation, you think of something else, something that seems really fine.

"Because the buffalo, being a particular sort of buffalo, decided that its horns were getting a bit blunt and, desiring to prune itself up a bit for the Village Fair thought of sharpening its horns on the man's spine column."

"By Jove!" you say to that. "That's the right answer!" And you write a short story about Martha, who fell in love with John, had nineteen children, and died when she was twenty, the whole thing being returned to you by the Editor, with the earnest request:—

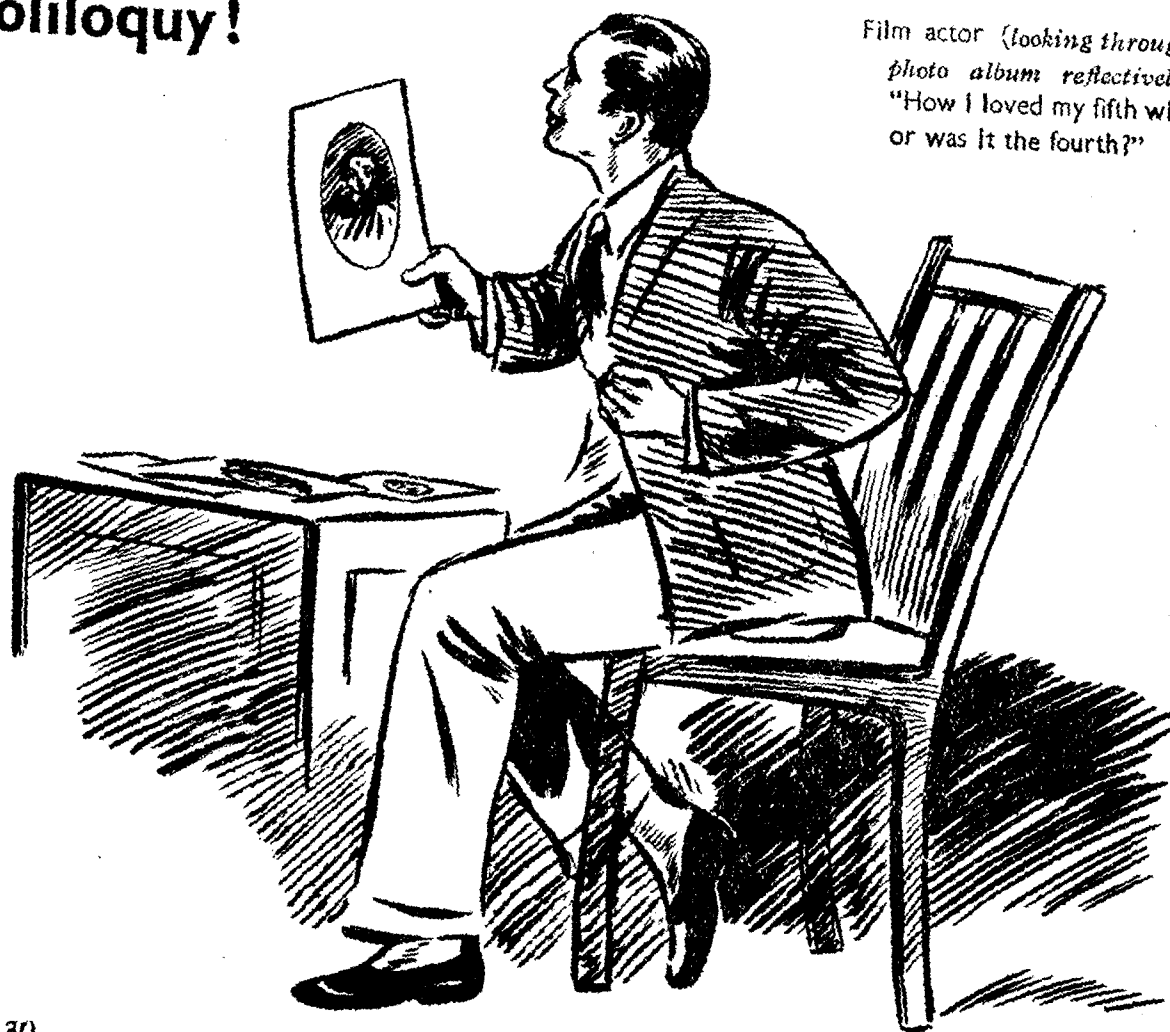
"Why the devil can't you write something funny—buffaloes, for instance?"

By the way, don't be deterred if I confide in you that I have escaped from the local lunatic asylum, and was last seen, up a tree, eating nuts and firing the shells at anyone who passed below.

And here endeth the first lesson!

—and the last—Editor.

## Soliloquy!



Film actor (looking through photo album reflectively)  
"How I loved my fifth wife or was it the fourth?"

# Confound the Aunts!

By 'Vanamali'

I was in the grip of superlative depression.

Far from the madding crowd, on the Triplicane beach, I was sitting all alone the other day, on yesterday's newspaper. By yesterday's newspaper I mean, of course, the newspaper printed the day previous to the other day. I was looking out to sea with moisture gathering in my rather beautiful eyes, and a lump choking my equally beautiful throat. You see, I am, what you would call, an impressionist artist. Not that I belong to the impressionist school of art. What I do draw are all depressionist. That is what my neighbour's daughter (jilted by a bus-driver) says about my adventures into Art. And she is a tall girl at connoisseuring. However that may be, I am very impressionable, and am so much soft clay in the hands of the female populace.

My trouble was this. Aunts (paternal aunts, that is) impress me very much: my aunt in particular. The latter paid me one of her periodical visitations that morning and a mile of her tongue. She said some really unprintable things about my moustaches which I fondly cultured on Hitler lines and.....but why inflict my aunt on you? My grief at this was so immense that it cried for something equally immense to unburden itself; so I came and sat by the sea.

It is strange, but true nevertheless, that when you are thinking you are absolutely alone, you sense a presence behind you without bringing your sense of sight into play. I suppose the aura of the presence at your back kicks your aura if the two auras come within kicking distance of one another. However, that is a matter for Sirs Oliver Lodge and Arthur Conan Doyle. I sensed the presence of somebody behind me. I felt a fairly hot depression developing on the back of my neck. By and by the aura moved to my left and sat there. I felt its eyes on my profile, now resting on the tip of my nose, now piercing my left ear, now raking my left eye-brow. I blushed like a bride on her nuptial night. Dash it, I thought, whoever this aura was, it had no business to make me feel like the aforesaid bride. Paternal aunts are sufficient expiation for our sins; if meddlesome auras are tacked on to them, then it is clearly a case of homicide or suicide. Unsocial tendencies of the former order are not in my line. I am, as you will have guessed by now, a meek man, a large admirer of the Nazarene who promised the earth to the meek a couple of thousand years or so ago.

Damn this aura! I blushed and flushed till I got black in the face. What with my funny face, (my father's fault) and what with this violent blushing, I must have looked pretty ghastly, even to an aura. For he, the aura I mean, moved to my front and said, "Ha! Hum!"

"Nice, breezy place," I said, as say something I must.

"Breezy place be dotted and damned!" said the aura.

"I.....I.....beg your pardon." I got all my ideas, not many at the best of times, knocked out by this masterful aura.

The aura patted my head kindly.

That was the last straw. Nobody ever patted my head since I was so high. When I was so high and shorter than so high, my mother used to pat my head and rumple my hair. I react to kindness like provincial law members to St. Andrew's Day Dinners. I choked and resolved into tears. "Boo-boo-ooo....." I said in sobs.

The aura wiped my eyes and moustaches with the hem of its dhoti and said, "Wife gone?"

I shook my head.

"Aunt?"

I nodded. "Boo-hoo-hoo."

"I thought so! Look here laddie, what are you going to do about it?"

"I will go to Pythagoras."

"That your uncle or who?"

I blew my nose. "N-no. I'll drown myself."

"Piffle! If you drown yourself, aunts will get more conceited. And where would nephews be then? No. I won't let you slip off the other end. Why?"

"I don't know."

"Because," said the aura, "because you remind me of my mother-in-law, my son who is yet to be born and the Rajah of Bobbili."

I hate flattery. But this sounded like the goods. I smiled sadly.

He continued, "My name is Thiruvengada-thirunakshtra-ramanujachary. Yours?"

"Thirunarayana-venkatalakshmi-prasannam."

"Ah! This is what I call destiny with the 'd' and 'y' in caps. You won't commit suicide now?"

"No, Thiruvengada etc," I said. There are some people in reference to whom the decencies must be waived. He was so kind.

"Good!" He tenderly wiped away, with the front of his shirt, a small tear which got entangled in my moustache. "Come along, this requires celebrating. Let's have one."

We went to a 'neo' coffee-hotel.

