

THE WOLF AND THE FOX—PART TWO

1048

THE

MERRY

MAGAZINE



2206

Vol. III Madras, 1 June '35 No. 22

Rs. 300 FREE

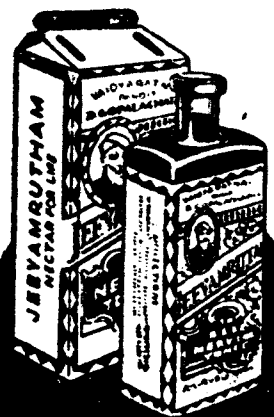
Harindranath
Chattopadhyaya
Private Joyfull

Deisvi, 'Mie'
Albert A. Rolan'
R. K. N. Sw



POSSESS the PHYSICAL ENERGY OF A YOUNG LION

Why lead such a weak and sickly life, a burden to yourself and others? Why not throb with superior vitality and possess the physical energy of a young lion? If you want physical excellence that will compel success in all your endeavours take JEEVAMRUTHAM today. A few weeks' trial gives such exuberance of spirit & joy of living that you yourself will be astonished at the marvellous change it will effect in you.



Available in two Sizes

Big Phial Rs. 3-4-0
Small Phial Rs. 1-12-0

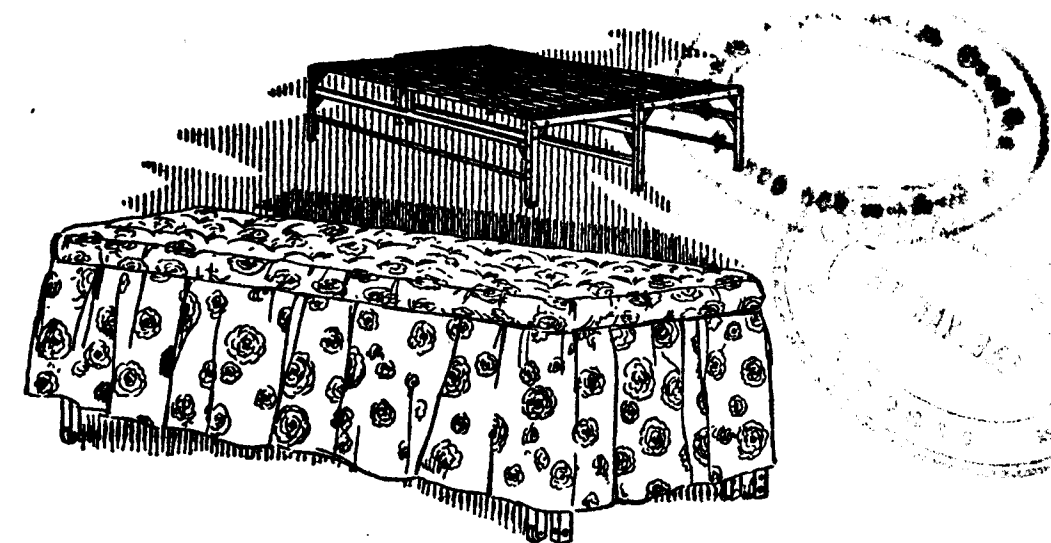
PANDIT D. GOPALACHARI'S

JEEVAMRUTHAM

Available at all Chemists & Stores

AYURVEDASRAMAM,
P.O. BOX 287. MADRAS

A COUCH BY DAY ... AND ...



A FULL-SIZED DOUBLE BED AT NIGHT

All Steel Construction
and
Guaranteed Against Breakage

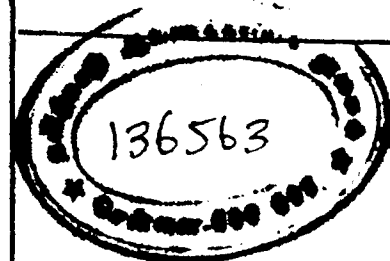
Price Rs. 49-8-0

Literature Free From Sole Agents:

CURZON & Co.,
MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

MERRY MAGAZINE

MADRAS, JUNE 1, 1935



CONTENTS

SPECIAL

	PAGE
The Wolf and The Fox—A Poem—Part II By Harindranath Chattopadhyaya	5
The Misfortunes of Meena—Great 'Deisvi' Serial Second Instalment—At The Feet of her Saviour	10
'Edenics'—Cartoon by 'Dial'	32
Rs. 300 Free to Readers—"Bring-Them-Round" Competition	49
Results of 'Pick-Me-Up' Competition	50

FEATURES

Sparks from our Anvil	3
The Editor, His Page	4
Fun For All The Family	9
Auntie Awful's Correspondence Column XXXII	15
Star Dust	25
The Letters of Private Joyfull—st. A North Country Fair	18
Do you know?	20
The Story of My Life By 'Mie'	39

SHORT STORIES AND SKITS

Wooing of Algy	By O. C. Beale	22
A Paper Gift	By P. M. Baliga	26
Two Birds With One Stone	By Albert A. Roland	29
Sarada	By T. S. Anantha Narayanan	33
Art For Art's Sake	By A. T. MacNaughton Thomas	35
Some Car, Sir!	By P. P. Samuel	36
The Gardener	By C. V. V.	38
Film-stars on Love		42
How to Write on India	By R. K. Narayan Swami	44
The Little Lieutenant	By 'Embusque'	46

HARINDRANATH
CHATTOPADHYAYAThe Wolf and The Fox
(Concluded)

The Fox wriggles out of the jam only as a fox can! And the Big Bad Wolf.....?

JOYFULL

An Englishman amidst the simple festivities of a Fair—Humble hill-folk in holiday-mood—A giant Merry-go-round—A bear enjoying the best lunch of its life—A C.I.D. Inspector going beyond his depth!

Vital! Vivid! Vivacious!

'EMBUSQUE'

A poltergeist—(don't reach for the dictionary: it is only a spirit, but not methylated!)—demands a pot of sweets in return for making itself scarce! A ghost with not a little of monkey inside it!

ALBERT A. ROLAND

A young hubby on the threshold of his first Blessed Event. A Doctor in a new role.

It is a scream!

'HENMAN'

Naughty, lovely, sedha. A wager. A pistol shot! A corpse kissing a live girl!

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Speaking on the 'India Bill and the Future', Mr. Ramaswamy Mudaliar remarked that the three Round



Table Conferences had miserably failed.

This confession comes too late.

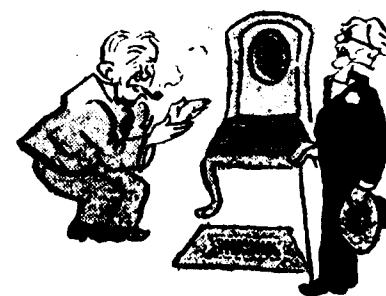
In the course of his address to the Reichstag, Herr Hitler laid down thirteen points as necessary for International peace.

Even without that ominous number, any one could see that Europe is in a pretty bad way.

A cable says that he took two hours and fifteen minutes to deliver his speech, in the course of which he twice drank cold tea.

Looking at the speech, as a whole, he seems to have swallowed much else besides.

Now that the passage of the India Bill is assured, it is rumoured, that Messrs. Baldwin and Macdonald will change places.



Does it mean that Mr. Macdonald becomes the leader of the Conservative Party?

The Bengal Government published a communique prohibiting all newspapers in Bengal from giving publicity to the celebrations of the All India Detenus' Day.

It is characteristic of the British love of sport that the celebrations themselves were not banned!

It is computed that silver valued at more than 600 crores of rupees is kept hoarded in this country.

If its price rises a little more, we may expect to see it all boarded!

The Indo-Burma finance tribunal has decided that Burma's debt to India should be paid at the rate of 235 lakhs or 7½ per cent yearly, spread over a period of 45 years.

The balance of 92½ per cent which apparently represents India's debt will, it is hoped, be made payable to England, in perpetuity.

Reuter reports: "The League Assembly adopted to-day the report of the Gran Chaco Commission favouring continuance of mediatory efforts."

The main thing to notice is that it provides for the continuance of the War!

One of the under-ground railway stations in Moscow has been named Eden, in honour of the visit of the British Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

This should strengthen the argument of those who claim that Bolshevik Russia is a Paradise!

"Whereas Ireland spends £9,000 a year, and the Isle of Man £12,000 on travel publicity, Scotland is expected to do the same work on £300."

And Scotland probably does!

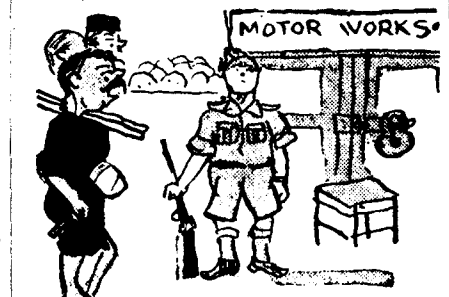
A beauty expert writes: "If you want to be elegant, you must part with a round sum."

Or a round figure!

"I alone know why I rejected the offer to turn professional, and that I cannot yet divulge."—Perry

Apparently he thinks it's still a secret!

The report that motor cars are to be manufactured in this country has led to interpellations in the Councils.



We are reliably informed that they will be provided with proper safeguards!

In the House of Lords, Lord Stanhope denied that there had been any export of arms from Britain to Abyssinia.

But he made no mention of the countries to which they were exported, in the first instance.

Mae West announces that her proposed trip to England is abandoned.

Britain can however still come up and see her some time.

"Guntur, registered 118 in the shade to-day."—News-item.

That's a nasty jolt to the advocates of 'plain living'.

As chairman of a meeting at Ooty, Sir R. K. Shanmugham Chetti claimed that he was in possession of a sound sense of humour.



Judging from his observations, he seemed to have left it behind!

'MIE' IS JILTED BY HIS GIRL! (See page 39)



THE EDITOR HIS PAGE

OURSELVES

When an editor writes under the above caption, the occasion must be either his birth, meaning, of course, his journal's birth or its silver or golden jubilee or at least its copper jubilee, if there is such a thing in the world. But if an editor goes beyond the prescribed use of that title there must be a cogent reason. And in this case there is one.

The last number of the *Merry Magazine* must have reached the readers as a pleasant bolt from Broadway. That it was so is borne out by the latest contents of my mail-bag.

Ordinarily I should have announced the changes inside and outside the *Merry Magazine*, a week in advance. But, advisedly, I have made a departure from the beaten track of convention, because I wanted to give the readers a thrill and a pleasure.

For sometime now, valued friends and admirers of *The Merry* have been suggesting a change in its jacket as it (now the late lamented cover) was not quite in keeping with the literary dignity and pictorial excellence of its contents. So I have made it shed its old coat and have led the blushing beauty fresh and smiling from my beauty-parlour, to bow to its world. To make a bow, however artistically it is done, is not all.

The performance is the thing. The entertainment provided between the two covers of this Magazine has evoked no mean applause so far; and that it will earn greater applause as the weeks progress I have no manner of doubt.

Of other changes in the Magazine, one is the decoration of the 'Sparks'. The idea was started by a valued friend living beyond the Mediterranean Sea, and it took a definite shape when that grand idea found an echo nearer home. The credit for the added lustre of the 'Sparks' goes to Mali, of course.

All this means, however, an all round augmentation in man-power, brain-power, printing-munitions and last, but not least, more of double-entry accounting. When this side of the picture was placed before the owner of this and its allied publications, he, sportsman and lover of literature that he is, shrugged his shoulders and said, "Progress is the rule of life. Hang the cost: go ahead!"

So here is a brighter and a merrier *Merry* for you: and may the perusal of it give you the same pleasure which the compilation and editing thereof gives me and my assistants.

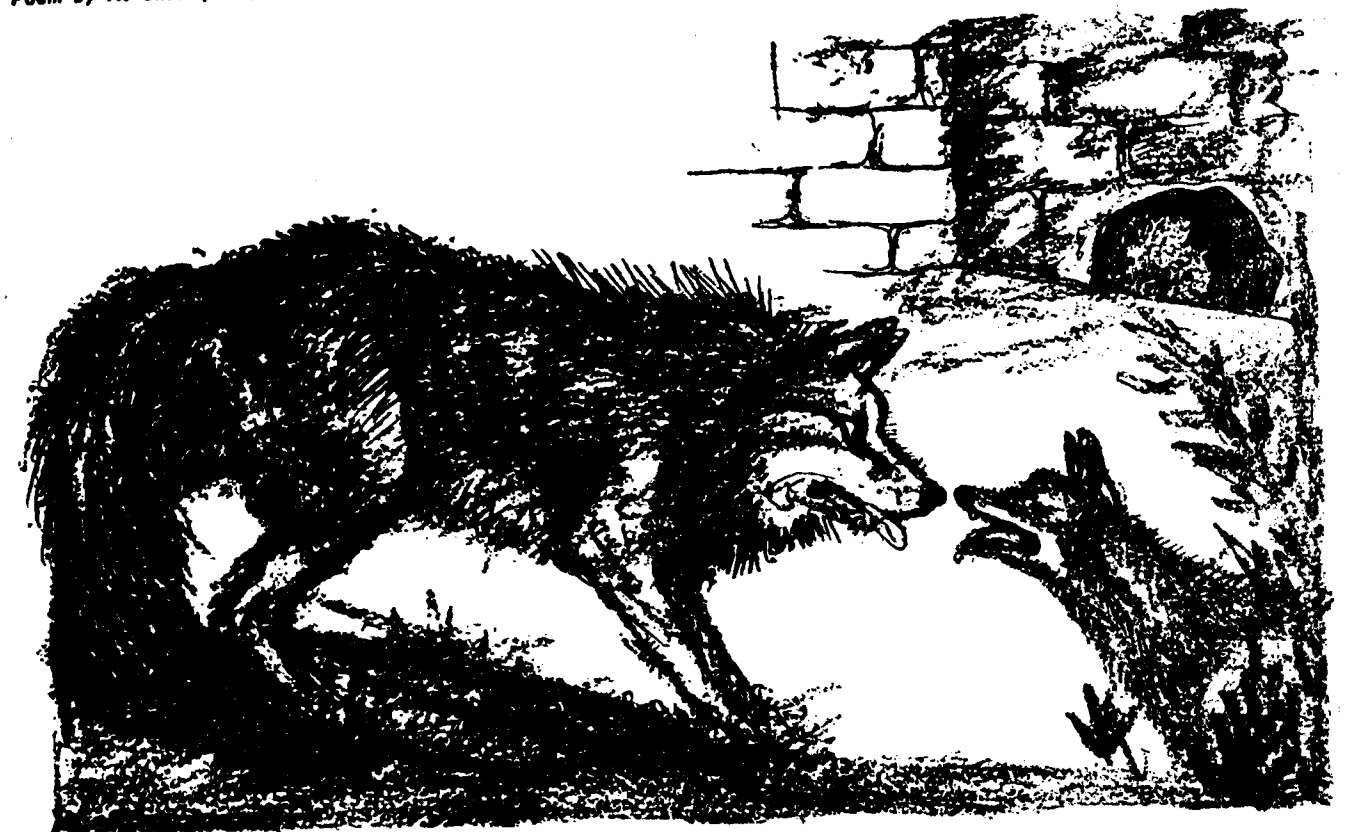
Your Editor.

THE WOLF AND THE FOX

PART II

Poem by H. Chattopadhyaya

Illustrated by Mali



Outside the wall, beside the breach
They stood and whispered each to each:
"Allah be praised!" the wolf began,—
"You see, my lord, that now you can
With an abundant happy ease
Enter the vineyards when you please."
The fox, he gave the stars a wink,
And knew the wolf was on the brink
Of certain death, and it was fate
Making him walk towards it straight.
The wolf said, "Fox! my heart's a-flush!
I'll enter now! But softly,—hush!"

Only a dozen paces went
The wolf thrice happy and content,
A dozen paces—in a flash
The covering gave way, and—crash!
The wolf shot down into the pit
And found great blackness inside it.
Shot down even as a meteorite
Out of clear heaven into night.

The fox's joy grew bright and big,
In wildest glee he danced a jig,
And round and round the pit he went
And cried: "Repent, dear fool, repent!
When retribution cometh late
It cometh with a greater weight,
A greater power, a greater grief.
Your fall has given me relief,
And I am henceforth sure that I
Shall live most happy till I die.
Allah has heard my prayers, I know,
And in this moment laid you low.

O empty-headed worse-than-dunce!
Do you forget I told you once
Not very long ago that pride
Heralds a fall?"—The wolf replied
In broken accents: "I agree....."
The wolf wept burning tears of woe.
The fox began to weep also
By way of company, until

The wolf controlled himself a while
And spoke: "Do you respect me still?"

The sly fox answered with a smile
Behind his tears: "Indeed! I do,
And love you most sincerely, too,
And that is why I weep with you!"

But soon loud laughter broke the mist
Of tears—the fox could not resist
Laughing in joy over the plight
Of Mr. Wolf for very spite.

"Why do you laugh?" the captive cried:

"I'm laughing at your broken pride,
I'm laughing at your helpless state
Which amply satisfies my hate.

Old enemy! I feast my sight
Upon your present sorry plight:
And lo, it grieves my bosom sore
You had not met with it before.

For had you done, from tragedies
I would have long ago found ease,

And long before this, have been saved
From useless grief, since you behaved
In a most ugly way with me
While you were powerful and free.

Well, well, I must not now regret
Now that your lordly sun has set:
Seeing that you have met your doom
I should forget all bygone gloom.
Here ends my bitter martyrdom
And golden days for me are come."

The wolf said to the fox: "O brother!
I beg you to inform my mother
Of my piteous fate,—and please
Bid her come.....upon my knees
I beg you to convey to her
This message, won't you, honoured sir?"

"But what's the use, and where's the fun
In fetching her? Your days are done!"

In a decisive way the fox
Spoke to the wolf: "Your pleading mocks
The firm decision death has made
To pluck your breath."

"I am afraid
For O, I love my life, my breath!"

"Self-love, has led you straight to death.
Self-love, self-worship, self-esteem
Are pictures in a passing dream,
From which one wakes to find himself
At best a helpless mourning elf,
A nincompoop, a shuttlecock
Of Death who strikes him with a shock.



Through arrogance you lost your wit
And find yourself now in a pit,
A dirty hole where you must grope
In darkness without any hope.
One who goes headlong into vice
Sooner or later pays the price."

The wolf replied: "It's more than true
That I had long ill-treated you,
And made you in my days of pride
Do many deeds undignified
And made you toil for me and sweat:
Believe me, I do not forget
The services you rendered me
In days that never more will be.

But does that mean that you should lose
Your noble nature and abuse
A suffering creature who is crossed
In fortune, and entirely lost?
Nay, it becomes you not, good sir!

Your soul of mercy should prefer
To pardon me and thereby bless,—
Returning good for evil." "Yes!"

The fox replied, "I should forgive!
But then, that would not make you live
Nor cancel the large punishment
To which, poor fool, you have been sent
Headlong through insolence and crime!
Your life has reached its closing-time."

"Ah, nay!" the wolf continued, "Nay!
Your subtle brain can find a way
To hoodwink death and rescue me:
Pardon me friend, and set me free!
What finer brain exists on earth
Than yours, O friend! whose schemes are worth
Ten million coins of gold, and more?"

And then he wept and then he swore
That if his life were only spared,
(The fox could save him if he cared)
He'd be his humble slave thereafter.
Shaking his jaws with joyous laughter
The fox assured him that the pit
For him was just a kingdom fit,
That, further, he had asked for it.
And told him, too, his heart was steeled
Against him,—that his fate was sealed.

"You underrate your love," persisted
The wretched wolf who turned and twisted
In the blackness while he spoke,
"I know you're only trying to joke,
I know that you will not desert
A friend now fallen into dirt
And darkness, and exposed to hurt!"

The fox said: "Let us drop the matter!
It's really no good trying to flatter.
Through flattery you cannot win
One breath of life back. You are in
For death who will bring us both release!
Say your last prayers and die in peace."

But the wolf only said to him:
"Your nature is not half so grim
As you do make it to appear,
O Brother Fox! you are a dear!
Your heart is kind, your soul is high.
Sure, you will help me not to die.
Before it be too late, my friend!
Fetch me a rope and tie one end
Of it to yonder tree-trunk brown,
And let the other dangling down
Into this dark and dreadful pit
That I may lay firm hold of it;



When soon you will be looking at
A veritable acrobat,
Climbing the long and twisted rope
Which seems to be my only hope.
And when I'm safe, I swear I'll do
A hundred odds and ends for you,
When I am safe I will but crave
To be your lackey and your slave,
And count myself a lucky one,
The luckiest thing under the sun."

The fox, however, shook his head
And cleared his narrow throat and said:
"You have prolonged a conversation
That will not win your liberation.
Let me advise you like a friend
Frankly, no longer to depend
Upon my aid, but try and shape
Some other method of escape,
Out of your own intriguing brain
And dwell in safety once again.
But if you can't, you must not weep;
For death is just a quiet sleep,
More wonderful than any drug
Can give you—and—so safe and snug!
And you have earned it with a life
Of many a struggle, many a strife
Yea—earned it well! I do admit
That you may have to howl a bit
Before you draw your final breath,
(You see, you will be stoned to death.
A stone has little mercy in it!)
But 'twill be over in a minute.

The wolf replied: "Nay, do not mock me,
Nor with future sorrow shock me.
Wherefore, friend, are you so rancorous,
Cruel, crushing and cantankerous?
Good Allah ever recommends
Old friends to always be good friends.
And will you sin against His word?"
When the fox laughed, "It sounds absurd
For you, in Allah's name, to plead
For friendship.....You will not succeed.
Who for his brother digs a pit
Himself soon tumbles into it."

