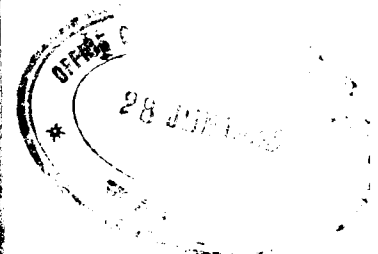


THE ANGELS' DRAWING-ROOM

THE
MERRY
MAGAZINE



Vol. III Madras, 29 June '35 No. 26

Chattopadhyaya

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THE
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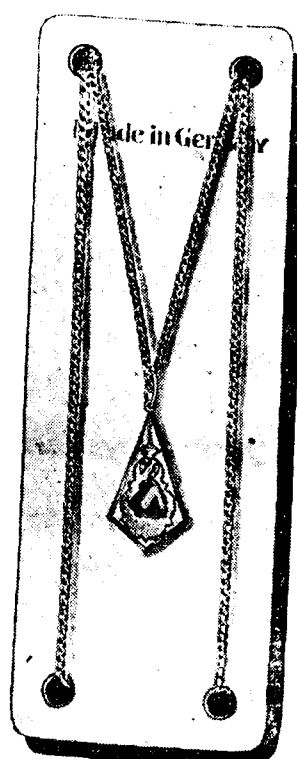
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MERRY MAGAZINE

MADRAS, JUNE 29, 1935

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HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

The Noses I Love

Poets have immortalised almost every part of the human body—downy cheeks, coral lips, dimpled chins, 'alabaster' shoulders, limpid eyes,—er—brawny arms. But noses, no. The poetic Muse is here invoked to that noble end.

'RAM'

Two master crooks in a war of wits. Switches snicked off, shadows lurking behind curtains, daggers, corpses and other pleasant things.

'EMBUSQUE'

Greenwich, the chronometer of the world, guides the world. Has it ever checked up a courtesan's fairy story and befriended a widow? It has.

C. VENKATRAMANI

Fools rush in where wise men (not necessarily angels) fear to tread.

A one-week Competition
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• Next Week: Joyfull on Memsahibs •

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

A BERLIN news-item says that Herr Torgler who was in prison in connection with the Reichstag Fire trial has been released, and that he has renounced Communism.

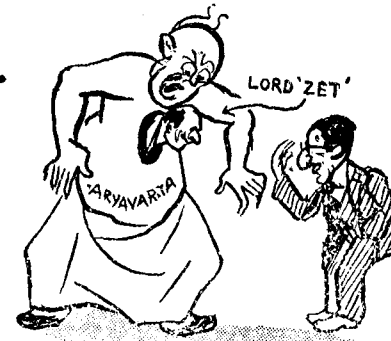
We cannot, however, vouch for the accuracy of the sequence above indicated.

'Senator Huey Long made a speech in the Senate lasting 15½ hours. He had to stop because his voice left him.'

We are glad to note that he has retained his name!

Hailing the appointment of Lord Zetland as India Secretary, the Dewan of Mysore is reported to have said: "We all know how he found his way into the 'Heart of Aryavarta'."

And after his first speech as Secretary of State, we also know how he found his way into the heart of the Tories.



Incidentally, it shows how much more easily Office has found him out!

Reuter says that Lord Carson who was seriously ill 'has made an astonishing recovery'.

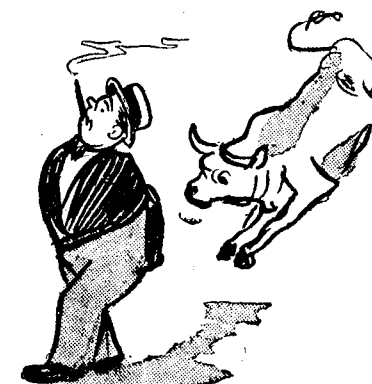
We don't wonder: for is he not the prince of Die-hards?

"Indian Income-tax Law. Need for Reform." By an Income-Tax Expert. Expert in what?—Paying or evading?

From a description of the Alder-shot Tattoo: "Under the enormous floodlights, Rushmore arena appeared like a gigantic billiards table..."

Cannon-play was however not much in evidence.

Referring to the European community in India, Mr. Bower says that they are living in a fool's paradise, and do not realise what is coming to them.



This is our own private view of the safeguards provided for them in the new constitution.

The rumour of Sir R. K. Shanmugam Chetti's appointment as Deputy-Governor of the Reserve Bank is discounted in authoritative quarters.

We are sorry to withdraw our felicitations to—Cochin.

Addressing a public meeting on the sins of the Congress, he is reported to have said: "The great galaxy of stars of the first magnitude who were shining in the political firmament of the country went behind Mr. Jinnah's coat-tails, like the rats in the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin' into the lobby."

We don't wonder that his metaphors are as mixed as his politics.

He is particularly anxious to know if Congressmen will accept office.

It is however certain that they will not waive it in his favour!



We are in a position to state that Dewan Bahadur Ramaswamy Mudaliar has very nearly recovered from his Assembly defeat.

"Mr. Macdonald relaxed for the first time in six years, sitting reposedly on the 'Treasury Bench' with eyes half-closed."

We understand that he is trying gradually to make them wide-open.

Another conference of the Justice Party leaders was held in the Variety Hall Theatre at Coimbatore.

We were however disappointed to find that the proceedings were, as usual, monotonous.

In the Dail, an opposition speaker taunted the Government of Mr. De Valera with not knowing a cow from a bullock.



If so, we think it must be due to the excessive prevalence of Irish bulls.

From an account of the Kent Tennis championship: "Mrs. Wills-Moody thereupon removed her coat for the first time since her arrival in England, and went ahead with a lead of 4-2."—The Hindu.

Though she fared no better ultimately, we hope she at least felt better.

Commenting on the decision of the Privy Council upholding the right of Dominions to abolish appeals to it, the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian writes: "The effect of it is that legally the British Empire has ceased to exist."

This adds another to the distinctions of the jubilee year.



THE EDITOR HIS PAGE

MONTHLY PRIZE

Contributors to these pages, also the readers, will remember that I announced an offer of a fifty-rupee prize on 25-5-'35 for the best contribution published in this magazine every month. The relevant portion of the conditions governing this offer is extracted below for the benefit of those contributors who may have missed the particular number containing the announcement.

"Commencing from June, I am awarding Rs. 50/- for the best short story of the month published in this Magazine. Contributors to *The Merry* in a given month will form the panel of judges for selecting the best short story published in that particular month. The story which the most number of judges adjudicate as the best (each barring his own, of course) of the month will get the prize.

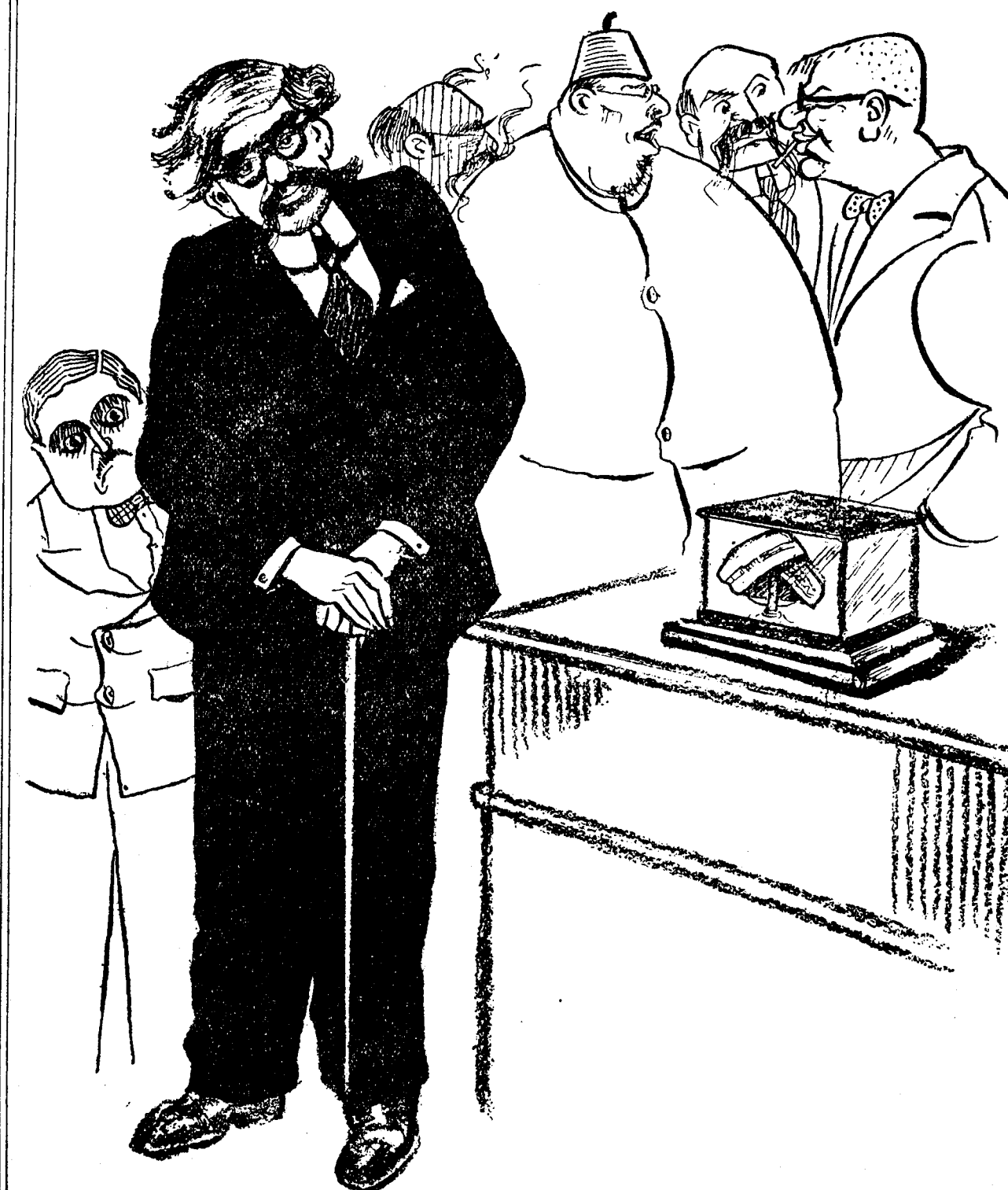
Persons in the various departments of the *Merry Magazine* and its sister publications are not permitted to compete for this prize."

This issue is the last one for this month. I invite all contributors in this month to co-operate with me by sparing a little time from their other engagements and send me a line before 15-7-'35, voting for the best story published in June.

My idea in requesting contributors to adjudicate is to avoid any possible misunderstanding and keep my end of the business above board. The task I am setting my friends is a bit unusual; but to ensure a blameless result, this appears to be the best way out.

* * *

I notice that some contributors are marking their manuscripts sent to me as entries for 'monthly literary competition'. I would repeat, this prize-offer, though it holds good for some months ahead, is not a competition so called. It is only a little encouragement offered to contributors, so that they may put forth a little extra effort for their favourite magazine, and incidentally to induce shy literary talent to discard its 'bushel'.



FUTURIST ART

Our 'Ramsay' and his Cabinet

Following in the wake of his British namesake, Dn. Br. A. Ramaswami Mudaliar, Avl., wants a 'national' Government for us. This has spurred our Artist to put himself into a trance, peep into the womb of future and produce a picture of our 'Ramsay' with his Cabinet. One wonders what the Congress will *then* do, considering the very 'large' support the 'government' will have behind it!

The Angels' Drawing Room

It is my faith yon sky of gloom
Which poets have, since ancient times,
Described as holy in their rhymes,
Is but a modern drawing room.

A drawing room where angels meet
And have a social time of it;
The fox-trot of the Infinite
Is danced by them on nimble feet

Angels, without a touch of taint,
Come walking in as though by stealth
And start to drink each other's health,—
Angels of powder, snow and paint!

O Love! those lonely myriad stars
Bearing whose weight all heaven bends,
Are but the lit and fiery ends
Of high, superior cigars.

And to be honest, I believe
That evening mists demurely curled
Above our little wondering world
Are smoke they give off every eve.

It is my faith that yonder sky
Is just a merry drawing room:
The tower of silence, pyre or tomb
Will lead us to it, by and by!

P o e m b y H a r i n d r a n a t h C h a t t o p a d h y a y a

All's Well with the World

by 'Jan'

Drawing by C. Joachim

SINCE the break of this year of Grace, Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-Five, things have been happening which but a few months ago we might have termed as little short of the wildest speculations. For one thing, the weather has been remarkably clement and, but for a couple of cold spells and a few hundred heat waves, we have so far had nothing to complain about. Moreover, there have been no cyclones or land-slides. Only one earthquake shock; and that is some consolation. (N.B. I'm speaking for and on behalf of the ordinary man in the street, not for Press Photographers, News Agencies and International Newsreel Companies.)

Financially too our position is secure. Our Budget is balanced, and though we journalists are rather disappointed over our still having to pay eighteen pence to have an MS returned to us, we don't grumble. We are prepared to sacrifice something for the public good. And let us not forget the Income Tax cut and the reduction in the duties on Salt and Raw Hides—genuine proofs of the soundness of our country's finances. Then too, there is the establishment of the Reserve Bank. If this is not a sure sign of prosperity around the corner, I don't know what is.

Business in India has greatly improved during the past few weeks, thanks to the Budget and the Reserve Bank and a host of other favourable factors. The important thing to bear in mind is that business being now definitely on the upswing, something must be done to keep it going up and up and up. The question is, what? I know. You agree that the present trade revival is in a great measure due to the confidence inspired into our businessmen by our properly balanced Budget and our



.....balancing on his bare head a black board.....

Reserve Bank. Well then, listen: Suppose a fellow—preferably a member of the Legislative Assembly—was commissioned to make a complete tour through India, balancing on his bare head a black-board on which were chalked out all the details of our balanced Budget. (N.B. Reductions in Income Tax and in duties on Salt, Raw Hides etc., underlined in red.) What then? Why, this trade revival which is now only confined to the larger cities, would soon spread to the lesser ones and to the provinces. How is that for a start? Something on similar lines could be done about the Reserve Bank. A free distribution of share-certificates by a fleet of cross-countrying aeroplanes would not be a bad idea. It would undoubtedly put both the Bank and the country on a fundamentally sound financial position.

Ah, I know what your objections are. You say that a mere improvement of trade in India will not carry us far or last long, that trade revival must be universal if it has to be lasting. The very thing, I admit. In fact I was just coming to it myself. The flaw in your very intelligent argument, my good friend, is that you haven't made sufficient allowance for my intelligence. You rush to conclusions without waiting for me to conclude. Patience, man, and I will unfold my plans.

What I am trying to drive at is that if a thing is possible in India it is also possible in other countries. Of course this business-boosting campaign need not everywhere take the shape of balanced budgets and scattered share-certificates, it being true in international as in human affairs that one nation's meat is another nation's poison. If Germany, for instance, went about exhibiting to the populace her tragically top-heavy budget, Herr

Hitler's life world not be worth two paper Reichmarks, that's poz. The moral then to be drawn is that each individual nation must bolster up its business in its own peculiar way

Talking about Germany, if there is any one thing more than another that this country can do to ensure a thorough trade revival, it is to go in headlong, for a policy of complete re-armament. Once Germany re-arms, the world will only have to watch the curves on the trade charts. India's raw cotton will find fresh fields of demand, while Germany's textile mills will work six shifts a day, providing work for the unemployed at khaki uniforms or the boys. Then think of the boom in the Brass button business and the corresponding briskness in the Brass Polish trade. Add to this what about the increased demand for bombs and bayonets and beef? You see what even one single country can do towards a world-wide trade revival.

Moreover, a re-armed Germany would mean a re-armed Europe, which in turn would mean a renewed World War. And we all know that the ten most prosperous years of the Twentieth Century—so far at least—were those that succeeded the Peace that succeeded the World War that succeeded the re-armament of Europe. So here you are!

Of course, the rest of Europe could help. They could easily precipitate matters by forming a few more Little Ententes and Eastern and Western Pacts. Moreover, France could continue to build more fortresses along her frontiers, and Italy in turn could give Abyssinia another good dig in the ribs.

Russia, too, could do something more than merely till time with Five Year Plans. Situated as she is, with the North Pole on one side and Siberia on the other, with moreover, an unlimited supply of tall talk and vodka, there's no saying what she may not do. She could, if she wanted, re-establish a monarchy. (N.B. This is only a piece of well-meant advice. Stalin may drop it into the Volga if he doesn't like it.)

As far as the United States are concerned, they have only to recall Al Capone from his retirement at Sing Sing to ensure a thorough trade revival. Perhaps with the repeal of the Volstead Act, Al Capone will be a little handicapped at the start, but such is the ingenuity of the man that you can always depend on Al (no relationship, mind, with the writer, either by blood or by marriage) to create entirely new lines of business and profitable trade. A good plan would be to immediately instal Capone at the White House as President of the United States. Well, I'm not saying that Al Capone was not always President of the United States, but then he has never yet been officially stationed at the White House.

The South American States, too, could hardly do better than to take the cue from Bolivia and Paraguay and carry on a non-stop war until Kingdom Come. Something surely must be done to help American and European Armament Factories and maintain their nice annual dividends on stocks.

Then there's China. If China could only start a civil war on a really grand scale, there's no saying but she might even succeed in eliminating herself from the

face of the earth. And if this happened, Japan would have ample and unlimited scope for her policy of world expansion and would find 'fresh fields and pastures new' for her surplus population.

With peace and prosperity reigning in Japan, the price of piecegoods and propelling-pencils would find new low levels. Indian import duties on these articles would (for the protection of home industries) find new high levels. Our revenues would thus be doubled and our income-tax consequently halved—possibly even abolished. Perhaps Government would even see their way towards declaring a dividend from their surplus revenues. And, tell me, what more than this can even a hard-boiled Utopian hope for? (None Brute.—Ed.)

THE END

BACHELORS' PRAYER

As the wisdom of Japan
Has grown deeper,
Everything small or big
Has become cheaper.

By untiring work and labour
With skill and sanity
To produce cheap goods
Japan has helped humanity.

Every man, young or old
Is grateful to Japan,
But the bachelors of the day
Pray to God as best they can:

"May that happy day come
In every bachelor's life
When Japan will produce
Many a cheap wife."

—Reayat Khan



Pearl Taylor, a Skidmore newsboy, was giving himself a pat on the back, every evening as he passed the Post Office Clock: the hands of the Clock stood exactly at 5-57! This went on regularly for six months. He was grinning to himself, proud of his punctuality. Now he doesn't. A neighbour has informed him that the Clock had been stopped for a year!

"I think the best thing you can do is to return home to your wife," said the Magistrate to a distraught little man.

"And what is the second best thing?" asked the little man, anxiously.

Bob: "Who was that man you just raised your hat to?"

Green: "That? Oh, that was my barber. He sold me a bottle of hair restorer a month ago, and whenever I meet him, I let him see what a fraud he is."

"This fowl is certainly enough to tickle the palate," the boarder told his landlady. The woman beamed.

"I'm very glad you like my cooking," she replied.

The boarder looked squarely at her.

"I didn't say I liked your cooking," he replied quickly. "When I said that this fowl is enough to tickle the palate, I was referring to the feathers you had left on it."

"What's your idea of rigid economy?"

"A dead Scotsman."

The teacher was explaining to the class the meaning of the word 'recuperate'.

