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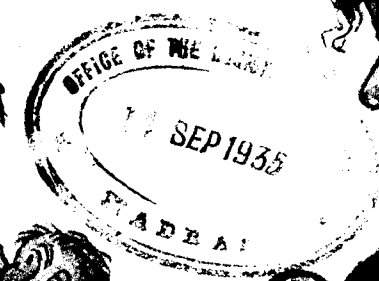
The

No. 31

MERRY

MAGAZINE

Sep. 14
1935



Cricket & Politics—

By 'Teekay'

THE
MERRY
MAGAZINE

Published
from Madras

Every
Saturday

The Editor of the Merry Magazine will be glad to consider Mss. offered for publication, but no Ms. will be returned unless it is accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. The Editor will take no responsibility for manuscripts lost. Payment for accepted manuscripts will be made at our 'usual rates'. Letters should be addressed to: Editor, The Merry Magazine, 2-140, Broadway, Madras.

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The
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Madras
Sep. 14, '35

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P. P. Samuel

Blues

Nothing to do with Cambridge. Samuel says he is very dark blue at the moment; but he is quite cheerful about it.

'The Silent Watcher'

Sundaram to the Rescue
If you want to become a head-clerk forswear alcohol.

Elmer Delville

Two Sides of a Question
The hubby's and the wife's. Of course the wife's side of the question is the brighter side.

A 'Dreamer

Thrills

Lions, rushing waters, gaping crocodiles, all have a shot at him, but rescue is at hand—

Common-Room Clock

These clocks are notorious for their vagaries. The calculation of the correct time is solved for all time.

C. V. Ramani

Dream That Walked!
Quite a crowd of them is walking about with a bunch of artful cavaliers trying to translate these dreams into realities. The prospect for this particular chap is none too bright.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Commenting on the release of Pundit Jawaharlal Nehru, the *Madras Mail* wonders how many other governments would have done the same.

We have wondered similarly in regard to his arrest and conviction!

At the instance of Dr. Varadarajulu Naidu, a civic-welfare association for Madras has been formed. One of its aims is said to be to eschew politics.

It would have been better still, if it had nothing to do with eschewed politicians.

News comes from Germany of a talking dog which, when asked: 'Who is Adolf Hitler?' is said to reply: 'My Leader!'

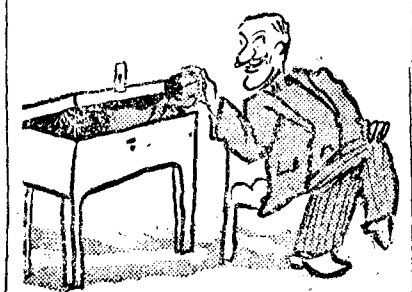
This shows how wide-spread is the reputation of the Fuhrer; it has even gone to the dogs!

Reuter reports that, in the commodity markets, hemp ruled strong on continued Italian demand.

No wonder, Sgr. Mussolini is getting a long rope!

Sir R. K. Shanmugham Chetty was seen in the Viceroy's box on the opening day of the present session of the Assembly.

We wonder if he felt any different from being in the Viceroy's pocket!



During the sittings of the League Council, the Italian delegate walked out more than once.

What we should like to see is Italy staging it in Abyssinia!

Says Dewan Bahadur Ramaswamy Mudaliar: 'If the League was to be respected, it had to take its courage in both hands, and be prepared to use force in righteous causes.'

How can it, with its hands full?

A head line says: 'The Negus appeals to the League again.'

Evidently it has outlived the milk and water stage.

By and by, let us hope, it will stand something stronger!

Referring to the oil concession given to an American syndicate, it is pointed out that no British capital is involved in the company. Ultimately, no doubt, the company will be found in the British capital.

Reuter understands that His Highness the Maharajah of Kashmir will enter the English turf next season, and adds that his racing colours are the well-known 'purple, gold-striped sleeves and quartered cap.'

It is however unlikely that his *nom-de-guerre* will be 'Mr. A.'

Speaking in support of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, a Bengal civilian claimed that it rested on the will of the people.

And merely seeks to arrest that will!

According to the new bill, picketing would be a permanent offence.

Add another to the benefits of British rule.

An M. L. A's remarks that 90% of Indians do not kiss their wives has provoked a professor to unearth the fact that ancient Indians knew of 8,400,000 ways of kissing.

That probably explains the reason why!

At a Bombay meeting of Parsis, speakers protested against Parsi women taking part in films.

Then it is time the rest of us protested against Parsi men taking part in politics!

South Africa's victory in the present Test series has led many critics to the conclusion that the Springboks had been woefully under-rated.

On the other hand, there's an uneasy feeling in our own mind as to whether the present English strength in cricket has not been sadly over-rated.

A correspondent in an English paper points out that India is the only cricketing country among the dominions which has not yet beaten England.

This leaves something for English cricket to look forward to!



• Next Week: The Climax by 'Embusque' •

Bombing From The Air

THIS was one of the rocks on which the European Disarmament Conference split. Britain had the inglorious distinction of being responsible for that failure. She claimed special reservations for herself in view of her imperial responsibilities. The Indian Government's views on this question seem confused and contradictory, to judge from the debate on 'Air-bombing' in the Frontier, initiated by Dr. Khan Sahib. The position taken up by the Government spokesmen is so palpably absurd that we are driven to speculate on the real reasons for their persistence in a course of wanton and wicked destruction. The arguments advanced in support were three-fold. Air-bombing is humane; warning is given before-hand; and no casualties were reported; the humanity of the English is as fixed a notion as their sportsmanship. To question either is to be guilty of an unpardonable sin. But to the uninitiated foreign observer, their passion for hunting the hare, the rabbit, and such other furred and feathered denizens of the wood, seems an ironic commentary on their notions of humanity. When you fight hand to hand, you see the agonies of the wounded and dying, and your gentle soul recoils with pity. But dropping bombs from the air, you do not see the actual havoc wrought, and so imagine that you have been very kind indeed. It is nevertheless killing kindness. From the air, you see nothing of the sequel, since houses and men look like ant-hills and midgets.



Next it is claimed that notice is given before bombing is resorted to. As a precaution, it is futile; as an excuse, it is hollow. For whom is the warning intended? If to combatants, it is hardly elementary tactics. If not to them, is it civilized or humane to bomb women and children? The Government members, impaled on the horns of this dilemma, preferred silence, which is the better part of eloquence! As for the last argument, that not much loss was reported, it was surely the most ludicrous of all! If true, this provides the strongest argument for scrapping the air-arm as a weapon of attack, for reasons of economy more than of humanity.

But the truth is, as usual, somewhere else. We don't pretend to know it; but we rather guess that it has something to do with the Frontier problem as a whole. In the olden days, we had the 'menace' or the bogey of the Russian Czar: now we have that of Russian Communism. But the Frontier is an inhospitable country, with an intractable people. One aspect of the Government policy is genuinely pacific and ameliorative. But as the other aspect is strategic, the

Government can never be sure of the 'loyalty' of the primitive tribes who give them all the trouble. They are good, but unorthodox fighters; and cannot be overcome except by better and more unorthodox means of fighting. Air-bombing from that point of view must be conceded to be humane and economical—to the aggressor!