"Refrain from maxims, wise and staid,
Lend me, instead, a brother's aid.
And do not look on me with spite,
Believe me, sir! I am contrite
And do repent me of the crimes
I did commit in other times.
Even my most relentless foe
Would give me pity in my woe,
Would stretch a helping hand and save
My helpless body from the grave.
O friend! I humbly kneel to you
And from my soul appeal to you,
Protect me, for there is no other
Who can do it, than you, brother!
But rescue me and, if you please,
I'll teach you then to climb the trees
And strip them bare of fruits that smile
Beyond your reach. Within a while
Of my release I'll teach you tricks
That you, when you are in a fix,
May use with utmost benefit—
Just help me out of this dark pit!"

The fox made answer: "Wolf, if you
Know all the tricks you say you do,
Why don't you make good use of one
That may give back to you the sun,
The fresh blue air, the freedom which
You have not in yon hole of pitch?
Fool, you have failed in your endeavour
Of trying to be very clever.
Do you believe that I will be
Deceived so very easily?
No, no, not I, not I, not I:
No more of talk. I go. Good-bye!"

So saying the fox turned to go.
He walked a few small steps or so
When in the pit so black and foul
He heard the wolf's unearthly howl.

"O Allah! save me just this once,
I do admit I was a dunce
In days gone by, a wicked soul,
Who always scoffed at self-control,
And never thought of thinking twice
Before I acted in a way
That wasn't either fair or nice,
I have been tyrannous, I say,
And for each ugly act of mine
I have already paid the price,
O Allah! I have drunk the wine
Of agony and strong despair;
I pray to thee, hear thou my prayer!
In future days I will behave me
In a saintly manner. Save me.
Rescue me, I weep, I faint,
O rescue me, I'll be a saint,

I'll leave the forests green and wild
And like to Allah's real child
I will wear wool* and live alone
Upon a mountain and atone
For all the wickedness and sin
That in the past I wallowed in.
I beg thee, Allah! on my knees,
Make me one of thy devotees,
To sing thy glory and thy praise
In the sweet silent coming days."
And at the end of every sentence
He howled in terrible repentance.
The fox was touched by what he heard,
His heart with sudden mercy stirred,
The four clean words "I will wear wool"
Made him exceeding merciful.
The fox forgot to be his foe,
And felt strange pity for his woe,
Forgot to level wild attacks
At him, as he had done so long,
His heart began to melt like wax,
And soon he felt it was a wrong
Too mean and wretched to be told,
That he had used such uncontrolled
Language, and wondered why the deuce
He had indulged in such abuse.
"I will not let him die," he said,
And straightaway he reversed his tread
Returning to the lonesome pit.
"My noble comrade, wait a bit,
I'll try and help you out of this,
For it has filled my heart with bliss
To know that you have truly prayed
To Allah, and no prayer of weight
Remaineth ever unpaid,
I come to save you."

"God is great!"
(To be continued)

*It is a common custom of the religious devotees among the Muslims to wear wool as a mark of sanctity and renunciation of the world of pleasure and sin.



Fun For All The Family

The Difference

If you make enough to pay income-tax, you are middle class. If you make enough to hire lawyers to show you how to dodge it, you are upper class.

Brilliant Prospects

Her Father: "So you are in the navy. What are your prospects for promotion?"

Young Man: "The best in the whole navy, sir. My job is the lowest one we've got."

Sought After

Manager: "From your references I see you've had four places in the last month."

Applicant: "Yes, sir. That shows how much in demand I am."

Oh, My!

Small Boy: "Our teacher is a disciplinarian."

Grandma: "Good gracious! Is he as old as that?"

Oh, Yes!

Effi: "Well, professor, can I sing in public now?"

Professor: "Yes, you can join in the National Anthem."

Certainly Not

Old Lady: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself for begging?"

Beggar: "Lady, I am not begging. I am a professional coin-collector."

Sure Sign

Father (admiring his recently-born heir): "That fellow will be a great statesman one of these days."

Mother: "Oh, dear, do you really think he will?"

Father: "Sure! Look how easily he wriggles out of everything."

Don't You believe it

The one-ring circus was in town, and the band was playing. The country folks recognised all of the instruments except the slide trombone. An old settler watched the player for a time, and then turning to his son he said: "Don't let on that you notice him. There's a trick in it; he is not really swallowin' it."

The Reason

The idea behind the two referee system at football matches seems to be that one shall control the game while the other is for the spectators to play with.

These Inquests

According to a writer there is only one real authority on bridge in this country. But it doesn't seem fair that we should always get him as a partner.

She Knew

"Mother, I feel so 'cited!"

"Excited, child? I doubt if you know what excited means?"

"Why, it's being in a hurry all over."

The Reason

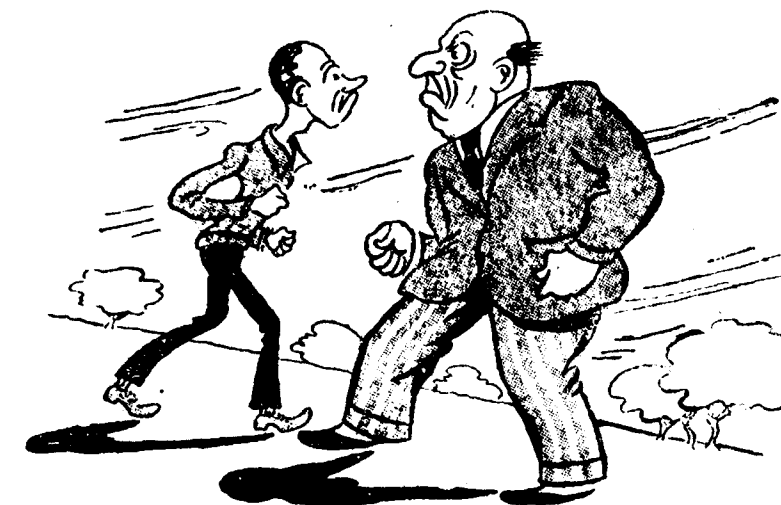
"Why do you wear only one glove? Lost the other one?"

"No! Found this one."

At Any Price

A Hollywood magnate told an assistant that in his opinion a certain writer was the only one for a film they had under consideration. The assistant was tactfully doubtful. "Don't you think, sir, perhaps, he's a little too caustic?" he suggested.

"Do I care how much he costs, man?" barked the producer. "Get him!"



Lean man: If I hit you you will remember.
Bulky man: If I hit you you won't.

The MISFORTUNES of Meena



In the first Instalment

Ramathilakam, a pretty young woman of the labouring class is handed over to Railway Police Head Constable Rangaswamy Iyer, at Chingleput Junction as having been travelling without a ticket. The Head Constable questions her and elicits the information that she had come to Chingleput with the intention of drowning herself in the big lake that adjoins the Railway Station. Head Constable Rangaswamy Iyer, doesn't believe her story and dares her to go and drown herself. She does so to the amazement of the Head Constable, who has to rush into the waters and rescue her. After bringing her back to consciousness, he finds himself romantically inclined towards her, while the grateful Ramathilakam is not unaware of the feelings of her saviour.

Second Instalment.

At the Feet of her Saviour

AMAZED at the tumult of his feelings, Police Head Constable Rangaswamy Iyer, stamped his foot and picked up his turban. "What was her motive? Why was she putting an end to her life?" asked he mentally of himself. Ramathilakam, who had sat up, was watching Rangaswamy intently. She deliberately moved again towards the water. Striding towards her, he lifted her bodily and walking towards one of the goods wagons, opened its door and threw Ramathilakam inside the wagon.

"You can die here, you daughter of sin! You have spoiled my dress and I would look a fine sight entering the station like this!" He shut the door with a bang, mentally noted the number of the wagon, wrung the water out of his clothes and proceeded towards the station.

Outside the Railway Police room, in the verandah, were a number of dealwood boxes. He opened one of these and taking out a fresh set of clothes entered the room to change his dress.

"What is the matter, Sami?" asked Railway Police Constable 526 who was on duty inside.

Briefly Rangaswamy explained the situation. "I have locked her up in wagon No. 380, but she is a bundle of mischief and may throttle herself. She doesn't look like a bad one though, but appearances are always deceitful. She must have done something dreadful to want to die. Go there and keep a watchful eye over her. I'll come and relieve you presently."

"What do you propose to do?"

"Change my dress, of course!"

"I mean about her."

"We will decide about that, later."

As he changed his dress, Head Constable Rangaswamy Iyer decided what to do. He would remand her to custody to the local police lock-up. Perhaps the local police would know if a woman of her description was wanted. It took some time to look-up old files and when fifteen minutes later, he went to the goods-siding, he heard shrieks and screams rending the air. He quickened his pace and climbed over a coupling to cross the line, incidentally bruising his knee. He ran towards the wagon and threw open the half-shut door. Police Constable 526 was holding Ramathilakam in his arms, while she was beating at him and screaming at the top of her voice.

"Drop her!" rapped out Rangaswamy Iyer.

Constable 526, stared at Rangaswamy and he saw a glint in Rangaswamy's eyes which he had never seen before. He dropped the woman and stood sheepishly grinning at the Head Constable.

"Get out of that wagon!" thundered Rangaswamy.

No. 526 climbed down and attempted to bluff it off. "Not bad, isn't she? What do you think she will get?"

"I'll tell you what you will get if you put your dirty hands on her again."

"Oh! Is that so? Sorry Sami! I didn't know you had your eye on her. You could have told me."

"Shut up!"

"Well, well, why so much anger, Sami? Isn't she just anybody's game?"

"Will you shut up?"

"Alright. I'll leave you—I mean leave her to you."

"Beg, borrow, or steal and get a satee. It must be here in ten minutes."

"What pattern and colour may I ask? Do you want lace in the border or only.....?"

"None of your cheek! Get going!"

"Nice job for me, Sami, getting a satee for a woman who might have murdered half-a-dozen kids for a few trinkets."

Though Head Constable Rangaswamy Iyer spat contemptuously at the receding figure of Police Constable 526, the latter's parting shot re-kindled his suspicions about the woman who was looking at him with gratitude.

"What happened?" asked Head Constable Rangaswamy Iyer impersonally.

"Your friend was rude. He asked me who I was and when I told him the truth, he scoffed at me."

"Perhaps he is right. I don't believe you either."

"Then, why did you save me?"

"To allow justice to take its course."

"What do you mean?"

"I have seen your attempts to end your life. I ask myself why. I cannot but infer that you are afraid to live. I ask myself again, why. You are pretty. You are young. Ordinarily, men of your class would be too glad to shield and protect you—for a consideration perhaps. And yet, you are running away from something inevitable. What is it? The long arm of the law is reaching out for you and to escape its clutches, you are trying to put an end to your life. That is how I look at it. Now then, make a clean breast of it and we shall then see what we can do about it."

"I have told you the truth and there's nothing more to tell. Please, please, let me put an end to all my misery."

"No. We will prolong your misery inside a jail. Dry that satee of yours and get ready! I don't think that donkey's son will ever get you a satee."

As Ramathilakam hesitated, Rangaswamy Iyer crossed over to the other side of the line so that she may have a little privacy while drying her saris. Five minutes later, when he returned to see if she was ready, she was missing. He searched for her inside the wagons. He scanned the water's edge. He ran hither and thither and while doing so, the voice of Police Constable 526 hailed him from the other side of the line.

"Sami! Sami!!" cried Police Constable No. 526. "Where is that bird of yours flying?"

In a moment, Rangaswamy Iyer was on the other side of the line. Police Constable No. 526 pointed mutely to a figure running away from the station along the railway line. In the distance, a train was approaching! "Hang the woman!" cried Rangaswamy Iyer. "Chop my ears if she isn't thinking of throwing herself before the engine."

".....And you wanted me to bring a saris for her!" said Police Constable No. 526 inconsequently.

"Shut up and make a bee-line for her. We will catch her yet," said Rangaswamy Iyer and sprinted towards the fast running Ramathilakam, who turned round and saw her pursuers. Like a stag that is chased, she quickened her pace. A few hundred yards more and she would be crushed to pulp beneath the wheels of the on-coming train. At the prospect of impending death, her face beamed, her pace grew fast, and the train came hurtling towards her. She tripped and fell, face downward across the metals.

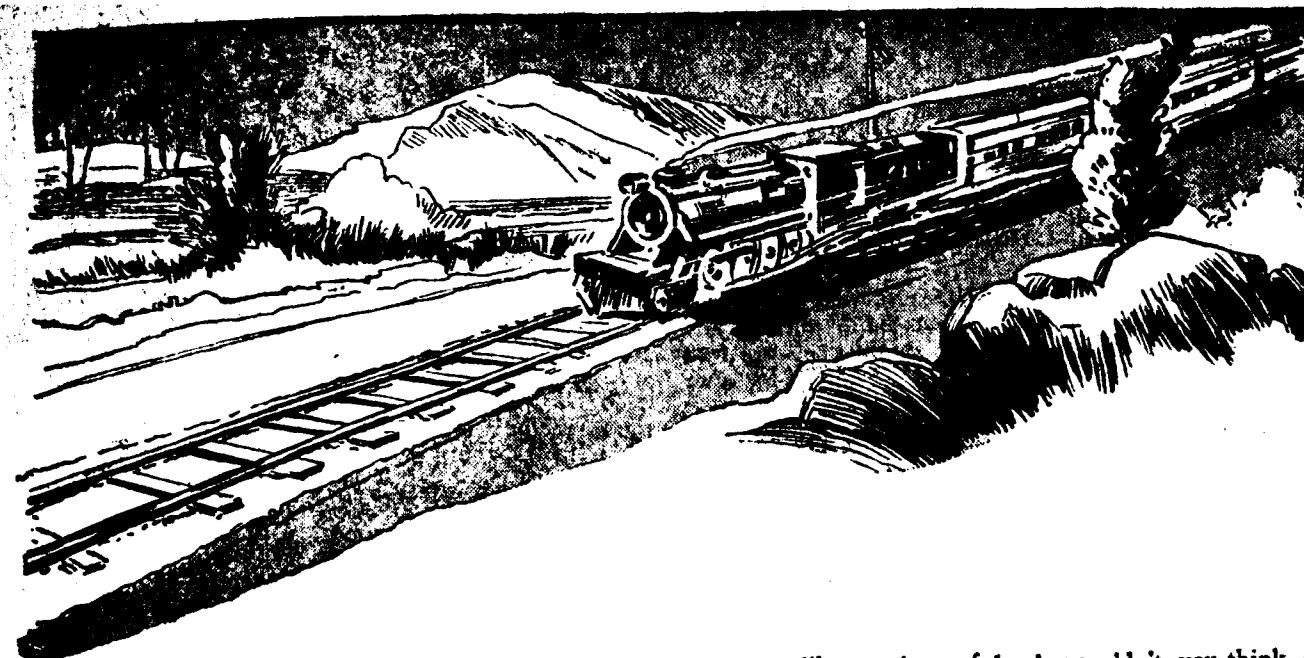
With a grinding of brakes and a shrill whistle the engine came to a halt. For, the fireman had noticed the figure of a woman running along the railway line, pursued by two men. With a shout, he drew the attention of the driver to the persons on the line. Rangaswamy Iyer

She tripped and fell face downwards.....



and Police Constable No. 526 closed in on Ramathilakam and lifted her. She was unconscious. They put her inside the guard-van, explaining to the engine-crow what a bad woman Ramathilakam was and how she had been trying to kill herself because she was wanted by the police.

The story spread. A crowd gathered round the guard-van when the train reached the junction. Ramathilakam was still unconscious. She had bruises on her forehead and her lip was cut. They removed her to a waiting-room and the services of the platform milk-vendor—an old woman—were requisitioned to restore Ramathilakam to consciousness.



Half an hour later, Ramathilakam opened her eyes and gazed at the old woman. "Where am I? Who are you?" she asked.

"You look like a good girl. Why did you do it?" asked the old woman.

"Why did I do what?"

"They say you have done something awful?"

"Who?"

"The Police."

"Will they take me to jail?"

"It all depends on how much money you have. If you have plenty, you can escape."

"I have no money."

"Your husband?"

"He will kill me if he knows....."

"God is great!" sighed the milk-vendor when Head Constable Rangaswamy Iyer, strode into the room and signalled the old woman to go out. Drawing a chair and sitting astride it as if the chair was a horse, he glared at Ramathilakam. "Even now it is not late. If you will tell me the truth, I'll see that you are let off lightly."

"Why did you save me?" asked Ramathilakam with tears in her eyes.

"To find out why you wanted to die—and I haven't found it as yet."

Ramathilakam sat up with a strange look in her eyes. Her body stiffened. She stared at Head Constable Rangaswamy Iyer for a moment before she flung at him a question.

"If you were a woman, and married to a drunkard with no sense of shame and if he were to propose to sell

you away like a piece of land, wouldn't you think of committing suicide?" she asked. Head Constable Rangaswamy Iyer blinked at the intensity of her emotion and at the unusual question. "Did such a thing happen to you?" he asked, wondering in his mind if she was concocting a story.

"It is a long story, Aiyah. I have no one in this world to whom I could go in my trouble." They say there is a God above. To me He seems to be blind. You should have let me drown myself in the lake. This life wasn't worth all the trouble you took."

"I wish I could believe you are speaking the truth. Have you no relatives to whom you could go and complain?"

"My parents died when I was seventeen. I have no brothers or sisters. I have an uncle, but he is in Penang."

"What is it that your husband wanted you to do?"

"It is so preposterous that no woman could ever give tongue to it."

"Do you know that we could send you to jail for travelling without a ticket and for attempting to commit suicide?"

"You, Police, can do anything. But, if you could kill me, it would be a relief."

"It all depends on what you have done. I believe that you must have done something terrible—robbed a child perhaps and strangled it—and you are now afraid of being caught and punished. That is why you want to die."

Ramathilakam stood up and looked with contempt at Head Constable Rangaswamy Iyer. "Rob a child! Strangle a little one! God! And to say that too of me who has been praying for a child all these years. Take

me to the jail, *Aiyah* ; I am coming ; but please, please, do not say things that pierce my bruised heart like an arrow !"

Head Constable Rangaswamy Iyer detached his turban and scratched his head. Either the woman was a very clever actor or she was speaking the truth. He couldn't decide one way or other. How he wished he could get some information from Madras, and if a woman of her description was wanted there.

He made up his mind and decided on a course of action. Engaging a *jukka*, he bundled her inside and drove to the local police lock-up. Briefly, he explained the situation to the Sub-Inspector in charge. The latter agreed to detain her, prepared a report which was despatched to Madras through a plain-clothesman who travelled by bus.

At 9 p. m. that night, Head Constable Rangaswamy Iyer, was resting on a long bench in the station platform. The moon dimly lit the platform and the yards beyond. His mind went in retrospect over the events of the day and lingered particularly over the time when he found himself feeling funny as he carried the woman from the lake to the shore. He couldn't help thinking of the girl who was his wife for a brief six years and then succumbed suddenly to small-pox. He was thirty-five when he lost his wife and a second marriage was discussed very often, but never actually came to pass. It were better, perhaps, that he didn't marry again. With his salary, he could hardly hope to maintain himself, a wife and children. How the woman flared up when he accused her of robbing children and strangling them ! Perhaps, she was a good one. Perhaps, her story was true. Anyhow, the 9-30 Madras passenger would settle all his doubts, as the plain-clothesman sent to Madras was instructed to return by that train.

It was Police Constable No. 526 who cut short Rangaswamy Iyer's train of thought by accosting him with the inane question : " Is that you, *Sami* ?"

" Where have you been ?" asked Rangaswamy Iyer.

" To the bazaar. Do you know what I saw there ?"

" I know. Everything must have seemed double to you."

" I confess I had a thirst. But what I saw there was 725 armed with a *saree*, petticoat and flowers."

" I never thought he was a gay lark."

" Who ? He ? No, not at all ! How can we, poor Police Constables, be gay ? It's all the privilege of the higher ranks. You wanted a *saree*. The Inspector being higher in rank added two more items—petticoat and flowers."

" What are you driving at ?"

" *Aiyu Sami* ! You ought to have been a girl-school teacher instead of a Head-Constable. Why did you take that woman and deliver her into the hands of the Inspector Naidu ?"

" I left her at the station."

" And the Inspector said that she was too pretty to be left amidst a lot of police-constables and promptly sent her to his house."

" Isn't the Inspector's wife there ?"

" No. She is carrying and has gone to her mother's place. The Inspector, it seems, asked 725 to bring a *saree* and petticoat....."

" Well, well. We know the woman's clothes were drenched and torn and she badly needed a change."

" And the flowers would adorn her hair, while for the Inspector Naidu, 725 had something inside his coat."

" What was that ?"

Police Constable No. 526 whispered something that sounded like brandy into Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer's ears and the latter sat up in anger and asked, " Is that so ?"

" See what we have missed ?" jeered Police Constable No. 526.

The 9-30 Madras passenger steamed-in appropriately enough, at the moment, and both policemen went out to meet the messenger from Madras.

" Nothing to report," said the plain-clothesman. " Madras is quiet. No woman of her description is wanted. Here is the reply." And the plain-clothesman exhibited an envelope.

