

ANOTHER FREE COMPETITION

THE
MERRY
MAGAZINE

Vol. III

MADRAS, 11th MAY, 1935

No. 19

SOLICITUDE!

761



*The would-be suicide's
betterhalf:*

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all the premia on
your life insurance
policy?

THE MERRY MAGAZINE

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY)

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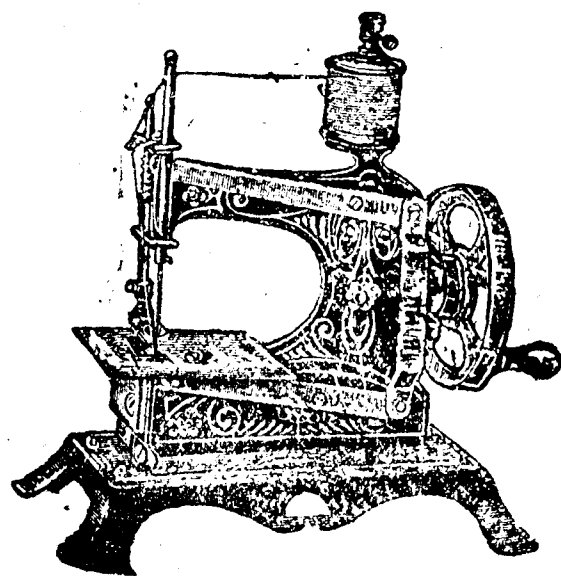
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ol. III. No. 19

THE MERRY MAGAZINE

Madras, May 11, 1935

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Reuter announces that Sir Samuel Laore's condition is much improved.



But the condition of the India Bill, we regret to say, very much worse!

It is proposed to introduce the death-penalty for pacifists in Germany.



Failing the return of its colonies, it should provide a simple solution for the problem of Germany's surplus population.

In the course of the debate on the India Bill in the Commons, a Lancashire member complained that anything which would give justice to Britain would be unpopular in India. On the other hand, anything which is unjust to India is generally popular in Lancashire!

The Duchess of Atholl claims that British cloth is very popular in India. Some of us have even respected it!

A gossip-writer says that more Englishmen are drifting northward to Scotland.

Evidently to find out what makes the Scotchmen drift away from it!

In the money-market, silver has touched a new high record.

We shouldn't wonder if it was due to the Jubilee!

General Hertzog, the South African premier who has arrived in London, said that he was happy to take part in the Jubilee celebrations of the Commonwealth.

We are sorry that he does not see the *Empire* as we see it.

Referring to the announcement that Germany is to construct 12 submarines, an M. P. asked the Foreign Secretary if they were not going to protest against unilateral repudiation of obligations.

Specially when others do it!

A news head-line says: 'Mr. Macdonald entertains dominion premiers.'



He has however ceased to entertain us.

It is stated that the Rt. Hon'ble Sir T. B. Saprú's retirement from politics is not permanent.

This has led to speculation as to when he entered the field first.

Replying to an address presented to him by the Cochin Chamber of Commerce, Sir R. K. Shanmugham Chetty, the new Dewan, is reported to have said that it gratified him, as a business-man, to be welcomed by business-men.

It was tactful of the Chamber to have made no reference to him as a politician.

Mr. Jinnah who has left for England said that he hopes to be away till December, and would therefore be absent from the Simla session of the Assembly.

It is too early to say who will benefit by this.

During the course of an interview, he is reported to have said: "If the Muslim says: I want to co-operate with Hindus and work with them... then the future government of India shall be a Muslim government."

We are afraid, however, that the British Government may not agree.

Another meeting of the leaders of the Justice Party has been held with a view to concert measures for the re-organisation of the party.



We understand that it has been decided to ascribe the blame for future defeats exclusively to the treachery of the electorate!

Speaking against Socialism, Mr. Satyamurti asserted that it has failed in Russia.

All the more reason why we should make a success of it in this country.

It is understood that the Nawab of Pataudi is not playing for Worcestershire, for reasons of health.

We shall not ask him for his reasons, if he makes up his mind to play for India.

The latest howler from the examination hall: 'The most important of the gods worshipped by the ancient Egyptians was Oasis.'

AN ISSUE OF COAL

By 'EMBUSQUE'

WHEN a cold spell swept over Northern India in the early part of the year, the clerical personnel in Government departments were among those who felt the draught. Their offices, built to withstand the great heat of summer, were ill-constructed to keep out the icy blasts pervading the lofty corridors and airy sanctums in which they practised *cacathoes scribendi*. Frost-bitten fingers dropped fountain-pens from which the congealed ink had ceased to run. Blots defaced the fair surface of departmental documents. The peons in the basement were detected surreptitiously burning the land-records. Something had to be done.

When the matter was represented to Authority, Authority (who was provided with electric heaters) pronounced as follows: "With reference to your number C. R./13752/Est./p/79 dated 10th instant, I am directed to say that the present inclement weather is exceptional, and may not be anticipated to continue. Instructions have, in fact, been issued to that effect. It is not proposed to take any further action." In short, the weather was told to behave itself, and in the meanwhile the clerks were invited to freeze.

The clerks froze accordingly, with the in-offensive patience that characterises the tribe; but a costs-clerk, as is the way with costs-clerks, went too far, and froze to death while cooking his accounts. Authority, when apprised of the irregularity, went into a committee of ways and means. Senior officials were observed tramping the corridors, beating their arms to keep themselves warm, and muttering phrases like, "In the present financial stringency.....debtible to Head LXIX-15 (D) (9) (e)-Emergent..... Gosh! It's cold!"

The upshot was that Authority decided to issue coal tentatively, without prejudice, subject to reconsideration,

and in fact, with all the provisions that human ingenuity might suggest.

The decision was embodied in a pamphlet that was produced by the heads of seven different departments and the printer's devil. Its origin may account for any obscurity and cross-purposes which the thoughtful reader may detect in the finished document, which ran as follows:

Provision of Coal for Freezing and Frying Purposes

1. The general principles to be observed in the emergent provision of fuel for wheezing and trying purposes during the present inclement weather may be summarised as follows:

- Coal can only be issued to those who will solemnly promise not to burn it.
- The maximum authorised scale cannot be exceeded in any circumstance. (This does not apply to officers who are as broad as they are long).
- Care must be taken not to issue fuel to any persons who have the slightest means of burning it (e.g., persons who occupy a room with a fire-place).

2. The recipients of these instructions will be the authority for deciding what coal may be consumed, and the hours during which it shall be burnt. The weather should, of course, be taken into account when deciding this, and the following is a brief guide to be followed when arriving at this highly-important decision:

- Coal must not be used when the weather-conditions include:
 - Rain.
 - Snow.

- Sleet (for the purpose of this section, sleet shall be deemed to be a mixture of rain and snow).
- Hail.
- Thunder (with or without lightning).
- Blizzard.
- Frost.

(Note: the above list is not exhaustive).

- At other times, the question of burning coal may be considered.
- When coal is consumed, it shall be lighted in the presence of at least three gazetted officers, under the conditions laid down in the Rules for the Destruction of Valuable Government Property.
- In arriving at a decision, officers will bear in mind that should they requisition a free issue of coal, they will probably have to pay for it.
- When all the above factors have been taken into account, daily indents for fuel may be rendered to the Government of India in duodecimo, on the lines of a requisition for radium. Nil requisitions will be submitted.
- When the coal has been received, the indent will be receipted and the receipt destroyed. On the 33rd. of the month, the following statement will be submitted:
 - Total consumptions (Nil returns are required).
 - Total receipts (These will be nil returns).
 - Balance carried forward (It is expected that a balance will have accumulated by this time).
- The maximum scale of issue is as follows:
 - Rooms with large fireplaces 1/4 tola per diem.
 - Rooms with small fireplaces..... 1 tola per diem.
 - Rooms with braziers..... see Note (i).
 - Rooms without fireplaces or braziers..... Whatever amount can be actually consumed.

Notes:

- Persons occupying rooms with braziers are expected to issue coal, free of charge, to the Coal Store.
- Persons whose rooms are only large enough to squeeze a typist in, will not require any fuel for warming purposes.

6. Doorkeepers, messengers, coachmen, attendants, and other menial establishment, are permitted to inaugurate a colliery, which will be erected on that piece of ground lying to the east of the geranium-bed of the Director-General of Asylums.

7. The cook who cooks for the cook who cooks for the waterman who carries water for the cook who cooks for the Staff Restaurant, may obtain coal up to a maximum of 15 tons per diem, provided he pays for it.

8. A conference of those concerned will be called immediately, to discuss the question of economising on the above free issues.

Naturally, this masterly exposition of policy aroused keen departmental interest, and several sensational minutes were drafted, calling for rulings upon moot and hypothetical points. For example, suppose a person occupied a room without fireplace or brazier, and introduced a private oil-heater therein; might not the oil-heater, for the purpose of these instructions, be deemed a brazier? And could the person issue kerosene to the Coal Store, in lieu of coal? It all turned on the question, is kerosene fuel? The consensus of opinion was that bazaar-kerosene was not fuel. But assuming that it was fuel, what would the storeman do with it? Could he re-issue it to the Medical Department for use in anti-malaria operations? And how would the transaction be adjusted in next year's budget?

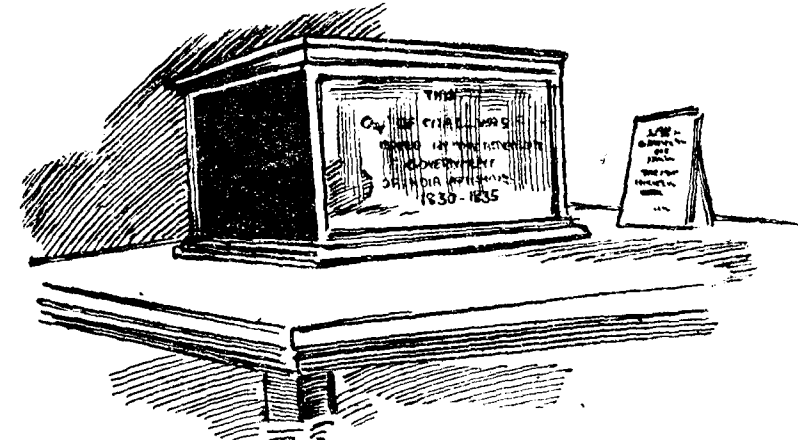
Cynical readers may imagine that the net issue of free coal was nil, but then they are not acquainted with Mr. Piare Lall. Mr. Piare Lall was the local Regulations-hound. He could be relied to find his way through a maze of conflicting instructions that would baffle a Theseus. It was Mr. Piare Lall who invented the theory of the perpetual motion of touring officers, whereby they accumulated mileage even when stationary. He proved his case by attaching a pedometer to a particularly restless Deputy-Commissioner of Police, and charged his perambulations up and down the office at two annas a mile!

Mr. Piare Lall went into retirement for a week, surrounded by Fundamental Rules, Meteorological Charts, and Office Instructions. He emerged from seclusion bearing a requisition for one tola of coal, so artfully supported by a mass of vouchers, departmental decisions, and documents of reference, that not even the Finance experts could raise an objection, or refer back the indent for further consideration. In short, the Government of India was compelled to issue Mr. Piare Lall with one tola of coal.

The coal arrived just at the commencement of the hot weather. Of course, Mr. Piare Lall had already solemnly promised not to burn it, and you may wonder what he intended to do with it. Well, he began a correspondence seeking permission for the coal to remain in

Departmental possession. Such was his ingenuity, that after several reams of paper and several sheets of stamps had been consumed, the coal became office property.

It may now be seen in a glass case in the entrance hall, as a reminder to Posterity of what their ancestors endured during the terrible financial crisis of 1930-36.



...may now be seen in a glass case

In The Next Issue

A MODERN HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY
'Not by Shakespeare.'
(Would-be hubbies note!)

DIARY OF A BAD BOY
(Oh, boy!)

A LITTLE BIT OF FLIRT
(In fact a large bit of it!)

THE BABY SHOW
(Men can win a prize.)

THE HAUNTED HOUSE
(What a Landlord!)

THE GHOST FROM CHICAGO
(Yet another!)

Also our usual bright features
And
A FREE COMPETITION!



RAMSAREY, possessor of a pen-knife, put it to a rather unusual use. One night, it is stated, he returned home, having heavily partaken of the Goblet of Bacchus, and not finding his meals ready, cut off his wife's shapely nose. When the man came to his senses, he found himself a guest of His Majesty, who during his eventful reign of five and twenty years, has never been inhospitable to his law-breaking subjects. Ramsarey pleaded that he was as innocent as a new-born babe, that one Bhagwandas had perpetrated the outrage and to save his wife's honour, he had taken the blame for the crime. Alas, as in all such cases, the plea did not wash with the enquiring officer of law, who sent down Ramsarey for a stretch of nine months.

I suspect the erring husband must have been glancing through the pages of the Ramayana.

A husband of Paris, however, inflicted a bigger punishment on his wife for a much smaller offence. He shot her dead, because he objected to her having her hair dyed. Monsieur Camille Delattre had been happily wedded for twenty-one years when a man named Pierre Jean began to pay court to Mme. Delattre. Delattre was the proprietor of the hotel in which Jean was staying. After a stormy scene, one night, Madame left her husband and went away with Jean to another hotel.

After a few days, the love-lorn Delattre saw his wife coming out of the swing-doors of a beauty-parlour, where she had had her hair dyed. Furious at the idea of his wife making herself attractive to another man, he drew out a revolver—evidently they all carry fire-arms in that sunny land—and put her on the spot. A sympathetic jury at the Paris Criminal Court acquitted Delattre!

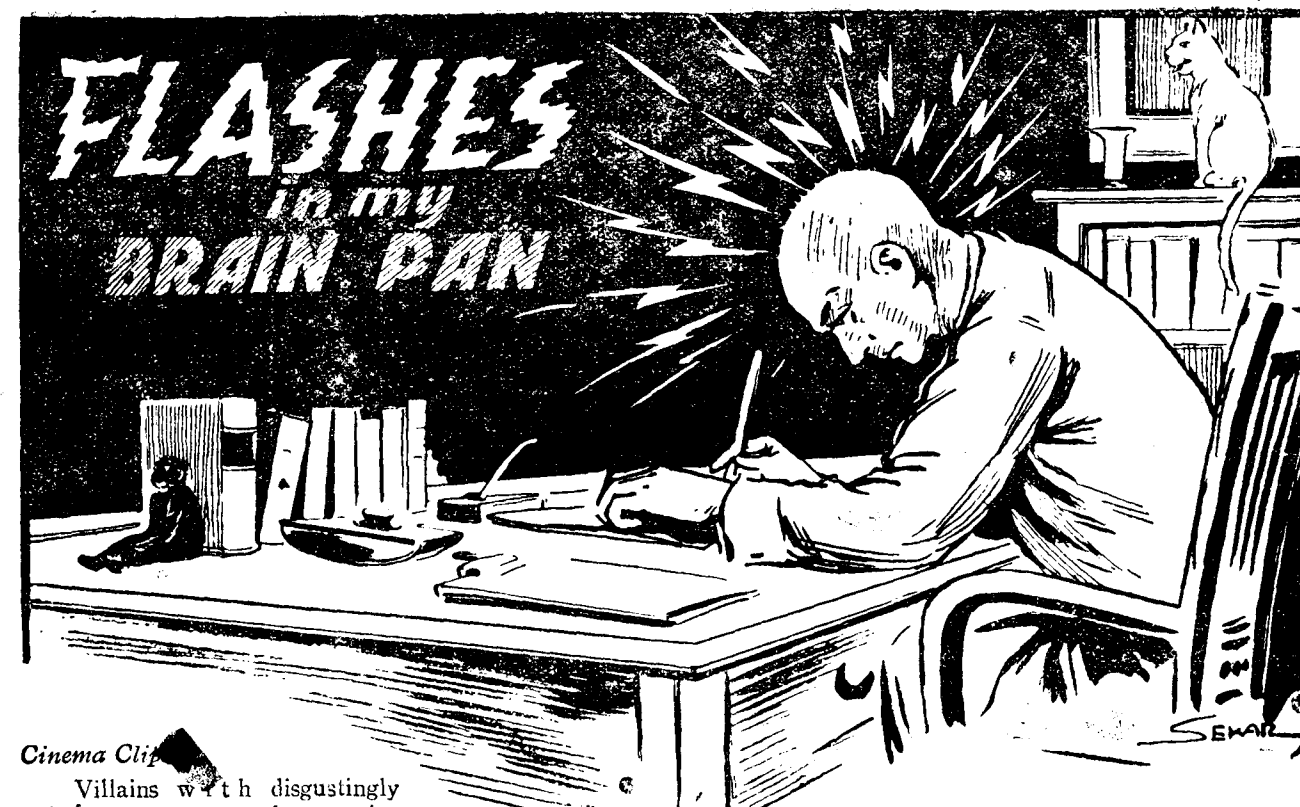
People have quite a different sort of humour on the other side of the 'Big Pond'. A stranger in New York entered one of its up-to-date hair-dressing saloons and seated himself. He was accosted by a grinning Negro, with a mouthful of gleaming white teeth, who started polishing

the visitor's shoes. This finished, Sambo brushed the man's coat and attended to other sartorial arrangements. All this went on to the surprise and satisfaction of the stranger, but imagine the latter's consternation when suddenly the Negro darted his arm up the leg of the visitor's trousers. The startled client, under the impression that the man was trying to do some act of gross violence to him, jumped off his seat as though a red-hot iron had been placed under his seat and demanded an explanation for the extraordinary behaviour. "It's all right, sah, it's all right," said the Negro, "I'se just fixing your suspendah, sah; your sock was slippin' down."

Seeing the humour of the situation, the visitor burst into a guffaw.

A Jekyll-and-Hyde girl, who undergoes an astonishing physical transformation every spring, from a normal child into a shrunk, repulsive hunch-back, is puzzling the best medical brains of Birmingham, Alabama. She is Mary Kate Ware, aged 12, and ever since the age of 3, she has undergone this yearly sea-change, during which she loses weight to the extent of twenty pounds. Her body becomes shrunken and misshapen, her back humped, her face wrinkled, her baby fingers resembling claws and her chubby limbs growing gnarled and skinny. With the advent of summer, she again becomes normal. Last year, however, the deformity failed to disappear completely and none dreads the spring this year more than little Kate's mother, for she is frightened that this time, the deformity might remain permanent.

A woman had a parrot which was free to roam where it chose in the house. Polly was often in disgrace, and had damaged some onions which had been tied up in bunches to dry. For this she was caged and severely reprimanded by her owner, who said, in the course of her remarks, "If you do that again, Polly, I'll pull every feather off your head." The following day the lady had a visit from the Vicar, who was bald. On being introduced into the sitting room, the parrot greeted him with the words, "Hallo! Been at the onions?"



Cinema Clip

Villains with disgustingly ugly features, says a writer, receive large salaries in Hollywood:

This is a very curious fact
It may even puzzle sages;
That the uglier your face is
The handsomer are your wages!

From the Farmyard:

Milking, says a dairy maid, is a kind of art.
I don't know if this is the truth
Or just her idle 'jaw';
But if you want to milk a cow
You must know how to draw!

Volcanic Tragedy:

There was a young fellow of Java
Who was unduly fond of ripe guava;
He ate quite two score.
But ere he could more
He was carried away by the lava.

The Reason:

Nudists, says a doctor, are not as a rule addicted to racing.

Well, well, they never have a shirt to put on a horse.

Terri-belle:

I knew a beautiful belle
She was bred extremely welle:
And yet it is curious
That when she grew furious
She would at once start swearing like helle!

The Wanderer:

There was a young fellow called Gale
Who roamed over hills and the dale;
And the ocean expanse
Till one day by chance
He was swallowed up by a—whale.