*Far higher than the myth-made Meru
Enthroned in our hearts sits 'Comrade'
Nehru.*

*Though born to gilded ease, he shunned it—
No obscurantist, yet a Pundit!
Honoured son of an honoured sire,
Th' epitome of our heart's desire,—
Thy patriot-heart disdains the scars
Inflicted by the prison-bars.
A humane government grants thee scope
To gratify a private hope.*

*To a saddened land and stricken wife,
Vouchsafe, ye gods, he may bring new life!*

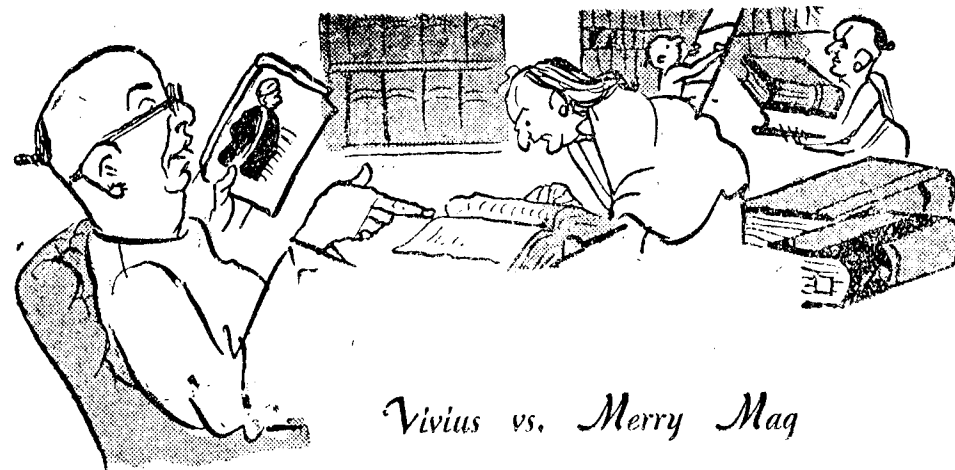
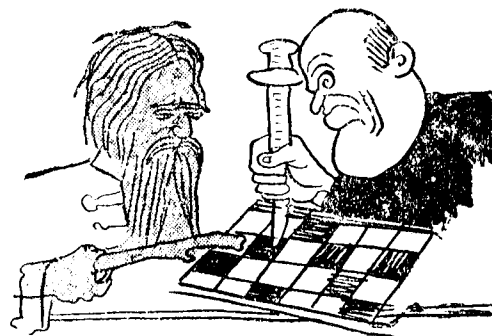
**Pundit
Jawaharlal Nehru**



Abyssinian Crosswords

by 'Old Soldier Jim'

Reading Time • About 3 Minutes



Vivius vs. Merry Mag

QUITE a lot of people are trying to solve this Abyssinian Crosswords Competition, but there appear to be too many alternatives. I know the right one but I am not going to tell. (The Editor nearly gave the show away. He should be tried for high treason by the Court of the League of Nations.)

A Bald man, who is also an exponent of this ancient art is trying his luck, but he won't win. He's too conservative.

The theory of crosswords is that the compiler sets clues to give the competitors brain fever.

Mussolini and Haile Selassie set this one between them and they have both different solutions.

However, they both ought to be very good at this sort of thing as each has several names of his very own.

Embargo: Seems to be the word that is getting them all groggy. It crosses with 'Mussolini' so they are trying to fit in two 'm's.' If Il Duce has two sons they cannot do that. Then they cannot make the 'bar' go the right way and don't know which kind of a bar answers the clue.

Arms: Of course, fit in exactly; right and left.

Decision: They all think they have got that right, but there are two blank spaces before the 'd.'

Concessions: Seems all right, but it does not go both ways.

Commission: Must be in it somewhere. Somebody must get some somewhere, or commit somebody to something in a puzzle of this sort.

Covenant: Is a good one but too religious for a crossword.

Woman: Always comes in where words are concerned.

As pronunciation has to be considered when doing crosswords, and the Italian language is one that does not require much effort of articulation, Mussolini may

consider his is a very easy solution. Yet so many people do not understand Italian.

Wal-Wal (Given by one of the compilers as a sure winner): Is an example of the importance of pronunciation. It is an American word which must have been adopted by the Abyssinians or the Italians when Al Capone first discovered Africa.

The chief trouble about these Abyssinian crosswords is the language used. One should not try crosswords in the hot weather, or in the wet weather; even though bad language comes with the monsoon.

Of course, there are several editors concerned in this stunt. One of them keeps on trying to alter the closing date. One in Manchester tried to make the competition illegal, but that was only nastiness as he hadn't enough crosswords of his own.

Then there is a syndicate in Bombay who want to provide more clues to make it last a bit longer.

Towards the end of the last century people were better at crosswords than they are today. Sir Robert Napier solved an Abyssinian one without the notions of any other Nations. The Italians have tried this same one before but they got their alternatives all wrong; over one word 'Adowa'.

There is an entrance fee for this competition and only Cabinet Ministers or Government Officials are permitted to enter and they are permitted to make their own clues.

The first prize is Peace of mind (or a 'piece of somebody's mind', I'm not sure which.)

Runners-up get a soft job at Geneva. (That's not too bad for a bloke who had notions of no Nations.)

Consolation prizes vary from a Field Marshall's baton to ten years imprisonment.

(All this just to try to catch me. Well, peace or pieces do not entice me, and I do not like Geneva as I cannot speak American. I've got a Field Marshall's baton in my haversack and I deserve ten years. So that's that.)

My dear old Merry Mag,
You are, I ween, a perfect nag;
What the devil do you mean
By making thousands laugh and grin
Looking at what you call my picture
Followed by a doggerel stricture?
In the big and bloated figure
I seem ever so much bigger;
But of my own beautiful face
I don't find a trace.
Who can say that ever saw me
I had such a big tummy?
I suppose you call it caricature,
It is forsooth your impish nature.
I guess you asked your Mali—
Pious artist to give a jolly
Good laughing stock not to please me
But only just to tease me!
I cannot guess why you chose me
And wanted so to pose me.
I am not a Rao Sahib by expectation
Or even, sir, a Sir by acceptance.
And when I saw me thus exposed,
So different from what I supposed,
I became so enraged wild
That against you I wanted a suit filed.
And so I turned my books on Torts
And wrongs of kinds and sorts
And though I found plenty about de-fa-mation,
There was nothing about de-figuration
And so I thought I would my revenge take
By lawyer's notice that you may quake and shake.
So hereby take notice, you fellow,
The next time you go by my bungalow
I shall deal you my full retort
With all my sticks and all my heart!



'Varsity Reform

by 'Raja'

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

YOU cannot say my University education has meant nothing to me. I myself have felt proud about my academic attainments on at least two occasions this year.

The first of these happened during the time of the July convocation, when Ram—(who was introduced to me by a letter from Govind, as the uncle's son of his brother-in-law) approached me with a request for my gown. Gowns which seemed till then to be as cheap of acquisition as other rags appeared to have suddenly developed the faculty of becoming scarce, and the difficulty of getting a lawyer who had not a case to argue that day seemed to be insuperable.