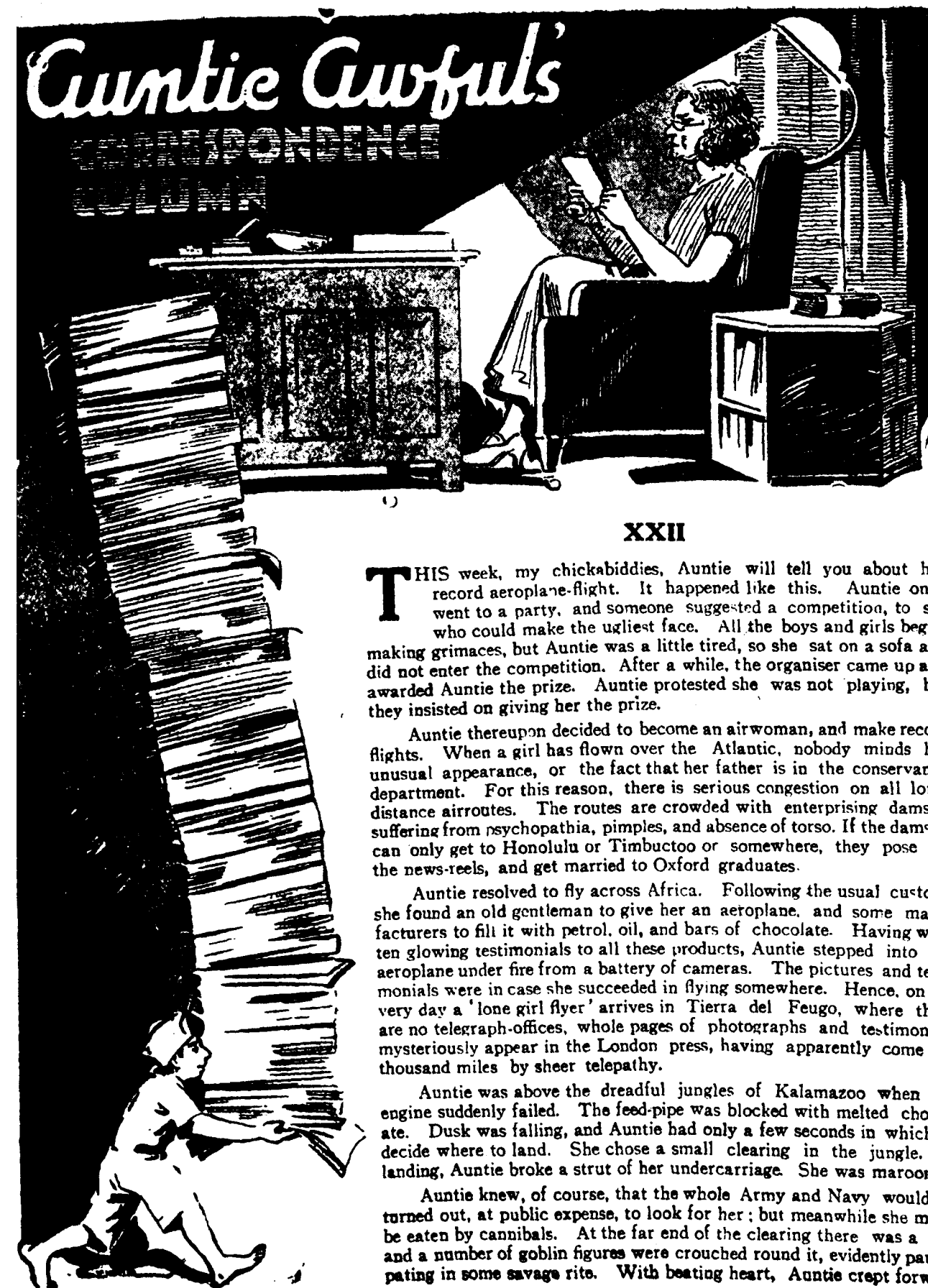
" Keep it with you and don't deliver it at the station till morning," said Head Constable Rangaswamy Iyer. " 526 ! you run to the bus-stand and detain the last Conjeevaram-Madras bus till I come there. 725 ! you go to 423 and ask him to come and take charge of the Railway Station. I am going to snatch that woman from the hands of that drunkard Naidu, come what may ! You two, keep your mouths shut and get going !"

They went in different directions.

As he anticipated, Head Constable Rangaswamy Iyer found the front door of Inspector Naidu's house shut, barred and bolted. The street was deserted and though he listened very carefully, not a sound came from within the house. Could it be, thought Head Constable Rangaswamy Iyer, that the woman was, after all, one of easy virtue. He would investigate the back-yard, thought he, and traversing a side lane, he reached the back-yard of the house and was about to climb over the wall, when some one jumped down awkwardly from the top of the same wall and fell at Rangaswamy's feet, all in a heap. It was Ramathilakam, in a new *saree* and petticoat and with flowers in her hair !

[What happened to Ramathilakam ? Where did Rangaswamy take her that night ? Who is Meena ?]

ANOTHER LONG INSTALMENT NEXT WEEK



XXII

THIS week, my chickabiddies, Auntie will tell you about her record aeroplane-flight. It happened like this. Auntie once went to a party, and someone suggested a competition, to see who could make the ugliest face. All the boys and girls began making grimaces, but Auntie was a little tired, so she sat on a sofa and did not enter the competition. After a while, the organiser came up and awarded Auntie the prize. Auntie protested she was not playing, but they insisted on giving her the prize.

Auntie thereupon decided to become an airwoman, and make record flights. When a girl has flown over the Atlantic, nobody minds her unusual appearance, or the fact that her father is in the conservancy department. For this reason, there is serious congestion on all long-distance airroutes. The routes are crowded with enterprising damsels suffering from psychopathia, pimples, and absence of torso. If the damsels can only get to Honolulu or Timbuctoo or somewhere, they pose for the news-reels, and get married to Oxford graduates.

Auntie resolved to fly across Africa. Following the usual custom, she found an old gentleman to give her an aeroplane, and some manufacturers to fill it with petrol, oil, and bars of chocolate. Having written glowing testimonials to all these products, Auntie stepped into her aeroplane under fire from a battery of cameras. The pictures and testimonials were in case she succeeded in flying somewhere. Hence, on the very day a 'lone girl flyer' arrives in Tierra del Feugo, where there are no telegraph-offices, whole pages of photographs and testimonials mysteriously appear in the London press, having apparently come ten thousand miles by sheer telepathy.

Auntie was above the dreadful jungles of Kalamazoo when her engine suddenly failed. The feed-pipe was blocked with melted chocolate. Dusk was falling, and Auntie had only a few seconds in which to decide where to land. She chose a small clearing in the jungle. In landing, Auntie broke a strut of her undercarriage. She was marooned !

Auntie knew, of course, that the whole Army and Navy would be turned out, at public expense, to look for her ; but meanwhile she might be eaten by cannibals. At the far end of the clearing there was a fire, and a number of goblin figures were crouched round it, evidently participating in some savage rite. With beating heart, Auntie crept forward.

"Damn and blast!" cried one of the crouching figures. "Why the hell did you trump my ace!"

"Thank God! Christians!" cried Auntie, fainting gracefully into the arms of the handsomest of the bridge-players.

Efficiency (Cuddappah). "Why shouldn't men carry handbags, the same as women? It would save a lot of trouble in fiddling for things in one's pockets." You are extraordinarily unobservant, dear sir. Have you ever seen a woman give an anna to a bus conductor? She opens her handbag, takes out her purse, closes her handbag, opens her purse, takes out a two-anna piece, closes her purse, opens her handbag, puts away her purse, and shuts her handbag. She gives the two-anna piece to the conductor, and receives an anna change. She opens her handbag, takes out her purse, closes her handbag, opens her purse, puts the anna inside, closes her purse, opens her handbag, puts away her purse, and shuts her handbag. Meanwhile the bus has gone past her destination... On the whole, Auntie would sooner have pockets.

Stoney Broke (Naduvallam). "I must either marry a wife with money, or commit suicide." Marry by all means, dear boy. You can consider the question of suicide any time afterwards.

Dairyman (Adayar). "I can conscientiously say that I never put water into milk." What an ingenious mind you have, dear sir! Of course, you always put the milk into the water?

Literary (Ellore). "At last I have written something that I am confident the Editor will gladly accept." You did not enclose it, dear boy. I suppose it is a cheque for a year's subscription?

Humble Employee (Mangalore). "I want to ask my Principal for a rise. As he has made some complaints about me of late, how do you think I had better approach him?" In a good strong suit of old-fashioned armour, dear boy.

Daily Virtue (Ernakulam). "I am a great advocate of early rising. The early bird catches the worm." Yes, dear boy; but the early worm is caught by the bird.

Cautious (Colombo). "It is advertised that a certain watch was dropped from an aeroplane, struck with a hammer, and submitted to all kinds of severe tests, after which it still kept perfect time. Would you advise me to buy one of these watches?" Auntie thinks you might first subject the watch to a supreme test, dear sir. Let your son play with it for five minutes.

Asthma (Ranipet). "I enjoy perfect health, except for the trouble with my breath." Consult a doctor, dear sir. He will soon put a stop to it altogether.

Lecturer (Royapuram). "I informed the audience that owing to the great shortage of women in Ladakh, each wife had three or four husbands. Two indignant-looking ladies at once got up, and hurriedly left the hall." You should have reassured the ladies, dear sir. There was no hurry, as the passes into Ladakh are not open until next month.

Maiden Aunt (Bangalore). "I was sitting in the park this evening, and a man insulted me. He walked straight up, and said I was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen." You should have called a policeman at once, my dear, and had the man locked up on suspicion of insanity.

Listener (Peshawar). "There is a man who gives wonderful moral addresses on the wireless here. He

brings things home to you that you never saw before." What a remarkable coincidence, dear sir. Auntie has a *dhobi* who does the very same thing.

Superstitious (Bombay). "What shall I do? I went to a fortune-teller in whom I have the greatest confidence, and he told me that I would marry a fair-haired girl within a month. But I am already engaged to a girl, and she is a brunette." Don't worry, dear boy. Just mention the matter to your fiancée, and she will turn herself into a blonde at a few hours' notice.

Evening Party (Vepery). "Dear Auntie, don't you think that the beach is lovely by moonlight? Last night I sat there for a whole hour beside the ocean, drinking it in." It seems you did not complete your self-imposed task, my dear. At least, the ocean was still there when Auntie went for her morning dip. However, the tide did seem a little lower than usual.

Junior (Lohiankhas). "Please, Auntie, what is a scintilla?" A scintilla, my pet, is something that there is never the smallest bit of.

Philology (Tennur). "Don't you think it strange that *sugar* is the only word in the English language where 'su' is given the sound of 'sh'?" It would be strange if true, dear sir, but Auntie isn't so sure.

Sociable (Vepery). "I used to associate with a journalistic and literary society, but lately I have dropped out." Thank you for the compliment, dear boy. Most people, when they emerge from a journalistic and literary society, allege that they have climbed out.

Traveller (Simla). "On the particulars I give, do you think that the Calcutta Mail is my train?" It may be, dear sir; but the carriages have 'E. I. R.' painted on them.

Elsie (Dharmapuri). "I am trying to remember the name of a musical composer. He wrote oratorios, and I seem to think he was called Doorknob." Are you thinking of Handel, my dear?

Frenzied Finance (Aduturai). "I bought a motor-car, and mortgaged my house to pay for it. Now I want to build a pucca garage. What shall I do?" Mortgage the motor-car, dear sir. Then, to pay the mortgage on the house, mortgage the garage. And so on.

Poet (Ramachandrapuram). "I care not who makes the country's laws, as long as I can sing its songs." Lawyers are similarly altruistic, dear boy. They care not who makes the country's laws, as long as these contain plenty of choice bits of verbiage that may be variously interpreted.

Bashful (Calcutta). "Would it be proper if I printed a kiss on the cheek of my beloved?" Certainly not, dear boy. It isn't the thing for gentlemen to use lipstick. Let her print one on yours.

Newlywed (Trichinopoly). "I am terribly disappointed. My wife made her first cake to-day, and the cat ate it." Cheer up, dear boy. You can easily get another cat.

Peeping Tom (Perambur). "I passed a cinema-studio the other day, and heard a sound like the clashing of steel. What do you think it was?" It was only the leading ladies looking daggers at each other, my dear.

Hunter (Purandhar). "Last night I shot a panther in my nightshirt." Congratulations, dear boy; but how on earth did it come to be wearing your nightshirt?

ANNOUNCEMENT

Rs. 50/- will be awarded for the best short story of the month published in this Magazine from this number onwards.

Contributors to *The Merry* in a given month will form the panel of judges for selecting the best short story published in that particular month. The story which the most number of judges adjudicate as the best of the month (each barring his own, of course) will get the award.

Persons in the various departments of *The Merry Magazine* and its sister publications would not be permitted to compete for this prize. As this is not a competition in the usual sense, contributions need not be specially marked.

A WISE

HOUSEWIFE

SHE HAS BEEN
SAVING TIME
MONEY & LABOUR
by using

LION BRAND

ALLUMINIUM
COPPER - - -
BRASS - - -
GERMAN SILVER -
UTENSILS



Look out for our
Trade Mark while
buying our utensils.

R. B. ANANT SHIVAJEE TOPIWALA

MOTI BAZAR : BOMBAY, 2

[We also deal in Velvet, Pictures and Artistic-Picture Frames]

The Letters of Private Joyfull

51. A North Country Fair

DEAR MOTHER,

WHEN I was on my Transport Course a few weeks ago, we had a day's holiday, because it was a festival for the Hindu students. I thought I would spend the holiday by walking towards a ridge of hills, about five miles from the school. The hills are the beginning of the Himalayas.

I went by roads that were really only cart-tracks, till I came to a little village nestling under the brow of a steep knoll. At the top of the knoll I could see the roof of a white building, and from it came the noise of drums. Streams of country-people and hill-folk were going up a narrow zig-zag path to the top of the hill.

I walked through the little bazaar, which was mostly built of kerosene-oil tins, until I came to a booth where they sold tea. If you are seeking information, you can always get it at a tea-shop. I pointed up the hill, and asked questions. The people said "Mela!", and other things in their hill language, which I did not understand very well. They were

Madras, 1st June, 1935.

friendly people, and curious at seeing a soldier, but not in an unpleasant way. When I asked if I could go to the *mela*, they all encouraged me with the greatest animation.

A terrible woman, like a witch, came and stood outside the tea-shop. Her nose had fallen in, and she carried a little baby and a tin pail. It made me feel creepy to look at her; and when she began to whine for alms, I gave her an anna, and hurried away.

I began to trudge up the steep path, among the stream of people. They could climb much faster than



I, and I kept on standing aside to let them go by. There were all sorts of people, from the plains and from the hills. They were in gay dresses, and very cheerful. As each party passed me, they smiled, and said, "Ah! The sahib is going to see the fair!" It was rather amusing to hear them all saying the same thing. My fame passed from mouth to mouth up the hill, and when I was only half way up, the people



Illustrated by Mali

at the top were telling each other, "A *sahib* is coming to see the fair!"

When I reached the top, there was quite a reception-committee awaiting me. I suppose they were the big pumpkins of the locality. They stood in a row, and looked at me searchingly. I wondered which of them was the chiefest pumpkin, so that I could greet him. My choice fell on someone in a little round felt cap, a coat and waistcoat, and a *dhoti*. He was not an old man, but his clean-shaven face was long and dignified, and he was wearing wooden shoes. In spite of his queer garb, he reminded me of the priestly personages I had seen in Madras, so I bowed to him and called him *Pundit Sahib*. Fortunately, my guess was right; he was the priest of the temple. I next greeted the other gentlemen by putting my hands together and bobbing my head, calling each one 'Master'. They all seemed very pleased, especially the priest whom I had called a *pundit*. They began to tell each other that I was a very good man.

This is a most embarrassing habit among Indians. They make flattering remarks about you, to your very face. They praise you as if you were deaf and dumb, or as if you were a laudable object in an exhibition of curiosities.

I asked the priest the reason for the fair, and he repeated a name which I understood to be the name of the Deity of the temple. I asked if I could look at the Deity from a distance, and the priest most willingly led me towards the shrine.

It was a little white-washed building standing on a plinth, with a tiny porch outside the door. A stream of people awaited their turn to stand in the porch. Each one rang the bell, said a prayer, and made an offering to the Deity. The worshippers did not all do the same thing. Some rang the bell more than once; some bowed to the ground; some stood and said only a short prayer, and some a long one. Some waited while the under-priest put a mark on their foreheads. It was all very decent and respectable, and I felt ashamed of those of my countrymen who write scandalous things about these good people and their religion.

The worshippers very courteously stepped aside and let me look at the Deity from beyond the plinth, and as soon as I could see into the temple, I said, "Why! It is Kali Ma!"

The village pumpkins were delighted at my words, and said, "Yes! It is Kali Ma!"; but they called her by some other name. They began to tell each other that I was a wise man as well as a good one; and, to hide my embarrassment, I asked the priest if the offerings were for the upkeep of the Goddess. He said that on this day, the offerings were set aside to feed the poor, so I asked if I would be allowed to contribute. The priest said I would be, so I asked him to accept a rupee. He took the rupee into the shrine, and presently came out, and very carefully put a little food into my hands. It was queer stuff, like popcorn. I did not know what to do with it, so I kept it in my hand until I had a chance to hide it in my pocket.

All this while, some men with drums were making a great clamour. The priest told them to stop. He rang the bell, said a prayer, and walked round the shrine. Then he looked at me in a very pleased way. It was evident he had rung the bell for me, so I said, "Thank you very much." The priest nodded and smiled, and motioned for the drums to go on beating. I concluded that he had silenced the drums to make sure that the Deity heard the bell. It was all very mysterious, but it made me happy to find the people so friendly.

The Deity's face was the colour of chocolate, with pleasant, chubby features. She wore pretty red robes and jewels, and was not in the least alarming to look at. I was quite impressed by her benign and yet majestic

appearance. She filled me with the idea that she was the personification of Motherhood, but I had not the language in which to explain such an abstract idea to the priest. He simply looked puzzled, and kept on repeating the name of the Deity. I cannot remember what it was.

The top of the hill was level, and was arranged in terraces, affording large spaces where the people could amuse themselves. There was a great crowd and a great noise, all as cheerful and as innocent as you please.

The people were of diverse kinds, and I particularly noted the hill-women. They were in tight trousers and richly-coloured *sarees*, and every one of them wore a large crescent-shaped ornament under her nose. It was made of gold, and hung down over her lips. At first I wondered if their heads were deformed, because each *saree* rose to a point on the crown of the head. Afterwards I found that they all wore a cone-shaped silver cap on their heads, underneath the *saree*. They also wore men's shirts, fastened in front with silver chains.

Another kind of hill-women did not wear the conical silver cap, nor the hanging nose-ornament. This kind had baggy trousers, and a circular piece of gold on the side of the nose, as large as a rupee. Although the gold of this ornament was quite valuable, the jewel in the centre of it was either made of glass, or cut out of the bottom of a cigarette-tin. The women's arms were loaded with silver bangles, and the rest of them dripped with silver ornaments. All the hill-women walked in a sturdy way, and looked you straight in the face. At the same time, you could see that they did not take any nonsense from anyone.

Some other women were dressed in heavy pleated skirts, baggy bodices, and thick woollen *sarees*. The *sarees* were worn like a monk's hood, projecting a long way in front of the face, and leaving only a narrow opening through which the wearer peeped. These women crept about on the edge of the crowd, or sat in seclusion under bushes. I felt sorry for them, muffled up in heavy wrappings on a warm afternoon, and unable to enjoy themselves.

Lastly, there were the old ladies. These were dressed nearer to the Madras style, and they trotted about everywhere like hens, each with her folded umbrella sticking out behind, like a tail.

The men were not so brightly or smartly attired; a lot of them seemed to have come in their everyday clothes. All the same, it was quite interesting to pick out the college youths, the local husbandmen, the city

dandies, the hill-billies, the bearded pensioners, the petty traders, the clerks, and the sturdy menials, all enjoying their hours of freedom.

One astonishing thing was that almost every soul in the fair had his teeth studded with gold. All the afternoon, I looked at people's mouths as they smiled, and in every case there was a little gold stud neatly drilled into the centre of each of their teeth. At last I encountered a man whose teeth had no gold studs, but he was an Afghan from Kabul, in European dress and fur cap.

Perhaps the most prominent feature of the assemblage was the swarms of children. The toddlers predominated—solemn little girls and boys with bulging cheeks and darkened eyes, wearing velvet caps, or pill-boxes of cloth-of-gold. They ran everywhere under the feet of their elders, waving their toys, eating all the time, and squealing to their parents about the things that attracted their attention.

So far, I have only mentioned the ordinary characters at the fair, but there were a number of extraordinary ones, also. The first was the beggar-woman whom I have encountered in the bazaar at the bottom of the hill. As I turned away from the shrine towards the pleasure-grounds, there she was again. She had followed me up the hill, which I thought was hardly playing the game.

"Please go away," I said, "I have already paid you."

She vigorously denied that I had ever seen her before and we had quite an argument about it. When I could not be moved, she triumphantly produced half-a-dozen other dreadful men and women. "Look, *sahib*," she said, "you have not paid these ones."

The dreadful creatures all began to moan in unison. They slapped their distended stomachs, and said they were starving. They hopped agilely about me, and declared they were crippled. They looked at me with cunning eyes, and swore they were blind.

I was in rather a quandary, as I had only a little money left; but the priest came to my assistance. He scolded the beggars in quite an unpriestly way, and finished by saying, "Go away! The brave gentleman will pay you later!"

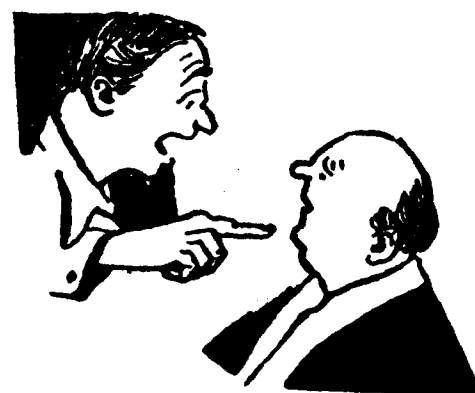
I wanted to contradict this statement, because I did not intend to pay them at all; but the priest brushed my protest aside. "Go and enjoy the fun," he told me, "and come and say good-bye when you leave."

So I turned towards the fair-grounds. I saw the giant wheel, the man with the bear, the tattooing-artist, the wrestlers, the gipsy-women, the picture of Krishna, the man with the snakes, the C. I. D. detective, and the seller of little red spectacles.

Of these and other adventures at the Fair, I will write next week.

Your loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL.

DO YOU KNOW?