Reptiles not in the Zoo:

No. 1. The Lounge Lizard.

The Sailor who didn't Care:

A sailor who sailed on the ocean
Developed an acute emocean
For the captain's daughter;
But when he gaughter
The captain wouldn't give him promocean.

Says the boy friend:

I'll tell you what she eats and drinks
I'll tell you what she wears;
I'll tell you what she says and thinks
And if for me she cares.

I'll tell you what she reads and why
She snores in her slumber;
I'll tell you all, but hanged if I
Tell you her PHONE NUMBER!

Matrimonial Mirth:

Recently in Manitoba a man aged sixty-three was married to a woman of sixty-one.

The bride's motto evidently was: It's never too late to mate!

THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

Sparks

THIS issue contains a surprise to the readers.

Eleven weeks ago this Saturday the music of our anvil stopped and the 'Sparks' ceased flying about. This sparkling feature which the Merry fans have justly bracketted with the best wit of British weeklies was replaced by an equally titillating piece of art, namely 'Mali's cartoons. My object in effecting this substitution was, as I had mentioned, to make the Merry as little topical as possible. But as the days passed by, my incoming correspondence swelled with requests from readers to restore this feature; and my invitation to the readers to send me their opinions of the Merry brought matters to a head. Says a reader:

"I am second to none in my admiration of 'Mali's art. His attitude towards life has an open-mouthed comedy about it, with just a dash of cynicism that makes his art such a delight. He is the blue-eyed boy to carry a funny idea to the point of a scream. All the same I, and my fellow readers with me, have missed the 'Sparks' sadly. So my dear Sir of the Order of the Blue Pencil, I suggest (and I have popular opinion behind me) you restore the 'Sparks' at the same time not giving 'Mali's page the go-by."

The idea, I admit, is a rich one: but there is a lot of double-entry accounting behind it. However, I have given anxious consideration to the readers' wishes and have finally decided that double-entry may go suck a zube, as Auntie would say. To-day I have staged a come-back for 'Sparks' and the Merry anvil has started clanging once again. I shall retain Mali's page, thereby putting the lid on a controversy which very nearly gave me indigestion.

'Deisvi' Serial.

Our esteemed friend 'Deisvi' is making his third grand bow to the public with another of his full-dress stories—The Misfortunes of Meena. To say it is great, were a poor compliment to its author. The theme of this story is a pernicious socio-religious iniquity which reformers are fighting with the ardour of a Crusade. Illustrating the letter-press is Sekar, a decorator worthy of 'Deisvi's art! The 25th of this month will see the first instalment of this great serial in these pages. Be sure of your copy by booking it in advance.

Poetry in excelsis.

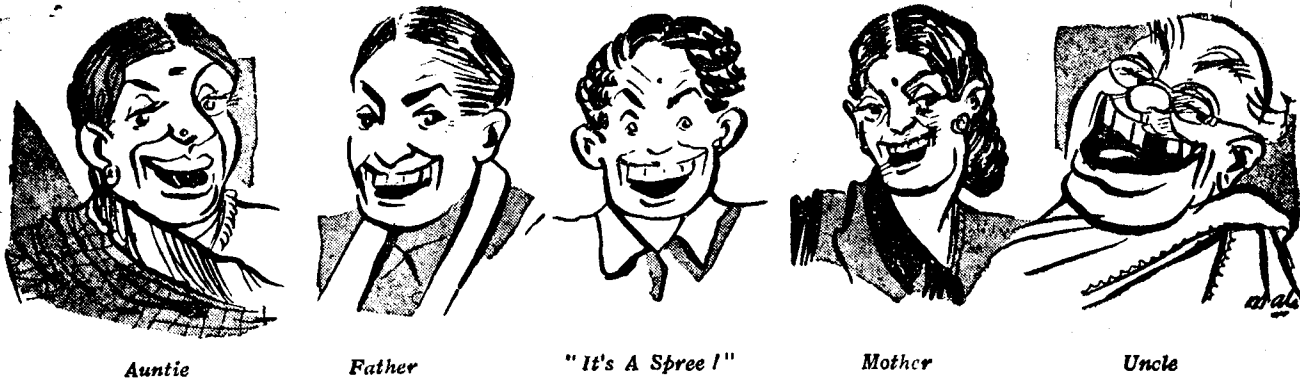
Rightly perhaps, magazine journalism has given the cold shoulder to the poetic Muse. This Goddess is too cold and regal a beauty to feel at home amidst the rollicking levity of prose in lighter vein. However, once in a while she feels like having a bit of hula and an artist-middleman comes along to present her to a laughing world. Such a poet would be gracing these pages, I hope, very soon.

Free Competitions.

If St. Peter were to pay us a visit this summer, I am sure he would think thrice before spending a few annas over an iced drink. Such are the depressing times through which we are passing. But depression or no depression I am giving away every week this month, Rs. 200 in prizes for puzzles-competitions. Of course, there is no entrance fee. I invite one and all to pocket a part at least of this 'easy money'.

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FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Cross-Examined

Solicitor: "You admit breaking your stick over the plaintiff's person?"
Defendant: "Yes, but it was an accident."
Solicitor: "Nonsense! How could it possibly be an accident?"
Defendant: "Please, sir, I never intended to break my stick."

The Sailor's Son

Jack: "My dad's brought a monkey home from the East and now it's just like one of the family."
Joey: "G'arn, which one of the family is your monkey like?"

The True Story

The banker fell in love with an actress and decided to marry her, but to make it certain he employed a private detective to report on her life.
Report:—The lady has an excellent reputation, her past is without blemish, she has an excellent circle of pleasant friends. The only breath of scandal is that lately she has been seen a great deal in the company of a banker of doubtful repute.

The Bright Spot

"We are going to the dogs," said the talkative man, in the railway carriage. "The country is bankrupt, and the outlook is blacker than ever. Is there, I ask, one bright spot anywhere?"
"There is," replied the victim, emphatically.
"And pray, what is it?" asked the other.
"That I'm getting out at the next station!"

We haven't Caught it

The only kick some of us have against the theory that wealth is a disease is that it never becomes an epidemic.

A Windfall to Bicycle Manufacturers

A doctor complains of people who insist on carrying germs about in public. But what are they to do with their germs? Teach them to ride bicycles?

Not Admitted

The two ladies met, as ladies will when out marketing. They had not seen each other for sometime, and the flood of gossip soon drove Sunday's joint into oblivion.
"And 'ow's your poor husband, Mrs. Brown?" asked one after a while. "I did 'ear 'ow 'e was at death's door."
"Oh, 'e's allright," replied Mrs. B. "Death must 'ave known the old 'um-bug as well as I do—and kept the door bolted."

His Little Joke

A passenger in a speed-boat was far out to sea when the pilot began to laugh hysterically.
Passenger: "What's the joke?"
Pilot: "I'm thinking of what they'll say at the asylum when they find out I have escaped!"

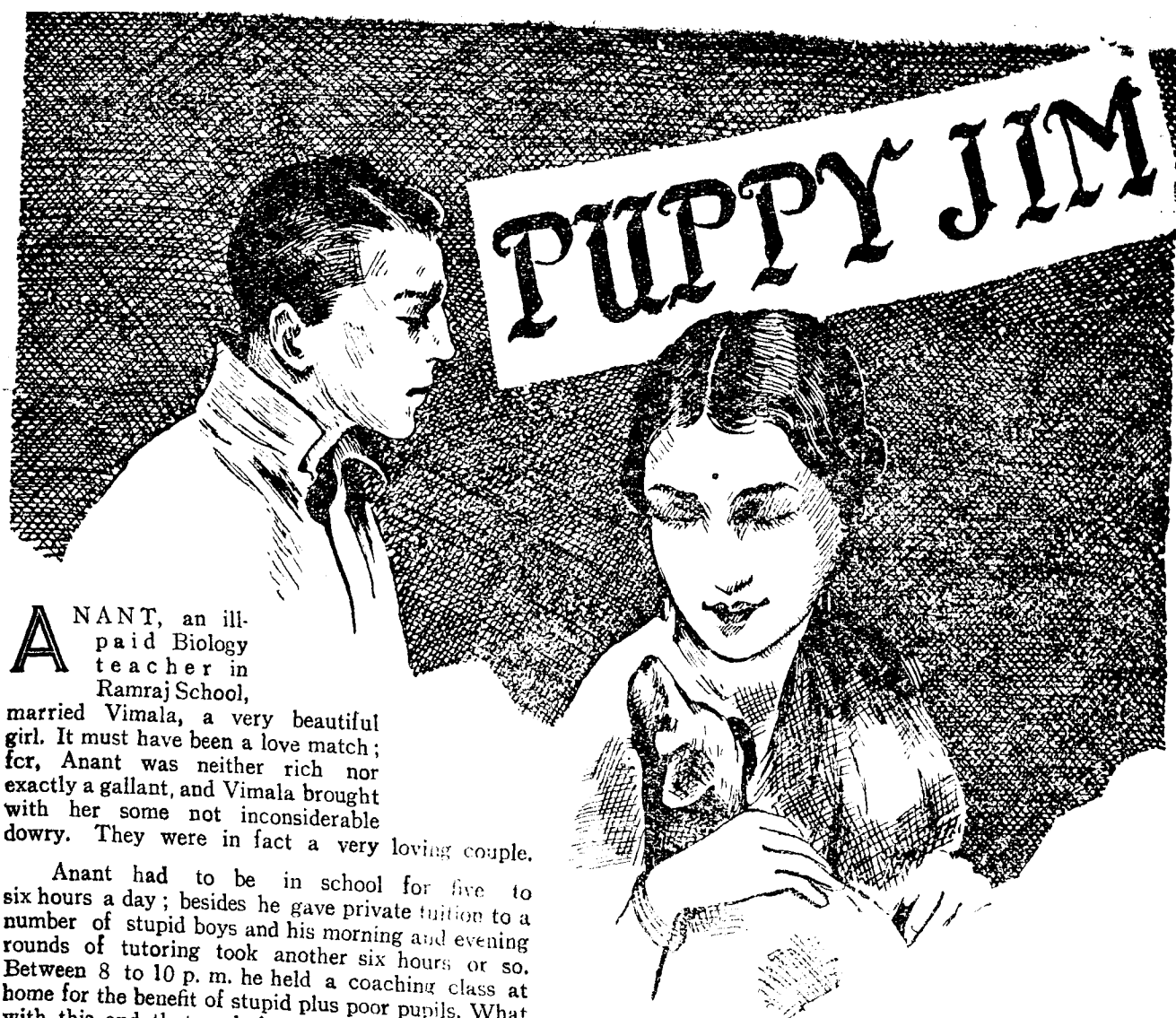
Hard Luck!

At the funeral of a millionaire, a man was weeping as though his heart would break.
"What are you weeping for, Abie?" asked a friend.
"A relative of yours?"
"No, that's vy I'm weeping," sobbed he.

Irritating!



"Well, what is the good of buying weed-killer if your hens fly over and eat it?"



ANANT, an ill-paid Biology teacher in Ramraj School, married Vimala, a very beautiful girl. It must have been a love match; for, Anant was neither rich nor exactly a gallant, and Vimala brought with her some not inconsiderable dowry. They were in fact a very loving couple.

Anant had to be in school for five to six hours a day; besides he gave private tuition to a number of stupid boys and his morning and evening rounds of tutoring took another six hours or so. Between 8 to 10 p. m. he held a coaching class at home for the benefit of stupid plus poor pupils. What with this and that and the very necessary sleep of at least eight hours, unfortunate Anant had little chance of enjoying his charming wife's company. It was a great pity, for the dear girl was very nice really, 'ripping' as the novelists say, and yearned for company.

Alone at home, from morning till night; no companions, no mother, not a mother-in-law even to quarrel with; as yet, (it was too early no doubt), no children either, to fondle and caress! What could poor Vimala do?

Indeed she was a very accomplished girl—exceedingly so. She could sing, she could read two and a half (her 'English' was still in its nonage) languages, she could try her hand at knitting and embroidery. It was little bother to cook for two, especially since in these days one had stoves and electric heaters and kettles, and one didn't scruple to order one's bread and jam from the hotels. And then—little Vimala spent her lifelong day looking into the mirror every three seconds, studying her sparkling hair, day-dreaming, and lisping tunes of love.

RAJARAM

How long could one do that? How long could a vigorous, young girl, whose blood was warm, sit in a vacuum, like one's grand-dad cut in alabaster? Music and fiction and dream fancies are by themselves too evanescent—and Vimala rightly thought them so. After all she was no saint; she wanted to live.

It was no use complaining; Anant couldn't help it, could he? Of course, all the while, teaching or coaching or tutoring, questioning or demonstrating or examining—he thought eternally of his darling at home. Once or twice indeed, to the great merriment of his pupils who understood the poor man's malady (he was a 'good' man beloved of his students—for who doesn't want to love a fool?) he had written on the black-board 'Vimala' instead of 'Amoeba' and 'Darling' instead of 'Panulirus'. But he simply had to go on like that, deny himself his wife's company—else his wife and he should starve, which God forbid!

It was at this psychological moment (as the newspapers say) that a remarkable thing happened. A charm-

ing female dog of the locality, about whom you could always see a dozen gentlemen members of the species revolving, delivered herself of no less than five marvellous puppies in the backyard of Anant's house. How in the name of heaven the pregnant dog pitched upon that particular spot for her delivery remains a mystery. I should simply call it a decree of fate.

Suffice to say here that when Madame Vimala opened the back door one fine morning, what did she see but this set of six—mother and five children! Vimala could scarcely believe her eyes; why, it was splendid, it was wonderful, it was heaven! She rushed to the corner in great joy. The mother dog shook her tail understandingly—it almost seemed to wish similar happiness to Vimala herself. Oh, the glory of motherhood!

Vimala took the puppies one by one, kissed their eyes as yet closed, pressed them to her heart, took them two by two, three at a time, all at a time. She sat on the ground, regardless of the dirt and squalor, huddled together the puppies on her lap, and clasped them, smiled at them, beamed at their proud mother. This one was darkish white, this other pale reddish brown, this third pure white, this fourth all jet black, and this little, little one indescribably lovable, spotted like a leopard, fine ears, fine curly tail, so kissable a mouth!

When her husband came to the backyard at about 7. 30, she was still there, squatting and gazing in supreme bliss, with little cries like 'puppy-py-py', 'diddidi', 'lovvie', 'jimmie'.....

The Biology Assistant Master saw and understood. How the pretty dear smiled, sat there transfigured with joy! She presently saw Anant, and screamed, "See we have five puppies, five wonderful puppies, five dear little puppies!" And she carried the youngest-looking and most adorable of the lot and put it on Anant's shoulders. He caught it in his hand and stroked it tenderly and gave it back to his wife.

Husband and wife went to the sacred seat of the canine family. The husband all but forgot his morning round of tuitions; the wife forgot all about her culinary duties. They pulled the puppies by their ears, and as they yelped, exclaimed with delight: "Puppy Mister, you've life, you've honour, you've dignity!" or "Madam Puppy, you are a nice prude, you're an inveterate coquette, you are too cute!"

The wife now proposed that they should bring up the entire family; but for once the husband was firm; he would have no canine prowlings in his house! Vimala wept. "It's cruel, why can't I have the darling puppies to keep company when you are away for hours and hours and ages? What am I to do? How spend my time?"

Anant sympathised with her. After all she was right—why not allow her to bring up one puppy as a pet? It would do no harm surely! He said therefore, haltingly but kindly, "Darling Vimal, don't weep, dear girl! It's not that I don't realise your loneliness. But then why the whole family? There will be no fun in that. Choose one puppy, the best of the lot. The one you showed me first, that's the best of the lot! Do be reasonable, Vimal."

After some further interesting discussion and exhibition of emotion on one part and logic on the other, the matter was settled amicably. The canine family was to be kept in the house till such time the mother and children were in a position to shift for themselves; the tiniest of the puppies, hereinafter christened 'Jim', to be brought up in the house with all the tender solicitude of which Vimala was capable. They drank coffee (Vimala tried to feed Puppy Jim with that godly beverage, but he wouldn't try it!) and the husband went on his rounds, and Vimala went to the backyard to the canine family.

Hours passed, days, whole weeks. Days and weeks of incessant activity on Madame Vimala's part. One might think she had half a dozen daughters at home and a score or so of grandchildren whose various needs had to be attended to. At last the mother went and her four children, too; only Jim remained, eating *puri*, *srikant* and *chappatti* and drinking iced soda, orange juice and coffee. The fellow became fat, mischievous, courtly. Vimala never tired of him. What a rare piece of work was Puppy Jim! How delicious his look! So soft in touch, so sweet to look! He had his baths daily; Vimala insisted on using toilet soap to cleanse him!

Her attentions towards him grew perceptibly less. Anant became jealous. Even when he made love to her during the very little time at his disposal, she seemed to repulse him—he wasn't yet sure! The dear girl now spent her time, talking to Jim, kissing it—and in all that, looked ten times more adorable than before. How she pinched Jim, how she again and again pulled Jim by his ears, now the left, now the right and now both—and how she danced with joy as Jim screamed and cried!

Anant tortured his mind endlessly. He felt jealous of Jim: he determined times without number to drown the thing in a bucketful of water. But no, that wouldn't do; that would break the girl's heart!

One night Anant couldn't bear it. When his wife came to him at last, he said, tears gathering in his eyes, words all atremble—"You don't love me anymore, after Jim came!" That was all; he broke down.

Vimala saw and quickly understood her husband's intense anguish. She put her arms round his shoulders kissed him on his lips, kissed away the tears in his eyes, and pulling his ears vehemently said, "Oh puppy, you are a leetle pup, I love you!"

Of course her pulling his ears pained him, but he didn't mind. He said "If you love me at least as much as you love Jim, that's enough."

ALTHOUGH my friends consider me as highly gifted with that subtle power, called intuition, which enables a person to know beforehand what is going to take place, I somehow, can never forecast the coming of my friend John. I feel quite sure that in some past life he was a policeman, since he appears at all impossible occasions and places, but can never be found when I really and badly want him.

The following statistics will show you how his movements, his goings and comings, have frustrated my best-laid schemes.

He appeared as if from nowhere:—

Seventeen times when I was entering a restaurant, very hungry,

Eight times when I was about to have a heart-to-heart talk with various sweethearts of mine, who had called at my house,

Nine times when I was at a bar, about to order a drink.

He or his ghost was nowhere within fifty miles, on:—

Thirteen occasions when I wanted him to take me to the pictures,

Ten occasions when I wanted to borrow money from him,

Seven occasions when I wanted him to take me to his hotel, my hotel-keeper having refused me further credit, and,

Eight occasions when I wanted to borrow his best suit.

Under such circumstances I had naturally resigned myself to Fate, and never expected him, and yet, was always prepared for his advent. A few days back I heard heavy footsteps on my front porch, the dogs started barking, the skies grew dark, and I said to myself, 'Lo! he cometh', and he did come, with his usual happy-go-lucky attitude, thumped me heavily on the back, and threw himself in a chair with the usual sigh.

"You know, Teddy, I am again courting," he calmly announced.

"Courting what? Difficulty, disaster or death?" I asked.

"Now give up your constant fooling, else your fool-head will see stars, stripes and satellites."

"But my dear man, you don't say which of the three you are courting. These days a man can court anything from damnation to death."

"Well, it's a 'D' right enough, only, this time it's Dorothy."

"Dorothy?" I asked surprised. I knew a lot of Dorothys.

"Yes, that's her name, she lives somewhere on the Lawrence Road, her father is in the Telegraphs, one of her brothers is a fireman on the East Indian Railway, she has two younger sisters, both attending school, and the other brother is in the police."

"Sounds alright, except for the police."

"And why except for the police?"

"Quite simple, you goof! A girl whose brother has the nerve to join the police is apparently made of stern stuff."