But I have never felt so important in my life as when yesterday I had to dispose of no less than 14 callers who presented themselves at my gate for the purpose of soliciting my vote for the ensuing Senate elections. My office boy very nearly fainted when, contrary to custom, he saw such a vast assembly of clients (so he thought, the poor fool) at my rooms. Two of the visitors were candidates themselves who 'called on me personally to make sure of my first vote' for them; while the dozen others were agents of candidates, whose principals were loth, on a point of principle, to canvassing so called.

None of them anyway knew what work the senators engaged themselves in after being elected—probably nothing else than seeking fresh election from the Senate to the Syndicate, and from the Syndicate, if the constitution allows it, to something else. Most of the agents however referred to the senate as being the General Controlling Body of Education in Madras and the Syndicate as being the committee that particularly controls the senate in the appointment of examiners and in the introduction of text books for schools and colleges, and such trifling details. All which shows that there is a certain confusion in the constitution of the bodies controlling education in Madras and other provinces, to avoid which I propose to detail certain suggestions hereunder.

Eligibility of Candidates.

(1) Age Restriction:

Being old over a certain age shall, on grounds of senility, be put as a *prima facie* disqualification. The practice of the Government in putting down 55 as the extreme mark of ineptitude, may be usefully followed. The evil of retired educationists rubbing their old archaic ideas into latter-day thought may be thus avoided.

Similarly, on the ground that the hot blood of youth may, with their new-fangled ideas, play havoc with time-honoured and ancient institutions and paint them 'red', a minimum age restriction has to be imposed. 28 (again a government calculation) is a convenient figure and may be adopted for this purpose with benefit. Or better still, a man with two children may be declared eligible as a sufficiently safe and sober man.

(2) Sex.

By which I mean women, of course. Once they are inside the fray, who can be so unchivalrous as not to vote for them? They ought to be out of the game.

Certain other disqualifications

(1) Being a government servant:

This had always given the candidate an advantage over the others in the securing of votes. In a fair election, this has got to be done away with.

(2) Residing outside Provincial Limits:

The reason is obvious. Even the best of Senators cannot do much from outside the Presidency.

(3) Being engaged in other activities:

Raison d'être same as in cf (2). One cannot do full justice to his constituents if there are to be more than one branch of important work calling upon his time. The rule should be so framed that even political or Municipal activities of the candidates should come within the meaning of this disqualification.

(Continued on page 40)

Saliva Detection—

Reading Time
About 2½ Minutes

by Dr. V. S. Mani

“WELL, by gosh, if this isn't the darned limit!” Livid with indignation, Major Tasnow, the Superintendent of Police—of the district of Madcal—stood on the verandah of his bungalow. Beside him stood Dr. Holsher, D. M. O. of that place. Only ten minutes before, everything had been serene and quiet, and there was nothing to kindle the ire of the Major. Ordinarily the Major was a man with a perpetual smile on his face and there was a charm about him. But now his face was grim and harsh.

The Major had arranged to go for a walk along the celebrated sands of the Madcal sea-shore, with the district surgeon. The Major was about to start, when he discovered the loss of his favourite walking-stick; this made him explode.

Many years ago, long before he joined the Police, the Major was an army officer, for an African Potentate. In token of the services rendered faithfully, the Major was presented with a beautiful ivory walking-stick by the Africans, on the eve of his departure from that country. From that time, the stick had been a faithful companion to the Major, and he considered it a precious possession.

The Major was a kind-hearted man; he was certain that one of his servants must have stolen the walking-stick, yet he was loath to put them all through the third degree. At the same time, he knew that it would be an impossible task to get at the culprit without the use of severe measures. He was in a fix.

“What is the matter?” questioned the doctor anxiously.

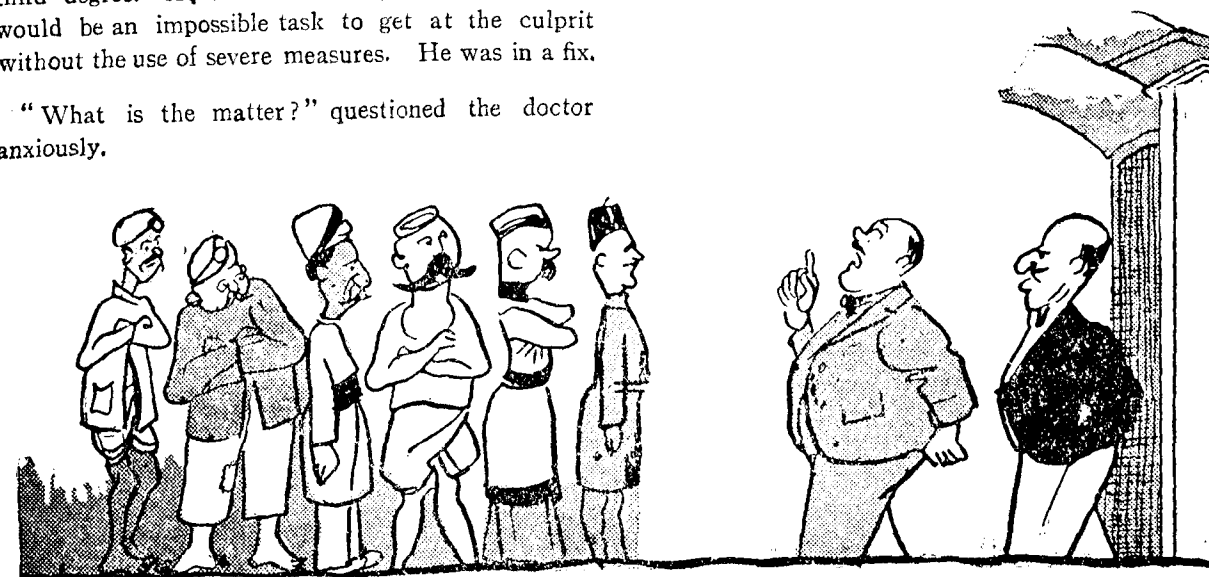
The Major smiled feebly. “Well, I have lost my walking-stick.” The words were uttered in a low tone and it indicated the feelings of the Major clearly.

The doctor, well aware of the temperament of his friend, wanted to help him to recover the walking-stick. He put his thinking cap on and made his brain cells work at high pressure. Suddenly an idea struck him; he translated it at once into action.

The doctor assembled all the servants of the Major in the front hall of the bungalow, and gave them a lecture about honesty, and the baseness of the wretch who stole the most cherished possession of their kind master. He gave each one of them a handful of rice and asked them to put it in their mouths and ordered them not to swallow it for five minutes. After the lapse of five minutes, he examined the mouth of each one of them and picked one of them as the culprit. That wretch fell on his feet, and prayed for mercy. He ran to the garden and produced the walking-stick.

Major Tasnow was delighted but puzzled. “How the devil did you get at the truth without the aid of police methods?” queried he.

