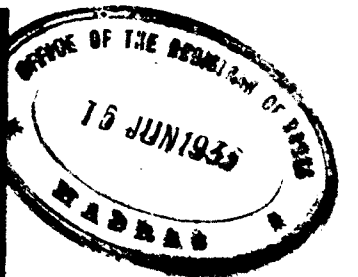


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A FRENCHMAN ON MADRAS

THE  
**MERRY**  
**MAGAZINE**



2204

Vol. III Madras, 15 June '35 No. 24

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# THE MERRY MAGAZINE

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY)

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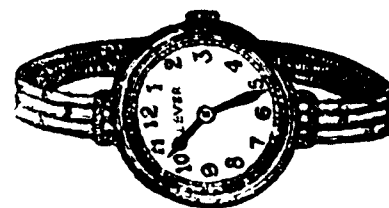
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MADRAS, JUNE 15, 1935

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HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

## Vegetable Lover!

A vegetarian in love. Lovers, present and future, may borrow the technique herein adumbrated. We will relax the copyright.

## JOYFULL

What is a Scotsman's chief article of luggage when he is on the move? You never can guess! Do you know the menu of a Tommy's dinner? A few items are—dead sailors, coffin nails and T. N. T! An intimate picture of Fort St. George.

## ALBERT A. ROLAND

A Bold Front. Nothing to do with the Western Front; or any front. Only an article of utility (?) satirised in a masterly way.

## 'EMBUSQUE'

An echo of an ill-starred mountain-expedition. Do you know there are fellows with tails on the other side of the Himalayas? Hear the narration of the survivor of this unhappy expedition, relating it with moving pathos, hugging a brandy-flask to his breast.

Another Competition  
Rs. 300  
FREE!

## SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

In the course of his historic speech, Herr Hitler declared that German economic life was destroyed by the reparations which were imposed on Germany as a result of 'the incomprehensible disregard of the most primitive economic insight.'

It must have been quite clear—in German!

He further added: 'The new Germany of to-day cannot be compared with the Germany of the past.'

But it can be contrasted.

The French Government has again fallen.

This seems to be the latest device to rally the franc!

Commenting on the earthquake at Quetta, the *Times* wrote: 'On this occasion sympathy is deepened by the fact that British and Indians were overwhelmed in a common disaster.'

We fervently hope it is an uncommon disaster!

Referring to the Agha Khan's chances in the Derby, Lord Carnarvon said: 'He thought other horses would be sick of racing when they say tails to the Agha Khan's horses.'—*Hindu*.

In that case, they should have tried 'heads'.

Moulana Shaukat Ali announces that he will soon be working with Babu Rajendra Prasad.



We beg to reassure the public that the President of the Congress has no intention of seceding from the Congress!

"Chefs in the big London restaurants and hotels earn salaries as high as a cabinet minister's."



It is good to know that cabinet ministers too earn theirs!

'The Indian soap industry has made such rapid progress that Japanese competition has disappeared.'—News item.

Its immediate danger, judging from advertisements, seems to be from Indian competition!

The Rt. Hon'ble Sir T. B. Sapru announces that he has no intention of trying for the premiership under the new constitution.



We understand that this *dementi* has considerably revived the hopes of the Rajah of Bobbili.

Referring to the Andamans prisoners, Dewan Bahadur Narayanaswami Chetti says: 'I examined the weights of prisoners and found that the weights have always gone up, except in the case of a few hunger-strikers.'

Who, unlike the Dewan Bahadur, were apparently keen on slimming!

## GAZETTE OF INDIA

## Finance Department:

'The bringing into British India of any copy of any publication issued either by the Chinese Patriotic League

or by The Truth Publishing Co., Canton, has been prohibited.' Extract in the *Hindu*.

Is this in the interests of economics or politics?

A clergyman from Tanjore has written to the press revealing the fact that he refused the Silver Jubilee medal.

It is considered practically certain that he will *not* be offered the golden jubilee medal!

A Government of India communique says that Quetta has been 'sealed'.

Of course, by the Earthquake!

The Governor of Assam opposed the establishment of a separate university for Assam on the ground that it would impose a heavy charge on the bankrupt province.

But the 'bankrupt province' can apparently maintain a costly Governor!

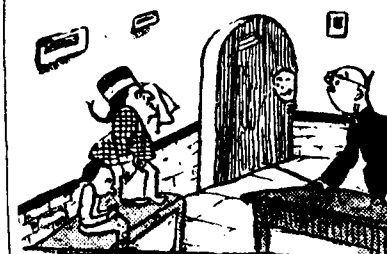
'Herr Von Ribbentrop, has been appointed German ambassador at large.'—News item.

Presumably, the others are still interned!

It is stated that a brisk trade in the sale of honours and titles has been unearthed in Austria.

Elsewhere, of course, it is carried on more openly!

It now transpires that the idea of a fourth minister for Madras was mooted so as to enable the Chief



Minister to devote himself to the task of educating the electorate.

Or rather, of being educated by it!

• Next Week: Tommies At Dinner •



## THE EDITOR HIS PAGE

### BALUCHISTAN.

In spite of his oft-vaunted superiority, his achievements on land, water and air, man to-day is, as when he was first made, a helpless worm in the mighty plan of the cosmos.

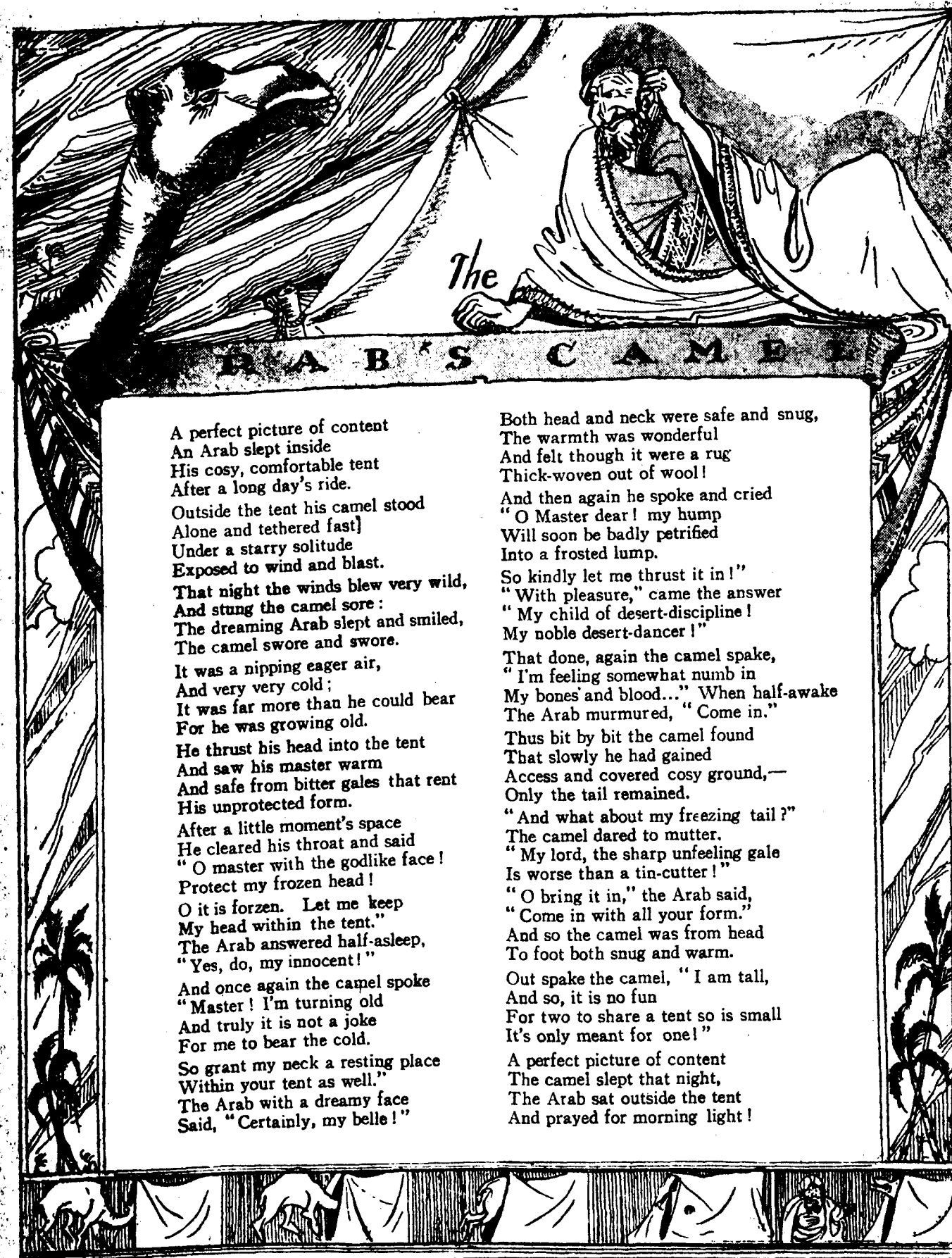
Eighteen months ago, playful Nature shook fair Bihar out of shape, like a rowdy monkey let loose in a beautiful garden of tender plants and fruit-laden trees. That horror has barely passed into a memory, when unfortunate Baluchistan fell a prey to the vagary of monstrous Nature. Where yesterday a beautiful city of gardens and bungalows stood, to-day there is but a carnal stench and a heap of ruins. The appalling loss of life in Quetta and its surroundings, makes one limp with horror and despair. If, as Gandhiji says, there is a purpose of God behind every physical calamity, this murderous convulsion is indeed a queer way of justifying the ways of God to man.

Under those ruins are lying thousands of corpses, and possibly, as was the case elsewhere, men, women and children fast becoming corpses. The stench of decomposing human flesh is certainly an argument against sustained excavation work and saving of extant human life. Still, there is no dearth of noble men and women around us who would face a more gruelling ordeal in the service of suffering man.

The country is grateful to the Western Command for the prompt measures they adopted to alleviate distress. But why should the Government bar the entry into Quetta of Doulatram and Kriplani, and others who want to render help? The reasons broadcast for this prohibition are unconvincing. Service of humanity is nobody's particular monopoly. If the political bitterness between the Congress and the Government in the immediate past has anything to do with this unreasonable attitude, the magnitude of this national calamity ought to rule out such petty considerations.

Babu Rajendra Prasad and H. E. The Viceroy have appealed to the country to help stricken Baluchistan. We have no doubt it will respond nobly to this call.

It would indeed be a magnanimous gesture if, as a local paper said, the Silver Jubilee Fund collected in and outside India is transferred to the last pie for the benefit of poor Baluchistan. That fund was collected to be spent on humanitarian purposes. There cannot be a nobler commemoration of King George's twenty-five years' reign than the transfer of the collections made in his name to the relief of the awful suffering in a part of his dominion.



A perfect picture of content  
An Arab slept inside  
His cosy, comfortable tent  
After a long day's ride.  
Outside the tent his camel stood  
Alone and tethered fast  
Under a starry solitude  
Exposed to wind and blast.  
That night the winds blew very wild,  
And stung the camel sore:  
The dreaming Arab slept and smiled,  
The camel swore and swore.  
It was a nipping eager air,  
And very very cold;  
It was far more than he could bear  
For he was growing old.  
He thrust his head into the tent  
And saw his master warm  
And safe from bitter gales that rent  
His unprotected form.  
After a little moment's space  
He cleared his throat and said  
"O master with the godlike face!  
Protect my frozen head!  
O it is forzen. Let me keep  
My head within the tent."  
The Arab answered half-asleep,  
"Yes, do, my innocent!"  
And once again the camel spoke  
"Master! I'm turning old  
And truly it is not a joke  
For me to bear the cold.  
So grant my neck a resting place  
Within your tent as well."  
The Arab with a dreamy face  
Said, "Certainly, my belle!"

Both head and neck were safe and snug,  
The warmth was wonderful  
And felt though it were a rug  
Thick-woven out of wool!  
And then again he spoke and cried  
"O Master dear! my hump  
Will soon be badly petrified  
Into a frosted lump.  
So kindly let me thrust it in!"  
"With pleasure," came the answer  
"My child of desert-discipline!  
My noble desert-dancer!"  
That done, again the camel spake,  
"I'm feeling somewhat numb in  
My bones and blood..." When half-awake  
The Arab murmured, "Come in."  
Thus bit by bit the camel found  
That slowly he had gained  
Access and covered cosy ground,—  
Only the tail remained.  
"And what about my freezing tail?"  
The camel dared to mutter.  
"My lord, the sharp unfeeling gale  
Is worse than a tin-cutter!"  
"O bring it in," the Arab said,  
"Come in with all your form."  
And so the camel was from head  
To foot both snug and warm.  
Out spake the camel, "I am tall,  
And so, it is no fun  
For two to share a tent so is small  
It's only meant for one!"  
A perfect picture of content  
The camel slept that night,  
The Arab sat outside the tent  
And prayed for morning light!

# Butterflies & Bezeldair

by P. S. S.

A vast subject like this cannot be exhausted within a few pages. So I shall confine myself to some of the original and (I hope) interesting methods of catching rare butterflies which Lord Arthur Bezeldair himself invented and adopted with success.

My long service under and close association with the late-lamented Lord Arthur Bezeldair has not been in vain. He had unfortunately to commit suicide when the wife that he thought dead in the great 'Marina' disaster returned to him very much more alive; but you can bank upon it that he was a good sort of soul where the under-dog was concerned. With that benevolence and generosity which characterize the Bezeldairs, Lord Arthur had in his last will given the full authority and copyright to me for reproducing in words or in print his views on the art of rearing butterflies. And here I am!

Since you would expect me to begin at the beginning, I must tell you, that my lord began to exhibit signs of blooming into a full-fledged butterfly-rearer even in his cradle days when—so Lord Arthur confided to me in after years—he used to catch chance butterflies that happened to go within his reach and eat them! And it made his mother's heart good to see that the boy had a distinct butterfly-bent of mind even at so tender an age. The local astrologer had said: "Lady, there is nothing to prevent him from becoming the greatest butterfly-collector in the Empire." Together we climbed rocky mountains, ransacked picturesque valleys and sweet meadows, peeped into the golden cups of honied blossoms, and time-worn hollows in age-old trees. These are the favourite haunts of the rarer butterfly. Ah! those days! It was a real pleasure to watch Lord Arthur at work. Once he had spotted a butterfly he would cautiously approach it from behind (always from behind, make a note of it) never so still, calm and god-fearing, gently raise the right-hand, move it forward and lo, and behold! there it is between his first finger and thumb! No, no, not yet! Constant and repeated experiment should tell you whether it is the common diurnal lepidopterous insect or the rarer honey-sucking dreamer. If it happens to be the latter that gave you the slip, all you have to do

now is to spot it again and then, of course, actually catch it this time.

This method may seem tedious but that is because you are uninitiated. It is as well to tell you early that Lord Arthur has never been an advocate of the net—at least in the early stages. The very fun and excitement of the chase is lost once you fall back upon the prosaic net. And devoid of fun and excitement, what is a hobby? So cross the net off your list. If you happen to forget your hat so much the better. It is these trifles that matter. They are 'tremendous trifles'. His lordship and I have had to return sometimes actually empty handed due, as my lord would inform me afterwards, to my 'piquant' costume. "They have their likes and dislikes, Cummings, just as we human beings have ours. You can't catch a butterfly with a green coat on."



The Shopman: "Look at him, inspector, every day he comes and stands there like that!"

That reminds me of his lordship's patent method which is seeing the light of day for the first time. And it is here that Lord Arthur employs anything like an instrument. I had almost said it is not an instrument. On many an occasion during our camp days in forests have I mistook him for some quaint shrub blazing in the sun, all blossom and nothing else—something from a Midsummer Night's Dream—until I came to know that he had an excellent coat made to resemble a conglomeration of various flowers in full bloom and a head-cover to match it! He even used to sprinkle on it some scent and stick a twig here and there to give it a more realistic appearance. When I was myself deceived should I say anything about the poor butterflies? And once they settle, it is easy work catching them.

There are multitudes of other methods for catching butterflies—like enticing them with sweet pollen grains mixed with sleeping-dozes etc., etc., all of which true sportsman that he was, Lord Arthur disliked and never failed to express so publicly. His methods were straightforward. He studied their colour, character, natural likes and dislikes, hobby etc., and these furnished him with abundant material useful in finding out origins and new methods.

THE END

# Three Men and A Lunatic

by Albert A. Roland

Illustrated by the Author

AS the guard's whistle shrilled for the South-bound express to move out of Victoria Terminus, the three occupants of a certain second-class compartment sighed audibly—and in unison.

The sighs were eloquent of relief, and this relief had a two-fold significance. First, they would have one hour's privacy in which to discuss their plans. And secondly, a particularly unwelcome individual whom they had been expecting had failed to put in an appearance.

"I could have wagered my soul he'd turn up," observed Govindrao Yeshanand, mopping his brow with a silk handkerchief. "I've never known a man so addicted to popping up where he's not wanted."

"Where he's not wanted" is appropriate!" grinned Akbar Ali. "And by the way, you haven't got a soul. Thieves and—"

"Sssh!" admonished the third member of the group, an Englishman named Burton. "We don't want anyone to know it's we who're wanted! The train hasn't begun to move yet. Ah, she's starting at last! We're safe.....My God, but are we? Who the devil's this?"

There was a rush of footsteps on the platform. The door of their compartment was suddenly pulled open, and as suddenly slammed shut behind the curious figure who had entered.

For one moment the three men looked at him in alarm. Then their expressions relaxed, and three more sighs escaped them.

The newcomer was a complete stranger.

It took the three a very short time to realise that there was something very strange about the newcomer.

His appearance was odd. His manner was odd. And when presently he spoke, his voice, or rather the style of his speech, was oddest of all.

"Bats in my belfry! Bats in my belfry, indeed! I'll give him bats, if ever we meet again which I'll damn well see won't ever happen!" Such was the stranger's opening address.

With quaint little bird-like movements he came forward, and carefully deposited his only article of luggage, a leather suit-case, on the seat near Burton. Then as carefully he deposited himself beside it. As if craving Burton's sympathy, he spoke again:



"Who the devil's this?"

"He has the cheek to suggest I'm mad! The audacity of the man! Oh, I beg your pardon, gentlemen! Of course, you don't know the scoundrel's name. Well, it's Dr. Freeman, of the Lamington Mental Home. He thinks I'm mad. But I'm not so daft as he thinks. Clever enough, anyway, to give him the slip. Cunning enough to catch this train at the last moment. He must be stamping and raving on the platform now, like a— a lunatic."

He hesitated over the last word with obvious distaste. Then he leaned back in his seat and regarded them, one by one, with an air of concentrated benevolence. He maintained this expression for fully five uncomfortable minutes, during which, studying him uneasily, they strove to weigh up the strange creature an unfeeling Fate had foisted on them so unexpectedly.

But was Fate so unkind, after all? If this intruder were really a lunatic, they need not treat him as of more account than a mild nuisance. They could ignore him, get on with their discussions—and they had much to discuss. It all depended on what degree of lunacy the poor devil exhibited, whether he would prove inoffensive and mind his own business. Or whether he would show a tendency to be violent and interfering.

So far, he had seemed mild enough. So far, they had not addressed one word to him. Better to let him feel they were not conversationally inclined.

The extraordinary clothes and head-dress he affected, a strange admixture of East and West, made it difficult to judge whether he was an Anglo-Indian or a very fair-skinned son of India. He was quite young—not more than thirty—and undeniably handsome, though his brown eyes were marred by a cloud of insanity.

He seemed particularly interested in Burton, subjecting him to several benign scrutinies. Presently the Englishman, unable to hide his impatience, turned his back on him and gazed frowningly out of the window.

Almost immediately, he felt eager fingers clutching at his coat collar. He spun round to find the lunatic gazing at him affectionately, even white teeth exposed in an engaging if imbecile smile.

"What the hell d'you want?" snapped Burton, at which the lunatic's expression underwent a sudden change.

"So you are *not* my friends, after all?" he shrilled. "I thought I had eluded my enemies and was amongst friends! Well, I know how to take care of myself, if anyone tries any funny tricks!"

He sprang to his feet and darted malevolent glances at each of the three men. He rapped out suddenly:

"I am *armed*! And I'm quick, incredibly quick—on the draw!"

As if by magic, an automatic appeared in his hand. Then his mood changed again, and he waved the weapon reassuringly at them, a conciliatory smile brightening his face.

"But don't be alarmed, gentlemen! I only use this on my enemies. Now, gentlemen, are you, or are you not, my friends?"

"We're your friends!" the gentlemen chorussed.

Grinning happily, he replaced the automatic in a holster under his left arm-pit.

"Good! Now we understand each other, and I can speak freely. Listen, gentlemen. I'm running away from someone!"

"I know," said Burton pleasantly, "the doctor man."

"Doctor? Which doctor? What the devil are you talking about? I'm running away from my mother-in-law. I shot her, you know," he ended casually.

"Ah, then you failed, unfortunately, to kill her?"

"I did not. I'm a crack shot. She's stone dead—heaven rest her nagging soul!"