"Now, Tommy," she said to a small boy, "when your father has worked hard all day, he is tired and worn out, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then, when night comes, and his work is over for the day, what does he do?"

"That's what mother wants to know," Tommy replied.

Barman: "You can have a drink if you are a guest of the hotel."

Jones: "I'm no guest, I am paying 10 guineas a week."

"The only survivor of a shipwreck! How were you saved?"

"You see, I didn't catch the boat."

During some Army manoeuvres a parachutist dropped through the roof of the dining tent whilst a meal was in progress. After being assisted to his feet he was asked if he was hurt.

"No," he said ruefully, looking round, "but I seem to have landed myself in a mess."

Foreman (testing the wall of new house): "I'm speaking quietly, Bill. Can you hear me?"

Bill (on the other side): "Ear you? Lumme, I can see you in three places!"



He. Holy smoke! It is my sainted Mother-in-law!

Ghost. How did you guess?

He. The touch of those beloved fingers.

The MISFORTUNES of Meena



STORY BY
DIEISVI
ILLUSTRATED BY
SREK A IR

In the previous five instalments,

Ramathilakam, a pretty young woman of the labouring class, alarmed at the depravity of her drunken husband, determines to put an end to her life. She travels without a ticket to Chingleput with the intention of drowning herself in the big lake that adjoins the Railway Station.

A Ticket-examiner hands her over to Railway Police Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer, for the offence of travelling without a ticket. When she says that she came to Chingleput with the intention of drowning herself, the Head-Constable dares her to do so. She does so to the amazement of Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer, who has to rush into the waters and rescue her. The Head-Constable suspects that the woman must have committed some dreadful crime to contemplate suicide. He hands her over to the Inspector-in-charge of the local Police-station, and sends a messenger to Madras to find out if a woman of her description is wanted there. As he awaits the reply, news is brought to him about the removal of the woman from the Police-station by the Inspector to his house with intentions suspected to be far from honourable. News is also brought to the effect that no woman of the description of Ramathilakam is wanted by the Madras Police. Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer again rescues Ramathilakam from the Inspector's house. He takes her over to Madras to restore her to her husband from whom she has fled, but finds that the husband had been locked-up for stabbing his Maistry in a drunken brawl. As Ramathilakam has nowhere to go, Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer, leaves her under the care of an old quack-doctor at Saidapet.

Eventually and sometime later, Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer has to return to the doctor's house for treatment. While staying at the doctor's house he falls in love with Ramathilakam.

A year later, Ramathilakam gives birth to a girl-baby and dies. Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer is hard put to it to rear the baby and when the baby is ten months old, he takes her to his sister at Mayavaram, and tells her that the baby is an orphan, having lost both her father and mother and that he is her guardian and custodian. The sister believes the story, receives the child Meena, and treats and brings up the child as if it were her own. Two years later, her husband, in the course of certain negotiations for the marriage of his first son, comes to Saidapet, and there learns the truth about Meena. He returns post-haste to Mayavaram and tells his wife Kamakshi, that her brother Rangaswamy had foisted a *Sudra* kid on their Brahmin family.

Kamakshi, Rangaswamy's sister, writes to him and he comes to Mayavaram with a forged document purporting to be the last will and testament of Meena's fictitious father. This document somewhat re-assures the Dikshidar family about the origin of Meena's birth. But rumour had gone round the *Agraharam* to the effect that Meena was born to Brahmin Rangaswamy Iyer through a *Sudra* woman. As Meena grows up, she notices the way in which the *Agraharam* people behave towards her, and one day a school-mate of hers tells her of the rumour going round the *Agraharam*. She goes home and asks Kamakshi, whom she had been looking up to as a mother: "Aren't you my mother? Am I a *Sudra* kid?"

Sixth Instalment

Rangu is Cornered

66 "AM your own mother, darling!" assured Kamakshi.

"They say you are not and that I am a *Sudra* kid," sobbed Meena.

"They? Who?"

"Everybody here!"

"Nonsense! Someone has been frightening you; who is it?"

Meena's loyalty to Sokku prevented her from giving the name of her informant. Nevertheless, she told Kamakshi of the many incidents, (notably her being forbidden to enter the kitchen in Gowri's house and of Subbu Patti's treatment of vessels from which she drank water)—incidents that indicated the attitude of the people in the *Agraharam*, towards her. These revelations came to Kamakshi as a surprise. She recollected how prior to Subbu's marriage the origin of Meena's birth was raked up. But, after the production of the document by her brother Rangaswamy, she thought the matter was given the quietus, once for all. She was unable to guess how and by whom the rumour got round the *Agraharam*. Meena was only three years old at the time when the Dikshidar returned post-haste from Madras bursting with the sensational news. Meena was now eight and yet, all these years, people had been gossiping about her birth. Subbu was married to an advocate's daughter from Madras and was staying with his father-in-law and pursuing his studies at Madras. Vembu, her second son, was now being sought after by fathers with eligible daughters. In a couple of years or so, Meena too would have to be married, and if rumours of the kind which Meena narrated persisted in going round, Kamakshi was afraid it would be a tough job to get a bridegroom for Meena. However, she decided to tell the truth, as she knew it, to Meena.

"Meena dear, if all the women you know in this *Agraharam* including me were to assemble together and ask you to choose one among them to be your mother, whom would you choose?" asked Kamakshi.

"Why, you mother!" replied Meena and nestled closer to Kamakshi.

Then it was that Kamakshi told Meena the story of Meena's birth; the death of her mother and, later, of her father; how uncle Rangu became her guardian and brought her to Mayavaram and all the rest of the details.

"That, my dear, is the truth. There is a document, all signed and stamped, about it, with uncle Rangu. Some busy-bodies, many years back, started a story which caused anxiety for sometime even to your father. Why, my dear, what worries you?"

"What was she called?" asked Meena with a far-away look in her eyes.

"Who, my dear?"

"My mother, who brought me into this world."

"I have no idea. It is funny, but I never asked your uncle Rangu about it. He must know. But does it matter?"

"I can't believe, mother, that you and *appah* whom I have always thought were my mother and father, aren't really so. I can't believe it!"

"I don't want you to believe it, my dear! We are happy as we are. I am already dreading to think of the day when, after your marriage, you will have to leave us to live with your husband."

"Should I have to do that, mother?"

"All of us have to, one day or other. Come, let me comb your hair. I have some sweets also for you."

* * * * *

A distinct change was perceptible in Meena ever since the day she came to know that the Dikshidar couple were not her parents. She preferred to be alone with her thoughts and her childish imagination conjured up visions of the mother and father she had never seen. She wrote a letter to uncle Rangu, all by herself, under Kamakshi's instructions and enquired for her mother's name. The letter gave some anxious moments to Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer. So, even Meena had come to know of the mystery surrounding her birth. Soon, she will be getting married, thought he, and at the

thought, he sent a fervent prayer, entreating the Gods above to keep her origin a secret. For, he had resolved that, come what may, he would stick to the story fabricated in the spurious document created by him. And his delusion was so great that he almost came to believe in it himself. He was laying aside sufficient money to perform Meena's marriage in an impressive style and in this task of accumulating money, he had to wander very far away indeed from the straight path of rectitude which his official duties involved.

It has already been said that the negotiations for Subbu's marriage, five years before, unearthed certain unsavoury details regarding Meena's birth. The marriage of Vembu, Kamakshi's second son, brought another misfortune to Meena. Meena was ten years old at the time of Vembu's marriage. Vembu's father-in-law was a Circle Inspector of Police in the Tanjore District. During the marriage festivities, his wife saw Meena and was struck with the charm and quiet dignity of the girl. She had an unmarried son aged sixteen and she thought Meena would be an admirable bride for her son. She made the suggestion to her husband and he pursued the matter further. He was told that the guardian of the child, Rangaswamy Iyer, should be consulted. He was pleased to hear that the guardian too was of the police force, though lower in rank.

He had a cousin at Madras, working in the office of the Inspector General of Police, and to this cousin he wrote, asking him to interview the guardian. Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer, was therefore surprised to be told one day—when, after a visit to the town, he returned to the Railway Police Station—that a visitor from the Inspector General's Office had arrived and was asking for him. "Where is he?" asked Rangaswamy Iyer, puzzled.

"He said he was going to the Refreshment Room for a cup of coffee," said Police-Constable 526. Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer proceeded to the Refreshment room. There was a solitary patron and Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer hazarded a question. "Are you from the Inspector General's Office, Sir?" asked he. The visitor nodded assent. Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer, clicked his heels and saluted. The visitor smiled and bade him sit down.

"Have a cup of coffee," said the stranger. "I haven't come here on official business. My name is Jambu. You are, I assume, Rangaswamy Iyer. I am the cousin of Vedachalam, Circle Inspector, Tanjore. His daughter was given to your sister's second son. You were at the marriage? I couldn't get leave. It seems your sister has a girl and that you are the girl's guardian. Vedachalam has a son aged sixteen. The boy is studying in the sixth form. We want to know if you would be inclined to consider a proposal of an alliance from us."

Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer was silent for a while. He never expected a proposal for the hand of Meena so soon. He was not ready with all the details that would be asked for, in the course of such a negotiation.

"The child is barely 10 years old," he said half apologetically.

"I understand she is a very fair girl. Vedachalam's wife has set her heart on your girl. If we could fix it up now, we can celebrate the marriage later."

"I saw Mr. Vedachalam at Vembu's marriage and I think Meena would be fortunate indeed if the alliance is agreed to. I should consider myself lucky too!"

"How is the girl related to you?"

"It is a long story!" said Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer, and sipping the coffee brought to him and feeling cautiously the ground he had to traverse, slowly and deliberately, he spun the yarn. The other listened patiently to the end and remarked: "It is a pathetic story. I don't know if your sister's husband told Vedachalam these details. To be frank with you, a man in Vedachalam's position could get better offers than this one for his son. By the way, what is her *Gothram*?"

"Sri Vatsa," lied Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer coolly.

"Do you happen to have with you the will of her father appointing you as her guardian?"

"Yes: it is in my box."

"Let us have a look at it."

Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer had perforce to show the visitor the spurious document. The visitor ran his eye casually over the contents and returned the document. He bade Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer a frigid good-bye and caught the next train to Madras. But the letter he wrote to Tanjore, a week after his visit to Head-Constable Rangaswamy Iyer, brought about a crisis in the life of Meena.

"You sent me on a fool's errand, my dear Vedachalam," wrote Jambu, "and just now, I feel like Sherlock Holmes minus 'my dear Watson'. I don't know what really is at the bottom of the whole thing, but our friend the Head-Constable at Chingleput is no more the guardian of the girl than either you or the Grand Lama of Tibet. He told me a tall story of a comrade in the police force whose wife gave birth to a child and died. This child, according to his story, is the girl you have in view and now being brought up by your *Sammandhi*. The father of the child is also alleged to have died soon after, and our friend the Head-Constable appointed guardian and custodian. When he narrated the story to me, I felt that it didn't ring true. I noted mentally the details and dates in the will and later checked them up. No constable of the name of Ramachandra Iyer was posted to duty at Periapalayam on or about the time and no one of that name died there. No will of the kind has ever been registered, there or thereabouts. The whole thing is faked and the surprise is that a man in the police force should have had the audacity to do it. Why did he do it? Whom and what is he shielding? These are questions beyond the province of our present purpose. From an academical and departmental point of view, it would be worthwhile perhaps, to interrogate our friend the Head-Constable. But since we are now concerned only with a marriage, I am sure you would drop the subject like a hot potato. I have spent more time than I could afford over the self-imposed detection part of this business, and I hope you would think that the time I have spent has not been wasted."

Mr. Jambu was surprised to receive, a week later, a reply to his letter from Mr. Vedachala Iyer. The reply ran thus:

My dear Jambu,

I have always said that your genius was being wasted over a desk and that the proper place for you is the broad open spaces of the Intelligence Department, where the scent is strong and the trail hot. You have made a thorough job of the work and should you, owing to the communal G. O. or other causes, find yourself without a job, you can confidently open a Marriage Information Bureau and make it a roaring success. There are certain blank spaces in your picture without filling which, I find, you are unable to visualise the picture as a whole. It is now my pleasure to supply these omissions. About eight years back, my *Sammandhi*, the Dikshidar, was at Saidapet and there learnt that his brother-in-law, to wit, our Head-Constable, was keeping a *Sudra* woman and had produced a girl through her. A year previous to that, the Head-Constable had dumped on the Dikshidar family a girl-baby, saying that she was an orphan and that he was the child's legal guardian. The Dikshidar, when he heard the startling news at Saidapet, being a clever man, put two and two together and made it four. He accused his brother-in-law of foisting a *Sudra* kid on a Brahmin family and I believe our friend the Head-Constable must have fabricated the document to corroborate his original story. And so it is that Meena, as the girl is called, passes for one of us. Thanks, dear sleuth, for the smart work and for putting us wise about it.

The detection part of it on this side was quite simple. I sent for the Dikshidar and gave him the gist of your letter. He had quite a fit, forgot himself and his manners, and called his wife a string of really unprintable names. It seems the lady wouldn't listen to him when he originally objected to the girl being brought up as one of the family. When he left me, I could see he was resolved to play the firm, no-nonsense-husband this time.

I cannot close this letter without telling you what my wife said when I communicated to her the contents of your letter. If you are thinking of collecting together all the wise pearls which wifely oysters spill before us unappreciative swine, you can add this one to the collection. Said she:

"We asked him to count the cakes, not the holes in the cakes!"

Poor Jambu! What a reward for your labours!

* * * *

When Chidambara Dikshidar was told the gist of Mr. Jambu's communication by Mr. Vedachala Iyer, the Dikshidar very nearly choked with rage. To be told after a lapse of seven years that the juicy scraps of news he gathered at Saidapet were true after all! To have been made a fool of by a policeman who was his brother-in-law! To have so tamely submitted all these years to

his wife, who lorded it over him! What a fate! But now, that the truth was out and his original allegations substantiated, he grit his teeth and resolved to act. But he must be wary. Once before, he was foiled of his set purpose by a spurious document. His brother-in-law was a policeman and goodness only knows what subterfuges a policeman would resort to, when cornered. He must meet craftiness with craftiness, guile with guile. He must plan a course of action with meticulous attention to details. He mustn't be hasty or rash. He should bide his time.

Thus resolved, he returned from Tanjore to Mayavaram and never gave a hint to Kamakshi of what he had learnt during his visit. He wrote to Madras urging the celebration of Subbu's nuptials. His aim was to bring together, his brother-in-law Rangaswamy and Jambu in the presence of his wife and throw a bombshell amidst them by recounting the true story of Meena's birth. When Subbu's father-in-law agreed to the celebration of the nuptials, he started with his family from Mayavaram and picked-up Rangaswamy, on the way at Chingleput. He was extremely affable to Rangaswamy, so much so, that the latter began to suspect if the Dikshidar had anything up his sleeve. During the nuptials, the Dikshidar took care to meet Mr. Jambu and casually invited him for dinner the next night. Mr. Jambu was a little surprised that the Dikshidar, who was himself a guest, should attempt to play the host. Nevertheless, he agreed to respond to the invitation and the Dikshidar chuckled with delight at the way in which his well-laid plans were panning out.

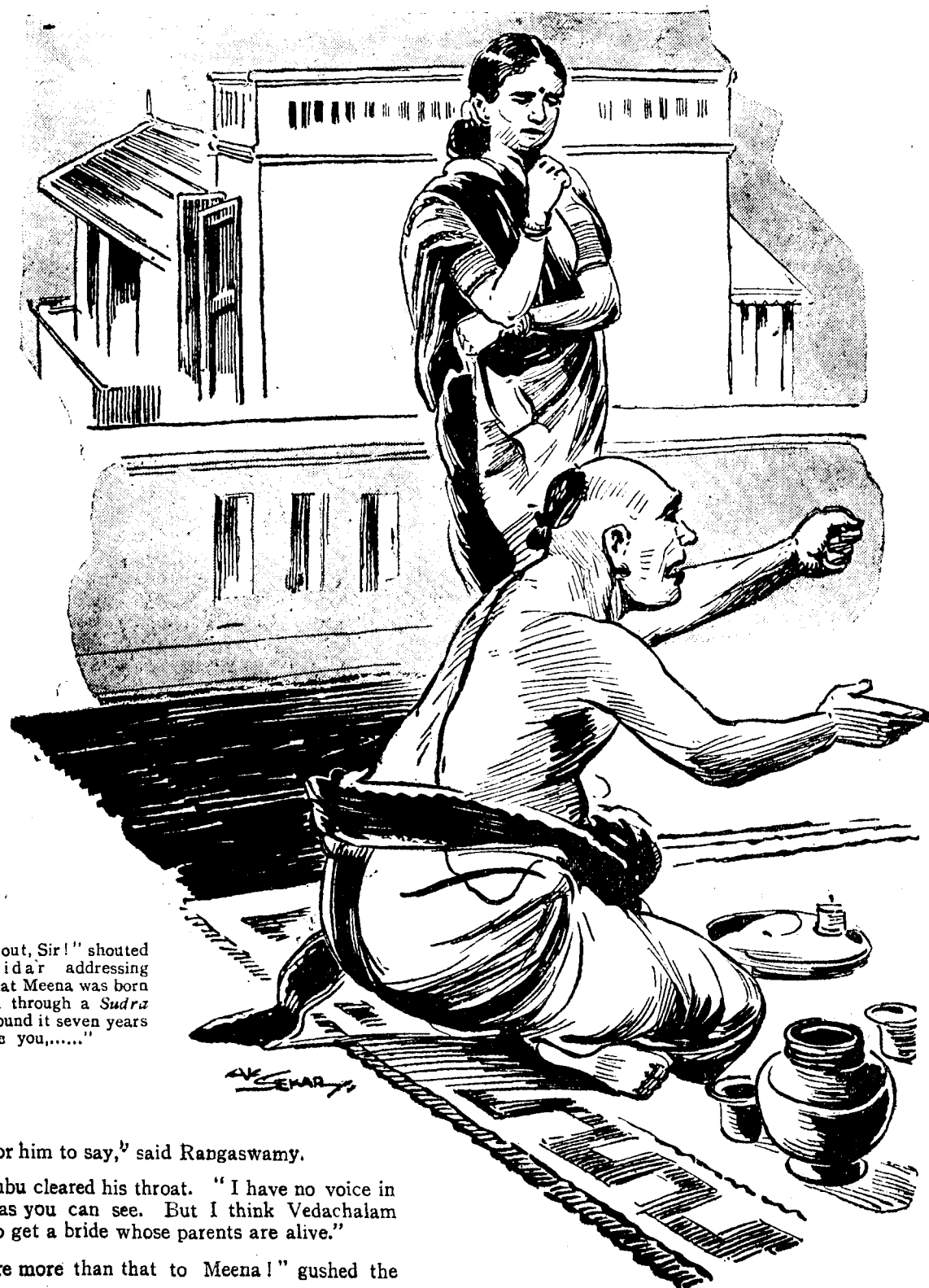
The next night, after the dinner was over, the Dikshidar took Mr. Jambu and Mr. Rangaswamy to the open terrace, where a carpet was spread and *pansupari* and drinking water laid out. Mr. Jambu was growing fidgety. He knew that Vedachalam had divulged the contents of his letter to the Dikshidar. He had expected quite a crowd for the dinner, but there were only just three of them. He didn't like the extreme affableness of the Dikshidar which looked to him as if it were purposely assumed. Seating himself and reaching for the *pansupari* plate, he was wondering how soon he could get away from the place, when the Dikshidar shouted for his son Vembu and told the boy: "Go and ask your mother to come here for a minute."