The doctor laughed and said: “Fear inhibits the secretion of saliva and the rice in the mouth of the thief was not acted upon by saliva, and hence I was able to spot him easily.”



2-14-9-35

Cricket & Politics

by 'Teekay'

Sketches by Mali

Reading Time
About 8 Minutes

I often wonder why people stray away from the smiling greens of cricket to the stormy waters of politics. There might be some justification



.....it'll seriously interfere with Madhyanhika.... —Pandit Malaviya.

for a Willingdon or a Jackson, since their new role in politics could be said to be above the turmoils of faction. But one cannot understand why a cricketer like Mr. Parsons (of the off-drive fame) should have preferred the all-England player; or why, coming nearer home, the Maharaj Kumar of Vizianagar should prefer a back seat in the Assembly to a front rank in an all-India Eleven!

The surprise becomes all the greater when it is remembered that politics has more kicks in it than half-pence. Even the more ambitious 'member' who has an eye on the Treasury Bench has to drudge in the district and outside, arranging meetings, receiving deputations, opening exhibitions etc., and sending in a prodigious number of interpellations to the council secretary, and generally keeping himself in the news. At the end of it all, more often than not, promotion eludes him, he discovers that he has made more enemies than friends, and is either defeated at the next elections, or is too financially embarrassed to stand again!

My own conviction is that a profound change in the fortunes of our country can be effected (of course, by peaceful means!) if, instead of to politics, our leaders took to cricket. My neighbour, Ramu—a

great authority on that game—cordially agrees with me. You see he lives by it, and he ought to know. Not that he is a 'pro'; far from it. But he is our inevitable umpire during our Sunday games. He is, besides, the official referee for all the matches played on the Marina grounds, and sends occasional reports of the more important matches to the press. To accelerate the popularity of this exotic game, Ramu has started what he calls a *Shuddhi* movement, calculated to bring back erring politicians to playing cricket. He has circularised all the leaders of all schools of politics in the country. Some of the replies received by him are reproduced below. We have no doubt they will be found edifying, if not amusing.

Pandit Malaviya

The Pandit's letter is too long to be given *in extenso*.

He traces the origin of the game, as of most other things, to the East India Company, and propounds the interesting theory that it was evolved out of the Indian game of '*Kitti-Bul*' which was first played during the time of Asoka. The rugged *Bul* or *Pul* was subsequently discarded for the round and shiny ball, while the bat replaced the *kitti* or the stick. Instead of measuring the *Kitti*-lengths, there was established

the practice of running between two fixed points now known as the wickets. The Pandit's view of the game is however uncompromisingly hostile. The game involves an outrage to his most sacred feelings, in as much as he abhors inter-dining, and is horror-struck at the thought of the ball which is wrapped in cow-hide! Even if the ball



"My first love...military training for Hindus...." —Dr. Moonje.



"...captaincy must go by rotation....." —Jawaharlal Nehru.



could be made of a less sinful and less heinous material, the Panditji feels that he cannot take to it, having regard to the time the game takes up, which he feels sure would seriously interfere with his performance of Madhyanhika and Sandhya!

Dr. Moonje

"Notice" Krishnan Nair "Anything for changing the defeatist mentality of the Hindus! My first love and last shall be military training for Indians, Hindus particularly. If cricket will further this aim, I shall think of including it in the curriculum of my military college. In the meanwhile, you may write to Bhai Paramanand as to what steps would ensure a perpetual majority of Hindus in the team."

Sir R. K. S. Chetty

"Cochin House, Ernakulam.

SIR,

I am directed by the Dewan-Saheb to acknowledge your kind letter, and to say that the idea of turning to cricket seemed to the Dewan-Saheb an attractive one, soon after he was obliged to leave off all-India politics—rather abruptly. He wishes you, for the present, to enrol him among your sympathisers."

Mr. S. Srinivasa Aiyangar

"Captaincy is the one thing that counts—in cricket as in all affairs of import. When I don't lead a team, you'll find me generally out of it. In any case, I hope Gandhi is not in your team. On that understanding, you may count on my support."

Jawaharlal Nehru

"PRISON HOUSE,
Camp: Northern India.

COMRADE,

Being a confirmed socialist, I believe in the application of the principle involved in Socialism to the game of cricket. Either captaincy must go by rotation, or it must be abolished, as a disgusting relic of bourgeois

mentality. Then again, I shall not tolerate any snobbery among the players. For, believe me, the time is not far off when Yuvarajahs and Rajkumars are driven out from their wonted and secure 'slip' positions, and made to hop from country to cover, and from long-on to long-off!"

Sir M. Krishnan Nair

Ramu says that he personally interviewed our late law member, but found him contemplating with a far-off look in his eyes a tumbler of—butter-milk! He was so absent-minded that when Ramu put him the question, he jumped up, and cried 'Notice'.

The Rajah of Bobbili

Was however in a most cordial mood. He handed out a cheque for Rs. 501/- and added: "It cannot be so bad as politics or Polo. You may enrol me as a life-member of your association."

Mr. Satyamurti

"I see that my friend Mr. Ramaswamy Mudaliar has been charging the Congress with being unsportsmanlike. Let me put to him a straight question, or rather a number of them. Who suffered the des-

poliation of the *Thali*? Was it not a Congresswoman? Who were lathi-charged? Congressmen or Justices? The electorate knows, and will give a crushing reply to my friend and his friends at the proper time. I want our young men to be sturdy patriots; and it rests with you to make our sportsmen—Congressmen. Let me warn my European friends in the country that Congress keeps the wicket, and is determined to keep the score down. Let them declare in time. *Vande Mataram*."

C. R.
from
Trichengode
writes:

"I am out of politics; but I do not see why, even in my retirement, I



"I am out of politics....."—C. R.

should not appeal to politicians about to turn cricketers to buy exclusively Indian-made sports goods. I understand that the quality of Indian goods compares very favourably with that of foreign articles.

His Excellency the Viceroy wrote:

"I have seen some queer cricket in my time in different parts of the world—Madras, Bombay, Canada, Delhi etc. I think I can claim to know a thing or two about the disposition of the field, in order to get the wickets without sacrificing too many runs. Well, I've had a remarkably long innings. You'll agree that I have set up records which are not likely to be broken—for ever so long. I shall be glad to be your patron, provided there is to be only one."

Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar

"It is a pleasure to be free from the trammels of office, and to speak and play one's own part unambiguously. Cricket is an imperial game; and should any intricate questions of law or procedure crop up for adjudication, you may always depend upon me to press your case with all the experience, learning and tact which I have amassed as the head of many governments of which the nominal rulers have been—others!"

The Executive of the S. I. L. F.

"This is a matter on which we cannot give you a definite reply until we know how many of our partymen you are prepared to accommodate in your team. We suggest that the Selection Committee should follow the principles of communal rotation laid down by our Ministry. We may add that



THE END



"Cricket is an Imperial game....."—Sir C. P.

our strength is fourteen, and none of us would like to be left out. If there are fourteen jobs, you may count upon our party supporting and blessing the movement."

Mahatma Gandhi

Gandhiji's reply is characteristic. We give the correspondence in full:

"Your letter is hereby acknowledged, and Bapuji will soon be attending to it.