"Yes, she may be, but she seems to be game. You see, she dropped her handkerchief, and I picked it up and gave it to her, and would you believe it, Teddy, she smiled ever so sweetly? And I said, 'Here you are Miss, you have gone and dropped your hanky,' and what do you think she said—?"

"Thanked you?"

"Thank my eye! She said, 'Oh, how good of you Mr. Pemberton,' and I said, 'Mr. John, if you please,' and she said, 'Oh, yes, Mr. John, how sweet of you! My name is Dorothy'."

"She said all that?" I asked suspiciously.

"Of course she did! Do you think I am telling a lie?"

"No—go ahead."

"Well, I am almost landed, but there is one difficulty. I hear that somebody has gone and told her that I am a flirt, and don't deserve attention, and she now passes me with a sniff, on the road. What am I to do?"

"But how do you know that she has been told all that about you?"

"Well, I sent her a message through one of her younger sisters, and this little girl tells me that her sister says she doesn't like to have anything to do with flirts, and what's more, she has not only returned my letter, but the bouquet I sent along with it!"

"This is rather distressing, but what can I do?"

"Why, you can put in a word for me, can't you?"

"Are you mad, John? I don't even know the girl."

"You know the family alright, her brother was schooling with you."

"What is her surname, you said?"

"Bank, Dorothy Bank, that's her full name."

"Bank? Oh, then you mean Terrance Bank's sister?"

"That's her, old boy, that's her!"

THE EMISSARY

By
'TEDDY BEAR'

"Oh, she has come back then, after her vacations?"

"You know her then?"

"'Course I do. She was...I mean...I was sometime...that is.....So what do you want me to do?"

"Of course, I will."

"You promise you will not eat them yourself?"

"What rot are you talking? Am I schoolgirl to eat chocolates?"



Although I am not sure, I think I also moved a little closer.....

"Now, now, Teddy, no double dealing! Finish your first sentence. I know you were going to say something, but you changed it."

"I wasn't going to say anything in particular, except that I knew her from babyhood."

"There you are! Now you can go and see her and tell her what a model man I am, and that I will make a nice husband, and tell her that I am not a flirt."

"Alright, I agree; for your sake I'll go and do it."

"And tell her that I adore the very ground she walks on—"

"Alright!"

"And, oh—yes—Teddy, tell her I'll give her anything she wants, and if she loves me, tell her to meet me under the big banyan tree, in Lawrence Road, on the coming Saturday, in the evening at seven, when I shall take her to the pictures."

"I shall do so."

"And Oh, Ted, I have brought here with me five packets of chocolates. Will you give these for me?"

"And—oh—Ted, give her my love, and tell her nothing is too great for her; she has only to ask me, and tell her what a good charactered man I am, and how I adore her and tell her she is the most beautiful girl in the world, won't you?"

"But suppose she happens to look into a mirror?"

"Now, don't fool, Ted! You know how ravishing she is! Tell her if she won't return my love, I'll eat poison and die."

"Alright."

"And tell her that one word of love from her will revive my dropping spirit, and one kiss from her will prolong my life by ten years."

"I shall do so."

"That's a good boy, Ted."

John departed, after giving me all the instructions essential to my mission, and I took the first opportunity to call on Miss Dorothy Banks that evening. Fortunately she was at home, all alone, and was a bit surprised to see me.

"Hello, Ted! so good of you to have called after ages."

"Hello, Dorothy, how is everything? How did you enjoy your vacations up at Mussorie? Hope you had a nice time up there?"

We took our seats on an inviting sofa, which was nestling in a cosy corner in the back porch.

"Oh, Ted, I had a most rotten time. I was staying with an old lady, and I missed companionship very much. There were no young girls to go out with, neither any young man to take me out to the dances and pictures. Next time I go to Mussorie, I shall ask Ma to let me go with you."

"Ah—that's very good of you. By the way, my friend John—you know John?—he says he's a nice man."

I was, by this time, very much excited, and hardly knew what I was saying. Gentlemen like our Editor, and others who have had anything to do with beautiful girls, and have stood or sat in their presence, will at once understand what sort of torture I was undergoing at this moment.

Here was a Helen of Troy, before me, near me, and in her enchanting presence I was pleading for another man, when I should have confessed to her my own weakness for beautiful girls. However, a promise is a promise, and has to be performed at any cost.

"Oh, yes, I know John. By the way, Ted, when do your holidays begin?"

"Oh—my holidays.....yes, this John says he is not a flirt, but a good man, and—and——"

"Will you be able to get away for the Easter. We could go to Calcutta, for a short trip?"

"Of course, I'll get Easter holidays."

By this time she had moved nearer to me on the sofa we were seated on, and I could get the scent of the perfume women use to snare and hypnotise men. Although I am not sure, I think I also moved a little closer to her. I didn't feel it though, just as a bird never feels that it is being drawn towards a python which attracts it with hypnotic power.

"You see, Ted, Calcutta is such a gay place and a change will do us good."

"Oh, yes, it will.....and this man John says he worships the very ground you walk on, and he says, he says——"

"From Calcutta we can go to Ranchi, for a few days."

"Oh, yes, and John says that one word from you, one word of love will put new life in him."

"You know my brother is a fireman on the E.I. Railway?"

"Yes, Terrance, I know....and John says nothing is too great for you to ask, you have only to ask——"

By this time the process of hypnotisation was almost complete, and we were barely an inch apart on the sofa.

"I am going to ask Terrance to get us passes to Calcutta."

"Very good of you....and John says if you love him you must meet him under the banyan tree on Saturday evening, and if you don't, he will eat poison and die, and John also says——"

Somehow by this time my arms crept round her waist, and in the twinkling of an eye she had her arms around me, and my lips were on hers, in a blissful embrace.

"Oh, Ted," she sighed in delight.

"Oh, darling!" I sighed.

"Oh, you don't know, Ted, how I have always loved you! Yes, you, and nobody else."

"Oh, Dorothy darling, I love you too, beloved..... and John says you are the most ravishing creature on God's earth.....and by Jove he is right!"

"You love me, Ted?"

"Sure I do, beloved."

We sat there for four hours, talking, gossiping, kissing, embracing, and scheming for the future, and at the end of four hours when I took my departure, four empty packets of chocolates lay on the floor of the back porch.

I must now finish this story, as John may, at any moment, drop in on me, and demand to know the result of my mission to Miss Dorothy Banks. Moreover I have to do some hard thinking, as I do not wish to be shortly found in a hospital, in Ward D (dangerous cases). Dorothy has given me a book on Poisons, which she says I must take over to John.

Will any of you readers, who is heavily insured, or is a bachelor, undertake to convey the news to Mr. John on my behalf? Thank you.

NOBODY LOVES ME AT ALL!

used to be popular, long, long ago,
was lovable then, and quite handsome, I know.
The girls' and 'the ladies' all thought me a dear,
The men called me 'old man' and pail for my beer.
But like great Darius, I've had a great fall:
Nobody loves me at all.

The men cut me dead with an insolent stare,
The ladies pass by with their nose in the air.
My days in seclusion and silence are passed—
And my evenings as well, for I never am asked
To a dance, or a hop, or society ball.
Nobody loves me at all.

And even Dulcinea, the eye of mine eye,
Looks frigidly on me and passes me by,
Whatever the cause of her coolness may be

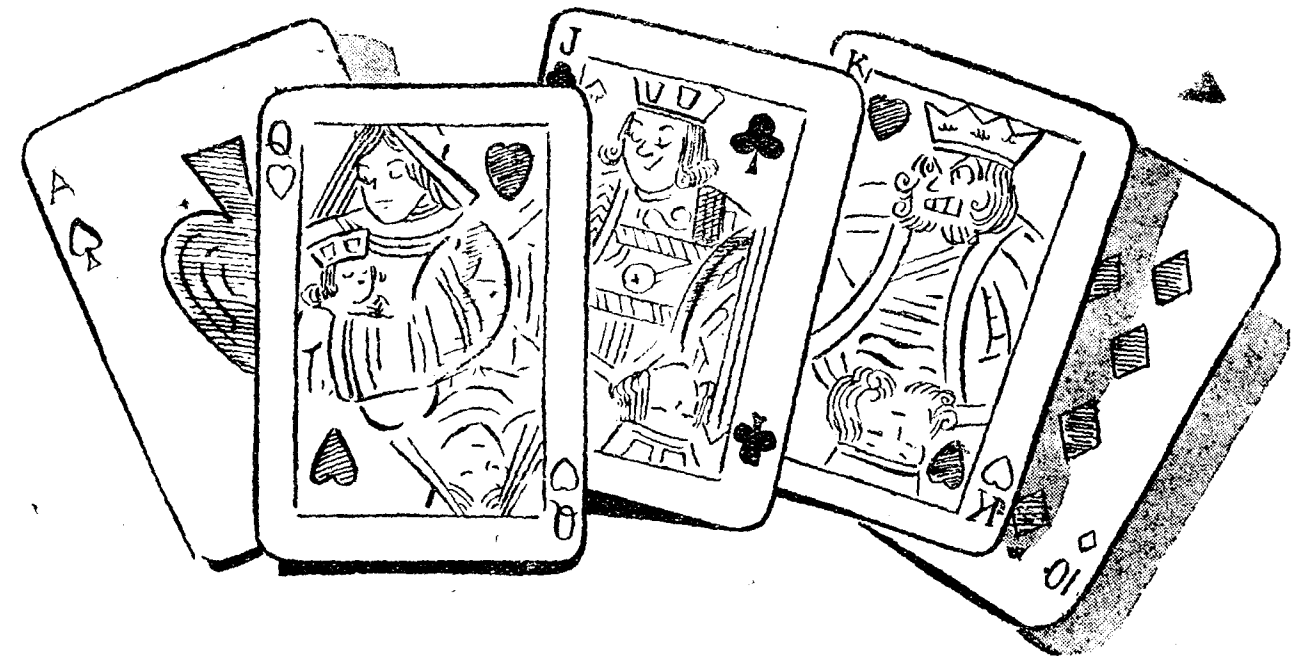
She won't even go to the pictures with me,
Though wildly for succour to Venus I call,
Nobody loves me at all.

My landlady thought me a pleasant young man,
And freely talked scandal about her whole clan.
She told me the tale of her bodily ills:
Now she looks coldly, and talks but of bills:
And "please would I not make a mess of the hall"—
Nobody loves me at all.

Oh, tell me, Oh tell me, whatever is wrong?
Oh, why should I be as effete as my song?
Am I too sunny natured? or am I too grave?
Does the world disapprove of the way that I shave?
Oh why, tell me why, such a thing should befall—
Nobody loves me at all!

'MUG'

Pericles.



Why should the king gnash his teeth?

ANSWER TO TEASER :

Say, Jim, where did she get the beard from?

For the Teaser see page 4.

The following are the familiar *Real Names* of film stars.

1. Marlene Dietrich
2. Colin Clive
3. Sally Blane
4. Ralph Forbes
5. Marion Davies
6. Ricardo Cortez
7. Constance Cummings
8. Jack Oakie
9. Raquel Torres
10. Warren William

Do you know their *real names*? You will find them at the end of the page.

Making films is no safe profession.

If you are one of those who consider talkie-making a safe and easy profession, give thought to a single week's record of casualties and near-casualties:

Tullio Carminati got a six-inch gash when he pushed a leg through a too realistic pane of glass for a scene in *Paris in Spring*.

Leslie Fenton had a wrenched hip and a barked shin in a fisticuff engagement with George Raft in *Stolen Harmony*.

Ann Sothern was unconscious for ten minutes and suffered severe injuries when she was hurled against the rail of a studio ship while acting in a Columbia picture.

Jean Muir sustained a sprained shoulder and arm when *A Midsummer Night's Dream* steed sent her careering through space.

Blazing film ignited a couch on which Mary Boland was acting in a Paramount picture, and only speedy footwork saved the comedienne from serious burns.

Spencer Tracy was under a surgeon's care for several days, the result of being nicked in the head by a flying plate during the making of a Fox talkie.

Gary Cooper suddenly slapped King Vidor's face in the presence of forty 'extras' on the *Wedding Night* set, killing a black widow spider before it dug its poison pipe into the director's cheek.

Miriam Hopkins was badly singed when the lace gown she was wearing in *Becky Sharp* came in contact with a lighted candle.

Child re-unites them.

Now that everything is again hunky-dory in the Spencer Tracy abode, it might be well to record the fact that it was the Tracy children who brought the estranged Spencer and Louise together.

Property settlements and such other matters were under discussion between the father and the mother, when Spencer's son interrupted with "You know a boy's place is with his daddy and a girl's place is with her mother!"



So certain is Spencer that the reconciliation will endure that he has taken a lease on Gary Cooper's San Fernando Valley manor.

Charlie Won't Talk!

Charlie Chaplin doesn't believe an artist can serve two masters, so he has just turned down a 15,000 dollars-a-week offer for a series of twenty-six broadcasts.

He also frowned upon the idea of Paulette Goddard—who, by the way, is his leading lady in *The Waif*—going on the air. (Charlie and Paulette have been married these many months.)

Those Academy Awards—

Columbia swept the field in the seventh annual awards of the National Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences this year. There had been much discussion because, both Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable in Columbia's *It Happened One Night* were nominated for

awards as the best actress and best actor of the year—so much so that the voting was thrown open after first, second and third choices had been nominated. This was largely to permit of voting on Bette Davis for her performance in *Of Human Bondage*; but when the votes were counted, it was found that Claudette won by a large margin not only over Bette who ran fourth, but over Norma Shearer, second and Grace Moore, third.

There was never any question of Gable's not winning the first place for actors. Far behind Clark, ran Frank Morgan, second, for his performance in *The Affairs of Cellini*, and Bill Powell, third, for *The Thin Man*. Columbia's Frank Capra won as the director of the year with *It Happened One Night*, and Bob Riskin, the adaptor of that story got the award for the best adaptation. Not content with all this, Columbia won for the best sound-recording in *One Night of Love*.

Real Names:—

1. Mary Magdalene Von Losch.
2. Clive Grieg.
3. Betty Jane Young.
4. Ralph Taylor.
5. Marion Douras.
6. Jacob Krantz.
7. Constance Halverstadt.
8. Lewis Daniel.
9. Willamina Osterman.
10. Warren Krech.

THE LETTERS OF PRIVATE JOYFULL

48. The Court-Martial

Madras, 11th May, 1935.

Dear Mother,

I think you will remember Sergeant Allsopp, who was courting the manageress of the canteen. Well, he has just had a court-martial. I was on duty as the Court Orderly, so I witnessed the whole proceedings.

Evidently, the inhabitants out here do not know that a court-martial is open to the public. I have never known an Indian to wander into a military court. Quite likely, some ignorant military policeman would try and turn him away. Fortunately, our military courts are famous for being prompt and fair; but public interest is always a safeguard; and besides, the Indian people ought to be interested, because in a few years they will be directly responsible for their own military affairs.

to make sure that the court was correctly constituted, and then they took an oath that they would try the case fairly and conscientiously.

The accused stood in the middle of the room, bare-headed. The President read to him the names of the judges, and said, "Do you object to being tried by me, or by any other member of the court?"

Instead of Sergeant Allsopp making any reply, Lieutenant Power said, "The accused has no objection, Sir." Lieutenant Power was the Sergeant's friend. It is one of the rules that every prisoner must have a friend to help him, and the friend need not be a civil lawyer.

The judges rose to their feet, and the President read from a paper, "Sergeant Allsopp, a soldier of the Regular



The accused stood.....bare-headed.

The court assembled in a very solemn manner. The three officers who composed it were in full uniform with sword. At first they went through a lot of formalities Forces, is charged with conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, in that he, on the afternoon of 25th March, was drunk."

The judges took their chairs, and the President looked at the Sergeant, and said, "You may be seated." The Sergeant sat beside his friend, Lieutenant Power.

The Adjutant, who was the accuser, rose to his feet, and explained the charge. Then the witnesses were called. The first one was Paddy Bryan, an Irishman in the machine-gun section.

"Well, Sir," said Paddy, after the preliminaries were over, "on the day it happened, I was sitting on my bed arranging my cigarette-pictures—"

"Never mind about the cigarette-pictures," said the Adjutant. "What time was it?"

"It was about two o'clock," said Paddy. "And I found that the regimental goat had eaten some of my cigarette-pictures—"

"Tell us what you know about Sergeant Allsopp," interrupted the President.

"Sure, I know a lot about him," said Paddy. "He used to court the manageress of the canteen—"

"No, no. What happened at two o'clock on the 25th March?"

"Well, Sir, the Sergeant-Major poked his head round the door, and I was so startled that I upset my cigarette-pictures."

"Yes," said the Adjutant. "What happened then?"

"The Sergeant-Major said that Sergeant Allsopp was missing—"

Lieutenant Power rose to his feet. "Did this conversation take place in the presence of the accused?" he asked quietly.

The President made a motion of agreement. "Don't tell us what the Sergeant-Major said," he remarked to Paddy. "Tell us what occurred."

"The Sergeant-Major said that the accused was missing," persisted Paddy. "He ordered me to find him. So I left my cigarette-card—"

"Did you go in search of Sergeant Allsopp?" demanded the President.

"Yes, Sir," said Paddy. "And as for my cigarette-cards—"

The President sighed, and read from his record. "Private Bryan states: 'About 2 p. m. on 25th March, I went in search of Sergeant Allsopp.'"

"Now, Bryan," continued the President, "in spite of all the answers you have given, you have only produced that one sentence of admissible evidence so far. Do try and keep to the point."

The examination continued on the same lines. At last, Paddy related how he

saw the Colonel's car standing at the back of the Officers' Mess.

The President groaned. "Cigarette-pictures!" he said mournfully. "And now, the Colonel's motor-car!"

"I heard a peculiar noise," said Paddy. "So I looked into the car, and there was the Sergeant, fast asleep, with his mouth open."

"What did you do?" asked the Adjutant.

"I woke the Sergeant, and told him that Sergeant Major Quirt was looking for him."

"Yes?"

"The accused replied that the Sergeant-Major could go and take a running jump at himself, and I could do the same."

"Go on."

"I persisted, so the Sergeant got out of the car, and came back to barracks with me. He used horrible language all the way."

"Did you form any opinion about him?"

"Yes, Sir. I wished I could get as drunk as he was," said Paddy regretfully.

Lieutenant Power got up to cross-examine, and began with, "You say that Sergeant Allsopp was drunk?"

"As drunk as an owl, Sir."

"How far is it from the Officers' Mess to the Sergeant-Major's house?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"Here is a map prepared by the Survey of India. Do you agree that the distance is over half-a-mile?"

"It might be, Sir."

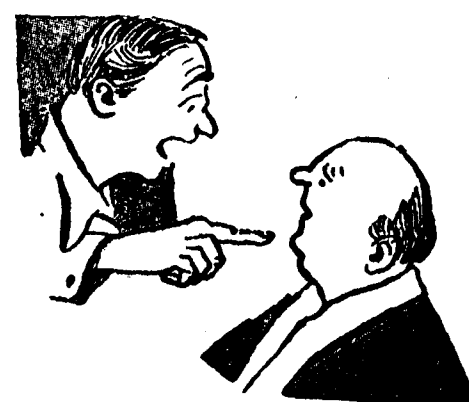
"Did you carry the accused from the Colonel's car to the Sergeant-Major's house?"

"Oh, no, he walked, Sir."

"Did you help him along?"

"No, Sir; he walked by himself."

DO YOU KNOW?



1. When was paper first made?
2. What is S.O.S?
3. What is the meaning of the expression 'Davy Jones's locker'?
4. What is Spoonerism?
5. What was the Locarno Pact about?
6. What is Quashee?

Please see answers on page 22.