Future historians looking back at the hazy vistas of receding time will wonder at that Greek term drafted into service by South Indian coffee-houses. No wonder, since contemporary historians themselves are wondering. But, whatever the origin, remove that 'neo' from your lunch terminology, and your coffee or tea will taste like bilge water with a dash of the Buckingham Canal in it.

The aura selected a quiet table and ordered neo-coffee. We drank in silence—seven cups. I raised my eighth cup, inwardly speculating at what the cup I would burst. Ah, fill the cup.....

"Put it down, my dear fellow," said Thiruvengada etc., "and listen."

I put it down and listened.

"Do you know what happened to my aunt?"

I admitted that I was ignorant of that worthy lady's fate.

"She used to go at me, Thirunarayana etc, much as a starving crow on a dead rat. One day God gave me light."

"How?" I asked eagerly.

"One day, I went to Conjeevaram to see the car-festival. I got mixed up in that surging crowd of

devotees. In that great crush I was shoved to the front with considerable force. I knocked my head against the huge, iron-knobbed wheel of the car. I saw a great blaze of light, and bright stars. That way God gave me light!"

"The ways of Providence are inscrutable," I said with reverence.

"Yes. When next day my aunt came on me with her beak, I drew myself up, threw my head back, took in a deep breath and said, 'yah!'"

"And then?" I yelled in expectancy. This sounded like a thrilling murder mystery.

"She had a nervous shock. It developed into meningitis or psittacosys or metempsychosis or something. She died on the third day of a broken heart."

I sighed in admiration.

"Now," he resumed, "say 'Confound the Aunts' and drink your coffee."

I said 'Confound the aunts' and drank my eighth cup of coffee with him. After that he kissed me on two places and we parted, fast friends.

What? You don't believe that? Very well. Drink eight cups of 'neo' coffee and see what you will do to yourself.

### Love's Labour Not Lost—(Continued from page 29)

Jimmy, "Hi! Wilt thou have have this kid for wife, to have and to hold—" The holy man sneezed.

And the boy gave tongue, "Attaboy!"

(Excuse me, dear readers, my ideas of Church of England marriage ritual are a shade nebulous.)

When the guests cleared out after the reception, Mr. Shakleton heaved a sigh of relief and looked at Jimmy tenderly. "However did you do it, Jimmy?"

Jimmy winked at his wife. "Ask her, sir."

"Me! What a darling it is! Ask me indeed!"

So, Mr. Shakeleton went on guessing until at last he was gathered unto his forefathers.

But what about you, dear readers? I won't let you down. Like all great mysteries, the explanation of this one is ridiculously simple. An anaesthetic that vets use before ripping up ailing brutes, applied to the lion in an attenuated form, temporarily deprived it of its ferocity. That way Jimmy pulled the trick. The idea, I need hardly tell you, was Hazel's.

(May the darling reproduce herself a hundredfold.—Ed.)



### NOTHING IS EVER LOST

The Bere: D'you know I had a terrible head-ache when I came here, and now I've quite lost it.

The Young Thing: It isn't lost, I've got it now.



".....I'll make you marry my she-buffalo, you.....!"

Farmer Kannan trembled like a small, spirited puppy who has been questioned as to his rights for his bone. He darted an indignant look at Farmer Koman.

"If you were not my future wife's father....." he began.

"And who is your wife, pray?" thundered Farmer Koman. "I will teach you—I'll show you—I'll make you marry my she-buffalo—you—you—you impudent pauper"

Then the outraged father gathered Kalyani, who was weeping, and walked away.

A week passed.

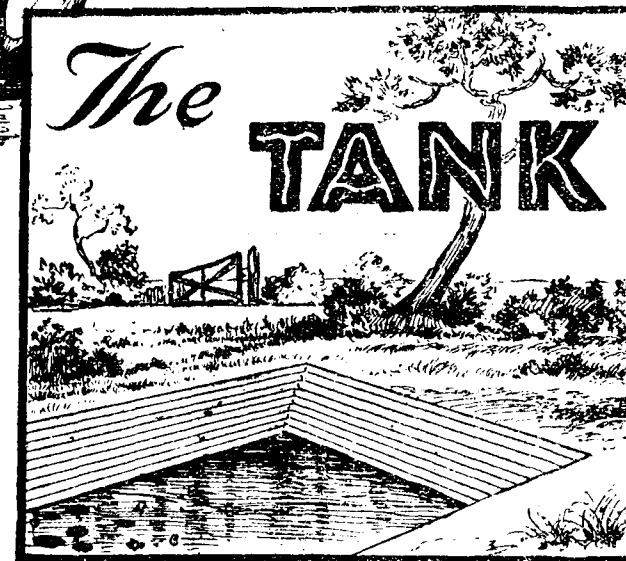
A week of silent mortification for Farmer Kannan, rejected son-in-law and forbidden lover.

And a week of mortification for Farmer Koman, too, for the old farmer really loved the tank. He exulted in that tank. It was doubtful whether his weak-

ness or the tank was less than his love for his daughter. For one whole week they had all stopped away from young Farmer Kannan's tank.

Old Farmer Koman brooded on that tank during that week. What a tank! Not like the rest of the tanks in the village, which were badly paved, had dirty, unwholesome water, full of water-fungus. Water-fungus presided over their surface like an evil deity, and sensitive bathers instinctively shrank from such tanks.

But Farmer Kannan's tank!



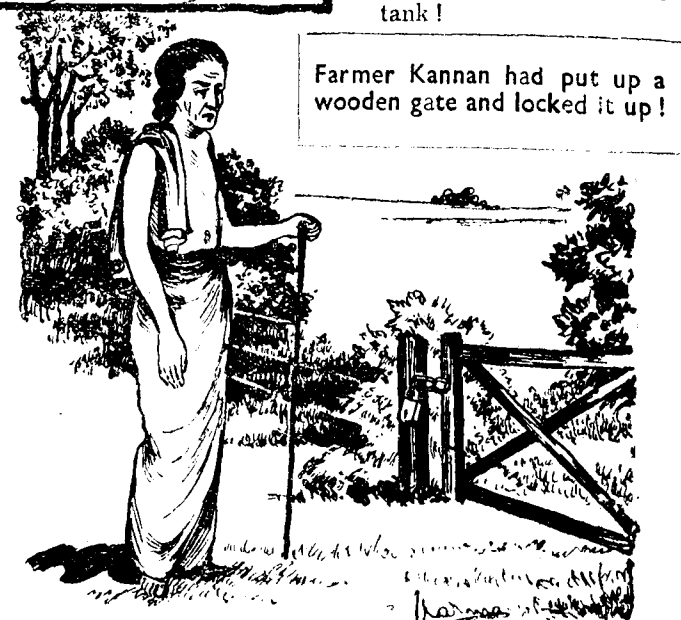
It was true, of course, that they were all using his tank. All of them: Farmer Koman, his wife, his daughter Kalyani, his sons and even the servant-boy and the maid, all bathed daily in Farmer Kannan's tank. Farmer Koman, indeed, was rather well-disposed towards his young neighbour, who was so obliging as to allow them the use of his tank.

But that was certainly no reason why that young fellow should kiss his daughter, when she came to have her bath as usual. Yes, dash it! That audacious young scoundrel, Farmer Kannan, had put his arms around her waist and kissed her!

Farmer Koman had come to have his bath in the tank, but he stopped on the steps, petrified, forgetting his bath. There she was, Kalyani, his pet daughter and the apple of his eyes, allowing herself to be kissed by that poor clout, Farmer Kannan. This love-making must have gone on for quite a bit of time, thought the father.

Farmer Koman was hot with rage. He struggled hard for speech.

"What the—who the—what the blazes do you mean—blast you!—by—by—touching my daughter, you...you...dog!"



Farmer Kannan had put up a wooden gate and locked it up!

it stood out, in a class by itself. Its water was like crystal, and you could gaze down to its very bottom, almost.

Another week passed, and the hostility between the neighbours toned down to a mutual coldness.

And then, one day, Farmer Koman broke the ice. The allurements of the tank was proving too much. He made some polite remarks about the crops to Farmer Kannan, when they chanced to meet in the fields, and the young farmer mumbled some reply. So, open warfare was suspended, and diplomatic relations re-established, as is so often the case with these simple village-folk.

Farmer Koman resumed his daily bathing in his neighbour's tank. He was once more happy. The old man even went to the extent of modifying his judgment of the young farmer a little. After all, boys will be boys—and kissing was not such a great crime! Well—well—well—but Farmer Kannan could certainly not have thought seriously of marrying his rich neighbour's daughter! It was preposterous!

Farmer Kannan was not thinking like that at all. He did want to marry Kalyani. But the poor fellow was feeling lost. He could only watch helplessly as his sweetheart came, as before, to bathe; he could only drink in her beauty hungrily from a distance. He dared not so much as go near her again.