"Then why are you running away from her?"

"Don't be insa—don't say you haven't understood me, sir. Her brother, my cousin, won a prize for running a hundred yards—on one leg!"

"I see," said Burton, nodding understandingly and smiling foolishly. Then he put a friendly hand on the lunatic's shoulder and said confidentially: "May I ask a favour? Would you excuse me for a little while? I have some very urgent and rather personal affairs to discuss with my friends here."

"Certainly, certainly! Go right ahead! Don't mind me. I'll while away the time playing my gramophone. Oh, don't worry, gentlemen. It won't disturb you. It's a *noiseless* one—my own invention. I get a great kick out of *imagining* the various songs it plays!"

He opened the suit-case beside him and extracted therefrom a small, old-fashioned gramophone and several cylindrical records. Then he wound and started the instrument, listening with rapt attention to the strains of its inaudible music.

Meanwhile, Burton addressed his confreres:

"Come on, boys. Let's get on with our discussion. Time's flying. We must decide, before the next stop, where we'll separate, and where we'll meet again. And how we'll dispose of the—er—goods. This nit-wit seems perfectly harmless, so long as we keep smiling. And his memory's like a sieve....."

Nearly an hour later, they had cut and dried all their plans. Fortunately for them, the lunatic had taken not the slightest notice of them during that time. His attention was entirely and rather pathetically focussed on his ancient gramophone. He played some seven or eight records running them at slows speeds, and obviously enjoying every moment of their phantom music.

Only when the three had fully threshed out their arrangements did he venture to speak again:

"There! I've had a wonderful evening's entertainment! I trust you enjoyed it, too, gentlemen? Would you like me to play you one of the records again?"

Burton smiled tolerantly. The next stop, Kalyan Junction, was barely a mile distant. May as well humour the poor fool until then. He'd be leaving the others at Kalyan. He wished them joy of the lunatic's company during the rest of their journey to Poona!

"It's O. K. by me!" he grinned condescendingly.

"But," put in Akbar Ali politely, "not having your peculiar gifts, we may not be able to appreciate this *silent* music."

"That's all right, gentlemen!" promised the lunatic, enthusiastically. "By depressing this little lever and adding this sound-box, I can make the music come to life!"

A curious change had noticeably come over the lunatic as he affixed the sound-box and rewound the machine. It was as if the spirit of unholy glee had taken possession of his poor warped soul.

(Continued on page 48)



Canvasser:—"This, sir, is a device that stops doors slamming."

Irate Householder:—"It won't stop this door from slamming!"

Expecting a blessed event, the happy prospective father fortified himself with several highballs. Suddenly a nurse entered with twins in her arms. "What a beautiful baby!" exclaimed the proud dad.

She looked worn out, pale and upset.

"Was the car going too fast?" asked her friend.

"No," she replied, "the driver was."

"That one over there," said the keeper of the lunatic asylum, "is showing progress. We may be able to get him out soon."

"Really?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, yes. He used to think he was Louis XV. Now he only thinks he is Louis XIV."

"How did you get that sore jaw?"

"A girl cracked a smile."

"Well?"

"It was my smile."

Head clerk:—"You ought to have been in the office at nine o'clock."

Office Boy:—"Why, sir? Wot 'appened then, sir?"

Sir Lewis Morris was complaining to Oscar Wilde about the neglect of his poems by the press. "It is a conspiracy of silence. What ought I to do, Oscar?"

"Join it," replied Wilde.

"He's not as big a fool as he used to be."

"Is he getting wiser?"

"No—thinner."

And here's to the memory Of Percival Preel Just couldn't keep his Hands on the wheel.

George Bernard Shaw replied to Lady Randolph's invitation: "Certainly not; what have I done to provoke such an attack on my well-known habit."

Lady Randolph replied: "Know nothing of your habits; hope they are not so bad as your manners."

Dr. Johnson once attended a concert much against his will. During the violin solo, his companion leaned over and remarked to the restless giant: "That is a very difficult passage."

"Difficult do you call it, sir?" snorted Johnson. "I wish it were impossible."



# The MISFORTUNES of Meena



## In the previous three instalments

Head Constable Rangaswamy Iyer rescues Ramathilakam, a pretty young woman of the labouring class, from drowning. She is intent on committing suicide to escape from a drunken, depraved husband. The husband is jailed for assault and homicide and the Head Constable leaves Ramathilakam in the hands of his friend, an old quack doctor. Subsequently, the Head Constable himself has to seek the doctor and stay with him for treatment. Ramathilakam nurses him, they fall in love and a baby is born. Ramathilakam dies immediately after giving birth to the child.

## Fourth Instalment.

# Is Meena a Sudra Kid?

MUCH has been written and said about the impeccable relations of a wife. But a wife who can produce and parade a relative who is comparatively well-off is undoubtedly master of the situation and the household. Kamakshi had every reason to give herself airs, for, her brother, Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer, was on a visit to her and he had brought with him presents—a saree for her, toys and sweets for all her five sons and quite half-a-viss of the best asafoetida from Madras. Her lord and master, alive to the situation, thoroughly effaced himself and vanished somewhere in the background. There was quite a feast for brother Rangu, and after the night's household duties were over and the children put to sleep, Kamakshi betook herself to the front pial of her house at Mayavaram where brother Rangu was chewing betel, lying flat on his back.

"Is that little Nannu by your side, brother? Why, I thought the child had gone to sleep with his father."

"Sit down, Kamu. Nannu wanted me to tell him a story and before I could finish the story, he fell asleep."

"The children never forget you. Let me see; it is more than two years since you came here last, and even to-day they remember all the presents you brought for them last time. It is a pity you didn't marry again, Rangu. You have a way with children."

"Marriage! Oh well, Kamu, a man of my age and of my profession, would find marriage a nuisance. I am happy as I am."

"It isn't late even now."

"No, Kamu, you are wrong. I am quite happy as I am. And how are you? Are you happy?"

"Well, I suppose I ought to be. There is enough to eat and there are the children to look after. But honestly, Rangu, I can't overcome the longing to have a daughter. Boys are after all boys. Only a daughter can bring solace to a mother."

"I know. It has been your desire for years. Who knows, the Gods may bless you with a daughter one of these days!"

"I have prayed daily. I have vowed to offer a cradle in the temple if my wishes were to be fulfilled. And yet....."

"Kamu, I have an idea! Would you care to adopt a child—I mean a girl—who is an orphan?"

"What do you mean?"

"I happen to know a baby, a motherless one. It is a beautiful baby."

"Hasn't she a father or other relatives?"

"Let me tell you the story from the very beginning. I had a friend in the police force who belonged to the

same caste as ours. He was posted to duty at Bezvada and there, his wife gave birth to a child and died. They were a very devoted couple, I mean my friend and his wife, and her death was a great shock to him. He obtained leave and brought the baby to Madras, but the few relatives to whom he could go, gave him the cold shoulder and would not help him in taking care of the baby. Finally, he entrusted the baby to a mission hospital where the baby was very well looked after. But misfortunes never come single. He wanted to be near the baby and so he petitioned the authorities to post him somewhere near Madras. I heard all about the baby and the sad predicament he was in, when I met him one day at the Superintendent's bungalow. Last summer, he was posted to Periapalayam on festival duty and there he had an attack of cholera. Strangely enough, he could think of no one else but me in his hour of calamity. He telegraphed to me. I was just in time to see him. He took a promise from me to look after his baby as if it were mine. He had thought of everything in his death-bed, even to the legal formalities of making me the guardian of the child and trustee of a small sum of money he had put by. And after attending to the cremation of his body, I went to the mission hospital to see the baby. I tell you, she is an angel! So beautiful and sprightly! It is a great pity that she should be brought up by the hospital people!"

"How old is she?" asked Kamu, brushing away the tears from her eyes.

"Just ten months old and think of it, being reared in a hospital!"

"Do you anticipate any trouble from the hospital people if you try to take away the child from them?"

"Not at all! They will only be too glad. The trouble is, no one ever wants to take care of an orphan."

"Don't say that, Rangu. If you can bring the child here and leave it with me, I shall do all that I can to be its mother."

"But, Kamu, what about your husband? Won't he raise objections? Don't you think we ought to consult his wishes too in the matter?"

"Oh! Leave him to me."

"Of course, you know best. You can tell him, if you like, that a small remittance will be on its way every month, as the child's father has left some money for her upkeep."

Brother and sister discussed till late in the night arrangements for bringing the baby from Madras to Mayavaram and it was agreed that Rangaswamy Iyer should leave for Madras the next day and return to Mayavaram as early as he can, with the baby.

When next night Kamakshi mentioned the contemplated adoption to Chidambara Dikshidar, her husband, he stoutly opposed the idea.

"Are you mad?" thundered Kamakshi's lord and master. "As it is, I am finding it hard to feed, clothe and educate your five sons and you want to saddle me with another kid!"

"You needn't worry about that," assured Kamakshi. "Rangu says he will be able to send a monthly remittance."

"But, what about the worry?"  
"There won't be any worry. It is going to be a pleasure to me to look after a motherless child."

"I won't have it," said the Dikshidar with an air of finality, but Kamu knew how to bring round her lord and master.

A week later, brother Rangu arrived from Madras and with him came an Indian Christian nurse bearing a precious burden. The family cradle that had lulled to sleep five of Kamakshi's sons had already been pulled out of the lumber-room, dusted and hung in the central hall of Kamakshi's house. Her children were all agog with excitement and so was Kamu. Only her husband went about with an air of aloofness, as if he had washed his hands entirely of the adoption of the strange baby.

"What a beauty she is! Had she a good journey?" asked Kamu of the nurse, taking the baby who was sleeping, from the nurse's arms and cuddling it to her breast. Her children crowded around and clamoured to have a look at the baby, but Kamu shooed them away. "The little baby-sister is now sleeping and shouldn't be disturbed. Now, go away all of you to uncle Rangu. He has some presents for you!"

"Excellent journey, Amma!" said the nurse. "She is a sweet baby. If you feed her at regular intervals, she goes to sleep and rarely cries."

"What do you feed her on?"

"I have been giving her cow's milk diluted with barley water."

"You belong to the hospital?"

"No. I don't belong to the hospital from which I brought this child. Mr. Iyer engaged me only for bringing the child from Madras and I am going back by the next train."

"I am so disappointed. I expected one familiar with the child and its ways would come."

Brother Rangu, having sent away the children with armful of presents, came on the scene and greeted his sister with the question, "Well Kamu, how do you like your little daughter?"

"She is sweet," said Kamu and gently deposited the baby in the cradle.

"Has she a name?" asked she of her brother.

"Yes: I call her Meena."

The advent of Meena into Kamakshi's house was naturally the talk of the *agraharam*\* and many were the

\* Brahmin's colony.

visitors who came to Kamakshi's house to have a look at the baby and listen to Kamakshi's story of the early misfortunes of Meena. She narrated the story as told to her by her brother Rangu, embellishing a little here and there and making it appear as if little Meena had a small fortune of her own.

Little Meena grew up: crawled on all fours, lisped, babbled, and toddled to the delight of Kamakshi and her five sons. Only the Dikshidar looked at the child with disfavour. To him she was a stranger and he felt that his wife was lavishing much too affection and attention on the kid. But the regular monthly remittances from brother-in-law Rangu, occasional presents in kind to the family, and the frequent letters enquiring after the child's welfare, effectively prevented Chidambara Dikshidar from expressing his resentment at the latest addition to the family.

When Meena was barely three years old, a crisis was threatening Dikshidar's family. The eldest son, Subbu, having obtained his S. S. L. C., the question of an arts-course was often discussed, yet abandoned owing to the prohibitive cost of such a course. The boy's school-report was brilliant and the head-master strongly advocated an arts-course at Madras. A cousin of the Dikshidar, who was serving in the Secretariat at Madras, was approached to find the boy's boarding and lodging and to ascertain if the boy had any chance of securing a scholarship. The cousin suggested bringing the boy to Madras as he had an idea or two that could be discussed personally.

When Chidambara Dikshidar accompanied by Subbu arrived at his cousin's place at Madras, he was struck with the novelty of the suggestion made by his cousin.

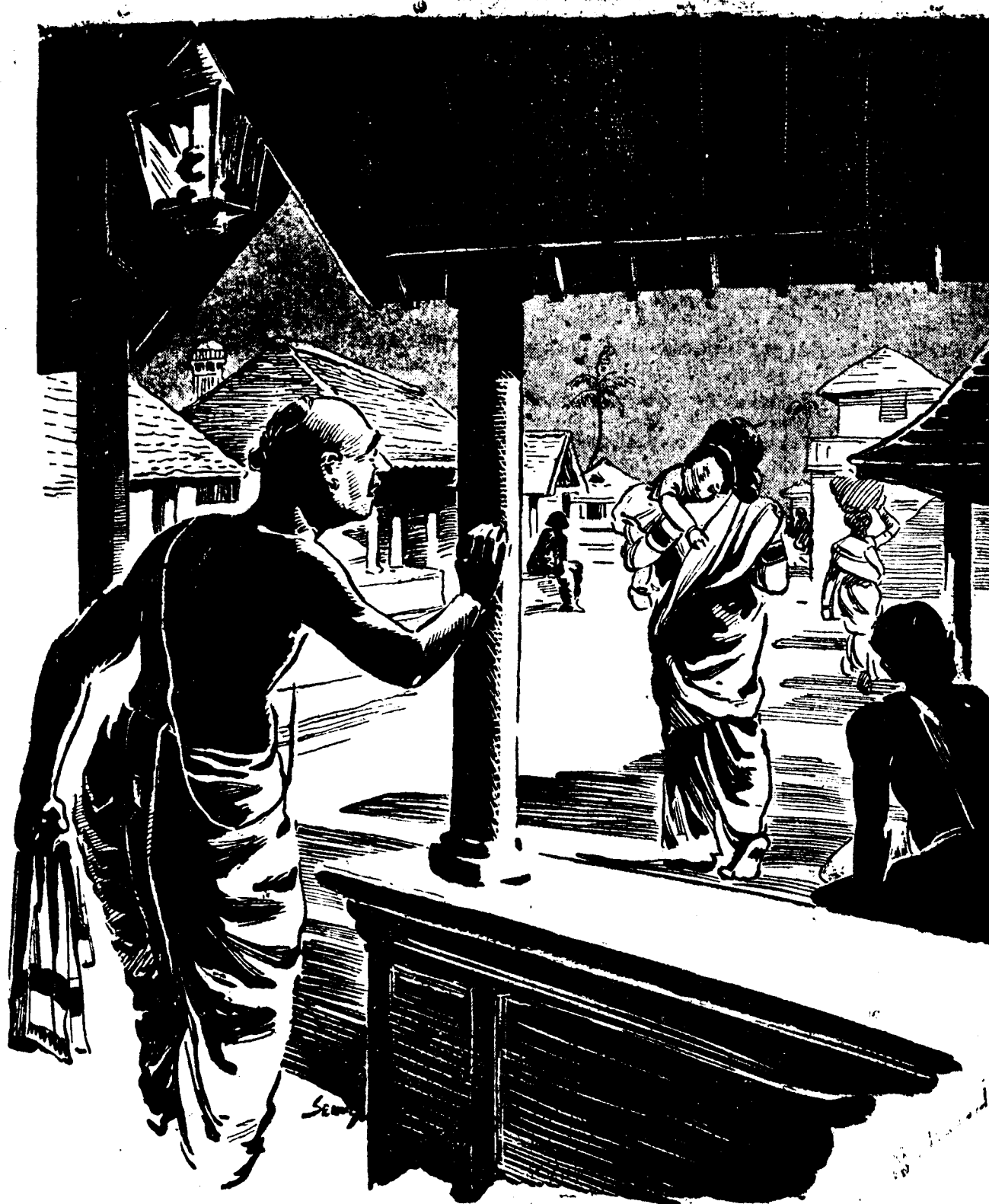
"He is a bright, good-looking boy: and look at the marks he has got! 75% in Mathematics. Why, we ought to ask at least Rs. 5000/-for him! I tell you what, get the boy married and let his father-in-law educate him."

The idea caught on. Dikshidar was impressed. He resolved, then and there, not to return home till a satisfactory arrangement was made for Subbu's marriage, and thereby for his future education. Marriage brokers got busy. Horoscopes were compared and cast about. And finally, strange as it may seem, it was Meena's misfortune that a Deputy Tahsildar at Saidapet should have an eligible daughter.

To Saidapet then went the Dikshidar, accompanied by the inevitable marriage broker. He was warmly received and after elaborate beating about the bush, the parents of the contracting parties got down to brass tacks. The Deputy Tahsildar was willing to feed, clothe and educate Subbu if no *Varadakshina*\* was stipulated. And in the course of the conversation and in order to satisfy himself that there was nothing wrong about the branches of the boy's genealogical tree, the Deputy Tahsildar casually asked a question: "To which village did you say your wife belonged?" asked he.

"She comes from Naduvakkarai," said the Dikshidar and added: "Her brother is employed in the police here."

\* Cash Dowry to Bridegroom.



..... she walked down the street.....

"Where? In what capacity?"

"He is in the Railway police at Chingleput."

"What is his name?"

"Rangaswamy."

"Oh!"

This was followed by a silence which was uncanny; the Deputy Tahsildar fidgeted in his seat and fumbled with the collar of his shirt and, excusing himself, went inside. There were whispers and consultations with the

ladies of the household in the kitchen and when finally the Deputy Tahsildar returned, Chidambara Dikshidar could see that something had gone wrong, in spite of the Deputy Tahsildar's assurance that he would deeply consider over the matter and give a definite reply in two or three days.

"Do they think it is beneath their dignity to marry a constable's nephew?" asked Chidambara Dikshidar of the broker on their way to Madras.

"Oh, no, not at all!" assured the broker. "Those days are gone! It is but natural that they should want some time to consider over the matter. They have seen the boy and are satisfied with him. It is only a question of time."

"Could it be that the Tahsildar doesn't like my brother-in-law?"

"Don't worry, Dikshidarawal! Everything will be alright in the end," re-assured the broker. But everything was not alright when the marriage broker went again to Saidapet at the end of the week. He was frankly told that the Deputy Tahsildar's daughter was not for Subbu, whose uncle was known to have openly kept a *Sudra*\* woman and produced an offspring by her. The Deputy Tahsildar said he was shocked at the broker's attempt to foist such people on him and severely warned him not to darken his doors again. And the disappointed broker spilt the whole story to the outraged ears of Chidambara Dikshidar.

"I suspected as much!" mumbled the Dikshidar, "and I'll make her repent for it!" said he grimly, though the broker couldn't understand what the Dikshidar was saying.

The Dikshidar again went to Saidapet, all alone by himself, but this time he was bent on a different mission. He made discreet enquiries, here there and everywhere and his worst suspicions were confirmed. Meena, he found, was only the daughter of his brother-in-law, born to a low-class woman. Leaving Subbu with his cousin at Madras and abandoning all ideas of Subbu's marriage, Chidambara Dikshidar caught the night-train to Mayavaram. His orthodox mind fretted and fumed at the bare idea of a *Sudra* child being brought-up as one of his family. What would people say if the truth were known! He would be excommunicated! And how dare that never-do-well, his brother-in-law, introduce, under false pretences, a *Sudra* child into his family! What a gullible woman his wife was to believe her brother's story. Friend's child indeed! He now could see the reason for the man's solicitude, the frequent letters and the monthly remittances. He would give his wife such a talking as she has never had in her life.

\* \* \* \* \*

Little Meena was in that adorable stage of her growth when she could understand everything that was said to her but couldn't herself speak. Kamu had dressed her up like a dainty doll and, taking Meena on her lap, was telling the baby about Subbu's impending marriage, while Meena shook her head with understanding. When Kamu was describing to Meena what a

glorious time Subbu *Anna's*\* marriage was going to be, the Dikshidar burst on them like a tornado.

"Drop that kid!" thundered the Dikshidar, "and send her back to her father!"

Kamu was startled. She never expected the return of her lord and master. The last letter she received from Madras was to the effect that arrangements for Subbu's marriage were well on the way.

Why then did her husband return all on a sudden? And what was he talking about?

Sarada, Kamakshi's neighbour, was about to enter Kamakshi's house, intent on returning the loan of a few annas which she had taken from Kamakshi, but stood hesitating on the threshold, as she thought she heard Kamakshi's husband's voice inside. Sarada knew he was away and wasn't expected to return for another week at least.

"Where is Subbu?" Kamakshi was asking her husband, unaware of Sarada's presence on the threshold.

"Fat lot you care about your children, wasting your time on bastards born of sin!" said the Dikshidar, with vehemence.

"What is it you are saying?" said Kamakshi, puzzled.

"Sense, woman! That brat there on your hip is your brother's child born to a *Sudra* woman!"

"It can't be! Who told you?"

Sarada heard enough to beat a hasty retreat.

"It is the truth!" iterated the Dikshidar.

"It can't be! It can't be! Rangu will never lie to me," cried Kamakshi.