1. Why do we yawn?
2. How many M. P.'s form a quorum in Parliament?
3. When did a man come to life after being executed?
4. When did a King of England pawn his crown?
5. Why is the Dead Sea so called?
6. Why do we call voting 'polling'?

See answers on page 41.



Wooing of Algy

by O. C. Beale

Illustrated by Varma

A tall, stringy young man with a nervous deportment entered a book-seller's shop. He wore tortoise-shell glasses and had the look of a scholar. He was Algernon Wash, or Algy to pals—the poet whose prolific works had unfortunately never seen the light of print. His perseverance and optimism in bombarding Editors with his work were, indeed, beautiful to behold. Undaunted by repeated rejections he never tired of sending fresh batches of manuscripts to them.

Eagerly he now scanned the pages of *Bright Weekly* in the hope of finding his verses published. Evidently they were not there, for he sighed gloomily. Suddenly he became conscious of a pair of sympathetic eyes looking at him. The possessor of those eyes was a young lady whose beauty was simply ravishing. Algy blinked; some organ began to pound itself heavily on the left side of his chest; the rows of books swam violently before his eyes, and Algy knew that love had taken him by storm.

Now, Algy could have kept on gazing at her for ever, but girls have a disconcerting habit of leaving immediately they detect queer behaviour on the part of a male, and this girl seemed to have hastened her departure, and

vanished into the stream of traffic, quite indifferent to the volcanic forces she had unconsciously induced in the bosom of Algy and which were now swirling within the young poet at full blast.

He dashed into the road to get some clue to her identity. His feverish gaze was directed in every direction, but the object of his search was nowhere to be seen. He asked the pedestrians whether they had observed a pretty girl pass by, and the replies he received made him think that they were not only an unsporting lot, but were woefully lacking the eye to appreciate feminine beauty. He looked bleakly about him and cursed the City Fathers for not having the civic sense to broaden the roads where traffic was thick. He was sure that no female could slip out of booksellers' shops and escape unseen had the road been broader.

It suddenly occurred to him that the book-sellers might know her.

"Er—who was that charming young lady that just left?" he asked outright of one of the assistants.

The assistant coughed behind his hand.

"Oh! That's Miss Brette. Works in the *Bright Weekly* office. Quite a capable young lady. Has a good deal to do with the management of the periodical. Turned down several good offers of marriage. Stands no nonsense, mind you," and the assistant leaned forward, and whispered, "If you're trying to hang your hat there old man, forget it. Now, man to man, that's my advice. Save you a lot of heart-burn, and all that sort of rot. Face facts and cut the idea out, boy."

Algy received this illuminating epitome of her history with mixed feelings. He pondered deeply on what he had been told. Winning her affections certainly seemed an herculean task. And perhaps his labours might never be crowned with success. If she had a good deal to do with the management of the *Bright Weekly*, he wondered whether she had been responsible for the rejection of his poems. If she were responsible and he appeared in the role of a suitor, she might conclude that he was doing this with the idea of having his poems published. Hopelessly depressed, he trudged to the railway station



to catch a train for the suburbs where he lived. Ruminating, with a cool head, during the journey on the different aspects of the situation only served to convince him that it would turn out an abortive undertaking.

Imagine, therefore, the boundless hope that swayed him on perceiving the following communication signed by her next day.

Bright Weekly

Mount Road,

Madras.

"DEAR Mr. Wash,

I am directed by the Managing Editor of the *Bright Weekly* to communicate with you and to ask you whether you would have the time and inclination to meet me for an informal talk on the subject of your poems that have been arriving pretty frequently in our office. You will, doubtless, appreciate that editors are very busy people, and he has therefore asked me to act as his deputy, giving me the instructions he would have liked to have imparted to you personally.

We must however, impress upon you that it is not customary with us to send the firm's representatives to meet its contributors, but in this instance we are doing so, as we are satisfied that there is real talent and aptitude in you, but which is unfortunately, may we be excused for saying so, being wasted through a lack of knowledge of technique. We are sure that you could do really well as a poet when a few of the fundamental rules for writing for papers and magazines are explained to you.

If you are agreeable, please send us a short note, and I shall meet you at the Cafe Royal on Friday or any other restaurant you prefer. I shall however, have no difficulty in recognising you, as we still have your photograph you forwarded with one of your manuscripts.

Yours Truly,

KATHLEEN BRETTE."

At first Algy read this letter several times over, hurriedly, to get the general gist of the thing; then he read it thirty-six times leisurely, dwelling long on each sentence, searching it carefully for any hidden meaning, or anything that might betray her sentimental side. Finally he tried to read between the lines.

He felt that the receipt of the letter in itself was frightfully significant, coming as it did soon after he had seen her at the book-sellers. Had she not mentioned about his photograph? He had no doubt that she had noticed him there. Another aspect of the matter struck him forcibly. Why could the firm not send a male representative? Why meet him at the Cafe—why not at the office?

All this, he meant to say, looked decidedly encouraging. He wrote a lengthy note accepting the offer, and waited in a state resembling a prisoner who sees his case suddenly change in his favour.

* * * *

On a Friday a tall, stringy young man darted nervously in and out of the Cafe Royal. His face was horribly blanched; his whole attitude suggested that he was in the grip of some internal spasm. On two occa-

sions he tripped on the flagstone of the Cafe and cannon-
ed into the public road, leaving his immaculately clad
suit badly soiled at the knees and elbows.

Presently a young lady hove in view, at the sight of
whom Algy Wash became a thing of inaction.

Although his knees were giving way, he managed to
negotiate the short distance to a table and took his seat.

Miss Kathleen Brette, tall, of commanding mien,
high forehead and large fascinating eyes, walked with an
air of self-possession to his table. Dressed in evening
frock she looked absolutely topping. Hers was the type
of beauty that had a disturbing effect upon the mere
male, however hard he manfully strove to get a hold upon
himself. That being so, you could easily imagine Algy's
utterly stricken condition at the moment.

"Presume you are Mr. Wash," she said extending
her hand. "I am Miss Brette of *Bright Weekly* office.
How do you do?"

Pop-eyed, Algy stretched out a shaky hand. He
choked with emotion. Speech was beyond him.

"T-R-K," he said after a supreme effort.

Miss Brette recognised the symptoms, and continued
unembarrassed.

"You see, Mr. Wash," she plunged into the subject,
"to begin with, your theme is all wrong. No offence, I
hope? Good! Well, as the Editor says, they are sad,
stark and poignant. The world is full of sorrow, and
papers don't want to increase it by publishing sad verses.
Then there is the question of markets. Surely you don't
expect a periodical like *Bright Weekly* to publish death-
bed scenes! The theme should fit in with the nature of
the publication. Every Editor, Mr. Wash, knows exactly
what his readers want, and his policy is outlined in his
publications. It is up to contributors to study several
issues of a paper before trying to contribute to it."

Her completely nonchalant bearing coupled with
a growing understanding as to the cause of his failure to
market his verses brought the poet to a near approach to
normal conditions. An important consideration claimed
his attention: he had not conformed to the unwritten
restaurant laws when meeting a lady there. Drinks were
ordered. Algy indulged in a small whisky which restor-
ed his equilibrium.

"Fine weather," he made an attempt at conversa-
tion, when both were sweating with the intense heat.

"There is yet another point, Mr. Wash," she con-
tinued unheeding his silly remark. "The poems should
not be longish; and the number of stanzas should be lim-
ited to about six. Readily saleable verses are those that
summarise some event uppermost in the public mind."

There was a pause.

Algy could not help feeling what a useful partner
she would make. What a rare combination of beauty

and brains! This fact, he reflected, would militate
against his chances, if, indeed, there was any chance of
success at all.

"Would it be—could you—will you—suppose we
continue tomorrow," interrupted Algy. "I mean let's
celebrate this meeting to-day."

"There is not much left over, Mr. Wash, to warrant
my meeting you again. If I am not boring you, I'll
finish it quickly."

He felt an icy hand clutch his heart. He scratched
his chin thoughtfully while she concluded the rest.

"Miss Brette," he said, when she had finished,
"there is a common bond between us—literature. We
should be pals, instinctively. Could I see you again?"

Miss Brette smiled indulgently.

"Do you go in for rowing, Mr. Wash? Well,
what about coming boating in the harbour tomorrow
afternoon?"

Thrilled to the marrow at the prospect of being
alone with her in the boat, Algy, as he afterwards con-
fided to a friend, felt he could have howled with joy. He
thanked her for the invitation in a sort of strangled voice;
so overcome was he with the unexpected turn events had
taken. The fact that he could not row did not trouble
him for the moment. He prodded the seedy-looking
bearer that produced the bill, in the stomach, and told
him he was one of the finest fellows that trod the earth.

Miss Brette rose to go.

"I don't think Joe would object," she said, as though
she had just remembered some fact.

"Joe who? Joe what?" he asked despairingly.

"Why, 'Cauliflower Joe,' of course," she said
simply. "I mean, Joe Byson, India's heavy-weight
boxing champion. You see, Mr. Wash, he hired the boat
to accommodate just five. You know Freddie Little
whose novels are well reviewed? Well, he is also
coming. There will be two others—Reggie and Togo.
Reggie is hot on the track of an invention that will
revolutionise war. Togo is a successful business man.
Well, you come along, Mr. Wash, one more in the
boat won't hurt. *Au revoir.*"

It was a sad Mr. Wash, a moment later, that left
the Cafe Royal. The seedy-looking bearer gave him a
salaam. Such hopeless-looking chaps, thought Algy,
should never be allowed in a public place.

A faint hope stirred within him: supposing the above-
mentioned males were elderly gentlemen who took a
fatherly interest in the girl!

He could not very well retrace his steps to question
her outright on this point. The absent 'Cauliflower
Joe,' however, had made a deep impression on him. As

(Continued on page 41)

The following are
familiar Reel Names
film stars.

1. Alice White
2. Carl Brisson
3. Mona Barrie
4. Norman Foster
5. Dixie Lee
6. Leslie Howard
7. Merle Oberon
8. David Manners
9. Jean Muir
10. Joe Penner

Do you know their
real names? Check
your knowledge with the
list given at the end of the
page.

This picture and that!

Almost all the pictures
produced in Hollywood
have three different versions
made at the same time.
Sometime ago, *Hold Your
Man* was being made with
Jean Harlow and Clark
Gable. A certain scene was
shot in three different ways.
Miss Harlow was uncon-
ventionally visiting Mr.
Gable in his apartment. In the first take, Miss Harlow
was wearing only a man's coat, presumably belonging to
Mr. Gable. Miss Harlow was lying on a couch, coat
negligently open, legs frankly bared. Do you know for
whose delectation this was produced? It was for the
general American release.

In the second one, Miss Harlow wore a semi-daring
gown, again presumably the property of Mr. Gable. She
was sitting on the couch. This was for exhibition
in Ohio, Pennsylvania and other states which prefer a
modulated form of the Harlow-Gable close-up.

And in the third, Miss Harlow wore a modest dress,
unmistakably her own. She was sitting in a chair. That
was intended for England and other foreign countries.

This is one of the many Yankee tricks in making
films.

Walt Disney's *Three Little Pigs* were shown at
400 theatres in New York City alone for a total run of
1200 weeks. Out of town, the pigs were just as much
popular and Walt received countless requests for more
of these. He believed the chances were against his
being able to repeat, though.

Now that Walt's staff have flushed Mickey in colour,
these comedies are even more entertaining than the
original black-and-white drawings. Mickey stands alone
in the field of animated cartoons.

The first of the new series of colour comedies is
called the *Band Concert*, and has Mickey bedecked in



STAR DUST

gold epaulets and plumed
caps, as a heckled but all-
powerful orchestra leader.
It will be a treat specially
to children to see. Mickey is
bothered no end by Donald
Duck, a noisy ice-cream
salesman, but finally gets
the musical afternoon un-
derway. Mickey is ably
assisted by Miss Clarabelle
Cow, Messrs. Horace Horse-
collar, Peter Pig and other
members of the amazing
band.

A Crazy Club

Hollywood is a place
where absolutely anything
can be found. There is, for
instance, a Club called the
'Fits and Convulsions
Club'. The Club is govern-
ed by four vice-presidents,
over whom a president is
supposed to preside, but
nobody knows who he is.
Then there is a £4 fine on
any member of the Club
who is caught having en-
gaged in a sane conversation
for more than four minutes.

Other piquant little penalties lending a spice of risk
to membership include a fine of £2 for boarding a train
with all your luggage, which penalty is increased to £6
if you are caught not annoying the porter.

Week-end brings its special rules. No member is
permitted to go to bed before four in the morning, but he
must be on the golf course at nine o'clock, and if able to
see the ball then a fine of £4 is immediately imposed.

Contact between the Club and the outside world is
ensured by the special rule which demands that one day
every month each member must spend 24 hours in the
company of a sane person—sympathising with him!

The 'Fits and Convulsions Club' is already a
flourishing concern, although at the moment membership
is confined to W. C. Fields and a few of his cronies.
Meanwhile all Hollywood is anxious to join, but dismay-
ed at the rigorous qualifications.

Among the nominees who, they say, stand the best
chance of achieving membership, are Carole Lombard,
Fredric March, Richard Barthelmess, William Powell,
Gene Markey (husband of Joan Bennett), Ernst Lubitsch
and George Cukor.

Star's Real Names:

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Alva White | 6. Leslie Stainer |
| 2. Carl Petersen | 7. Merle O'Brien |
| 3. Mona Smith | Thompson |
| 4. Norman Hoeffler | 8. Rauff Aucklon |
| 5. Wilma Wyatt | 9. Jean Fullarton |
| | 10. Joseph Pinter |

A Paper Gift

by P. M. Baliga



ONCE upon a time there lived in England Seven Great Sages, whose great talents were simply being wasted away like the sweetness of the desert flowers. So, Parliament sent them off to India to try and find out what exactly they could give the Indians to increase their happiness. And these Seven Sages, after a prolonged tour in India (which was curtailed only on account of the heat of the tropical sun, and the thorns on the high roads), went back and reported as follows:

"Whereas the Indian ground is found to be as hard as the British, and no more hardness is advisable in view of the fact that India is a land of agriculture;

"And whereas the Indian peasant's income keeps him sufficiently alive to feel the hot sun on his back;

"And whereas iron is as weighty, and fruits as juicy in India as in any other part of the world;

"And whereas some of the Indian Princes have so very kindly consented to attend on His Majesty as Pages during His Majesty's Silver Jubilee Celebrations;

"And whereas the Indian peoples of all castes and creeds, can love, kiss, sing and marry as well as any other people;

"This Committee is unanimously of the opinion that what India needs at the present juncture is a bundle of paper.

"Further we, the Seven Sages forming this Committee, do fervently believe that if and when India receives the required quantity of paper shipped from England, her happiness would be complete."

The result of the strenuous labours of the Sage Committee was greeted in England with great applause. All the people stood up in rows and with one voice exclaimed, "Lo! Seven greater than Solomon are here!" The Government of Britain bestowed upon the heroes their choicest and rarest honours. But the people would not be satisfied. The sages certainly deserved something more than earthly titles, they said. So, they appealed to the Gods, in the name of cricket, fairplay and body-line to recognise the virtues of the Seven Sages in a more fitting manner. And the legend goes, that convinced of the justice of this irresistible demand, the Gods reserved for

the Sages seven seats in heaven, and labelled these seats with a constellation of seven beautiful stars known as the *Saptarshi Mandal* or 'The Great Bear'.

Now, to the Indian mind, all this appeared very strange, and so a hue and cry was raised.

"What do they mean?" asked the man in the street.

"I do not know," replied the hungry peasant, puzzled. "And to tell you the truth, how a mere bundle of paper is going to increase our happiness, I cannot for the life of me understand."

"That is not the point," interrupted a passer-by who was presumably connected with the Paper Industry. "You see they have not consulted us on a single point concerning this paper. For example, what should be the thickness, weight and quantity of the paper which they are going to send us? Well, gentlemen, I think we must agitate."

The above conversation was immediately reported in the British Press, and all the newspapers there published it in glaring headlines. So, the Parliament which always stood for justice, proclaimed, "O! Indian brothers! Please do not agitate. Come over to London where we can sit together and cogitate. Come soon, and for Heaven's sake, do not hesitate." The response from a certain section of Indians engaged in Paper Manufacture was phenomenal, and a host of Paper Magnates actually flew to London to discuss matters. A conference was then arranged, and the thickness, weight, and quantity of the paper were all splendidly settled and agreed upon between the parties. But when the question of colour was raised by a shrewd old man in loin-cloth, whom the others considered an obstinate fool, dissensions arose. And to cut a long story short, the conference ended in a fiasco, and all the Indians came back with faces as long as coffins. A few days later it was announced that, as no unanimity could be reached at the conference regarding the colour of the paper, the British Government had, upon their own responsibility, decided to send to India a bundle of White Paper! But the Indians were assured that the thickness, quantity, and *everything* else would remain as agreed upon by the parties, that the white colour was in the best interests of India, and that when the bundle had passed through the hands of a select committee of Parliament, all would be well.

"I am glad they have accepted my demand regarding the thickness of the Paper," smilingly opined Mr. Moderate, on hearing of the decision of the British Government.

"I am satisfied that they have accepted *in toto* my demand regarding its volume," said Sir Liberal. "And the colour, though it doesn't seem good, is not—er—so bad. But I *think* it would have been wiser if I had joined that old man in his demand for a good colour." So saying, the knight removed his spectacles, and after a good look around to make sure that he was not unobserved, hid his face in his turban and wept.

Just then a young lad, wearing a white cap, appeared upon the scene.

"Excuse me, sir," he apologised; "I didn't expect to meet you here, and in such a condition, too!"

"I had thought I was all alone here. Otherwise, you know, I would not have—have—you understand?" wailed Sir Liberal.

"Never mind!" sneered the youth, as he gazed on the other's tears which were rolling down in the shape of tiny little crocodiles.

The boy had just walked away when Mr. Moderate joined his pal, Sir Liberal.

"What boots it to weep, my dear brother?" he argued with intense feeling. "Let us rather huff and puff as a protest, and side, by side sing some excellent praises of the Government. Prudence and tact can work wonders, you know."

So, Mr. Moderate and Sir Liberal joined hands, and they huffed and they puffed, and they puffed and they huffed; never forgetting, of course, to sing to the tune of 'God Save The King' during intervals. But unfortunately the British Government's ears were not alike, one being deaf and the other all right. And it appeared as though all the huffing and puffing fell on the ear that was deaf, and all the singing on the ear that was sound. For whenever the two brothers huffed or puffed, the Government remained mute or simply yawned, whereas when they sang 'God Save The King', it smiled, clapped its hands, and cried out *encore!*

A few days later it was bruited abroad that a steamer had arrived from England with the cargo of White Paper, and many important people from far and near flocked to Bombay to catch a glimpse of that mysterious gift which was to be the herald of Peace and Plenty. After due ceremony, the big parcel bearing the seal of the Select Committee of Parliament was opened in the presence of a large and expectant gathering, when alas! contrary to all expectations, the parcel was found to contain a bundle of ordinary paper of the *blackest* hue! The men who were present soon began to sigh, while the women actually fainted. The birds of the air and beasts of land and sea, who had till then the faculty of speech, were struck dumb all of a sudden. The timid birds which were frightened, flew away on seeing the paper, and the animals ran helter skelter making hideous noises; while the trees shed their leaves, the air became solemnly still, and the erstwhile blazing sun began to sulk.

"Mr. Moderate," exclaimed Sir Liberal, after closely scrutinizing the bundle, "I think we have been deceived."

"Never mind," observed Mr. Moderate. "We shall endeavour to improve the colour. If we succeed, well and good. If we don't, well, we shouldn't hesitate in using the deadly weapon which we fortunately possess, and which will not fail to produce results. I mean, of course, a forcible statement to the Press."

Having made this vigorous speech, Mr. Moderate proceeded towards the bundle of Black Paper and commenced washing the sheets with some special soap and water, in which act he was soon joined by Sir Liberal. But though they rubbed them and scrubbed them with all their strength, the sheets of paper which seemed to like their own colour very much, showed no signs of improvement.

"Hello! What is the big idea?" asked Mr. Independent, as he walked towards the busy brothers.

"Oh! It is such a fast dye," said Sir Liberal, hardly able to speak; "the colour refuses to budge, though we have been at it for two hours and thirty-seven minutes now."

"Have you tried bleaching-powder?" queried Mr. Independent. "Or turpentine?"

"Or petroleum?" asked another, thoughtfully.

"Or a few coatings of butter?" interjected a third, who looked very much like a toady.

"We have tried every one of them," replied Sir Liberal briefly.

The attention of all present was drawn by some painful gurgling sound nearby. And turning round, they noticed an ass with bloated, blood-shot eyes, making frantic efforts to gulp down something that seemed to stick in its throat. The little lad in the white cap immediately ran to the ass, and pulled out some dark object from its mouth.

"Good God!" cried the lad, breathing hard; "it is the Black Paper!" In their worry they had forgotten it.