The hapless lover did not know what to do.....Then he had an idea. A brilliant idea. He was startled at its simplicity. Why did he not think of it before!

One day, Farmer Koman, coming to have his bath in the tank, found Kannan busily engaged in putting up a very strong, thorny fence round the tank. The young farmer had engaged some coolies to help him.

"What's the grand idea?" asked the old man pleasantly.

"You see," rejoined Farmer Kannan, "these cows and buffaloes come and dirty my tank. So—"

"That's very good," said Farmer Koman. "You have got to protect this beautiful tank from cattle. They will spoil all these steps with their clumsy hoofs! And foul the water, too, as you say!"

Farmer Koman had his bath and departed. All his family had their bath as usual, and they were all in agreement with young Farmer Kannan about the advisability of putting up the fence. That day Kannan was enabled to have a closer glimpse of Kalyani as she came for her bath. He worked feverishly at the fence, pretending not to see her.

Next day, Farmer Koman came as usual for his bath in the tank.

But he was surprised!

He found the tank secured completely—within the fence, and locked up! Yes, Farmer Kannan had put up a wooden gate and locked it up!

Farmer Koman went in search of him.

"By the way," remarked Farmer Koman in a casual way, when at last he came upon Farmer Kannan, "that tank of yours—er—seems to be locked up!"

"It is locked up," said Farmer Kannan, with a mischievous smile which the other missed.

"Why?"

"Why, you see—I told you, I think—"

"Yes, to keep off the cattle—" began Farmer Koman impatiently. "But why lock it up? You are shutting me out, too, don't you see?"

Farmer Kannan wanted to say: "That's exactly what I want to do!" But the poor young man did not feel equal to it. His courage was failing him. He babbled:

"Yes, these cows are very troublesome—"

"I know, I know, but—"

"And these buffaloes—"

"Yes, but—"

"And then these goats—"

"But—"

"And the dogs—and—"

"Yes, yes—but why—?" Farmer Koman was on the edge of his nerves. "You will be saying rats next—and squirrels!" foamed Farmer Koman.

"How can rats and squirrels spoil the tank?" asked Farmer Kannan.

"Curse your cats and squirrels!" Farmer Koman completely lost his temper. "What do you mean by locking

the tank against me? We must make some arrangement about that key! It is really bothersome to have to ask you every time! And my wife and daughter might come, too, very soon, for their bath!"

Farmer Kannan was gaining in boldness now. He blurted out. "No, you need not come to me for the key, for I mean to lock that tank against you! The tank is mine, and only I and mine are going to use it."

The old farmer listened, thunderstruck. Impossible! The tank locked up against him and his family! Preposterous! Was ever such atrocity heard of in the village!

He went away, overwhelmed, shocked.

A month dragged on.

Farmer Koman, poor old man, was getting the worst of it. He was losing his nerve.

What distances they had to walk, now, and what horrid tanks! Almost all of them nearly coated over with dirty, slimy, greenish water-fungus! Disgusting!

Farmer Koman was, figuratively speaking, on his knees. The tank was telling on his mind. Its peerless, cool water beckoned to him in his dreams, and the memory of his former happiness in its pleasant, cool depths, nearly drove him mad.

He gulped down his pride, one day, and went to see his young neighbour.

"Do you really mean to keep us out of that tank permanently?"

"Yes."

Then the young man saw the marks of long-suffering on the other's face, the haggard lines, and he relented a little.

"Do you realise now," asked Farmer Kannan, "what it is like to be separated from what you love? You love this tank as the tortoise loves its pool. Do you now understand what it is to be forbidden from a thing which you love?"

Old Farmer Koman licked his dry lips. He began to understand.

"Oh! If you think you can marry my daughter by such mean, underhand methods," he started, the old defiance coming up again. But Farmer Koman stopped, hesitating, and looked at the wooden gate, locked, and the lovely tank lying glimmering, cool and desirable, under the sun.

A fish leaped in the water, splashing silver and crystal into the sunlight. Farmer Koman, at the musical sound, had vivid, fleeting sensations of being deliciously immersed in that tank—hours of heavenly, contented dipping—

On the other hand, to allow this young fellow to marry his daughter.....!

Another fish jumped and Farmer Koman's heart also jumped with it.

"I may be poor, compared to you," Farmer Kannan said, "but I can give Kalyani a good home, and whole-hearted love."

The tank lay smiling under the sun, like a bejewelled princess reposing in her majesty under her master's care. A dragon-fly came droning from the tank, as if it carried a message of magic to the world.

Farmer Koman was but human. He surrendered.

"You young rogue, you young rogue! You have cornered me well, you have cornered me!" The old Farmer slapped Kannan on his back.

"But I only wish," continued Farmer Koman, "that I could have given you just such a bad five minutes as you gave me now, with that tank lying all the time winking at me!"

"You did give me, sir," replied Farmer Kannan, "not five minutes, but a very bad ten weeks, when you refused Kalyani to me. Surely, don't you think I love your daughter more than you ever loved my tank?"

The old man laughed heartily, and again patted Kannan on his back.

"On the whole, I am not sorry to have you as my son-in-law! You are a clever young rascal! Come on!"

Farmer Kannan and Kalyani were married in the following week. Old Farmer Koman returned after the festivities in the evening, glowing with a sense of satisfaction. On the whole, it was not a bad bargain. The young fellow would make a good husband to Kalyani. And, of course, the tank counted a great deal. It was an asset, a blessing, to any one.

Old Farmer Koman was softly humming to himself, his whole mind filled with anticipatory joy when he thought of the tank.

Suddenly he felt a sort of spasm, a twinge, shooting down his calf-muscle.

Yes, of late, Farmer Koman was having these unaccountable shooting pains in his legs, and sometimes in his back.

"I must consult a doctor," he thought.

Next morning he sent for the local physician.

"I hear your daughter Kalyani was married to Farmer Kannan—" said the physician, after exchanging salutations.

"Yes."

The village doctor made some appropriate remark, and wished the newly-married couple long life and happiness.

Then he came to business.

The physician spent nearly a quarter of an hour examining Farmer Koman. At length he spoke.

"Well, Farmer, I will tell you the truth. The fact is, you have got gout. Gout, that's what you've got," went on the physician, with great professional satisfaction.

The old farmer betrayed some uneasiness. "And let me tell you," said the village doctor, "you have got it pretty badly! If you don't look out, it will develop and turn malignant, and—"

Farmer Koman was thoroughly upset now. But the physician changed his tone, tactfully.

"Don't be afraid. I will rid you of your gout. Have no fear. I will give you a prescription, and get you your oils and your medicines."

The doctor gave a prescription, and mentioned the names of a few Ayurvedic oils for Farmer Koman's use.

Farmer Koman gave, after great deliberation, a sum of Rs. 2/- as fee to his doctor and another rupee for the medicines and oils which the physician had promised to supply.

The village leech, on the whole, was not dissatisfied. A good day's earnings, he thought.

"And don't forget one thing," added the physician, very cheerfully, and beaming like a benign dispenser of happiness, "don't forget one thing: always have hot water for your baths, with—say—some tamarind leaves. On no account should you bathe in cold water. On no account!"

By

'AMPHIBIUM'

# Reconciliation

by Sardar Mansing

THE mist had hardly cleared from the sea in the morning when a white-faced girl, carrying a shabby suit-case, came down to the harbour and beckoned a native fisherman just setting out in his slender craft.

In simple English, which he understood, she asked him if he would take her out to the white yacht belonging to Herr Secker.

The German millionaire was at breakfast when the steward announced a caller and Secker got to his feet in surprise.

"At this hour? Who is it?"

"A lady, sir,—the young lady who has been here several times before."



.....Helen standing there, very calm and very pale

"Helen!"

Secker looked baffled for a moment and then put down his napkin.

"Show her into my sitting room," he ordered.

He followed the steward less than a minute later and entered the comfortable cabin to find Helen standing there, very calm and very pale. She seemed hardly aware of his warm greeting and the eyes upturned to his face were dull and listless.

"But, my child," he protested, "what are you doing here? Peter back? I saw his boat when on the deck for a breather this morning."

She nodded dazedly. "He came back last night, and —Louis Bayonne was at the bungalow."

"Bayonne! But—!"

Her hand went out in a gesture of pleading.

"I will tell you everything, if you will only listen. After you had gone, I undressed and waited for Peter. I was reading when —when Bayonne came in. He had overheard what passed between us yesterday —here, in this cabin. And he had that picture of me, torn from a magazine, which he found here. No.....please! You must listen, for there is nothing to be done.....yes, absolutely nothing. Bayonne told me also that the gun-boat in the bay had brought the police who were searching for me and had followed me to the island."

Secker drew back, a tense look coming over his face.