Little Meena, who was all along sitting astride Kamakshi's hip, sensed something wrong between her mother and father, as she took them to be, and began to cry. Kamu went out to call one of her sons and handing over the baby to the boy, she returned to face the accusations of her husband.

"I am sure there is something wrong somewhere. Who told you this story?" asked she.

"I found out everything for myself. Your brother was keeping a low-class woman. She gave birth to a child and died. He dumped the child on you with a fairy tale. That is all."

"I don't believe it!"

"Believe it or not, it is the truth. If people come to know about it, we will be outcastes. It would be difficult to get brides for your sons. As it is, this daughter of sin was responsible for spoiling Subbu's splendid chances."

"Why blame the poor baby!"

(Continued on page 16)

\* Low caste.

\* Elder Brother.



I like tourists but I dislike tours. Tourists are always bubbling over with animal spirits. But tours are always depressing things. You may well ask me how such contrariness is possible. Tourists are artesian wells. They are full of wander-lust. They are irrepressible. If they are not allowed to wander over the earth and have a horizontal tour, they will murder each other or commit suicide and thus begin their vertical tour. I am a born tourist myself. If I cannot go out on tour you will find me running up and down the stair-case. One day, when I was doing so, my good friend Mr. Nesan came to my house. I met him at the bottom of the stair-case and took him up. Then I took him down and then took him up again. He was soon out of breath and protested against being converted from humanism to switchvackism. I pacified him and made him lounge in an easy chair and started going up and down the stair-case again. Mr. Nesan decided that I had got mad and called in the neighbours. He said that he would have me put into the mental hospital. I then curbed myself and waited for him to go and then began to run up and down the stair-case again.

I have thus no doubt that it is the tourist that gives being to touring and not touring that brings the tourist into existence. Tours by themselves are depressing things. As soon as you set out on a tour, you have to fight the jutka-wallah or the bus-wallah. Or, if you take the train, you have to fight with the fellow-passengers, fighting for priority to put their hand into the lion's (the booking-clerk being the lion) mouth. The lion roars and the hands jostle each other. Somehow money passes into the lion's mouth and a ticket emerges. By the time you rush in with your luggage the train has steamed in. There are always too many children about in railway platforms. One never knows the glory of Indian fecundity until one frequents the railway platforms. The children are numerous and overshadow (or rather under-shadow) the elders and run about and across and prevent

# On Tours & Tourists

by 'Kaiser'

people from making any progress along the platform or in the compartments. A young hopeful jumped right across and tripped me up and all my luggage by sprawling on the ground. My suit-case got open and my manuscripts went flying about. I have plenty of manuscripts and very few currency notes. Would to God that every page of my manuscripts were magically converted into a currency note! I would then be the richest man in the world. I began to collect the manuscripts and curse the boy and wanted to cudgel him. But meantime the urchin had fled. The train was about to steam out. Two sheets of one of my beautiful essays went swirling up in the breeze and fell into the engine fire. I shoved my luggage into the guard's compartment and jumped in, having by this time lost not only a portion of my manuscripts but also the whole of my temper.

I reached my destination without any further misadventure, though on the way our train narrowly escaped a collision. My troubles began again when I tried to descend. The ubiquitous children were around and about again. Four porters seized my suit-case, each taking hold of one end. Though my essays are endless, my suit case has got ends, and soon had an end. My manuscripts flew out again. Two more sheets flew across the rails to platform B and there a calf ate them up. I wished that the Hindus had not fixed their canon against cow-slaughter. I gathered the remaining manuscripts with care and held them in my hand and went out of the station premises, a lighter and a wiser man. At any rate I was saved from paying any dues to any of the porters.

When I got out I was in a terrible temper. At that time two hotel touts came and took me by each hand. I asked them if they were insurance agents. If they had said 'Yes' I would have murdered them at once. I shall tell you another day why I hate them so much. When

I was told that they were hotel-wallahs, I asked them if they had samples. They had not. Each of them rushed to bring samples. I then went by another road and hailed a taxi and got in. The taxi-driver asked me where I was to be taken. I said 'Take me to hell'. He said that that place was not noted in his fare-table. He said that he knew a hotel which was as near it as possible and he took me there. I engaged the only spare room available and locked myself in and threw myself on the bed and groaned in agony of spirit. Next day, however, my spirits rose. They rose higher and higher and soared above all the travails of the tourists of life. I finished my tour and wrote a splendid diary which superseded the diary of Pepys and established my fame for ever.

Tourists are of three types viz., hot-weather tourists, cold-weather tourists, and all-weather tourists. I am of the hot-weather variety. As soon as the Sun comes to the first point of Aries, I begin to pack my portmanteau. The vernal equinox is obnoxious to me. I must go somewhere or my blood will begin to boil. I must have everything about me as cold as possible. I have no objection to my friends showing their cold shoulder to me. I wish to be left as much to myself as possible. My imaginative Pegasus is then at its fullest speed. A hill-station in the hot season is my uttermost delight. But I hate the empty and elaborate trivialities of hill-station life. I shall tell you about them another day.

The nonpareil cold-weather tourists sail of course from America. They come like locusts but they are

welcome locusts so far as money is concerned. They scatter sovereigns wherever they go. That is probably because they belong to a Republic. Their only drawback is their inner urge to write traveller's tales. They are so sure that American is the only God's good land and that every other country belongs to the devil. The greatest cold-weather tourist is of course Miss Mayo, D. I. Do you know what D. I. means? It does not mean Director of Instruction, but Drain Inspector. The Americans are all worshippers of speed and of dollar. They race with one another, as to who should do India soonest. He or she who rushes quickest through India writes the longest book on it.

But I like best the all-weather tourists. They are our friends, the *Byragis*. You meet them in every place of pilgrimage—on the heights, on level ground, and in the depths. Every man carries all his possessions on his shoulders. Every woman carries one half of her own weight in tinsel trinkets and another half in the shape of three urchins on the average. I met a pilgrim the other day on the top of a sacred hill. He had a waist-cord made of a thick coir rope, such as is usually used to draw water from a well. Sundry little bundles hung dependent from the cord. They fulfilled a double function. They were a substitute for a cloth and there was no fear of their being left behind or stolen. They flit in and out of a place unnoticed and forgotten even if noticed at all. They never get ill. They never seem to age or die. Let them flourish for ever. May their shadow never grow less!

#### The Misfortunes of Meena—(Continued from page 14)

"Your brother could have thrown it into a well!"

"You are heartless—cruel! I love that child as if she were mine! I don't care who her mother was. She will stay with us."

"What!"

"Yes: if you are thinking of sending her away, I would be miserable."

"Woman! Do you realise what you are saying? We will be the laughing-stock of the whole town. It will ruin us: ruin the careers of our children!"

"No one need know—the truth, as you call it."

"You can't keep these things a secret. Truth will be out, one day or other."

"When that day arrives, we will see what we can do then. Keep quiet and forget the whole thing."

"I won't. I have had enough of your craze to rear a daughter. If you don't send that child away, I will never see your face again."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes: and this is no bluff! I have yielded too far till now. It is time I put my foot down!"

"Please yourself!" said Kamakshi, in an even voice. "This is your house and there are your sons. But remember, if you ever come and see Kamakshi's face and beg her to return, she will think twice, nay, a thousand times, before she shows her face to you and the likes of you!"

With a sob in her throat, she left him and picking up a cloth, and the tin-box which contained Meena's savings, she went out and took Meena from her son's arms. Covering Meena tenderly with the cloth and hugging the baby to her, she walked down the street without even once turning to look at her house where she was leaving five of her sons and a dazed husband—a husband who was looking at her receding figure with dismay and alarm.

[Where does Kamakshi take Meena? What happens to them?]

# A Cow Episode



by T. M. G. Samat

A COW is a Cow.

If you call even an under-sized, worm-eaten fellow the bovine animal above-named, you have said something to get his 'dander up'. As you know, to call anyone a cow, is to provoke a rare, red-hot resentment in that body.

But to be born in this world with everything that is necessary to fill a place in the ranks of the Oxen family is.....I better not say how I feel about it.

I suppose you have got the impression that I am a cow. You are right. I am a cow.

Now, as if I had not enough to worry about being born and called a cow, the wife of my master's neighbour added to my troubles by possessing one of my species which is my double.

I doubt whether our pompous village boaster is half so absurd a snob as this cow is. But I must say that this double of mine has one redeeming feature, and that is that when she boasts of being my double, it is no idle boast. She could pass herself for me quite easily. Even the Public Services Commission wouldn't know the difference.

Even people in the neighbourhood are so indiscreet as to suggest that my father must have had two wives and that my double and I may be half-sisters.

I would be ready to concede that my double and I are very much alike but for one deficiency. This deficiency is in my double. She possesses brains, and so do I. The difference is that my grey matter is much superior to hers and that's where we are so much unlike each other.

In our characteristics I am distinguished by my aggressive attitude towards opposition, while my double has become famous for the frequency of her visits to the Police cattle-pound where seized cattle are impounded.

I usually get blamed when a garden is damaged in the village. Sometimes I am innocent. Often the blame I receive on these occasions is no more than I deserve. But when I think of the penalties of my sins

that have visited my double, I cannot help feeling a little sorry for her, and at the same time I cannot help considering myself lucky in avoiding these unpleasant visitations. Anyway, I am genuinely sorry for her, for she, poor thing, had done nothing to earn the chastisement. How bad!

I confess that I have gone unadmonished, leave alone un-punished, for offences committed by me so often that I have now come to regard escaping detection of crimes committed by me as quite a routine matter in my daily life. There are, however, exceptions to the rule. Sometimes I have received more punishment than I deserved, for breaking into somebody's garden—the apple of that somebody's eye. Such exceptions have not been very pleasant for me. But these experiences are rather rare occurrences for me.

This reminds me of one of my escapades, the like of which I don't care to see repeated. It was a very exciting one, though.

In a way my double was responsible for all the trouble caused to me on this occasion.

She button-holed me one night at the bus-stand. It was about a certain alluring flower-garden adjoining the precincts of a Government quarter that she wanted to speak about. She praised the garden so highly that I decided to see where the allurements came in.

After the detailed directions she gave me to get to the flower-garden, it was not hard to find where it was. I soon found that she had certainly not over-estimated the juiciness of the garden in any way, and I had to admit that she was once again correct in her valuation of gardens. Nice buds, orchids, flowers of extreme beauty and a hundred flower-plants, all waved an irresistible welcome in the mid-night breeze.

I forgot all about admiring the beautiful and quickly became engrossed in the business of judging the plants and flowers in the way we cows and our husbands do.

I doubt even now if there are many flower gardens with such nice things for a cow's mouth to munch as this garden had (note I say had). I was not surprised to learn that it belonged to the Inspector of Police.

(Continued on page 21)



Madras, 15th June, 1935.

DEAR MOTHER,

A few evenings ago, Boggins and I went for a walk round the harbour. This harbour was constructed out of public funds, and is a very important asset to the whole community; but the big cheeses of Madras seem to think it is a private sailing-pond and an exclusive promenade. We met an important-looking gentleman who held these views. As usual, it was Boggins who came between the wind and his Lordship's dignity.

"Who gave you fellows permission to walk along here?" said the big cheese, fanning himself with his *topee*.

"Please, sir," said Boggins, very humbly, "can you tell us the rent of that building over there?" and he pointed to the Customs House.

"What has that to do with it?" fumed the big cheese. "How should I know what the rent is?"

"I beg your pardon, Your Honour," replied Boggins, more humbly than ever. "I supposed from your manner that you owned the whole place. Forgive my mistake. Good evening!" And we walked on, leaving the gentleman almost on the verge of apoplexy.

We had not gone very far, when we saw a sailor. He was wearing a blue *beret* with a red pom pom on the top, and he was just landing from a rowing-boat. We decided that he belonged to the French ship anchored in the harbour.

"*Salaam, Monsieur!*" said Boggins, speaking two languages at once.

"*Heil, Tommy!*" replied the sailor, in two more languages.

"*Allemand no bon!*" remarked Boggins, with patriotic fervour.

"*Vive l'Angleterre!*" cried the Frenchman enthusiastically.

The ice being broken, we began to converse in pidgin-English, argot-French, coast-Arabic, barrack-Hindustani, and similar languages. British soldiers are supposed to be great linguists, but they cannot speak any language correctly; not even their own.

## The Letters

53.

### The Soldiers meet a Stranger

The Frenchman said he wanted to *promenade* and *regard* the town, so we suggested we would take him towards the High Court, and on past Broadway, China Bazaar, and Flower Bazaar, and so by the General Hospital round to the Fort.

Our friend was called Jack, but he spelt it Jacques. He was very lively, and made merry and vivacious remarks about everything he saw. We were most interested in his comments. Most things that attracted his attention were *chic*, and all the people were *gentil*. An exception was when he saw some coolies struggling with a huge clumsy hand-cart weighing several tons. He said it was not *chic*, and he was most indignant about coolies, whom he referred to as 'poor animals'.

As we passed an imposing building, Jacques said, "Of course, this is the office of the Governor?"

"Oh no," said I, "it is the Imperial Bank."

"Ah! The *Banque!*" said Jacques. "I salute it as the source of the Imperial power of the great British nation! Every Englishman should take off his hat when he passes a bank."

"The same as every Frenchman should take off his hat when he passes a pair of stockings?" suggested Boggins slyly.

"We salute not the stockings, but the beautiful contents," replied Jacques gallantly.

"Especially when the stockings are hidden underneath the fireplace?" added Boggins; and we all laughed. French people keep their gold in stockings. They love gold as much as they love pretty ladies. They believe in keeping their gold at home. This is one of the reasons why the French lost India and Canada. They had more and better soldiers than we did, but their soldiers had no financial backing. The King of France lavished his gold on the Court of Versailles, and the French peasants hid their gold in stockings, where not even the tax-gatherers of the Sun-King could find it.

The English put their gold into ships, cargoes, and bills of exchange. They overcame the people of India with pieces of paper. Within limits, everyone knew that the Englishmen's paper was as good as gold. In the end, the bravest Indian warriors were brought to ruin by our pieces of paper, in the form of treaties, agreements, and financial understandings.

## of Private Joyfull

Well sti follow these methods. The British get really angry only when other people tear up treaties. We are always insisting on the sanctity of scraps of paper. We will always go to war for a scrap of paper, because in scraps of paper lies the secret of our power.

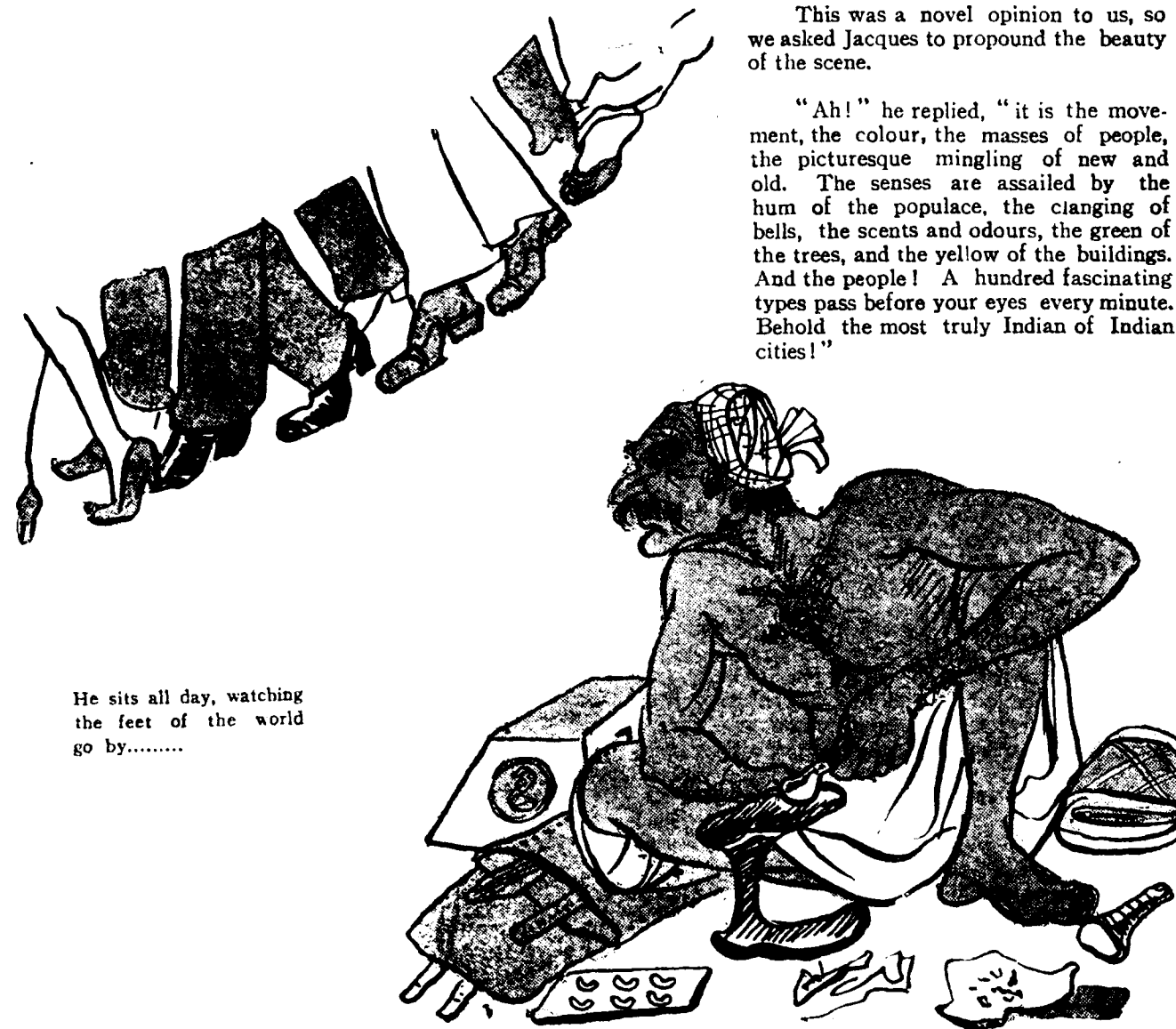
Some weeks ago, a gentleman in the *Merry Magazine* wrote a very true and very funny account of the way British History is served up to juveniles in India. He described how Lord Clive always went into battle with about two hundred soldiers, and won victories over half-a-dozen different armies each numbering several lakhs. There are tales about devoted sepoys, loyal henchmen, and staunch allies. The important point is

that the loyal henchmen, and staunch allies were generally the ministers and generals of his opponents, and they got that way because of our wonderful scraps of paper. The British have always objected to having more soldiers than is absolutely necessary. To this day, they garrison their Empire with practically two men and a drummer-boy.

We walked along with Jacques, discussing these matters in a fearful polyglot dialect, till we came to the corner of Broadway and China Bazaar. Jacques stood and took in the evening scene. "Ah! But it is beautiful!" he sighed rapturously, kissing the tips of his fingers.

This was a novel opinion to us, so we asked Jacques to propound the beauty of the scene.

"Ah!" he replied, "it is the movement, the colour, the masses of people, the picturesque mingling of new and old. The senses are assailed by the hum of the populace, the clanging of bells, the scents and odours, the green of the trees, and the yellow of the buildings. And the people! A hundred fascinating types pass before your eyes every minute. Behold the most truly Indian of Indian cities!"



He sits all day, watching the feet of the world go by.....

I felt that I agreed with him. Madras is truly Indian. Beside it, the cities of the North are flat and uninteresting. They might be set in the Sahara. But Madras is like a queen, girt by its blue-green ocean, and jewelled with wonderful buildings and waving palms.

You specially notice the waving palms around the railway station. You pass through a forest of them, all demanding alms. It is a pity that a visitor's first impression of Madras is generally the importunities of a thousand beggars.

Jacques was examining the multitude of signs that hung from every window. "It is indeed strange," he said, "the hundreds of persons who are conducting enterprises from premises no larger than a parrot's cage."

I added it was even stranger, that these plucky little businesses were mostly run by university graduates. It seemed sad that the majority of B.A.'s had to eke out a living by selling lead-pencils and note-books. It was a pity that so many got the lead-pencil and note-book idea. Boggins said it was partly the fault of the community, for thinking lead-pencils and note-books more respectable than other things.

Presently we turned up a side-street. I noticed a strong effluvium, and Jacques said, "Ca pue!" We looked at him enquiringly, and he held his nose. We nodded, and held our noses.

"What's the name of this lane?" said Boggins. "We'll remember it, and not pass this way in future." When we came to the end of the lane, we saw a notice-board, and scanned it eagerly. It said, 'Commit No Nuisance'.

We made our way through minor thoroughfares, till we came out at Flower Bazaar. On the way, we passed several silversmiths and other artisans, and Jacques stopped to admire the patience and skill of the workers. We agreed it was unfortunate that the arts and crafts of India had fallen into neglect.

My own thoughts were attracted to a cobbler, who occupied a scrap of space on the pedestal of an ironmonger's shop. I wondered if he were a philosopher. He did not look like one. Cobblers are humble folk in India, so perhaps they do not cultivate introspection in the same degree as their brother-craftsmen in other countries.