When Kamakshi came, she saw the stranger, wondered where she had seen him before and stood a little aloof. The Dikshidar introduced Mr. Jambu saying, "He is the cousin of our *Sammandhi*, Vedachala Iyer. It seems they are all interested in Meena. You know our *Sammandhi* has a boy for marriage. Now that your brother is also here, I thought we could discuss the matter further. What do you say?"

"It would be an ideal alliance," said Kamakshi, "if it could be arranged."

"We have discussed it once before," interposed Rangaswamy. "*Aiyaraval* came to Chingleput for the purpose."

The Dikshidar expressed surprise. "Indeed!" he said, "I didn't know that. At what stage did you leave off the discussion?"



"You found out, Sir!" shouted the Dikshidar addressing Jambu, "that Meena was born to this man through a *Sudra* woman. I found it seven years before you,....."

"It is for him to say," said Rangaswamy.

Mr. Jambu cleared his throat. "I have no voice in the matter, as you can see. But I think Vedachalam would like to get a bride whose parents are alive."

"We are more than that to Meena!" gushed the Dikshidar.

"Everyone knows that," said Mr. Jambu and added, "moreover, I think, Vedachalam has practically fixed-up another girl for his boy."

"That is a pity," said the Dikshidar, sadly. "His wife wanted, very much, Meena as her daughter-in-law."

Well, *aiyaval*, isn't there something else that stood in the way of this alliance?"

Mr. Jambu didn't want to answer. He waved his hand deprecatingly as if to suggest that the rest of the reasons didn't matter.

Then it was that the restraint under which the Dikshidar was keeping all his anger and resentment broke, letting loose a flood of vitriolic vituperation. "You found out, Sir!" shouted the Dikshidar addressing Jambu, "that Meena was born to this man through a *Sudra* woman. I found it seven years before you, but brother and sister joined together and beat me down, producing documents and making me a fool! Go on Sir, go on, tell this liar, this cheat, this despoiler of

Ramachandra Iyer of the police force. He told me the circumstances under which he came to be appointed as guardian. I found that, at the time and place mentioned, no one of the name of Ramachandran was in the police force, alive or dead. That's all I know. It was no concern of mine to find out who the child's parents were. I am sorry if I have been the cause of any misunderstanding between you two gentlemen and I think it is time I left you together." Mr. Jambu departed after saluting his host, and again a silence fell on the three persons assembled on the terrace.

"Is it true, Rangu?" asked Kamakshi of her brother.

Rangaswamy nodded assent.



Brahmin homes, this man who has polluted the sanctity of my religion, who disports in the bed of low-class women, tell him the truth to his face and let him deny it, refute it, produce cart-loads of documents, if he dares!"

A hush fell on those on the terrace. People downstairs wondered why and at what the Dikshidar was shouting. Mr. Jambu broke the silence by saying in a level undertone: "I am sorry, Dikshidarwal, that you should get so excited over this matter. Perhaps it is natural. When I was at Chingleput, your brother-in-law showed me a document purporting to be the will of one

"Are you her father?" asked she again.

Rangaswamy again nodded assent.

"Was her mother a *Sudra* woman?"

"*Sudra* woman! She was divine!" cried Rangaswamy like one demented and rushed out of the terrace and down the steps.

"Ah! Gods!" cried Kamakshi and smote her forehead. The Dikshidar smiled—a grim smile.

(Where does Rangaswamy go?

What happens to Meena?)

[Another instalment next week]

MURDER!

DIAL.



"And he" asked the Judge "strangled her before the whole crowd?"



"Yes; your Honour," replied the Cop, "Everyone thought they were dancing"

The Letters of Private Joyfull

55. Recruit Training

Madras, 29th June, 1935.

Dear Mother,

I am surprised to hear that Harry Nolan is coming out to join the Battalion next trooping-season. It seems hardly a year ago that he was a mere urchin, scaring the birds from Farmer Giles' fields. Now he is a full-fledged soldier, going abroad for his first tour of foreign service, and with all his troubles before him.

It is quite interesting to stand at the gate of a military depot in a rural district, to watch the chaps who go in, and the chaps who come out. The in-going traffic consists of wide-eyed clod-hoppers straight from the plough-tail, shambling awkwardly but eagerly after the recruiting-sergeant, fired by stories of martial adventure, foreign travel, military advancement, and the glory of the King's service.

Those coming out are smart young fellows who have increased three inches in height and twenty pounds in weight. They march along cockily, looking at everything with quick glances, counting themselves no longer ignorant yokels, but men of the world.

It is very amusing to see the recruits receive their clothing and equipment. They are bewildered by the multiplicity of brushes, personal effects, garments, books, and utensils.

"Hey, Jarge, what be this for?" says one budding Field-Marshal, holding up a tooth-brush. "I dunno," says Jarge, "maybe 'tis for polishing our medals when we be old soldiers."

"Plaze, Mister," says another, "this yer pair o' boot-laces. Be he two things, or be he one thing?"

When told that a pair of boot-laces counts as one article, he scratches his head mournfully, and says he cannot make the total right. Most of his comrades are in the same fix, anxiously sorting the ninety-eight separate articles with which a recruit starts his career. The whole day is spent in fitting things together, trying things on, and wondering what might be the purpose of various mysterious pieces of kit.

The motley collection of youths is shepherded to a barrack-room that has been prepared for them. An old soldier of exemplary character lives in the room, and he becomes their 'daddy'. Generally, the recruits are dismayed to find they must look after themselves.

"Plaze, Mister," says one, "I dunno how to make my bed."

"Don't call me Mister," replies the old soldier. "Surely you can make your own bed? Didn't you have a bed at home?"

"Sartinly I did," says the recruit indignantly. "At whoam I did have a girt four-poster bed, and the same did belong to my great-great-grandfather. But 'twas my mammy always made he."

"Well, we have to get on without mummies in the Army," says the old soldier. "Look: first you stretch the under-blanket—" And he patiently details all the processes of making a bed in the approved manner.

For a couple of days the recruits are left to their 'daddy', and during that period they learn an astonishing variety of things. He makes them brush their teeth, wash behind the ears, fold their clothes, polish their boots, change their undergarments, air their bedding, trim their finger-nails, and perform the hundred-and-one personal services that somehow get neglected under mammy's care.

At this stage there is sometimes a recruit who is incorrigibly lazy and dirty. When 'daddy' has admonished him several times without effect, the old soldier directs the other recruits to seize the culprit and take him to the bath-house. Here the lazy one is stripped to the skin, and scrubbed thoroughly by his comrades. After that, he takes good care not to neglect himself.

About the third day, 'daddy' gets his recruits properly attired, and they attend their first parade. To their astonishment, it is a school-parade, with a Sergeant as schoolmaster. Pens are thrust into the recruits' ham-like hands, and they are submitted to educational and intelligence tests.

Great is their bewilderment when confronted with the question-papers. "What be Hamlet?" mutters a farmer's boy. "Whoi, he be surely the hinder part of a baby pig." And he writes this brilliant deduction with clumsy fingers, wielding his pen like a potato-hoe.

The next question is just as bad. "If milk is five-pence a quart," says the paper, "and a customer offered ten shillings in payment for three gallons and seven half-pints, what would you take?" The yokel scratches his

head, counts on his fingers, and scrawls laboriously, "I would take he for a dom fule."

After the test, the very dull-witted ones are weeded-out and discharged from the Army. The merely backward ones are ear-marked for extra primary instruction, while the well-educated ones begin to study for their Army certificates of education. No recruit is passed out of the depot until he has at least graduated from the primary classes.

The recruits' day is soon filled with all kinds of parades—gymnastics, squad-drill, education, musketry, ceremonial, map-reading, gas, machine-gunners, signalling, military history, hygiene, tactics, and a dozen other subjects. For each of these subjects there is a 'test of elementary training', which the recruit must pass before he leaves the depot, as an assurance that he has a fair grounding in the subject.

The examination in minor tactics is always funny. A recruit is asked, "Suppose you were in charge of an outpost, with orders to hold a bridge at all costs. There is an artillery-barrage in front of you, and the enemy is about to attack you from the rear with a squadron of armoured cars. What would you do?" The examinee considers the situation for a while, and he writes, "I would resign from the war and go home to mother."

The next question says, "You are acting as scout for a unit that has no maps. The unit is urgently required to reinforce the firing-line. How would you leave directions for the unit, to show which way they had to go?" After consideration, the lad replies, "I would put up a notice-board, 'This way to the battle!'"

Each subject is in charge of a Sergeant who is a specialist. The Sergeants are more like kind teachers than military men; but they are very strict. They have all kinds of comical ways of imparting instruction, and quickening the wits of their pupils.

"Now, then," says the drill-Sergeant, "you are on sentry-go outside the Palace. You see the King coming. What do you do? Jones, act as sentry, and I will be the King. Are you ready? Here I come—no, that's all wrong. I will be the sentry, while you play the part of the King. Now watch me."

By this time, Jones has lost most of his clod-hopping ways, and is getting cheeky and yet well-disciplined, like an old soldier. So he walks towards the Sergeant in a regal manner, and the Sergeant calls out the guard and gives a Royal salute.

"Very good, my man!" says the King. "Tell your Sergeant you can have the rest of the day as a holiday!"

"Oh, yes?" says the sentry, suddenly becoming a Sergeant again, "certainly you can have the rest of the day as a holiday. And just so the time won't hang on your hands, you can peel the potatoes for to-morrow's dinner."

This is one of the most hated jobs at a depot. It is very depressing to sit in front of about three hundred-weight of potatoes, and peel and peel, while the pile never seems to get any smaller.

All such jobs come under a branch of training called Interior Economy. All soldiers are trained as housemaids, and are expert at scrubbing and polishing, scraping and painting, preparing meals, washing dishes, lighting fires, and repairing clothes. Most old soldiers also practise some domestic handicraft for amusement. Many of them learn to knit socks, weave rugs, and make fine embroidery. It is quite comical to see a horny-handed old veteran, hero of a hundred fights, sitting on his bed, doing delicate stitches with coloured silk on a piece of intricate embroidery. There are Clubs of discharged and disabled soldiers who carry on the hand-crafts they learned in the



...wiping their mouths and looking innocent.

Illustrated by A. Schulz

Army, and they support themselves by their products, which are greatly prized.

Coal-carrying is a part of Interior Economy that all recruits appreciate. Once a week the recruits put on canvas overalls, and replenish the fuel-bins all over the barracks. You would not think this a popular job; but in the course of the work the recruits supply coal to the Sergeants' quarters. The Sergeants' wives always feel motherly towards the coal-carriers, because most of them have sons of their own. So after the coal is delivered, the Sergeants' wives take the recruits into their houses, and talk to them in a motherly way, and fill them with tea and cakes. The Sergeants pretend never to notice these goings-on, but find something to engage their attention right at the other end of the barracks. Half an hour later, the Sergeants come back, and affect to be indignant, and ask each other where the recruits have gone. Then all the recruits come sneaking out of the houses by the back way, wiping their mouths and looking innocent.

Occasionally, a recruit is stubborn and has bad ways. If the Sergeants cannot reform him, in the end he is given severe military punishments to teach him a lesson. But however badly-behaved a recruit has been,

his crime-sheet is torn up after the first six months, to give him a chance to start afresh.

With all these varied experiences, the young soldiers are soon unrecognisable as the awkward rustics who stumbled into the depot a few months earlier. They have acquired knowledge of the gender of pronouns and the declensions of the verb 'to be', so even their speech has lost its rural crudity. Their education and general knowledge have expanded enormously, their bearing is upright and confident, and their physical dexterity and adaptability have improved beyond measure. Although they are disciplined to an extent unimaginable in their former rustic existence, they are far more independent and self-reliant.

It is a pity that all this fine training is simply to make a young man efficient for war. All young men need collective training and discipline, especially in India. Unfortunately, really efficient discipline is rare outside the Army; there are few effective ways of thoroughly disciplining young men for peaceful purposes. However, if it ever becomes possible to give all the young men of the nation this training, on a pacific basis, the country will become truly great.

Your Loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL.

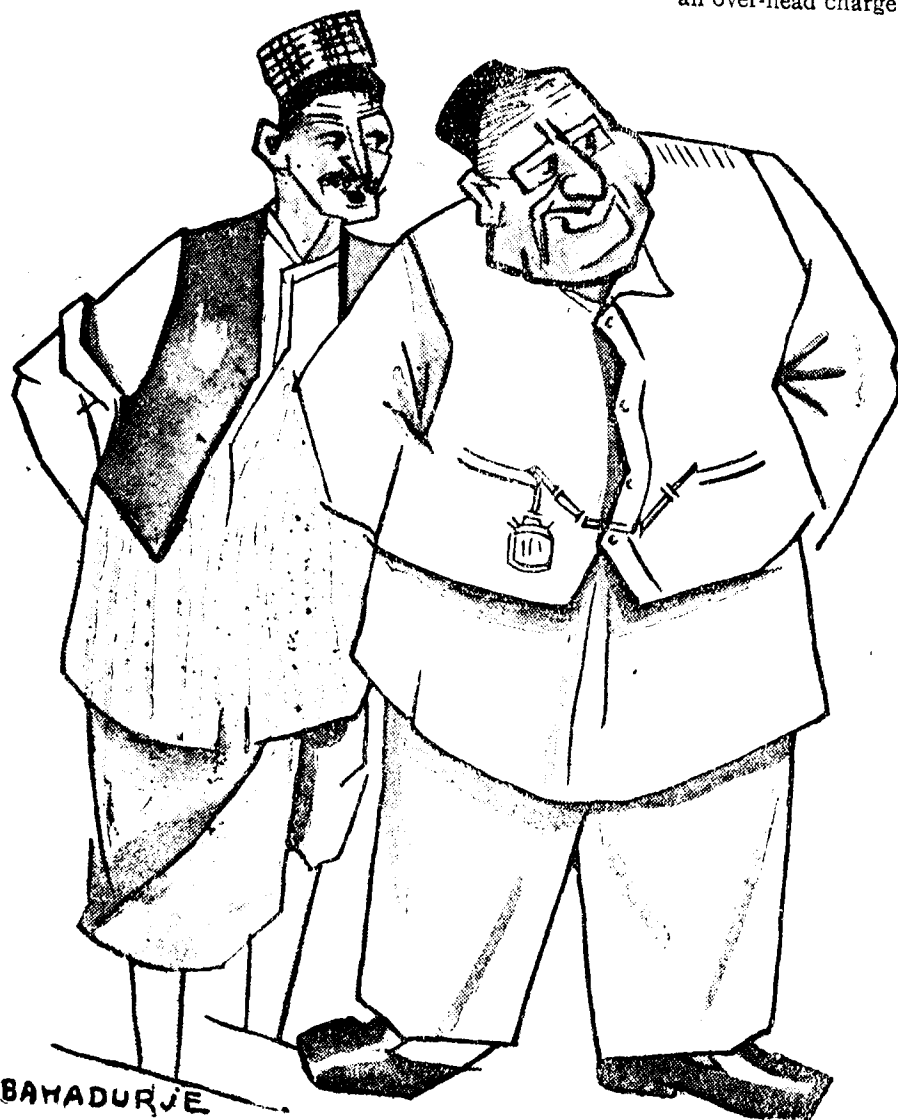
The Mystery of Doo-Del-Doo

by 'Visrim'

Sketches by Bahadurje

A short time ago I decided to buy a fountain-pen, not because I needed one, but because I had learned that Edgar Wallace always used one, and I hoped that this association might help me to increase my own literary output. Needless to say, I did not buy the same make of pen as Mr. Wallace's, since I did not like people to think that I copy his style of writing too slavishly.

The pen functioned properly only for four days, when something went wrong with its circulation. Acting on impulse I took the thing to pieces and was surprised to find that its organs consisted of little bits of limp rubber tubing.



BAHADURJE

I looked at the entanglement for some time and then shook my head sadly, and started to replace the tubing in the outer barrel. Half an hour later I shook my head again and decided to leave the accomplishment of this feat to the man from whom I had bought the pen. With this object in view I went to the shop and told the man of my trouble, showing him the 'debris'. To my dismay he would accept no responsibility.

"There is no guarantee with these pens," he said. "Four days ago," I said, "I paid you nine rupees, five annas and three pies for this pen. I have not yet reached the stage in my profession when I can consider an over-head charge of 12 annas per rupee for pens with equanimity, and, to be frank, I doubt whether I ever shall. What are you going to do about it?"

"I can do nothing," he said. "The manufacturers of the pens do not guarantee them."

At that moment my chum Chandru entered the shop, dressed as usual in tip-top fashion.

"I am glad I met you," he said to me. "I want to buy a fountain-pen. Which make would you advise me to buy?"

With a glance of cold disdain in the direction of the shop-keeper, I led him out.

"Chandru," I said, "I have been robbed—by that thieving fellow in there. He is, I believe, merely a tool in the hands of"—here I glanced at the barrel of my pen—"Bogus & Co., Direct Importers."

Without much ado I told him of my purchase and its consequences. "I want you to help me to get my money back," I said. "We must find a plan."

"Oh yes, let's," said Chandru, "let us go somewhere and have tea and hatch a plot."

I entered the palatial show-room of Bogus & Co. I noticed that there was only one other customer in the shop, a gentleman who was trying various nibs at one of the tables.

I approached an assistant.

"I bought this pen from one of your branches four days ago," I began. "It will not function, but the people at the branch refuse to change it."

"I am afraid—" commenced the assistant, when the other customer interrupted him.

"Good morning, Mr. Taker," he said to me, "I haven't seen you since your new book was published. I simply went crazy over it."

"Too kind of you, Sir Devy," I replied.

"I am told," he went on, "that it is having an enormous success. And such marvellous reviews."

"I have been very lucky," I said modestly.

Out of the tail of my eye I saw that the assistant was in earnest conversation with the Big Boss. Occasional gestures in our direction showed that we were the subject of their conversation.

"Try to look more like a successful author, you idiot!" whispered Chandru in a fierce undertone; "at this moment you look more like an inspiration for a comic strip."

The Big Boss was approaching us.

"You are kind, Sir Devy," I said. "Too kind of you, Sir Devy," I repeated, loud enough to be heard by the Big Boss.

"May I see the pen, sir?" asked the Big Boss. "Ah, yes, it is faulty. You will, I hope, allow us to replace it entirely free of charge."

"Here, Das, a number ninety pen please, with the special X. T. nib, for this gentleman. Pardon me, sir, but I seem to know your face."

"But of course," cried the other customer, "this is Mr. Taker—THE MR. TAKER, the author of *The Mystery of Doo-Del-Doo*, a wonderful piece of work. Have you read it?"

"Who," exclaimed the Big Boss tactfully, "has not? Ah! your pen, Mr. Taker. I hope that you will find this one quite satisfactory. If so, perhaps you will allow us to mention the matter in our advertisement?"

"With pleasure," I said, putting the new pen in my pocket.

"And you, my dear sir, do you wish to purchase a pen?"