"So he told you that, did he?" he asked grimly. She nodded, too miserable and dazed to suspect what might be in his mind.

"He threatened to hand me over to the police unless I allowed him to continue his advances to me. But he promised that if I did—and it was he who had delayed my husband in Papu, by a wireless message to a friend to foul the engines of Peter's boat—he said that if I let him remain—if I gave him what he wanted—he—he would send the police away and never trouble my husband or me again."

He nodded. "Yes, go on."

But she shook her head.

"There is little else to tell you. Peter—came back. He saw me in Bayonne's arm's. He thrashed him and threw him out and then—he told me what he thought about me." Something like a groan escaped her. "You can guess what he said, Herr Secker."

Aghast, he said, "I—I think so, my dear. But proceed. What did he do?"

"He went away. He said I might keep the bungalow and there—I might entertain my paramours." She shuddered, as if caught in a cold blast. "Peter said he was leaving the island and that he wasn't going to return. It—it's no use my attempting to see him, Herr Secker. It is all over—everything. And perhaps—it's best."

The German stared at her in silence, before he spoke.

"My dear—this is shocking. But why have you come here? You want my help?" She shook her head and glanced across to where her suit-case was lying.

"No," she replied defiantly, "even you cannot help me now. For Peter's sake I'm going out of his life. They will always be after me, those police hounds. They will never let me go—until they find me. I—I was a fool to think that Peter and I could ever be happy for long. You see, there are too many men in this world like Louis Bayonne. There always will be."

"I see."

As if not quite sure of himself, he withdrew a pace and eyed her more intently.

"What is that you wanted me to do, Helen?"

It was only with difficulty that she could tell him, but her decision was a brave and thrilling one.

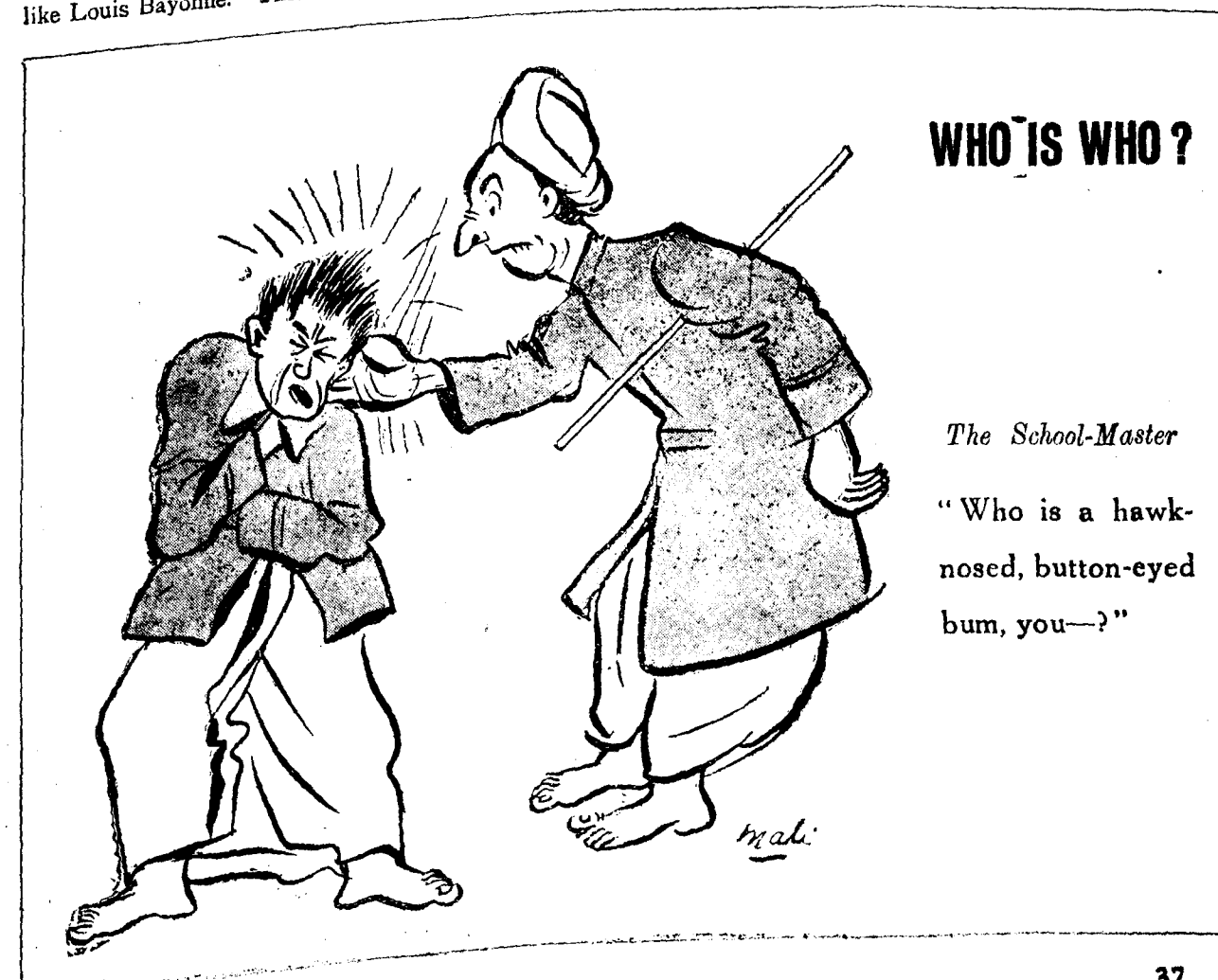
"Take me with you. I am here to accept the offer you made me, Herr Secker. I am of no use to Peter now. I have only made him unhappy—so I'm going. It's either death or—I am going with you. I accept your offer. You will not find me—ungrateful. I only ask in return, that you will put me down at some place where—where at least I shall have a chance of losing myself, of making some sort of start again. You see I have to, because—I love Peter Straton, and nothing can ever be the same."

"You poor child!"

He caught her in his arms as she swayed towards him and he held her close. And then gently he placed her in a chair. His sudden cheerfulness was unexpected and almost a torture to the girl.

"You must wait here, Helen, and try not to worry," he said. "This affair is not ended yet. So, Bayonne said the police were here after you, did he?"

(Continued overleaf)



WHO IS WHO?

The School-Master

"Who is a hawk-nosed, button-eyed bum, you—?"

He laughed when she nodded, and was moving to the door when she called him back.

"Where are you going?"

He smiled reassuringly, begging her to be seated and be patient.

"Wait and see."

Half an hour passed before he returned.

"Make no sound, Helen. You'll ruin everything if you do. I have a caller. Come over here."

He led her towards a tiny ante-room adjoining the cabin, opened the door, thrust her inside and pushed it after her. He spun round just as the steward arrived followed by Peter Straton.

The young man looked ill and bewildered, for Secker had given no explanation of the summons except that it was most urgent and concerned them both. He fingered his helmet nervously as he came into the room and looked across at his host.

"You sent for me, Secker?" he began unsteadily. "I'm sorry, I've not much time, but I'm leaving this island almost at once, and I—"

Secker smiled as he held out his hand. "Do me a small favour before you think of leaving, Straton," he said.

Peter drew back suspiciously, pain and resentment in his eyes. He looked around, but there was no sign of Helen.

"Just what is the idea?" he demanded hotly. "If you've called me here to listen to any intercession on behalf of the woman who—"

The German's smile vanished. He faced the other grimly. "Tell me one thing, Straton. Do you know or even suspect, your wife's identity?"

Peter stiffened, looked away and then—defiantly—back at his companion.

"I do." He laughed harshly. "She's Nina Troubridge, wanted for murder.....and I was fool enough to believe in her innocence, among quite a number of other things."

A slight sound came from the door of the ante-room that was not quite closed, but Secker drowned it with his quick, sharp retort.

"When did you learn that?"

"Here," was the bitter reply, "that afternoon when I came down to find a book, leaving you and Helen on the deck. It was in one of your magazines."

Secker bit his lip; then in a low, level tone, he went on: "You have lost your faith in one of the finest women who ever breathed, because you happened to find her in unfortunate circumstances last night."

"Stop!" snarled Straton.

"You are wrong, Straton, and I sent for you to prove that you're wrong, because I care a great deal about your happiness and the happiness of that girl who, last night, was willing to sell herself to that swine Bayonne, to protect you from unhappiness and the shame and scandal of her arrest."

"Her.....her arrest!"

Peter fell back. The German was relentless.

"No more, no less. Bayonne forced his way into your Bungalow and told her just that, and because she loved you, she accepted his terms.....the only way. That's all, for the moment. I must ask you to wait just a moment longer, and then....."

He spun round as the door opened and the steward announced: "Monsieur Bayonne."

The German gripped Straton's arm and led him towards the door behind which Helen was hidden.