"Did he roll about as he walked?"
"No, Sir. He just went along, swearing."
"So the accused walked half-a-mile by himself; yet you say he was drunk?"

"Yes, Sir, he was Regimentally drunk."

"Regimentally drunk?"

"Yes, Sir, he walked very carefully and steadily, like a drunken man on parade."

"He did not stagger?"

"Well, Sir, his remarks were staggering."

"He walked half-a-mile steadily, and did not stagger, but his remarks were unusual?"

"Yes, Sir, his remarks were quite fruity."

"He was using bad language?"

"Yes, Sir, he had a lovely flow of bad language. He ripped it off like anything."

"You say that although he was drunk, he was walking like a soldier on parade?"

"Well, Sir, as I was saying, he was Regimentally drunk, and when I got back to my cigarette-pictures—"

"That will do."

"The goat had eaten the rest of my cigarette-pictures," concluded Paddy mournfully.

"I call Sergeant-Major Quirt," said the Adjutant.

"Call Sergeant-Major Quirt," ordered the President.

"Sergeant Major Quirt!" I piped.

"Sergeant-Major Quirt!" thundered the police-sergeant at the door.

Thus heralded, the Sergeant-Major marched in like an army with banners. He reached the middle of the room with a great clashing of his sword, and saluted the President like a battery of twenty-one guns. Soon he was giving his evidence with the ease of long practice. He related how Sergeant Allsopp came to his house. "I formed the opinion that the accused was drunk," said Mossy-Face. "I ordered Sergeant Brown to take him to his quarters under close arrest."

"Do you wish to cross-examine this witness?" asked the President.

"Yes, Sir," replied Lieutenant Power.

"Then we will adjourn for lunch first," decided the President.

I felt disappointed that the adjournment happened just then, because the case was getting exciting. There were rumours that Sergeant Allsopp had an unexpected line of defence. I will write and tell you more about it next week.

Your Loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL.

The Psalm of a Director
[With Apologies to Longfellow]

Tell me not in congrat'lations,
My life is one long sweet dream;
If I am 'dud', out I go,
The fee I get ain't what it seem!

Life is real; life is earnest;
We aren't far from the goal,
If hurriedly we do something
Illegal, then—bless my soul!

Signing shares of all shareholders
Seems our destined end and woe;
And to be told at their meetings,
"Pay us more; pay us more."

We work hard; our time is fleeting,
And our typists, stout and gay,
Keep their machines wildly hitting—
And type one letter per day!

In the Board's broad room we gather,
To discuss the Company's weal;
And one by one we discover,
Each one's was a.....rotten deal!

"Trust no future, how'ever pleasant,"
Is my staff's fixed view;
"Ask—ask for your promotion,
Till the Directors give it you!"

My work is hard and duty's great,
And my purse, though stout and brave,
With 'bak-shee-shes' ever shrinking,
Can, alas! but little save!

Let me then be up and going
To my home—a little rest:
"Chauffeur! Is my car quite ready?"
"Quite, Sir.....but two tyres are burst!!"

—K. R. DAVER.



A labourer once climbed up a farmer's cocoanut tree to steal the nuts. The farmer accidentally came that way and looking up saw the figure peering down anxiously. As soon as the labourer perceived he was discovered, he started climbing down. The farmer was furious and asked him what he was doing up there.

"Please, your honour, I went up to cut grass for the cattle," he replied.

"Grass! Grass does not grow on the tops of palms," roared the farmer.

"Yes, your honour, that is why I came down."

In fact the labourer *disgusted* in search of grass, as I did in the narration of my life story. Both of us returned to our original paths when the thing was pointed out.

I admit I have been rambling. The narrative perhaps is lacking in congruity. I have jumped from superstition to the films, from history to doctors without any pretence at coherence. But I cannot write an autobiography like ordinary chaps—Wells, for example. My treatment is unique as it is interesting. I cannot adopt the diary method and describe everything that happened to me, however trivial it is, in the order of incidence. A diary is apt to be dull. There was a young boy-scout who had to keep a diary for recording

his day's good deeds. The earlier pages of his diary were interesting reading.

January 5: 'I saw a poor cow which had an irritation in its hind quarter. I scratched the spot for her.'

But altruism is rarely appreciated in this wicked world. The cow certainly did not appreciate the boy's action. The cow seemed to be unfamiliar with Baden-Powell and boy-scouts. If she was acquainted she did not approve of the institution. She promptly kicked the boy. For some days he was unable to move about. And then again come the entry:

Jan. 20th: 'I saw a poor woman bathing in the river. I gave her a piece of soap.'

In this case there was no evidence on the boy's body to show whether the gesture was received in the proper spirit.

There were many more of such. By February, Teddy's (that was the boy's name) stock of kind thoughts and actions seemed to have exhausted. He fell back to cryptic silence about his achievements on certain days. And on other days he simply wrote 'fever'. Thus in January Teddy was a regular knight-errant. In February he was good but not too good. March saw him good at intervals. By April Teddy had become silent and sullen. In June he was an ailing boy. In July he lost his diary.

You will admit that Teddy's diary, though it made a promising beginning, relapsed into moody silence. He became monotonous. That is the fate of every autobiography which draws on diaries for material.

Coming back to myself I shall take this opportunity to say something of my personal appearance. I was not a beautiful boy. Nobody ever praised my looks. But, perhaps I should mention a solitary instance. It was a woman of about twenty-five. She was waiting for her lover watching us playing on the ground by the road. A sudden shower sent us scuttling for shelter. I had an umbrella. The woman saw it and said, "Will you let me get drenched? Oh, thank you, you beautiful boy!"

The rain stopped and we resumed our game. The woman's lover arrived soon and nearly grovelled at her feet in his apologies. She was in love with him and forgave him.

"But you are dry!" he said.

"Yes, that boy gave me an umbrella."

"Which boy? That tall one?"

"No, no, that ugly one," she said.

People said that when I grew up I would be a different man. Probably I am different. Probably I am handsome now; but the fact has escaped notice. Nobody has remarked it. Girls especially have failed to admire it. When I ask a girl out to the pictures or something she has a frightful head-ache or another engagement. One day I saw a girl looking at me out of the corner of her eyes, prettily, coquettishly. I felt elated. After all I had met someone who ignored the exterior in man and saw the soul! I threw all admiration, worship and love I was capable of into one look and directed it at her. There was a half sigh in that look; there was a tear hanging on it; there was wistfulness, a whimsical longing, a tale of other worlds, a breath of eternity in that look. She saw it. She could not help seeing it. It must have caught her unexpectedly. She stiffened, and looked strangely at me. I couldn't for a moment understand the change in her. Was it that my look had left her helpless, weak? No.....Then I saw the reason. Behind me was a young fop. She had favoured him and not me! I realised I had wasted that look. It could have been better employed.

I was sickly and weak too. They tried all sorts of tonics and medicines on me without effect. The advertisements of the tonics predicted marvellous futures for those who imbibed them. They showed two photographs, one that of a sic-

felt, had already one foot in his grave. He looked helplessly at the other boys playing football, climbing impossible trees or crossing flooded rivers. He longed to be like them but he had sinned! He had flouted Nature by not taking 'Ferrox,' the Health Giver, the Pick-me-up. The photograph of this boy clearly showed his regret, his repentance. One could see him making a great resolve, almost a solemn vow to take 'Ferrox.'

For dramatic effect the actual process of transformation is not shown. When later we see this youngster we can scarcely recognise him. Rippling muscles all over his body (and very little else) and scintillations make him resemble a being from another world. We can guess what happened to him. There needs no Greek Chorus to tell us that. He had been true to his oath and had taken 'Ferrox' morning, noon and night. Probably he took it as nobody took it before. His mother gave him jellies, pastries, apple puddings, suets and every conceivable delicacy all of which little John firmly but politely refused. Anxious papa gave him vitamins, Hæmo-globins, and Homoglobins, but John turned away scornfully from those useless muck. He had 'Ferrox'! He went to bed with 'Ferrox'; played with it. There was always a bottle of 'Ferrox' tucked under his arm. He dreamt of 'Ferrox' and lo! John had become this vision (photo 2). The same boys whom he had once envied slunk away at his approach. A potential Everest climber, Channel swimmer, he radiates manhood, virility, grit.

Sometimes there is the photograph of yet another boy of the first type. He is also weak, sickly, morose but in his case there is no salvation. John was saved because of a timely repentance and 'Ferrox.' This other boy, one can see, is doomed to eternal ill-health and misery. For there is one trait in his character which stands in his way and that is a coldness towards 'Ferrox'. This boy, prematurely aged, has turned cynical and he doesn't believe in 'Ferrox'. Hence his lot.

My uncle Kim firmly believed in these advertisements. His was a credulous nature and he couldn't resist advertisements. He believes that the Taj Mahal was once removed as it was to England to decorate the Thames Embankment. There was a frightful uproar in India and to avoid trouble, the thing was taken back. To replace it another Eastern relic was brought from Egypt—Cleopatra's Needle. Someone told my uncle this story and he believed it. He believes it still.

Well, my uncle Kim recommended 'Ferrox' for me and overriding all opposition—he could be strong on occasion—he brought me half a dozen bottles of the stuff. He took the bottle out of its card-board box, read all the instructions, the certificates and opinions and approved.

to open the bottle. He was a methodical man, was uncle Kim.

The cork gave him trouble. He found no instructions in the booklets as to the proper way of removing a cork. His own method lacked neatness and speed. With a pen-knife he tried to jerk it up. The cork broke in bits. Exasperated he jabbed at it with a long point and the cork went in.

"I have opened it anyway," he remarked.

"Do you think the stopper should be allowed to float inside?" asked one.

"I have heard cork is poisonous," said another.

"A fat lot of good you all are, standing there and criticising while a fellow tries to....." said uncle.

I was thus started on it. I had to drink it three times a day. By the third day, I got mad. When I woke up, there were my uncle and the bottle standing near me. It spoilt my dinner. I protested but uncle was firm.

"There is a lot of iron in it, my boy, besides calcium, phosphorous and other things."

"Iron! Phosphorous! Calcium! What do you think I am, uncle? A smelting furnace? Why should I eat iron? I don't want to be an iron man. Why, you will be asking me to eat iron next! You will want me to chew nails, lick knives and swallow window bars! Iron indeed! I am not an ostrich nor a sword swallower! And phosphorous! Phospho-

rous, ye Gods! Am I a match box? Do you want to set me alight? One night, uncle, I will burst into flames, if, as you say, there is phosphorous in it. Give me some tea somebody."

But words were lost on him. He spanked me neatly and gave me an extra dose of the stuff.

Three months passed by (as the old movie captions read). I had drunk rivers of 'Ferrox'. Chemists

extended their godowns to stock my orders. I was soaked in 'Ferrox' but no definite improvement could be perceived in me. I should have by now become the second John in the advertisements, the radiating figure. But though iron had entered my inside it had entered my soul too.

My uncle wavered, "What's the matter with the boy? The advertisement says clearly—"

"The advertisement about the bust developer," said my aunt, "also said clearly many things; and yet when you tried it—"

"I didn't try it. I bought it for you," said uncle.

"And what about the beer advertisement?" taunted my aunt. "Instead of making you cool and happy, the beer made you tipsy. Your condition was disgraceful."

"I took too much of it."

"And the 'Bald—Cure'?"

My uncle did not reply. He gently stroked his spotless scalp.

"Alright, I wash my hands of the boy. You can do anything you like. If he takes 'Ferrox' for another three months....."

"He will die of misery," replied my aunt and the affair closed.

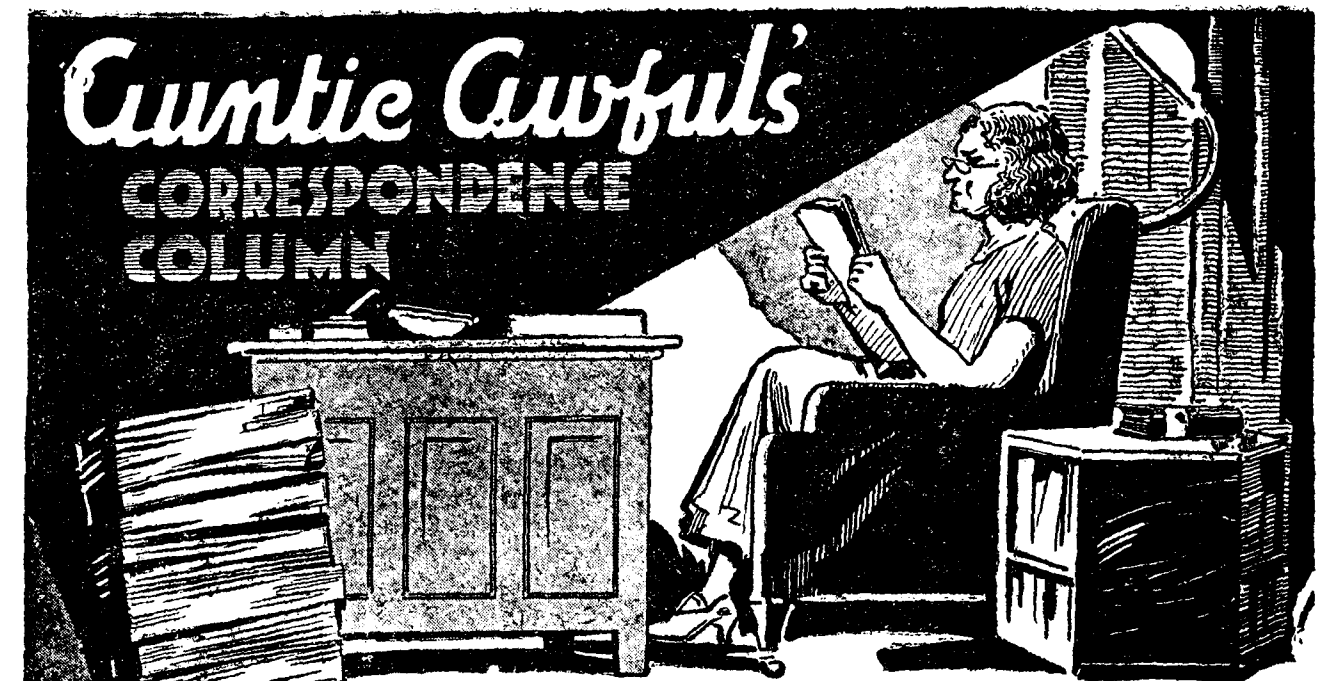
YES! I KNOW!



These are the answers to questions on page 18.

1. In 105 A.D. China manufactured paper from rags.
2. It is the wireless code signal of extreme distress, adopted at the International Radio-Telegraphic Convention 1912.
3. A watery grave in the sea.
4. It means the accidental transposition of initial letters of two or more words in pronunciation. Derived from Rev. W. A. Spooner.
5. It was a set of treaties concluded at Locarno in 1925, with France, Germany and Belgium as chief parties, and Great Britain and Italy as guarantors; intended to secure inviolability of the frontiers and other safeguards of peace.
6. The national nickname of the Negro.

Auntie Awful's CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN



XXVII

A niece has written reminding Auntie to tell of the time that she was shipwrecked. "You have had such an interesting life," writes this dear girl, "I am sure your readers wish they could experience such adventures." Well, my lambs, you can all have adventures like your Auntie, if you possess a sufficiently fertile imagination.

Auntie went on one of those pleasure-cruises. Everybody was seasick the first week, and there was an epidemic of mumps the second week. The third week, the ship struck a derelict, and began to sink. "Women and children first!" cried the noble Captain, as the ship prepared to dive to its watery grave. So the noble sailors all got into the small boats, and started to throw the women and children into the sea first.

Meanwhile, Auntie had lost her lifebelt, and was running round the decks asking everyone if they had seen a lifebelt anywhere. But nobody seemed to care about Auntie's lifebelt, which was very rude of them. At last, when everyone else had left the ship, Auntie went into the cookhouse and turned the table upside down, and sailed out of the cookhouse door in that, just as the ship took the final plunge.

Auntie paddled towards the horizon with a couple of soup-ladles, and presently she met a drowning gentleman. He hung on to Auntie's table, and to cheer him up she began to read to him from her latest book. "How long shall we have to go on like this?" asked the gentleman. "Perhaps for several days," replied Auntie cheerfully. Auntie continued to read, and the poor gentleman threw up his hands and sank to the depths of the ocean.

The next day, Auntie was washed up on a desert island. It was quite a small place, and another island could just be seen, about five miles away.

Presently Auntie saw a man swimming towards her. It turned out to be a shipwrecked sailor. He said he had been on the other island for ten years, and had not spoken to a soul all that while. How he must have longed for human companionship!

"Poor man!" said Auntie. "To think that I have brought you something for which you have been longing for ten years!"

"What!" said the man eagerly. "Do you mean to say that you have got some beer?"

When Auntie said she hadn't the man seemed greatly disappointed. "Never mind," said Auntie. "You can stay here with me." But the sailor said he had a previous engagement, and swam back to his own island at a terrific rate, never once looking back. Auntie never met him again, though she often thought of swimming across to see him; but it was too far. Wasn't it romantic, my pets, to encounter a man in such a lonely place?

Medical Student (Madras). "There is a man here whom we have been treating for three years as a case of yellow jaundice, but his condition does not alter, although he is in good general health. I have been noticing your clever replies, and I wonder if you can offer a suggestion." Thank you for the kind remarks, dear boy. Auntie's suggestion is that you examine the man again, to see if he happens to be a Chinese.

Moralist (Madras). "I discovered a dance in progress at a public hall, so I went to the organiser and said that in an experience of thirty years, I found that dancing with the other sex leads only to vice and immorality." And in an experience of over thirty years, Auntie has found that poking one's nose into other people's business leads only to black eyes and broken noses.

Grieved (Alandur). Auntie is sorry to hear that your neighbour is childless; however, you can console him by explaining that the defect is not likely to be hereditary.

Copper-Plate (Chidambaram). "Before I took the correspondence-course, my handwriting was terrible. It looked as if a spider had got into the ink-pot and walked all over the paper. Now notice the wonderful change." What change, dear boy?

Dyspeptic (Puraswalkam). "If I could only throw my wife's cakes into the sea, I would be a better man. They would sink all right." That is a very selfish attitude to adopt, dear boy. What about the poor fishes?

Trencherman (Pudupet). "At a lecture recently, a health-expert told us that one-third of what we eat enables us to live. What is the purpose of the other two-thirds?" To enable the doctor to live, my boy.

Tottering (Vepery). "My business was in a bad way, but I called in an efficiency-expert, and in a month he put me on my feet." Auntie understands: he sent in his bill, and you had to sell your motor-car?

Old 'Un (Egmore). "Nowadays, too much notice is taken of honorific forms of address. Every chit of a girl expects to be called 'Madam', and every petty sacker considers himself entitled to 'Professor'. Now do not care what anybody calls me. Some of my friends even call me an old fool." Of course, dear sir; but they are the ones that know you intimately.

Married (Villupuram). "My husband is addicted to violent outbursts of temper. When in this mood he arranges me most furiously. Can you suggest any remedy?" You should try Auntie's magic water-cure, dear. Obtain a small quantity of cold water, and when your husband begins to shout, fill your mouth with water, and keep it there. You will find that as the water gets warmer, your husband's temper will get cooler. Keep the water in your mouth until he returns to normal.

Film Fan (Tiruvannamalai). "You seldom offer film-criticisms in your column. Have you ever seen

Jimmy Durante act?" No, dear boy, but I have sometimes watched him trying.

Joker (Residential Hostel). "We want you to tell us a good hoax to play on the college proctors." Snear your feet liberally with dust (or with whitewash, if your hostel is in the usual state of neglected decoration), do a short-arm balance on a friend's shoulders, and cover the ceiling of your room with footmarks. Then make a great hullabaloo about your room being haunted by ghosts, with dramatic accounts of how they walk about on the ceiling upside-down.