Mahadev Desai."

* * * *

"Your letter of the 8th inst. What is cricket, anyway?

M. K. G."

The required particulars were duly sent, and Ramu was directed to look up the next issue of the *Harijan*. It contained the following:

"I am told that in the game of cricket, the chance of batting may not come to all players, and the privilege of bowling, not at all, to some, but that, it appears all must field. Here surely is a lesson for us. All workers in the cause of Untouchability have got to serve, and serve hard. Praise and reward may or may not come, but service comes to all. If all our workers are seized with the same enthusiasm which Ramu has for cricket, Swaraj, Purna Swaraj will come to us.

M. K. G."

Ramu is now working his way up to the headship of the Harijan Sevak Sangh of Katoor, and goes about saying that he is playing—cricket!

On Making Mistakes—

by Yen Kay

Reading Time
About 4 Minutes



THERE is a piquant pleasure, a flavoured mirth, a secret jollity, in making mistakes, though we generally profess anxiety not to be caught tripping, lest our importance should suddenly drop from us and lest consequently we should be reduced to the status of donkeys and wooden spoons. Man is an erring animal and therein lies the chiefest source of romance in human life. If he had come into the world like a ready-made dinner-suit, flawless and proof against failure and folly, mankind would long ago have become a race of robots maintaining a fabric of social life which neither moved forward nor backward but remained in the same dull unerring primitive level of perfection. I am not holding a brief for mistakes but only wish to make it clear that I admire man's capacity for making them and that, for the simple reason that the glories of today are really the offspring of the errors of yesterday. What we are we are, not because we were wise but because we were unwise, not because we did not commit mistakes but because we adventurously committed them, right and left. Take heart, therefore, those who make mistakes, for unless you made them you would hardly be like yourselves or have pulled an oar in the progress of mankind!

A Christ was crucified. A Cæsar was killed. A Somanath was sacked, and, in fact, at every corner in the story of the past we come up against pools of fallibility and heaps of wrong. What was the 'Great War to End War', which took place in our own time? Whatever it might have been, we are no longer in doubt that it was anything but the right thing. And if we go deeper into the question, we come up against the most romantic thing of all in earth or heaven, namely, that creation itself was a mistake and that the first person that ever committed a mistake must in all probability have been the Creator himself. He made mankind and the first man he made ate the forbidden fruit, setting a-rolling the ball of human progress, which can never stop as long

as we remain true to the tradition of this wonderful incorrigibility ingrained in our souls.

Some of us are fond of saying in moments of airy self-glorification that man is his own maker, ridiculously oblivious of the fact that we are as mistakes have made us. Do we not know that the man who never made a mistake never became a man, or learnt anything good or useful, never loved anything beautiful or quarrelled with his wife, never repented or grew better, but only existed in the same unlighted rut of intallibility from year's end to year's end, till Death, the crowning mistake, which even the most correct among us are unable to give the slip, claimed him? The child that never stumbled never walked. The man who never forgot never remembered. What an adventurous error-bestrewn experience is human life! A touch of it thrills. A sight of it allures. Each fibre of it throbs as with a trance, and if you would enjoy life to the full you cannot hesitate at every step you take in fear of going wrong. Would you make this sparkling, prattling, pearly stream as dull as ditchwater by depriving it of adventure and romance? Look at the universe, what a glorious medley it is, a phantom-phenomenon, a shadow-play, the bubbling reminiscence of a thought, the blowing fume of a fancy, the last backward glance of a vanishing vision, which in the light of pure reason was all wrong in coming to reality! We call the DREAMER of it GOD.

So, if you will live merrily, build a temple in your heart for the image of the universe, the divine handiwork, and order your life in accordance with its beauty and glory, and if in doing so you committed a mistake or two, think yourself fortunate that you did not commit them wittingly and that besides by committing them you have had a feather stuck into your cap; but if you commit mistakes with the intent and purpose of making a noise or a name in the world, woe unto you, for then you will be called a fool and they will throw stones at you, doubling themselves up with laughter and merriment!

THE END

Fraternal Frolics—

by R. Jagannathan

Illustration by Mali

Reading Time

About 8 Minutes

"MANI," I said to my nephew one afternoon, "you've done your lessons like a good boy. Now you can go to play."

The boy jumped with delight, threw his books etc., pell-mell on the table and ran away kitchenward to fetch his little sister, Baby.

Mani was a lad of six; a school-going boy; in his opinion, which was the only opinion he counted, a lad who knew things.

Baby, on the other hand, was a girl of four, trying to know her whereabouts, and knowing it from Mani. Deeply obliged to him she was for the scraps of knowledge he imparted to her. Yes, Baby was mighty proud of her brother's lore.

"Now, Baby," he told her, "uncle has allowed us to play. Tell me what is it you choose?"

"Hide-and-seek?" she suggested as usual.

"Righto," Mani accepted without a thought.

"Uncle," he bade me, "bind my eyes with your kerchief; you, Baby, run along and hide yourself."

The girl was transported with delight. But her aptitude for resource was yet undeveloped. She had only one place to hide in, and every day, she resorted to it. It was the space between the open front door and the wall.

"Find me out," she squeaked, assuming a distant and alien voice. She knew so much.

"Release me, uncle," cried the boy and shot off like a rocket. In a moment, he was back with the girl.

Baby imagined that she had won the game and broke out in peals of laughter. But Mani knew the truth and said, "Baby, go and bind your eyes; I shall now disappear."



When I kerchiefed the girl's eyes, the blighter crouched under my chair; my dhoti covered him quite.

When Baby was released, she ran about merrily all over the place; but Mani was nowhere. She was disappointed, depressed. Her face showed it.

"I can't find you, Mani," she vexed herself. "Come out, wherever you are."

The boy then proudly emerged from his hiding. "You're no good at this game," he told her. "Let's play something else."

"Catching the ball?" she suggested.

"Righto," the sportsman answered. "Not so near, Baby; go further off. Yes, stand there; I'll throw the ball and you'll have to catch it, and then you'll throw it for me to catch. Whoever makes the first twenty catches, wins the game."

"Ready," she shouted from her end.

The first few balls she caught easily, and felt immensely pleased. Then, curse the luck, she began to miss them one after another. Her impish brother,

after giving her a long rope, began suddenly to vary his bowling; yes, it was nothing short of bowling. Spin, googly, bodyline,—well, he tried all the tricks against her. One ball scorched her palms, another hit her at the knuckles, a third bumped against her forehead—in short, she could not cope with them.

"That'll do, Baby," he told her. "You're no good at this either. Let's play some other game."

"Agreed," said Baby readily. And so, they went on, one game after another. Mani emerged every time triumphant and the poor girl was left leagues behind.

Mani, at last, grew tired and said, "That'll do, Baby, just now. We shall rest awhile."

Before he actually detailed his idea of rest to her, she forestalled him and seated herself on an easy-chair.

Now, the easy-chair or deck-chair or canvas-chair as you may be pleased to call it, is not a cause to launch a thousand ships. But, in the present circumstances, it became a live issue between Mani and Baby.