A cobbler's occupation lends itself to philosophy. He sits all day watching the feet of the world go by,

seeing men's character in the way they tread. There must be philosophic cobblers even in India. At least, there are philosophic cobblers in old-time Indian stories. But then, in the old-time Indian stories, life is not so hard and soul-less as it is in the present age.

By the General Hospital we turned across the *maidan*. It was crowded with schoolboys, shrilly occupied in games. "Voila!" said Jacques, "*le sport*! You English, wherever you go, you start *le sport*."

I quoted an old proverb, that the privileges of an Englishman were sport, primogeniture, and the right to make fun of himself. Jacques nodded, and said that the English were not a serious people, like the French. French dignitaries did not spend their time chasing balls about. He thought that the spirit of *le sport* was England's good gift to mankind.

Boggins disagreed. He said that our noblest service to suffering humanity was the invention of comfortable chairs. Unfortunately, one seldom encountered a comfortable chair in India.

"Surely," I interrupted politely, "the French have conferred the greatest benefit on mankind, by establishing the ideas of liberty, equality, and fraternity."

Boggins would not have it. "No Frenchman really believes in liberty," he said. "Equality and fraternity make the true French character."

Jacques smiled. "And the English?" he said.

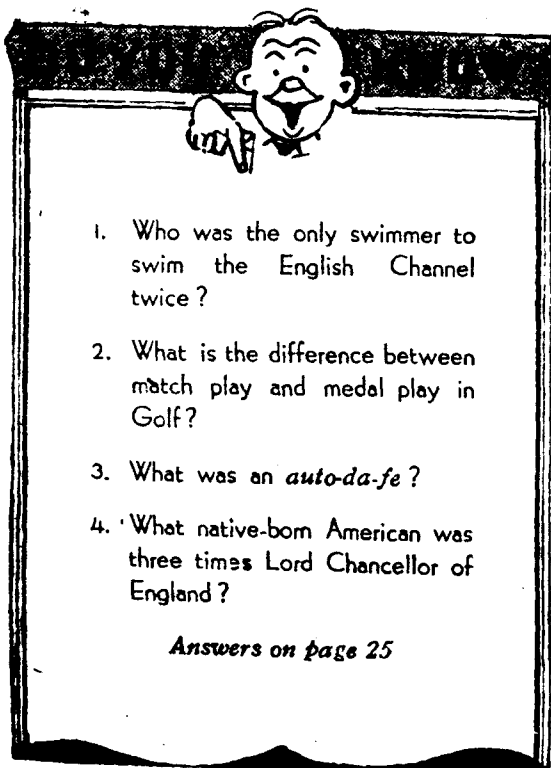
"Englishmen sincerely believe in liberty," replied Boggins, "but they have no time for equality or fraternity."

I clapped ironically. "The rough-necked Boggins lectures on national character!" I cried.

"You shut up!" said Boggins, "or I'll kick you in the pants. Can't I show off my First Class Certificate of Education to a distinguished stranger?"

It is a fact that Boggins has a military 'First' in Education. The certificate is accepted as Matriculation by London University. There are about sixty men in our regiment with 'Firsts'. I am going to sit for the examination in October. Nearly all the men have 'Seconds', which is like a school-leaving certificate. People always seem surprised when they find out that we rough soldiers are fairly well educated. We all go to school every day.

Your Loving Son,  
OBEAH JOYFULL.



## A Cow Episode—(Continued from page 17)

So immersed was I eating up everything in the garden that I became oblivious to my surroundings and woke up too late to the realisation that the cattle seizers had got me and that I was in for it now. The desperate struggle against opposition for which I am justly famous was not of much avail on this occasion. Not even the sound thrashing I received at the hands of the seizers succeeded in removing the impediment caused by my over-loaded stomach.

I suffered the ignominy of being hustled into the Police cattle-pound, and there, next morning, I was seen by Mr. Grumgo, mistress of my double.

As Mrs. Grumgo carried on her inspection of me, drawing closer and closer to the pound, a brainy idea took shape in me. Here was a chance to get out of police custody if I could get Mrs. Grumgo to make the error of mistaking me for my double! I brought all my histrionic art into play, and so great was my success at impersonation that Mrs. Grumgo actually cursed and said, "What better proof than this can my husband give me of the worries of owning a cow? For the hundredth time the cursed animal is in the cattle pound now!"

That remark of hers piqued me in no small way. I had never trampled the dust of the Police cattle-pound more than once or twice in an year. To tell me that I had been one hundred times in the pound was to deliver a deliberate sock on my snoot. I had enough of the night's episode for an unpleasant memory for the rest of my life. The horrible life in the pound was worse. With all these, I was easily a picture of misery.

"For goodness sake!" she roared at me, "if you must enter other people's gardens, why choose the Inspector's plot of all the lot, and then get caught. Can't you get out of your scrapes like the cow next door? Have you no brains?" She paused here for a few minutes and then apparently cooled down. "I suppose," she said, "I will have to pay up the Police charges now and take you out, besides appearing in Court to get myself fined by the Magistrate to-morrow for your indiscretions."

What followed after my release is known only to myself. I was hardly out of the cattle-pound when I gave poor Mrs. Grumgo a taste of the anxious time she was in for. She obtained help to have me conducted to her home, and of all persons, one of the cattle-seizers who had got acquainted with me during the night, answered the requisition for assistance by Mrs. Grumgo.

We passed over a bridge. When we had done half the span of the bridge I altered my tactics. Giving up the game of exhausting your man by excessive speed, I gave my back to the wall and let my frontage go with a vengeance at the seizer and the female. Both showed me their broadsides to advantage and made me understand that they had given up the task of making me keep their company. After this I did the correct thing. I found my way back home, and that so quickly, that I beat the two by the better part of a mile.

"Morning, lady!" greeted my master as he came out of the house with my old rope, ready to go out in quest of me. "Kept away so long, you bad girl, to bring me that new rope? Well done, naughty baby!"

For a long time I purposely avoided my double. But she got me alright at last and then gave me a good description of the scene created in the village rice-store by her mistress and my master. I consider the description given by my double too dreadful for reproduction. But I have the satisfaction to know that Mrs. Grumgo was not able to satisfy my master that I was the cow concerned in the above episode.

Even a cow can have excitement sometimes, if it has got a double.

THE END

## "Some Village Hampden..."

With apologies to the Justice Party

by 'Don Juan'

His shoulders were broad, his forehead was wide:  
The villagers swore he was full of side,  
But he dauntless fought for the freedom of huts  
From the hand of the Sarkar who filled in the ruts.

He paid up his taxes—when arrack was cheap;  
At other times stood forth (his treason was deep),  
And lectured the pumpkins on hartal and fire,  
Thus tickling their pride and arousing their ire.

When such means had failed, as they usually did,  
He borrowed from all who would lend him and did;  
When equipped thus with cash, he paid up his dues  
With submission that softened (a transparent ruse.)

The Sarkar appeased forgave him withal,  
Said "You have sinned, so St. Peter did fall."  
And feeling like Christ to the thief who repented,  
Made him a *Karnam*\*—which other thieves resented.

\*Karnam = Village headman.



# We Go To The Pictures

by 'Satwant'

Illustrated by Sekar

IT was one of those beastly afternoons when, after fidgeting about a bit, one wonders whether an easy chair in a nice shady corner isn't after all the best thing. I selected the easiest looking from the hall and went out into the garden.

"We are going to the pictures," said a voice close to me, just as I was dosing off.

I closed my eyes and pretended to snore. One doesn't go out on such a day.

"We are going to the pictures," repeated Dalhia with considerable excitement.

"Go away," I said distinctly.

"Don't be silly. Everybody is going. Thomas says they are showing *Queen Christina* at the Regal."

"Thomas is drivelling," I said, "they don't start showing that until Friday."

"But it is Friday to-day," she said brightening up. "Thomas says it is."

"It isn't."

"It is. There, he is coming. Tom!" she shouted to her brother, "what day of the week is it to-day?"

"Friday!" yelled Thomas.

"There!" said Dalhia triumphantly.

There seemed to be no help for it.

"Is Simpson going?" I asked with a sudden flash of inspiration. You see, Simpson was reading a book. And when he is doing that, you can't drag him with ropes to do anything else.

"He is reading a book, but he says he can finish it on the way."

"Damn!" I muttered.

"What?"

"Nothing, only I wonder if Bertie—"

"Tom," she said, (the excrescence had now arrived) "I have been here persuading Mr. Middleton to accom-

pan us to the cinema. But it appears that he doesn't want to go. Now that I remember, it is better so, because there is nobody to look after the children. Mary is having a day out and Adolf will drive us—"

"Oh, I say—"

"Well?"

"You see, Bertie is all right at that sort of thing. But I—er—sort of—well, I would rather go with you."

"Good boy!" said Dalhia.

We went inside. Simpson was sprawling on his stomach in the library, reading.

"Simpson," I announced, "Dalhia is taking us to the pictures."

"Dragging us," corrected Simpson, still looking at his book. "Oh, didn't see you were there. Delighted to go, of course. But I don't think it is any use, Dalhia. Thomas has probably been dreaming that it is Friday to-day. Besides I—"

"Where is Bertram?" she demanded scenting a rebellion. "I told him to take out the car. Hasn't he returned?"

Simpson tittered.

"Don't stand there tittering like a school-girl. Better—O, Adolf!"

"Yes, madam."

"Where is Mr. Bertram Mannering?"

"Upstairs, in the nursery, madam. He is playing trains with the baby."

"Beast! I told him to take out the car."

"Our car is not in the garage, madam. Mr. Lamborn just received a telephone call from the town. He left immediately afterwards. But if—"

"There," I said, getting up to go back to my chair, "it is no use now, Dalhia, unless you want us to walk all—"

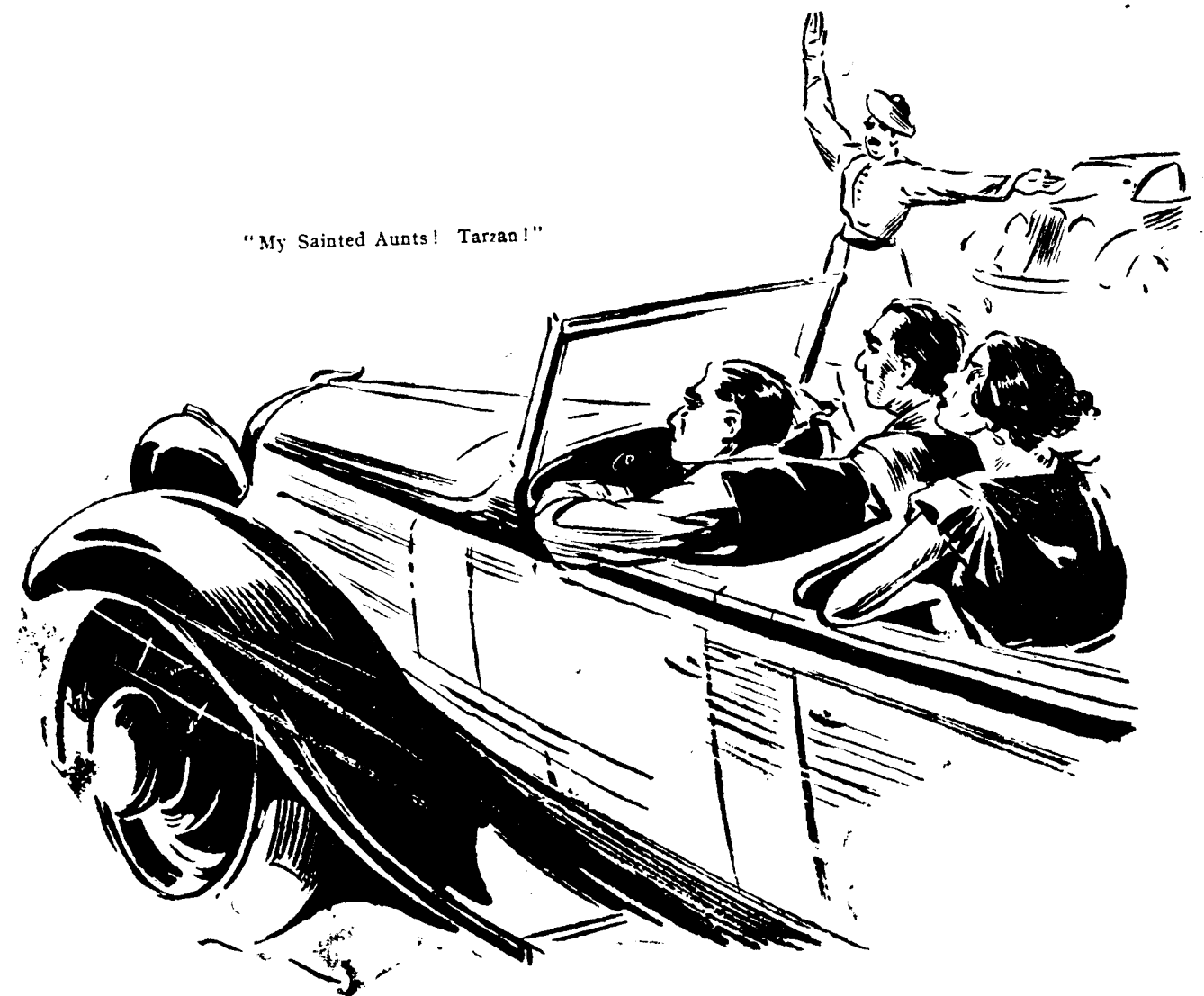
"Stop!" she thundered. "Yes, Adolf?"

"I ventured to suggest, madam, that perhaps the other car might—"

"Is there another car?"

"Yes, madam. The Billingtons left their tourer here this morning."

(Continued on page 26)



"My Sainted Aunts! Tarzan!"



Mie as he looked when he was in Africa hunting big game.

I, ROBERT, Simpson, Cholmondley, Kirkcudbright, Fitzwilliam, Mubarak, Ramachandran, Ivanovitch Mie, being of sound mind (in a sound body) in full possession of my faculties (of Arts Degree, Madras University) do hereby write my last will and testament.

Till now I have written only three last wills and I have learnt from novels and the films that a man has got to write at least five last wills in order to give his legatees ample scope for fighting among themselves and dramatically produce will after will. In the novels, the first and last will is in favour of the eldest son who is a narrow-minded hypocrite. Then another will is unearthed, by which all the dead man's possessions go to the prodigal who has run away from home and has been last heard of from Australia. By the time he is brought back from Australia (or maybe the Indies) the third will pops up, which declares for the good and beautiful, though poor, girl who is the dead man's brother's daughter. Of course there springs up a love affair between the prodigal and this girl, but at this point the fourth will makes its appearance. Again the eldest son is benefitted. Before he has started gloating, the fifth will leaves everything to the hospitals. This is technically invalid, and so the fight begins.

But I am digressing from my purpose. What I meant to say was that I hoped I would yet live to write another will. Of this I have mine own doubts. The terrible disease from which I have been suffering for so many years (namely Housemaid's Knee) is going to be fatal. I have a presentiment. Before that happens, I must leave my house in order.

## Mie's Last Will & Testament

This death of Mie seems to be a fishy affair. No corpse answering his description was ever seen by anybody. However, whether he has gone to Memphis or Malabar or Mount Road, we don't grudge a prayer for the peace of his soul.—Ed.

Before I dispose of the bulk of my property, namely my mansion in Shropshire, my town-house in Grosvenor Square, my shooting place in Scotland, my fishing shack in Ireland, my yacht, and other various properties in India, Salonica, Capricorn and Kiangsi, I must remember my friends and companions.

To Edward Bellamy, I leave the stuffed alligator adorning the Blue Room in my Coonoor place. Edward had requested me time and again to give it to him. Poor Ned. I can understand his passion for this alligator skin. It was in Africa, I remember, that Ned and Violet were nearly swallowed by this alligator. They were swimming in one of the many lagoons of the lower M'Lingi. The natives had warned Ned about alligators but, characteristically, Ned laughed at their fears. He and Vi had not taken thirty strokes, before a log floating near by, became active and turned out to be the monstrous brute. I realised their danger in a minute and shouted to them. All at once they saw the brute, and Vi screamed. I can still hear that scream. Immediately both made for the shore, but the alligator lashed its tails and gained on them in the twinkling of an eye. It opened its jaws on Vi but I had by this time acted. When the animal closed its jaws, it was not on human flesh as it had expected, but on a gramophone record! I inserted the record into its monstrous jaws and held it vertically there. The animal brought the jaws together and the record got jammed. From that moment the lagoon resembled a sea in storm. But all its violent exertions were for nothing. It floated for seven days, holding the gramophone record in its jaws, furious, almost satanic in its exertions. I can still remember it—it was a Jeanette Macdonald record.

In the right hand top drawer of my cabinet there is a small silver-mounted jewel case. I hereby entrust my executor—I mean the executor of my will—to open this case and hand over its content to my friend, Private Joyfull. It is a toothpick. And when I add that Kitchen, Haig, Roberts, Foch and all the other Generals and Marshals have used it, one can judge its value. It may be recalled that an alarming shortage of toothpicks at the Western Front nearly precipitated a crowning catastrophe in 1917. A few of the contractors and suppliers committed suicide over this affair, I have been told. However, as a special correspondent of the *Merry Magazine*, I had the extreme privilege of moving closely with these Generals. It was I who lent them my toothpick after dinner one night, in a shelled monastery. I never saw it again till after the war. It passed from hand to hand, and the last man absolutely put it in his pocket. I retrieved it after the armistice. The condition of toothpick-supply can be judged from the fact that no less than thirty members of Parliament made interpellations about it; and my spare toothpick I gave to Captain Jack Drummond (we called him Pekingese Drummond) who circulated it in his Mess. It was stolen one night by the Orderly who gave it to the Sergeant. It passed through the hands of no less than 13 battalions.

Among my papers, tenderly wrapped in tissue paper will be found a photograph of mine, taken sometime before my death. (To be exact, it was taken when 'Mie' was in Africa, hunting big game—Ed.) There will also be an old and withered flower there—a Nostalgia, found in Kensington Gardens alone in the world. This photo and this old flower are to be handed over to Auntie Awful. Very few of those living now know that I once loved Auntie Awful more than anything in the world—except roasted pheasant. I can remember it all vividly. It was before the war (or was it during, Auntie?). She was then a celebrated beauty in Hammersmith. She used to be known as Miss Alice Awful. I used to be acquainted with her slightly. One day she was walking alone. It was a quiet lane. I approached her from behind and said:

"Miss Awful, will you—?"

I don't say anything about her beauty then. Many young men used to go after her. Indeed some of them went two hours after she did. Anyway I believe she was in love with me. She said:

"Oh, Mr. Mie! This is so sudden; but I will. Shall I call you Robert?"

"Miss Awful, will you show me the way to Half-Moon Street?"

She burst into tears. I apologised. I realised that I had been too hasty. I should have paused before I asked her the way to Half-Moon Street. Or perhaps I shouldn't have asked her the way at all. After all, everybody does not ask a girl the way to Half-Moon Street. 'Show Me the Way to go Home', I know, is a popular song. But then, why not home? Why Half-Moon Street? When Romeo met Juliet he didn't ask her the way to Half-Moon Street; neither did Antony when he met Cleopatra. The moon must have figured in their conversation. But surely, not Half-Moon! Why this niggardliness? Why not be magnanimous and make it full moon? Anyway I had been wrong in asking her the way to Half-Moon Street.

"Miss Awful! Alice! I am sorry I asked you about Half-Moon Street. It was wrong of me. Consider it not said. And now tell me—which way do you go to the Strand?"

The scene she created was awful. In the course of which she gave me indication that she had mistaken my question for a proposal.

So I proposed in earnest. I dismissed Half-Moon Street and my destination and proposed to her.

She said: "If you were the last man in the world I won't marry you."

"But I am not the last man," I said, "so why not marry me?"

"Get out of my sight, you—you worm!" she cried.

"Worm!" I exclaimed drawing myself up. "What worm?"

"Any worm," she replied.

This broad-mindedness touched me. Did she, like a child, obstinately mention a particular worm? No. 'Any worm'—those were her very words. I became more persistent.

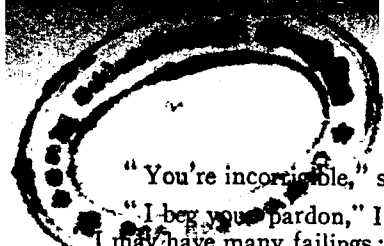
"Alice, you must marry me," I pleaded.

"Marry you!" she almost snorted. "You monstrous pig!"

"Just a minute," I said. "Not pigs. Worms—yes; but pigs—no. Please remember to keep to one description. Don't change my identity so often. Why, before I had succeeded in feeling myself a worm, you change it to a pig. The task is beyond my powers."

### Answers to questions on page 20

1. E. H. Temme, who swam from Gris Nez to Dover on August 5th 1927, and from Dover to Gris Nez on August 18th 1934.
2. Match play is played by holes; medal play by strokes.
3. The execution of heretics by the Spanish Inquisition.
4. John Singleton Copley (later first Baron of Lyndhurst), born in Boston, May 21, 1772.