Traveller (Cuddalore). "Can you recommend the address of some good lodgings where I may stay when I am in London?" Try number 10 Downing Street, dear boy. Auntie has heard excellent accounts of it as a strictly temporary residence.

Hotel Proprietor (Madras). "Would you please give publicity to this statement, as stories about my hotel are being circulated by jealous rivals. I can assure you that there is not a single bug in the place." Of course there isn't, dear sir. I am sure they are all respectably married, and have large families.

Rule Britannia (Waltair). "In all our glorious British institutions, it is deeds, not words, that count." My friend, have you ever sent a telegram?

Author (Nagpur). "I prepared a long magnificent poem for your magazine, but in my absence my ten-year-old nephew came in, took the poem away, and burnt it. I have no other copy." This is very surprising, dear sir. Fancy a boy of only ten years being such a sound critic!

In despair (Mhow). "I have written to the girl, telling her that if I do not marry her, I will blow my brains out." Come, dear boy, be more accurate. You mean, you are going to shoot yourself.

Cantatrice (Mandvi). "I can sing drawing-room songs very nicely, and a friend has told me I ought to be trained. Do you think I might ever make good use of my voice?" One never knows, my dear. It may come in useful some day in case of fire.

N. F. I. (S. India). "I am going to put an end to my miserable existence. Tell me where I can buy some poison." What, another of you? Well, if you must, try the bar of the local theatre. By the way, does 'N. F. I.' stand for 'No further interest'?

Zoolum (Karachi). "I was standing at the door of my house, and was peaceably passing a drink to a friend, when some soldiers brutally arrested me." But you omit to add that your friend was at the other side of the street, and the drink was in a soda-water bottle.

Definition (Ichhra). "Thank you for your previous definitions. Now please give a good example of a labour-saving device, to illustrate an essay I am writing." The best labour-saving device Auntie can think of, is the marriage of a poor man to a rich but ugly bride.

Club Secretary (Delhi). "We keep a book in which newcomers sign their names, to show whether they are members or visitors. A gentleman arrived yesterday, and has signed in the member's column as the Emperor Akbar. What should I do?" Just follow the usual routine, dear chap. Give him a bill for back subscriptions for the last three hundred years.

Patron (Lahore). "There is a small orchestra in a restaurant here, and they will play anything by request. It is quite nice, but I wish they would not make noise at meal-times." Then request them to play a quiet piece.

Bachelors-Beware!

By 'NAAR A' YANEN'

THAT was a shock!

Not that I was not accustomed to shocks. My system more or less was prepared for shocks of varying intensity. Beginning with the day when my Professor, finding in my hands a copy of Gervinus' Criticism of Shakespeare, seriously advised me to "leave it to better heads"—till yesterday when my boss told me, "Arrange for tea, you are given a lift of twenty rupees,"—all these years I was showing myself increasingly shock-proof.

But the one that I now received was the shock of my life and caused not a little consternation. I was sitting at ease with legs thrown over the table, enveloped in a cloud of the post-bed-coffee cigarette. A twenty-rupee increment celebrated by a swell tea at Faletti's and a peep at the Plaza, followed by slumbers sweet found me next morning at peace with the world. It was then that one of the khaki-clad regiment of His Majesty's Post Office gave me the shock. If you interrupt to say that postmen do not go about giving shocks, I am sorry for you: he delivered a letter, the contents of which gave me the shock.

And that was the shock of my life, as I said.

He tumbled into my life when I was a lad of ten in the fourth standard. We were class-mates. Ever since, in the High School classes and throughout college years, we were pals. A striking similarity of temperament and training had drawn and driven us close. And the silken chord of our friendship had acquired the strength of cast-iron links. Post-college years sundered us apart, and while he accepted a situation in the City, I found my level near the Himalayas.

One among many other resolutions that we shared was—not for us the wedding bells! We would live bachelors for a considerable length of time. We would go about merrily, carelessly, burdened with no domestic worries. We would go about plucking a rose here, uprooting a lily there. We would be what you would call gay dogs.

And was it not in accordance with this idea that he turned down a marriage proposition from a magistrate in Mannargudi, and I, one from an advocate in Alleppey?

But now comes the shock. "I am getting married next week," he writes. "Wish me luck, old boy, for I want a large slice of it!"

For the first time I upset the flower-vase on my table.

He is getting married! Our unwritten understanding is cast to the winds and he is getting married! He has let a pal down.

That set the old onion a-spinning. Times are becoming increasingly difficult for bachelors. A movement for the persecution of bachelors is gathering strength every day. To a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. S., yours obediently was among the uninvited—and

that, I understand, in view of my unmarried state. Wanting to fix up better lodgings, the other day I ran into a landlord who refused to take a bachelor as tenant. The man in the Photo Art Studio would sell nude and semi-nude pictures only to the married. Discriminatory salesmanship, that! A bachelor's rupee contains as many fine grains of silver, I believe, as that of a married man. Yet the shopman wouldn't sell his pictures to a bachelor!

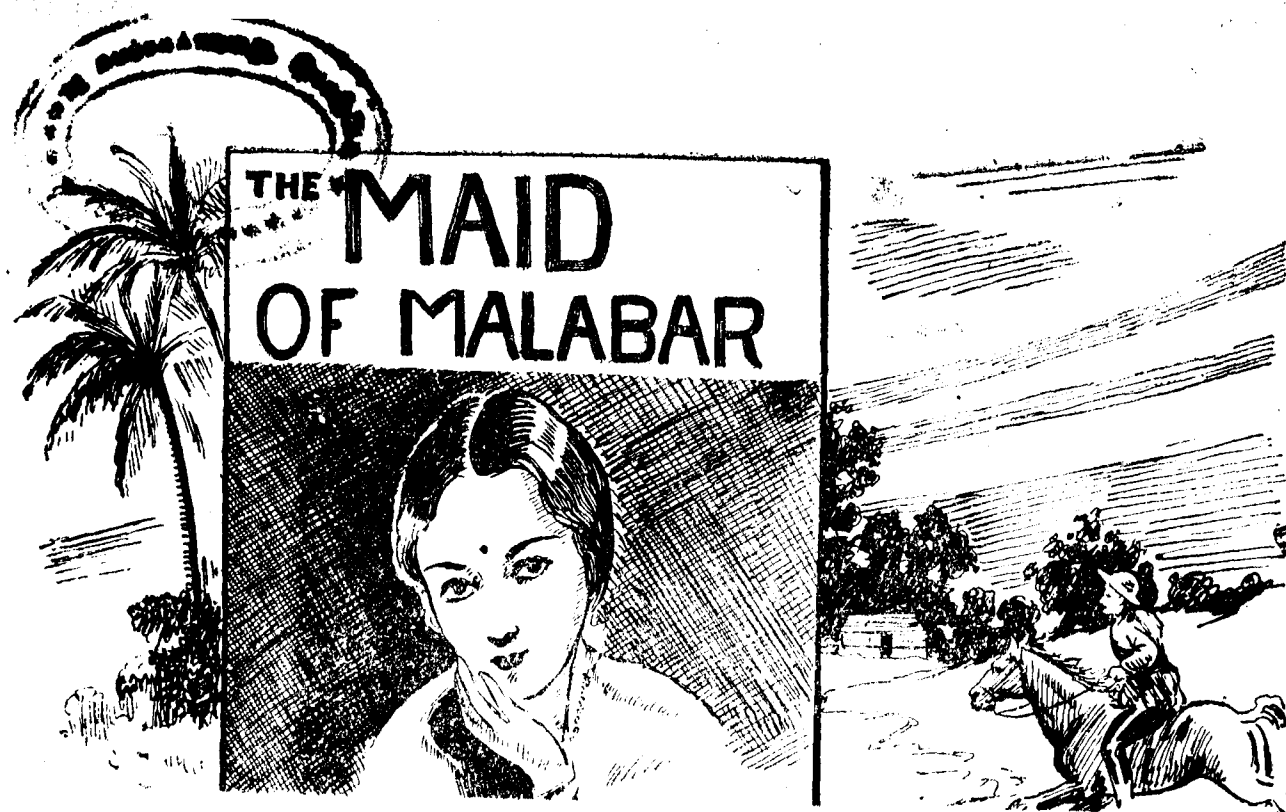
That is the limit. If this is not persecution, what else is? You wouldn't be invited to a dinner, you couldn't get a room and you couldn't buy pictures—all because you happen to be a bachelor. What is the world coming to? Where is this personal liberty so much talked about nowadays?

I have always held that one of the numerous benefits of being a bachelor is his complete immunity from the interesting community of insurance agents. That sense of comfort threatens to evaporate at the receipt of a message from Italy. Bachelors are to be inveigled into marriage; baits are offered and temptations held forth. Mussolini has stressed his desire for 'Nuptial' Insurance to encourage timid bachelors to marry. Insurance agents are busy tempting bachelors. Life insurance, the bachelor is told, will be issued to the bridegroom on the wedding-day. Half the capital sum is to be paid to the holder upon the arrival of the sixth child, and at that time the policy becomes paid-up. The remainder is to be paid in full either upon the death of the assured or upon his silver wedding anniversary, whichever is earlier. Hitler, not to be outdone, has gone one better. If he has not promulgated an edict that bachelors will not be entertained in State service, he does give preference to married men. A bachelor can hope to get a job only when all married men are provided for. Just imagine the situation!

And these have caused a lovely ripple even in the placid pool of the slow-moving East. A public-minded member of the Karachi Municipality brought forward a motion that bachelors in municipal service should not be paid more than Rs. 50. There are a large number of grown-up girls in the city and this regulation, he urged, would induce many a young man to marry. Whether the member merely wanted to solve the distressing problem of elderly maids or whether he was actuated by a deeper sense of duty to the race—the fact is there.

These facts passed in a procession before me when I digested the contents of the letter and upset the flower-vase. An uncharitable world is persecuting its bachelors. And my best pal has let me down!

That shock has awakened me to the realities of the situation. Imminent danger hangs over bachelors. Nets are cast and traps are set to influence bachelors to marry. Iron authority from Municipal Regulations to Dictatorial ukases is set in motion to stampede bachelors into committing matrimony. Bachelors—beware!



PART I By R. FITZROY-BRONTE.

Illustrations by 'ESVI'

THE Sun was setting behind the distant hills as Patrick O'Neill rode furiously through the jungle. He had been away at a neighbouring village, when his syce arrived and informed him that a gentleman had arrived at his bungalow, and was waiting there. O'Neill's natural courtesy was the cause of his haste, as he didn't like to keep his guest waiting. Besides it was seldom that a Sahib visited those parts. O'Neill was anxious to meet his guest, whoever he might be.

One had not to be extraordinarily observant to realise that O'Neill was an unusually good horseman, and to the man standing on his front verandah he looked an extremely picturesque and graceful figure as he galloped down the pathway leading up to the bungalow. On arrival, he dismounted and greeted his guest cordially. Both men took an instinctive liking to each other as they shook hands.

"My name is Mulcahy," said the visitor; "and mine is O'Neill," replied his host. "Awfully sorry to have kept you waiting," said O'Neill. "But my syce only just informed me of your arrival, and I immediately hurried round."

"It's quite all right," replied his guest. "I only hope I haven't inconvenienced you in anyway. I recently joined a timber company at Jarsugada and am now on my way to a new forest which the company have taken over from Government."

"It's a rare treat to have a visitor in these parts," said O'Neill, "and I'm sure you're more than welcome. Please make yourself at home."

With that they called for drinks, and within a few minutes, these two men were on quite friendly terms. They were both fine types of Irish manhood but totally unlike. If anything, O'Neill was the handsomer of the

two. Though only 25 years of age, there was a peculiar sadness about his grey eyes which arrested one's attention. In fact, it didn't take Mulcahy long to realise that, here was a man with some secret sorrow. He couldn't help but think that his gay manner was assumed.

However, he played his cards well, and, but for that far-away look in his eyes, a less observant man than Mulcahy would have noticed nothing unusual about O'Neill's handsome face. In build, he was tall and slim, and his graceful movements gave one the impression of hidden strength. The mouth was firm, and in spite of his charming manners, Mulcahy concluded that O'Neill was the sort of man who never knew when he was beaten. A man who would make a good friend but a bad enemy. He would certainly have looked more than his years, but for the soft dark curls which fell over his forehead and gave him an extremely boyish look.

On the other hand Mulcahy was somewhat older and more reserved. He had a cultured face and honest brown eyes which called for one's confidences. Both were good sportsmen and had much in common, and so they talked away; and before they realised it, the night had set in and darkness had fallen over the great Indian jungles.

At that moment there was a lull in the conversation, and both men looked out into the impenetrable night; the stillness of which was only broken by the occasional howl of a hungry jackal and the croaking of frogs. A thousand thoughts flashed through the minds of these two men who were far from their homes and loved ones; and the mysterious East seemed to overpower them. The silence was becoming oppressive, when suddenly out of the night there came the long drawn out howl of a jackal. O'Neill seemed to become nervous,

and moved his chair. Mulcahy tried to scan his face but the darkness was intense.

"Great God! Did you hear that? Sounds like the cry of a lost soul, doesn't it?" said O'Neill.

"It certainly does sound eerie," replied Mulcahy.

"That reminds me of a story," said he. "It was—" However, at this moment dinner was announced and nothing more was said. O'Neill seemed unusually silent during dinner, and it was not until they had finished that he realised that he had not been too sociable.

He suddenly apologised for his unintentional silence, and suggested that they should have some music. "Do you play the piano or sing, old man?" asked O'Neill of his guest. "Well, just a bit," replied Mulcahy.

"Oh! do sing something," said O'Neill. Mulcahy sat at the piano and sang a song which carried O'Neill back into the bitter past—a past which he had tried so hard to forget. But alas! he realised now how futile all his efforts had been.

Though the weary years had stretched their length between him and the only one he had ever loved, yet it seemed only like yesterday that they were together.

Once again, in fancy, he looked into a pair of soft dreamy brown eyes, and kissed the warm red yielding lips of the beautiful little Indian maid, who once had, swum out into the dark, turbulent and treacherous waters of the Mahanadi river and saved him from drowning. It all came back to him so vividly—their secret meetings at night beneath the palm trees on the shore. And he remembered her telling him with sweet shy pride that she was from the Malabar coast, which is famous for its lovely women. And from that day he had called her his little Maid of Malabar.

He remembered now how he had told her that he had made arrangements with the missionary to marry them. And then—great

God! The thought nearly killed him! She had disappeared quite suddenly without leaving any trace behind! He remembered going night after night to their meeting place on the shore of the beautiful Mahanadi river, in the hope of seeing his little love. And, how once, when in his terrible grief he cried out to her, the whine of a hungry jackal came to him on the still night air. It was the same cry which he heard to-night.

All unconscious of the pain which he was causing his friend, Mulcahy sang on in his sweet tenor voice which rang out into the silent night with a mellowed clearness, and still clearer rang the words:

"And I see the crowded city,
And the palm trees on the shore.
But the little maid who loved me
Is there no more—no more!"

The infinite tenderness of his voice filled O'Neill's soul with unspeakable grief. He felt he couldn't stand the strain any longer, and, in a voice grown hoarse with anguish, he requested Mulcahy to stop singing. The latter immediately turned to his companion and was shocked to see the change which had come over his countenance.

"Feeling ill, old man?" asked he sympathetically. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

With that O'Neill pulled himself together. "Oh! I am all right, thank you," he replied. But he felt as if his heart was breaking, and that he'd go mad if he didn't confide in somebody. And as he scanned Mulcahy's face, he knew that here was a man who could be trusted implicitly. The latter read O'Neill's thoughts.

"Look here, old man," said he, "you and I don't know anything about each other, but if there is anything

you'd like to tell me—"
Before he could finish, O'Neill grasped his hand, and in

(Continued on page 30)



Mick raised his rifle and fired

THE inheritor of much wealth from a sire whose lipsticks are still the rage amongst the fair—not to mention the brunettes—of at least two continents, life should have been a smooth affair for Algernon Beryty. Yet, as he made his way to the home of Rose Coquee, his features were downcast and his manner morose. He was immediately admitted, being a familiar figure.

Rose's greeting was distraught; more pressing affairs evidently occupying her mind.

"Rose, darling," burst out Algy, "I've been asking you to marry me for the last ten months, and you won't say either yes or no. For God's sake make up your mind one way or the other."

"Algy," enquired Rose, entirely disregarding this appeal, "would you do me a favour?"

"Naturally."

"Listen, then," said Rose, "I have a cousin, Jack Gallivant. You wouldn't know him as he left here just before you and I first met. I heard a day or two ago from a friend in the city that Jack has been seen in very bad company lately. Go and bring him back for me, there's a dear."

After arranging details and paying a visit to his bank for funds, Algy was soon entrained on his way to the city.

From Jack Gallivant's abode in the city, Algy was redirected from one place to another until, eventually, night found him passing along a street of undetached houses, at the door of one of which he knocked. A brief interval, and then the door opened to disclose a man regarding him questioning.

"I am," remarked Algy pleasantly, "looking for a friend of a friend. The name is Gallivant."

"Come in," said the man, "or stay out, just as you like. I should do the last if I were you."

"Isn't Mr. Gallivant here?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then, what's the objection?"

"None, come along."

Traversing the hall, Algy's guide led the way to a room which, after a knock at the door, they entered. Veiled in a haze of tobacco smoke, his surroundings were at first obscure, but ere long, Algy made out that the room was large, with a long table in the middle around which were seated a number of well-dressed men. At the head of the table presided their leader.

"Well, waiter," enquired this last individual, "who is our visitor?"

"Mr. Beryty, sir. Wants to see Mr. Gallivant."

"Allow me," said the Chairman, holding up his hand for silence, "to do the ceremonies. Not to inflict our own surnames, I am Ben, and the gentlemen at the table, starting at my left and going round with the clock, are:

Bill, Harry, George, Bert, Alf and Jack (known to you as Mr. Gallivant). The remainder of the party are at liberty to introduce themselves. Gentlemen all, Mr. Beryty!"

The men rose to their feet and bowed.

"Waiter," called one, "what about a drink?"

"Sorry, sir," replied their server, "but the boss says the account's too high already."

"Tut! Tut!" remarked the Chairman, "we shall apparently have to seek more accommodating quarters."

"That's what I told the boss, but he only said you could do as you damn well please." Which ultimatum delivered, he left the room.

"Well, well," remarked the Chairman, "let us turn to a more pleasing subject. You may or may not have noticed, Mr. Beryty, that you are now in a den of iniquity, and I might add, of inequity also. The inequity is unchangeable, but the inequity, due to your being in possession

of more of this world's filthy lucre than any of us can boast of, we will now proceed to remove."

"Bert," he called to one farther down the table, "kindly lift this gentleman by the heels and shake him thoroughly, though you might first remove his watch which seems to be valuable."

"I say," protested Algy, "you surely wouldn't treat a visitor like that?"

"Why not?" enquired the Chairman. "We thus lay you under an obligation, for is it not more blessed to give than to receive?"

"But this is robbery!"

"Pooh! A distinction without any difference, at least to the recipients. Let us not quibble over technicalities."

Resistance being quite out of the question, Algy avoided any necessity for drastic measures by quietly submitting to a search. Within a few minutes his wallet and other belongings were placed in a pile upon the table. Discarding from this pile articles of little value save to their lawful possessor, the Chairman proceeded to pocket the remainder of the loot with the exception of the wallet. Then, removing the notes it held and tossing the wallet onto the pile of discards, he selected a note or two.

"Waiter," he yelled, and as that individual again entered, "we are once more in funds. Take this money to your boss, and bring us a further supply of the usual, not forgetting an extra glass for our guest."