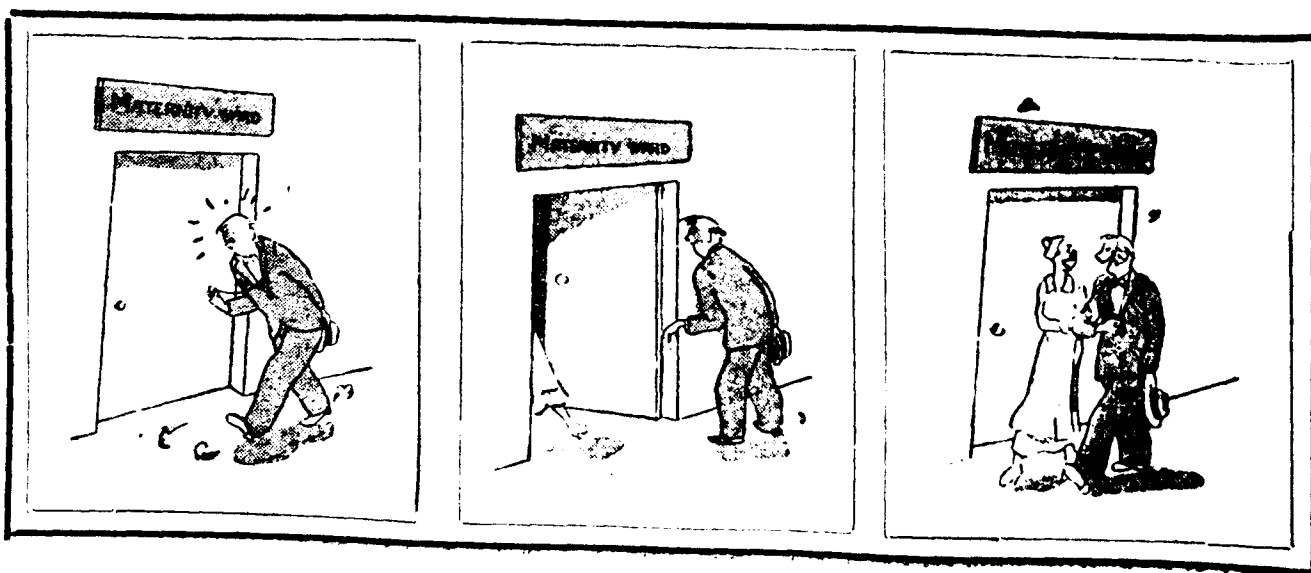
"So, even an ass finds it hard to swallow?" ejaculated a Pandit.

"Let us try other methods," continued the Pandit, breaking a long silence. "Personally, I consider that only a miracle can improve the colour."

"Are you sure that it is not black leprosy, or crysipelas, or any other dermal trouble for the matter of that?" pertinently asked the old man in Khadi loin cloth,

THE END

Anxious Moments



who had so far been watching the proceedings with silent interest.

"Sure of that," replied Sir Liberal.

"Nor Kala-azar?" asked the old man again.

"No fears!" answered the knight.

"Then," said the old man sternly, "there is only one remedy for it, and that is the mud poultice. And since the treatment will have to be continued for a number of years, and we have our own preoccupations, what I advise is this; that we choose a spot not far from the Sukkur Barrage where the mud would be always damp, dig a deep grave at that place, and bury the Black Paper there. The surrounding strata of moist earth, acting like an ideal and permanent mud poultice, might produce the desired effect."

Thereupon the old man squatted on the ground and invited the crowd to put him questions.

"Do you believe that when the full course of treatment is over, the Black Paper would be transformed into White?" queried the little urchin, grinning under his white cap.

"I cannot say," he replied gravely. "But let us hope for the best."

"Will not the white ants or earth worms nibble at the Black Sheets and work havoc?" was the next question.

"Not likely," assured the old man, rising to go away. "For even a worm will turn, don't you know. Though proverbially slow at other times, they will now take action. So within thirty seconds after the burial, all the white ants and other worms residing within a radius of one mile, will quickly come out to the surface of the earth and, turning their backs upon the Paper, begin to march rapidly away, in search of other homes."

Two Birds with one Stone



Illustrated By The Author

by Albert A. Roland

MARJORIE Bramforth noted the momentary blanching of her husband's face. But as he re-read the letter, carefully scrutinizing every word, his expression had regained its customary serenity. He went on to examine the envelope, address and postmarks.

"When did this come, Ahmed?" he asked unemotionally, as the bearer replaced a salver on the sideboard. "The postman just delivered it, Sahib. There was no other dak."

"What is it, John—bad news?" asked Marjorie.

Holding the letter carefully by its edges, he reversed it, so that she could read it across the breakfast table.

"Another of them," he said casually. "Nothing to worry about. An Inspector of Police gets used to threatening letters, though this is the first to be addressed to my house."

The message was set out in hand-pencilled block letters on cheap-looking glazed paper. Marjorie's heart seemed to turn in her breast as she read:

"INSPECTOR BRAMFORTH, YOU WILL DIE—MUCH SOONER THAN YOU EXPECT."

"Have you any idea who sent it?" she murmured.

"None, my dear. It may be from one of the many wrong 'uns I've had put away in the past. On the other hand, I may never have met its gentle author. Lovers and relatives sometimes take it into their heads to do a spot of avenging. Take no notice of it, Marjorie. These threats have a habit of coming to nothing."

"What are you going to do about it, John?"

"Treat it with the contempt it deserves. I'll have the note formally examined at the station for finger-prints. This kind of paper takes prints readily. If there's nothing, I'll destroy it."

"Oh, John, I wish this hadn't happened! Especially, on the eve of my going away. It's quite unnerved me."

Bramforth rose and came round to his wife, smiling. He placed an arm affectionately round her and kissed her red lips.

"Then you do care, darling? I was beginning to feel sure you'd changed. That fellow Powell.....I've thought....."

"Don't be ridiculous, John! I've told you so often. Tony and I are good friends—that's all. I love John Bramforth, and John Bramforth only!"

Her husband sighed.

"Perhaps I've been a fool, dear. Give me one more kiss, and I'll be off to work."

Marjorie kissed him, clung to him for a long moment.

"Good-bye, darling," she said breathlessly. "No more of those dreadful quarrels, John!" Then she said suddenly:

"Look, John, how Ahmed is glaring at us!.....He's turned away now. I don't think he likes me, dear."

"Nonsense! You imagine things. And you never did like poor old Ahmed, did you? But I'm a pretty good judge, dear, even of reformed criminals. He's faithful and honest, and a damned good servant."

"Perhaps you're right, John. All the same, I wish I weren't going away for that fortnight's holiday to-morrow. I—I somehow feel you're in danger. But if you're quite sure....."

Marjorie put the finishing touches to her brilliant toilet. Then she drew on a dainty hat with that fastidious care which characterised all her attentions to Marjorie Bramforth, and surveyed herself critically in the long mirror.

"Perfect in every detail!" she pronounced, and then started guiltily as she realised her remark had applied not so much to her own appearance as to a certain plan. A plan she had been thinking over in her shrewd mind since the previous morning. A plan which she now realised contained no vulnerable spots. Perfect in every detail.....

She went into the drawing-room, where her luggage had been assembled in readiness to be taken down to the car.

"Everything ready, Ahmed?" she asked the old bearer, and he replied in the affirmative, adding that the car was expected in a few minutes. The Sahib had sent a sepoy to say that, as expected, he would not be able to get away from the office, but would send the car very shortly for the Memsahib to be driven to the station, and he, Ahmed, was to accompany her to render every assistance.....

"I shan't need you, Ahmed," she said firmly. "I can attend to simple matters like booking, myself. It's getting late, though. If the car doesn't arrive soon, I shall miss my train."

But at 10.30 p.m. Marjorie was speeding towards Victoria Terminus. And her plan had satisfactorily progressed a stage further.

She reviewed the scheme as the car swept her onward.

The germ of it had entered her fast-moving brain as she had finished reading that threatening note. She had dismissed it immediately afterwards as impracticable, dangerous; only to return to a contemplation of its possibilities by her husband's further remarks.

"Another of them," he had said. And: "I will have it formally examined for finger-prints."

That meant the police, cognizant of the letters John had already received, would duly take note of this particular one.

In the evening, she had learned from John of the actual examination of the letter. Two finger-prints, as yet unidentified, had been found. The writer was evidently not one of their 'registered customers'!

When later he informed her that he would be extremely busy next day on an urgent investigation-case, that in fact he would be unable to see her off at the station, her project received a fillip, began to take actual shape.....

She went over its various details and again found them to her satisfaction. Though the more dangerous remained to be carried out, certain matters had already been attended to.

She had a scribbling-pad in the house, made of similar paper to that used by the unknown writer of the threatening note. She kept it for writing unimportant chits and sundry small orders for stores. Ahmed sometimes carried these chits. Sometimes the *hamal*.

As soon as John had kissed her good-bye and left for work next morning, she got rid of the *hamal* by sending him on an errand to a distant laundry.

Then she ordered Ahmed to clean the brass and silverware. Whilst he was thus occupied in the scullery, she tore off and destroyed the top sheet of the scribbling-pad and with a silk handkerchief carefully wiped the newly exposed sheet. Also the pencil which generally lay beside the pad in the dining-room.

Then going into her bed-room she called peremptorily for Ahmed. When he appeared, she noted with satisfaction the slight traces of brass polish on his fingers.

"Bring me the chit-paper from the dining room at once, Ahmed," she said. "No, don't trouble to go and wash your hands. I want you to go out at once and get me some aspirin. I've developed a sudden tooth-ache."

The servant returned in a moment with the required articles, and laid them, as directed, on the small table beside her. Then:

"Oh, wait a moment, Ahmed!" she cried. "See if there is any aspirin left in the medicine cupboard. I think there were two tablets there the other day."

Such proved to be the case. She now bade Ahmed bring her a little water from the carafe in the dining room, and swallowed the drug; then told him to carry on with his work in the scullery. He left the room, taking with him the empty glass, the scribbling-pad and pencil, which he dutifully returned to their customary places in the dining-room.

A few minutes later, when she was sure he had resumed his metal-cleaning, she drew on a pair of silk gloves and repossessed herself of the scribbling-pad and pencil, which she took with her into the privacy of her bed-room.

There she indited another threatening note, fashioning the block letters as clumsily as possible:—

"BRAMFORTH SAHIB, THE BLOOD OF MY BROTHER CALLS FOR VENGEANCE. HIS SPIRIT BIDS ME STRIKE TONIGHT."

She carefully enclosed the message in an envelope and stamped it. Then she addressed it in the same clumsy fashion to John at his office, and slipped it into her handbag.

In the course of the day, whilst on her way to visit a friend, she contrived to post the letter unobserved in a pillar-box about half a mile distant from her house.

Later in the day, she wrote a longish letter to her sister, who lived in a distant suburb of Bombay, telling her of her anxiety about the threatening note received by John. "He makes light of the whole affair," she wrote, "but I can't help feeling real danger threatens him. I wish I were not going away to-day. Ahmed gets on my nerves, too. I don't trust the man, though John thinks he's a paragon. I can't forget the man's an ex-convict, and that his brother, who died in jail, was sent there by John's efforts.....If anything happens to John, I'll suspect Ahmed. I wish I could persuade my pig-headed husband to get rid of him....."

She got the *hamal* to post this letter in a nearby box.

As the car approached Victoria Terminus, the first small doubt assailed her. What if John were detained till very late on that investigation?

She had learned from him that he expected to return to the flat at midnight, or a little earlier. If unforeseen circumstances prevented that, her scheme was in danger of failing. She wouldn't worry yet! Luck had been with her so far. It wouldn't desert her now! She was still filled with admiration for her clever scheme. Two birds with one stone!

Two birds with one stone.....Strangely enough, she felt more compunction in destroying Ahmed than John. After all, he had done her no personal harm. The only thing she had against him was the fact that he had seen her kissing Tony once. It was a pity to sacrifice the old man for that. But he fitted in so usefully with the plan. He was, very definitely, a 'registered customer' at the finger-print bureau!

John was a different matter. She hated him with all her passionate nature. She had loved him once, before he had had that affair with the Spencer woman. Now she loved Tony. And John, the embodiment of good-natured hypocrisy, stood between their happiness....

Tony was wonderful. So gentle and considerate. He would never dream of hurting anyone. That was why he was such a hesitant lover. He hated to bring any unhappiness to John.

She was glad Tony wasn't in this scheme of hers, had not the slightest inkling of it. It would have filled him with horror, and she would have lost him, assuredly, for ever.

NEXT WEEK:

A WAITING THE STORK

By THE SAME AUTHOR

She wondered whether, despite her request not to see her off at the station, he would be there.

But when, having dismissed the driver, she entered the booking-hall with several luggage-bearing coolies, there was no sign of him.

And now, as unostentatiously as possible, she must miss her train.....

She accomplished this neatly. She instructed the coolies to wait for her in the hall whilst she went upstairs to the restaurant to see a friend. She came down a minute after the train had left. She told the anxious coolies to deposit her luggage in the waiting-room and return in two hours' time. She would leave by the 1 o'clock train in the morning.

She saw that her instructions were carried out. Then she quietly walked out of the station and hailed a taxi, choosing a sedan car. She drove as far as Cuffe Parade, at Colaba, before she dismissed the taxi. Then she went for a long walk, which occupied her about an hour, on the practically deserted reclamation ground nearby.

During that time she made certain alterations to her appearance. It was quite dark and there were no spectators as she changed her dress, drawing on a flimsy white frock, which she took from her handbag. In the latter she put away the equally flimsy blue dress she had been wearing.

As the hour of midnight approached, she attached a motor-veil to her hat, and returned to Cuffe Parade. A short walk brought her to the nearest taxi rank, and

again she was able to obtain a closed car. Since leaving the railway station, she had been fortunate in meeting or passing no acquaintances.

Fortune favours the brave...Love will find a way...

At 12.30 a.m. she was back at Byculla, where their flat was situated. She dismissed the taxi in a side street, and after it had driven off, made her way on foot to her home.

It was the Mohorrum festival time, and she knew that Ahmed, who slept in the servants' quarters down-stairs, had asked for leave that night. John would be alone.....

Before letting herself into the flat with her latch-key she peeped into the garage downstairs, and saw that John's car was there. John was in, apparently, and alone. The flat was in darkness.

Presently, she was in the bed-room, tip-toeing in her stocking feet. In the dim light from a nearby street lamp, she made out the recumbent form of her husband. For once now he was not snoring.

She crept cautiously to the bedside, firmly clutching in her gloved hand the dagger she had just taken from its place on the drawing-room wall. She poised the knife over John's heart, in readiness to strike with all her strength.....

And then she screamed involuntarily, a piercing shriek which awoke the echoes.

The haft of a knife was already projecting from her husband's chest! She had caught its dull glint in the semi-darkness.

In a panic, she ran back to the drawing-room and replaced the dagger on the wall. Then, moved by some feeling she could not understand, she returned, still in her stockings, to her husband's body and began tugging at the weapon in his breast. It came away in her hand, and she felt her fingers were smeared with something warm and viscous.....

It was at that moment that Inspector Cavendish, their next-door neighbour, burst into the room, followed by his wife. Behind them, a few moments later, came Ahmed, who had decided to remain on the premises because of the Sahib working late.

Before anyone could speak, the servant pushed his way into the room and switched on the light. Simultaneously, there was a rush from one corner of the room, and a man ran precipitously past Marjorie and the servant. But Cavendish was too old a bird to permit a get-away beneath his nose. He thrust out a foot, and the man fell headlong.....!

It was Tony! So gentle and considerate.....!

His finger-prints tallied with those found on the earlier threatening note. And when the second note arrived, the envelope smelt faintly but unmistakably of her favourite perfume, the kind she always carried in her handbag. There were several other little matters which they could not explain away.....

So that neither he nor she could convince the jury. So that the prosecution killed two birds with one stone!

EDENICS



"And Why?" Adam said, when little Cain appeared.

Sarada

by T. S. Anantha Narayanan

AMBIL is a charming village on the north bank of the Coleroon.

One day, when the first rays of the rising sun were gilding the tree tops and the tall temple tower, Sarada, lovely daughter of Mahadeva Srouthigal, a learned Brahmin of Ambil, walked out to the river with a shining brass pot on her hip. Sarada was fourteen and was a paragon of beauty. She was yet unmarried, though her father was a staunch opponent of the Sarada Act. Poor man! What could he do! He had to eat his humble pie.

Sarada was tall, slim and lovely. Her face shone with a wonderful glow of intelligence and beauty. Her hair, glossy and black, was luxuriant and was worked up into a tasteful knot. Her limbs were well proportioned and attractive. She walked with a natural grace and modesty. After completing her bath in the river, though it was uncomfortably cold, she entered a flower garden on the river bank. She gathered some select flowers of various hues, and carried them in a brass flower-basket. She filled her shining brass pot with the cold water of the river and walked up to the platform, on which was installed an image of Sri Ganesa. Sarada placed her pot on the platform and worshipped the deity with a sincere devotion. She recited in a gentle, melodious voice a sacred hymn in praise of the Gananayaka (or the commander of the heavenly hosts). Worship over, she wended her way home.

The narrow lane leading from the river to the village lay through fragrant gardens and dense clusters of bamboos. Fragrant shrubs with beautiful yellow and violet flowers lined the narrow path. While Sarada was slowly walking home along this path, Subba Naick, the rich but licentious *Mittadar* of Sankari saw her. He was smitten with a deep passion for the graceful angelic figure that came in front of him. Mr. Naick's passion transcended all social considerations. He heaved a deep sigh and began to think how best he could contrive to secure the young beauty, that appeared before him. The coy maiden, aware of the special attention she had received from the terrible Subba Naick, hurriedly walked towards her house with her heart palpitating.

Subba Naick was a rich landlord, tracing his ancestry

to a branch of the ancient Nayaks that ruled over Madura and Trichinopoly. He came from a noble line of valiant warriors and chivalrous heroes. But our *Mittadar* had inherited none of the noble traits of his ancestors. Subba Naick was about forty-five years old. He was fair in complexion and gigantic in form. His head was small and was not in proportion to his unwieldy girth. His limbs were thick and his belly was bulging. He presented a very ludicrous appearance, when he swaggered along. He had bushy moustaches, carefully trimmed and twisted. There was neither grace nor strength in his form. But the Naick was highly sensuous. He was a glutton physically and sexually. A prey to the vilest sensual pleasures, his only concern was to secure new objects for feeding his lust. He gathered round him some unscrupulous villains to help him in his nefarious schemes. He had a long record of such black acts, which never came under the notice of the ever-vigilant police. Every one in the taluk feared him. They had to shut their eyes to his revolting crimes. For, if anyone dared to carry information to the police or seek the aid of law, woe unto him! His crops would be



.....to the river with a shining brass pot on her hip.

5-1-6-35

harvested over-night, his groves destroyed, or his barn set ablaze! Terrible was his anger and even children in the arms of their mothers dreaded Subba Naick.

A few days after his seeing Sarada, Subba Naick camped in his bungalow on the river side, near Ambil. He had a few acres of land in that village. It was a fine afternoon. The Naick was sitting upon his couch, yawning wildly after his midday nap. After his meal, he rolled on to the verandah of his bungalow and stretched himself at ease on a velvet sofa. On a stool, was a silver plate, containing scented *pansupari* and tobacco. Our Naick was an awful chewer. A slender, short, dark figure was standing in front of him, with banded knees and folded arms. He was Arunagiri, the trusted servant and confidant of the Naick in all his amorous affairs. It was the ingenious brain of Arunagiri that planned to cater to the sensuous crazes of his master.

After a long silence, the Naick beckoned to Arunagiri. He conveyed to him in whispers, his passion for the lovely Sarada, and commanded him to secure the damsel for satisfying his lust. Arunagiri assured his master with confidence that he would secure the object of his desire in about a week. The Naick exhibited two rows of teeth, coated thick with the stinking juice of tobacco and betels, and laughed hoarsely. He was satisfied.

Arunagiri, with his looks cast down, as was his wont, made his way to the *mutt* of the 'Mowna Swamigal', on the bank of the river. The *mutt* was situated in the midst of the beautiful flower garden, from which Sarada daily gathered flowers for puja. In that *mutt* was Saravana Pillay, popularly known as the 'Samiar' (the recluse). Saravana Pillay was but a recluse in name. He was always a trusted accomplice of Arunagiri and his master. His ample chest was adorned by the sacred *rudraksham*. He unstintingly smeared his body with the perfumed holy *vidhuthi*. Many an innocent maiden was decoyed and outraged by this sanctimonious scoundrel.

When Arunagiri approached the *mutt*, Saravanan was seated in a majestic *asan* on a glossy tiger skin. A crutch made of ebony wood, and a big conch were on either side. A huge cocoanut shell, beautifully polished, to which was fixed a burnished chain of brass was placed on a tiny wooden stool. This begging bowl, the symbol of poverty, was never used by Saravanan. Arunagiri, in a gay taunting tone, addressed the Samiar, "Ah! What a holy sight! Is it Lord Siva descended from Kailas! What wicked thoughts occupy thy mind at this hour?"

Saravanan replied in an equally familiar manner and said, "You little imp! What brought you here at this moment?"

Arunagiri replied, "Thou art ever my saviour and angel. I have again to trouble you about a damsel."

Saravanan quickly replied, "I guessed as much; I think your master is hopelessly in love with that fair Brahmin maid, Sarada. It is a matter in which I could not do anything."

The Samiar did not really feel any compunction in the matter, for he had accomplished more heinous crimes than this. It was only a tactful move of his to secure a fat remuneration from the sensuous *Mittadar*.

Arunagiri, by promises of ample reward, enlisted the services of Saravanan. Everything was settled for kidnapping Sarada.

Vedaraman, Sarada's brother, had come to his native village with his intimate friend and college-mate, Balu. The college had closed for Christmas and Balu agreed to spend the holidays with Vedaraman. It was sunset. The modest house of the Srouthigal was lit with bright lamps. In the hall were sitting the two young men. The lovely Sarada was sitting on a swing, melodiously singing a note from the famous compositions of Sri Thyagarajayyah. Vedaraman and Balu were deeply absorbed in the entralling melody. Balu was spell-bound. Sarada's beauty struck a responsive chord in Balu's heart.

Balu had a very pleasant time of his stay at Ambil. Delicious meals the regular routine of Sarada's music and the still more bewitching looks of the girl, roused the spirits of Balu. He began to build a dreamy future.

On the fourth day after the interview of Arunagiri with the Samiar, Sarada started very early at dawn to the river. It was the day sacred for the marriage of Radha, the divine consort of Lord Krishna. It was day of special *puja* at Sarada's house.