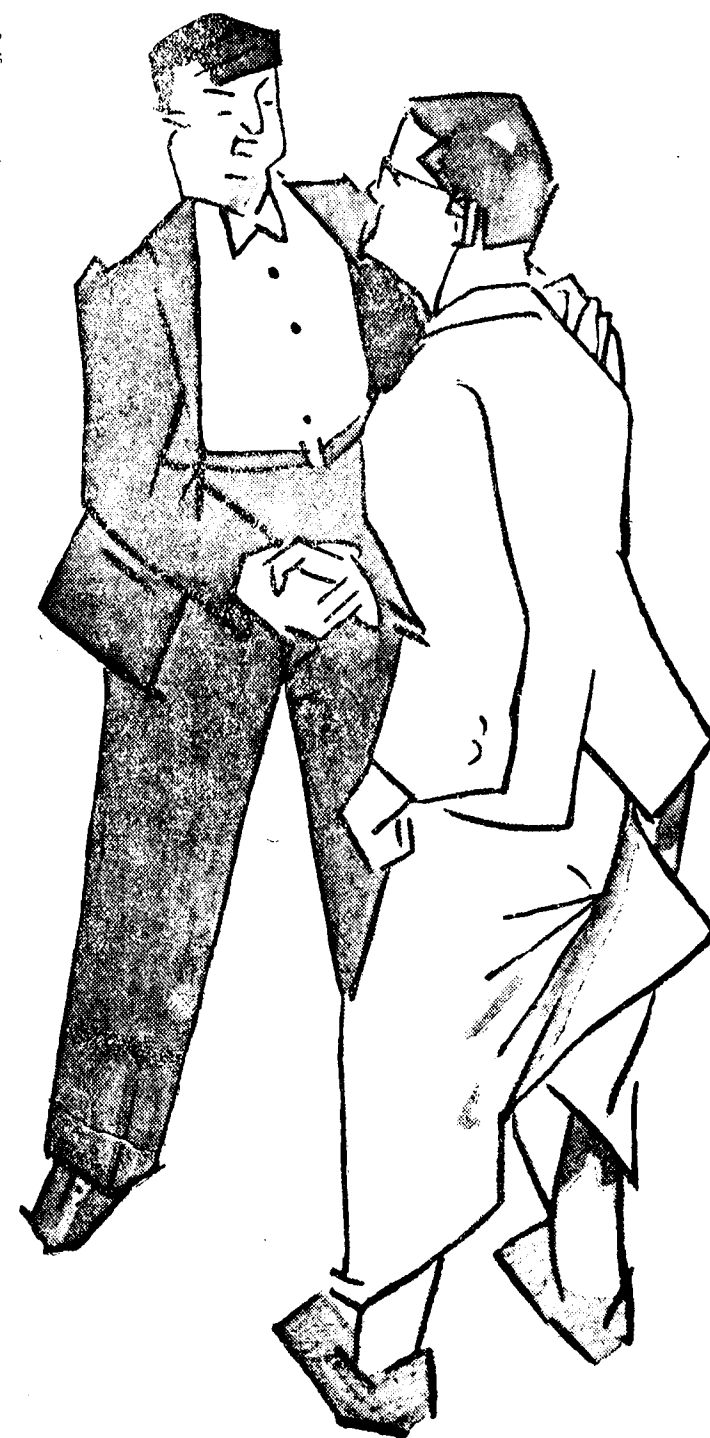
"I do," replied Chandru, "but I am afraid I have no time to choose now. So I must come back later. Are you coming my way, Mr. Taker?"

Together we left the show-room. When we were safely out of the Big Boss's hearing—"Now," said Chandru, "treat me to a good lunch, because—"

"Of course I will," I said, "but now I shall have to write something called *The Mystery of Doo-Del-Doo*, or the fellow would think you were exaggerating. I am afraid I have no time now. So when I happen to meet you again, of course under similar circumstances, I shall certainly treat you to a nice cup of tea."

So saying I trotted off.

THE END



"I simply went crazy over it."

A Queer Document—

by 'Rajaram'

Sketches by Mali

It was the full-moon day. After taking an unusually heavy meal at night, I felt definitely uncomfortable. I decided to take a walk.

I wandered about the city at random till, purposelessly, I came in front of the Burra Hostel. Lights were burning in several of the rooms,



"Sir don't....."

though it was past ten. Evidently the students were taking the examinations seriously. I tapped at the door of room number 43. There was a sullen pause and the door opened. My dear Andrea of the Junior B.A. class stood in front of me, apparently embarrassed. I just entered the room and sat in the only chair provided.

Andrea was in confusion; in fact, he blinked at me and at the table in confusion. What on earth was the matter with the fellow? Ah, he had been at work, writing something. I pounced upon the document lying on the table.

Andrea pathetically shrieked: "Sir, don't sir, don't!" That was intriguing. I determined to explore the thing to its limit. Might be interesting to talk about in the Common Room to-morrow!

What was I reading? Was it true? That little pup of an Andrea's face was contorted—the venomous culprit! I read on and on, anguish and rage and temper rising—the fellow sullenly watching me the while—and of a sudden I burst into laughter, immoderate laughter!

I soon got away from the room with Andrea's permission for my using the document in any way I liked. I shall not take it to the Principal and have him fined some Rs. 10 or so. Rather, I shall publish that remarkable document for my million readers' edification. Here it is *in extenso*:

These examinations—there is no end to them. They are a curse, a nuisance, a blot on civilization. I think of an Utopia that will not be examination-ridden, at least not as we know them.

Cannot these silly examiners ask questions more appropriate to the students' temper?—questions that demand originality of the examinees! Were I an examiner faced with the task of setting a paper on '19th Century Literature', I shall set a paper thus:

- I. Abuse Wordsworth as much as possible.
- II. Who is the greatest bore in English Literature? Give reasons.
- III. Mr. Nobody says: "Shelley was a fool; and a fool alone can expound him." Discuss.
- IV. Attempt a sketch of your best professor (or the worst) veiling his real name under a suitable *nom-de-plume*.

V. Which of the 19th century writers would you wish to be?

And with such a really nice paper, I can give free rein to my imagination and write answers that would entitle me to a first class first. Let me tentatively try answering my own paper:

Answers:—

I. "Abuse Wordsworth as much as possible."

Was there ever occupation more delightful? That colossal bore, that tremendous cheat, that voluminous poetaster, that stupendously shameless preface-writer, that arch-murderer of Lucy, that low-down Lost Leader in Browning's poem, that selfish would-live-for-ever Poet Laureate—Willy Wordsworth!

Why were you born? Once born, why did you live? Once living, why did you write? Once writing, why did you essay verse? Once versifying, why did you occasionally achieve noble poetry? This last unforgivable crime has put you in our curricula and has earned for you two thousand curses.

You were a big blunderbuss, grandpa Wordsworth!

II. "Who is the greatest bore in English Literature?"

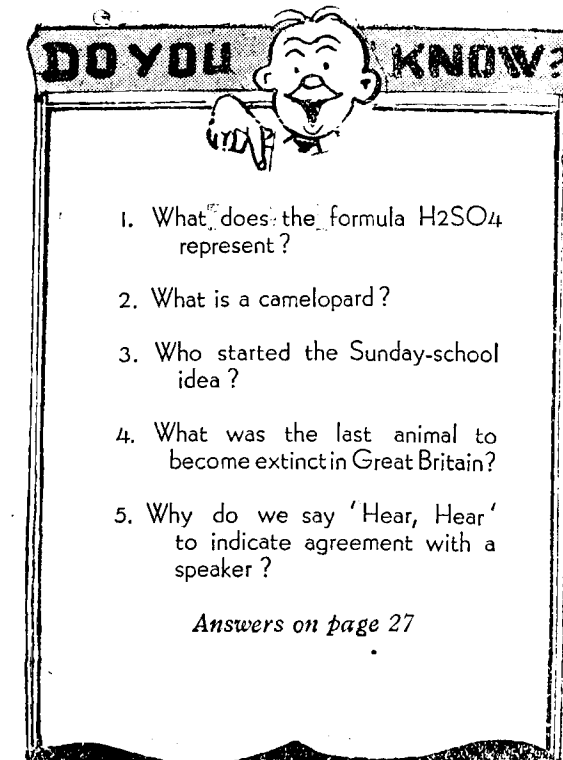
As if there could be any doubt about it! Milton of course. Born bore, bred bore, baked bore, buried bore!

Read his *Paradise Lost* and you sleep like Rip Van Winkle. "Of man's first disobedience etc., etc."—was ever snore more typical! Milton's poetry is a congeries of snores; his life, one long dull boring insipid thing. Who but a fool and a bore to boot will marry three wives? And everybody knows Milton had no sense of humour.

Read his *Areopagitica*, even the title merely. You will choke. But why multiply reasons to prove that Milton was a bore? We all know it for a fact!

III. Mr. Nobody says: "Shelley was a fool; and a fool alone can expound him." Discuss.

Mr. Nobody is quite right and a half; that man Shelley was a fool, and the fact that my professor (who is a treble distilled nincompoop) has been able to throw some light on *Adonis* and *Epipsychidion* proves that fools are a select company, a coterie, a secret society. And so on. To expound this thesis further will be to convict myself a fool also and to be consequently plucked in the examination. And I don't want to fail.



v. Attempt a sketch of your best professor (or the worst) veiling his real name under a non-de-plume."

Can I deal with my best professor? A tall order! There is no best professor; it is a case of bad, worse, worst, and not of good, better, best. Still, in accordance with the saying—"Among the blind, the one-eyed is the prince"—I might deal with some apology for the best professor. No, I would rather sketch the worst specimen of the professorial species! Here goes!

He is an ass, worse, a pig—and worst, he does not know it. He learnt a bit ten years ago and forgot it all—and hasn't touched a book or bit of print all these days. His hobby: quarrelling with his wife who has quite an incomparable temper as he. He talks and lectures and orates—and people, the audiences, his students, mistake such performances for grunts of pigs, howls of ackals and whines of dogs. He rarely shaves, and looks bear; his eyes are blood-shot; when he rages, we laugh; his jokes make us weep.

Evolutionists have worried their poor heads about the missing link. This, our 'worst' professor, is the missing link! Long live Herr Professor Sahib the missing link, Idiocy Incarnate, Solidified Vanity, humourless Curmudgeon and Bearish Hairy Husband!

V. "Which of the 19th century writers would you wish to be?"

I should rather wish to be Beddoes. Capital fellow was—

Here the remarkable document abruptly ceases. A great pity! Andrea has truly belted himself in this *tour de force*! If only he would show as much verve in style in the actual examination!

P. S. Andrea has passed the annual examination. He wrote his answers with conspicuous clarity and critical acumen. He is (I am afraid), the makings of a Nobel laureate in him. I shall (and the world with) watch his future with considerable interest.

THE END

Byron swam the Hellespont
To see his love he was so keen;—
But I would swim any 'Big Pond'
To get the *Merry Magazine*
—A Merry fan.



A Bum Gigolo

By C. V. V.

THE other day Romen, my young married friend brought a new dress suit, a real one, of course a second-hand bargain in the Moore Market, with two-tails as a kipper has. A few nights after he got it, we both had to attend a Charity Ball to give the crowd a treat with it. His wife was away for the week-end.

When we got there, everybody else was in a dinner jacket and Romen felt about as conspicuous as a pussy strayed to a Kennel show, so he refused to get up and dance. Seeing that, I left him to enjoy his misery all alone and though I am a new recruit to the art, found something in a short-frock that was to my liking.

In the meantime it appears that my friend walked towards the door, and just as he got through, a very large lady came in and looked him up and down as though he had been something in a remnant sale marked 0/8/0 and 0/4/0. After she had examined my friend until he blushed enough to set fire to his stiff-collar, she came up and said, "I will dance this one with you. Come on."

My friend was so startled at this unmaidenly behaviour that he did not know quite what to do, but she grabbed him and led him to the dance hall. She kicked him on the shins, stepped on his corns, and finally shook him to make him behave himself better.

Then when the dance was over, she said calmly, "That was rotten; but I will have another one. Let us try this Waltz."

My friend began to feel that he had to shout to one of the attendants to rescue him, but just then the jazz band struck up again, and the large lady began to walk backwards down the hall like a baby elephant dragging a lean cat. She came round with him, got her wind again, sparred for an opening, feinted with her right and dug her left elbow into his ribs. This quietened down my friend a lot, and he went through the rest of the motions with her in a sort of daze.

At the end of the dance my friend managed to stammer out something about being engaged. So she said "alright," and gave him a rupee coin.

As I explained to him afterwards, she mistook him for a dance-professional in that suit, and he said he would go round and tell her about it. But don't believe he did. He spent that rupee instead on ices and drinks for a girl who knew him too well, to mistake him for anything but a rotten dancer.

THE END

The Bet that Stands

by 'Naar A. Yanen'

Illustrated by Varma

HARINATH Soni has a modest four years of a husband's relation with Kishen Kumari. If the brass-plate let into the wood-work of the front-door always showed "IN", that may be excused if the man is in the early stages of his wedded life. But I will carry the day *nem con* when I say that full four years is inconveniently long to be called early stages. Excusable or not, that is not the point. The fact was there—Hari was under strict orders to trot home straight from office. Not for him tea and tennis; not for him the Club and company. So far as Hari was concerned, the amenities of civilised social life did not exist. Penalty for disobedience was dreadful.

Occasionally it did happen that this home-returning schedule was disturbed by Harinath wasting a few minutes over a street accident or spending a little time over a passing procession. And once on stopping to cross the Mall, his eyes fell on a small crowd beneath the banyan tree on his side of the road. Harinath had his share of the curious and approaching the crowd he was completely taken over by the persuasive eloquence of a cure-all medicine vendor. Worthy of a better cause—his eloquence and enthusiasm, Hari thought, as he stood listening. If all these medicine vendors were as eloquent as this representative of theirs was, and if their services could be hired, well, Hari thought, he would write to Babu Rejendra Prasad about enlisting their services to carry on propaganda for the Congress. For, Hari had a soft spot in his heart for the Congress. But while this practical scheme for our political emancipation was thus being worked out in his brain, the tower-clock of the Post Office opposite was not idle. It told him from its cool heights that he was standing on the spot for more than two quarters of an hour. Harinath realised his mistake, turned round and reached home in a score of strides. When he reached home, the neighbours observed, it rained apologies. "I stand accused, my darling, my honey," he said. "I plead guilty and appeal for crown mercy." He was severely reprimanded: but the apology was accepted and crown mercy extended.

Among Hari's own friends there were some who were thick-skinned. They turned wifely abuses into compliments. Unfortunately Hari had not that knack. Delicate of mind, he could not suffer domestic tribulation. But the only alternatives were—he must play the truant and suffer, or not play the truant at all. And practical politics suggested the latter course.

Pulling legs is an enjoyable sport and a cheap one. But Harinath did not think so, when his friends practised this interesting sport on him. Frequently Hari was the victim and he was strongly tempted to revise his opinion about the collective sanity of his friends. That could be

easily arranged; but what troubled his mind was the curfew orders at home. A vague sense of the futility of human existence oppressed him.

Harinath Soni in the course of his life had had many ambitions. As a boy his ambition had been to become a tramcar conductor. At college the most attractive career the world held for him was that of a professional lawyer-politician. Later on, his main idea was to become a superior officer of the Imperial Service. But now at twenty-eight all these desires were cast aside and forgotten and the only thing in life that seemed worth while was to have freedom to go out and come in at will.

A break in his thrall happened one day. An old pal of Hari stopped with him for a day, and was to leave by the night train. Pals are pals, and it is but elementary courtesy that one should accompany his pal to the station to see him off. Hari was delighted at the prospect—as delighted as a child when an obliging uncle promises to take him to the *Baisakhi Fair*.

The train sped bearing his friend, and Harinath trotted back gleefully and joined us making merry in Sukh Bhuvan, our Club. If any event was worth celebrating, this was one. If the Secretary said that once, the members said that one hundred times. And so it was done, and we dispersed to our homes much too late for wife-abiding, peace-loving citizens.

Harinath walked with heavy haunted steps, as if he had committed a murder and was about to be found out. A practised physiognomist would have said, that it was so with people who allowed themselves to be persuaded against better judgment into keeping out late in spite of their wives' rulings. Hari was to dare the tigress in her den and the tigress Kishen Kumari did live up to her reputation when he woke her up and gained admittance.

"Have you any idea what the time's like?" asked she in uncomfortably deliberate accents.

"About 12," put in Hari compromisingly.

"You incorrigible, senseless worm, it is past one-thirty!" and she pointed to the time-piece on the shelf which was shamelessly persistent in announcing the hour of the night. Harinath's head reeled and in the process of reeling, he got a sort of vague idea that he should have put the darned thing, the time-piece, in disorder. After-wit is dearly bought and so was this.

The first series of abuses registered a temporary stop. Hari had by this time gathered enough presence of mind, cleared his throat and delivered his explanation. He had a ready-made tale solely manufactured for her consumption. His friend, since he could not get a seat in the 9 o'clock Bhatinda Express, had to take the 9-30 Frontier Mail. A convenient derailment a few miles off

was thrown in to make the Frontier Mail arrive late by three hours. He could not press into service any traffic hold-ups; for in our cities there is little traffic congestion in the early hours of the ante meridian. The chances of her ringing up the station and getting the departure hour of last night's Frontier Mail, he ignored as impossible. The time-scheme was perfect—no fault, no flaw.

The web was spun and the unsuspecting fly walked in. It was a triumph for Harinath, and a bright moon shining down a white sky seemed to mock at Kishen Kumari.

Next evening saw Harinath, the obedient husband, returning home straight from the office. This husbandly virtue, he hoped would be recognised and rewarded. As this thought flew across his brain, he heard a cat mew and the next moment saw it running across in front of him. And the cat was black! Disturbed by the incident and wondering what it indicated, he was getting along, when he felt a sensation he had stumbled on something hard. And the next thing he realised was he was

Then it was that Eve broke all records of vituperative eloquence.....



saying "scuse me, madam" to an old lady for treading on her shoes. He walked home with leaden feet and there, instead of darling Kumari greeting him with a loving kiss, he encountered a wounded angry tigress, all frowns. A gifted bystander would have thought that in meeting Kishen Kumari then, Harinath Soni was running a risk which would have made his insurance company purse its lips and look concerned.

"Well," she said sternly, "there you are!"

"Ah, Kumari dear, there is a good girl," Hari said tentatively. "What's the matter? Can't quite get to the bottom of it," he supplemented, bright and beaming. Harinath was not a successful beamer, yet he did his best. Then it was that Eve broke all records of vitu-

perative eloquence, which would have immediately raised blisters on more sensitive skins than Hari's. It was not the first time that she had the opportunity of hearing a theory ventilated by her husband which she found detestable. And amidst his suffering, Harinath would have told you that in point of eloquence his Kishen Kumari out-did the medicine-vendor under the banyan tree.

"And add a lie unto a fault—you creeping slinking chump, you ruin of a man—you and a set of old bandicoots were making merry in that Club and you served up a derailed Frontier Mail before me. One of these days I will blow up your dirty Sukh Bhuvan with half-a-ton of gun-powder. You....."

"Darling....."

"Shut up, you.....you..... Bha!" If she had been speaking of a criminal charged for the seventeenth time for theft, arson, cheating, burglary, she would have been scarcely less complimentary. "Radha Bai was just now telling me. She has it on the authority of her old boy. He, you and others of the gang—I know what you were doing last night."