To Baby it was the sole means whereby she could score a point over her brother. The day had gone against her all along and Mani beamed full of success. Therefore, she could not resist the impulse of truncating his joy. Well, she occupied the chair before he could do so, and was determined to hold it four-square to all his stormy winds.

To Mani, on the other hand, the girl's action in forestalling him was a calculated insult. She ought to have known that the easy-chair was by right his first refusal, because, well, wasn't everything in the house his first refusal?

"Baby," he commanded. "Vacate the chair."

"I won't," was her stubborn reply.

"I'll teach you to do it," he fumed, and resorted to force. But, unfortunately, he was not able to unseat her, try as much as he might. She seemed to be glued to the chair; dash it, the chair had so many places where one could grip it as in a vice. When he seized her hands and dragged her, her bent knees clutched at the frame and she moved with the chair. When he pulled her by her legs (you see, all is fair in war) her hands were firmly fixed to the frame and the twain moved as one. Force failed. So he changed tactics.

"Baby, I know you are a good girl. You see, I want the chair only for a few minutes. Get up and give it to me."

"I won't get up, Mani. I, too, want the chair."

To leave things there was rather humiliating. He tried again.

"Baby, darling, I want the chair for only one moment, and then I promise to give it to you. Won't you get up, Baby?"

The girl shook her head.

"Baby, I shall get you peppermints when I return from school tomorrow. Give me the chair, like a good girl."

Negative result again.

"Amma," he wirelessly to the kitchen, "Baby is sitting on *appa's* easy-chair and is dirtying the canvas."

"Mani is always quarrelling with me, *amma*," was the girl's simultaneous message to the same headquarters.

"Mani, don't quarrel with the child," was the reply from the kitchen.

The boy's patience was well nigh exhausted. He began to cavil at her.

"Baby, you are an ass."

The little girl's lips were sealed.

"Baby, I tell you for the last time. I won't speak to you, if you won't give me the chair; you can *never* join me in play."

Still, Baby moved not.

"Oh, Baby, I beg you; ask me anything you want, I'll give you. Just for once give me the chair—"

I could see that he was desperate. He had burst into every passion; command, force, appeal, attack, entreaty. Now, there remained only one thing for him to burst into—tears.

As an uncle, I felt that my time had come. "What is all this row about?" I shouted and went near them.

"Look, uncle," the boy complained, "Baby refuses to give me the chair."

"No, uncle," protested the girl, "it was I that got on to the chair first, and now he wants to unseat me."

I weighed the evidence. "Easy-chair is for lazy old folk," I told them, "and not for little people like you. So, push off from here, both of you, and play."

Baby thought wise to accept my verdict and gave me the chair. Mani, too, felt satisfied with the happy turn in the situation. It mattered little to him that he was not on the chair. Enough for him that Baby was no longer on it.

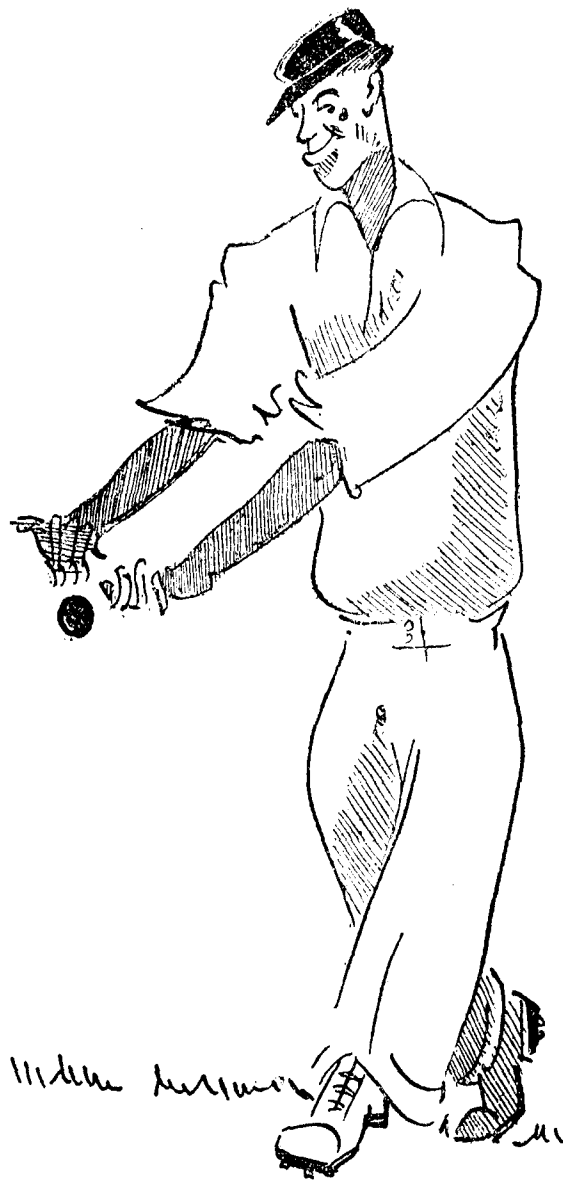
Poor, thoughtless boy (father of the man?). For, the next moment, the little girl was on my lap, beseeching me with the sweetest of smiles:

"Uncle, tell me a story."

THE END

Misleading Cricket

No. 1



The silly short leg stops a sitter.

Going As a Gondolier

Reading Time

About 2½ Minutes

by H. N. Clay

WE are an enterprising population in Barrackpore. We like to be helpful. And when somebody suggested the other day that we should get up a fancy dress ball—with prizes for the most imaginative dresses, we all fell for the idea.

I haven't been to any fancy dress balls in my forty odd years of living. And I thought it would be best to seek a bit of advice. The costumier in Mains Street, Barrackpore, was very helpful. He suggested that I go as a gondolier.

"You think that would be original?" I asked.

"Think sir?" He raised his eyebrows. "Why, I know it is original. I wouldn't be surprised if you run away with the first prize too."

"All right then. Fit me up as a gondolier," I said.

When I returned home, I found Bonks ensconced in one of my armchairs. He was smoking, and there was a scowl on his broad features.

"Are you going to this fancy dress affair?" he asked as soon as he saw me.

"I am," I replied, "as a gondolier."

Bonks sat up in his chair and pulled the cigarette out of his mouth with a jerk.

"As a gondolier did you say?"

"I don't think why you should look so very startled," I said. "I think the idea is quite—er—original."

He suddenly leaned back and the soles of his boots scraped against my book-case.

"Original?" he sniffed. "Don't make me laugh. I shouldn't wonder if there turn up at least a dozen gondoliers at the ball."

I didn't know what to say. I told you I have not had much experience about going as a gondolier, and Bonks' sarcasm had made my dream of winning one of the prizes appear quite ridiculous.

"Now if you want my advice," said Bonks, "go as a pierrot. That would be a great idea."

I thought the proposal over. Then I said:

"You see, Bonks, I've already bought a gondolier's outfit. And I'm damned if I pay out another twenty bits of good white bullion for a pierrot's costume."