Vedaraman and Balu too, got up early and went off for a stroll along the river bank.

Talking, and enjoying the cool morning breeze the two friends came near the *mutt* of the Swamigal. A piercing shriek, probably of a maid, rent the air. It came from the garden. The two friends jumped over the fence, and rushed in the direction, whence they fancied the shriek came. But the cry became feebler and feebler and soon died away. Still they pressed on, leaving the garden through a wicket-gate, leading to the bund of the Coleroon. They saw the Swamiar standing, waving his hands towards a gang of fierce-looking men, a hundred yards in front of him. They were armed with sticks and were urging on the bearers of a palanquin. Vedaraman recognised the *Mittadar's* men, and he divined that they were kidnapping some helpless girl. But never for a moment did he guess that the poor victim was his beloved sister, Sarada. Finding their intervention would be dangerous, the youths returned to the ghat for their morning ablutions. At the ghat they were startled to hear that Sarada was violently seized by some fierce men and carried away, while she was gathering flowers.

(Continued on page 37)

Art for Art's Sake

by A. T. MacNaughton Thomas

RECENTLY we read in the newspapers that an Englishman had successfully managed to write the Lord's Prayer on a penny stamp. Again we read that a Canadian, presumably not to be outdone, after a laborious work extending over two years, had succeeded in piercing a pin lengthwise without splitting it, enabling a fine thread of gossamery structure to pass through it. These monumental labours of love were sure to evoke admiration in the generality of mankind and more so, in the admirers of the Perfectly Useless. Such examples of art for art's sake were bound to inspire many and it would certainly be not a surprise to us if we found people tobogganing on peeled banana skins, writing epitaphs on rice husks, squeezing tooth-paste back into its tube, hamstringing the bugs, etc. We have been already apprised of feverish activity in these lines and we shall gladly recount some of the instances that were brought to our notice.

What would have certainly been a very interesting experiment with definite results, has been, we regret to say, nipped in the bud. A certain Arabian gentleman set out to find out how many straws would be required to break a camel's back. It was while piling straw upon straw on the poor creature's back that he was persuaded by the members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, that his self-imposed task was not without a touch of cruelty. Even though he was not without a touch of cruelty. Even though he assured the members of the S. P. C. A. that the spinal curvature of his camel was endowed with more resiliency than was common with the ordinary species, the S. P. C. A. sternly bade him to desist from giving a full play to the perversion of his tastes—otherwise they would have the law upon him. We now hear that the Arabian gentleman is engaged in the thankless task of studying how many quills make a porcupine bristle up.

It is reported that the harvest season in California will be delayed, causing a lot of discomfort and inconvenience to all and sundry, all on account of the activities of several sportsmen, who have challenged one another (each, of course, backed heavily by their respective admirers) to find a needle in a haystack within a specified time. We hear, as we go to press, this needle-hunting pastime has now caught on and it is believed, it may eventually supersede the national game of America—Baseball.

Not knowing that it would be as superfluous an action as to carry owls to Athens, crows to Conjeevaram, bandicoots to Madras and rabbits to Australia, certain young English athletes, with a view to improve their physical exercises to the point of refinement and incidentally, to develop their musculature, have seriously taken upon themselves the task of carrying coals to Newcastle. So fascinated are they with the idea of

carrying coals that the people of the surrounding counties of Newcastle, find it hard and have given it up as a hopeless job, to persuade these young men to carry something else—say, in the nature of fruits, parcels, etc., to their friends and relatives at Newcastle—than mere, hard, heavy coal. The idea of carrying coals to Newcastle has become such a monomania with these youths that the insanity experts wonder whether they—the young athletes—are not only loony themselves but make the British feel absolutely clean up the pole as well.

Arrangements have now been completed by some explorers for the long-promised attempt to discover mares' nests. It may be shortly expected that they will penetrate the depths of African wilds and South American forests in quest of this marvellous object and it is profoundly believed that their discovery and the investigation that led to it, are expected to cause revolutionary changes in zoology. Anyway, there are hard-boiled explorers, with whom it is a rooted conviction that mares' nests are more easily to be discovered at the race-courses, when you have backed the wrong horse.

The theological students at the various Christian seminaries are greatly agitated over that well-known Biblical quotation, "Can a leopard change its spots or an Ethiopian his skin?" One school of thought believes that a leopard *can* change its spots. The other school of thought vehemently denies this preposterous doctrine and gravely deplores that such heresies should be allowed to creep into Christian theology. What is more, they have proved to the hilt by having experimentation carried out on leopards by trying pigmentation tests. After repeated experiments, they have found out that a leopard no more changes its spots than a Bania his rupee. The former school of thought firmly adheres to its opinion and has even proved by demonstration that a leopard changes its spots when it moves from spot to spot. This, of course, has caused a great schism in Christian Thought.

Every citizen who has a vote to cast, is gravely alarmed at seeing our politicians becoming, day by day, increasingly expert at the splitting of hairs. Since the elections are far off, they must do something to occupy themselves, for, you know, idleness is naturally abhorrent to them. Hardly a day passes without somebody devoting the whole of his time at hair-splitting. No sooner has he finished with it than up starts another one, who immediately proceeds to split the split hairs into filaments still finer. And yet, we grumble when we find comedians earning more money than politicians, for, are they not, on the whole, funnier?

Now, to strike a personal note. Concerning my biography to be written on my collar-stud—oh, yes, take the hint. I shut up.

Some Car, Sir!

by P. P. Samuel

THE huge, opulent-looking man stalked up to me with a broad smile splitting his handsome face from ear to ear.

"Some car, sir!" he said.

I was leaning luxuriously against the door of a giant limousine parked right in front of the statue of George V.

"Ah, this," I said with the air of the Maharajah of Patiala passing a casual remark about one of his many cars. "Not half bad, I guess."

"British make, I presume."

"Yep," I replied in Roosevelt's vernacular. "Don't you think, big boy, that a non-British bus would look cheap as a packet of chewing-gum right under the statue of His Majesty?"

"I reckon it would," he remarked, "unless it be a car made in Amurrica -- a Daimler, sir?"

"This old bus?" I opened the door of the limousine and closed it with a loud contemptuous bang.

In pucca motoring circles, you know, they never call a car a car. It is either an 'old bus' or 'tin-pot' or 'bin' or 'perambulator' or 'run-about'. Sir Malcolm Campbell, I am told, calls his Blue Bird a 'pram'. Well, if I may point a moral, please don't go about calling your automobile a 'motor-car', unless you want to be taken for a Samaritan. Now to resume.

"This old bus?" I said, trying to blow big guns. "I -- er -- I don't quite remember what sort of clock-work it has in its inside. Daimler, perhaps, or again it might be Rolls. You see I have quite a bunch of these runabouts and find it hard to say which is which. My chauffeur (Note the right word. If you use the word 'Driver' you lose caste right away) might know."

"Your what?"

"Chauffeur. C-H-A-U-F-F-E-U-R."

"Vurry good! Stout lad! He has a prodigious memory, hasn't he?"

"Vurry," I replied, borrowing the American tongue. "He was the big noise in arithmetic while he was at school, way back in Curzonpur."

The American's face split again in a broad grin from ear to ear.

"May I see the gent?" he asked. "I should like to give him a hand-shake."

"Gent? He is a low-caste man. Well, if you are so keen, he will be back in a couple of minutes."

"Righto! Would you mind if I had a squint at the interior of your car in the meantime?"

"No. Not at all. Step right in, bunny."

"Some car!" he said again, enthusiastically, when he had given it the once-over. "It is the zippiest, all-firedest, glitteringest, slambangest auto on this side of Amurrica. I tip my lid absolutely off to it, sir."

"Aw, shucks," I said. "Cut that truck right out. I have another pram at home that gets this old bin beaten four ways."

"Golly!" he cried. "These doodads must have cost you a dime or two."

"Waal," said I, "quite a small wad of bills."

"It must be just glorious riding in such posh cars. If I weren't a stranger to you, I should have asked for a ride."

"Not at all," I said, magnanimously. "You may look upon us as a garage and ring us up when you feel like a ride. May I have the pleasure of knowing your name?"

"Sure." He handed me his card.

Broadman John J.,
Bloomingville,
PA.

"I reckon," he remarked ingratiatingly, "you are a Big Noise over here."

"Not at all. But I am related to the ruling family of Curzonpur. My father's third cousin married the Rajah's fourth wife's step-sister."

"Gee!" he cried. "Some relationship! By the by, why do you have such exotic names as Curzonpur in this doggone country?"

"Easily explained," I replied. "Each Viceroy wants to do something for the poor millions during his regime, and so he allows them to name a couple of bridges or minor states after him."

"May I know your name and address, sir?"

"Samy," said I, "is my name. Telephone number 3333."

"3333!" He rolled it round his tongue as if it was a dainty bit of sweet. "Strange!" he ejaculated. "Different guys seem to have the same telephone number over here."

"Why?"

"Waal, 3333 is the number of my friend Steanhammer of the Zip Zip Agency."

"How many threes, please?"

"Four."

"Ah!" I cried, "that's where you get off. Mine is five threes, 33333."

Perhaps you may wonder if it is likely that an American citizen of John J.'s calibre would carry on a long conversation with an absolute stranger. And you wouldn't be far wrong if you did.

A chauffeur in red slid noiselessly into the driver's seat and stepped on the self-starter. The giant awakened with a rhythmic purr.

"Now beat it, you big tin horn," said the hair-on-the-chest American, placing both his hands on my back and pushing me neatly into the road. He sank into the air-cushions and his Packard Straight Sixteen slid silently away.

THE END

SARADA--(Continued from page 34)

Vedaraman was grief-stricken. Balu, who had greater presence of mind, quickly conceived a bold plan for rescuing Sarada, his beloved. They hurried home and yoked to their cart, a pair of the best oxen from the village headman's house and set forth in the direction, which the palanquin-bearers took.

Sankari, the home of Subba Naick was about ten miles to the east of Ambil. The friends drove with all speed and in a short time covered a distance of four miles. A few furlongs ahead of them, they sighted the gang. Evidently feeling confident that they were not pursued, they had chosen to halt and refresh themselves at a road-side tavern. The palanquin was placed in a thick mango grove, some distance away from the toddy-shop. The men had all gone for a drink. They were about a dozen, including the palanquin bearers. Arunagiri, had gone in advance to inform his master of the success of his venture. An old man was left to watch the palanquin. He was sitting a score of yards away and was busy in pounding some betels and nuts in a tiny iron pestle.

The two young men stopped their cart and kept it carefully hidden from view. They cautiously walked behind the line of trees on the road and reached the grove. Silently they crawled towards the palanquin and opened the shutters on the side hidden from the view of the escort. The shutters were gently opened and the terror-stricken Sarada was lifted up, (bound as she was hand and foot) by Vedaraman. He bore her stealthily away to the cart. Balu secured a couple of heavy stones, and placed them inside the palanquin. Shutting the doors noiselessly, he crawled away to a safe distance and joined his friend.

After a prolonged revel, the gang pursued their journey, never for a moment suspecting that they were only conveying a dead load. The palanquin was taken into the private apartment of Subba Naick.

One could very well imagine the fury and shame of the Naick, as he expectantly opened the shutters of the palanquin. One could also picture in his mind's eye the utter discomfiture and perplexity of that unscrupulous agent of profligacy--Arunagiri. In his blind fury the Naick wreaked a terrible vengeance upon his whilom confidant.

He killed Arunagiri.

Subba Naick who had evaded the long arm of the law for so many years, ended his career of crime on the gibbet.

KNOW WHAT THE FUTURE HOLDS FOR YOU!



Professor EL-TANAH

Let Professor EL-TANAH cast your Horoscope FREE

Exalted Mystic and Astrologer will send Amazing Forecast of your Life

DON'T MISS TO-MORROW'S OPPORTUNITIES!

Absolutely FREE

The wheel of fortune turns up new opportunities daily. The Stars reveal them and tell you have to take advantage of them. Consult the stars about Business, Love, Courtship, Marriage ties, travel, speculation, knowing friends from enemies, lucky and unlucky periods and other information of untold value.

Send exact date and place of birth (hour if known) for a FREE forecast of your future by Professor EL-Tanah. Write your full name and address plainly. You need send no money but, if you wish you may enclose 3d. to cover postal and clerical expenses. The startling predictions of the Stars often lead to unexpected fortune and happiness, which might otherwise never be obtained. Act now and post to-day!

PROFESSOR EL-TANAH

(Dep. 129 A.) EL-Tanah Studios

4, KING STREET, JERSEY, C.I.

The Gardener

by C. V. V.

SIR J. C. Bose the eminent scientist discovered that plants can feel, sleep, fight, and be happy, like the people you call in a seance. After a long drink, even of water, they become intoxicated.

That being so, we have sacked our old gardener. True he could make a vegetable marrow expand until you felt it was going to explode, and we won several prizes for them, but we realized, how cruel it was to fatten them up like this and give them palpitation. On another occasion that hateful man stepped on a raddish because it was spongy, and he hurt it severely, but his final atrocity was to prune the front hedge without giving the chloroform.

The new man is so humane. Strikes a cutting or a graft without telling the cactus that it hurts him more than it does the cactus. He never forces the Rhubarb. He persuades it, and we'd much rather have a contented Rhubarb, even if it is a little sour in a pie. I saw him the other day patting a Brussels Sprout, and although he is never likely to wear out a spade fork, it is nice to feel that everything in the garden loves him.

Yesterday I saw a Cucumber with a wet cloth tied around one end of it and he explained sadly to me that it had too much to drink the night before and had a head-ache.

He loves to lead me round the garden. He thinks the Carnations ought to be potted and taken to People's Park, for the coming Flower show and isn't satisfied with the Beet-roots. They look pale, probably due to over-work. Then a stick of Sugar-cane committed suicide this morning by leaning too far over the garden path and getting in the way of the road roller which happened to go by my house. He fancies it must have been crossed in love.

I heard that a Rose was in trouble. It was scratching itself yesterday with a thorn. Because the greenfly made it itch but he thinks a little coconut oil or vaseline will give it a better night's rest to-night.

You must not fancy, Editor, however that he is soft-hearted and lets naughty turnips and things impose on him. There is a whole row of Runner-Beans under arrest because they climbed up the wrong stakes. And the Onions were very rude to a Parsnip, and made it weak, which so annoyed the neighbour Jasmine, that it sent out a few tendrils and pulled the Onions' whiskers from below.

The greatest difficulty with my gardener is, now that he knows plants can feel, to let us have anything for the kitchen. Sometimes he gives us a Cabbage that is not trying to grow, but even then he stuns it before he cuts it.



Another
use for sails
on a boat!



The Story of My Life

by 'Mie'

Claire was not very comforting. We men are sentimental and if nobody is looking we relish a dash of the sob-stuff. It would have given me great pleasure at the moment of our parting if she had wept a bit, clung to me and wet my waistcoat. Though I was far from feeling happy, I say, a catch in her voice, a suspicion of a tear, an unusual paleness of her face, listlessness of her behaviour, or mute despair of her shoulders would have transformed me to a modern edition of a Troilus or Watteau. With heroic resignation I would have

drawn myself up, smiled, yes a smile of infinite pathos, of lingering tragedy, stroked her heaving shoulders, taken her cold hands in mine, muttered a carefully modulated 'good-bye', superficially gay, and walked away with a firm tread without once looking back.

But there she stood coolly, nonchalantly, explaining in a matter-of-fact tone her desire to be Miss Claire for life rather than Mrs. Mie even for a day. I had no scope for my strong man stuff nor the inclination, for, her laughter and her mocking voice made me look cheap to myself. This was clearly not the occasion to say, "There, there, old girl," and if I had said it, she would have probably asked, "Where?" a pertinent question which I should have found it difficult to answer.

I lingered still hoping to see her thaw. Women act queerly but come round in the end. Not this woman.

"Staying to lunch?" she asked casually. (This happened the day after the cherry incident.) I replied as stiffly as I could that I didn't want any lunch. I said it as though I didn't want any lunch all my life.

"You had a snack somewhere," she said. I denied the accusation hotly.

"Very well. Close the door after you, Mie," she said and took up a magazine.

I went. The birds were twittering and men and women were laughing. They held no significance for me (not that they generally did, but that seems the right thing to say). A hollowness filled my heart and I confess, my stomach.

Listlessly I returned home and made my decision. I wrote to a tourist outfitters and to an armoury. Leather breeches, cartridge belts, khaki, topees, gramophones, glass beads, calico, Winchester repeater, Colt's automatic.....Had I forgotten anything? Tobacco, ah! also provisions. I went over this item carefully. On an afterthought I added a film projector and a few books. I was ready for Africa and Big Game.

That was the only thing to do. It seemed a pity that I should vent my feelings on the poor beasts; but

I come to a pathetic episode in my life. My girl jilted me. In fairness I must say that she had a good reason for her action. At dinner one night I committed the grave crime of spitting out a cherry stone instead of transferring it to the plate by means of the spoon. No sensitive girl can ever love a man who strews cherry stones all over the locality. Her finer sensibilities are revolted. This anyway happened with Claire (that was her name). She started back as if someone struck her, turned deathly pale and said "Oh!" in a way which said plainer than words "Fred! I am sorry, but the fixture is off." Poor thing, little did she expect when I slipped the engagement ring on her finger and sealed the bargain with the usual osculatory caress that the man she loved more than anything would turn out to be a hardened cherry-stone spitter. The discovery must have been a great shock to her and a timely eye-opener. She must have shuddered when she thought of what her future would have been if she had married me and then realised.....I can imagine what Elaine would have done if she found Lancelot spitting out cherry stones. Not his prowess on the field, not his romantic adventures, his nobleness would have compensated for the discovery. Similarly with Isolt if her Iristam was a '45 automatic muzzle-loading, repeating cherry stone ejector. Or Juliet with Romeo, or Savitri with Satyavan, or Damayanti with Nala.

I remembered the cases of jilting I had read about; and of divorces. Those women had plenty of grounds for throwing off their lovers or husbands. One man had eaten peas with his knife! Another had worn woollen underwear and socks in bed! A third had actually smoked in bed! Who can bear such atrocities?

But all these thoughts and justifications came to me later. At the moment I could not defend her action. I thought that Claire was tired of me and wanted somehow to get rid of me. Perhaps there was another man. This thought made my sorrow more poignant, for disappointment in love is nothing before wounded vanity. I thought hard thoughts against her and her lover who I knew existed.

what else was there? Himalayan expedition? Well, Everest and other peaks were as thickly populated as Chandai Chowk or Periamet or Malabar Hill. People started to climb the Himalayas on the slightest provocation and brought back films showing the snow and themselves or sometimes themselves and the snow. No, Africa was the thing though it had been overdone. For one thing it was romantic.

When men of the mediaeval ages were jilted by their lady-loves (ladies-love, ladies-loves whichever you like) they joined the Crusades. I shall explain what the Crusades were. (Note that Crusades are not, like Keats Alas and Mathematics, singular but plural.) The Crusades were associations formed for the benefit of the idle. The entertainment consisted of tracking down a tribe known as Saracens and killing them (if they allowed it). Hence the term Sarasaparilla, 'illa' standing for 'the destruction of', as in Gorilla, a warfare where 'gores' were slaughtered. (cf. Ashton Villa, manilla, paraphernalia.) Unfortunately, the Saracens unlike the fox were not available in England, France, Germany or Spain, so the members left the comforts of their homes in their quest for sport. There were no subscriptions but voluntary contributions were welcomed.

Now these Crusades attracted many disappointed lovers and they served the purpose of making the lovers forget their deceitful or disdainful mistresses.

The Saracens got tired of being hunted and so they stopped it effectively. Moreover, the iron armour and accoutrements which were compulsorily to be worn by a member of the Crusade did not find favour with many of the later sets. So they invented the Hundred Years' War, Wars of the Austrian Succession, Spanish Succession, Hungarian Succession and others. These provided a good change for the lovers of a later date.

Even wars became scarce, unfortunately. When they were celebrated they lasted only a few months or only days, unlike in the days of yore. Then somebody had an idea and started the French Foreign Legion. This body had work to do throughout the year. Not a day's idleness. They traversed deserts, manned fortresses in the centre of the desert and picked up a quarrel with the natives of the place. They took special care to leave water and provisions behind when they started and so when trouble began they were happily starving and praying for water and reinforcement. In this situation they performed deeds of prodigious valour and courage, meaning they killed many of the natives. Then they themselves were killed and thus they managed to forget their mistresses.

In the Foreign Legion I have noticed, the most important thing is reinforcements. It does not matter in the least what the strength of the original party is. They start on expeditions 5 strong and then they wait for reinforcements. That is not the way to get things done.

All this is by the way. To return, yes, the nature of modern warfare frightens the most disappointed or ardent lover. And modern wars are rare too. One happens only once in twenty years or so unless you count wars in China, Japan, Abyssinia, or Paraguay. But then these are not wars, only scenes for the glorifi-

cation of the League of Nations and the benefit of News-Reelmen. They also provide novelists with local colour and atmosphere. These wars are to be dismissed with a laugh. "There's war broken out in China," a man would say as if mentioning a divorce case or the latest about a movie star. There is no cruelty about these wars, nothing smacking of the tragic. The newspapers dismiss it with a single para somewhere while giving 2 columns and a 48 face caption to what Jardine said about Voce or what Jean Harlow married yesterday.

But when war breaks out in Europe, it is a different matter however small it is. The protagonists here are not 'coloured' and Reuter would go talking like a locomotive.

To return, there is no chance of waiting for a war or no good of going for one in these days. A lover has to have something else up his sleeve. He has Africa.

I embarked with all my luggage labelled boldly "Bongo-on-the-M'bugu, East Hammersmith, Congo." The other passengers, especially the ladies, noted at once that I was going on a big game hunting expedition, for I was wearing my khaki shorts, leather breeches, and cartridge belts. I wore them throughout the journey.