Things moved fast. And like most people who made a defiant dramatic gesture, and had the leisure to reflect Harinath was oppressed by a feeling that he had gone considerably farther than was prudent. There were certain matters on which he considered silence best and this was one on which, he knew, he should not talk freely. His silence, with a countenance with genuine remorse and repentance writ large on it, helped to hasten Kishen Kumari to cool down. This tide in the affairs was availed of and Harinath tendered a serious sincere request from the bottom of his heart to forget and forgive and promised never again in his life to repeat the offence.

"If I do not come home in time hereafter," he finished off "then, Kishen Kumari, you may be sure Harinath's dead."

"You would keep the promise?" she questioned, dominating the scene in her masterly way.

"Every syllable of it."

"I can depend upon it?"

"Implicitly—absolutely——"

It helped to restore the *status quo*. Her agitation had passed. She had been badly shaken; but her faith in her Hari held good. A little breeze that brought with it the scent of flowers seemed to whisper that the cool of the evening was on its way.

The incident was discussed in the Sukh Bhuvan that night. The members were very much disturbed. Kishen Kumari's threat to blow up the club with exactly half-a-ton of gun-powder did not cause this uneasiness. They were uneasy over Hari's fate. "What on earth does any man want to get married for?" cried a red-blooded, he-man-member. "For enjoyment give me a gay bachelor's life." "The man who said," interrupted another member, "it is better luck to get married than it is to be kicked on the head by a mule, was always looking on the bright side." All the members deplored the fate of Harinath; they could not get him out. One of his friends went to the length of betting his only pair of cuff links. Another said one better. It was a standing bet; he would chew his hat down if they could get him in the club for an evening. And his was a seven size felt.

"Will he lose the bet?" This question, I ask my readers, at my typist's request.

YES, I KNOW

Answers to questions on page 23

1. Sulphuric acid.
2. A Giraffe.
3. Robert Raikes.
4. The Wolf. It survived in Scotland until 1680.
5. 'Hear, hear', was originally 'Hear him', which was a stock phrase used in Parliament. It was shortened to 'hear' which was then repeated to give it more emphasis.





XXXVI

66 DEAR Auntie," says a breathless admirer, "how do you manage to go on week after week, writing answers that make us laugh?"

Come behind the scenes, dear boys and girls, and inspect the creaking machinery of Auntie's humour-factory. I suppose you imagine Auntie as the life of every party, with a ready quip for every situation, and a fund of witty conversation that keeps the room in a roar? Alas, no. Auntie is a grave and studious person, who sits like a skeleton at any feast, pondering funny answers for her nephews and nieces.

Auntie keeps huge tomes in which she classifies and records all the funny ideas that occur to her. Quaint pieces of information are also noted down. Another tome is an index to the subject and source of the world's humour. So Auntie, instead of being a romantic Bohemian genius, is a worried business executive, conducting a sort of clearing-house of comedy. For example, suppose a gentleman writes to Auntie with a question regarding meteorites. Auntie first looks to see if she has thought of any jokes regarding meteorites. Then she searches for any information or stories about meteorites. Failing these, she invents something to satisfy the gentleman. Finally, before writing the answer, she turns up the index to make sure that no one else has thought of the same joke about meteorites, and printed it in another magazine.

"Don't stretch it, Auntie!" cries some sceptical nephew, "how can you index all the millions of funny stories that are printed?"

The trouble is, dearies, that millions of funny stories do not distil to be printed. There are only a few hundred stories, even if you

count the different sub-heads of one central idea; and they keep on being printed over and over again, with different twists. When Auntie thinks of a new funny story that makes her laugh, she turns up the subject in her index, and it is nearly always there! Generally the note in the margin says that its earliest appearance was in Homer!

There are universal jokes, and local jokes. Here are some of the principal universal jokes in Auntie's index, in the order of their world popularity: mothers-in-law; henpecked husbands; lovers; small and cheap motor-cars; fishermen's stories; mild intoxication; absent-minded professors; children's indiscreet remarks; the inadequacy of women's dress; schoolboy howlers; public men; twins; fat men; the newly-rich; old ladies' antics; a man chasing his hat; husbands who stay out late; country yokels; women's alleged timidity; the discomforts of travel.



Auntie keeps huge tomes.

Those of you who are budding authors, notice the significant position of mothers-in-law. They are the world's greatest universal joke. As a contrast, here is a list of the principal jokes peculiar to the British Isles, again in order of popularity: Scotchmen; Irishmen; Jews; boarding-house keepers; golfers; policemen with big feet; the town of Wigan; income-tax; clergymen; suburban snobbery; the British weather; charwomen; the old school tie; sea-sickness; clothes at the laundry; spring cleaning; overdrafts at the bank; certain articles of food.

This gives you some idea, my dears, what a sad and exacting thing it is to be a humorist. Why, you wonder, does Auntie let the cat out of the bag in this disillusioning manner? Because Auntie loves to let cats out of bags, dearies. Besides, it may be of some assistance

to those of you who have literary aspirations. Schools of Journalism charge a hundred and fifty rupees for the elementary information that Auntie gives away every week.

By the way, chickabiddies, when any of you desire a prompt reply, or any serious advice not for publication, don't forget to send Auntie a self-addressed stamped envelope. One-and-a-quarter annas, please, because Auntie's weighty advice can seldom be kept down to half a tola. Bless you, my dears.

Woman Lecturer (Mylapore). "I was invited to attend a discussion at a debating society, and I was given a seat between the two leading speakers. Both of these gentlemen spoke at great length, and both silly asses referred to me as a rose between two thorns." Auntie thinks, my dear, that the trio would have been better described as a tongue sandwich.

Interested (Madras). "I am sure I saw you on the Marina the other night. You were in a car wearing a plum-coloured jockey's coat." You must be mistaken, my dear. Auntie does not know any plum-coloured jockey, and she would certainly not wrap his coat round a motor-car.

Anxious (Komaraswami-patti). "Please tell me what to do with my little boy, who has drunk a bottle of ink." Give him a good meal of blotting-paper, my dear.

Legal Problem (Komal). "I was most interested in the question of a definition of drunkenness, which was raised at the court-martial described by Private Joyfull. Can you give some unmistakable evidence by which intoxication may be determined?" Auntie confesses, in common with the Lord Chief Justice, an inability to give a comprehensive ruling on the subject. Each case has to be judged on its merits. For example, if a gentleman removes the circular iron cover from a manhole in the street, and takes it home and tries to play it on the gramophone, it is certainly very suspicious.

Rejected (Samatwadi). "The Editor has returned my long magnificent manuscript, and I am greatly dejected. Why am I alive?" Probably, dear boy, because you sent the manuscript by post, instead of presenting it personally.

Furious (Triplicane). "I went to a fellow who advertised himself as a painless dentist. He dragged me all round the room, broke one of my stumps, extracted the wrong tooth, and charged me five rupees. How dare he call himself a painless dentist?" The description is perfectly correct, dear boy. He didn't feel any pain, did he?

Graduate (Poona). "I am starting a lending-library, and it will be my policy to supply a large number of the best works, fit to be read by all classes." Auntie suggests that you also provide a department stocked with books quite unfit for anyone to read. This will bring you immense popularity.

Temperance (Nannilam). "Man is the only creature that deliberately chooses alcohol as a beverage. If you offered a donkey a pail of water and a pail of

rum, he would choose the former." Yes, dear sir; but he is a donkey, isn't he?

Dionosysis (Darjeeling). "Can you advise any cure for a continual buzzing in the ears?" Yes, dear sir; send your mother-in-law on a visit to her relations.

Quidnunc (Madras). "I find that conversation in coffee-houses enlarges my horizon." It is the constant sitting-down that does it, dear sir. You should take more exercise.

Sea-Food (Karachi). "Is it true that the phosphorus contained in fish is a brain- tonic? How much should I eat to produce this effect?" Auntie suggests a whale on toast regularly every morning, dear boy.

Sociable (Hubli). "I have just moved into a new house. How can I get on calling terms with my neighbour?" Easily, dear Madam. Wait until your neighbour shows herself. Then just call her a so-and-so, and she will call you another.

Humanity (Patna). "I have conscientious scruples against serving on a jury when the penalty is death." You are alarming yourself unnecessarily, dear sir. The penalty is inflicted only on the prisoner.

Shocked (Palni). "A number of big lazy fellows stood by, and watched the man beating his wife, without rendering any help." Perhaps, my dear, the man did not need any help.

South Indian English (Matunga). A cliché, dear boy, is the metal plate employed for stereotype-printing. In literature, therefore, a cliché is one of a stock of adjectives and phrases which hack-writers use unremittently. For example, a place is always 'tastefully' decorated, and a sum of money is always 'generously' donated, as if ungenerous donations were the usual rule. Similarly, a pot of tea is 'the cup that cheers', and a goal-keeper is a 'custodian'. The use of clichés can seldom be defended artistically. Slang, on the other hand, is the use of metaphors not currently accepted as part of the language, as for example, 'me was flopping about in a flat spin'. Cliché is language in the ossified stage, slang is language in embryo. Never combine cliché and slang; it produces monstrosities like the following: 'The hand that rocked the cradle has kicked the bucket'.

Amused (Ahmedabad). "The epitaph about a dentist was too good to be true. Are such rhymes really put on tombs?" Yes, dear boy; there are many quaint and ancient examples in English grave-yards. In Indian epitaphs, however, the humour is usually accidental. The following will be found in a church near Poona:

Sacred to the Memory of
Captain John Smith, Indian Army,
Who was accidentally shot by his native orderly
the 13th March, 1863.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

THE END

The Knot in the Hanky

by S. Lakshminarasu

Illustrated by Varma

MY officer was staying late in the office and I was in no mood to thank him for it. If curses could have any effect he would be now writhing among snakes and toads in the seventh underworld. But their ineffectiveness was proved when after fifteen minutes past five I saw him leisurely walk past my room casting a malicious glance at me. I waited till he was out of sight, then in a trice cleared the table, locked the papers in, and was out by the back-door regularly used by us subordinates for clandestine exit.

Ten minutes later I was dropped by a bus at Lloyd's Road. The afternoon was hot, and the sun still blazing. A rapid canter to Kanaka's home half a mile away did not help to cool me. When I reached her house perspiration had gathered profusely on my forehead. I stopped at the threshold and pulled out my handkerchief to wipe my face: whereupon I discovered a knot in one of its corners.

The automatic query arose in my mind, "Why had I made that?" I racked my brain for some moments but could not get the ghost of an idea. Muttering imprecations at my memory—or rather the want of it—I entered the house.

My mother-in-law greeted me in the hall. Not the usual mother-in-law she! A lady of broad parts and warm camaraderie,—yet difficult to penetrate, at times.

"Come, Narasu," she cooed, "how did you happen to disappoint us this morning?"

The blood rushed up my veins and my face should have visibly coloured had I less pigment on my

skin. I turned towards the near wall and began pulling off my shoes. After the pretence of a struggle I finally dislodged them saying, "These new shoes are a bother!" Which wasn't exactly a proper reply to the lady's question.



"Oh, what a pity! Have you been bit?" she enquired. "No! no!—Only a bit tight," I assured her honestly.

My mother-in-law beamed and went in, and I felt far less tight though drops of perspiration had gathered again on my forehead. I did not care to use that hanky again, for, though I could not remember what the morning's importance was, I felt sure it had something to do with that knot in the 'kerchief.

I heard someone moving about in the sitting room and entered eagerly expecting to find Kanaka.

My brother-in-law Sethu was lounging in an easy chair reading *What a boy of eighteen should know*.

I thought of retracing my steps quietly, but was too late. "Lo, Billaw!" he exclaimed suddenly jumping from his seat. ('Billaw' is his patented abbreviation for brother-in-law.) "So you have turned up at last! Why didn't you come in the morning?"

"Couldn't get off from office, Sethu," I lied.

"H-m! And have you brought me that safety razor you promised yesterday?" he went on.

"No, kid, I clean forgot all about it. Shall get you one first thing tomorrow, if you will tell me where Kanaka is now."

"You don't forget to ask that," he taunted; "I saw her in her room an hour ago starting on her toilet, and shouldn't wonder if she is still at it."

I left the youngster to keep wondering and hurried upstairs. True enough Kanaka was still before the mirror in her room. She heard me coming and turned—she looked radiant, angelic, lovelier than ever in a gorgeous new saree of blue and gold.

Her face lit up in welcome as she saw me, but as I rushed forward to take her in my arms, her smile vanished. She did not step forward towards me, and received the kisses that I showered on her rather coldly. Slowly releasing her from my fervid clasp I noticed signs of perturbation and disappointment on her face. She almost seemed to be mortified by something.

She directed her gaze at my coat-pockets like some domesticated old housewife focussing her looks on a husband returning home for the day, intent to find out what he has brought, and ready to pounce upon him if he is empty-handed. I was deeply puzzled.

"Kanaka, darling, what is the matter?" I asked quietly, "have I spoilt the folds of your new dress—how beautiful you look in it, honey; it suits you so perfectly. When did you get this, Kanaka?"

Kanaka's lips pouted exasperatingly, but she made a bold effort to hide her emotions and softly chirped, "Dad presented it to me, dear, I am so glad you like it. But why did you fail to come in the morning? We waited for you, and mother began to imagine you might not be well."

This morning affair again,—and an occasion for presents to Kanaka! Drat my memory, what could it be?

I couldn't think of a reply, and do not know what I would have said had not Sethu bustled in just then shouting, "Say, sis, mother has served tea and refreshments and wants you to come down with Billaw."

All of us went down. I left my coat in the sitting room, washed my feet and hands, and sat down for a

sumptuous lunch which my mother-in-law personally served. The extraordinary variety of dishes made me feel inquisitive as to what the occasion was, but I stifled my curiosity. Just as coffee was being handed a round, my mother-in-law casually remarked, "We eagerly expected you for dinner in the forenoon, and never thought you would fail us on Kanaka's birthday."

A mingled cry of shame and realisation escaped my lips, as I heard this. Mumbling something about the coffee being too hot and requesting it to be cooled and sent to the sitting room, I left the others abruptly and hastened to where I had left my coat. Withdrawing a couple of ten-rupee notes and a small chit from my purse, I called Sethu aside and whispered to him, "Look here, kid, I am sorry I forgot all about to-day being your sister's birthday, in spite of tying a knot in my hanky to remind myself of it. I had in fact placed an order with Dhumbidiar's a week ago for one of those silver novelties they are advertising for ladies' use, and here's the chit bearing my order number. Take this money and rush to their place, and bring the thing at once; you will have to pay them eighteen rupees and odd and you may keep the balance. When you return, slip the package into this coat and give me a quiet indication about it. Now get going,—there's a good boy."

Sethu wasted no time in getting off, and I went up to the balcony to have a chat with Kanaka. The poor girl was unmistakably hurt at my complete silence and indifference about her birthday, and my failure even to formally wish her happiness. But being proud and sensitive she gallantly masked her feelings.

Twenty minutes dragged by, and then I heard someone thumbing up the steps as loudly as he could. Sethu appeared, and though I eagerly watched him for a sign that all was O. K., he did not even turn his head towards where we were standing, but went straight for a line on which some towels were drying, threw one of them on his shoulder, and turned back. Just as he descended the steps he winked at me slyly and disappeared.

Excusing myself I went down to the sitting room a minute later. I found my coat-pocket bulging with a neatly wrapped packet which I took out and carried up to the balcony.

Kanaka's face brightened as she saw me bringing her something.

"Here's to wish you many happy returns of the day, darling," I announced proudly handing her the package.

"Oh, how sweet of you,—and I thought you had forgotten," she tittered, delicately unwrapping the parcel.

"Not at all, my dear, how could I?" I affirmed grandly, and turned away to admire the sunset.

I heard the paper wrappings ripped open, and then suddenly a sharp cry, followed by a tinkling of metal on the floor.

I wheeled round and saw Kanaka stamping on the floor irately, tearing the paper in her hands to shreds, a picture of fury; and scattered on the floor were a brown leatherette covered box, the components of a safety-razor, and some razor blades in their original packings.

My heart stopped beating for a moment and I cried "What, what's this?"

"You know best what it is," Kanaka retorted with a freezing look. "I—I never thought you would tease me in this manner," and burst into tears.

I was in an awful hole, and didn't know how to explain. I was mentally trying to strangle that youngster Sethu, for the dirty trick he had played. "Now, now, don't cry, Kanaka, I am really sorry about this; there is some mistake," I tried to explain; but she tore herself away from me and fled towards the steps.

Her passage was however barred at the top of the steps by Sethu, who appeared carrying something in his hand.

"I say, Billaw!" he screamed, surveying the mess on the balcony floor with assumed nonchalance, "I asked you for a safety razor set, but you've brought me this tom-fool affair in silver!"

He handed me the new package and I transferred it to Kanaka, declaring, "There, darling, didn't I say there was some mistake? When I bought you this present to-day, I also purchased a safety-razor set for Sethu, and mixed up the packages when giving them to you both. Awfully stupid of me, I admit!"

I shot a murderous glance at Sethu who was bursting with laughter at the humour of the situation. "Oh! Billaw, imagine presenting a razor to a girl on her birthday! And serve her right, too! She won't say again that her husband is the cleverest man alive."

Kanaka demurely turned and trotted away to her room to admire her present, and I followed her leaving Sethu to gather up the scattered parts of the safety-razor set on all fours.

THE END

A WISE

HOUSEWIFE

SHE HAS BEEN
SAVING TIME
MONEY & LABOUR

by using

LION BRAND

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



Look out for our
Trade Mark while
buying our utensils.

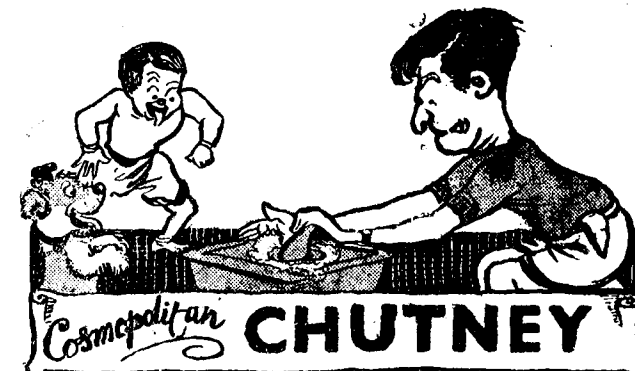
R. B. ANANT SHIVAJEE TOPIWALA

MOTI BAZAR

BOMBAY, 2

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

by
Vanamali



A telegram worded in Welsh was received at Buckingham Palace the other day. As nobody in the Palace could read Welsh, (so the story goes) the telegram was returned to its origin for translation. It was a message felicitating the King on his 70th birth-day. The Carnarvonshire Baptist Association who sent the message discussed the matter and representations are sought to be made in the proper quarter to install in the King's household a person knowing Welsh.

But the question is where was the need to return that telegram all the way back to Wales? Surely there is somebody in London who could have gladly translated that message for his King. Mr. Lloyd George whose 'New Deal' was turned down by the Cabinet Committee as "too vague and speculative" must be feeling rather discouraged over this Welsh telegram.

Mr. Charles Trevor is an "unbiased writer, with an intimate knowledge of India". It is a pity India doesn't know him intimately. The Indian masses are so gullible, according to this unbiased gentleman, that they believe a certain story in which the two characters are Gandhi and Willingdon. It would appear that when Gandhi called upon the Viceroy, the latter whisked a revolver and levelling it against poor Gandhi's head pulled the trigger. Result—a shower of flowers over Gandhi. Dismayed, the Viceroy produced a dagger (wherefrom is not certain) and plunged it into Gandhi's heart. Result No. 2—It turned into milk. Mr. Trevor does not say whether it is only ordinary milk or something special like goat's milk. Poor, gullible Indian masses!