"Don't let that worry you," Bonks smiled. "I'll tell you what to do. A friend of mine has got a pierrot's rig-out. I'll get it for you in exchange for your gondolier. Done?"

"Done," I said. "Aren't you going yourself?"

"Me?" Bonks sneered. "Do I look like a man who would want to play kids' games?"

The rest of the story is quickly told. I went to the ball. Priggles was there, and Thompson and old Smythe. The Badger brothers were there too. They had all come as pierrots. We looked at each other and smiled wanly. Then my eyes fell on a man who was attracting much attention by the uniqueness of his costume. He was dressed as a gondolier. "Bonks' friend," I said to myself, and the next moment nearly dropped down dead when I discovered that it was Bonks himself. Of course he won the first prize—the artful dodger!

THE END

The Letters of Private Joyfull

Reading Time
About 8 Minutes

66. Corporal Bangs Marches to Allahabad

Madras, 14th September, 1935.

DEAR MOTHER,

I am glad that you were interested to read of the old Mutiny veteran who lives here; and it was kind of you to think of sending him an old fashioned moustache-cup. The corporal is very fond of his brew of tea, and his ancient whiskers certainly get into difficulties with the present-day tea cups.

"Whiskers?" said the corporal. "The Blue-Caps all wore whiskers in the old days. Whiskers were thought befitting to a martial man. Aye, if a beardless lad joined us (and I was such a one at the beginning), he had to make moustaches for himself out of tow, and stick them on his face. 'Twas Colonel Neill who ordained that a Blue-Cap's whiskers was part of his uniform. A Fusilier without whiskers, he said, was like a Himalayan ape, hairless fore and aft."

"Who were the Blue-Caps, corporal?"

"Don't shout, my lad. I can hear quite well. What were you saying?"

"Who were the Blue-Caps, corporal?"

Corporal Bangs grasped his stick, and tottered

upright in his chair. "You young imp!" he cried, furiously. "I'll teach you to poke fun at the Old First! Pretending you've never heard of the premier corps of the Company's army!"

"Excuse me, corporal," I said hastily. "I'm only



an ignorant young fellow."

"The Madras Fusiliers, the Blue-Caps, Neill's Lambs, Judas Iscariot's Bodyguard, the Old and Bold, Right of the Line, and Terror of the World!" cried the old corporal. He waved his stick, and collapse in his chair, coughing.

Mrs. Bangs came running in. She seized a bottle of medicine, and gave the old man a spoonful of a brown mixture. He slowly subsided, and regained his breath.

"It's my tubes, boys," he said. "If it weren't for my bronchial tubes, I'd be as good as ever."

To our surprise, Mrs. Bangs spoke. Hitherto she had always been a silent figure, sitting watchfully on the verandah with her hubble-bubble. "Not good," she said. "He speaking of old battles, then coughing. He very old man. Please young gentlemen take care."

"Bless the old lady!" said the corporal. "Why, she's nearly as old as I am. Nigh on eighty years we've been together now, and never regretted a day of it. She was a ward of old Swami Dubash. A fine fellow, the Swami. Walked the Fort with a golden sword, he did, and a great turban, and half-a-dozen javelin-men at his heels. He came down to the beach when we set



Sketches by Mail

sail for the Mutiny, with a hundred baskets of mongoes for us, and the old lady there by his side, crying her pretty eyes out."

"What, corporal, you went to the Mutiny by sea?"

"Of course we did. It all happened away up North. There was no mutiny in these parts. Leastways, there was a mutiny before my time, but it was a mutiny of British officers."

"Good heavens!"

"Aye, and that mutiny was put down by loyal native troops, without bloodshed. They confined their European officers to their quarters, and awaited the orders of the Company Bahadur."

"Then why were such fine loyal regiments gradually abolished?"

"The trouble of 1857 cast suspicion on everything. It was the proud Brahmin sepoys of Bengal that spoiled the trust of the British in their Indian comrades. The British officers of the Brahmin regiments worshipped their sepoys. Even when regiment after regiment was mutinying, the officers of the Bengal Army had faith in their own men, until they were slaughtered in their turn. When this had happened scores of times, people began to say that no native regiment was to be trusted. The Madras sepoys were a fine lot, steady and good-humoured and staunch friends; but they were disarmed along with the rest."

"But," objected Boggins, "if the Bengal Army had mutinied, and most of the remaining regiments were disarmed, where did we get troops to fight the mutineers?"

"During the first few months, the British soldiers had to bear the brunt," replied the corporal. "But all the while, John Lawrence was creating a new Indian Army. 'Twas a stroke of genius. The Bengal Army had only recently conquered the Punjab and the North-West Provinces. In those districts, John Lawrence raised a new army of Sikhs, Punjabis, and Pathans, to march to Delhi and destroy the very same Bengal regiments that had lately conquered them!"

"Is that why so many of the present Indian soldiers come from the North and North-West?"

"Aye. The present Indian Army is practically John Lawrence's army. There are no Bengalis or Madrassis in it, and only a few Bombay regiments—

the ones that proved their loyalty by marching against the Rani of Jhansi."

"It must have made a great change."

"Aye, sonny. We Blue-Caps were the pets of Madras. The people took pride in us as their own European regiment. We sailed away with half the population cheering us from the beach, and rushing into the surf with parting gifts. There were only a few of us ever came back, and we came back to a town groaning under the new restrictions. Even old Swami Dubash had his sword and javelin-men taken away, and was expelled from the Fort."

"How did you get the news of the Mutiny, corporal?"

"It was this way, my boy. When the first mutineers swept through the streets of Delhi, there was a young lad on duty in the telegraph-office. It was a new thing in those days. He was an Anglo-Indian boy, named Brendish. The lad stuck to his post, and sent this message: 'We must leave office. All bungalows are on fire, burning down by sepoys from Meerut. They came in this morning, eleventh May. All Europeans are

dead.....' The message was never finished."

"Thanks to that lad, the news of the Mutiny was known in Peshawar and Calcutta by the same evening. It was the first important message ever carried by telegraph in India. That was the luck of the Company Bahadur. The Madras sepoys used to say that the British would never depart from India, because they were too lucky. Too many times had they seen us behave with insane folly, and yet escape by our wonderful good luck. The good luck of the *sahibs* was a saying among the Madras sepoys."

"How did the news get to Madras, corporal?"

"It came by ship on the seventeenth. Our Colonel Neill embarked the regiment without waiting for orders. By the twenty-third, we were in the Hoogly..."

"That was a great night. The Governor-General came aboard as we were towing upstream. 'Thank God you've come, Neill,' he said. 'From here to Cawnpore there's not a British regiment, and the great arsenal at Allahabad is being held by sixty invalid pensioners! Cawnpore and Lucknow are besieged: the rest of Oudh is gone.'

"Our ship drew alongside the railway jetty, and the stationmaster came aboard; a fussy little man in a gold-braided coat and a stove-pipe hat. 'Where is Colonel Neill?' cried this individual."

"'Here I am,' says the Colonel. 'What do you want?'"

"'I have had to keep a train waiting for your soldiers for the last three hours!' complained the railwayman. 'You are delaying the parcels traffic!'"