The passengers came up to me one by one and said, "Tell us all about it, old chap. What was she like?" One young lady especially was very sympathetic and kind and I wondered whether it wouldn't be better to follow her than follow game. After all, both would make me forget her, I mean *her who must be forgotten*. With me to think was to act (and is). I proposed to her. She blushed and said, "Oh this is so sudden," but before she could say more, her husband came and took her away.

Two broken hearts—I mean a twice broken heart. The rest of the voyage was a nightmare. How miserable I was! I did not eat, didn't want to. I could not sleep. The memory of something haunted me night and day—*terra firma*. I was terribly sea-sick.

In Africa I had many adventures but why mention them? (To fill up this page of course.) I would have told you, gentle reader, (You must grant me credit for not having used this form of address till now) what adventures I had with alligators, (meaning one who swallows, from 'alli', in contrast to 'illa', see above. Thus 'alli' means to be killed and—'illa' to kill; Cf. alligory, allimony.) rhinoceroses, pysons, bythons, lallegros, venis, vidis, vicis and meningitis, how a cannibal chief before roasting me examined my purse and was disappointed when he found only a few pounds and how he exclaimed in good Cockney, "Blimey! this 'ere feller is as broke as usselves, Bill," and how they proved to be unemployed workmen who had gone over to Africa and painted themselves up as cannibals to earn a livelihood from the scores of film companies who were touring; how I saw a Zuce equal in size to the Madras Electric Tramway bug, all these I say I should have told you. But what is the use? I went there to forget. I forgot. I forgot what I went there to forget. For the life of me I don't remember what it was. It began with C, I know. Club? Ceramics? Cab? Cup Final? Claret? Clairvoyance?

WOOING OF ALGY—(Continued from page 24)

a celebrity, that gentleman would lend himself to any type of questioning without provoking suspicion. A sporting editor, to whom he referred, confirmed his worst doubts. The boxer was only twenty-six.

What meagre hopes Algy had fondly harboured were thoroughly annihilated. He visualised the boating expedition with a phlegmatic mind, and saw it unwholesomely overrun by fellows like 'Cauliflower Joe,' Freddie, Reggie and Togos—blighters in whom he could not take a tithe of the interest she had evinced.

The next day the cruise set out with four young, handsome-looking men, a tall, stringy young man, and a most self-possessed, capable-looking young lady. The four handsome-looking men took the oars in turns, and made a substantial impression upon the young lady.

Algy, you could see, was regretting having come. Placed among the other suitors, his shortcomings seemed to him, to stand out in hideous contrast. The fact that he had found himself in the exclusive circle of her admirers brought him no balm. Instead of battling his way to victory, now that Fate had placed him on advantageous ground, there he was, sitting in a corner of the boat with a look of intense gloom.

It was her few inspiring words addressed solely to Algy that galvanised him into a thing of vim and activity once again. With wonderful agility he tried to scuttle over the boat and add his quota of help. Some of the young men's heads got in his way, and Mr. Wash headed straight for the water with a terrific splash.

The other young men, looking upon this as a god-send to show off their skill, leaped after him and saved poor Algy from a watery grave. Humiliated, crushed in spirit and all hope abandoned, his only thought now was to efface himself as soon as possible, and not show himself again.

"You can't go to the suburbs in those wet clothes," she told him when he was taking his leave. "You will catch a cold. You had better stop the night at our house. I'll get father to fix you up with clothes."

Arrived at her house in a taxi, Algy was introduced to Mrs. and Mr. Brette who made him very comfortable. Feeling better, and the poetic mood on him, he strolled out into the sweet-scented night, found a nook in the garden and gave himself up to poetry. Voices near his retreat suddenly brought him down to things mundane. He realised that

a family conference of a delicate nature was in progress close by. Being in pyjamas, and that a good few sizes too small, as they belonged to Mr. Brette who was a short man, he remained hidden where he was and stoutly refused to pay attention to the conversation.

But what was being said smote his ear-drum and burned his ears.

"We really can't understand your attitude, Kathleen!" said Mrs. Brette. "You turn down the best of offers one after the other as if they were worth nothing, and now you come and tell us that you find, after all, you care a lot for this Mr. Wash. You say he is a poet, but my child, don't you see he can never keep you in comfort! It's suicidal! Whatever do you find in the chap? He strikes me as an imbecile!"

"Mother, he is so very different to the men I meet every-day. They are all so virile, forceful and masterful. Mr. Wash is different; one feels one could mother him with all one's affection. Besides, he is a genius, and I am sure, under my guidance, he will rise to great heights as a poet."

Algy, concealed in the nook, let out a low whistle. Pyjamas or no pyjamas, he must clinch the matter at once.

"Who! P—st!" he gurgled, and joined the group in his ill-fitting garment.

"Mrs. Brette," he said, without explaining his dramatic entrance, "if your objection is an economic one, I may inform you that I am a rich man. I have loved your daughter from the moment I set eyes on her."

"Kathleen," choked Mrs. Brette, "you have our blessings." And Mr. Brette nodded approval. "Sonnie," he added, turning to Algy, "use my coat. My wife and I are going in."

YES! I KNOW!



These are the answers to questions on page 20.

1. We yawn to get more oxygen into our lungs. When we are tired, our rate of breathing slows down, and the oxygen inhaled is insufficient.
2. Forty members.
3. In 1740, when William Duell was executed for murder at Tyburn. When the surgeon's knife was applied to him in the dissecting-room after being inanimate for three hours, he came to life. He was eventually transported.
4. King Henry the Fifth, after the Battle of Agincourt in 1415, to carry on his wars with France.
5. Because no fish can live in it.
6. Voting was originally a process of counting heads or 'polls'.

Film-stars

LOVE as it is conceived by the Cinema-stars is news of great interest. From their own lips, it is considerably more valuable to the film-fans. Here is what some of the leading stars think of it.

Ramon Novarro:

A very wise man once said that love is the salt of life. To be happy, one needs love and romance. In Mexico, my home, love is part of our lives.

I fell in love, when quite young, with Maria, a beautiful, quiet, demure girl, with long dark curling hair. I would send her flowers, red roses, sing love ballads beneath her window and go on day-dreaming. Then came the rude shock to my plans. My family went to live in another part of the country. My tender heart broke and the castle crumbled.

No other love could be so sweet as the first love.

If love comes too easily we are apt to value it less. The more elusive the prize the more we try to overcome the obstacles in the way.

In Mexico, a long time must elapse for lovers to marry. The period of waiting is very irksome when you are in love, but the joy of the brief stolen moments is all the sweeter because the object of your love is almost unattainable. Love is something sacred, not to be taken lightly and then cast aside like an old glove. Each romantic chapter leaves its mark, and when the right woman comes along, the lover knows that their love is based on perfect unity of soul.

Love is always around the corner, but sometimes a glamorous infatuation is taken for the real thing which leaves behind merely the ashes of a passing passion.

I have never seen my Maria since those days in Mexico, but the memory of that first love is with me always. Love is the sweetest thing in the world.

Hume, Sweet Benita Hume:—

When I was young I dreamed, just like other girls of my age, of the tall, dark, handsome Ideal Man who would one day walk into my life. All of us do dream like that. When we grow older Fate hands us a red-headed man with a squint! Nevertheless we get on with him, quite pleased about it. The truth about love is that we recognise it when it really comes to us and make the most of it while it stays. If it does not last, even then we cherish the memory and spare ourselves from bitterness.

In my opinion, every woman must find time for love, in spite of her 'career'.

I can't fancy a woman trying to get on in life saying, "I have no time for men and love and stuff like that!" I think it is utter cheek to speak that way. It

is quite possible that an unfortunate "affaire" had spoiled an otherwise ideal love or that they are lacking in the quality that attracts the opposite sex. In some cases it lies dormant, waiting to be cultivated.

All talk of 'independence' is bunk and the distinction between this 'independence' and loneliness is almost invisible. In other ages woman was devoting herself entirely to the pursuit of love and its fulfilment. Frustration of that love was more or less spiritual death. Everything is now changed. Albeit, I believe there must always be time for love in a woman's life. Otherwise it is wasted.

Margaret Sullivan:

The love of a woman for a man should be the noblest of all emotions—like the love of a mother for her child.

Men and women fancy themselves in love several times in their life. But there is a great difference between being 'in love' and 'loving' a person. The one is rather a selfish emotion which more excites than soothes the nerves. Loving a person is understanding him fully, loving his faults as well as his virtues and wanting all the time to serve him. That's it—longing to give, give, give and to ask nothing in return.

This love comes to everyone only once in a lifetime and is a whole-time job. We, either of the stage or of the screen, have a harder task than most folk to make a success of love and marriage when it does come our way. Our work often entails such long separations that the understanding and sympathy which constant companionship can bring, are replaced by a series of excited reunions followed by desperate parting. Here and there you can find a perfect example of a great love between two artistes. Such a couple give me the faith in the fine worth of love in our lives. In the part I played in *Only Yesterday*, the character met her man, and in a flash had given him not only herself, but her adoration, her mind, her being—her very life. He treated her cruelly, if unintentionally so. But most cruelty in married life is absolutely unintentional. Yet she, inspired by that same devotion of a single evening for the remainder of a lifetime, continued to love, honour and adore him for ever more. She was called upon to make terrible sacrifices. But, because she loved, she accepted them gladly. Even when the chance came for her to demand her reward, she refused to do so, rather than cause him the worry and anxiety of the forgotten complication in his life. That was the acid test of the trueness of her love.

It was a sublime story, and it tells, perhaps more eloquently than any words can tell, exactly my views on Love as it should affect the human being—all conquering and all pervading.

on Love

Conrad Veidt:

It is my belief that—in the ordinary way,—a man must reach a mature age to appreciate love in the right way.

Love is built on the basis of friendship, understanding and sympathy. This love comes to a man after experience. At thirty five we know more of the world than in the twenties. We expect less of one another and our understanding is proportionately all the greater. By then we would have been through 'let downs' sufferings, disappointments, poverty. While in youth, a man is inclined to lay too much stress on the material side of love. He expects too much and when his hopes are dashed to the ground, his disappointment is pathetic. When we are young, life seems so serious and we are so easily hurt. When we grow older we find that what really do matter in love are the intangible things, the soul, the mind. A woman attracts first by her beauty but she can never hope to hold her man by that alone unless she has the spiritual attraction as well.

At thirty-five there may be less thrill than earlier but there is pleasure in a quieter way. He is content to learn about the woman he loves instead of rushing her round in a hectic pursuit of gaiety. The real foundations of love are: friendship, common tastes and points of view, and same sense of humour. They are better than mere passion which burns itself like a flame and leaves nothing but ashes.

Jeanette MacDonald:

Love is something every woman wants and they have five ages, five chances that is, to be attractive personalities. There is eighteen which is the first and the best. At that age our interest in boys is new and high. We have every chance of being lovely—for a woman in love glows! This is not sentimental prattle but a biological fact. With glands stimulated, hair and skin and eyes benefit. Even the voice of a woman in love is warmer, fuller. Eighteen is best, to my mind, because it brings the first love, and we say 'Ah, this is paradise!'

Other loves are grand but they are tinged with trying knowledge. However wonderful this age is, it brings danger. The love of eighteen is so seldom given a chance to strike down roots. Cold economics at least get in the way. Life to-day isn't exactly in step with Nature and when love affairs fail, girls are too inclined to brood, handicap themselves as personalities by their self-pity and tears. They doubt whether life again can be worth the living. We can't avoid bad times but if we are smart we have them in private. We don't bore other people with our troubles.

At twenty-five, the stage is set for us a second time. We are sure of ourselves and still have the charm of youth. This is the normal marrying age these days.

At thirty, we really find our stride and have time to get out and get it.

Forty is the most difficult of all ages to handle, yet an interesting age. We are trying desperately to hold on to a youth which already has left us. We are stupid and ludicrous.

And finally, there is fifty-five. Men and women who have lived so that every year has enriched them can be more attractive late in life than they ever were before.

Carole Lombard:

Carole has unearthed seven kinds of love and we must agree with her, for she has herself experienced them all!

First comes child love. This caught Carole when she was eight. Ralph Pop, a eleven-year-old lad was the sweetheart. Carole dreamed of the day when she would be Mrs. Pop with lots of children.

Emotional love, bald, physical love comes next. She was so crazy about a boy named Clive that she was desperate unless she was alone with him. She lived just for his kisses.

The third is the Love Ideal. The ideal was built in her own mind and attached to one of the males who crossed her path. However, the ideal did not fit the man in any way.

Love-on-the rebound inevitably follows the death of the Love Ideal.

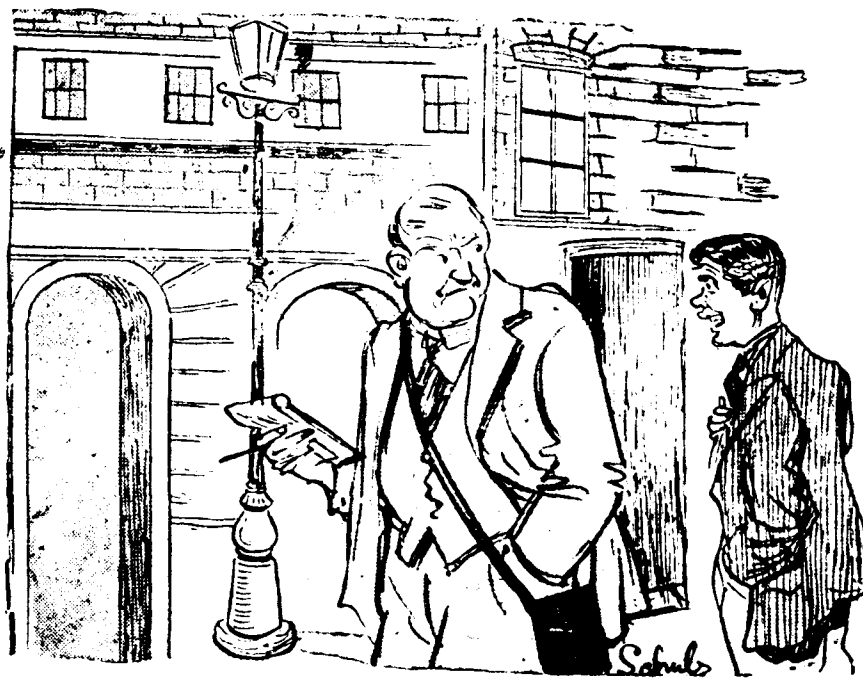
Companionship love, which is the opposite of emotional love, is the fifth in the Lombard list. In fact, all friendship and no emotion—all prose, no poetry.

Maternal love is the sixth and plays an important part in every woman's love of a man; perhaps this is all there is to love. Carole herself took a man and made a little boy of him, spoiled, dependent, indulged, forgiven everything. And she discovered that he was a weakling and nothing would make a man of him.

To know the seventh kind of love one must find a man who is completely different from oneself. Like marrying like is just as bad as falling in love at first sight.

Her final advice to all lovers is that the important thing is keeping the love balanced, as life is a see-saw business.

Now, apparently, Carole Lombard, in her frank fashion, has gone to find the eighth love!



How to

BOOKS on India may be divided into three classes:—
The simple Indian Novel, The Higher Indian Novel, and the Indian Book.

I won't advise you to write the Simple Indian Novel. Though it is very popular and very easy to write, it is hardly a man's job. It is usually written by wistful spinsters, who get to know India from Post Office directories and shipping company booklets. The story will usually be about fierce tribesmen in the North-West Frontier and equally fierce British military officers, with a Mabel or Sylvia (made of sugar and paraffin) thrown in to bring complications into the life of some handsome junior officer, who is upright and very brave. Or sometimes the stories may also be about sinister rulers of Rajputana States, who try to seduce white women and are punished for it in the end.

If you want real distinction you must write the Higher Indian Novel. It is different from the Simple Indian Novel in that it presents a very serious picture of India. Here you must choose your title with care, a title that will suggest a lot of puzzles and problems. You may choose a direct one like *Fermenting India*, *Boiling India*, *Sizzling India* or *Freezing India*; or you may choose a title that is very suggestive but does not mention India at all; something like *Confusion At Twelve*, *Bengal Tigers At Breakfast*, or *Brain Fag On The Hills*. Don't be bothered if your title should appear a little mystifying even to yourself. You will be amazed at the amount of ferment, heat, sizzling, confusion, brain fag, and above all India, that people manage to get out of your book when it becomes a success.

The Higher Indian Novelist must not only tell a story but must also let his readers know what he thinks of India. It must not be done in a direct and obtrusive manner, but with infinite cunning and artistry. It is in your descriptions that you must achieve this. Let us suppose that you are describing the tower of a Hindu

temple. If you like India, you will say, "The temple tower! Ah, the temple tower! The heritage of a thousand year!" and finish the rest in exclamation marks. If you dislike India, "The monotonous monolith! Was it its monochrome effect that so depressed me or was it the caste-ridden barbarity of which the gloomy brick pile of a thousand year seemed to be a symbol?" It may be that you do not know your own views on India; then you will say, "The tower rose into the sky. Grand? I don't know. Oppressive? Who could say? I could not give it more than a passing glance: my caddie waiting for me..." Certain situations in the story can be used for the same purpose. You are describing a tea party. If you see nothing worth admiring in India, you will say, "Bradley (hero of your novel) looked round. Nigger faces every where; fat Babus with the cunning of a serpent in their eyes. Bradley hated the whole lot of them. He wanted to kick everything and everybody and scream 'Go to Hell!' and take the next boat home, but he merely put his cigarette down and said to his dark neighbour 'Won't you have some more tea?'" If you like India, "Bradley looked around. Brown faces, intelligent faces, with the soft look peculiar to Orientals. They were all fat no doubt, but what instinctive grace in their movements! How clumsy obesity sits on the Occident!" It may be that you have not made up your mind about India. "Bradley looked around. Were his neighbours black or brown? Who could say? We ask and ask, but the Indian sphinx only curls its lips and looks away..."

For the subjects of your story you can take the life of a self-less Englishman who goes out to India to teach

Write on India

by R. K. Narayan Swami

Sketches by A. Schulz.



its brown population Shakespeare and Shelley or to keep it tidy and well-behaved. In course of time he discovers that the natives are really an ungrateful lot who prefer to be misled by *unscrupulous Indian agitators*. This discovery will worry him so much that presently he will begin to wonder whether he ought not to commit suicide or resign and go home. When he is about to decide, his old sweetheart will land in Bombay to say 'Yes' to an ancient proposal of his. If you happen to like India you can take the life of a highly-paid British official who is gnawed by the thought that he ought not to be a Highly-paid official at all but only a low-paid bartender. In course of time he will be expelled from his Club for this idea, and end as a fruit cultivator in a lonely place.

In the course of your story you must find occasion to mention Child Marriage, Caste, Brahmin, Gandhi, Swaraj, Swadeshi, Terrorist Activities, Hinduism, Islam, Buddhism, etc., which go to make the Indian Problem. Here is an important point that you must remember: whatever may be the title that you choose for your book, (if it is to be a real Higher Indian Novel at all) you must add the sub-title 'A Study of the Indian Problem' under it.

So much for the Higher Indian Novel; but fiction is after all an inferior branch of literature. If you have any desire to claim serious notice, you must write the Indian Book. Before beginning the Indian Book you must glance through *Gandhi's Life*, a small geography, and the indices and lists of contents in several blue books and reports available at the India Office.

You must commence your book with some such sentence as; "Gandhi once told me....." which will automatically make you look important and authoritative.

An average Indian Book must provide the reader with:

(1) Seventy pages of Gandhi. Before beginning this chapter learn the meaning of: Goar's Milk, Spinning-wheel, Soul Force, and Non-co-operation.

(2) Thirty pages of Benares. If you dislike Benares, say that it is a congested corpse-ridden place. If you like it, say that it is a place throbbing with piety, and then there are immense temples there before which Hindu yogis go off to sleep on boards of nails.

(3) Twenty pages of description of your stay with a District Collector, who, being a man on the spot and knowing things at first hand, will tell you why Indians are (or not) fit to govern themselves and why Indians must (or must not) be admitted into the English Clubs.

(4) Thirty pages of your presence at an important Government House banquet. Any newspaper will give you matter for this.

(5) Thirty pages of your stay with an Indian Ruler, as a State Guest. If you read the *Arabian Nights* you can manage this chapter.

(6) About a hundred pages of summing-up, containing your valuable suggestions to the Indians as to what to do with themselves and to the powers-that-be as to what to do with India.

You must remember that your last paragraph is the most important portion of your book. It must be full of memories and significance: "... As the Bombay Coast receded I suddenly recollected what a Lieutenant-Governor had once told me on an important occasion. He said, 'We shall damn well stay here all our lives but we shall get neither sun-burnt nor eat good mangoes', which seemed to be but the echo of what that weak giant Gandhi, had told me on another occasion, to be more precise, on the eve of a grave crisis. Finis."



The Little

THE Inn of the Triumph of The People stood on a lonely heath beside the post-road to Lyons. Its sign was newly-painted, because the Triumph of The People was of recent date. Formerly, the sign announced that here was the Hotel of the Grand Monarch and Dauphin. The Grand Monarch had lately looked through the little window of Madame Guillotine, and his friends were being removed by mass drowning, mass-masacre, and other expeditious methods. The pretty head of the Dauphin, who had wondered if the starving people could eat grass, was being paraded round Paris on a pikestaff, the mouth stuffed with grass. So the inn sign had been changed; but whatever the sign said, the hostelry was known to tinkers and cattle-drovers as Papa Laforge's place.

Papa Laforge was a heavy, morose, suspicious man. These qualities, not uncommon in keepers of mud-and-thatch wayside inns, had been intensified by Papa Laforge's recent experiences. Brigands, patriots, soldiers and fugitives travelled the Lyons road. The brigands and soldiers swaggered into the place, demanded provender, ill-treated the landlord, and departed with such portables as took their fancy. The patriots talked smoothly of the enemies of the Republic, commandeered all they desired, and, in the preoccupation of deciding whether the landlord should be hung to his own lantern, neglected to pay the bill. Papa Laforge got some of his own back on the refugees, whom he bullied, overcharged, and on occasion betrayed; but refugees were becoming scarce.