"Get in there," he snapped, "and make no sound. You had eyes and ears last night to misunderstand, now use them to learn the truth."

He jerked open the door and pushed the dazed young Englishman inside and chuckled, as he heard a girl's startled cry and a man's muttered imprecation. Slam went the door and then, by the same hand, he opened it a fraction of an inch. Secker spun round and nodded to the steward and a moment later, Louis Bayonne strode into the cabin.

The Frenchman's nervousness, in the circumstances, was not unnatural. From the first, he had been in secret awe of this powerful and wealthy German who had not been in the least impressed when Bayonne had introduced himself.

There was also another reason for his perturbation, as he accepted the chair to which Secker waved him, before he closed the door. The German took his time, lighting a cigar, yet not offering one to his guest—and this did not bring the Frenchman any added ease of mind.

Smoking placidly, he began to pace the room slowly, and presently came swinging round unexpectedly on the other, a sharp question on his lips.

"Monsieur Bayonne, what were you doing on board this ship yesterday morning?"

Bayonne went pale as he got to his feet, feigning indignation.

"I.....I on your yacht!"

"In this cabin," Secker snapped, "and you...well, but what's the use of asking the truth from a man like you?" He strode up to the other, clutched his coat-collar and pulled out a bundle of papers from the inside breast-pocket. Running through the bundle he extracted one paper and held out the stolen picture of Nina Troubridge.

"You took this from a magazine over on that table. You were here and you overheard an interview between Mrs. Straton and myself. It was an interview that must have been very enlightening to you. The information you gained was so advantageous, in your opinion, that you deliberately went to Mrs. Straton's home and demanded herself, her honour, as the price of your silence."

"That.....that's untrue." Badly frightened, he adopted an attitude of sneering defiance, drawing himself up with what dignity he could muster.

"That's very fine, Monsieur, coming from you!" He laughed nastily. "Do you forget what I overheard yesterday morning—your proposal—equally offensive to Madame Straton as mine, that she should desert her husband and go away with you in this yacht?"

Secker's eyes narrowed to slits of fire.

"You know, too, why that offer was made. It enabled a fire woman to convince me of her sincerity," he said quietly. "It was not a dastardly attempt to force a woman into shame in the name of love. No, Bayonne, you excelled yourself. You knew that, if you lied enough, Helen Straton had only two courses open to her—death or dishonour. And you knew that, for the sake of the man she loved, she would choose dishonour. She had refused wealth and safety at my hands, which she would never have done if she had been what I thought her to be until yesterday morning. She did not refuse the sacrifice you demanded, when it meant her husband's happiness."

"All this is very well, monsieur," Bayonne sneered. "Let us both admit what we will. It was unfortunate," and he touched gingerly the bandages disfiguring his bruised countenance. "Peter Straton will pay for his treatment of my person last night and what is more, Nina Troubridge will pay to..."

"Ah!"

It was a desperate move of Bayonne, a frightened man whose last vestige of courage went as the German strode up to him and towered over him, snapping on to the advantage the other had given.

"The police, Monsieur Bayonne," he snapped, "do you know why they are here in Krono?"

Bayonne fell back a pace. Pulling himself together with an effort, he shook his head and moistened his lips with his tongue.

"I.....I do not know, so soon," he fenced. "A message was sent to my office yesterday evening that they wished to see me at noon to-day."

"And yet you told Mrs. Straton that they had come for her?"

Bayonne forced a harsh laugh.

"What of it? It served as an excuse.....as good as any you made on this yacht, Herr Secker."

There was a thud and a crash, as the Frenchman went spinning back against the wall, bringing down a table, as he did so. He was literally trembling with panic, but Secker did not strike him again.

"Now I'll tell you why the police are here, and why they would not see you last night," Secker went on quietly. "They were summoned at my request, monsieur, to inquire into certain complaints which I, as a visitor, laid about your maladministration of the affairs of the French Government on this island, including deliberate bribery by certain traders to enable them to avoid duties due to your Government."

Bayonne was floored, his sickly features ashen, livid fear in his eyes.



But the two lovers.....did not notice the discreet interruption.

"You sent for the police!" he echoed harshly and then a wild, blind rage seized him. He leapt towards the other with a cry of fury. "Why you German swine, I'll—"

Secker seized him and held him.

"You'll.....what, Monsieur Bayonne?" Secker challenged, and the panic-stricken Frenchman went on wildly.

"You are a friend of the American girl, aren't you?" he sneered. "All right.....then I'll get my own back through her. The police are here to inquire into my affairs at your bidding, eh? Then at the same time, monsieur, they can inquire into something else. Substantiate one single accusation against myself and I'll lead them straight to Straton's bungalow and hand over to

them the girl who is wanted for the murder of a young actress in America, four years ago. Say one word against me to the police, and I'll have Nina Troubridge alias Helen Straton in handcuffs within half an hour and—"

He stopped in sheer surprise when Secker, with a short, scornful laugh, released him. The German drew a slip of paper from his pocket and held it out. "Read it," he snapped. "It will enlighten you, Monsieur Bayonne. It is fate, perhaps, but it is nevertheless authentic. Among other things, I have communicated with police direct and New York wirelessly that answer to me."

Bayonne stared wildly at the German and then at the slip of paper in his hands. In a low husky voice, he read the message that reached only too clearly to the silent pair in the room beyond.

"Prince Dovitsky in fatal motor accident eight days ago. Confessed before he died to the murder of girl in case you mention. Nina Troubridge free to return to United States at any time."

A girl's low cry was audible to the dazed Frenchman, who let the paper flutter from his fingers and utterly beaten, stared pitifully across at his accuser.

"It's a lie," he faltered, weakly.

Secker's lips curled.

"Go and ask my wireless officer. Go and ask, if you like, the police who are at this moment searching your papers in your harbour office, Monsieur."

"My papers.....my office!"

Bayonne let out a wild cry of panic and, turning, ran. Secker heard him shouting to the native who had brought him aboard. And then the millionaire, bending to pick up the precious message, broke into a low, good-natured laugh.

The door leading to the ante-room was closed. Secker stared at it for a moment, his grey eyes twinkling, and then he went over and knocked gently.

There was no answer.

The German coughed significantly and opened the door an inch or two. But the lovers, in each others' arms, did not notice the discreet interruption.

Herr Secker grinned as he closed the door and after a moment's hesitation, went up on deck, where he summoned the captain of the yacht.

"All ready for sailing?" he asked pleasantly and the bronze face of the skipper showed frank surprise.

"We're sailing, Herr Secker?" he echoed. "But you gave me no notice..."

Secker frowned ominously.

"I thought I told you always to be ready to sail at a moment's notice, captain."

The burly skipper stiffened and bowed.

"We are always ready, Herr Secker," he snapped. "May I know when we sail and what is our destination?"

The millionaire chuckled as he glanced back at the companion-way leading to the cabin below and then nodded to his captain.

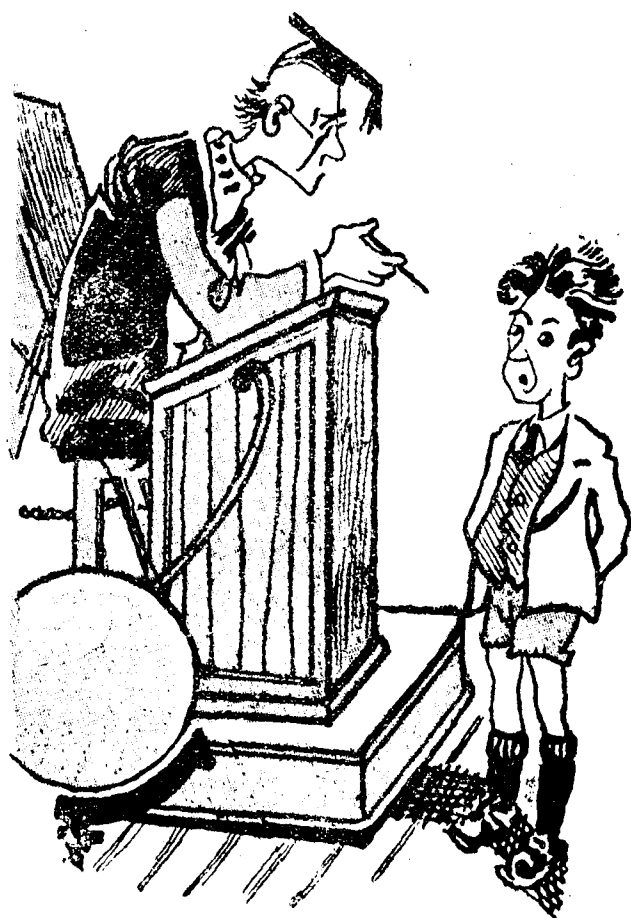
"In a couple of hours, Blucher, and—er—with a couple of guests. A honey-moon couple." He winked and the captain smiled.