"You're incorrigible," she said, exasperated.  
"I beg your pardon," I replied as stiffly as I could. I may have many failings; but nobody has called me a man without courage."

She left me. Later, she, companionately, married somebody. The news was a bitter pill.

To the world I leave my biography of *Lawrence of Arabia*. I have spent many hours and deep thinking on it. Lawrence has always been a hero—nay a demi-God to me. He invites comparison with Tippu Sultan and Shivaji. All the three doubtless did what they thought was best for their respective countries. But it is easy to notice that whereas Tippu and Shivaji were mountain-robbers, blood-thirsty monsters and wretches, Lawrence was a romantic hero. The difference is obvious. Vincent Smith or E. Marsden would have made it clearer, but I cannot.

To Vijayam, my friend, I leave my best wishes.

All the remaining possessions of mine in Burma, Upper Silesia, Uganda, Marcovitch and other places I leave to be distributed equally among contributors to the *Merry Magazine*. God bless them. They will require the blessings.

Vincent Barber Prasad is my executor. I leave him my sympathy and a fountain pen to remind him occasionally of me or, if you prefer it, 'Mie'.

The pen was the property of G. W. M. Reynolds. Later it fell into the hands of Katherine the Great, otherwise Hepburn. It doesn't write well.

Thus endeth my will, the third and (for the present) the last.

(Sd.) MIE.

Witnesses:

*Munchausen, Ninth Baron of S—*

*Captain Kearney.*

*Clark Gulliver.*

THE END

We go to the Pictures—(Continued from page 23)

"Of course; silly of me to forget. Bring it round at once, Adolf."

"Yes, madam."

"And Adolf!" called Simpson.

"Sir?"

"Tell Bertie to leave all the waggons on a siding and shunt down."

"Very good, sir."

Dalhia tried not to smile.

In about five minutes we were speeding up for town. Billingtons' tourer seemed to devour the distance. I

was at the wheel, driving. Simpson sat by my side, reading; while Thomas, Dalhia and Bertie packed themselves in the back seat. But for Simpson's solitary yell of triumph when he told us that he had rescued her from the brigands, an oppressive silence filled the car for the most part of the journey.

But as we entered the town, Dalhia became quite chatty. The recurring sight of posters announcing:

REGAL, FRIDAY 28TH, QUEEN CHRISTINA

sent her blood tingling in her veins. She was all a-twitter with excitement and could not sit in her place. She said she had read the story and would we like to hear it? Bertie said it would detract a great deal from the interest of the picture if we knew the story beforehand.

She was still talking to Bertie when I swerved on to the Mall. We could now see the palatial building of the Regal about a furlong ahead. On one side of the theatre, facing us, stood a huge board on two wooden planks bearing a large poster announcing to-night's programme. It was a little difficult at first to make out anything from the poster, but as we approached nearer it became increasingly obvious that, whatever it was they were showing, it was not *Queen Christina*. A girl, practically naked, sat on the branch of a tree in a thick jungle. By her side, on the same branch, stood a big, brawny giant of a man whose muscles bulged. Below on the ground were sprinkled at random two lions, a tiger, half-a-dozen elephants and an alligator.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Simpson, "what a queen, Dalhia. She hasn't a stitch on. And what's she doing up that tree?"

"My Sainted Aunts! Tarzan!"

"And his mate," said Bertie. "The one up that tree is his mate."

"Now Thomas," said Dalhia reaching out for his ear, "what the dickens did you mean—?"

"Ouch!" said Thomas.

"We are grieved to record," began Simpson solemnly, "that Thomas Edward, the only son of Mr. C. E. Lamborn and Mrs. Lamborn of 31st street, suddenly lost his reason yesterday. He was—"

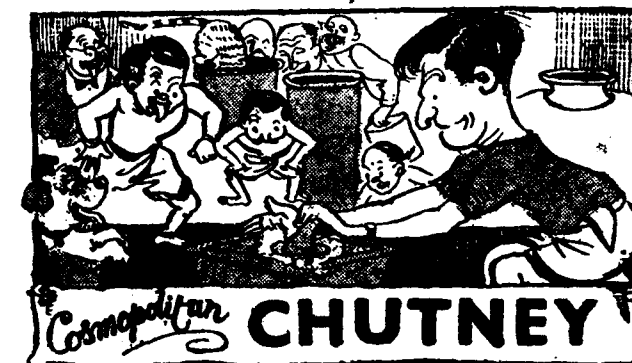
"Shut up," bellowed Thomas.

"—entertaining a few of his friends at the country seat of his father—"

"When he suddenly lost count of the week's days," pursued Bertie taking up the thread, "and in spite of his friends repeatedly reminding him that it was Thursday he insisted that—"

"Please," said Dalhia.

by  
Vanamali



There are two experts in San Francisco. Dr. Katzoff, a lecturer, is an expert in the art of achieving matrimonial happiness.

The other expert is his wife—a specialist in domestic relations. What is there remarkable in that? Nothing, except that the latter is seeking divorce from her expert husband, the grounds being that he failed to provide for her. Further, Dr. Katzoff the expert in marital felicity was married before: so also was the missus who is seeking divorce.

I call it square.

THIS year, summer is so infernally hot that everybody, except possibly locomotive drivers and fellows working around blast furnaces and rolling mills, is thinking blasphemous thoughts of the Sun. To such harassed souls, here is a bit of cheerful news. The Sun is losing weight, i. e., energy in terms of tonnage, at the rate of (don't gasp) 25,000,000 tons a minute. And serve him right! At this rate we will have cool, delightful summers a few years hence, say beginning from A. D. 1935000000.

For immediate relief, here is another.

Which is the coldest place in the world? It is Kzlov in Siberia. It is so cold there that water thrown from a bucket freezes into ice before it hits the ground. Temperature in this delightful place stands at 102 degrees below zero all the year round. The world is not so hot a place after all.

Our Royal Highnesses are now definitely in. They are a limb of the Federation. Or if the Princely Order don't care to be described with such a plebian word, the Federation is a limb of theirs. So we should not neglect them as we are now doing. That won't do.

A Highness in full panoply is any day a sight for the Gods, whether they are the Tin Gods of Simla or the ones of Elysium. But who is the best-dressed H. H. in the galaxy. If you asked anybody in England who was their best-dressed man, plop would come the answer, "Good old Anthony". Not so here. You would be hard put to it to decide. However, according to Mr. Suresh Vaidya, the distinction goes to the Maharajah of Jodhpur. There are (don't go swooning) '189 suits in the wardrobe of this Maharajah'. Also 'he sets fashions that are followed by the world'.

Great stuff! Good for India, isn't it?

A town in Northern India moved into the limelight a little while ago as the possessor of a remarkably bright bicycle thief who sold the bicycles he stole (some thirty or so) and passed cash receipts against payments received. That performance was supposed to be a record—a record in the number of machines stolen. But, outside of hockey, poor India is relegated to the back-bench once again. England walks off with the laurels. The record is held by one Edward Burton Castle who stole 184 'bikes' from Slough, St. Albans, Maidenhead, Watford and sundry other places. This looks like a pretty unbeatable record. And dear old Ned is now enjoying a long, well-earned holiday of 21 months at the expense of his grateful country.

There is a legend that the bath-water of His Highness the Aga Khan is sold to people with a romantic mind at a fabulous price. But here comes Viscount Castlerosse saying coolly that it is not a fact, making me and my fellow admirers of the Aga miserable. However the latest cables from home (why not?) have somewhat restored our spirits. His Highness has won the Jubilee Derby with *Bahram*. Viva H. H. The Aga!

# A Hunter's Diary

by G. C. P.

Illustrated by Varma



THE sun-shine was streaming upon the silent mid-May world when the tall front door of my library room swung open and Sinha, my special chum, barged in.

"Hullo! How d'you do?" enquired I, reaching out my hand for his.

"Great!" replied Sinha, giving a shake. "Damn hot—isn't it?"

"Yes—very," I assented.

"Well—er—what were you with—what's that—" Mr. Sinha approached the table and took up the book. "So you have been with this—*Tense Moments with Big Game*? What the devil—er—do you like hunting? Ever hunt—?"

"Never hunted any."

"Would you like to go a-hunting?" queried Sinha.

"Can you pour a good round sum into my pocket? I am wild to go," I replied.

"Are you a good shot?"

"No. I am no hunter. I don't care particularly shooting things. It would be enough for me if I could just see them in their native haunts, then track 'em down and take snap-shots of them. The chase! That's what's jolly swell."

"Well," said Sinha, "why, you can go and have your wishes fulfilled—" He laughed a hard ironical laugh.

"O, but you know I can't do this even. I can't. I am nailed to this place and must look to my own business. Do you like hunting, too?"

"Sure!" he replied, "but you see it is better for us to be philosophers than go on hunting and spend so many good fivers and tenners on that."

"But that game wears thin in no time," said I. "Here I am, hungry and thirsty for travel, for adventure, and what can I do about it? Read and dream! Can a man satisfy himself by gazing at a picture? Tell me that."

"Surely not."

Sinha opened the book and tripped over the pages silently. After a few moments he said, "Well, here you are—what stuff—About five miles north of the Congo. Nice scenery; saw a lion. Shot him. Ran across a rhino. Settled him. Saw a great Koodoo—rare! Missed him. Followed his trail.....thought I spied him...only a pup giraffe. Passed herds of zebra... my collection now needs...and so on—" He shut the book with a bang and pushed it aside. "Damn it," he



".....I saw a handsome creature which I identified as a doe."

added, "let us go for a drive and wipe out these...why not on a La Belle tour into the garden, eh?"

"Oh, a jolly fine place for hunting—roses!"

We got down from the tram-car at Chourangi and wended our way towards the garden. At 11 I deposited my friend at his place and bade a hearty good-night.

For a couple of weeks we didn't see each other. But as I dropped in one evening into the garden and was sitting on one of the benches, some one approached me with a crisp step. I saw it was Sinha.

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!"

"What have you been doing?"

"Hunting....."

"The Sundarbans or the Terrai or in one of the estates?" he poured in volubly. "Where, old man, where?"

"In Calcutta," was my laconic reply.

He stared at me. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I found out an idea."

"Really?"

"Yes, and I acted on it." With this I drew out a small diary from my pocket.

"What's that?"

"My log-book, or diary as you would call it. Want to hear something?"

"Go ahead."

I flipped open my diary and read on: (Readers, be careful with yourselves, for you may be stunned and some of you who have a weak nerve may even suffer a bit more, may fall in a swoon.)

"Monday. It was a very fine day for hunting. I left my 63 by 3 hunting camp in Shambazaar Street. Saw much game disappearing into the tram-car. Flushed a cow-elephant. Stalked her to her lair in hundred and twenty-five, same street. Passed several droves of salesmen on their way to their feeding-grounds.

"Just outside the Bethune College, I saw a handsome creature which I identified as a doe. Fine head. Black hair. Big black eyes. Very graceful. Wanted her for my collection, but she moved out of range and vanished into one of the buildings.

At noon explored new regions. Umpteen small game. At 3-30, again near the Bethune college. Saw the doe. Got within smiling distance, but lost sight of her in a crowd of other game—fine lot!"

"Do you want any more?" I queried, "or enough?"

"Go on," he said, shaking off his semi-tranced mood.

I resumed.

"Wednesday. Pushed into new territory. Saw many fine specimens of boorish game, fresh from the villages. Got a report that herds of 'big game' are to be seen in the Ballygunj area. Would like to bag a pair of 'big men'! Need in my collection. Secured a young Sindhi student. Rare. Fine head.

"Saturday. Left camp at usual hour. Mild breeze. Ran into Ram Moni Girls' School, got

(Continued on page 32)



WALLACE Beery's little adopted daughter, Carol Ann, has had so much publicity with Wallace that an important Eastern manufacturer of children's clothes has offered a grand sum for the privilege of putting out a line of "Carol Ann" frocks!

In a city where divorces and rumoured romances are the order of the day, the story about Warner Baxter and his mother is a welcome change. Their mutual devotion is a thing of rare beauty.

In the fifteen years that Warner was on the stage, he never failed to write to his mother every day. When movie fame came along bringing to the star his first permanent home, he immediately sent for his mother and established her in a charming apartment near him. Every night at ten o'clock he calls her on the 'phone. Nothing is allowed to interfere with that call. Every Thursday night they dine together.

Last month Warner had to be away on location at Bakersfield for certain outdoor scenes for *Gauche Lover* when Thursday rolled around. He had planned to make the two-hour trip back to Los Angeles to keep his usual date with his mother, but at noon the director gave a night-work call and the star was forced to wire his mother he couldn't make the trip. At eight o'clock, disappointed and tired and exhausted after the hard day's work, he stepped into a hotel dining room and.....right into the arms of his mother!

"We haven't missed a Thursday dinner yet," she laughingly explained, "and we aren't going to!"

She had driven 125 miles to keep that date! How many Hollywood wives will do that to be by their husbands?

Claudette Colbert is the latest Hollywood lady to join the ranks of the "We haven't got any eye-brows" Club started by Jean Harlow and Marlene Dietrich.

Poor Claudette didn't want to go eye-brow-less, but the studio cameramen insisted, just as they insist, she bleach her hair a little for a softer photographic effect. The morning after when they took off Claudette's eye-brows in favour of narrow pencil-lines, she wept as she gazed into her buidoir mirror. "I used to look so normal and nice. But now I look like one of these surprised mental cases from *Private Worlds*!"

If Fox permits her, Shirley Temple can start on a personal appearance tour at 15,000 dollars a week!

For one radio broadcast she has been offered 5,000 dollars!

Yet both these offers were turned down by Mr. and Mrs. Temple because all of Shirley's time and strength and effort must be concentrated on making movies before she grows too large for the baby class!

Shirley is the most perplexing box-office problem in Hollywood. Her 'baby appeal' is a good fifty per cent of her selling power. Every inch she grows and every pound she puts on tend to diminish her value.

Two years from now she might not be worth 1,500 dollars to theatre-managers who are scrambling for her services at unbelievable offers, to-day. Too bad. Shirley couldn't do radio, stage and movie work at the same time.

It was a very tense scene in *Big Broadcast for 1935* and Gail Patrick was playing a nurse. A boy was being 'given' blood transfusion. When the camera had taken the scene, Gail turned to Sir Guy Standing and said: "All through the scene I was thinking of my little brother, in San Francisco. I want to send him to Annapolis. I was wondering if this were Dick!"

A few minutes later, Gail was called to the 'phone to learn from a doctor that Dick had a sudden attack of appendicitis. "We might have to have a blood transfusion! But he will be all right."

Gail fainted into Sir Guy Standing's arms. By the way, Dick played his role well and is now doing fine!

Hollywood has been kept wondering whether Marlene Dietrich is to quit the pictures. There is a rumour that Marlene may sign with M-G-M. This may be true, judging from the returns of Garbo's recent pictures.

There are times when one is too clever by half. Here is one such predicament for Ida Lupino. When she picked out her stand-in, Ida outdid herself. Her double looks so much like Ida, that there has been triangle trouble ever since she set foot on the set. Many of the Sheiks who wouldn't dare to ask Ida for a date are now paying their homage to her stand-in. This is not so annoying a thing, after all, to the star, but there is this catch in it: the gossip columnists have been busy reporting that Ida was out every time her stand-in stepped out. What is more, two of her boy-friends have walked out and the rest are watching the papers with envy in their hearts and tears in their eyes.

Ida may be sweet as honey, but her double's doing 'Okay', too.



### XXXIV

"DEAR Auntie," writes a young lady from Burma, "you often refer to communications you receive from temperance advocates. But out here, gambling is a far greater curse than drink, especially among the Chinese. Why don't you lend your support to an anti-gambling campaign?"

Auntie would like to further so worthy an object, dear boys and girls; but her experience is that attempts to reform other people's vices have unlooked-for results. Auntie inclines to the doctrine of 'live and let live'.

The case of Reggie Random comes to mind. Reggie was the younger son of an old family of land-owners, with a tradition of reckless prodigality. Following the family custom, Reggie became a subaltern in a British regiment.

Reggie's Colonel was something of a puritan, and the old gentleman strongly disapproved of Reggie's gambling habits. Reggie was the sort of youth who made heavy wagers on rain-drops running down a window-pane. He would put his shirt on one of two flies swimming in the milk-jug, wagering that the other would drown first.

After several warnings, the Colonel decided to teach Reggie a lesson. He caused the youth to be transferred to a desolate station on the Indian frontier, where there was no race-course and no club. Reggie's Colonel wrote to the General there, and asked the latter to employ every means to cure Reggie of his craze for gambling.

One evening, when the Officers were assembled at Mess, the talk turned to the subject of physical peculiarities. "I say, Sir,"

said Reggie, who had introduced the subject, "I'll bet a hundred rupees that you have knock-knees."

There was a horrified silence, and not only at the presumption of the young man. Everyone present was aware that the General was strikingly bow-legged.

"Very well; I take the bet," said the General grimly. "Perhaps the loss of a hundred rupees will cure you of this insensate gambling-habit."

"I haven't lost yet, Sir," replied Reggie. "You must prove that you are not knock-kneed."

The General went the colour of a beetroot. After a terrible silence, he said, "Very well, I will prove it. I am determined to teach you a lesson." And the General took off his trousers, and showed his bow-legs.

"You win, Sir," remarked Reggie, cheerfully handing over a hundred rupees.

"Let that teach you never to make senseless wagers!" said the General, putting on his trousers with great dignity.

"Well, Sir, I've made a good profit on that bet," replied Reggie.

"Made a good profit?"

"Yes, Sir. Before I left my regiment, I bet the Colonel a thousand rupees that I would make you take off your trousers in public. The Colonel took the bet. He wanted to teach me a lesson, too."

Vedic (*Kunavaram*). "The pursuit of earthly wealth is a vain thing. Prosperity has ruined many a person." Well, dear sir, if Auntie ever has to be ruined, she would prefer to be ruined by prosperity.



"You win, Sir," remarked Reggie...

**Mac (Velappadi).** "We have a very greedy boy in our house. The other day, I warned him that by eating too many sweets he would burst. He replied that there was not such a thing as too many sweets. How can I convince him that he is liable to burst?" Explain to him, dearie, that although there is no such thing as too many sweets, there is such a thing as not enough boy.

**Pupil (Royapuram).** "I enclose an essay I did as an exercise in school. The professor has scribbled something in the margin, but no one here can make out the words." Auntie has submitted the manuscript to an expert in cryptograms, dear boy. These are the professor's words: "Take the greatest care of your handwriting. Illegible handwriting is the sign of an imbecile."

**Baba (Vellore).** "Why is it that a baby cannot talk when it is first born?" Because there is no need, dear girl. The little pest has only to yell, and it gets everything in the house.

**Little Willie (Mambalam).** "My mother is always making me wash my face. She says, 'Can't you see that your face is dirty?' Of course I can't see that my face is dirty, unless I look in a mirror." It is not absolutely necessary to look in a mirror, dear boy. You can always look at the towel after you have used it.

**Anxious (Egmore).** "My husband is employed on electrical wiring. He often has to climb to the tops of buildings and other places, and it makes me nervous. Why are there no Government rules about this employment? I am thinking of interviewing the foreman, to ask him not to give my husband any dangerous jobs." I would not do that, my dear. The best plan would be for your husband to borrow a good sum of money from the foreman. Then he will never be given any dangerous work.

**Legal Problem (Oddigudem).** "If a man is trespassing on the railway-line, and comes in contact with a locomotive, would there be grounds for a suit for damages?" No, dear sir. The railways cannot claim a single anna. No doubt, the front of the engine might be dented by the impact, but the company should insure its property against such mishaps.

**Mere Male (Chidambaram).** "I think that the influence of the cinema has had a lot to do with the present unwelcome intrusion of women in public affairs. Perhaps you are right, dear sir. At least, the progress of Auntie's sex has been curiously parallel to that of the films. Thirty years ago they were neither seen nor heard; then they were seen, but not heard; now they are both seen and heard.

**Bothered (Cuddalore).** "The postman brought a money-order, but he would not give me the amount until I had proved my identity. Many a man has been hung on less evidence than the postman required." Naturally, dear sir. When it comes to handing out cold cash, people have to be really careful.

**Pacific (Tirupapuliyur).** "My son is always fighting with other boys. I told him not to give way to anger until he had counted one hundred; but it made no difference. To-day he came home covered with cuts and bruises." Yes, madam. The cuts and bruises were administered by another boy, while your son was counting up to a hundred.

**Gruesome (Bombay).** "A certain medical practitioner here, keeps a skeleton in his consulting-room. I do not think it impresses the patients; it only frightens

them. Why should he display such a thing?" I suppose he keeps it for sentimental reasons, dear boy. It is probably the skeleton of his first patient.

**Phrenology (Velappadi).** "I have a prominent bump on my forehead. What does it indicate?" Curiosity, dear sir, if you acquired it, when someone suddenly opened the door.