The waiter departed and shortly reappeared carrying a tray of drinks. He was in the act of distributing these when there came a rude interruption. The door burst open and a posse of police constables, headed by an Inspector, rushed into the room. In the ensuing confusion, Jack Gallivant seized Algy's arm and drew him quickly to a far corner of the room.

WITLESS

IN HIS WOOING

By E. L. SHIPMAN

"Stand just where you are!" cried the Inspector; all of you, while we have a look round."

"Don't mind us," suavely remarked the Chairman; "make yourselves at home, and if you feel you would like anything more just ring the bell."

Disregarding this levity, the Inspector walked directly to a panel in the wall. Evidently reliable information had previously been obtained, for, with a slight pressure of his hand on a switch, the panel slid open. Despite their promptitude, our friends had not been alone in seeking the obscurity of their corner, for several others crowded in front of them, hiding the Inspector and his actions from Algy's sight. Nevertheless, his ears soon gathered information.

"Aha!" chuckled the Inspector. "An oxy-acetylene outfit, as I'm alive; jemmys, drills, guns and everything necessary for burglary on a grand scale!"

At this juncture, a downward tug at his sleeve brought Algy to his knees, to find Jack kneeling before a low opening in the wall. Their movements screened by the press of humanity in their rear, Jack pushed Algy through the hole, and following, shut the panel behind him.

"Let me go in front," he whispered, "and don't make any noise."

The entrance alone being so restricted in height, they now stood up, made their way along a short passage, up a flight of stairs and thence to the roof of the house. From one roof to another the distance was short, and they thus traversed several houses. At length Jack paused.

"Look out," he cautioned, "there's a sky-light in front of you!"



continued to sit where he fell.....



"Come along, you, and none of your tricks....."

His warning came too late. Algy had already stepped into the snare. With a frightful crash and clatter as frame and glass gave way, he fell headlong into the room below. Although but slightly hurt, the floor of the room being but a few feet from its roof, Algy continued to sit where he fell, mental agony subordinating any desire for immediate movement. The accident had, however, not gone unnoticed, for the door was suddenly thrown open.

"Here!" exclaimed an angry voice. "What are you doing here?"

His lassitude dissolved into embarrassment. Algy sprang to his feet.

"Er—er—" he essayed a reply.

"Don't 'er' me!" admonished the voice, now outwardly manifested as a short, stout personage. "This is forcible entry. What have you to say for yourself?"

Receiving no reply, he moved to the door and summoned a man-servant. Giving the latter instructions to guard the prisoner, the first comer now left the room. After about ten minutes he returned, followed by two police constables.

"Burglar!" he ejaculated, indicating Algy; "take him away."

"Right, sir," replied one of the constables. "This neighbourhood seems to be getting lousy with them. We got another bunch a little down the road just now. Come along, you," he commanded Algy, "and none of your tricks or you'll be getting hurt!"

HOBBIES FOR ALL

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
V. S. HIGNATIO

FOR those who wish to adopt a hobby, there are limited interesting subjects to choose from; in fact, there are hobbies and hobbies—piles of them just waiting to have the honour to be chosen by some bright young lad (or lass) like you.

The important thing, however, is to make a wise choice. Having made a thorough study of the vast and perplexing subject of Hobbyology—(now, don't start trying to hunt that up in the dictionary, because you won't find it there, but it does sound so very learned, you know)—I will now proceed to give you the benefit of my expert knowledge.

There should be a definite reason for the choice of any particular hobby. For instance, supposing you had a grudge against your next-door neighbour, then obviously the most appropriate spare-time occupation you could adopt would be music. Choose, preferably, a real he-man's instrument like a Double B band apparatus, and spend every spare moment you have sitting in the window facing your neighbour's house and blowing like blazes into the thing. If that doesn't set the object of your grudge biting his toe-nails inside a week—well, the neighbour may, well, neigh!

Should it chance to be your wife against whom you have a grudge (Heaven forbid!) then vocal music would meet the situation better. Let your voice resound lustily through the house at any and every opportunity and you'll soon have her regretting most devoutly the day she married you.

But be sure, first of all, that your wife does not happen to be of the brickbat-throwing temperament; otherwise the consequences (for you) are apt to be most unpleasant.



.....the consequences are apt to be most unpleasant.

I give you this hint because a friend of mine once tried the experiment. He had his mouth open as wide as it could go to do justice to a particularly hefty note when his betterhalf decided it was time she interfered. There

wasn't a suitable article handy at the moment, such as a brick or a boot or a frying-pan, so she plonked a billiard ball at him, and she did it so well that the ball sailed right into his gizzard and got stuck in his throat. Now, I should hate to have you sample the same unpleasant experience, so if you've decided to try the singing stuff, just take out your note-book and jot down "Beware of billiard balls, etc." This will probably save you a great deal of inconvenience and medical expenses.

For the fair sex a very popular hobby is the delightful art of hen-pecking. This is by no means difficult to master; it just comes naturally to most wives, so I needn't go into details. As a pleasant alternative, when you've hen-pecked to your heart's content and would welcome a change, you have at your disposal another closely allied occupation, technically known as nagging. What any of my lady readers (with perhaps a few unfortunate exceptions) don't know about this subject isn't worth knowing, so no directions are necessary.

Gardening as a hobby no doubt has its good points (although I must say I haven't yet discovered them myself), and unless you consider it too much like real work to suit your disposition, you can do worse than take it on. The equipment you will require is—well, certain tools (any hardware dealer will be able to tell you exactly what you want), half-a-dozen nice comfortable cushions, a well filled tobacco pouch and pipe, and a copy of the Merry.

The tools are necessary because without

His severe mental agony acting as an anaesthetic, our hero was but mistily aware of the passage of time and his surroundings until, with the return of full consciousness he found himself immured in a prison cell, lying on the hard mattress provided for its inmates' rest. The remainder of the night he passed in alternate spells of fitful slumber and grief.

The morning brought no relief to Algy's mental distress. He had, however, (that his name may not become a byword in his home locality) determined under no circumstances to disclose his identity. This anonymity was rendered feasible by the fact that all his portable property, including his visiting cards, had been removed.

Passing over the ensuing court-proceedings, as in no way germane to our narrative, it will suffice to mention that, under an unpretentious alias, Algy returned once more to his cell, there to spend the next fortnight in unaccustomed manual labour. Excessively miserable in this uncongenial environment, the period seemed to Algy to stretch out inordinately. Neither pain nor sorrow, however, are everlasting, and at length there came a morning when he passed out of the prison gates, to find a penitent Jack Gallivant awaiting him. The remainder of the day was spent in making financial arrangements, and in acquainting his companion with the reason for his visit. Evening found Algy, reluctantly accompanied by Jack, entrained for home.

On their arrival, an innate delicacy of feeling prevented Jack from availing himself of Algy's offer of hospitality; so borrowing the wherewithal from his new-found friend, he betook himself to another lodging.

The Maid of Malabar—(Continued from page 27)

the silence of the great Indian forest these two men sealed the sacred bond of friendship, with a hand-grip—a grip which meant more than words. O'Neill then opened his heart to his friend. "I tried to forget my grief by hard work," said he, "but your song brought it all back. And," he added simply, "I felt I couldn't bear my sorrow alone any longer, so I told you everything. Please forgive me for having troubled you, Mulcahy."

Mulcahy laid his hand gently on his friend's shoulder, "I'm glad you told me everything—but—but please call me Mick," he stammered.

"Thank you," replied O'Neill, "and I'd deem it a great favour if you'd call me Pat." And from that moment these two men were as brothers to each other.

Mick felt that a change would do Pat good, so he asked him to accompany him on a shooting expedition to the Jarsugada forest. Pat accepted the invitation, and the following morning they both set off in a car.

The Jarsugada forest was about 30 miles away from Pat's plantation, and it took them about three hours to get there. On the way they passed a beautiful place, "Grand place that!" said Mick. "To whom does it belong?"

"Oh! That's the property of a German blighter. He owns vast estates around here. Bought the whole show from an Indian Zemindar who went bankrupt. Everybody in the district—particularly the planters—

Rich men are not free from responsibilities and duties, and quite a few of these had accumulated during Algy's enforced stay in the city. Fume and fret as he might, three days elapsed ere he was at liberty to visit his sweetheart. One afternoon found him jaunty of mien, and with the pleasant consciousness of an arduous mission successfully performed. On his way to see her he sauntered on blithely, his thoughts running forward to the coming interview.

"Darling," he would manfully insist, "my task is done. Name the day for our wedding, and name it quickly, for my patience is at an end."

Thus carried on the wings of a joyful anticipation, it was not long before he was once more in his beloved's presence. With an expression of delight, Rose ran to greet him.

"Algy," she cried, "here you are at last! How can I ever thank you for bringing Jack back to me? Father's going to give him a job, and we're taking a sweet little cottage in the Banstyre Road."

"A sweet little cottage—?" stammered Algy in bewilderment.

"Oh! I quite forgot you didn't know," replied Rose; "but you see I couldn't very well tell you before, or you wouldn't have brought him back to me, and there wasn't anybody else."

"What in the world are you talking about, Rose?"

"Why, my husband, of course. Jack and I were married two years ago."

was very cut up about the matter as the Zemindar was an absolute sport and a general favourite. As a matter of fact, he was everything that an Indian chief of ancient and noble ancestry should be; and, as already stated, he was held in high esteem by everybody. Can't say the same of the newcomer though. I mean the fellow who bought the property, for, he's been here some years now—The Baron Von Muller he calls himself."

"Baron Von Muller?" queried Mick. "I've heard some queer tales about him. Do you know him?"

"Well, I've met him several times at the Gymkhana Club at Sambalpur, at public functions and things of that sort; but I've never cottoned on to him, somehow," replied Pat. "As a matter of fact, I have reason to believe that the noble Baron rather dislikes me, owing to a little incident which occurred sometime back on the Sambalpur race-course. Being a German, he is polite enough when he meets me, but—" Pat didn't finish what he was saying, for just then some deer ran across the road, and both men followed them with their eyes. "I say, this place is alive with game!" exclaimed Mick. "What do you say to getting down here? We can leave the car behind a clump of bushes."

"Right you are!" said Pat, and with that they stopped the car and alighted.

(Continued on page 32)

hem you can't bluff yourself that you are a ardenar; the other three items mentioned re indispensable.

In most cases, when a man tells you he as decided to take up gardening in his spare ime, you can take it that he's hen-pecked. It is not so likely that he has decided to take up gardening as that *his wife* has decided that he will take up gardening. In such a case the magazine, the cushions and the pipe will not be required, as wives are apt to have a grossly incorrect conception of what gardening is. This is very unfair, considering that it is the hubby (poor, ill-treated devil!) who has to dig himself to death and sweat behind a half-ton roller while she supervises his labours from a comfortable, shady nook. And after he has gardened until he can garden no more, he is invited to mind the inconsiderate brat of a baby while she pretends to be busy with the dinner. Ah — what a life!

For those gifted with artistic talent, painting makes an excellent hobby, and one in which you cannot fail to achieve something practical. For if you find you're no good at reproducing the likenesses of things on paper or canvas, you can always have the option of chucking it up and painting the garage or the gate-posts.

The latter variety of painting is really much less bothersome, as you always know what you're doing, while in the case of the former, at best you can only have an idea of what you're trying to do. For instance, you might start off with the intention of sketching a fox terrier and finally discover that you've drawn something that does not resemble a fox terrier so much as a railway train. And of course it would be better not to be a painter at all than to have to write beneath your effort, "Please note that this is not a railway train, but a fox terrier."

If, however, you are really bent on making pictures, then the simplest way to gratify the craving of your artistic self is to go and buy a camera. This will save

.....reproducing likenesses.....



you a lot of bother and do away with the risk of mixing up fox terriers and railway trains.

Angling is another pastime which may appeal to prospective hobbyists. All that is needed is a rod and line, a fish basket, and a fair working knowledge of the addresses of the various fish vendors in the town. The use of bait is optional as, if my experience in the line is anything to go by, you are not likely to catch anything, except, perhaps, a bad cold. When you consider you've been sitting on the bank swatting the flies off your face long enough, you can pack up your line, proceed to the nearest fish specialist in the city, choose a fair sample of his wares, and then toddle off home and proudly exhibit the prize to your admiring spouse.

The Maid of Malabar—(Continued from page 30)

They entered the forest together, and had not gone far when they heard the snarl of some wild animal. They stopped short and looked in the direction whence the noise came. "Sounds like a panther," whispered Pat tensely. "This is just the sort of country for them. Rocks and caves, and all that sort of thing. I've known——" But, before he could finish, there was a crackling of the undergrowth, and a huge panther sprang across their path. As it did so, Mick raised his rifle and fired. He wounded the animal slightly, and with a furious snarl it disappeared into the jungle.

Both the friends were experienced shikaris and knowing that a wounded panther is the most deadly of foes, proceeded cautiously to track down the animal. They were in hilly country and the undergrowth was extremely

thick, so they made very little progress. In their excitement the hours slipped by and before they realised it they found that darkness had suddenly enveloped them. With it came the mysterious noises of the night. They were wondering what to do when they heard a hissing sound.

"Found him at last!" whispered Mick. They listened again. "I don't think that can be the panther," said Pat. "Sounds more like a snake!"

They were proceeding cautiously through the inky darkness when suddenly the ground on which they were standing fell through. The next moment they felt as if they were being hurled through space and then they knew no more.

(To be concluded)

THE TRUMPET AND THE CAR!

By 'The Shepherd of the Pot'



day a piece of rotten brown rag, b the same means, being sold for fancy price as a piece from th garment worn by a Martyr.

The psychology of advertisement is very interesting. We know now that many nervous disorders are cured by psycho-analytic processes,

and what is called the Method of Suggestion. Psycho-analytic experts tell us that more than half the world suffers from a certain amount of inferiority complex and the best way to draw out their latent capacities and lift them to giddy pinnacles of greatness is to instil into them a strong belief that they are, merely imagining their disorders, that in reality they are Caesars and Napoleons.

It is usually believed that only some weak minds are to be subjected in this way to a higher will and suggestion. Constant dripping wears away stones and even strong minds are affected by continued advertisement. It is merely a question of time. I myself fell a victim to this sort of suggestion, though I should say I was strong enough to resist even an insurance agent. When every morning I opened the paper, there was, at the top of the back cover page in large block capitals, the terrible suggestive line: "You are in the clutches of Satan!" Now, that is what I call a 'clutching' advertisement. On the first day, probably, you are indignantly interested and scornfully glance over the full-page advertisement of a 'Divine Amulet' with select opinions and the reduced price-list. The maker, who is of course a famous maharshi up on the Himalayas, no doubt performing penance standing on the big toe of his left leg for a hundred years and more for the exclusive benefit and salvation of his vast clientele, claims that his charms are a panacea for all ills, real and imaginary that human flesh is heir to, and that with the appropriate charm of his make, you can bridge over almost every trouble from domestic unhappiness and dogbite to unemployment and house-maid's knee. There are, naturally, special amulets for securing a job under the Government, attaining success in the legal profession, increasing your vitality, and solving cross-word puzzles. If those days I used to wonder why some of our political agitators for Swaraj had not the wisdom to solve the political difficulties in a wink by ordering a special *Kavacha*, while at the same time Churchill and the diehards in England could have protected their interests by the same method without these tiresome conferences and discussions.

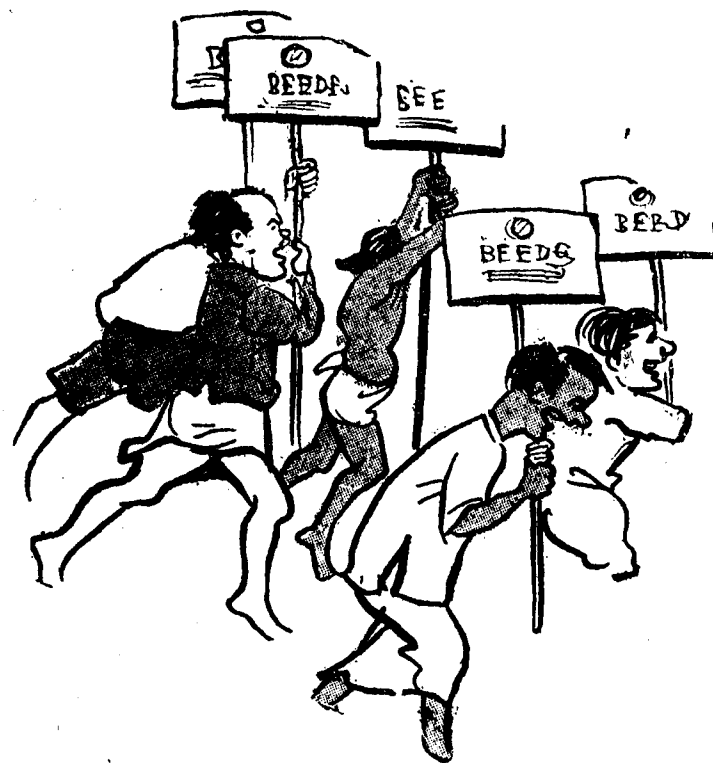
One might say, "What is there in an advertisement? You should toss the paper away at the first impudent suggestion without deigning to go through the whole page." But being, as we are, very imperfect beings with a good lot of the Eve in us, we cannot but explore the Pandora's Box of dreadful assertions. Most likely you are a sceptic—I myself was one—and then, you toss your head and pooh-pooh the whole thing as a huge

THIS is an age of advertisement. From the early hours of the dawn to late at night, the world's business is ever augmented and expanded by advertisement. I had almost said that the greatest transactions of the world now are being carried on by sheer advertisement. Whatever may be the besetting vices of these first decades of the twentieth century, a false modesty which strives to hide the light under a bushel is not one of them. Our age, if anything, errs on the right side in this particular.

In this wonder-working age, almost anything can be achieved by proper advertisement. Things trivial, things you pass by in the street with scarce a half thought, are boosted up at home and abroad into miracles. As a fact, a quack amassed a fabulous fortune a few years ago by selling off millions and millions of small packets of pure sea-sand as an excellent remedy for tooth-ache, headache, neuralgia and a score of other diseases. The lucky quack gave it up when too many stupid competitors crowded the field and turned his valuable attention to drain water, which, by judicious advertisement, he made as costly as stray drops of nectar! We also see every

humbbug. Well, the next day there it is, in glaring capitals, staring at you with unblinking blackness. The psychological machinery is put in motion; first you are bored by the recurrence of the same advertisement, then you wonder and go through, with greater care, the genuine, and unsolicited testimonials. In course of time when every day the dreadful assertion ogle at you wickedly, you begin to doubt whether you could be wiser than your fellowmen. You come to think you could as well give it an honest trial and then expose its fraud; so you end by ordering one.

I sent for a rather costly one, a general charm for success and prosperity in everything. By this time, I had almost come to believe in it. The day after I received the V. P. P., the results of the B. A. (Hons.) examination were announced and I had the rare pleasure of seeing my number among the absent ones, in the papers. A few days afterwards, during which everything seemed to be moving on splendidly with me, which I attributed to my charm, my maternal grandmother who had no sons and on whose death I was to a certain extent banking, managed to kick the bucket without once mentioning my dear name in her last will and testament. When I returned from her quite unprofitable deathbed, I was delighted to find a dozen Mss. of mine lying on my table rejected, some of them with the editor's compliments, thanks and regrets, many of them without. But still I was fully convinced of the efficacy of the charm I was wearing next to my heart by a string round my neck. At last, after a close intimacy of about six months with the divine charm, I experienced my last and crowning success in life. While I was bathing one morning in the river, the knot of the string round my neck slipped and the charm sprang into the water.



Multicoloured creatures singing most enchantingly in the streets

With indecent hurry, I pounced after the success-charm, forgetting I knew about as much swimming as a young pussy, and the next thing I remembered on that memorable day was about a dozen mocking faces bending over me, while I was lying on the bare ground a few hundred yards down the ghat, sans my clothes, sans my divine charm!