A prince who lives like a beggar! Who? His Highness Maharajadhiraj Sir Bhupal Singhji Bahadur G.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., of Udaipur. He cooks his own food, and (Great Scot!) washes his own clothes. He cannot afford (Gods above!) more than 12 pieces of loin-cloth and two overcoats yearly. His daily allowance for cigarettes is five shillings. (Note: His Highness doesn't smoke, but what about his friends?) His possessions are not colossal. Oh, no. His kingdom has only an area of about 12,500 square miles. His annual revenue does not go beyond £ 50,000. No wonder some

of our Princes are so beloved of their subjects. Good old Udaipur.

Our Princes remind me, of all things in the world, of lightning. Probably because, like lightning, they are heaven-sent. Talking of lightnings, Bo Shepard, a farmer of Palestine (Jesu, what a parody!) of Texas, had a delightful experience with lightning. He was sitting in his cabin enjoying a quiet smoke idly gazing at the rain falling around him. A run-away lightning came peeping in and kissed his right sleeve, ripping it like a Bond Street tailor. Then it peeped downward, neatly tearing off his trousers and left shoe. Finally it passed down the wooden flooring and killed a hen roosting under the Cabin. Some lightning!

Two policemen saw a shed burnt down in Fort Scott one night. Next morning they strolled down to the burnt shed and there among the ashes found a human form. The 'corpse', however, was breathing. It smiled apologetically and said, "Good morning. Didn't mean no 'arm. Jus' crawled in 'ere to get outa the rain las' night." It then took an idle look around and shot up: "Say! When did this place burn down?"

The policemen said, I think, "Holy smoke!"

That yarn comes from America, any way.

There is not a man-made law but has a loophole, through which a determined fellow can drive an express train. Gambling is prohibited by law in Manila. Also there is another law in that place which prohibits the police from entering a house in which a dead body is lying, awaiting burial. So whenever the bright young fellows over there feel like having a little harmless go at roulette they just hop around to the nearest undertaker. For a little consideration the undertaker 'hires' out a dead native for the night. The dead one, of course, is a fresh one. The corpse is taken over by the 'lessees' and spread out 'in state' in the front hall. The revels commence in the back part of the house. The police know the game. But 'orders is orders' as the saying goes.



Distressed Kadirvelu.

Monopolists

by
Sketches

I
SIR,
The Mathematics paper this year leaves much to be desired. Questions are badly framed, symbols and notations are introduced with scanty, and sometimes no explanation; the phraseology in precision and

study in labour-control; (b) detailed working of road-metalling. I may add, I would ever be happy to instruct these examiners in the technical issues involved should they be wise enough to correspond with me.

RAO SAHIB SONACHALA MUDALIAR,
Government Contractor.

III

SIR,

The two letters that have appeared in your paper, regarding 'question VII sub-division 2' in the Mathematics Paper make me wonder at the colossal stupidity of your correspondents. The question is one on 'Time and Work'. It does not require any knowledge of road-metalling or labour-control. I am surprised that the Rao Sahib should have erred so ignominiously, and I may suggest that it is not even now too late—the Mudaliar could join some night school and learn the fundamentals of Arithmetic himself to these state-



Rao Sahib Mudaliar teaching examiners.

is often dubious, wanting in precision and rigour. Take the VII question, sub-division 2—as an instance—wherein, it is required to find out 'sensibly', as the Examiner puts it, the time taken to metal a road by 24,000 men, if one man could do it in 400 hours. The question involves, certainly—I am sure, dear Mr. Editor, you agree with me—problems in Civil Engineering much beyond the comprehension of the young candidates sitting for this examination: as such the question may be deleted: may I request you to do the needful.

KADIRVELU,
A Candidate in Distress.

II

SIR,

It is with interest I perused your 'candidate's letter, and as I am a contractor, of twenty years experience, I may tell you, the question savours of fundamental ignorance of road-metalling, labour-control and the idea of time, as required by District Boards. I should say, from my valued experience, it is decidedly more economical to engage one hand to complete the job than to indulge in a waste of money by engaging 24,000 men. May I suggest that, before examiners set questions of this type, they be required to undergo (a) extensive

ere he commits
ments sans
sense, sans
brains, and
sans every-
thing.

KUMBAKONAM
RAMASUBBU
IYER,
B.A., B.Ed.,
Teacher,
D. D. M.
High School,
Kumbakonam.



Ramasubbu Iyer dragging Mudaliar to a night school

at Work

'Kamakshi'

by Mali

IV

SIR,

The letter of the Kumbakonam Iyer is, as I expected. It is a stunt of the monopolist party—with that arrogance, characteristic of all Iyers, and the letter is a veiled attack on our Non-Brahmin party. It does not require the Iyer's 'brains, sense and everything' to work out that sum. The letter of the Rao Sahib implies that it is impossible to lay out the metalling of the road in one minute by 24,000 men. The preliminaries would take more than one day, and the examiner (I have my own doubt if he also is a Kumbakonamite!) ought to know that it is impossible to metal a road in one minute, even if you employ 240,000 men. It is high time these monopolists retired into the background—leaving aside their acrobatic stunts—to look after their 'Sanatana Dharma' and 'Tharpanams'.

RAO BAHADUR MADAYAPPA NAIDU.

'plucked' candidates. ARUNUGA NAYANAR.

V

SIR,

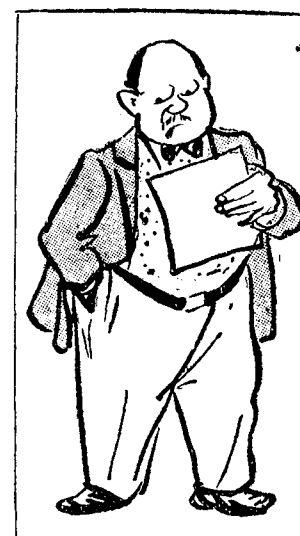
Rao Bahadur Naidu has done a great service to our Motherland by exposing the hollowness and conceit of the 'Kumbakonam Iyers'. I had my own misgivings



Arumuga Nayanar telling candidate Kumaravelu that it is all not to the point.

hitherto as to why the percentage of passes in one particular community was excessively overwhelming, when compared to others. Everything is now as clear as daylight. The examiners and the examinees, hailing as they do from the same community—which I shall not name—well, I shall not pursue further. The least said the better.

ROBERT BRUCE NAIDU.



Madayappa Naidu ordering Iyers to recede to the background.

VI

SIR,

Robert Bruce Naidu has aptly refrained from committing himself to any statement on the vagaries of the examiners. It is time that communal rotation was followed when appointing examiners every year—to avoid patronage.

Now that our party is badly in need of artificial respiration, the coming elections at least may be fought on this issue. We are sure at least to have the co-operation of the



Robert Bruce Naidu, reading correspondence and feeling—"The least said the better".

VII

SIR,

Much heat has been thrown on the question of Mathematics and as I happened to be a candidate for the examination, may I point out the discrepancy that has crept in your correspondents' letters.

The question that was asked was:

"If one Englishman could eat a pig in 100 hours, find the time taken to eat the pig by 24,000 men."

Therefore, questions on road-metalling and labour-control do not arise.

KUMARAVELU.

[The correspondence on this subject will now cease. Whether it is a pig or a road that is involved in the question, the Editor will not countenance any reply from 'Pig' and 'Anti-Pig' societies.]

Taken for a Ride—

by 'Embusque'

Illustrated by Mali



"Who are you?" he demanded of the prisoner, ferociously.

THE platform was dark and deserted. The Night Passenger had steamed out, and the Mail was not due until the early morning. Mr. Xavier Da Souza, Assistant Station-Master, paced the platform. He was enjoying the comparative coolness of the South Indian night, and admiring the incomparable blaze of the Southern stars. Half-a-dozen coolies crouched round the big brazier of burning coals beyond the end of the platform, from which they seemed inseparable even on the warmest night.

Mr. Da Souza's contemplation of the heavens was interrupted by a series of small clanking noises. Someone was trying to leave the platform by climbing over the high metal fence.

"Oi!" cried Mr. Da Souza, in surprise and indignation. He rushed forward, and confronted the individual, at the same time calling to the coolies for assistance.

"Evading payment of fare!" panted Mr. Da Souza. "Bring him to my office!"

The miscreant offered no resistance. He stood blinking in the dim light of the office, while the Assistant Station-Master questioned him.

"What were you doing on the platform?" demanded Mr. Da Souza.

For answer, the captive searched his clothing, and silently produced a ticket. Grabbing it, the railway-official was crestfallen to note that the ticket was

"A two-anna ticket from the next station down the line," commented Mr. Da Souza. "You must have come by the Night Passenger. Why didn't you leave the station by the proper way?"



The man made no answer.

Mr. Da Souza was nonplussed. For a moment, he had visions of a law-suit for assault and false confinement. The fellow appeared to have committed no offence. Yet his attempted mode of exit was highly suspicious. That was it: highly suspicious. "Send for the Sub-Inspector," said the railway official. "I will have this man detained on suspicion."

The man stood motionless and silent until the Sub-Inspector arrived. "Ho!" said that worthy, "leaving the station premises by stealth, eh? A suspicious character. Let's have a look at him!"

Roughly, he dragged the man closer to the light. As the suspect moved, there was a clanking sound. The Sub-Inspector started, and looked downwards.

"Why!" cried the policeman in amazement, "he is wearing fetters!"

So it proved to be. The man's legs were linked by jail-chains, which were secured by a padlock.

"Hullo!" remarked the Sub-Inspector, "the padlock is broken!" He removed it, and held it in his hands.

"What do you make of that?" he asked the Assistant Station-Master. "If the padlock was unfastened, why didn't the man remove his fetters?"

"Perhaps he had only just succeeded in breaking it, when I—apprehended him," suggested Mr. Da Souza importantly. "Of course, I shall claim the reward."

The Sub-Inspector turned his back in disgust. He had contemplated claiming the reward for himself.

"Who are you?" he demanded of the prisoner, ferociously.

The man shook his head.

"Oh, I'll soon make you talk!" shouted the Sub-Inspector, and slapped the prisoner across the face.

"Please! Not in my office!" begged Mr. Da Souza, and added, "I think the man is dumb."

"Who are you, and where do you come from?" reiterated the Sub-Inspector.

The man clanked across the office to a list of long-distance fares, and pointed to the name of a town. "Rawalpindi!" cried the Assistant Station-Master, following the pointing finger. "The fellow is dumb."

"That's a pity!" remarked the Sub-Inspector malevolently. "Anyhow, it is evident that he has escaped from Rawalpindi Jail. I wonder how he managed to come all this way in those fetters? Well; I'll put him before the beak in the morning. Come on, you!"

The dumb man meekly followed the policeman out of the office.

The magistrate remanded the dumb man for enquiries, and the wires hummed between the little

South Indian town and Rawalpindi jail. To the bewilderment of everyone, the jail replied that no prisoner of any description was missing.

"I wish I could make the blighter talk!" fumed the Sub-Inspector. "He has escaped from somewhere, all right. Let's try the other jails in the Punjab."

But the other jails in the Punjab returned equally disappointing replies. "I have it!" cried the Sub-Inspector, "Rawalpindi is only his home town. He was confined in the jail of some other province. We'll have to circularise all jails in the country."

They circularised all jails in the country, but although prisoners of various shapes and sizes were at large, none of them was dumb, or answered in any way to the description of the Sub-Inspector's captive.

"What a fool I am!" said the Sub-Inspector. "The fellow need not have escaped from a jail at all. He might have got away from a local lock-up." So messages were wired to all local authorities.

This at last produced something tangible. Quite a number of absconders from local lock-ups were reported, of whom one was an alleged dacoit, a native of Rawalpindi City. Particulars were incomplete, but the description tallied fairly closely with that of the detained man. Triumphant, the Sub-Inspector appeared before the magistrate, and applied for the transfer of the prisoner into the custody of the Rawalpindi District Police.

"Do you understand what the Sub-Inspector has said?" enquired the magistrate.

The prisoner nodded.

"Have you any objection to being taken to Rawalpindi?"

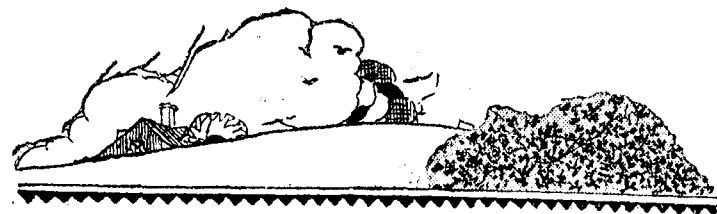
The prisoner shook his head quite cheerfully.

* * * * *

Ten days later, the mysterious prisoner was produced before a puzzled Justice of the Peace at Rawalpindi.

"This is extraordinary!" muttered the judge, easing his collar from about his perspiring neck. "You were discovered by night, wearing fetters, at a railway-station in the farthest South, apparently an absconder from this neighbourhood. Yet your description does not tally with that of any man wanted by the police. You are certainly not Ram Dass, the dacoit. I am unable to call on you to give an account of yourself, because you are dumb."

THE END



Then an astonishing thing happened. "May it please your Honour," remarked the prisoner, "I am not dumb."

"Not dumb?" shouted the magistrate.

"No, your Honour. I was merely observing a vow of silence. I have never claimed to be dumb. It was a pig-headed policeman in the South who assumed that I was dumb. My period of silence ended this morning at ten o'clock. It is now, you will observe, five minutes past ten."

"For what reason did you vow yourself to silence?"

"As a means of spiritual self-discipline, your Honour," said the man unblushingly.

"How do you explain your presence at a railway-station by night, wearing fetters?"

"May it please your Honour, I arrived at the station as a lawful fare-paying passenger. I was wearing the fetters for my own amusement."

"Wearing fetters for amusement!"

"Yes, your Honour. I aspired to become a hand-cuff-king and escapologist in a circus."

"Good heavens!"

"And when the pig-headed Sub-Inspector took me for an escaped criminal, I could not disillusion him, on account of my vow of silence."

"Well," said the magistrate, at the end of a lengthy questioning, "there appear to be no grounds on which I may detain you further: you are discharged. The court is adjourned."

"Just a minute," he added, to the man he had released. "Come here."

"Now," said the magistrate in a lower tone, "perhaps you will tell the *true* story of this escapade."

"Please, your Honour," said the man, with a sly grin, "I am a native of Rawalpindi, and I found myself far from home, in the very South of India. I had lost my employment, and had no means of returning to my home. As you know, it is five days' journey by mail, and the fare is prohibitive."

"I induced a blacksmith to make me a set of fetters, saying they were required for theatrical purposes. I took a vow of silence, and a two-anna ticket on the railway. While wearing my fetters, I fell into the hands of the police."

"It is not my fault, your Honour, that the police took me for a ride to my home town."

The Incubator & the Egg

by John A. Henry

Illustrated by Varma

her! I hope this 200 is enough to give her a good time and land her like the fish she is!"

He was immaculately dressed, as always, and the prospect of again meeting the woman who called herself the Countess of Digga, made him more excited than usual. For, besides picking pockets, Jimmy specialised in 'marrying' fat ladies with plenty of money. He had, in his young life, 'married' thirty of them. The last one had been a bit of a Tartar, and had almost bitten his left ear off in a fit of temper one day. But on the whole he had been fairly lucky.

The Countess was waiting for him in her room in the Grand Hotel.



"Ah! My sweet charmer!" murmured Jimmy, one hand over his heart.

JIMMY the Runt fingered the gold watch and Rs. 200 he had picked from Lord Kreesebelly's pocket a week before, and looked at the dial of the watch. "Seven o'clock!" he muttered, and quickened his pace. "Just time to meet her. Shouldn't like to lose

"Ah! My sweet charmer!" murmured Jimmy, one hand over his heart. He took her hand as the servant closed the door. "The world becomes more beautiful than a well fried sausage when I see you!"

She simpered and giggled, her fat figure quivering. "Your humour!" she gurgled, and led him to a sofa. "Come and sit beside me."

"If you only *knew* how I've lived for this moment, Countess!" exclaimed Jimmy. "You have been to me, in spirit, like a banana to a ship-wrecked sailor, nuts to a monkey, a fig-leaf to Adam!"

She laughed fatly, and they sat down together. "And you," she said, her face suddenly serious, "have been as Adam to me without the fig leaf!"

Jimmy began to feel uncomfortable. He hadn't thought she would start getting passionate so soon. He didn't mind doing the love-making, but when the female started carrying the battle into his own ground, he began to get hot round the collar.

"Countess," he said, "I am honoured."

"Of course," she went on slyly, "you're not too good looking, but—"

"What!" said Jimmy, beginning to get annoyed, but she continued as if she had not heard him, eyeing him affectionately. With one hand she stroked his raven locks.

"I suppose you used to pass the time away, when you were young, by sitting in front of a mirror and throwing stones at yourself?" she said.

"Good God!" said Jimmy. Then, "I take it, Countess, that in our present state of affection you wouldn't mind if I did a bit of flattering too?"

"Not at all—not at all, my sweet cucumber!" her voice sounded as if she'd be only too glad. As he started, she threw her arms round his neck and affectionately slobbered over his chin.

"For one thing," said Jimmy suavely, "you've been eating onions."

"Good for slimming, Jimmy darling!"

"For another, you've a wart on the lobe of your left ear. It's a very nice wart, but there are one or two hairs round it. These spoil the effect."

"Something for you to fondle when we are married, my sweet Jimmy!" Her hands slid down from his neck, and with passionate fondness, she patted his stomach.

"Who the hell said anything about marrying?" asked Jimmy, his moustache bristling. And then he remembered how good it would be to get hold of some of her money at least, before he left her. "Well—well, do you feel like getting married?" he finished up lamely.

"I've never felt so like getting married in all my life! I also feel like a cup of coffee."

"You *look* like a mangel wurzel," thought Jimmy as she rang for her servant and ordered coffee.

Over the coffee:

"How many children will we have, Jimmy darling?" she asked gushingly.

Jimmy's knees suddenly knocked together.

"Good Lord above!" he ejaculated, knowing that she loved him too much to mind his frankness, "the woman's a veritable incubator!"

She put her cup on the table and returned to the attack, her fingers lovingly counting his ribs.

"One—two—fifteen—good heavens! Darling, you're a few short!"

"That doesn't matter," said Jimmy complacently, the sound of a bogus priest's voice marrying them in his ears. His old pal, Henry I. Bigam, would make an excellent priest. "You'll soon be able to count the the hairs on my right knee. I've got about six hundred, I think."

"Ah! They'll make a pretty good wig for me when I'm old and ugly and moulting, eh, Jimmy darling?"

"You're that now," thought Jimmy ungallantly. Aloud he said, "You'll never be that, my sweet! I'd kill you first!"

"Would you really?" she gushed, looking up from his chest. "You'd risk hanging to save me from old age and ugliness?"

"Undoubtedly!"

"My brave, honourable cock-a-doodle-doo!" she murmured, and turned back to her coffee, a sarcastic smile on her painted lips.

"Do you feel like going to a show at the Theatre Wiggle to-night?" asked Jimmy, loath to spend too much on her, but realising that it was the only way to gain his ends.

"No, my sweet turtle-dove. I'm afraid these shows always give me a bad attack of chicken-pox."

"Good!" said Jimmy.

"What?"