"And the destination, Herr Secker?"

"To the one country in the world where the streets are literally paved with gold, captain. To that glorious country where fortunes are made overnight. To that unequalled paradise of politicians and pictures and punk. To the United States of America!"

At noon, with its happy complement of passengers, the white ship sailed away.

### THE REASON



"Why haven't you combed your hair?"  
"Got no comb."  
"Couldn't you have used your father's?"  
"Got no hair."

## "PICK-ME-UP" COMPETITION—ABSOLUTELY FREE!

FIRST PRIZE

Rs 125

**Rs. 200**

**FREE MUST BE WON**

**FREE COMPETITION**

**SO SIMPLE—SO EASY!**

SECOND PRIZE

Rs 75

### HOW TO SOLVE "PICK-ME-UP"

The puzzle consists of nine ordinary words: only here and there a letter is missing and a picture inserted instead. You have only to complete the words again. Read the clue at the side, then spell each word, using the first letter of each little illustration. Thus with No. 1. you have N for Nurse making the complete word WIN. Carry on in the same way with the other eight words filling in the words with the missing letters in INK.

### RULES AND CONDITIONS

Solutions must be written *only on the coupon on next page*. All entries must be received by the last post on 22-5-35. Any received after this date will be disqualified. Entries from local competitors can be delivered at our office till 6 P. M. on that date. The first prize of Rs. 125 will be awarded to an all-correct solution and the second prize of Rs. 75 to the solution with one error. An all-correct solution is one which agrees in all respects with the Editor's Key Solution kept in safe custody with the Indian Bank Ltd., Head Office, Madras. Failing an all-correct solution, the first prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry received. In case of ties, the prize money will be equally divided. The Editor reserves the right of pooling the first and second prize amounts and distributing them among the competitors according to the number of all-correct solutions received. No correspondence can be entered into nor can interviews be granted. Persons connected with the *Merry Magazine* and its associated journals are not allowed to compete. *No entry will be considered unless it is on the Entry Form.* Intending competitors who are unable to secure copies of this Magazine from the agents in their area can address our *Subscription Manager* for the required number of copies either by sending stamps or Money Order to cover the cost of the copies or order them by V. P. P. COUPONS MUST BE FILLED IN LEGIBLY and sent intact. This office will not be responsible for entries lost or delayed in transit. **CUT OUT THE COUPON-PORTION** and post to:—

EDITOR, "PICK-ME-UP" Competition, The Merry Magazine, 1-2/140, Broadway, Madras.

## "PICK-ME-UP" COMPETITION

[THIS SET ONLY]

CLOSING DATE 22—5—35

|                  |     |  |
|------------------|-----|--|
| SUCCESS 1        | Wi  |  |
| A BLOW 2         | Da  |  |
| COIN 3           | M   |  |
| A FLAP 4         | Ta  |  |
| SUBJECTS 5       | The |  |
| HARMONISED 6     | T   |  |
| TO RECKON 7      |     |  |
| GO ON FRONT OF 8 |     |  |
| PLANT 9          |     |  |

**NEXT WEEK: ANOTHER FREE PUZZLE!**

# FIRST PRIZE FOR TWO COMPETITORS

## Results of "Fives" Competition

The Correct Solution is:

- |          |          |          |          |
|----------|----------|----------|----------|
| 1. CROWD | 3. LATCH | 5. SPICE | 7. RACER |
| 2. SHARK | 4. SNORE | 6. CLOAK | 8. GROWL |

Only Two Competitors submitted all-correct solutions and they share the first prize of Rs. 100/- each getting Rs. 50

- G. S. RAJA, Komal, Kuttalam, (Tanjore Dt.)
- M. KRISHNAMURTHY, Komal, Kuttalam, (Tanjore Dt.)

### Second Prize Winners:

The following 43 Readers share the second prize of Rs. 50 each getting Rs. 1-3-0.

- A. M. K. Ram, Madras.
- V. S. Narayanan, St. Thomas Mount.
- C. Venkasami Rao, Cuddalore O. T.
- V. Gopalsami Rao, Cuddalore O. T.
- S. Govindasamy Chetty & Sons., Cuddalore O.T.
- N. Sona Bai, Cuddalore O. T.
- S. Balakrishnan, Valavanur.
- P. V. Srinivasan, Tanjore.
- A. Michaelsamy, Nannilam.
- V. Soundararajan, Nannilam.
- M. Krishnamurthy, Komal, Kuttalam.
- G. Radhakrishnan, Trichy.
- K. S. Singari Ammal, Madura.
- V. R. Sethumathava Rao, Sattur.
- M. S. Row, Satyamangalam.
- Peer Mohamed, Mettur Project.
- P. R. Krishna Row, Pudukottah.
- G. V. S. Maniyam, Mandapam.
- P. S. Srinivasan, Malleswaram, Bangalore
- S. Rajaram Rao, Gonikopal.
- Y. Kanaka Raju, Poverpet.
- T. M. Muthuswamy, Ooty.
- K. Ramachandra Rao, Nayudupet.
- S. V. Raghava Iyengar, Bezwada.
- A. V. Rama Rau, Maharanipet.
- P. S. Rangachar, Dantholi.
- L. A. Rao, Matunga.
- Mistri Firoji Kavasji, Bombay 2.
- P. Natesa Iyer, Jamshedpur.
- V. R. Venkataraman, Chaklala.
- Lila Ram Marchandal, Dera Ismail Khan.
- B. V. Mendis, Molpe, Ceylon.

The Prize amounts will be remitted on 7-5-1935.

### ENTRY FORM "PICK-ME-UP" Competition Coupon CLOSING DATE 22-5-35

- WIN
- .....
- .....
- .....
- .....
- .....
- .....
- .....
- .....

In entering this Competition I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding.

Signed.....  
Name.....  
Address.....



# Amrutanjan

## FOR ALL ACHES & PAINS

FIRST PRIZE  
Rs. 10,000  
CASH DOWN  
OR  
Rs. 1,200  
Per Year for  
10 Years.

# Rs. 15,000

## MUST BE WON

SECOND PRIZE  
Rs. 4,000  
Special Prizes:  
Rs. 400 for Correct  
Solutions Posted on or  
before 16th May, 1935.  
Rs. 300 & 200 for the  
senders of largest  
number of entries.  
Rs. 100 for the first  
10 Correct Solutions  
posted.

A cheque for Rs. 10,000 down or Rs. 1,200 per year for 10 years! This will be your magnificent reward, if yours is the Correct Solution of this fascinating puzzle. If, however, there is more than one winner for this prize, Rs. 10,000 will be equally divided amongst them, but a minimum prize of Rs. 500 is guaranteed for every such winner, whatever be the number of Correct Solutions received by us. Besides this, every all correct winner will be presented with a TABLE GRAND MODEL GRAMOPHONE costing Rs. 160.

Then there is a colossal sum of Rs. 4,000 for one errored solutions; another Rs. 400 for earlier postings: 2 Prizes of Rs. 300 and Rs. 200 for the senders of largest number of entries; Rs. 100 for the first 10 correct solutions posted. What an array of Prizes! Think of it, all these prizes can be won by you, and remember, It's a Paramount's GUARANTEE, and the above prize amounts will not be reduced under any circumstances.

Last Date for POSTING ENTRIES:—31st May, 1935.

Sealed Key Solution with "TATLER".

## HOW TO WIN?

Below are 12 words, some of which contain too many letters and some too few. Spaces are provided where letters are missing. A clue appears at the side of each word with instructions in brackets as to how many letters are to be CUT or PUT, and this is what all you have to do. In No. 1 you have RUPPEES—Offered for solving this Puzzle (Cut 1). A glance will show you that one 'P' must be removed and you have the correct solution RUPEES. Again in No. 2 you have E—GHT. Six plus two makes this (Put 1). Obviously you will have to put the letter 'I' in the vacant space and you have EIGHT. Similarly, solve the others. Some have no alternatives at all. The letters in the words are in their proper order, and no shuffling is necessary.

|    |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |                                                 |
|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-------------------------------------------------|
| 1  | R | U | P | P | E | E | S | Offered for solving this puzzle. (Cut 1)        |
| 2  | E |   | G | H | T |   |   | Six plus two makes this ... (Put 1)             |
| 3  | S | T | I | N | G |   |   | Sound is heard when you do this ... (Cut 1)     |
| 4  |   | I | L | L |   |   |   | A document ... (Put 1)                          |
| 5  | P | I | N | E |   |   |   | Lowest standard of value ... (Cut 1)            |
| 6  | P |   | N |   |   |   |   | It requires a point to be effective ... (Put 1) |
| 7  | C | A | P | S | E |   |   | Worn by some people ... (Cut 1)                 |
| 8  | P | O | I |   | E |   |   | Weight ... (Put 1)                              |
| 9  | T | R | O | U | G | H |   | Violent ... (Cut 1)                             |
| 10 | G | R | E |   |   |   |   | A colour ... (Put 2)                            |
| 11 | S | P | A | R | K |   |   | A grass field ... (Cut 1)                       |
| 12 | B | U | M |   |   |   |   | Better keep yours hidden ... (Put 1)            |

### RULES.

An entrance fee of ONE RUPEE per entry must accompany by M. O. only and P. O. Receipts must be attached to entries without which no solution will be considered. Any number of entries may be sent at the requisite fee and competitors are allowed to win any number of shares both in the First and the Second Prizes. Results will be announced in THE RAINBOW of the 11th June 1935, available at all Railway Stalls. A copy of it will be sent to those enclosing two annas stamps. Manager's decision is final and legally binding, and is an express condition of entry. Other rules as usual.