Now, there are thousands of ways of advertisement. We can see curious electric contrivances flashing out their blinding truths about this or that brand of child-food. We can grow poetic over the 'tongues in clouds' and the invisible voices of the air. And then there are the 'living' advertisements. A film star grins broadly, exhibiting her rows of pearl teeth advertising a tooth-paste which she never touched. A girl of glorious golden hair sits all day at the window of a hair-restorer's shop, while she herself is too poor to purchase and use a single bottle of restorer, granting it was wise to kill the goose that was laying golden eggs for her. In our own sweet city, we have often the pleasure of hearing multicoloured creatures, singing most enchantingly in the streets to draw your attention to a particular brand of *beedi*, all the while knowing that you are a strict non-smoker—at least of *beedis*.

Above all, then, we now have the Press as a powerful medium of advertisement. If you want a wife of a particular type, send a short pre-paid advertisement to a daily with your conception of ideal feminine beauty or a model housewife: the next day you have a thousand photographs, not always real, of a bevy of beauties from whom you can pick and choose. If a street-curl strays into your garden, make money out of it. Insert a suitably worded announcement in the papers that you have a good Alsatian for sale, and some bloke of a dog-fan who does not know anything about dogs, is sure to call on you in the evening and give a fancy price for it. If advertisements in the papers can be taken to indicate anything of the real state of the times, I feel convinced that every third man you meet in the street must be either an impotent man or a vitality expert—so many are the advertisements relating to this branch.

A friend of mine one day complained that men pursuing the 'learned professions' should also advertise judiciously. As a fact they do, only in a subtle and 'learned' way. Take lawyers for instance. Who can say they do not advertise? The social and public activities of a lawyer, his hobbies, his literary effusions are all invariably clever, unobtrusive but none the less successful peals of the trumpet. Of course, there are some crude and vulgar ones who do not know the subtler methods of advertisement. I know a lawyer who blatantly proclaimed in his newspapers that he was a medallist in Hindu Law, as if people in life cared for academic distinctions! We expect something more in a lawyer who is entrusted with our confidence, and oftentimes our fortune, than mere medals. A lawyer may as well say that he is the proud owner of a couple of fine bulls and an excellent brood of chickens! They are not the lawyers to succeed.

Some have an impression, that in the medical profession, it is only the quacks who advertise. It may be mainly true of those fanfares we meet with in the papers. But in general, even doctors of high degrees find it paying to resort to some method of coming into the limelight. When a doctor sets up practice for himself, if he does not judiciously put himself before the public he is doomed to leave the town unhonoured and unpaid. One of the dentists in our town went to the extent of putting up posters, accompanied by his portrait in all the street corners and over all the dustbins of the town! Though he might have lost something in the opinion of the idle gossips, he certainly gained a wide practice. I know a doctor, who, when he started doctoring, took advantage of the political tide and turned a Congressman. Nothing like wearing khadi and going about with a wide-bordered shawl to capture the heart of the masses in these days! The result was that he had to be all the twenty-four hours on the move. His latest hit, I learn, is to undertake a couple of months' health tour to Switzerland, though from what I could see, he was never so healthy. But the most interesting and admirable of all these cases is that of Dr. Simmonds. When he first came to our town he was a veterinary. In less than six months he found out he could be for ever bandaging the legs of lame bullocks without ever making a noise in the town. A vet however clever he may be in his own line, does not win a monument for himself when he dies. So, Simmonds obtained a Homeo degree and began to entertain himself at treating human beings instead of animals. He was a man on whom his fifty two years sat easily. He was six feet one on his bare soles and straight as a willow wand. He walked as erect as a man on stilts, and had well-gummed moustaches, ending in perfect, dimension-less points. These are features to impress a lay man with the greatness of the Homeopathic system. He was a member of all the local clubs, was an ardent cricketer, and started a dancing school. But all these shifts failed to work as satisfactorily as he wished. So he got up a tremendous stunt. He turned poet, and published at his own cost a book of blank verse about a burning social question. An equally great man was easily obtained to write a foreword. This did for him. He was congratulated and given parties by the local clubs. He addressed a number of meetings on literary subjects, and in his discourses, he interspersed now and then with frank modesty, a few

words about his successes in Homeopathy. Nowadays, in this town, his is a name to conjure with.

But of all these professions, one that really needs proper advertisement and pushing up in this world of breathless haste is that of the writers and the men of letters. It is now a sheer impossibility, what with the heaps and heaps of books and authors that come into the world every day and the scarcity of time at our disposal to hunt out a modest merit from darkness and neglect, though it might be a very rare gem indeed. There are still a few antiquated theorists who hold that literary talents at least should not be cried up in the streets, and brought down to the level of cabbages. After all, I ask, what is the motive of the author in writing a book? He obviously expects a lot of men to read and profit by it, and incidentally put some money into his pocket. So, he would be actually doing a service to the enlightened public if he takes some trouble that, in their hurry, they do not pass by it to their detriment and loss! It is really a misfortune that nowadays the books that are most advertised and therefore most successful, are school-books and dry as dusts, which are practically of no use to people in general, while really valuable books lie in neglect on account of a false modesty on the part of their authors. But slowly the consensus of public opinion among authors is now veering round to the correct point on this subject.



When some autograph fans present their albums.....

Trumpet and the Cart. He has his own peculiar methods. He addresses a crowded meeting on the politics of Timbuctoo, casually calls the audience a pack of blithering fools, talks a few words about the enlightened public of New Zealand who are wise enough to read his plays instead of playing Rugby, and sits down saying that he is ready to answer any pertinent question that might be put him. No one has the heart or the head to put him any question after such a very instructive lecture. The audience merely cheers and praises his lively humour and delightful cynicism. He is open to press reporters at a stated time of the day and in an interview, he calls the press representative an unimaginative ass and politely informs him that he need not have taken the trouble to interview him about his experiences in the Far East, for

Talking of authors, we have the example of the inimitable G. B. S. who is an avowed Apostle of the

Tramp and the Cart. He has his own peculiar methods. He addresses a crowded meeting on the politics of Timbuctoo, casually calls the audience a pack of blithering fools, talks a few words about the enlightened public of New Zealand who are wise enough to read his plays instead of playing Rugby, and sits down saying that he is ready to answer any pertinent question that might be put him. No one has the heart or the head to put him any question after such a very instructive lecture. The audience merely cheers and praises his lively humour and delightful cynicism. He is open to press reporters at a stated time of the day and in an interview, he calls the press representative an unimaginative ass and politely informs him that he need not have taken the trouble to interview him about his experiences in the Far East, for

(Continued on page 40)

THE Ghost

By 'FITZ-BOODLE'

THE Senior Matron of the Hindu Ladies' Hostel was adamant.

"As you well know, young man," she said in a cold pointed sort of way to Damodaran, "this hostel is accessible only to brothers and sisters of the members of the hostel."

For a young student of the Law College, the task of tackling a senior matron is hard enough at the best of times. But as she had rushed into the visitor's hall of the hostel so suddenly and at the very moment when Damodaran could least afford a stranger to butt in, he had heavy odds against him. He had no earthly chance of vanquishing her in a battle of words.

"And you, Vasantha!" she thundered, "why did you misrepresent him to me as your brother?"

The shy, beautiful girl hung down her head in shame.

"I mean...er...I am afraid you have made a mistake. Really she is my sister!" Damodaran protested.

"Enough!" the Senior Matron snapped. "Then, that is how you kiss your sister! Well, young man, I need not show you the door, and I trust I will not see your face again."

"Sister, indeed!" she mumbled as she left the hall with a final shake of her head at the frightened Vasantha.

And outside the Hostel walls, he too mumbled something under his breath. "Never to see her again? Well, well!"

It was a Saturday afternoon and the fair inmates of the Hostel were playing indoor games in the General Hall, when the postman came round with letters.

In spite of his bow-legs and a rather prominent red nose, the postman was always popular among the girls. For, his appearance naturally brought them round to thoughts of home.

"Oh, the postman!" cried Vasantha. "Have you got anything for me?"



"No, lady," he answered rather slyly, yet sympathetically. He could not disappoint so sweet a thing. He added, "But there is one letter addressed to 'Anybody in the Hostel' and I will give it to you."

"A letter to anybody! We are all anybody!" giggled all the fifty girls who had gathered round him now. "We all will have it!"

The letter was a study in mystery. It bore a strange post-mark, which on close scrutiny revealed itself to be: Brimstone, Nether Regions, E. W. 2.

The girls tore up the envelope and were surprised to find, in addition to a typewritten letter, another small, sealed, red packet. They read the letter.

"Worms and Reptiles Enclosure,
Brimstone,
Nether Regions,
40th Century after the Fall."

Dear Ladies,

At long last, I have obtained permission to communicate with the living tenants of the place I lived in during my unfortunate and miserable existence on earth.

The circumstances which led me to commit suicide were better left unrecounted here. Suffice it to say that they were of such an uncontrollable nature that my Imperial Master had commuted my term of torture at the above address, after 81 years, to one of 'harmless haunting of the place on Earth lived in by the suicide'.

I have been haunting the Banyan tree at the south-east corner of your Hostel compound, for the last fifty years and I can assure you, never caused injury to anybody all these years.

Now, the sole purport of my letter is this. I want to be kind, generous and helpful to the ladies of the hostel, who are now my neighbours. For this purpose I have enclosed a red, sealed packet, and if you, any of you, do what I request you to do in your

own interest, you will be immensely benefited.

All you have to do is to bring the packet on any Sunday at midnight to my residence, this being the Banyan tree, and stay there for half an hour, with the packet in the open palm of your hand. You will see me (I was good-looking when on earth) sitting there on one of the branches of the Banyan tree. You should not be afraid of me, for, having lived for 81 years in Brimstone, my eyes have turned burning-red. You should try to look unflinchingly at me, all the time you are there, and if you do it

boldly, my eyes will fade off after half an hour. When you do not find my eyes shining, return to your room and open the packet in your hand, and you will find, to your immense satisfaction, a ten-rupee note. The packet can be used any number of times.

On the other hand, if you disbelieve my letter or are afraid of the unpleasant but harmless rays of my eyes and run back before they fade off, in either case, if you open the packet, you will find therein nothing but a blank sheet of paper.

Now, best luck, girlies.

RAM PRABHAT, THE GHOST.

The girls broke out laughing in chorus.

"What rubbish!" exclaimed Kamakshi.

"Have any of you heard of the Ghost of the Banyan tree before? Never! A practical joke! That is what it is," said Vasantha.

"What will the Senior Matron say to this?" asked a meek young girl.

"Not a word to her," cautioned Meenakshi. "She might stop all our moonlight walks and games, if she should come to hear the story of the ghost."

"However," continued Meenakshi, "is there anybody willing to verify the truth of the letter and get ten rupees?" She was a strong-willed, powerful girl, the sort of girl who turns out in later life to what is called 'The Husband's Terror'.

Not a girl replied.

"Pooh!" Meenakshi exclaimed contemptuously. "What cowardly girls you are! Well, anyway, I am going to try the whole blooming nonsense of the letter."

"Are you? We hope not," said the girls incredulously.

"Why not?" asked Meenakshi.

The Banyan Tree at the South-East corner of the hostel was noted for its sinister appearance after dusk. With its thick cluster of leaves and gigantic branches which entwined themselves into one another in grotesque forms, the tree seemed a typical haunt of not one devil but a multitude of devils.

When Meenakshi approached the Banyan tree on the following Sunday at midnight a tremor passed through her body. Fifty of her hostel mates waiting for her to come back to them with the packet turned into a purse, made her brave and urged her on towards the tree.

With the sealed red packet in her open palm, she slowly approached the tree. The next moment she would have stood under the tree, but suddenly her toe was caught in a rope and she stumbled forward. The accident in such surroundings and in the state of mind she was in worked upon her nerves. A sudden fear overtook her. Trembling, she raised her eyes towards the central branches of the tree, and well and truly, from the leafy darkness, two red eyes were shining brightly. She saw nothing more.



She let out an appalling scream and ran head-long towards her room.

A little crowd of girls in Meenakshi's room. On the table was the opened red packet and, beside it, a piece of paper.

"Of course, a blank paper it ought to be! How could it transform itself into a currency note before the stipulated half hour?" one girl remarked.

"But tell us how long did you really stare at the ghost, and was he good-looking?" mocked another girl.

"Caught her toe in a rat-trap, otherwise....." chided, Kamakshi, in mock defence.

"But, Meenakshi," said Vasantha, "you should not have called us cowards. Now, who is a coward?"

Meenakshi looked up from her bed.

"At least I tried. Can you do even that?" she asked.

"Well, I can and I am going to, next Sunday!" Vasantha challenged.

True to her word, Vasantha did! Excepting the feeble starlight, the next Sunday night was dark and, under the Banyan tree, it was so dark that it was almost palpable.

When she returned after half an hour from the Banyan tree, the girls rushed to her to see what was inside the already opened packet.

They found to their delightful surprise a ten-rupee note!

"Oh, she placed it there herself! She has not gone to the tree at all," one girl said sceptically.

To satisfy everybody about her boldness, Vasantha took with her the following Sunday another girl, and on returning from the expedition, the girl related how the eyes of the ghost faded away after just half an hour.

Soon the news reached the ears of the Senior Matron, and the ears of the people of the town. But Vasantha made it a point to extract a ten-rupee note from the ghost every Sunday, and neither did the packet get weary of yielding the fixed amount every Sunday.

Miss D. Sadasivan, the Senior Matron smiled sadly.

"I am much worried about it, Mr. Rajan," she said. "The trouble is that owing to this ghost-story spreading about, parents nowadays do not much like sending their girls here. Therefore, what I want you to do is to lay the ghost. I think it is possible."

"Of course, everything is possible, or rather should be, for a detective," Detective Mr. Rajan said.

"I feel that the whole thing is a joke; do you believe in ghosts?"

"Yes, I do. But this is the first time I have heard of a ghost passing on currency notes to individuals on earth!" he replied.

"Actually, I too had been one Sunday night to the Banyan tree and I *did* see the red eyes of the ghost, but naturally I did not try to stare it out—it seemed rather an uncomfortable job to me."

"And does this ghost sit there on the branches even if any number of persons go there?"

"Yes. But nobody dares go there except Vasantha. I see!"

From a cloudless sky, the moon was shining in all its brilliance. Under the Banyan tree were three people: Miss Sadasivan, Mr. Rajan and Miss Vasantha. Vasantha's mind was full of dark forebodings about the immediate and the far off future.

Facing the three, from the central branches of the tree, was the ghost with the red rays of its eyes focussed on the people there, trying its best to frighten them out of their wits and make them run away.

Thirty minutes. Vasantha who was till now in a trance, as it were, realised her position, and shouted: "Jump down and escape!"

On hearing those words, the ghost's eyes suddenly faded out. Mr. Rajan placed himself quickly right under the ghost's seat on the branch. The ghost could do nothing but jump down straight into the outstretched arms of Mr. Rajan.

The hostel hall was crowded at 1 a.m. that night. On one side was Mr. Rajan explaining to admiring members of the hostel how he deduced that the 'ghost' was a living man from the numbers of the ten-rupee notes given to Vasantha by the ghost on two consecutive Sunday nights.

On the other side was Vasantha, hand-in-hand with a young man, and both were facing the Senior Matron defiantly.

From the young man's hand was dangling a metal mask with an appalling face painted on it with two red electric bulbs inserted in the place of eyes.

The Senior Matron was in a fury.

"Vasantha," she cried vehemently, "consider yourself discharged from the hostel from this hour, and you, young man, what is your explanation?"

"Nothing," replied Damodaran the ex-ghost proudly. "Love laughs at hostel matrons!"

Modesty and coyness being the better parts of valour (among girls), Vasantha did not answer.

THE SLEUTH AND THE TRUNK

By J. H. ACOTT

ADOLPHUS Longnose had never been anything but a poor mutt. As soon as he was born, the doctor in attendance had told his mother that the brain of Adolphus was wanting.

"It's not all there, madam," the doctor had said. "See how the back of his head caves in? That's a sure sign that his head is almost hollow. Well, good morning, madam, and better luck next time!"

Well, there you have poor old Adolphus. He went through school with a bleared and vacant look in his eyes, and his only hobby was collecting walnuts. He thought they were gold nuggets.

After he had left school and his parents had died of disappointment in their only son, Adolphus began to look about for something to do. He read the papers every day, concentrating on the 'Situations Vacant' columns. When he came to things like 'Wanted—bright young man for lucrative post', he sent off applications, telling the advertiser all about the colour of his eyes and the fact that he had a nose like a 'lordly eagle'.

Obviously, Adolphus never got a job.

Looking through the paper one day, when his waist-line was pretty low, Adolphus read about a surplus of horrible trunk murder cases that had been occurring in the village of Heriot.

"What ho!" crackled Adolphus joyfully. "I've found my groove at last! I was cut out to be a Criminal Investigator!"

And so he began sleuthing, after buying a magnifying glass, a pair of imitation handcuffs, and a false moustache.

One morning, after buying a beef-chop at the local butcher's, Adolphus set out for home. Naturally, he was going home to cook and consume the beef-chop. But, shuffling along the road with his eyes on the look-out for foot-prints and signs of blood, he was suddenly very interested to see bloodstains, or what looked very much like bloodstains, on the road!

With a peculiar clucking sound, Adolphus went on his knees and used his magnifying glass.

"Aha!" he said in a sepulchral tone. "Blood! A murder has been done!"

Swiftly trailing the bloodstains, Adolphus was rather alarmed to notice that he had left the village far behind, and that he was now out in the lonely countryside. But this fact was rapidly overlooked when he saw a man a hundred yards ahead of him—a man who staggered along with a leather trunk in his hand. Overtaking the man, Adolphus was overjoyed to see that blood was dripping from the trunk! The initials on the trunk were W. J. A.

"My man!" called Adolphus. "Stop!"

"Go to hell!" said the man.

"Impossible!" said Adolphus. "My man, I want you!"

The man with the trunk was a suspicious-looking, evil-eyed individual with a heavy growth of stubble on his chin. To Adolphus he looked quite mad.

"My baa-ing lamb!" he snarled. "Beat it!"

Although Adolphus had very little brain, he was fairly powerful, as is the case with such imbeciles. With a leap he pounced on the man, punched him on the chin, and tied his hands behind his back with his belt. This left Adolphus with his own trousers in a precarious position, but he didn't think of using the prisoner's belt. Anyway, the joy of having caught a murderer was worth wandering round with your trousers hanging at half mast.

And then Adolphus set out to enjoy himself. His victim came round and looked at him sourly.

"Who the blasted hell are you?" snarled the man.

"Adolphus Longnose," proudly stated our sleuth, "the famous Criminal Investigator—private, by the way."

"Good God!" said the man with a short laugh. "I thought for a moment that you'd escaped from the Zoo! You look like a walrus!"

Adolphus pulled his false moustache off with a flourish.



.....blood was dripping from the trunk!

"Now," he said, "who have you been killing? Whom have you foully done away with? Come on, it's no use trying to dodge the issue!"

"Nobody," said the man. "You're a fool!"

He looked a very clever person, and Adolphus was not at all surprised to see that his, Adolphus's character had been appraised so soon.

"Am I?" sneered Adolphus. "You'll find out about that, my man, when I drag you along to the police station!"

"Bah!" said the man on the ground. He seemed to think for a while and then asked, "where did you pick up my trail?"

Adolphus pulled the chop from his pocket.

"I had just been to the butcher's!" he said.

And then his victim laughed loud and long, tears of merriment running down his cheeks. Adolphus watched him with an uneasy feeling in his stomach.