Papa Laforge stamped slowly towards the miserable room designated as parlour. Roughly throwing open the door, he stood on the threshold with arms akimbo.

A hollow-cheeked young man knelt on the floor, poring over scattered papers. He was in the patched and threadbare uniform of a Lieutenant of Artillery, and wore a shabby great coat; for there was no fire in the room.

"Well, Citizen Lieutenant," sneered the landlord, "how much longer am I to have the pleasure of your company?"

"Until my horse has recovered from its lameness, my friend."

"Already you owe me three days' board and lodging. When do I get my money?"

"I have no money. The Republic owes me seven months' pay. The Mayor of the Commune will give you *assignats*."

Lieutenant

by 'Embusque'

Sketches by Mali

"*Assignats*!" stormed the landlord. "They are at a discount of sixty-five per cent! I want hard cash, my little fighting-cock! Papa Laforge gives no charity to such as you!"

The officer sprang to his feet. His dark eyes blazed with the sudden force of an overwhelming personality. His puny presence became suddenly awe-inspiring. "Such as I!" he cried. "Have a care, inn-keeper! Such as I am destined to rule the world!"

The inn-keeper retreated as if hypnotised. "Your pardon, Citizen," he said. "In these hard times—"

His protests were interrupted by an ominous commotion in the public room. There were hoarse shouts, a woman's shriek, the bang of a pistol, and the thump of a falling body.

Before the inn-keeper could reach the door, it was thrown open. A tall, filthy ruffian stood in the entrance, with a pistol in either hand. One of the weapons was smoking. "Stand against the wall!" he commanded.

The thick-set inn-keeper and the cadaverous Lieutenant obeyed the order. "How many more are in the house?" demanded the ruffian.

The inn-keeper, perspiring with dread, gave the desired information. Besides the Lieutenant and himself, there were only Madame Laforge and the stable-boy.

"You will need a new stable-boy," said the brigand, laughing coarsely. "I've just filled him with lead. The little rat howled and tried to run away."

"What is your pleasure, sir?" quavered the inn-keeper. "My house is yours. Food—wine—"

"Go into the public room," ordered the freebooter, "and you, too, little jackanapes."

Four ruffians stood in the public room, contemplating the corpse of the stable-boy. Madame Laforge cowered in a corner. "Bring food and wine!" cried the leader of the outlaws. "You, Henri, go and guard the back door. We four will sit here, commanding the front entrance. Now, Boniface, serve us. The little Lieutenant can help you. Submit, and all will be well. But if any of you think to escape and go snivelling to the *gendarmes*—" The outlaw re-loaded his pistol, and placed both weapons significantly on the table before him.

The little Lieutenant meekly took a jug, and went to the wine store. In a moment he returned. "Madame," he said, "I need your help to broach a new barrel for these gentlemen."

The inn-keeper's wife seemed dazed. She looked at the little lieutenant with uncomprehending eyes, and then something in his gaze forced her to rise and follow

him out of the room. In the privacy of the store, the lieutenant seized her by the shoulders, and shook her ferociously. "The man at the back door!" he hissed, "you must decoy him away."



".....I am destined to rule the world!"

Rs. 300 for this Simple Puzzle!

"BRING - THEM - ROUND" and WIN

Rs. 300

MUST - BE - WON

First Prize Rs. 200

Second Prize Rs. 100

ABSOLUTELY FREE COMPETITION

In this competition, you have to remove just one letter from each of the words printed in capitals, and rearrange the order of the remaining letters in the word. Then you will be able to form the words described. For example, the clue for No. 1 is *Furious* and the puzzle is 'RIBALD'. Remove L, from the puzzle word, rearrange the letters and you get RABID, the correct answer to the clue "Furious". Solve the other eight similarly.

THIS SET ONLY CLOSING DATE 19-6-35

RULES AND CONDITIONS

CLUES.	PUZZLE.
1. Furious	RIBALD
2. Animal	HOMERS
3. Supply	FINED
4. Suit	SIFT
5. Faint	DIEM
6. Miss	SOLES
7. Seat	TIES
8. Shoot	SPRITE
9. A Receptacle	CAVES

Solutions must be written *only on the coupon on next page*. All entries must be received by the last post on 19-6-35. 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. 200 will be awarded to an all-correct solution and the second prize of Rs. 100 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,

"BRING - THEM - ROUND" Competition,
The Merry Magazine,
1-2/140, Broadway, Madras.

"How?" asked the bewildered creature.

"Faugh!" cried the Lieutenant, shaking her with desperate intensity, "use a woman's wiles. You are a woman? Good! And be sure," he said, with a piercing look. "Fail me not!"

"Yes, Sir," she replied, as if completely over-powered. Like an automaton, she went to perform her allotted part.

The little Lieutenant re-entered the public room. "Here, you!" howled the outlaw leader, "where has that bitch gone?"

"Naturally, she has gone to prepare a meal for you," replied the Lieutenant.

"Bring bread!" cried the ruffian, "bread at once!"

"Bring bread!" cried the officer to the inn-keeper. Laforge stumbled out of the room, and the Lieutenant followed him. Once out of sight of the outlaws, the little officer seized the landlord, and there was a whispered, urgent colloquy.

"I dare not do it!" moaned the inn-keeper.

"Bah, it is I who take the risk!" cried the Lieutenant. "You will do it? Good!" And affectionately he tweaked the ear of his trembling accomplice.

Presently the inn-keeper, shaking with fright, appeared at the door of the public room, and beckoned to the outlaw leader, desiring private speech with him. "Well, what is it?" demanded the latter, suspiciously. "Sir, I have a little of the wine of Anjou—good wine—but it is not enough for you all. If your honour would come to the wine-store—"

"Show me," said the outlaw leader. "And no tricks!"

The inn-keeper led him to the wine-store. As the ruffian entered the door, the Little Lieutenant brought a mallet crashing down on his head.

"Defeat the enemy in detail, and apply overwhelming force to his weakest point," muttered the little Lieutenant, binding and gagging his victim.

"Now," whispered the officer to the innkeeper, "you know what you must do. The back door is unguarded. Go quickly and bring the Mayor and the *gendarmes*. Make no mistake. I expect you back in twenty minutes."

"Without fail, Citizen Lieutenant," promised the wretched man, under the spell of those piercing eyes.

The Lieutenant re-entered the public room with wine for the three remaining brigands. Placing the tankards on the table, with the same movement he seized the pistols of the outlaw chief. Almost at the same instant there were two deafening explosions and two of the men slumped over the table, shot through the heart.

"Surprise may be made to serve the place of numbers," muttered the little Lieutenant, bringing the empty pistols crashing down on to the head of the surviving outlaw. This man he pinioned. Then, taking a pair of loaded pistols from the fellow's belt, he stood and faced the door leading to the rear of the premises.

The door flew open. "What were those shots...?" cried the fifth outlaw, rushing in from the barn where he had been deep in converse with Madame Laforge.

The officer's pistols answered him, and he fell groaning to the floor.

"A thoughtful commander replenishes his coffers from his defeated enemies," said the little Lieutenant to himself. He searched the clothing of the outlaws, appropriating money and trinkets. He selected the best of pistols, and primed and loaded them. He went to the stables, picked out the finest of the brigands' horses, and the best saddlery, and prepared the horse for the road. He put his own few belongings into the saddle wallets, and added whatever he required from the possession of the outlaws. Then he dragged the two living brigands out into the highway, and awaited the *gendarmes*.

They arrived with an important clatter of hoofs, accompanied by the inn-keeper and the Mayor, a stout individual in a tricolour sash.

"The brigands are defeated," announced the Little Lieutenant, "*Monsieur le Maire* will kindly make his depositions. As for these scum, to the lantern with them."

One of the last edicts of the unfortunate Louis XVI was that in front of every inn should be erected a twenty-foot gallows, that would bear a lantern for the better lighting of the highways, with halyards by which the lantern might be raised and lowered. These handy contrivances, placed along all the highways of France, now facilitated the dispatch of aristocrats and enemies of the people. Within two minutes, the brigands were dangling from the lantern-halyards.

"The People are indebted to you," said the Mayor, pompously addressing the Little Lieutenant, "I will inform the Directory of your gallantry."

"Do not trouble," answered the Little Lieutenant, "I am on my way to raise a troop of horse-artillery that will render the Directory far greater service. However, Sir Mayor, an army marches on its stomach. I will be grateful for your *assignats* to procure food and lodging on the road, both for myself and my troop."

"Certainly, Citizen Lieutenant," said the Mayor, with vast importance. "We in power are always ready to assist the defenders of the Republic. Come to the inn parlour, and I will prepare the necessary documents."

Ten minutes later, the Little Lieutenant emerged from the inn, climbed painfully into the stirrups of his new charger, and trotted awkwardly away, bouncing in the saddle with ridiculous lack of horsemanship.

A group at the doorway of the inn watched him depart. "Who was the little devil?" asked the inn-keeper, crossing himself.

"Pah!" replied the Mayor, disdainfully stroking his ample stomach. "The fellow was no more than a Corsican. Curse his illiterate writing! Can you read his signature on this receipt? Ah, yes, that is the name—Napoleon Bonaparte."

"PICK-ME-UP" COMPETITION RESULTS

The Correct Solution is:

- | | | | |
|--------|---------|-----------|---------|
| 1. WIN | 3. MERK | 5. THESES | 7. RATE |
| 2. DAB | 4. TAB | 6. TONED | 8. LEAD |
| | | 9. SEED | |

Only Two Competitors submitted all-correct solutions and they share the first prize of Rs. 125/- each getting Rs. 62-8-0

First Prize Winners:

- G. RADHAKRISHNAN, Clerk, Construction Audit, S. I. Ry., Trichinopoly.
- Y. S. RAMAMURTHY, Elore.

The following 29 Readers share the second prize of Rs. 75 each getting Rs. 2-9-0.

Second Prize Winners:

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. S. Balasubramanian, Mylapore. | 16. S. Swaminathan, Madura. |
| 2. M. C. Balasundaram, Perambur. | 17. S. A. Vaithianathan, Palni. |
| 3. P. T. Ekambaram, Big Conjeevaram. | 18. P. S. Ramachandran, Erode. |
| 4. V. Nathan, Dharmampet. | 19-24. Y. S. Ramanurthy, Elore. |
| 5-6. P. Rajagopal Pillai, Velappadi. | 25-26. Y. Kanakaraju, Elore. |
| 7. N. S. Natarajan, Nannilam. | 27. T. V. Narayana Rao, Secundrabad (Clear address required). |
| 8. Joseph Mary, Trichy. | 28. H. N. Mehrotra, Hardoi (U.P.). |
| 9. V. J. Nagaswami, Trichy. | 29. Chetan-Ram-Lullah, Dera-Ismail-khan. |
| 10-14. G. Radhakrishnan, Trichy. | |
| 15. N. Renganatha Rao, Tiruvanaikoil P. O. | |

The prize amounts will be sent on 4-6-35

ENTRY FORM

"Bring-Them-Round" Competition Coupon

CLOSING DATE 19-6-35

1. RABID

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.....

Nothing to Compete the Modern
Marvel of Chemistry!

Ohio the Best
Hair-removing
Cream.

(Refreshing, Soothing and Highly Perfumed)

Price per tube (with full directions for use enclosed) Rs. 1-8. Postage free.

Special rate for Three Tubes Rs. 3-12
Stockists:—Sri Dhanam & Co., Broadway, Madras.

Read—

Soap Bubbles	...	Re. 1-0-0
More Soap Bubbles	...	" 1-0-0
Kettle Drums	...	" 1-0-0

If you wish to have a happy time.

The Merry Magazine Office, Madras.

CATARACT?

"Eye-sun" cures cataract, imperfect sights, etc., radically. No need of operation. Success guaranteed. If not, price refunded. Price Rs. 2.
Naryasram, PANCHPOTA (Bengal).

WIN Rs. 600 GUARANTEED

Very Few Alternatives! Puzzle as Easy as A B C! Just Try and See!

Last Posting Date:—13th June 1935.

(Sealed Key Solutions Deposited with "Tatler of India.")

Entrance Fee in EACH Competition: ANNAS EIGHT per Entry.

THE PARAMOUNT MISSING LETTERS No. 149.

(Substitute one letter for dash to get the meanings.)

No.	Words.	Exact Meanings.
1	M E — E	Boundary
2	M — N	Human being
3	M — A N	Lament

THE PARAMOUNT CROSSWORDS No. 150.

1	P		3	C		4	R
5		N	E	N		T	
6	P	A	S				
8	D	R	E	S			

CLUES ACROSS:—

1. One who paces 5. About 6. Thrust. 8. Put clothes on

CLUES DOWN:—

1. Papa 2. One 3. Stop 4. RT. (Actual) 7. Consonants.

GENERAL RULES FOR BOTH COMPETITIONS:—EXACT clues from Chambers XX Century Dictionary and all forms are treated as Direct. A, An, Any, The, To have been omitted in the beginning of the clues. Bracketted words are not used. For each Competition Rs. 250 will be awarded to senders of correct or nearest correct solutions. Rs. 50 will be awarded to the first 5 correct solutions posted. Entries received without the proper fees or M. O. Receipts will not be considered. The Prizes will not be reduced under any circumstances. The Manager's decision is final and legally binding. Results will be sent within a week only to those enclosing 4 quarter anna stamps. Other Rules as usual. Address all your entries and fees to:—

The Manager, THE PARAMOUNT PUZZLES, P.O., Washermanpet, Madras, 18.

Rs. 75 GUARANTEED TO EVERY CORRECT SOLUTION.

WIN Rs. 500 Guaranteed

THE EGERIA MISSING LETTERS No. 41.

FIRST PRIZE: Rs. 300. SECOND PRIZE: Rs. 150

Rs. 25 for the first 5 Correct Solutions posted. Rs. 25 for the sender of largest No. of Entries.

Last Posting Date 13-6-1935. Results within a Week.

(SEALED KEY SOLUTION DEPOSITED WITH "TATLER")
Substitute one letter for each dash.

No.	WORDS.	MEANINGS.
1	T O L —	Attract
2	T E — — Y	Peevish
3	T O R — — —	Twisted
4	T R — — —	Faith
5	T A L L — T	Hay-loft
6	T A — T — —	Matted

RULES:—Ref. Chambers XX Century Dictionary and all forms are treated as Direct. A, To, etc., have been omitted in the beginning of the clues. Bracketted words are not used. The entrance fee is As. 8 for the First and As. 4 for each subsequent entry. Any number of entries may be sent with the requisite fee. The Prizes will NOT be reduced. Results only to those enclosing 2 half anna stamps. Entries without proper fees or M. O. receipts will not be considered. Manager's decision is final. Other Rules as usual. Address all your entries and fees to:—The Manageress.

THE EGERIA COMPETITIONS,
WASHERMANPET, MADRAS, 18.

Rs. 75 GUARANTEED TO EVERY CORRECT SOLUTION

WIN Rs. 500 GUARANTEED

COMPETITION No. 4.

First Prize: Rs. 300. Second Prize: Rs. 150.

Rs. 25 for the first 5 Correct Solutions posted. Rs. 25 for the sender of largest Number of Entries.

Last Posting Date 13-6-35. Results within a Week.

(Sealed Key Solution Deposited with "TATLER")

1	H		2	L	3	
			4	M		
	A	B	T	G	L	
7	H		Y			

Clues Across:—

1. Stop 4. Make grimaces 7. Interjection.

Clues Down:—

1. Interjection 3. Tottering 5. Interjection. 6. Behold!

RULES:—Ref. Chambers XX Century Dictionary and all forms are treated as Direct. A, To, etc., have been omitted in the beginning of the clues. Bracketted words are not used. The entrance fee is As. 8 for the First and As. 4 for each subsequent entry. Any number of entries may be sent with the requisite fee. The Prizes will NOT be reduced. Results only to those enclosing 2 half anna stamps. Entries without proper fees or M. O. receipts will not be considered. Manager's decision is final. Other Rules as usual. Address all your entries and fees to:—

The Manager,

THE PROGRESSIVE INDIA COMPETITIONS,
WASHERMANPETTA, :: :: MADRAS, 18.

THE ROYAL ASTROLOGER 1,000,000



& more clients have had our remarkable foretelling. Family fame of 25 generations in Astrology. Medals and Certificates from Maha-Rajahs and Zamindars. Annual life reading weekly details Rs. 2. Aroodam for 5 questions Re. 1. Stage birth details or writing time. V. P. extra.

Pandit N. AMIRTANANDA
M. 2.29, North Mada St., Mylapore, MADRAS

SECURE A
SPECIALIST'S
ADVICE IN CASES
OF LOST OR IM-
PAIRED VITALITY
& DIABETES

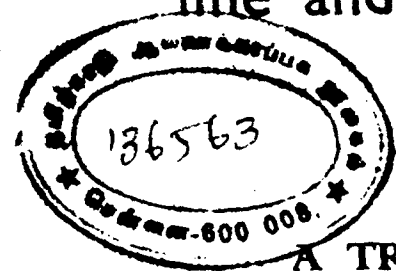
Write State, Age, Married
or Single, Occupation and a
Brief History. Strictly
Confidential



Dr. JEAN F. STRANDGARD
(Late of Berlin & Vienna)
CORNER ULSOOR & RAUDIN ROAD,
BANGALORE, S. I.

VISVA & CO.,

Engravers and rubber-stamp makers,
line and half-tone block makers,
etc., etc.

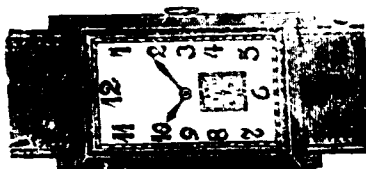


A TRIAL ORDER IS SOLICITED

50, Wallajah Road, Mount Road,
MADRAS.

LEVER WATCH FOR Rs. 1-11-0 ONLY

Absolutely correct
timekeeper with un-
paralleled mecha-
nism of high stan-
dard. Shape, Design
and Durability are
its speciality.



Wrist Watch Price
Rs. 2-10. Best quality Rs. 2-15. Radium dial Rs. 5. Rolled
Gold Rs. 4-8. Best quality Rs. 5-8. Rectangular Rs. 7-8.
Pocket Watch Rs. 1-15. Time Piece Rs. 1-11. Postage and
Packing As. 7 extra. Free postage and packing to the
purchaser of 3 watches at a time. Solid Guarantee for 5
years. Attractive Wrist Strap sent with each wrist watch.
Every watch thoroughly tested before despatch.

National Trading Co.,

NATIONAL BUILDINGS, BEADON ST., CALCUTTA.

ESTD. 1920.
Atyadbhuta Kustu Roga Nivarini (Regd.)
Reward of Rs. 500 if Proved Fallible



We guarantee to cure all the 18
varieties of leprosy and white lep-
rosy or Leucoderma, immaterial
of the age and stage of the disease.
Treatment guaranteed at your
own place. World-wide reputa-
tion for more than 15 years.
Money refunded if the medicine
is proved to be inefficacious.
N.B.—Beware of imitators with bogus experience.
For particulars apply to—
REDDY & Co., (Branch)
(Specialists in curing leprosy) WALT AIR R.S. (Post)



Amritanjan

FOR ALL ACHES & PAINS

IT WILL
KEEP
YOU
WELL



THE
REAL
SECRET
OF
GOOD
HEALTH

CASTOPHENE
SWEET
CHOCOLATE
LAXATIVE

YOUR LUCKY. FREE.
BIRTH STONE.

Beautiful scintillating Stone that will bring you luck
and good fortune will be included FREE of all charges
along with your HALF YEARLY DIRECTIONS. The
Reading contains Monthly and Weekly DirectiAs for the
rest of 1935 on all the important affairs of your life as :

YOUR
PROFESSION.
FINANCE.
HEALTH.
HOME.
LOVE.
MARRIAGE.
LUCK.
FAVOURABLE dates etc.,

and will prove a positive daily guide—helping you to avoid
evil and take advantage of the favourable chances for
progress and prosperity. Send Date of Birth and Postal
Orders for Re. 1-8-0 only.

PROFESSOR SEKHAR.,
The Great Mesmerist., : ELLORE.

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



SCIENTIFIC GOLD JEWELLERY

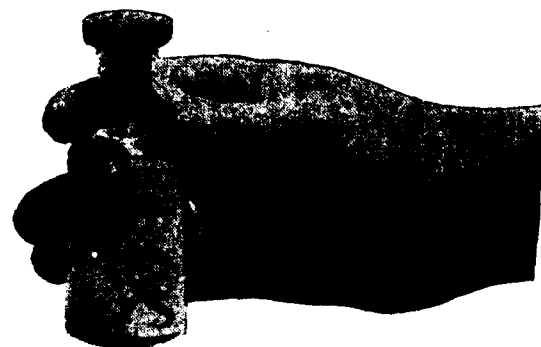
(Substitute for real gold)

Highly appreciated by High Court
Judges, Ministers to Government
and other Eminent Public Men.

NEW CATALOGUE FREE
THE SCIENTIFIC GOLD BANGLES
Company Limited.

Head Office:— 43, Byragmatam Street,
Post Box No. 203, MADRAS.

**Avoid worry over old records !
Make them as new and bright as they were
purchased !**



“ ZIP ”

One bottle of 'Zip' to
renovate 48 records
Rs. 2-12,
Postage Extra.

Two bottles
at a time-
Postage
Free.

is just
the thing !

A few drops
smeared gently on the
record release the voice
at once rich and original,
and make them last a life-time.

The Gramophone Record Restorer

The
'Zip' Stores & Agency,
P. B. 1358, :: Madras.