**Unhappy Uncle (Nannilam).** "I am in despair about my nephew. He certainly does not take after my side of the family. He is only happy when he sees others in distress. What can I do with him?" Secure him an appointment as station-master at some busy suburban place. There he will have the pleasure of seeing hundreds of people losing their trains every day.

**Actor (Trichy).** "I notice you often make jokes about bad actors, but we are not all in that category. The last time I played Rama, it took half-an-hour to get the audience out of the theatre." Indeed, dear boy? Was the poor man lame?

**Definition (Mannargudi).** "Here is a new definition for you, Auntie. What is an adage?" That is an easy one, dear boy. You remember your Shakespeare: 'Like the cat in the adage'? Obviously, an adage is a bag to keep cats in.

**Enterprising (Madura).** "I am thinking of selling a patent medicine on commission. Is this a profitable business?" Certainly, dear boy. Most patent medicines are exceptionally profitable to the undertaker.

**Heaven's Gift (Ludhiana).** "A few weeks ago, a meteorite fell in a village not far from here. As it was believed to contain valuable minerals, I claimed it as the owner of the land. My tenant, however, maintains that it is his. Now another person has put in a claim, saying that he owns the mineral rights. Also, the trustees of the temple consider the meteorite should be handed over to them, as it is a supernatural gift. To whom does the meteorite belong?" To the Customs authorities, dear sir. It is an article of value introduced into the country without payment of duty.

**Poetaster (Aruppukottai).** "It is a crime for an author to seek inspiration from outside sources. I only write of what is in me." Auntie awaits your next epic with eager anticipation, dear boy. What are you going to call it—Ode to six dosais and a quart of coffee?

THE END

#### A Hunter's Diary—(Continued from page 29)

a bagful. Tracked a professor. Stalked him some distance—got away. Some five-thousand yards from the Bethune College, the same doe. Gave chase. Risked a smile at ten feet. Proved docile. Gave a hint. Thought it registered. Left her. Gave chase to an elderly bull-elephant at some hundred yards. Finally ran him down. A humorous face—a lazy pig.

'The same evening. The garden. Trailed the doe. Ran her down a corner, beside a bush. Proved tame. Her name is Hema. Fine lips. Fine for—Was invited to tea.'

"Why do you stop—go on."

"Er—yes—Sunday. Saw a fine specimen of bucks and does—grown-ups and fawns. Her family members—very fine—welcome—got linked."

"Congratulations," from Sinha.



## On Letters

by 'Ram'

Illustrated by Sekar

**C**RASH! Thud! Mrs. Aemenotarpis looking up placidly from her current occupation—cutting of toe-nails—spoke to her husband. "That must be the evening delivery, dear," she said. And her worse-half obediently picked up the brick which had been shied through the window. Yes, the brick. The earliest and most aristocratic letters were written on bricks and then baked, which gave rise to the expression 'a hard-boiled letter'. The manner of their delivery accounted for the almost total absence of glass in those days.

Then, some wise guy discovered papyrus, and a wiser one parchment. Eventually via Mr. H. G. Wells' principle of natural selection, paper came into being and remained the most effective of all mediums for mendacity; and so, in due time, La Vie Parisienne and the Pink 'Un, which is a conclusive retort to those who lament humanity's lack of progress. "Do right and

fear no woman," says one film. The aphorism might be adopted to the writings of women as well. Jimmy Dale was one of those 'nitwit nincompoops' (I am quoting his father, who was perhaps a trifle prejudiced at the moment of speaking, owing to Jimmy's having lost a couple of hundred on the three-card trick) for whose manufacture we always thought P. G. Wodehouse held sole rights. But that was before we met Mr. Dale.

He was in love with Sylvia Warren, and had proposed with success. That is to say, he mumbled, "You see, Sylvia I—er...you...how about it?" She turned calm eyes on him. "Are you," she asked, "proposing?"

"Yes," said Jimmy, much relieved at her discernment.

"Well, you're accepted," she returned. The following interlude concerns us not at all.

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# An International

**P**RINCE Ahmed of Gullistan was a collector. It was a hobby natural to one who derived from a line of illustrious freebooting ancestors. His grandfather, for example, had collected the heads of all his relatives, both paternal and maternal, and thus established the succession to the throne. But in these degenerate days, the mountain valleys of Gullistan basked in comparative tranquility, and a British Resident occupied quarters in the place of the ruling prince.

Ahmed was the heir-apparent. Deprived of his traditional function as the leader of parricide-plots and outlaw forays, he simply collected postage-stamps. Every caravan from India brought at least one packet of Five Hundred Colonials, All Different. Ahmed corresponded with unknown juveniles in every part of the world, some of whom actually sent the stamps and newspapers they had promised to exchange.

It was in one of these newspapers that Ahmed discovered the existence of coupons. Here was something far more exciting than postage-stamps. By merely collecting scraps of paper from various unlikely places—such as tins of butter, packets of chocolate, and cartons of cigarettes—one became the possessor of all kinds of marvellous benefits and ornamental objects. For instance, by clipping a coupon out of the London *Daily Lyre*, one was insured in the sum of £ 10,000 against being shot by a cross-eyed fisherman on a Good Friday.

This appealed to Ahmed's freebooting instincts. He considered insuring one of his servants in this manner, and then suborning a cross-eyed fisherman to fulfil the terms of the policy on the correct day. Had the Prince carried out his plan, no one would have been more surprised than the proprietor of the *Daily Lyre*, who had advertised this munificent insurance-scheme for

fifteen years without being called upon to pay a penny. But the details were too troublesome for the Prince to arrange. Rejecting the allurements of coupon-insurance, he decided to concentrate on Lucky Coffin Cigarettes. For a mere five thousand vouchers, to be collected from the packets of this brand of gaspers, one received a real camera, guaranteed to possess the right number of apertures, and capable, under favourable conditions, of actually taking photographs.

The collection of the coupons presented no difficulty to His Highness. It was enacted that, to encourage trade with India, all State employees were to smoke a packet of Lucky Coffins every day. As a guarantee of due performance, each employee had to produce the requisite number of Lucky Coffin coupons before receiving his monthly salary. The coupons remained the property of the State.

In due course, Ahmed dispatched the full tale of coupons to Lucky Coffins, Limited; and the Spring caravan brought the camera into Gullistan. Prince Ahmed was delighted. It was a veritable camera, peep-holes and all.

His Highness commenced photographing everything and everybody. The results were more gratifying than artistic. The prints showed the Resident to be suffering from elephantiasis, and the palace buildings as the work of an architect afflicted with delirium tremens. However, the camera produced indubitable photographs.

It was about this time that Gullistan came prominently into the news. All Europe was arming. Japan and Russia growled at each other across the frozen Amur. Dantzic and the Saar were centres of international anxiety. Spy-plots were unearthed in all



# Incident by 'Embusque'

Sketches by A. Schulze

directions. Unpleasant border-incidents worried the Powers. Strange foreign aeroplanes flew over fortified areas. Defence-budgets were doubled. Conscription was tightened-up. The nations became increasingly frontier-conscious.

At this juncture of affairs, the River Gull came down in spate, and carved a new channel for itself in the narrow ravine through which it flowed. The new channel was only a hundred yards from the old—but the River Gull was the international boundary between Gullistan and Turkogar. Gullistan was a state under British influence, while Turkogar had relations with Soviet Russia.

The Wazir of Blazes was a hill-chieftain owing allegiance to neither state. He was, in short, an opportunist outlaw. He claimed that the strip of land cut-off by the river was Turkogar territory, and in support of the contention, he began to plunder the villages on both sides of the frontier with a fine impartiality. As a result of his depredations, relations became strained between Gullistan and Turkogar, and a full-dress frontier-dispute was created. The Powers began to move troops towards the two states. Scare headlines appeared in the London press. War-correspondents were dispatched to the scene of the dispute.

Untroubled by such matters, Ahmed continued to wander round the palace, taking photographs. One evening, a grand idea occurred to him. He had exhausted practically every item of interest in the vicinity. A grand full moon sailed in the heavens. He would crown his collection with a photograph of the moon.

By practical trial, His Highness was aware that certain views could only be taken by time-photography.

He judged this to be such a case. Perhaps an hour would suffice. He propped his camera to the sky, set the lever to 'time', and pressed the trigger. An hour later he pressed the trigger again, and eagerly took the camera to his factotum, with instructions that the film must be developed at once.

The Prince was astonished to discover that nothing appeared on his time-photograph, except a small shadowy object like a small pencil, rounded at both ends. He was about to destroy the film in disgust, when he remembered the war-correspondents who were staying in the palace. They were expert photographers.

As it happened, he appealed to the correspondent of the *Daily Lyre*. You all know the *Daily Lyre*. Its pages are devoted to Surprising Revelations, Shocking Scandals, Fearless Exposures, and Patriotic Campaigns. It specialises in Ruthless Plain-Speaking regarding Official Incompetence, and it uncovers a new mare's nest regularly every Monday. At intervals, its proprietor desires his readers to Boycott Czecho-Slovakian Collar-Studs, to Vote Against Hawaiian Ukeleles, and to Support our Loyal Allies in Patagonia. Apparently the paper does not possess a copy of the London Directory, for it is always wanting to know the whereabouts of well-known institutions: "Where is Parliament?" and "What has Happened to the Board of Trade?"

When the war-correspondent of the *Daily Lyre* saw Prince Ahmed's photograph, his eyes nearly popped out of his head. In a voice trembling with suppressed excitement, he informed the Prince that there was something peculiar about the film. Would His Highness leave the film? The Prince agreed and departed. The war-correspondent rushed to the telegraph-office, locked

(Continued on page 37)

They had been engaged for a month, and life was slipping smoothly by like a fat man on a banana skin.

Then, one day, Sylvia came to Jimmy, looking very worried.

"I'm in trouble, Jimmy."

"Can do," replied Jimmy, whose mental horizon did not extend beyond monetary difficulties. "I can let you have anything up to fifty."

"Don't be an ass. It's not cash. Long ago, Jimmy, before I met you, there was a gigolo sort of fellow hanging around me. He practically swept me off my feet—oh, it was quite innocent and all that, but the letter I wrote him, being compounded mainly of D. H. Lawrence and Joan Conquest, will take explaining. Someone's got them now and threatens to send the packet to your father—he knows you will understand everything. But your dad's different. What's to be done?"

Jimmy pondered for a minute.

"We'll have to pay for them I suppose," he suggested wisely.

"That's just it. He'll bleed us dry before he finishes." Sylvia, you see, being feminine, was about 150 per cent fly, as the Americans say.

"Then, you go to him, Jimmy, and threaten the chap. Thrash the hide out of him and bring back my letters."

"Oh, I say—" began Jimmy, but he didn't finish. Sylvia evidently took the thing for granted and eyed him with a 'My hero' expression. And that, of course, was that. He, poor fish, agreed to go.

Now, in the ordinary course of fiction, Jimmy should have been a six-footer, with a passion for games. Actually, he had to stiffen his neck before the 5' 6" mark touched his hair, and the only game he played was ping-pong. Sylvia's hero-worshipping look, however, nerved him for the deed. He took the blackmailer's address and departed on his high adventure.

On the way his courage started drooping. With one foot on the taxi running-board he determined to 'flay the foul swine' (Mr. Blackmailer, not the driver). A furlong from the house, he decided to ask firmly for the letters and stand no nonsense; by the time he descended at the door, he had made up his mind to try and fix a price for the 'evidence', which, perhaps, was the wisest thing he could have done.

The clerk, who took his card, went in with it, and returned in a few minutes. "Mr. Porteous is not seeing anyone in person. Will you please put your business in writing, sir?"

For a moment Jimmy hesitated. Hang it, this was the best thing that could have happened after all. He'd write the skunk a stinker...he'd make his hair stand on end. And all this could be accomplished without recourse to physical means. Afterwards they could fix up about the letters. He'd be a hero in spite of his height.

"All right," said Jimmy, and went home to compose the stinker. It took nearly two hours, and was a masterpiece in its way. Mr. Porteous was threatened with death in fifty of its most unpleasant forms, if he failed to

return Sylvia's correspondence. He was called a black-mailer, a swine, a scoundrel and several unprietable things. As the letter progressed, Jimmy's ink slowly turned purple—there are limits with self-respecting blue ink. Anyway this *objet de art* was enough to earn its writer at least a year's board and lodging—at His Majesty's expense, under a pressing invitation from the Law.

In blissful ignorance of broken statutes, he signed with a vicious flourish, and posted it.

Two days later, he got a card asking him to meet Mr. Porteous at his office. He went. Porteous was a polite, silver-voiced, middle-aged man of about fifty—a plump and genial fifty, with gold teeth and manicured fingers.

"Did you," he enquired carefully, "write the letter I received yesterday, signed B. J. Dale?"

"I did," said Jimmy stoutly.

"Thank you. You will notice that there are three witnesses to testify to your admission of authorship. I shall now have great pleasure in indicting you for assault and threat—you will probably get a couple of years—good morning."

That, as Sylvia observed later, was very much that. Mr. Porteous had her letters and he had Jimmy's letter, and the only thing to do was to buy back the lot. "And a fine collection it'll be," she said bitterly.

"We might sell them to an American," murmured Jimmy with hope; he was always taking Sylvia too literally. There was, what the poets call, a silence fraught with meaning.

They gave Mr. Porteous a week to cool off, and then visited him together. He was his usual urbane self, looking horribly like a man who has backed an unexpected winner.

"Please sit down," he begged, and they did.

"Now about those letters—" both began simultaneously, and stopped—also simultaneously.

Mr. Porteous politely waited for them to continue. It was Sylvia who spoke in the end.

"We are prepared to buy them from you, Mr. or—at a price of course."

"Ah, the price," said Jimmy wisely.

"Ah, the price!" said Mr. Porteous knowingly.

"What do you think would be a reasonable estimate of their value?" he asked.

"They are practically valueless, because I could always tell Jimmy's father the whole truth," continued Sylvia.

"You could," agreed Mr. Porteous, with due courtesy.

"But we are prepared to pay 500 for the lot, to save the annoyance which must necessarily ensue on a confession of this kind," completed Sylvia. She was rather proud of that sentence—it had quite a legal tang about it.

"It's very kind of you, I'm sure," admitted the old gentleman. "Unfortunately, you see, I can get at least

5000 on Mr. Dale's letter alone, not to speak of yours. However, I'll be reasonable, very reasonable. I am prepared to accept 2000 for the whole lot. That's my first offer and the last." He did not add 'I detest vulgar haggling', but his manner implied it. The two young people looked at each other. Mr. Porteous fixed his bland gaze on no one in particular but midway between the two.

After a short silence:

"All right," they snapped. Mr. Porteous beamed and thanked them quite sincerely for the cheque he received in return for eleven rather shop-soiled letters.

The couple passed out of the door and his life.

In the street—"That's finished," sighed Sylvia.

"I'm broke," moaned Jimmy.

But they held hands and jazzed down the sombre, and the astonished street like a couple of children.

In his office Mr. Porteous folded the cheque and thought benevolently of 'those exuberant kids'. Then he turned his attention to a forged receipt which possibly represented big money, and dismissed them from his mind.

THE END

An International Incident—(Continued from page 35)

himself in, and spent the rest of the night dispatching a lengthy message to London.

The next issue of the *Daily Lyre* burst upon an unsuspecting world with the following stupefying headlines:

Soviet Airship Over British Territory!  
Photographed by Loyal Native Prince!  
Violation of a Friendly State!  
Where is the Foreign Office?  
Sinister Foreign Plot Unmasked  
Where is the Air Ministry?

There was, of course, an immense commotion. Experts examined an enlargement of the famous photograph, and passed judgement on the size, construction, power, and armament of the mysterious airship. The dirigible was something new to aeronautical science. The consensus of opinion was that it was one of a fleet designed for the invasion of India, capable of landing a brigade of tanks on the defenceless plains of Hindustan.

It seemed that a first-class war was inevitable. Europe held its breath and redoubled its armies. In

every issue, the *Daily Lyre* enquired the whereabouts of the War Office, the Prime Minister, and the Directorate of Military Operations. It was expected that the exchange of a few sharp notes would culminate in a declaration of war. Armament shares rocketed to new high levels.

Yet, throughout all the pother, the authorities did absolutely nothing. The *Daily Lyre* foamed at the mouth, and asserted that the Empire was in the utmost peril.

It was a modest article in that obscure trade journal, the *Photographers' Gazette*, that saved the peace of the world. The article said:

"It appears that an amateur, employing the most elementary type of camera, attempted to photograph the heavens. The actinic value of starlight is, of course, quite insufficient to make any impression on such a simple apparatus. The moon would leave an impression on the film; but so small in comparison with the area of the sky to which the lens was exposed, that the image would be very small.

"A time-exposure of an hour was employed. During this period the moon would move a considerable distance in the heavens. The image of the moon, as impressed on the film in its successive positions, would appear as a cylindrical and round-ended object, the darker portions of its surface being reproduced all along the length of the cylinder, hence causing the rib-like markings and other resemblances to the frame-work of an airship."

The day after this article appeared, the *Daily Lyre* recalled its war-correspondent. The columns of the paper were suddenly silent regarding the imminent danger of war and invasion. Instead, they were plastered with the first articles of a flaming campaign to discover the whereabouts of the Inspectorate of Oysters.

The River Gull obligingly produced another spate and resumed its former channel, as it had done a hundred times before, without occasioning the slightest comment.

The Wazir of Blazes announced a holy war, but the next day was assassinated by his lieutenant and potential successor.

Prince Ahmed is now collecting labels from jars of potted meat, and, unless ptomaine poisoning carries off the entire household, he will eventually become the proud possessor of an electro-plated pocket-knife with eight blades and a corkscrew.

THE END



# On Baldness

by V. Ganapathy

Illustrations by Mali

Baldness, according to Ramanathan, is a proof of efficient discharge of tremendous responsibilities. It is the effect of too many cares and worries and an overheated constitution. A sprightly youth full of curly hair on his head gets bald if he happens to become the father of half a dozen children and maintains a family. "Years ago, what fine hair I had! Glossy, wavy, beautiful hair. But all that is now gone!" he moans in a retrospective mood. True, seven youngsters call him father. But does that fact in itself constitute the direct cause of baldness?

A third friend of mine puts up a very learned argument. "Just consider some of the great personages that have been. History lays down not only the achievements, the discoveries and inventions and the literary productions that have been left by them. Personal characteristics and features form the important subject of treatment. Just turn over the pages of history—statesmen, philosophers, men of letters, great politicians, lawyers of acknowledged merit who made a noise in the world, sages—all were bald. And what is the fundamental characteristic of ascetic renunciation? Artificial baldness. Why? Because flowing hair is one of the despicable mundane vanities, and baldness is a proof that the happy man has been released from the miserable state of being pinned to worldly affairs. So that, there is a glory in baldness." I wonder why this glory is not easily recognised by persons other than the bald-headed.

Gradually, this question of baldness became a problem to me. I grew curious to know the actual cause of baldness. I set about seeking a practical solution. I am not a man to take anything for granted or to accept theories merely on the strength of popular verdict. I made it my business to make investigations and prove the cause of baldness. Researches are being made in every branch of study and all the fields are overcrowded. They leave only things of this kind for people like me to do research work on.

One day, I met in the tram a middle-aged gentleman with a bald head. I approached him with formal greetings. Before the tram had covered a distance

of half a mile, we became intimate in our conversation about the political situation, economic depression, unemployment, cricket, races and other topics of perpetual general interest. Then I endeavoured casually to ask him the three questions which I had framed for the purpose of my test.

"Why does that dog cross the road, sir?" I asked him in an indifferent tone to impress on him that the question was just an idle, amusing one. He blinked.



"Why does it, indeed?" he said. "Why?"—and again blinked. He did not have the common sense enough to say "Because the dog wants to get over to the other side."

I gave him yet another chance. "Here is a small problem, sir. It fairly baffled me. If you could kindly solve it, I shall be very thankful, for there is a wager on the question. Now, then. Mr. Mani is the father of Rajam, but Rajam is not the son of Mr. Mani. No imputations, no quibble, just plain, solid fact. How do you explain this?" I put my question and was eagerly watching the various strained expressions on his face. The poor man muttered the names 'Mani' and 'Rajam' a hundred times each, and finally came out with his elegant answer "Nonsense"! A bald man as he was, if he had

really been intelligent, on Narayanan's theory, the question could have been easily and immediately answered with: "Rajam, then, was the daughter and not the son of Mr. Mani." Best of three was the test—and that was enough. I decided that intelligence was not the cause of baldness.

Another day, a man with a bald head, whose age I estimated to be somewhere on the shady side of forty, hurried up to catch the tram. I sought his acquaintance, and after a few casual remarks, I surprised him, nay, actually shocked him with the question "Is your son in the college?" He explained, with an apparent effort to keep down some surging emotions, that he had never been married—let alone the question of a son reading at college. A bachelor of over forty years and bald-headed! Then, baldness does not result from family worries. Anyway, it is not an absolute and conclusive factor.