"Oh, you priceless lunatic!" the prisoner said when he could speak. "Oh, you fluff-brained, cow-eyed, long-necked giraffe!"

"Why?" asked Adolphus, hurt and almost afraid that he had blundered. His prisoner seemed very sure of himself.

"Because, you squirt-nosed snipe," said the prisoner, "because I was also at the butcher's! And I bought a few pounds of beef for a large dinner party I'm having at my country house to-night!"

"How comes it that you're carrying it?" asked Adolphus in a weak voice. "It seems queer that you

shouldn't have had it delivered to you or that you shouldn't have sent your servant for it!"

He felt that this was a strong point.

"Because my servants are all on holiday!" snarled the man. "Open the rotten trunk and have a look, my budding Sherlock Holmes!"

Adolphus opened the trunk.

Before his almost tearful eyes was a mass of what was obviously beef!

"I'm sorry!" bleated Adolphus and let his prisoner go, after taking another slanging.

Next morning, on the look-out for fresh cases, Adolphus read his paper. His eyes lighted on quite an interesting case—one that made Adolphus's mouth water with its gruesomeness.

"Yesterday," said the paper, "a few miles from the village of Heriot, the gruesome details of a fresh trunk murder case came to light. In connection with the disappearance of Colonel Roughneck from his home in Heriot, the police arrested a man who was openly carrying a trunk from which blood was oozing. On being questioned, he stated that he was a butcher by trade, and that he was supplying a customer, personally, with a large order. On removing the hideous mass from the trunk, it was found that it was the hacked up, skinned body of Colonel Roughneck. The head was at the bottom of the trunk—"

Adolphus looked longingly at the wall. "I wish I'd been there to catch him!" he breathed, and read on.

"The initials on the trunk were W. J. A....."

Adolphus now sweeps cross-roads!

The Trumpet and the Cart—(Continued from page 35)

they will be very soon placed before the public in two plays and one historical scene. The proud interviewer dotfully takes down every sound he can catch, and in the evening his paper publishes a rollicking half-column under the caption, 'G.B.S. on the Far East', not omitting to mention the compliment of the superman to their representative in his 'exclusive interview'. When he tours other countries, he is most original. When he is asked what he thinks about a great contemporary, he complacently says that the other great man is more or less his equal, in another sphere. When some autograph fans present their albums to him for signature, he gracefully collects all the albums held out before him and gently flings them all in a heap into the nearest ditch or dustbin. That is his method, and he tells us, he is able to get away with it.

In our own country, if a man of letters in North India finds he is not able to sell as many copies of his works as he desires, he should undertake a health tour to South India, address as many public and private meetings on the way as he can, lament the deterioration of the Indians who are spoonfed even in their literary judgements and point out clearly that we don't know how to honour our own geniuses. Then in a 'private' talk, he can casually mention that he has absolutely nothing to complain about, since his books are selling like hot cakes in other countries. And later, if he can afford, he can invite himself to a lecture tour to America to bring about better understanding of Indian Arts and Indian Ideals (which are as dead as a dodo!).

TOPSY-TURVY 'ABSOLUTELY FREE!

Rs. 200

FREE MUST BE WON

FREE COMPETITION

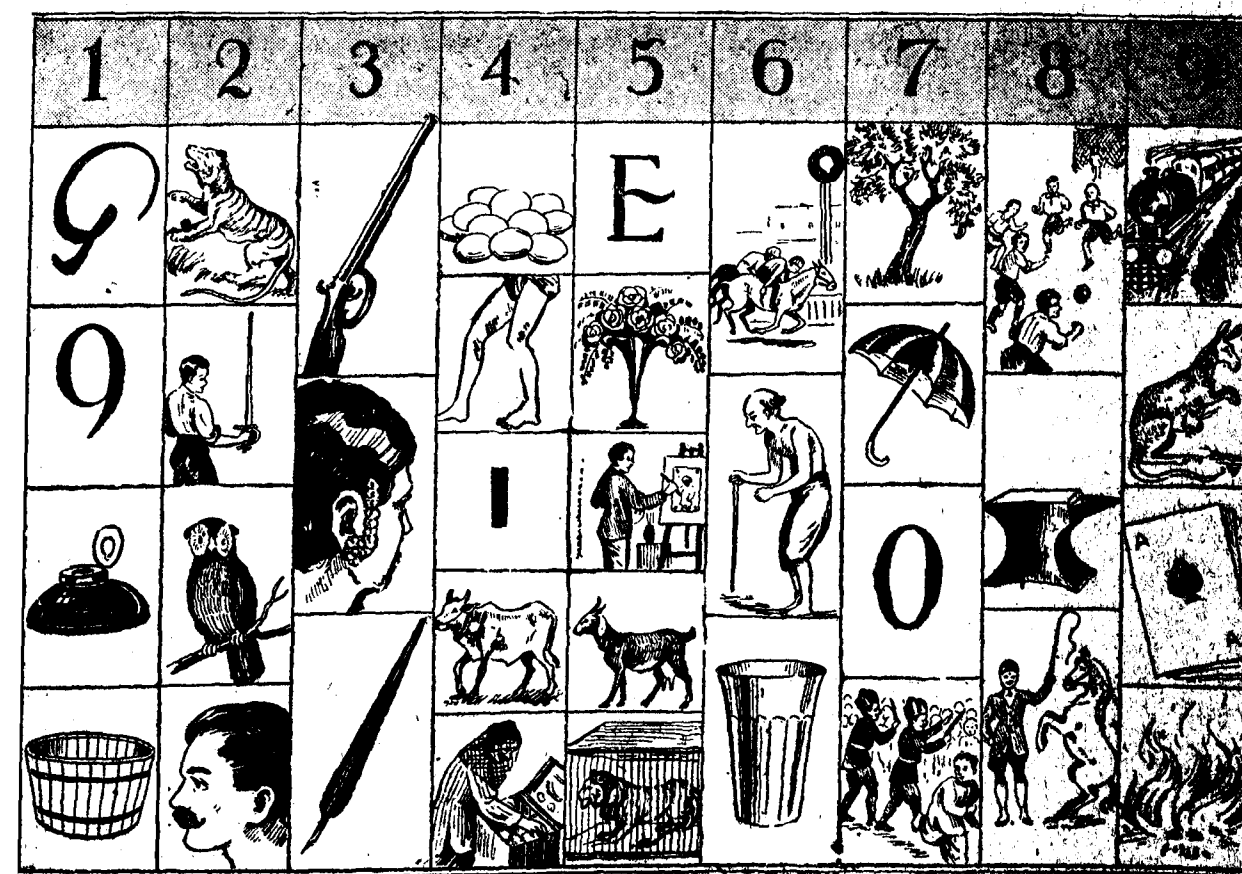
SO SIMPLE-SO EASY!

HOW TO SOLVE 'TOPSY-TURVY'

Here is a new puzzle. The artist has drawn the pictures bottoms-up, i.e. Topsy-Turvy. The initial letter of the object illustrated must be added up from the bottom, upwards. The word solved must agree with the clues given. For example, take No. 1 and consider the pictures upside down. Tub gives T, Ink-pot I, Nine N and then there is G. This makes the word TING, the answer to the clue 'Sound'. Solve the other eight similarly.

THIS SET ONLY

CLOSING DATE 29-5-35



Topsy Turvy

RULES AND CONDITIONS

Solutions must be written *only on the coupon on this page*. All entries must be received by the last post on 29-5-35. 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, 'TOPSY-TURVY' Competition,
The Merry Magazine,
1-2/140, Broadway, Madras.

ANOTHER FREE PUZZLE: NEXT WEEK



Amrutanjan

FOR ALL ACHES & PAINS

Clues.

- | | | |
|------------|-----------|------------|
| 1. SOUND | 4. FABRIC | 7. PUT OUT |
| 2. STATION | 5. DESIST | 8. TOUCH |
| 3. PIN | 6. PEAK | 9. COOK |

ENTRY FORM

'TOPSY-TURVY' Competition Coupon

CLOSING DATE 29-5-35

1. TING
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.

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

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

A MARVELLOUS OFFER WHICH MAY NOT BE REPEATED.

Send Entries to your
Heart's content for only
Rs. 5 and be sure of your
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Minimum award of
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First Prize Rs. 650. **Second Prize Rs. 250.**
Rs. 50 for the first ten Correct Solutions posted. **Rs. 50** for the sender of largest number of sets.

Entrance Fee: RUPEE ONE per Entry or RUPEES FIVE for any No. of entries

Minimum award of Rs. 15 Guaranteed to every sender of Correct Solution.

The Egeria "Special" Missing Letters No. 40.

Last Posting Date:—31-5-35]

[Sealed Key Solution deposited with "Tatler."

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

No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.	No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.
1.	STE—	Move by steam	6.	BU—	disease.....
2.	F—AY	Frighten	7.	PAV—N	Slow dance.....
3.	ARRA—	Put in order	8.	FR—	Married woman
4.	GE—Y	Neat	9.	R—CK	Strain
5.	ME—	Boundary			

Rules:—Direct and Exact Clues from Chambers XX Century Dictionary A, An, Any, The, To are omitted in the beginning of the clues. The dots before and after some clues denote one or more words not copied from the Dictionary. Bracketted words are not used. It will be enough if only the possible alternatives alone are noted. There is no need to write every entry separately. Entries received without the proper fees or M. O. Receipts will not be considered. The decision of the manageress will be final and legally binding. The using of unsuitable alternatives results in disqualification. *The Prize amounts will NOT be reduced under any circumstances.* Results will be sent within a week only to those enclosing 2 half anna stamps. Other Rules as usual.

Address all your entries and fees to:—

The Manageress, **THE EGERIA COMPETITIONS,**
P. O. WASHHERMANPETTA, MADRAS.

An Astounding offer from your favourite—The Progressive India.

WIN Rs. 1,000 GUARANTEED

FIRST PRIZE: Rs. 600 **IN "BOWLERS" COMPETITION** **SECOND PRIZE: Rs. 300**

Rs. 50 for the first five correct solutions posted. **Rs. 50** for the sender of largest number of entries.

LAST POSTING DATE: 23rd May, 1935.

Sealed Key Solution deposited with "TATLER."

Minimum Award of Rs. 150 Guaranteed to every sender of correct solution.

Entrance Fee:—FOUR ANNAS PER ENTRY.

What you have to do:—Below you will find 10 incomplete words, with clues beside each of them. All you have to do is to substitute one letter for each dash to get the corresponding meaning. A complete list of letters are given, and only letters from these should be selected. These letters may be used as many times as you wish. Chambers XX Dictionary is the sole reference to this competition. For Example No. 1 is INDIA.

No.	Clues.	No.	Incomplete Words.	List of Letters.	No.	Incomplete Words.	No.	Clues.
1	The country we live in	1	IN—IA	B M	6	CLO—URE	6	Act of closing.
2	The body of a ship	2	HUL—	D O	7	SA—E	7	Free from danger.
3	A kind of game	3	RU—Y	F R	8	GA—	8	Mouth.
4	Doctor takes this	4	CA—E	G S	9	CO—ER	9	Seen in the kitchen.
5	Full of leaves	5	LEA—Y	K T L V	10	SA—	10	What you do when you don't get a prize

Rules:—Competitors sending single entries may send the entrance fee in quarter anna stamps. All remittances of eight annas and above should be sent by M. O. only and P. O. Receipts must be attached to entries. Any number of entries may be sent at 4 annas each. Results will be sent within a week only to those enclosing 2 half-anna stamps. The Manager's decision is final and legally binding. *The Prize amounts will not be reduced under any circumstances.* Other rules as usual.

Address all your entries, etc., to:—

The Manager, **THE PROGRESSIVE INDIA COMPETITIONS,**
Washermanpetta, :: :: :: **MADRAS, 18.**

YOUR HEALTH HOW TO KEEP IT.

(By Dr. Herman N. Bundesen, M.D., Sc. D., F.A.C.P.)

Do Some Foods Heat The Blood?

One of the most popular superstitions of our time concerns the effect that certain foods are supposed to have on the blood. It is not unusual to find a person who believes that by taking lemon juice every morning he will be helped to lose weight. Of course there is no basis for such a belief. That isn't to say, of course, that lemon juice is not a good food. It furnishes the valuable vitamin C and alkaline ash.

Some even think that lemon juice thins the blood. And many people will say for a certainty that oatmeal heats the blood.

There is absolutely no basis for either statement. Neither the make-up of the blood nor its temperature is effected by what we eat.

Unless some infection is present, causing the number of white cells to increase, the make-up of the blood is about the same all of the time. A possible exception is after meals, when the amount of sugar in the blood may increase and other substances from food get into the blood stream.

As to the temperature of the blood, it remains fairly constant all of the time. The exception is, when a person has some infection and there is fever, causing the temperature to rise.

But neither oatmeal nor any other food heats the blood. Oatmeal is a particularly good food at all times. It supplies abundant energy, and is particularly rich in vitamin B, found to be an important factor in the diet for stimulating appetite, strengthening the nerves, and curbing constipation.

Oatmeal is a good food in both warm and cold weather. It is particularly good for warm climates, because oatmeal is not a "milled" cereal. That means that the oat heart has not been removed. Therefore, in this easily digested food, you get, among other things, a good supply of the important vitamins, minerals and carbohydrates.

So, don't get the idea that certain foods have a peculiar effect on the temperature of the blood. Some foods furnish energy and tissue-building materials. Others supply certain substances, like minerals and vitamins, that go to regulate the body processes. And that's all food does. It doesn't affect the temperature of the blood.

Every individual should plan to eat a well-balanced diet, including all of the necessary food parts. The cereals should be eaten winter and summer alike for the starch, vitamins and minerals that they supply.

Whether the weather is hot or cold, individuals need foods for energy and they do not need to worry about such foods making the blood hotter.

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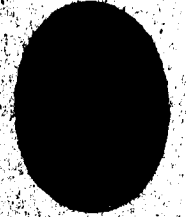


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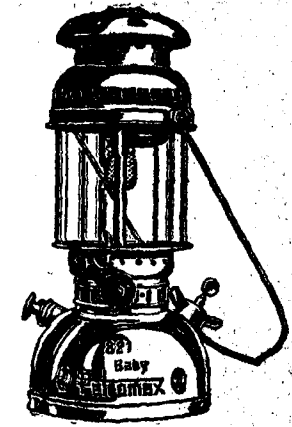
No.	Puzzle	Solution
1	LAWB	LAMB
2	JARE	
3	WALF	
4	GOLT	
5	HARB	
6	BHAR	

How to solve? Aside is given the names of the more common animals with only one letter misprinted. Correct them by replacing the misprinted letter by a correct letter. e.g., the correct solution for No. 1 is—'LAMB' the name of an animal. Similarly solve the others.

Rules:—1. Ref. Chambers XX Century Dictionary is the sole reference to this puzzle and bracketed words are not used. 2. A prize of Rs. 400 will be awarded for correct solutions agreeing with the Sealed Key Solution Deposited with the Editor "The Rainbow" Madras. A special prize of Rs. 25 for the senders of the first FIVE correct solutions and Rs. 25 for the sender of the largest number of entries will also be awarded. 3. The decision of the manager in all matters relating to the competition is absolutely final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry. Other rules as usual. 4. Address Entry on plain paper together with two half-annas for results and Fees by M. O.

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Sealed correct solution is deposited with the Imperial Bank of India, Simla.

Entrance Fee for each entry is Annas 8 payable by M. O.

Prizes. 1st. Prize, Rs. 500, for all correct solution.
Extra Prize, Rs. 100, for largest number of entries.

What you have to do. Fill up the six blank spaces, using any numbers, so that each row of numbers totals 39 horizontally, vertically and diagonally.

		14
		13
		12

Rules. Each number can be used only once.

Any No. of plain paper entries may be submitted with the requisite fee. M. O. receipt & a self addressed stamped envelope must accompany entries. In case of ties, prizes will be divided. Prize amount will vary in proportion to entries received. All correct solution is one which agrees with the sealed correct solution deposited with the Imperial Bank. Manager's decision is final & legally binding.

Address entries & M. O. to:—

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6 1/2' 4 1/2' 2-6 7 1/2' 6' 6' 3-14

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20 Special Prizes of Rs. 50 each for largest number of entries.

Entry Closes: 1-6-35

CINEMA STARS.

Results on 10-6-35.

Key Solution lodged with the Bank of Commerce, Ltd.

What to do? Names of seven Cinema Stars with a list of key-words are given below. Select for each name TWO key-words whose letters can be rearranged to form the names of the Star in question. Thus, "SHEARER" can be built up out of the letters of the two key-words "RARE" (16) and "SHE" (23). Use numbers only for the solution taken from the list given. All the letters of the two key-words must be used, and no key-word can be used for more than one name. It does not matter which numbers are placed first or second, as only the two correct numbers will be considered in each case.

Name of Cinema Star

1. SHEARER
2. CHEVALIER
3. HAROLDE
4. WAREING
5. BARNETT
6. TAUBER
7. KEATING

1. Are
2. Awe
3. Bar
4. Bat
5. Bent
6. Brat
7. Clear
8. Ear

Complete List of Key-words.

9. Gin
10. Had
11. Hive
12. Hold
13. King
14. Leave
15. Net
16. Rare
17. Rat
18. Reach
19. Rich
20. Ring
21. Role
22. Rue
23. She
24. Take
25. Tea
26. Tent
27. Tub
28. Veil
29. Vile
30. Wear
31. Wing

RULES & CONDITIONS.

(1) An Entry fee of Re. 1/- for every entry must be sent by M.O. Any number of entries can be submitted for Rs. 35/-. P.O. Receipts for M.O. must be affixed with the entry. (2) Prizes will be divided in case of a tie or ties and the prize amount will vary in proportion to 30,000 entries. (3) No responsibility can be accepted for the entries lost, mislaid or delayed. No, extension. The Manager's ruling on all matters relating to this contest is final and legally binding.

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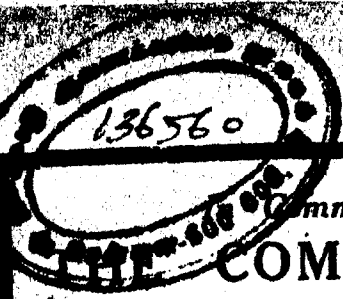
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Place a letter for each dash to get the given meanings.

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1.	DOR—	Village	4.	POTENC—	Power
2.	DESCRI—E	Trace out	5.	LAB—UM	Lip
3.	MA—ELESS	Without a mate	6.	COM—E	Hairy

General Rules:—Reference Chambers XX Century Dictionary. Bracketted words are not used. The correct solution is one that tallies with the sealed key solution in the possession of the Editor. Entries on plain paper, with name and Address in Block Letters. Any number of entries may be sent at the requisite fee. A competitor can win more than one prize and also shares. In Commemoration of their Majesties Silver Jubilee, every competitor sending two or more entries will be posted with a free copy of The Ready Reckoner, containing 3,400 four-lettered words found in Chambers XX Century Dictionary, compiled by Mr. P. V. K. Moorthy, Professional Puzzle Solutionist. The book will be sent free to all competitors, sending 2 entries or more irrespective of their winning cash prizes. The correct solution and the list of prize winners will be published in the June issue of The Commercial Tit-Bits of India, on the 5th of June, 1935, and copies of the same will be sent only to those who send an extra fee of one anna with the entrance fee. Address your entries and M.O. to:

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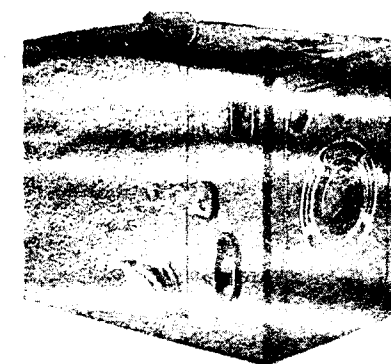
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