"I said hard luck," said Jimmy, and she smiled again. "Bad thing, chicken-pox. Makes you drink a lot of water."

"Terrible!" she agreed, and Jimmy continued, warming to his task.

"Will you be married in the usual flowing white dress and veil?" he asked.

"As God made me," she said, a far-away look in her eyes.

"What!" Jimmy was shocked. This was a bit too thick!

"Sorry," she said hastily. "I was thinking of these awful chorus girls."

"Oh! What about your trousseau?"

"Well, I've got a few beautiful cami-knickers and things."

"Ah! The cami-knickers will save us buying curtains," said Jimmy. "And I could use them as bath-robes. Very economical."

"Yes," she gurgled.

"Well," said Jimmy, after they had kissed a few times, and he looked at the clock on the mantel-piece.

"If you're not going to the show, I must be on my way. See you to-morrow."

"I *hope* so!" she said sweetly, waving a fat hand, and Jimmy left.

Back in his rooms, he felt for his watch.

Gone! And the Rs. 200!

When he eventually reached the Hotel, the 'Countess' had left.

And then Jimmy laughed good-humouredly.

"I meant to spend it on her anyway. An incubator! And I'm the egg!"

THE END



The Busiest Actors

BERTON Churchill, character actor, retained for the third time in succession, the title of 'the busiest actor in Hollywood', by playing more roles than any other actor in 1934. This white-haired, veteran player appeared in twenty-nine features in 1934, an average of one production in every 13 days. Second honours go to Hobart Cavanaugh, receiving credit in twenty-four features. Henry O'Neil is the third with twenty. Amongst the ladies, Shirley Grey and Sarah Padden share the first honours with 13 features each. Minna Gombell is the next one with twelve.

Wampas' Waning Power

In past years, the press agents used to select and prophecy the "Baby Stars". This prophecy, every year, proved to be a failure and there ensued frequent quarrels between the studios and the press. These nominations were called Wampas 'Baby Stars' (Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers). Now the individual selection of six 'protéges' by Paramount Studio, four 'debutantes' by Fox and six 'starlets' by Warner Bros. means organised opposition to the Wampas tradition.

Paramount's 'protéges' have been elected by a vote of two hundred and eighty executives, players, directors and writers. The winners were Gertrude Michael of Alabama (who once owned and operated a radio station), Gail Patrick, also of Alabama (1932 'Panther Woman' contest winner), Wendy Barrie (born in Hongkong, an English subject), Katherine de Mille (adopted daughter of Cecil B. de Mille), Grace Badley (former New York night-club entertainer), and Ann Sheridan (Clare Lou Sheridan of the "search for beauty" contest).

Fox films choose as their 'debutantes' of 1935 this quartette: Rita Cansino (sixteen year old daughter of the Cansino dancing family), Frances Grant (New York stage dancer, just twenty), Rosino Laurence (eighteen, former stand-in for Sally Eilers), and Barbara Blane nineteen, a singer.)

Warner 'starlets' are Olivia de Havilland (protége of Max Reinhardt) Maxine Doyle (champion mistress of ceremonies), Dorothy Dare (singer and dancer), June Martel (stage comedienne), Nan Gray (*ingenue* from Houston, Texas), and June Grabiner (wealthy Chicago social star).

Here they are, sixteen of Hollywood's best.



Mae West Cut-Outs

Mae is now a sad young lady. The censors are ready with their scissors and every idea she gets in is ousted out. A press agent suggested to Mae that she might save all her forbidden ideas and make a film of them. They might be called *Mae West Cut Outs*. But she immediately flashed back: "Say, you got an idea; come up and see me sometime."

Mae Wants to be Ma!

A representative of the press asked Mae West what her ambition was. Perhaps he too was wondering, like any of us, what she should be wishing for with all her name, fame and money. Quite characteristically, she whispered to him, "I want to have a boy and a girl and I want to call the boy Lochinvar!" Well, Lochinvar, who is to be your father? I have a hunch that the present lawyer-manager of the sex appeal queen (Jim Timony, to wit) will lead this Lady of the Boulevards to the altar.

Bing Crosby is Japan's favourite screen star according to a popularity poll conducted there. His pictures draw the biggest crowds and his phonograph records are the best sellers.

For the first time in the history of pictures, three companies of the same unit are working at once. Since nearly every studio is making a Federal Agent picture, Warners decided to scoop the scoop and get theirs out first. *G. Men* is therefore being practically shot out of a cannon—with one main and two co-directors, working on three sets. And the actors meet themselves arriving back!

Since coming to Hollywood, Freddie Bartholomew has developed an craving for two things: American slang and chewing-gum. Freddie's aunt "Sissy" is greatly worried, for there never was a more precisely beautiful English diction attached to a youngster than to Freddie. It would be a shame to corrupt it.

The Tough—

by 'Chappie'

Illustrated by Sekar

BUTCHER Higgins considered himself a tough guy, especially when he was supported by his gang of bullying confederates. Of unprepossessing appearance, he was easily recognised by his cauliflower ears, large flat nose and the upward slant of his eyes. Winter or Summer, he wore a loud check-suit of glaring draught-board design. His cap pulled low over his ugly face and a gaudy neckerchief concealed his dirty face and neck from public gaze. His coat-pockets concealed two ugly knuckle-dusters, and a secret recess in the back of his check trousers held a short length of solid rubber—guaranteed to render any argumentative individual unconscious.

It was on such murderous weapons that Butcher's power was maintained. He was the terror of law-abiding citizens and the bogey of little children, old men and maidens. He was the leader of a gang of roughs known as 'The Silver Hatchet Gang'. Nobody knows why Butcher was not conscripted during the War. Perhaps it was due to his squint. The fact remains that prior to the Armistice—all the able-bodied men were still at the Front—Butcher held undisputed sway over all the under-age and over-age inhabitants of East London. Butcher had ousted the equally disreputable 'Battling Bosun' from his position as leader in a knife-fight held in a low-down dive.

Butcher was considered, or he considered himself, the roughest, toughest guy in Wincomlee. Wincomlee is well over two miles long. The more one progresses down this street, the tougher it gets, and Butcher lived at the bottom house. He was so tough that tradition had saddled him with the belief that bullets would glance off his skin if fired at close range. In his 'cups' he would openly vilify the police or anybody connected with law and order.

Many a constable, determined to patrol his beat alone, had been mercilessly beaten and subjected to gross brutality. The Police realised that Butcher was the ringleader, but they could never obtain just the right amount of evidence to warrant his arrest and conviction. Would-be informers thought twice before paying a visit to the nearest police-station. In all probability they would have required an ambulance-stretcher to convey their mangled bodies to the nearest mortuary. One such informer did brave his conscience and fear, and laid the facts of a recent affray before Sergeant Moresby of the C. I. D. Moresby, with the sure conviction and knowledge that the informer was in dire danger, person-

ally paid the man's fare to Scot North, than a frozen mortuary'.

Butcher's reign of terror was gradually coming to a close. War-wounded soldiers were now returning to civil life. He found it a very hard task to subdue or dominate men who had faced bullets and death at the Front. The Armistice was declared and the vast



demobilization began. Sergeant Moresby looked forward to the day when some of his former six-foot policemen would return. That day was not far distant.

Three weeks later, a strapping youngster entered the police-station and reported for duty. He was a red-haired Irishman—Patrick O'Kelly by name—brave as a bull and keen as a razor. Moresby briefly outlined the feud existing between the Police and 'The Silver Hatchet Gang'. Butcher Higgins' character was impressed on the young police-man. Next day O'Kelly formed part of the police-patrol on duty in Wincomlee. Moresby pointed out Butcher. O'Kelly gazed interestedly at the bully. Butcher stared also, and drawing back his repulsive lips in a sneer, he guffawed loud and long.

The patrol returned to the police-station and Sergeant Moresby sounded the new man regarding

Higgins. "A pure, unadulterated bully," was his only comment. Wincomlee was in future to be O'Kelly's preserve. At eight o'clock that same night, P. C. Kelly—uniformed and alone—was calmly patrolling his allotted beat. Suddenly he heard a terrified scream; the swing-doors of a nearby public house were flung open, and a man was thrown outside on to the hard pavement. O'Kelly doubled across the road and raised the man into a sitting posture. "Who did this?" demanded the constable.

The victim was silent for a minute, and then hispered, "Butcher Higgins."

"Where is he?" growled the Irishman.



"Inside the pub," muttered the man. "But, for God's sake, be careful if you intend going in there. All his gang are with him."

O'Kelly made no reply but dashed impetuously into the public house. Flinging open the swing-doors he dashed into the bar. Butcher Higgins, surrounded by his bullies, was standing in the centre of the floor. He was just raising a glass of beer to his lips, when O'Kelly snapped, "I want you, Higgins." When the calm, determined tones fell on Butcher's ears, he turned round and threw his glass of beer full into the constable's face. "Want me d'jer?" he mouthed, "well, come and fetch me."

O'Kelly drew his truncheon and accepted the challenge. He made a grab at Higgins. In turn, Higgins drew his rubber and rained terrible blows on the Irishman. Then the rest of the gang got busy. With their boots and dusters they went *en masse* for the policeman—tore his helmet and tunic off, kicked and battered him into insensibility. The proprietor and potmen stood helplessly by, powerless to help the constable. With a final kick and an oath, Butcher and his gang left the public house and vanished into the night. The potmen phoned the station, and Sergeant Moresby and a picked squad arrived quickly on the scene. An ambulance was requisitioned and the gore-covered man was taken to the hospital.

Sergeant Moresby could not obtain a scrap of convincing evidence against Butcher. All became suddenly dumb when the Butcher's name was mentioned. Next morning the Sergeant paid a visit to the hospital. When Moresby arrived there the constable was conscious. A broken collar-bone, three broken ribs and his body covered in blue-black bruises was the extent of his injuries. "Did Higgins do this?" questioned his superior. "Yes, Sergeant, he did." Moresby fumed when he realised that his hands were tied. If he arrested Higgins on O'Kelly's testimony alone, Butcher would easily produce a dozen alibis.

Higgins drew his rubber and rained terrible blows on the Irishman.

Six weeks later, P. C. O'Kelly left the hospital and reported at the station. Sergeant Moresby was sitting on the charge-table, looking glum and miserable. "Well, O'Kelly, I am glad to see you around again. Ready to start work?"

"Thanks, Sergeant, I am ready."

Sergeant Moresby looked glummier than ever and eyed his subordinate doubtfully. Then he blurted out, "I think that you should be transferred to an easier beat. Or would you prefer a month's sick leave?"

The Policeman was silent for a few moments, then said, "Sergeant Moresby, thanks for your offer. But I would like to remain on the Wincomlee beat until I have arrested Higgins. I owe him something now, you know."

The superior's eyes glistened with pride, and his voice broke as he said, "You know what you got the last time you went after Higgins?"

"Yes, Sergeant, I *do* know, but I shall go about the matter differently this time. May I have one week's leave. My plan is to get out of uniform, and to try and get a chance on Higgins when he least expects it."

* * * *

In plain old clothes and with a three days' growth of beard, O'Kelly was as unlike a policeman as could be imagined. Hourly he haunted the vicinity of the Butcher's dives, but he could not manage to get him alone. He visited the bully's lodgings but he was never there. At length O'Kelly had a stroke of luck. One night, on the last day of his leave, he was hovering near the back of one of Butcher's favourite haunts. Butcher came out into the yard with a few of his friends.

He was conversing with them in low tones, but O'Kelly managed to overhear the words, 'Old Solomon', and 'two o'clock'. Putting two and two together, the policeman came to the conclusion that something was afoot at Solomon's, the pawnbrokers, at two o'clock in the morning.

One o'clock found O'Kelly standing concealed in a doorway opposite old Solomon's shop. He heard the chiming of the half-hour, but nothing suspicious had occurred. Suddenly, he stiffened and watched. A man was running swiftly up the road. Halting at the door of the shop, he inserted a key in the lock, and vanished inside. In a flash the policeman crossed the road and tried the door. He was lucky. The door was only closed, and not locked. Quietly entering the corridor, O'Kelly heard someone moving about inside the shop. Silently turning the handle, he edged inside. Someone,

with his back turned to the policeman, was trying to force open a jewellery case. O'Kelly crept up behind the man. The burglar either heard or sensed the policeman's presence. He turned, and P. C. O'Kelly found himself face to face with Butcher Higgins.

With an oath the brute drew his rubber-tubing, and lashed frenziedly at the constable. But O'Kelly was not to be caught napping this time. He side-stepped and crashed a straight left full into the Butcher's mouth and followed this up with a stinging right and left to the jaw. Higgins gasped and cursed and hurriedly spat out a couple of teeth. He kicked and snarled, bit and cursed. But O'Kelly was now the master of the situation. As Higgins kicked, the policeman caught hold of his ankle and brought him to the floor.

Suddenly O'Kelly heard other sounds in the street. It was the gang coming to their leader's rescue. His heart sank, and Butcher began to yell with all his might. They were actually in the corridor when O'Kelly sprang to the door and locked it. As he turned from the door, Butcher aimed a blow at his head with a brass vase. O'Kelly ducked but caught the full force of that murderous blow on his shoulder.

His right arm was numbed and useless. With a snarl of satisfaction Butcher rushed in to strike again. Then the cry, 'POLICE', rang out, and the bully stopped dead in his tracks. Hurrying footsteps denoted the retreat of the gang. Butcher looked wildly around him and then made a spirited dash for the door. O'Kelly again dived for Butcher's ankles in approved Rugger style. Police whistles were now shrilling out their calls for assistance. The gang had disappeared. The policeman held grimly on in spite of the terrible pain in his arm and shoulder. Butcher, time and again, crashed his fist into the constable's face. But he could not free himself.

"Where are you?" bawled the voice of Sergeant Moresby. "Here," replied O'Kelly in a weak voice. The door was crashed open and Sergeant Moresby and twenty constables surveyed the scene. They pounced on Higgins. O'Kelly fell back unconscious.

Next morning, Butcher Higgins was charged before the magistrates and later committed to the old Bailey. At the trial he was found guilty and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude and fifteen strokes with the 'cat'.

Thus ended the reign of Butcher Higgins, tough and bully. The neighbourhood of Wincomlee is now peaceful and law-abiding. P. C. O'Kelly was promoted to sergeant's rank and is respected in the district.

THE END



The Eternal Controversy

by 'Czerina'

Illustrated by Sekar



A gent down in old Vepery,
Said: "Women mean nothing to me,
They're mean sort of creatures
With horrible features.
Made up from an old recipe.

"They're awful, they're thoroughly bad,
Meddlesome creatures and mad.
There's nothing they'll stop at
No man they won't pop at
And trap him, then scrap him—poor lad!"

The ladies of Egmore said: "Ho!
If you think you are gentlemen, no!
We deeply despise you,
You're all living lies; you
Know just where we're hoping you'll go!

"Men! We're all tired of your truck,
Delighted to give you the chuck.
How vain your tirade is!
If we were not ladies
We'd tell you we think you're just muck!"

Then up rose a meek little chap,
Who said: "I am sick of this scrap.
There's one lady present
Who's not so unpleasant;
I ask her to sit on my lap."



The meeting looked shocked for a while;
The lady said "yes" with a smile,
Then the "anti-men" wilted
And, not to be jilted,
All put on a ravishing smile.

So that was the end of the row,
A happy solution I vow,
Among the debators
You'll find no men haters
And few "anti-womenites", now

Chewing Gum—

by 'Narak A. Nurak'

GOOD evening everybody. Put your ear-phones on. Oh! your receiving set whines? I'll tell you what to do. Just tap your valves, not too hard. O.K. now? I'm on a pur with Signor Marconi in the adjustments of the gadgets of the wireless. I see, the editor is grimacing at me for this bit of self-adulation. "Get a move on. Pronto," he says, like the traffic cop who drove away the crowd that had gathered round him, gapping at the huge pimple on his bulbous nose.

Kannappa, the traffic cop
Had a pimple on his nose.
It caused the people gape and stop,
To watch this growth, as red as rose.
This made the P. C. fret and fume,
He got his goat and said "move on."
The crowd obeyed but did assume
The pimple was a red bon-bon.

Right oh, Mr. Ed., I'll scam. Now listen folks.

Talking of the wireless, I naturally tune in on to the subject of talkies. I regret to say that our Indian producers are much too dippy about mythological and puranic themes. I for one, am sick of seeing and hearing too much of this type of pictures. It's time we hit a new trail and have real interesting films depicting modern life in modern India. Subjects like the struggles of the unemployed, the life among educated middle-class and the trials of the suffering poor could be tapped to excite soul-stirring interest. Narak A. Nurak would surely have taken to scenario writing and glutted the market with spicy plots but for the fear that he may be spirited away to Los Angeles or Hollywood to become the thirty-seventh husband of a film-star. Now, ye producers, take this tip and go ahead.

* * * *

Have you ever killed two birds with one stone? I have. The stone was aimed with a lot of check side on it (ever played billiards?) and it hit one to cannon and ricochet off its breast to the head of the other. Likewise will the introduction of radios in all villages serve two purposes—educating and entertaining the folk. Surely, this will ultimately lead to the amelioration of our benighted villages. The idea should be a *fait accompli* very soon.

The other day there was a conference at the little town of Pollingboothnagar. All the also-rans in the late elections, to wit, the District Board, the Municipality, the Council and the Assembly and all the rest of that ilk, had foregathered to 'place on record their emphatic protest' against the practice of not giving consolation prizes in the scramble for distinction.

"Boo-Hoo," cried a baby, "I did not get even a place."

"Ah! me," whined another. "My defeat has nearly killed me."

"Gadzooks!" moaned a third. "I had hopes for many things."

So the wailing and teeth-gnashing went on. There was such a bally-hoo that the president had to use a big megaphone to bring order out of chaos.

At last after much letting out of gas and venting of spleen, the emphatic protest, referred to hereinbefore, was recorded amidst deafening moans and whines.

Poor me was there to watch the show. In order to put them wise, Narak gallivanted up the dais and put in a word edge-wise to the crowd.

"Say, gents, I guess that when you joined the fray, you didn't figure out that all would come out winners in the racket."

At this they quailed. By gosh!

It was a whopper.

Dick and Tom and Harry too
Electioneering went about,
Their hard-earned cash away they blew
When Harry won, the rest did shout.

So that's that.

* * * *

Bicycles are not to be taxed. That is the cry now. The poor bike! Will it ever be out of its worries. What about the twenty-stone man riding a 24 inch machine! Is it not taxing the poor thing?

* * * *

Ahem! I have a sore throat. So I ring down.

Of these and others

by 'The Shepherd of the Pot'

Drawing by C. Nadkarni

"WHAT do you think of these modern girls of the thirties?" That was the question my friend asked me—abruptly, without giving notice. My friend, I may as well tell you is not an old man with a foot and a half in the grave and the remaining half incapacitated by gout. Such a question, you may think, would be more appropriate from the lips of a retired gentleman of sixty and odd who has a fully feathered nest to roost in, contemplating this struggling, blundering world from a hill of superior wisdom and experience, with the detachment of a Shankara. Curiously enough, it came from my friend, R—who is still on the brighter side of thirty with the full use of all his limbs. R—had a peculiar knack for springing some bombshells on his acquaintances. One could never fully sound his hidden depths. He would meet you of an evening on the beach for the first time in the day, and would ask you apropos of nothing in particular, "What is your opinion about birth-control?" as if he were merely asking in a casual sort of way the price of lettuce.