Having failed to strike at the root of this mystifying problem, I shifted back to the method of deduction. If a man is constantly called upon to go through essays, articles and stories of various types, day in and day out; trying to be polite and obliging to the writers and endorse approval, yet unable to resist the force of reason; being placed in possession of alleged humorous compositions, frequently scratching the head to locate the humour and finally emerging out of the room in a mood; on a sudden impulse sitting up in bed at dead of night, trying to shake off the shock of a horrid dream, wherein figured the offended souls aiming their fists right at the poor man's prominent nose; or again, to meet an emergent situation, endeavouring to force out something from the storehouse of ideas, the facile brain, and on failing to achieve the desired result, knocking hard with the bony knuckles the central part of the cranium, intending the effect to be transmitted to the cerebellum and eagerly awaiting the reaction—well, if such a man there be, is there any wonder that his head is bald? You ask me "Is there such a man?" Well, for a reply I commend you to our dear Editor and you will find he answers exactly to the description. I always have the idea—I do not know why it forces itself so—that editors are all bald-headed. I shall take the next immediate chance to verify.

Lakshmanan had grey hair on his head well before time, and naturally he was worried. He applied all remedies to eradicate the grey hairs amidst black, and in the attempt he rendered the surviving hairs stand apart and individually prominent. But imagine his disappointment when he discovered that the aggregate number of grey hairs remained constant, though he removed a considerable quantity of them every



day. As a last resource, he bought the much-advertised hair-dye. The advertisement said that if the dye was applied consecutively for a week, there would be absolutely no grey hair. The cure was guaranteed and many high officials, Rajahs and Zamindars had awarded certificates of merit. Lakshmanan regularly applied the magical cure for a week—and after the end of the first week he did observe the marvellous effect as promised. There was not a single grey hair on his hand; in fact, there was no hair at all. The medicine had completely removed all the hair, root and branch. Lakshmanan now goes about with his bald head.

After all my ardent study, I was unable to reach a definite solution. One thing I know and that is, where there is an effect there surely must be a cause. This of course, is the universal theory of cause and effect. But here the effect is apparent, while the cause is not. I left my research in despair, but as a result of my arduous work on the subject, I have realised some truths.

First of all, there is an aristocratic touch bestowed by the bald head to the personality of a man. There is no unnecessary bother. You need not take a Turkey towel with you when you go for your bath. No comb, no brilliantine. Just after your bath, apply your fingers and set down the hair—that is as much of it as there is—and you are ready. And above all, you do not need a crop. Six full annas a month for a crop, and in these days! Six annas would get you a square meal.

If the thing happens to the fair sex. I am horrified to picture the sight of a lady with a—well, even to say it, it seems sacrilege. Of course, when I talk of ladies, I always mean buxom, blithe and bonny belles under twenty-five. Silk saree, laced jacket, diamond jewels, graceful person, pearl-white teeth, rosy cheeks, coral lips—and a bald head! How odd the combination will be! But even they, if there be any, need not despair. The world is so much concerned about the general welfare of people that there is not a single complaint for which there is no remedy. Of course, it is up to them to choose from amongst the many in the market—and each can be given a fair trial. Before all the available medicines are tried out, baldness will cease to oppress the mind. "What does it matter to an old woman with six grand-children?" will be the indifferent attitude of resignation.

After all my reflections and discussions on the question of baldness, I myself feel I am developing this aristocratic mark. But then, it is glorious, it denotes high thinking, it gives you economy and above all, you feel absolutely free and easy—and so, no point in being shy over it.

THE END

## Sez You ?

by 'Mustharip'

1. Is the feminine of the village chairman the chair-woman?
2. Is the past tense of 'breaker' 'broker'?
3. If the father is a Japanese and the mother a Pole, will the child be a Japanese-Pole?
4. Can a person drink a peg?
5. Is a pendant the wife's pennant and the husband's penance?
6. Why do 'life' 'wife' and 'strife' end in 'ife'?
7. Does Woman woe Man, or does Man woo Woman?
8. Is the chip of a block a bloke?
9. Why is my girl-friend afraid of a rat?
10. Do hen-pecked husbands have cock-eyed wives?
11. Do the prisoners in Sing-Sing actually sing?
12. Will a groom do to a horse what a bridegroom will do to a bride?
13. In a football match to which side does the referee belong?
14. Can a boxer make a match-box?
15. Is Bradman named so because he earns his bread through cricket?
16. Is Duckworth worth more than a duck?
17. What do Indian ladies wear under their sarrees?
18. How did the stone get into a date?
19. Is the plural of ~~ass~~ ~~assess~~, and the continuous form assassin?
20. Why are many short husbands who own tall wives bald-headed?
21. Does an eaves-dropper really drop from the eaves?
22. Does 'Holy Snakes' mean the Rainbows?
23. And 'Holy Smoke' the clouds?
24. Why does the Amazon have a big wide mouth?
25. Do undertakers do underhand work?
26. Has taxidermy anything to do with taxes or taxies?
27. Can stage actors be charged by the police for 'creating a bad scene'?
28. Can a heart break?
29. Can a thunder bolt?
30. Is 'he-man' the masculine of 'seaman'?
31. Can a dirty pig own a fine cat?
32. Can a crow crow?
33. Can an old fish fish her-ring?
34. Has a motor-car horns?
35. Can a Geometrician horizontalize thy perpendicularity?
36. Is Reno founded by Nero?
37. Can Mag make a pie with a magpie?
38. Does a cowslip cause snowdrops on a bird's foot?
39. "I found Jack in his 'diggings'" said John. Does it mean that Jack is digging a grave?
40. Is sea-elephant the feminine of he-elephant.



# In Honour of Chess

by J. H. Acott

WITH a great deal of twisting, turning, and upheaval of the brain I have set out to explain, in a style not wholly that of the Chess Association or whatever it is, the rules of that great game—Chess, or, as some people call it, Standwait, which being interpreted into the Language of the Loopy, means 'get bored waiting for the end'. That is, you sit and 'hum' and 'haw', and smoke cigars and drink whiskies while your opponent makes a move—or rather, while he considers making a move—with one of his men. Sometimes you leave the game and go to Bombay for a week's holiday and get back just in time to find that your opponent has decided to move his Bishop across the board.

Well, that's not explaining the rules of the game, so here goes.

But, one moment. Before we can start on that, we must know the origin of the game. This, its name flagrantly denotes. Chess is a word that has gradually been changed in its spelling. To cut a long explanation short, it was originally called 'Chest'. The reason for this name was because the man who invented it stuck out his chest and said, "Herewith, ye hairy lords and ladies, I have given to posterity a marvellous game, which will make millions thump their chests and say 'A blasted checkmate! Now, why didn't I work that move out more carefully?' etc., etc., and so forth and fifth.—"

Right, here goes.

The board must be placed so that a white square is left at the right hand end of the row nearest to each player. The two reasons for this are quite simple. Either the players can deposit their cigar end on these squares, or they can draw on it caricatures of each other's features.

The players draw lots for the first move. And therein lies a secret. If Brown draws in losing lot, he makes the first move to the liquor bar, followed closely by Green, who can drink any amount of whiskies at Brown's expense. Naturally, this rule has nothing to do with Chess.

Players move alternately. That doesn't mean that they move their Chess-men. Oh, no! It means that

first Brown shuffles his feet and then Green shuffles his feet. Brown puts out a hand towards one of his men and then draws it back. Green does the same after Brown. Brown coughs, and then Green coughs. Brown wags his ears, and then Green wags his ears. Brown says "How's your wife getting on, Green?" and Green says "How's your wife getting on, Brown?" You see what I mean? The players move alternately.

A player cannot touch one of his own men, and then take his hand off it again, without moving it. That constitutes a foul. It's also a foul if one player tries to touch the other player for a Five Rupee Note.

If one player calls out "Checkmate!" the other player says "I don't believe you, old man!" And then they argue for a week or two, and at the end of that time find that they're both wrong, and that they know nothing about the game.

If a player makes a false move, (that is, if he tries to creep away to the liquor bar while his opponent is not looking) his opponent can stop him and say, "You still owe me seven *chota* whiskies."

A game of Chess results in a draw:—

(a) If both players think they are playing Draughts instead of Chess.

(b) If both players resolve that 'Chess is a wash-out, anyway', and decide that it would be better to go and get drunk.

(c) If Brown says that Green is an ugly-looking blighter and Green says that he's never seen such a strange-looking insect in all his life as Brown. (In which case they have a fight.)

(d) If the game goes on for more than two years without either player having checkmated the other.

(e) If both players' wives come along to see why their husbands are staying out so late from home.

(f) If both players die of old age during the game.

(Continued on page 44)

# Wartime Memories—

by 'Chappie'

Illustrated by Seker

**D**URING the Great War I was employed on munition work, filling T. N. T. shell. After a few months of this work, my face, hands, hair, fingers and nails were coloured with a deep, yellow stain. Piece-work and all-night shifts were the order of the day. One night, a careless person was suspected of taking a smoke of tobacco whilst filling shell with high explosive. Result, the mortuary for himself and a few other poor souls, and my determination that an open-air existence was much healthier and safer for me.

Walking aimlessly in the direction of the racing and barrack village of Beverley, situated about eight miles from the seaport of Hull, I frequently paused to peruse large posters announcing to the world at large and especially the 'young and the free' that the only course for them to take was 'to join the army and see the world', and 'Your King and Country need you', etc. I was particularly interested in a poster requesting civilians to volunteer to work as special constables.

Candidates for the posts were requested to attend the Drill Hall in Beverley for interviews. I made my way there and was met at the door by a burly, over-aged sergeant of police. Eyeing me suspiciously from head to foot, he snapped:

"New laa'ad, whats thee want?"

Adopting a bold front, and what I fondly imagined to be a rustic air, I replied, "I understand that you require special constables in Beverley?"

To my question he replied with another "Wherst tha' cum fra' laad?"

"I come from Hull," I replied.

"Bain't tha' gannin' t'jin t'army?"

"I shall probably join the army when the War is over," I whispered inanely.

The sergeant gave a significant sniff and told me to pass through. After negotiating a dozen corridors and lifts, I was pushed by a bald-headed clerk into a long room. The room was literally full of doctors, soldiers, police, W. A. A. C's and Land-girls. Posters were plastered on every conceivable part of the walls and ceiling. Even the door-mat was stencilled with the words 'Thank you, all ye who enter here'. I came to the conclusion that I had been pushed into the recruiting office either by accident or design. A few civilians of approximately my own age, continually glanced in my direction in true amateur detective style,

Approaching them somewhat diffidently, I enquired if they were special constables. They replied that they were just being sworn in. After perusing the few references I had brought with me from Hull, the Superintendent swore us all in. I was given an arm badge, and our orders were to patrol the country lanes at night, and warn and assist everybody during air-raids. The 'Super' looked at me and asked me if I was feeling ill, as I looked so yellow. I patiently explained that I had been working amongst T.N.T. and that the yellowness of my complexion was not due to the thoughts of patrolling country lanes.

A few days before, Zeppelins had paid a visit to and dropped a few shells on Hull. The 'Super' ordered us to keep a sharp look-out for more 'Zeps'. I thought this rather a tall order, and I asked him if we were expected to spot 'Zeps' before they arrived at Beverley. The 'Super', after indulging in a few terse sentences regarding country half-wits and people with bad eyesight, issued each of us with a pair of night-glasses. We were also informed that to all intents and purposes we held the same powers as a regular 'cop'. It was our duty to prevent any breaches of the peace, arrest loiterers, poachers and courting couples, stray dogs and beasts of the field, and foreigners on sight. I cautiously asked the 'Super' if misdemeanour was a suspected person too. Raising his eyebrows nearly over his head, he asked me what I meant. Innocently I again enquired what Miss Demeanour was suspected of, and after all who she was? The 'Super's' face went from its natural ruddy spate to a mottled, lobster-like imitation of apoplexy. Stuttering and spluttering, he at last managed to emit a few choice anti-peaceful epithets. I was cowed, but I mollified him somewhat by proclaiming my ignorance with law terms. I am sure the 'Super' was a trooper before he joined the Force.

Sunday night. The musical chimes of the bells of Beverley Minster were re-echoing over the country-side. With my arm-badge proclaiming my profession, and my slouch and slouch-hat disclaiming it, I tried to emulate the dreaded emissaries of Pinkertons. I fancied myself a Sherlock Holmes and Sexton Blake rolled up into one. The shades of night were falling fast, and as I wended my pompous way past the Minster, I could faintly hear the haunting melody of a popular war-hymn. All the church doors were closed and the windows cloaked to prevent the lights attracting hostile air-craft.

Rain began to drizzle, and unfortunately I had not been supplied with a cape. Leaving the Minster and the village behind me, I penetrated deeper into the country lanes. A few farm-houses were lighted with feeble,

flickering oil-lamps. The drizzle now became a heavy downpour. Sheltering under a very leaky tree, I smoked a couple of cigarettes and began speculating whether T. N. T. was not preferable to patrolling dark lanes as a special 'cop'. At last the rain ceased, and I continued my way and vigil of suppressing evil-doers. Just before mid-night, I was awaiting the arrival of the sergeant to report, when I heard quick, light footsteps approaching. Stepping back into the deepest shadow of the lane, I waited for whoever it was, to approach. At last the mid-night-walker came abreast of me. I shot out my arm and grabbed a shoulder. There was a shuddering, a frenzied scream and a whirl of skirts followed by swiftly receding footsteps. I was far too flabbergasted to give chase. By the time I had recovered my presence of mind, the vision had disappeared. Half-an-hour later, heavy footsteps announced the arrival of the sergeant and my relief. He enquired if any thing untoward had happened. I replied that all had been as quiet as the grave. He remarked that it was very strange, because a young lady had just reported that she had been molested by a man who looked strangely like a Chinaman. Hadn't I seen any suspicious persons hanging around? I told him that I had not. The sergeant then told me that the young lady was probably romancing, as she had been suffering with St. Vitus Dance for the last few years. I shuddered, heartily wished my relief good-night, and returned to the station with the sergeant. I slept in the police-station that night, wishing that I had never been sworn in as a special constable.

For a week or so there was nothing to report. Then one Monday night about 10-15 p. m. I was passing a farm-house which was shrouded in darkness. Hearing a suspicious scuffling and a muffled cough, I called out for whoever it was to stand. Scrambling through the fence I rushed in the direction of the sound. I could

just make out the dark form of someone bending over a chicken-coop. Grabbing him, I ordered him to come quietly. Suddenly he straightened up, and simultaneously something soft and feathery was flung full into my face and eyes with all the force of a strong right arm. Before I could recover sufficiently to give fight, my assailant had disappeared. Wondering what on earth had struck me, I stooped down and picked up the object. Gingerly feeling it, I found that it was a full-sized cockerel with a wrung neck. I realized then that I surprised a hen-poacher. His reward was my defeat. I could have wept from sheer shame. I felt that to report such an incident to the 'Super' would only bring ridicule and a lecture on 'how to tackle suspects' in its train. So I dug a small hole with a stick and buried the feathered cause of my remorse. I watched that hen-coop for weeks afterwards, but Mr. Poacher must have decided to venture further afield.

Up to the present, neither fame nor even an arrest had come my way. I was getting desperate. I would have arrested a stray cow. My greatest triumph, however, was still to come. Had I known what was coming, perhaps I would not have achieved it. One foggy night in September, I was ordered to keep special watch on a certain farm-house. The owner had reported that several of his mares had been knife-slashed during the night. I was given a baton and a lamp and ordered to stay for a month in wait for the slasher, if necessary.

For this special job I came on duty from 10 p.m. till 4 a.m. Nothing happened for the first few nights,



Plucking up all the courage I possessed and drawing my baton.....

and I came to the conclusion that my efforts would prove a frost.

At about 2 a.m. one morning I was dozing in a ditch. Suddenly I was petrified with amazement to hear the neighing of a horse, evidently in great pain. The fiend had got through while I was dozing. Crawling from the ditch through a hedge into the field, I went on all fours in the direction of the neighing. Suddenly about five yards ahead of me I could see another form creeping. Plucking up all the courage I possessed and drawing my baton, I leapt on the other's back. I brought the baton down on his head with terrific force. A sickening thud and silence followed. Turning him over, I was amazed to find that it was the farmer who had made the complaints regarding the slashing. My heart sank. I had laid him out cold. I came to the conclusion that the farmer had himself spotted the slasher and was following him. I had mistaken him for the slasher. I sat down on the grass in despair. Suddenly I had a brain-wave, and immediately acting on it, I searched the farmer. My hunch was correct. He had two large, sharp carving-knives in his pockets. I realized that I caught him red-handed attempting to maim his own cattle.

I slung him over my shoulder and made my way to the main road and the police station. Dumping him on the floor of the station, I excitedly claimed to have caught the slasher. The sergeant scoffed and dryly remarked that in all probability I would be charged with assault. When I produced the knives, the sergeant's face and manner underwent a remarkable change. He questioned me very carefully and at last seemed satisfied. After the police surgeon had tended to the farmer's cracked head, he was put inside a cell until the next day.

A great sensation was caused when the farmer was later charged at the East Riding Quarter Sessions. I was commended. The farmer was subsequently found guilty but insane. There was, however, some doubt, as to whether the farmer was insane before or after I had hit him.

A few days later I tendered my resignation as a member of the Special Constabulary and returned to Hull to seek a berth with at least a few less dark lanes and madmen and women.

THE END

## In Honour of Chess—(Continued from page 41)

A game is won by a player:—

- (a) If he has the better vocabulary of swear-words.
- (b) If he can sit down the longest without getting corns—not on his feet.
- (c) If he can say 'Hum, Haw!' thirty-six times before each move.
- (d) If his mind is not troubled by thoughts of an angry wife waiting for him at home with a rolling pin, with which to strike him on the occiput.
- (e) If he has thirteen children. (That's a sign of good luck.)
- (f) If he grows a longer beard than his opponent during the game.

I don't think I can do better than to give you an account of the most exciting game of Chess I ever had. Perhaps you don't think it exciting; but then, you most probably know nothing of this intricate game.

Smith and I sat down to the game in January, 1928. And I won the right to move first.

"Smith," said I, "I have often considered it a blessing that I never got married."

"And I, too," said Smith, in a thankful tone. "A wife retards one's progress, I think."

"And they usually want, I believe, everything that a poor husband can't afford to give them. And if he has a glass of beer once a year, I believe they say, 'Oh you filthy drunkard! Wasting our hard earned money'."

"Yes," said Smith. "By the way, do you find that your false teeth keep better in a glass of water at night or hung up on the bed-post by a bit of string?"

"Personally," I said, "I always keep mine under my pillow, and the reason for this is obvious. If a thief sneaks in and tries to steal your purse from under your pillow, he gets bitten in the hand by your faithful teeth."

"Excellent!" said Smith. "I'd never thought of that. Oh, I was talking to Brown the other day, and he told me that his wife had had quadruplets!"

"Good Lord!" I said.

"Exactly," said Smith. "That makes the Brown family sixteen!"

"I hear," I put in, "that that fool Green has got married?"

"Yes," said Smith. "His wife has been a widow thirteen times, weighs two-hundred and ninety-five pounds, and has a moustache."

"Phew!" I said.

"Yes," said Smith. "And she cuts his tobacco ration down to one ounce a fortnight."

Well, to cut a long story short, the game was declared a draw in January, 1929.

# The Poor Burglar —

by R. K. Narayan Swami

THE entry of a burglar into a house at night has always struck me as something that establishes the supremacy of the human will; the triumph of human mind over window-bars, and bolts, and bricks, if I may put it bluntly. Whenever a burglar is slandered, I at once throw out a challenge: let anyone enter my house when I have shut and bolted the doors. I shall permit this person to conduct his operations under better conditions than those usually enjoyed by burglars. I shall guarantee him non-interference from the police; and I shall give him any other facility that he may desire, except, of course, supplying house-breaking implements. If my friend succeeds in getting into my house and taking the smallest article that is of value to a receiver of stolen property, I shall then acknowledge him as my superior in wisdom and allow him to keep his booty as a memento.

I am very sorry to note that the burglar is a victim of so much of prejudice and narrow judgement. For tact, industry, and courage, if there is any profession that is equal to burglary, I should like to know what it is. The vision of a seer, the nerve of a steeple-jack, and the alertness of a stag—this is how I would describe a burglar's make-up.

Entering a stranger's house at midnight! The hour is dark, the plan of the house is unknown, the dog is unchained, the door is shut and bolted. And above all, there is the policeman, a person who is paid to interfere with your plans. The burglar is really a superman. The window-bars are made of cast-iron, but they bend like willow when he touches them. The walls are made of concrete and bricks; but what of it? He has only to stand before any wall, and at his breath the concrete crumbles and the bricks slide away. The burglar is now inside the house. From this point it is a great gamble. He has come into this room after pushing away bricks and bending iron bars. Yet, for all this, the only movable property here may be a broom or an old newspaper. You and I, in such a situation, would have been dismayed, and retraced our steps with bowed heads. But a burglar is not made that way. If this room has only a broom, there must be another room which must yield at least a bronze tumbler. And so he moves on to another part of the house. And, sir, it is not as easy as it sounds. He must take care not to walk on sleepers. He must be careful not to knock over vases and other noisy or breakable things. I know a burglar who owes his eighteen months to a large bronze vessel kept for ornament in the drawing room. It had rings on the sides and was placed on a narrow stand, and the burglar, in passing, brushed against it and the rings started clanging, and when he tried to stop it, the vessel fell down with a wail and shouted and woke up the household. Another burglar

that I know, received his eleventh conviction through stepping on the master of the house.