Address all your entries and fees to:—

THE PARAMOUNT PUZZLES, (Cut & Put), P. O. WASHERPANPET, MADRAS, 18.

A minimum prize of Rs. 50 is guaranteed in each competition for every all-correct solution.

## RS. 1,500 MUST BE WON.

Last date for posting entries:—22nd, May, 1935.

PRIZES AND RESULT WILL BE POSTED TO ALL ENTRANTS WITHIN TEN DAYS.

Entrance Fee for each competition, Annas 8 for each entry, or Rs. 10 for each set of 25 entries, or Rs. 40 for any number of entries, payable by M. O.

Prizes for each competition:—First Prize, Rs. 500, for the all-correct solution. Second Prize, Rs. 150, for one-error solution, and Special Prize, Rs. 100, for two senders of the largest No. of entries.

Sealed Key Solution of each competition is deposited with the Imperial Bank of India, Sialkot.

### I. T. COMPETITION No. 4.

What you have to do.

"The Director, Intelligence Test Bureau, takes this opportunity to inform all 1 lovers of puzzle competitions that it is 2 on account of their 3 worth that his 4 competitions are so popular and 5. They are run 6 on honest and business lines."

In the foregoing two sentences fill up each blank space with one word, using the six best words. Words from which the correct solution is chose are given below. No word should be repeated.

|              |             |             |              |
|--------------|-------------|-------------|--------------|
| Intelligent. | Attractive. | Definitely. | Flourishing. |
| Genuine.     | Strictly.   | Winsome.    | Excellent.   |
| Intrinsic.   | Simply.     | True.       | Sterling.    |
| Solely.      | Real.       | Only.       | Inherent.    |
| Wise.        |             |             |              |

The two sentences need not be reproduced: write only the 6 selected words with the numerals indicating the blank spaces.

### I. T. COMPETITION No. 5.

Substitute one letter for each dash.

| No. | Incomplete words. | Meanings and clues.         |
|-----|-------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1   | LO—ER             | He is always hoping to win. |
| 2   | SEAMA—            | Is used to the sea.         |
| 3   | D— —KEY           | An ass.                     |
| 4   | —AILS             | Birds have them.            |
| 5   | F— —TLESS         | Having no feet.             |
| 6   | SIM—A             | An Indian Railway Station.  |
| 7   | BO—               | Neckwear.                   |
| 8   | B—LL              | A round body.               |
| 9   | MADRA—            | An Indian Town              |

### Rules & Conditions governing both Competitions.

Meanings are exactly reproduced from Chamber's 20th Century Dictionary, pp. 1—1150. Clues are direct and definite. Entrance fee for both competitions may be sent by one M. O. and any number of plain paper entries submitted under one cover. No correspondence will be entered into. M. O. receipt and a self-addressed stamped envelope, bearing 9 pies stamp, must accompany entries. In case of ties prizes will be divided. Prize amount will vary in proportion to entries received. The all-correct solution is one which agrees with the Sealed Key Solution deposited with the Imperial Bank. Excluding the Special Prize, a winning competitor can receive only one prize. On all relative matters, the Director's decision is final, legally binding and an express condition of entry.

All communications to:—

The Director,

Intelligence Test Bureau, Sialkot City.

Correct sealed solutions of I. T. Competitions Nos. 2 & 3. Last posting date, 26-4-35.

1. Wealth. 2. Dark. 3. Pun. 4. Hold. 5. Blot. 6. Blot. 7. Sease. 8. Coach.

All prize monies & detailed result leaflets were posted to all entrants on 4-4-35. For these LEAFLETS apply with 9 pies stamp.

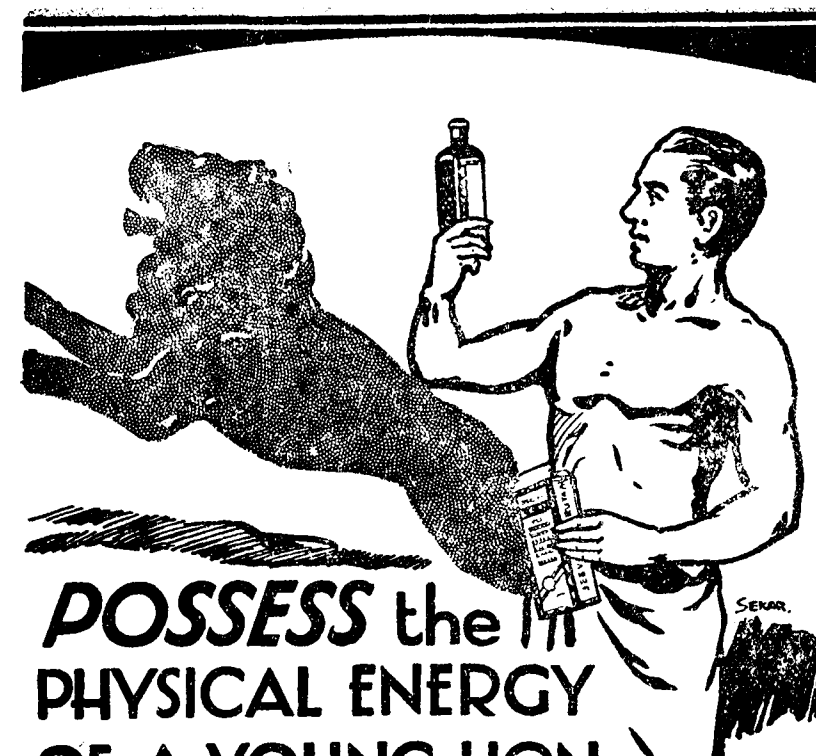
|   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| 2 | 8 | 2 |
| 4 | 4 | 4 |
| 6 | 0 | 6 |

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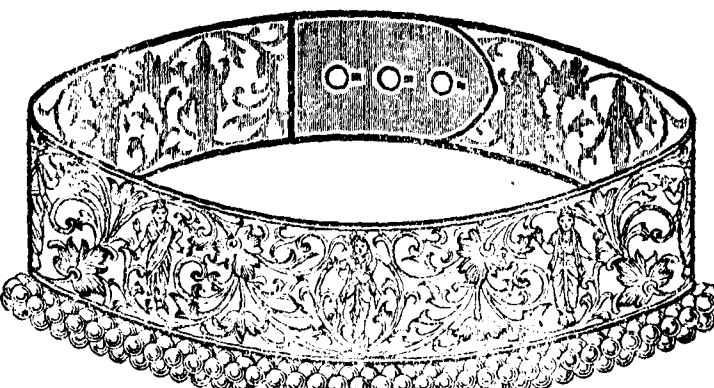
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*Poynad 4-5-35.*

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**IN THE EXCELSIOR 'SMALLS' COMPETITION**

Last Posting Date 14-5-35. Results on 24-5-35.

**ENTRANCE FEE:** Rupee ONE per entry or Rs. THREE only for Any Number of Entries by one person in one cover.

Place a letter for each dash to get the given meanings.

- BI — a small.....(First four letters only)
- SI — a small.....(First four letters only)
- WI — a small.....(First four letters only)
- NI — a small.....(First four letters only)

N.B.—Exact clues from Chambers XX Century Dictionary. Dots given after "a small" stand for words not copied from the Dictionary. All forms are treated as direct and derivated words contained in brackets are not used. Competitors must indicate the curtailed letters within brackets, e.g., the solution for No. 1 is 'BILL(ET)'. Use of wrong alternatives will result in disqualification.

**Rules:**—A prize of Rs. 400 will be divided among the correct solutions received and in addition a special prize of Rs. 50 will be awarded for the first TEN correct solutions received. A single competitor may send any number of sets at Rs. THREE per set. The decision of the manager is absolutely final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition and is an express condition of entry. Other rules as usual. Entries on plain paper along with two half-anna stamps for results and fees by M.O. must be addressed to:—

**THE EXCELSIOR 'SMALLS' COMPETITION,**  
P. O. BASAVANGUDI, BANGALORE.

Agents: Shivram & Sawmy, 144, Broadway, Madras.