It is mighty inconvenient to answer such momentous questions *en passant*. But R—delighted only in asking very knotty questions and putting you in all sorts of odd corners. He never spared you these ordeals even if you were with your friends or in your own family circle. The other day when I was just starting out by myself to the cinema, and my wife in blissful ignorance was minding her own business, in comes R—and explodes one of his shells. "Hullo, old chap, what do you think of those insufferable tyrants, who refuse their wives some slight entertainment and relaxation now and then, say, a picture, a stroll by the beach, a this or that?" A ripping

question that, to ask of a husband who was just sneaking out.

To give the old gentleman his due, all his questions were no doubt very profound and thought-stirring, questions which were engaging the attention of all the political and social agitators of the day. But they came on you like a scorpion or a creditor at the wrong times and places. You turn round a corner and they butt on you from nowhere.

Think of these modern girls! Frankly, I do not think much of them—rather I do not want to think of them at all. I have very strong opinions on the subject and they will be enough to fill several volumes. As a husband of more than a score of years' standing and an author of seven children, (two males and five females of the species) I rather pride myself that I can desecant quite satisfactorily on all such topics. But you cannot expect a man, however heroic he might be, to express himself on a question of this compromising nature in the presence of Mrs. B—, Secretary of the Thirty Four Ladies' Club, and Miss M—, Organiser of the Society for the Uplift of Women, especially when he happens to be basking in the sunshine of their good opinions. Mrs. B—rather considers me 'an old dear' and Miss M—counts me in as a promoter of her new agitation for equality of opportunities for women in public services. Of course, it is one thing to hold a private opinion and another to move with the times and be connected with such societies. It is absurd, this about public services and women. I dread to imagine a state of things with a Police Force of women opening fire on an insurgent crowd and a bench of fair judges in black solemn.



"What do you think of these modern girls?"

ly pronouncing death sentence on half a dozen young men implicated in a terrorist outrage. Miss M—here points out that in some madcap place in America there are Police-women. There might be; I do not doubt a lady's word; but that is in America, where anything might happen. Personally I do not think much of these Americans; they seem to be either 'lunatics' or millionaires, often both. A people who can think of having women in the Police Force cannot be much else.

But a bachelor like R—cannot understand the delicacies of a husband. Man to man, I would have told him a lot of things on this and other questions. But in the presence of ladies—no. We have ever been noted for chivalry. One of our stock would never think of expressing an unpalatable, anti-feminist opinion in the presence of ladies; he would rather be an infanticide on a Herodian scale. This chivalry on my part was sometimes misunderstood and miscalled hypocrisy.

In my long and wedded life, I have had some experiences. When my eldest daughter, Sukeshini—I am not personally responsible for that Scandinavian name—passed her Certificate Examination, and asked me to send her to College, I remember I rashly committed myself to a few statements of an offensive nature about women in general. I did not see what advantage there could be by a high Collegiate education for our girls. Education we must have, a healthy amount of it. Say, our wives and daughters must learn to read more or less haltingly the letters of their husbands—those they receive, not what their husbands receive. They must write a bold round hand, not very fast or correct. They must know just enough arithmetic to settle the dhobi's bill or the milk-maid's account. Of course she must have a tolerable acquaintance with the culinary art. Beyond these necessary accomplishments, everything is a waste. Of what use are Shakespeare and Shelley to our women? Or Shaw and Ibsen? Or Einstein's Theory of Relativity or Mendeleeff's Atomic Table? These would only make her absent-minded and confused, resulting in an abominable supper being served up for the husband when he returns home. These are things on which competent husbands can have no two opinions.

I might have taken more than forty five minutes, and very nearly exhausted my vocabulary in explaining this to Sukh. But all that was produced was a storm in the household. My wife and my seven children all turned on me; even the smallest baby, a girl in her mother's arms, began to scowl at me and sob in her mother's lap. You can always depend upon a woman to sacrifice her all in standing up for her own kind.

I was ostracised as if I were a patricide. The hearth became cold and forbidding. The war against me was called off only when I lowered down my colours unconditionally and agreed to see Sukh through the College.

THE END

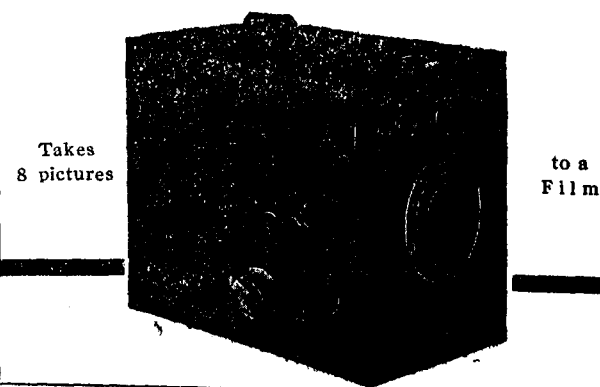
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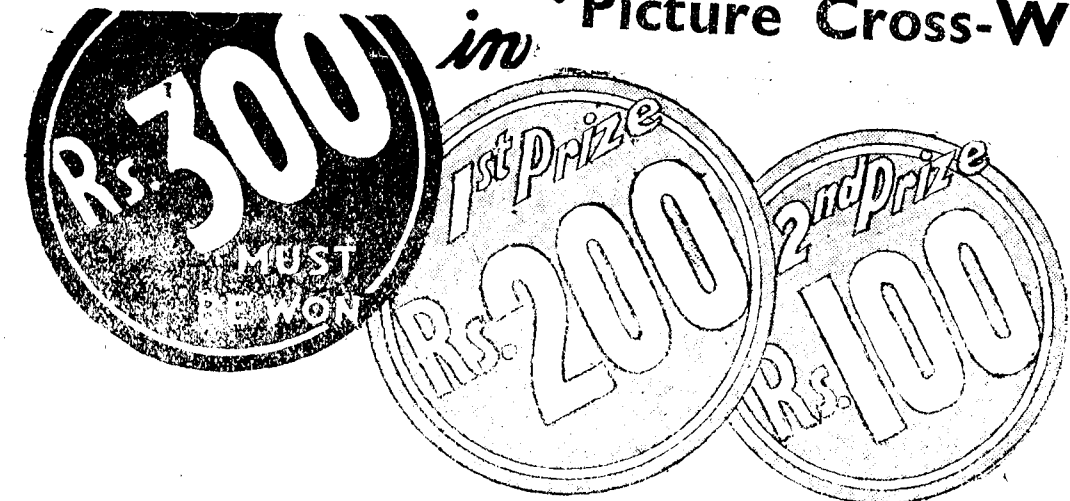
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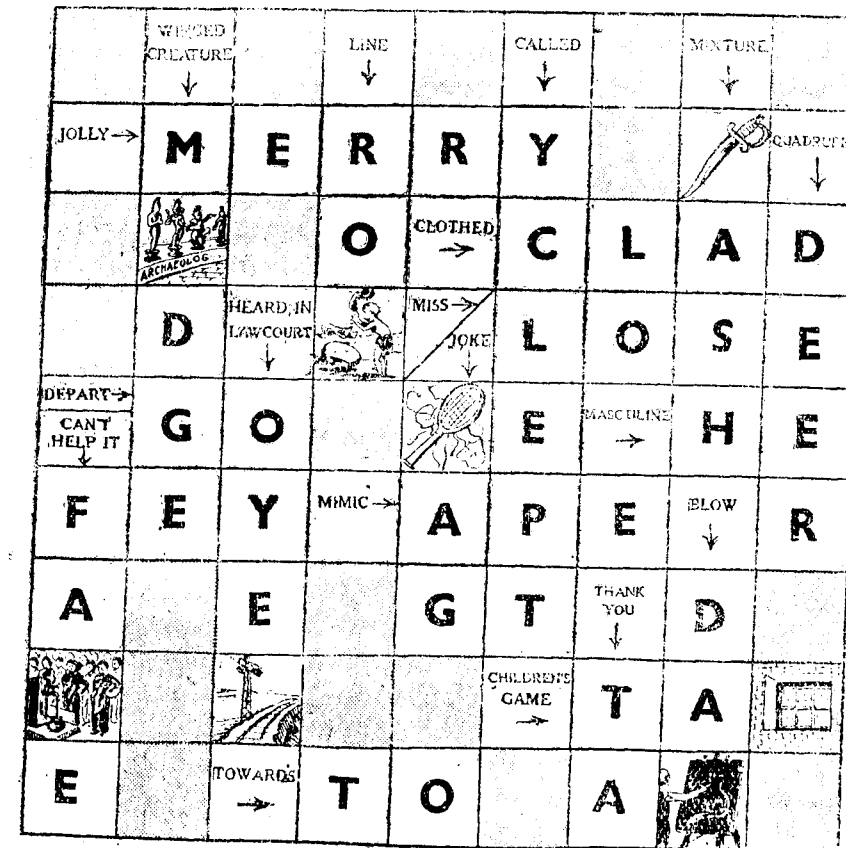
TWO POPULAR PASTIMES IN ONE! in 'Picture Cross-Words'



ONE SET ONLY

CLOSING 17-7-35.

How to do 'Picture Cross-Words'



Cross-words are popular and pictures make them brighter. This contest is a happy combination of both. The clues, unlike in ordinary cross-words, are attached to the squares. The arrows indicate the way the words read.

The solution to each picture is its initial letter only. Fill in the solution on the Entry Form in BLOCK CAPITALS; with your name and address.

RULES AND CONDITIONS

Solutions must be written *only* on the coupon. All entries must be received by the last post on 17-7-35. 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 are unable to secure copies of this Magazine from the agents in their area can address our Subscription Manager, 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. (Important:—No Entry will be considered unless it contains the NAME & ADDRESS of competitor in BLOCK CAPITALS in Full.) Address Entries to: THE EDITOR, 'PICTURE CROSS-WORDS' Competition, The Merry Magazine, 1-2/140, Broadway, Madras.

“Spot-the-Error” Competition

RESULTS

The Correct Solution is:

- | | | | |
|-----------|-----------|---------|-----------|
| 1. PUTTEE | 3. STROKE | 5. POT | 7. RENDER |
| 2. SORT | 4. DEAFEN | 6. RUSH | 8. SPAT |

The following 13 readers, who submitted all-correct solution, share the first prize amount of Rs. 200, each getting Rs. 15-6-0

First Prize Winners:

- (1) V. V. Madan, Lal Haveli, Churiwalan, Delhi.
- (2) G. V. Gupta, Ramachandra Bldgs., Golpitha, Bombay 4.
- (3) A. V. Narasimha Row Naidu, Sub-Inspector of Excise, Peddapur Station.
- (4) Dr. M. D. Pillai, Sandur.
- (5) N. Balasubramanyan, Anthiyur.
- (6) V. Sankaralingam Pillai, Deputy Inspector of Schools, Srivaikuntam.
- (7) P. R. Vaidyanatha Iyer, Sub Registrar, Orattanad.
- (8) N. S. Natarajan, Nannilam.
- (9) T. Subramania Iyer, B. A. L. T., Asst., N. H. School, Mannargudi.
- (10) K. Swaminathan, 1409, Varahappier Lane, South Main St., Tanjore.
- (11) S. Victor, New Town, Vaniyambadi.
- (12) R. Subramaniam Pillai, Subraya Chetty Street, Tirupapuliur.
- (13) C. R. Degalessan, 44, North Car Street, Chidambaram.

The following 104 readers having submitted solutions with one mistake share the Second Prize of Rs. 100. each getting Re. 1.

Second Prize Winners:

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1-4. V. N. Madan, Delhi. | 41-47. P. R. Vaidyanatha Iyer, Orattanad. |
| 5. K. V. Appa Row, Nagalapati. | 48-55. N. S. Natarajan, Nannilam. |
| 6. M. S. Sundaresan, Sitabuldi, Nagpur. | 56-62. T. Subramania Iyer, Mannargudi. |
| 7. L. A. Row, Matunga. | 63-70. K. Swaminathan, Tanjore, |
| 8-10. G. V. Gupta, Bombay. | 71-77. S. Victor, Vaniyambadi. |
| 11-17. A. V. Narasimha Row Naidu, Peddapur Station. | 78-79. S. W. J. Rajaratnam, Tiruvannamalai. |
| 18-21. Dr. M. D. Pillai, Sandur. | 80-85. Saraswati, Tirupattur, N. A. |
| 22-23. S. Aravinda Gosh, Ellore. | 86-92. R. Subramania Pillai, Tirupapuliur. |
| 24-30. N. Balasubramanyam, Anthiyur. | 93-100. C. R. Degalessan, Chidambaram. |
| 31-37. V. Sankaralingam Pillai, Srivaikuntam. | 101. A. D. Sundaramurthy, West Mambalam. |
| 38-39. G. Radhakrishnan, Trichy. | 102. K. Rajaratnam, Madras. |
| 40. V. J. Nagaswami, Trichy. | 103-104. Gurpur Girdhar Prabhu, Mangalore. |

‘PICTURE CROSS-WORDS’ ENTRY FORM COUPON

	WINGED CREATURE ↓		LINE ↓		CALLED ↓		MIXTURE ↓	
JOLY →	M	E	R	R	Y			QUADRUPED ↓
			O	CLOTHED →	C	L	A	D
	D	HEARD IN LAWCOURT ↓		MISS LOKE →	L	O	S	E
DEPART → CAN'T HELP IT ↓	G	O			E	MASCULINE →	H	E
	F	E	Y	MIMIC →	A	P	E	BLOW ↓
	A		E		G	T	THANK YOU ↓	D
					CHILDREN'S GAME →	T	A	
E		TOWARDS →	T	O		A		

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

Signed.....

Name.....

Address.....

Closing Date 17-7-35

(No entry will be considered unless the name and address of the competitor are written legibly in BLOCK CAPITALS)

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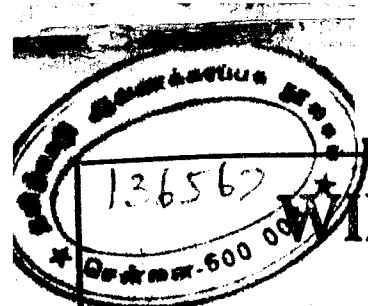
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[Sealed Key Solution deposited with TATLER

ENTRANCE FEE: EIGHT ANNAS PER ENTRY.

MINIMUM AWARD OF Rs. 100 GUARANTEED TO EVERY SENDER OF CORRECT SOLUTION.

HOW TO WIN?

Below you will find the names of 8 Vehicles or Carriages, with some letters omitted. All you have to do is to substitute one letter for each dash to get the name of a Carriage or Vehicle. For example No. 1 is COACH. Similarly solve the others. Chambers XXth Century Dictionary is the sole reference to this puzzle.

1. COA—H	3. CA—	5. DRA—	7. T—A—
2. TRA—	4. L—ERY	6. CAR—	8. MO—

N. B.—Entrance fee must be sent either by M.O. or Crossed Indian Postal Orders. Entries on plain paper. Prize amount will NOT be reduced under any circumstances. Results will be announced in THE RAINBOW of the 23rd July and a copy of which will be sent ONLY to those sending 2 As. stamps. Manager's decision is final and legally binding. Other rules as usual. Address all entries and fees to:

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MINIMUM PRIZE OF Rs. 100 GUARANTEED TO EVERY SENDER OF CORRECT SOLUTION.

HOW TO WIN?

Complete each of the following by substituting one letter for each dash to form a word to be found in Chambers XXth Century Dictionary. Bracketted words, Past Tenses, Plurals or proper names are not used. For example No. 1 is BEGIN.

1. B—GIN	3. PROS—	5. SEPO—	7. ROI—
2. PAT—	4. TWEE—	6. GAM—	8. FIN—S

N. B.—Entries may be sent on plain paper in any readable form. Entrance fee by M.O. or Crossed Indian Postal Orders. The prizes will NOT be reduced under any circumstances. Results will be announced in THE RAINBOW of the 23rd July and a copy of which will be sent only to those sending 2 As. stamps. Manager's decision is final and legally binding. Other rules as usual. Address all entries and fees to:

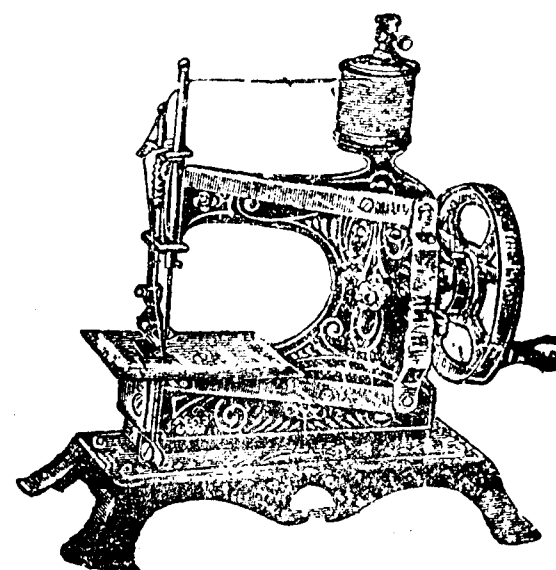
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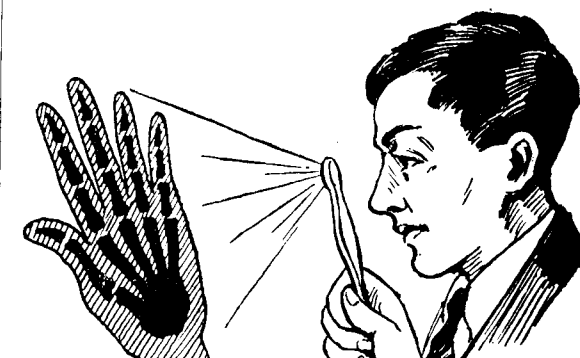
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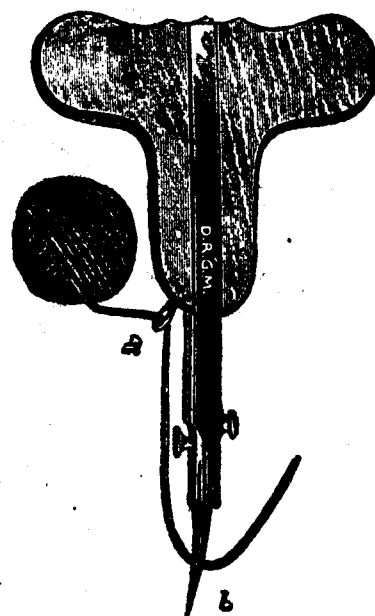
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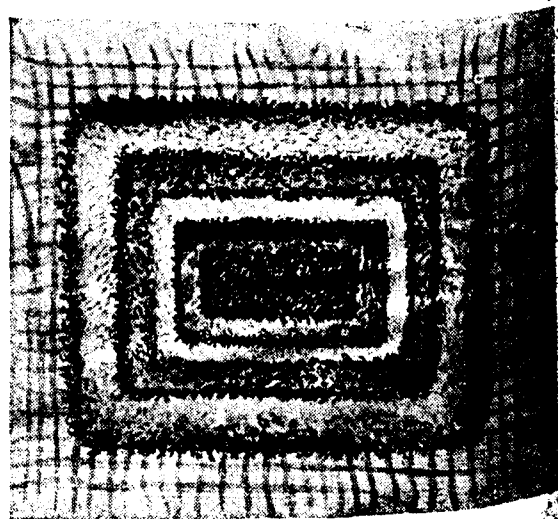
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