Through all this peril, the burglar reaches the important trunk or safe. Needless to say, it will be locked, and the key will be with the master of the house. But then who wants the key? Only an imbecile would ask for a key to open a lock. We might almost say at this point that the burglar has reached the end of his mission. The hour has come for the silver vessels, jewellery, and coins, to change their home. And with this transfer the burglar's work in the house is over, unless of course, he is the sort to care for heavy vessels and clothes, which is all easy work.

All this is done not at one's leisure, but in a race with time. The cock may crow and wake the early riser, or it might be the hour of home-coming of some member of the house, or the feeding time of some loud baby may be near at hand, and so on and so forth.

I have touched only upon the burglar's nerve, sharpness, and other innate gifts. It is not alone for possessing these qualities that he deserves our praise. I like him for his industry also. I doubt very much if he rests on Sundays. He has to attend to his work, sacrificing his sleep. He works all night, a work that drains all the nervous energy in a man. He returns home early in the morning, weary, carrying a heavy load single-handed.

The burglar's work has its own social value. The burglar serves three purposes in society:—

(1) The policeman owes his rice and curry to him.

(2) The burglar renews our things for us. But for his energetic work we would keep a thing till mould formed on it.

(3) When our old things are gone, we buy them anew. It is admitted by modern economists that spending is a sound way to prosperity. Silver and copper-smiths, piece-goods merchants, and others sell more and more of their goods. Thus the burglar keeps trade and industry alive.

For all this reason I feel that the burglar deserves a far happier status than what he enjoys at present. We must all learn to treat him with more sympathy and consideration.

THE END

# The Two Lame Men

by Joe D'cruz

Illustrated by Sekar

TARACHAND, a wealthy diamond merchant was seated in his office situated in Sheik Memon Street attending to his correspondence, assisted by his personal secretary Tulsidas, who was also affianced to his daughter, Leila. After some time, Tarachand was heard to answer a telephone call, "Hello, Hello! Yes, I'm Tarachand"—and after a little silence, Tarachand was heard to say, "Yes, that's settled. I'll be there, certain," and with this he hung up the receiver, and started rubbing both the palms of his hands gleefully.

"Any good news, sir?" asked Tulsidas, looking up from one his papers.

"Yes, Tulsidi, I've struck a good bargain for to-night."

"Bargain for to-night?" repeated the bewildered Tulsidi, "I don't quite understand you, sir."

"Oh! you silly boy; you will soon understand. Bring me those diamonds from the safe." He handed Tulsidi the key of the safe. Tulsidi obeyed, and took out a small steel box and placed it on the table before Tarachand, who selected a key and opening the box, removed a small velvet bag. It contained some valuable diamonds. "Well, Tulsidi, this is the bargain, which I've been speaking about." He displayed the beautiful diamonds on the table. Just then the door opened, and a short man with a limp in his right leg, walked right up to the table.

"Hello! Shanker, you here! I thought you were in Madras." Tarachand thus addressed the newcomer.

"Yes I was, and I just returned to Bombay, and thought of giving you a look-up before I go home." But all the while his eyes were glued to the diamonds. "By the way, what's the big idea?" he asked nodding at the diamonds.

"Oh, nothing, just a bargain for to-night," replied Tarachand.

"And a big bargain, too," commented Shanker, his eyes still on the diamonds. "Be careful, old man, this is not a thing to fool with," and with this he turned to go.

"Oh, I am always careful," answered Tarachand, staring at the former till the door closed behind him. "You know Tulsidi, I detest this fellow Shanker. He is the biggest cheat I've known."

"Then why didn't you put the diamonds away, when he came in?"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of him. I told you I've made a good bargain. Well, a certain party who doesn't wish his name to be disclosed at present, wishes to purchase the diamonds from me, and has asked me to bring

them over to his place to-night, and I will settle the affair personally."

"But why can't you call this party to our office and settle it here," insisted Tulsidi, "instead of your taking such a risk?"

"Yes it is a risk, but you need not fear in this case," and Tarachand dismissed the subject.

Leila was out motoring that evening. She came across Tulsidas walking along the Sandhurst Bridge, looking very gloomy. At the sight of him she stopped the car, and he doubled up to her, saying, "Oh Leila, I'm so glad to have met you just when I was thinking where I would find you."

"But why all this gloom on your face? Are you ill, Tulsidi?"

"No, not ill, but I'm worried about your father."

"Worried about my father!"

"Yes, Leila, he is going out with the diamonds in his pocket, to dispose of them to some party, whose name he would not disclose to me. You know this is such a risky business. I persuaded him to settle this affair in our office, but he would not have it."

Leila listened quietly and then said, "Very well, Tulsidi, do not worry. I'll go straight home, and try to persuade him to abandon this bargain till to-morrow morning."

"And I hope you will succeed," said Tulsidi, trying to look cheerful.

Leila, after leaving Tulsidi, drove straight home, where she found her father sitting as usual in his arm-chair.

"Father," began the girl, "will you do me a favour if I should ask you?"

"Well, what is it, Leila? Have I refused you any?"

"No, you haven't, and I hope you won't this time."

"Out with it," said the father playfully.

"Father, you must not go out to-night—"

But before the sentence could be finished, Tarachand almost jumped to his feet, half in rage and half in surprise.

"It is that fool Tulsidi at the back of this!" cried Tarachand in a rage.

"But father," began Leila coaxingly, "see the risk you are taking."

"Don't you worry, my child, there is nothing to fear."

"Anyway," persisted Leila, "won't you tell me the party's name?"

"No child, I've promised to keep it a secret for the time being, so do not question me any more."

At about nine o'clock, Tarachand rang the bell for his servant Rama, who limped in to answer the call; and this servant Rama was also lame in the right leg.

"Rama! Serve the dinner," ordered Tarachand; and with a 'Very well, sir' Rama trotted back.

About nine o'clock the same evening, one Mr. Gole, a private detective, was strolling along the Buleshwar

Road with a newspaper under his arm, when a figure which seemed to be in a great hurry, almost threw him off his balance, causing the paper to fall off from under his arm. After picking up the paper he glanced back and just saw a limping figure disappear into a building. After muttering an oath, Gole resumed his walk.

At about eleven o'clock that night Tarachand left his home at Peddar Road and was seen walking towards Chowpatty. When he entered a bye-lane, a limping figure that was crouching in one of the doorways followed Tarachand for some distance, drew out a long sharp blade from under his coat and struck him in the back. Tarachand turned back trying to grasp the assailant, but fell back dead. The lame man then began to fumble in the dead man's pocket in search of something. Finding nothing, he disappeared into the shadows and vanished.

A police patrol who happened to pass that way about an hour later, saw the dead body, and a walking-stick close by. A card on the murdered person made his identification easy.

Early next morning the sad news was broken to Leila, who was inconsolable. She narrated the story of the diamonds, and how she persuaded her father to postpone the business for the next morning, and how her father was determined to put through the deal. Tulsidas too told the police all he knew, beginning with the telephone message and the appearance of Shanker who limped in the office, and admitted so far as he knew, Shanker and himself were the only persons who had seen the diamonds. The Police Inspector then asked Tulsidas, "Have you ever seen Shanker before?"

.....drew out a long sharp blade from under his coat and.....



"No, I've never seen him. Last morning was the first time I saw him."

"Could you identify him if you saw him?"

"Yes, very easily, by his lame walk. Have you found the diamonds?" asked Tulsidasi anxiously.

"No, we haven't," replied the Inspector.

The morning papers were full of this murder. One full page was crammed with the late Tarachand's career etc.

No sooner had Detective Gole's eyes scanned the paper than he was half way to Leila's house, as he was acquainted with her father. He sympathised with her and promised to help her. "Will you give me a free hand, Miss Leila, in this case?"

"Why, certainly," replied Leila. "You can do what you like, but bring the murderer to justice."

"Very well, but I must go and see Mr. Tulsidas, and see what I can learn from him."

At this point Mr. Tulsidas entered. Mr. Gole turned to him. "Do you mind repeating all you know about this affair?"

"Yes, certainly, Mr. Gole," and Tulsidasi told the whole story over again.

"You say this Shanker limps in the right leg, like this, eh?" and he tried to imitate.

"Yes, exactly," said Tulsidasi.

At this stage, Rama the servant, limped in with some tea on the tray, and Gole's eyes were fixed on his walk, but he said nothing. While his thoughts ran back to the previous night's incident, when a similar lame man bumped into him and disappeared into one of the buildings in a great hurry.

An hour later, Mr. Gole sought the permission of the Police Inspector Mr. Desai, and made thorough investigation of the exact place where the dead body was found. With a grunt of dissatisfaction he was about to leave, when he saw a tiny object half covered with dust, and picked it up. It was a key of a wrist-watch. This he carefully put into his purse, and with a smile of satisfaction he trotted back to the police station, and there he asked to see all the belongings of the dead man. Amongst them was the wrist watch, on examining which he found the key intact.

Next day Gole saw Miss Leila.

"Well, how long has Rama been in your service?"

"Why, Mr. Gole, do you suspect him?" inquired Leila.

"You see, Miss Leila, we detectives suspect everybody in the beginning, till we get the right man."

"So you wish to search him, Mr. Gole?"

"Yes, with your permission."

"You have mine," replied Leila, and Gole did not wait for another moment.

He descended to the servants' quarters, where he saw Rama seated, deeply meditating. He almost jumped when he saw Gole enter his room so unexpectedly.

"Well, Rama, what makes you start?"

"Nothing, sir, I was just dozing when you walked in."

"Oh, that is all right, Rama. But what is the time now?"

Rama absent-mindedly pulled his watch out of one of his coat pockets. But it was too late. Gole immediately snatched the watch from his hand. On seeing the key missing, he took out the key from his purse, inserted it in the missing place and it fitted to the T. At this, the helpless Rama began to tremble, and Gole had him handcuffed before he could utter a word, much to the surprise of Leila, who had followed Gole and was watching the proceedings.

At the Police Station Rama confessed that he had murdered Mr. Tarachand at the instructions of his master, one Ramchander, a notorious crook hunted by the police, and it was he, (Ramchander) who had telephoned to Tarachand that morning to bring the diamonds in the night, and had deputed Rama to murder him on the way and remove the diamonds from his pocket. But Rama did not find any diamonds. Then where were the diamonds?

Mr. Gole then asked the police to show him all the belongings of the deceased once more, and he picked up the walking stick and toyed with it for a few seconds. Then he gave a slight twist on the handle and began to unscrew it, and from the hollow of the stick, shook the diamonds on the table.

THE END

Three Men and a Lunatic—(Continued from page 8)

Sniggering and giggling maliciously, he turned on the record. It was the one he had played first.....

It was not a song. Someone was reciting. Speaking...  
"Come on, boys. Let's get on with our discussion. Time's flying. We must decide, before....."

Burton leapt snarling to his feet, his hand darting to his hip-pocket.

"A dictaphone! What bloody fools he's made of us!"

"Stick up your hands!" barked the lunatic in a hard, uncompromising voice. "And you two, as well!" The automatic had reappeared in his hand and was covering Burton unwaveringly.

"One move from any of you," he promised incisively, "and I shoot to kill. There's enough evidence here to hang you, Burton, and put you two away for several years. It won't be long now!"

The train was slowing down. The dictaphone spoke relentlessly on.....

Inspector Bramley was waiting for them with a couple of constables at Kalyan.

"You see," observed Govindrao grimly, "he's popped up again!"

"Good work, Venkat my boy!" cried the Inspector, as he shook hands with the erstwhile lunatic. "You'll get promotion for this—with me!"

"Bramley!" snarled Burton, as the handcuffs were locked on his wrists. "Bramley, where the hell did you recruit this object from—the stage? I had mentally labelled our little party 'Three Men and a Lunatic'. But it's been a case of 'Three Lunatics and a—'!"

He ended with a regrettably bad word.

But then Burton, a cold-blooded murderer, was destined for a regrettably bad end himself.

# "Topsy Turvy" Competition

## RESULTS

The Correct Solution is:

- |         |          |          |         |         |
|---------|----------|----------|---------|---------|
| 1. TING | 3. NOG   | 5. LEAVE | 7. DOUT |         |
| 2. PORT | 4. VOILE | 6. TOR   | 8. TAG  | 9. FAKE |

No Competitor submitted an all-correct solution. Hence the first prize of Rs. 125 has been shared among 3 readers who sent in solutions with one error. Each gets Rs. 41-11-0

First Prize Winners:

1. R. Subramaniam Pillai, Tirupapuliyur.
2. L. A. Rao, D-2, S.I. Buildings,  
Matunga, G.I.P.
3. G. W. Gozmao, Naduvatam P.O. N.G.S.

The following 15 Readers having submitted entries with two errors share the second prize of Rs. 75 each getting Rs. 5

Second Prize Winners:

- |                                                |                                            |
|------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| (1-2) Miss M. Joseph,<br>Madras.               | (7-8) V. J. Nagaswami,<br>Trichinopoly.    |
| (3-4) R. Subramaniam Pillai,<br>Tirupapuliyur. | (9) K. Krishnaswami Iyer,<br>Secunderabad. |
| (5) R. T. Velu,<br>Vandipalayam.               | (10-13) L. A. Rao,<br>Matunga.             |
| (6) R. Sarojini,<br>Madura.                    | (14-15) G. W. Gozmao,<br>Naduvatam, P. O.  |

The prize amounts will be sent on 18-6-35

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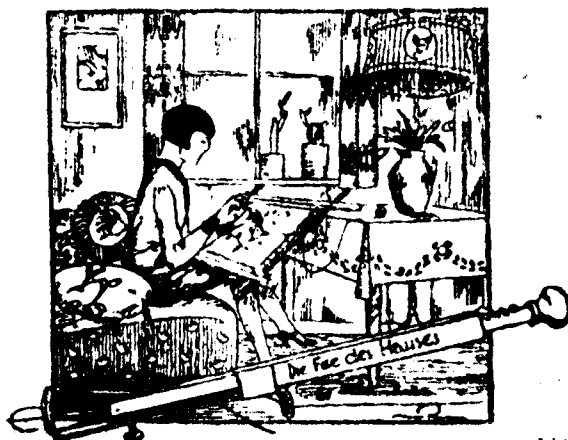
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The first is already completed for you—"T" for "Tap" making TRIM, the right  
answer. Solve the other eight similarly.

**THIS SET ONLY**

**CLOSING DATE 3-7-35**

**RULES AND CONDITIONS**

| Form "FOURS"  |  |      |
|---------------|--|------|
| 1 nice        |  | RIM  |
| 2 part of Sun |  | OCK  |
| 3 machine     |  | END  |
| 4 animal      |  | B AR |
| 5 strip       |  | BAR  |
| 6 position    |  | POS  |
| 7 Speed       |  | RA E |
| 8 omit        |  | S IP |
| 9 quiet       |  | ULL  |

EDITOR,

FORM "FOURS" Competition, The Merry Magazine, 1-2/140, Broadway, Madras.

Solutions must be written *only on the coupon on next page*. All entries must be received by the last post on 3-7-35. 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. Employees of 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:—

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4. ....
5. ....
6. ....
7. ....
8. ....
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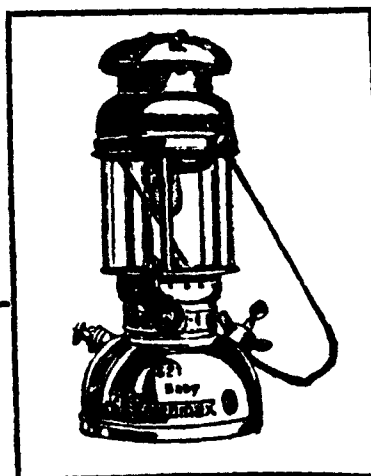
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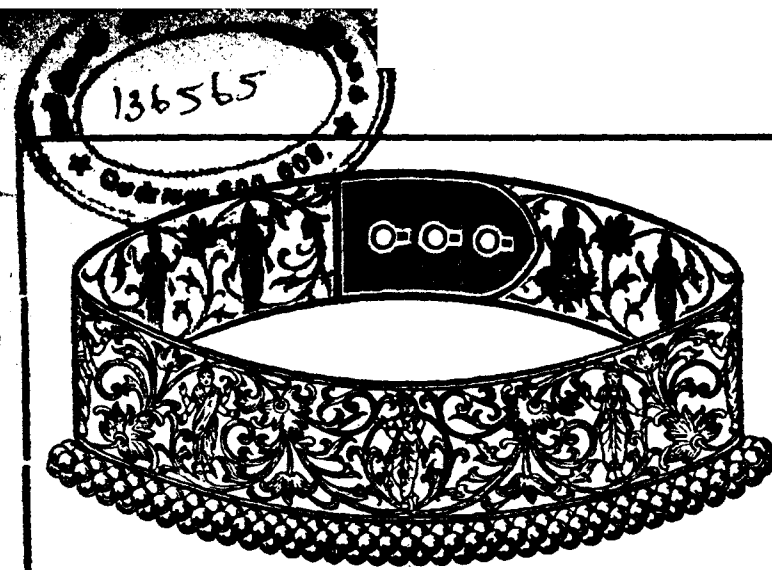
Substitute one letter for each dash to get the given meanings.

| No. | WORDS.      | MEANINGS.           | No. | WORDS.        | MEANINGS.                        |
|-----|-------------|---------------------|-----|---------------|----------------------------------|
| 1   | S P R — N G | Come into existence | 6   | G R A — —     | Place...(1st 5 letters only)     |
| 2   | C E — S E   | Put an end to       | 7   | P R I V — — Y | Secrecy                          |
| 3   | D E S — R T | Barren place        | 8   | G A —         | Series of...(1st 3 letters only) |
| 4   | F E — — —   | One of the.....     | 9   | T R — — —     | Beam                             |
| 5   | B — F F     | Buffet              | 10  | Q U — I N T   | Unusual                          |

N.B.—Ref. Chambers XX Century Dictionary and all forms are treated as direct. A, An, Any, The, To, are omitted in the beginning of the clues. Bracketted words are not used. Words No. 6 and 8 are of more than 5 and 3 letters, but only the first 5 in word No. 6 and the first 3 in word No. 8 are to be given. Entries on plain paper. Fees by M. O. or Crossed Indian Postal Orders. Results will be published in THE RAINBOW of the 9th July, which will be sent to those sending 2 As. stamps with entries. Manager's decision is final. Prizes will not be reduced. Address all your entries and fees to:

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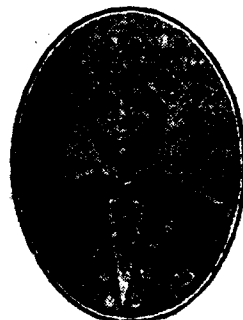
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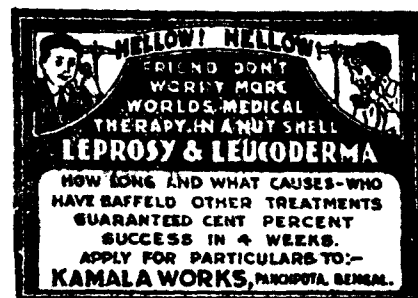
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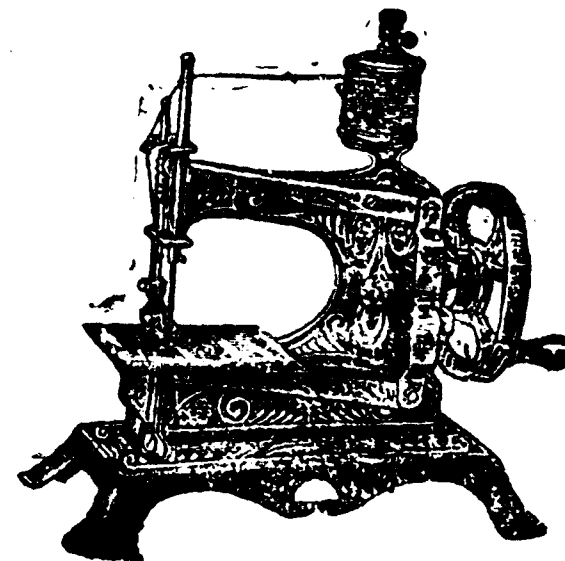
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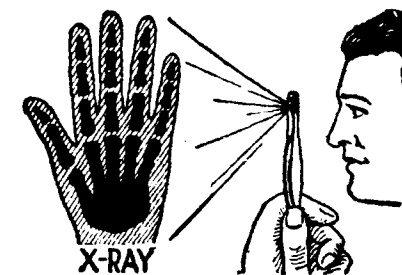
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