**STUPENDOUS JUBILEE OFFER.**

**WIN Rs. 20,000**

CLOSING DATE 18th MAY 1935.

**FIRST PRIZE RUPEES TWELVE THOUSAND** (For an all correct entry.)  
**Second Prize Rs. 3,000** (One Mistake) **Third Prize Rs. 1,500** (Two Mistakes)

**SPECIAL PRIZES.**

For the Competitor who submits the first all-correct entry  
A Brand New Baby Austin Car (Cost Rs. 2,800)  
On Show at Stanes Motors (S. India) Ltd., or South Indian Motor Co.,  
A Luxurious Royal Portable Typewriter (Rs. 230)  
(For the competitor who submits the next all-correct entry)  
A Magnificent Hasqvarna Hand Sewing machine (Rs. 120)  
(For the next correct entry from a Lady)  
BOTH ON SHOW AT MESSRS ADDISON & CO., MADRAS.

For the competitor who submits the maximum number of entries  
One Brand New H. M. V. Gramophone with records or  
One H. M. V. 8 Valve Superhetrodyne all ware Radio Receiver (Each Rs. 350)  
ON SHOW AT GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED BOMBAY & BANGALORE.

**Rupee One only per each entry.**

Ref: Chambers' XX Century Dictionary

**WHAT TO DO.**

You have to fill in the Blank Squares and find the words as per the clue given against each. The numerical value of the letters of the alphabet are given below and you can check the correctness of the solution by adding the numerical value of each letter of the word and comparing the sum with the number given against each. No. 9 has only three letters and No. 12 five.

Eg. Take No. 1. A sweet flower (57) The answer is ROSE and the accuracy is checked as below.

|    |   |   |   |   |                         |
|----|---|---|---|---|-------------------------|
| 1  | R |   | S |   | A Sweet flower (57)     |
| 2  | L |   | S |   | Miss (51)               |
| 3  | P |   | R |   | Portion (55)            |
| 4  |   | I |   | E | Passage of water (46)   |
| 5  | B | E | S |   | Superlative (46)        |
| 6  |   | A |   | E | Allowance (44)          |
| 7  | B | A |   |   | Soothes in trouble (28) |
| 8  | R | A |   |   | Trial of speed (27)     |
| 9  |   |   | E |   | Female (32)             |
| 10 | C | L |   |   | Clothed (20)            |
| 11 |   | I |   | E | Current (38)            |
| 12 | M | E | T |   | A Measurement (61)      |

|    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| A  | B  | C  | D  | E  | F  | G  | H  | I  | J  | K  | L  | M  |
| 1  | 2  | 3  | 4  | 5  | 6  | 7  | 8  | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 |
| N  | O  | P  | Q  | R  | S  | T  | U  | V  | W  | X  | Y  | Z  |
| 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 |

|       |      |
|-------|------|
| R     | : 18 |
| O     | : 15 |
| S     | : 19 |
| E     | : 5  |
| Total | 57   |

**Rules and conditions:**—An entrance fee of Rupee One is payable for each entry per M. O. or postal order only. Plain paper entries accepted. M. O. receipt or postal order forms must accompany the solution. Competitors shall write their name and address and the number of entries submitted on the back of the envelopes and on the M. O. coupons in Block capital letters.

In case of tie or ties the money will be equally divided. No correspondence can be entered into or interviews granted. Decision of the secretary in all matters relating to this competition is final and legally binding. Anybody not complying with the rules will be disqualified.

Paid or honorary employees of the club or members of their families are not permitted to compete. Enclose an addressed envelope and a loose anna postage stamp for posting the detailed winners' list. Copies of key solution kept in sealed cover with Manager, "Times of Ceylon," "Malayala Manorama" and some other principal Newspapers in S. India.

Address all entries to the "Competition Secretary" and M. O's to the "Treasurer".

**INDO-EUROPEAN CLUB,**  
Club Park, KOTTAYAM, S. India.  
PUBLISHING RESULT IN "HINDU" OF 25th MAY 1935.

N. B. A copy of the latest edition of Chambers' XX century Dictionary will be forwarded part paid on receipt of Rs. 5-14 as. per M. O.

The Diamond Puzzle Bureau 'Calcutta' offers you a rare opportunity to  
Win Rs. 1000 in prizes in their 'SHUFFLING' COMPETITION No. 6.

FIRST PRIZE: Rs. 600 (all-correct) SECOND PRIZE: Rs. 300 (one-error)  
And other Rs. 100 consolation Prizes in Cash or kind.

CLOSING DATE: 16th May, 1935. RESULTS: Posted on 23rd May, 1935.

6 Holy Places and 20 Key words are given below. Select 2 Key words for every name; such that  
all the letters of the selected two Key-Words may be reshuffled so as to build the name of the place. No  
key-word used more than once. The Key-Words may be given in any order as only correct ones will be  
considered and not which given 1st and which 2nd.

Name of the Places: 1. BENARES. 2. MADHURA. 3. BRUNDAVAN. 4. RAMES-  
WARAM. 5. PRAYAG. 6. KALAHASTI.

Key-Words: 1. Ramam. 2. Rahu. 3. Pray. 4. Bear. 5. Ramu. 6. Burn. 7. Run. 8. Yag.  
9. Kalasi. 10. Wears. 11. Davan. 12. Sen. 13. Had. 14. Mura. 15. Gay. 16. Vadan. 17. Dam.  
18. Swear. 19. Badvan. 20. Hat.

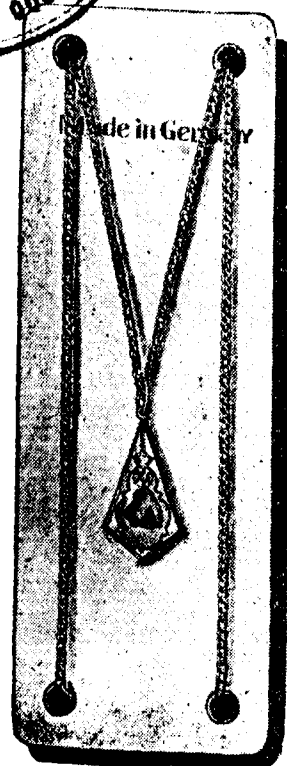
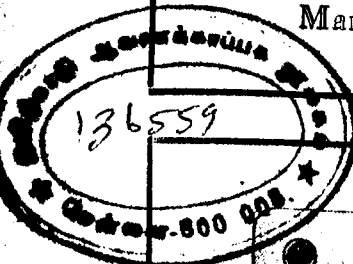
EXAMPLE: 1. BENARES 1st Effort. 2nd Effort.  
BEAR; SEN. BEAR, SEN

Now only 5 remaining. Your luck may hit at the right one!

Any number of entries on white paper with M.O. Receipts accepted. Prizes vary according to  
entries received. A winning competitor will be entitled to only one prize. Ties distributed. Correct solu-  
tion is one which agrees with the sealed one. Managers decision legally binding. Key solution published  
in Merry Magazine dated, 18-5-35 and to competitors enclosing one anna stamp. Competitors submitting  
10 or more entries need not enclose stamp. All other rules as usual.

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Note—Orders for 3 chains at a time entitle you to free  
postage and one free rolled gold wrist-watch chain.

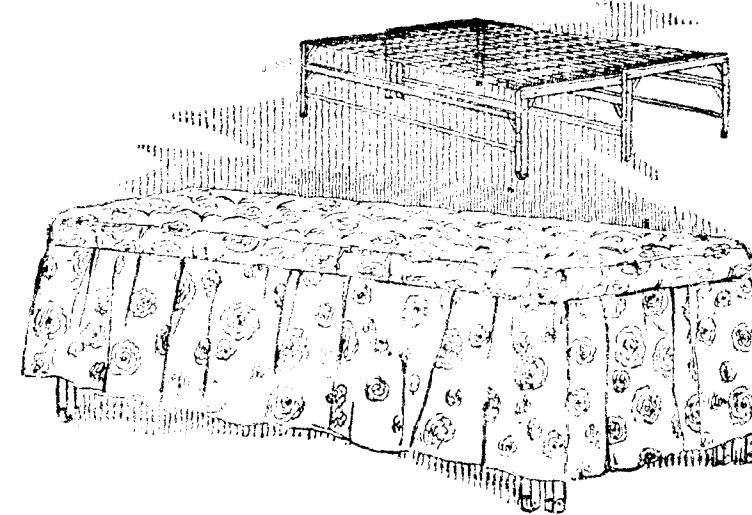
4 chains at a time entitle you to free postage and 2  
rolled gold wrist-watch chains.

(Similar presents for larger orders.)

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