"Old Neill cursed the stationmaster and all his parcels. The stationmaster retorted by ordering the train to depart without waiting for the soldiers. Then the Colonel drove the stationmaster into his office, locked him in, and detained the train by force."

"The stationmaster wired to his Superintendent at Dinapore: 'One military Colonel has kicked me in shameful place and stolen No. 5 Up. Kindly wire instructions.' But the Superintendent was lying in a burning bungalow with his throat cut, so the stationmaster never got any reply."

"The East Indian Railway was just being built, and that was some more luck for the Company Bahadur. The next morning, we were at the end of the line, and the word was flying to Allahabad, 'Neill's Lambs are coming!'"

"The Colonel put most of the regiment into bullock-carts, but took sixty of us from the flank company, to go forward by forced marches. He was anxious to reach Benares at the earliest possible moment."

"There were three Brahmin regiments in Benares, and Neill with us sixty Blue-Caps arrived there just as the sepoys were breaking into mutiny. The three regiments broke out on the early-morning parade, and shot their officers. Just then, we marched on to the parade-ground. The sepoys were at a disadvantage. They had just fired their muskets, and had no time to reload, while we had the new quick-loading rifles with the greased cartridges. We swept the parade-ground with volleys, and the sepoys dropped their arms and fled."

"All that day, Colonel Neill was hanging every sepoy of those three regiments that he could catch. They were Brahmins, but he hanged them. This was the first of the black deeds of the Mutiny: but, said the Colonel, how else could sixty men punish three thousand, caught in the act of murdering their officers? The strangest thing was, the sepoys took their fate with brave calmness. Most of them expressed sincere regret for killing officers whom they really loved. They

said it was a madness that had come over the sepoy army."

"There were forty-four of us left that night, to continue the march to Allahabad. We covered the seventy miles in two days. When we marched into Allahabad Fort, the poor old pensioners looked at us, and burst into tears. There were only forty of us, and we were all sick with sunstroke."

"So the terrible forced march was no good, after all?" said Boggins sympathetically.

"Wasn't it?" cried the corporal. "The following night, we marched out and burned the suburbs over the heads of the mutineers. There were two regiments of them in Allahabad. We had a battle the next day, but the sepoys had no heart for fighting just then. Most of them went away to Cawnpore. After the battle, there were twenty-four of us left. We could do no more until the rest of the Fusiliers came up."

"How long did you have to wait?"

"Two days."

"Ah, that gave you a chance to enjoy a good rest."

"No, my boy; we didn't rest."

"Why, what did you do?"

"We got drunk."

"Got drunk? Were you mad? There was only twenty-four of you, and some invalids, to guard a great city!"

"All the same, we got drunk. Colonel Neill threatened to flog us and hang us, but how could he hang his whole army, twenty-four strong? Besides, the temptation was too great for soldiers of those days. In the town there were big stocks of the finest brandy, and the shopkeepers were only too glad to sell it to us at four annas a bottle."

"What, you *bought* the brandy?"

"Certainly. You forget we came from Madras, and were used to being friendly with the people. We had no quarrel with the civil population at that time. We only thought of punishing the mutineers."

Mrs. Bangs came in at this juncture, and looked at the corporal and shook her head. "Too much talking!" she said; and brought some broth in the new moustache-cup."

We took the hint, and bade the corporal farewell until another day."

Your Loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL.

Time, Gentlemen, Please!

Reading Time
•
About 6 Minutes



THERE is, I state with perfect confidence, and absolutely no hesitation, many a married man who would like to have his choice of a wife all over again. And, of course, in all fairness to the ladies, *vice versa*. But there are so many little things that go to show that marriage is a gamble before entering which we should weigh the pros, cons, the wherefores and the what-fors.

And many a married man, young or old, would, if Fortune did allow him to throw back the calendar and choose another wife in place of the one he already has, without hesitation choose a female chimpanzee or a feminine hippopotamus. For, where some wives are concerned, you see, you can have a much more harmonious and happy time with one of Nature's cruder and less subtle creations.

Not, as you may have erroneously gathered from the foregoing, that I regret having married my wife Mary. On the contrary, I like Mary. She makes wonderful rabbit stews.

But, among other failings, there is one bad point of Mary's that stands out like a lighthouse in a basin of water. And that is her terrible habit of arguing. If

by John A. Henry

Illustrated by Mali

she would do this sensibly, I wouldn't mind. But she is always so unreasonable.

"Darling," I said to her one day at the breakfast table, "I have managed to get

to-morrow and the day after off from the office so that we can run into Lahore and see my Aunt Sophie. It's the only chance I'll get before she leaves for England. The last time she wrote, she hinted that, if I could really prove that I had some affection for her by giving her a look up, there might be a small matter of Rs. 50,000 or Rs. 60,000 for me when she croaks."

"Don't say 'croaks', dear," said Mary. "It sounds crude."

"Kicks the bucket then," I said, knowing that Mary was in one of her contrary moods, that lasted sometimes for a year and sometimes merely for six months.

However, the morrow dawned bright. We had packed the night before and so we sat down to breakfast, all ready except for the journey to the station.

"Don't hang about too much with your food and with getting dressed," I warned. "Because we've got to catch the train that leaves at 10.25. And if we

miss that, the next one will get to Lahore too late for us to have even half an hour with Aunt Sophie."

Mary looked at me. That's saying a lot, too!

"As regards the time," she said calmly, "you are wrong!"

"I'm not!" I stated indignantly.

"The train," Mary's voice was like honey, "leaves at 10.30."

"10.25," I said confidently. "I've travelled by it before, and I know just what time it leaves."

"The last time you went to Lahore was in the winter," was Mary's retort. "And as it's now summer, the timings are different."

"And the last time you did the same journey was two years ago," I put in hotly. "And since then the entire Railway Service has been modified and changed about all over the place, and in all directions."

"But there wouldn't be all that difference. Not five minutes. One minute--yes. But five minutes--no."

"I tell you it's 10.25."

"And I'm telling you it's 10.30," Mary was hatefully confident.

"Is there a time-table in the house?" I asked.

"No. The last time I asked you to buy one, you forgot. But, if there *was* a time-table in the house, I'd soon show you that you're wrong!"

"And I, personally, doubt if I would even be able to do that with you under the same circumstances," I said sarcastically. "You're a bit too much of a know-all, Mary. Don't you know that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing? I suppose--nay, I know--that if you saw 10.25 in the time-table, you'd say that the printers had made an error."

"Tush!" said Mary. She always says that when I am getting the better of her. "I think--nay, I know--that I can remember things better than you, anyway. And I say it's 10.30. What about when you forgot to bring your pay home and told me that, in a fit of mad and momentary philanthropy, you had given it all to a beggar who kindly returned it to you the next day? And then you have the sheer brass to turn round and tell me that this train leaves at 10.25. I like that!"

"Bah!" I said. "And what about the time I asked you to sew four or five buttons on my trousers

so that my braces could be used strictly as braces and not as mere flapping bits of elastic with nothing, not even a bit of chewing gum, on the end of them?"

"We were," said Mary with a very near approach to a sneer, "talking about trains."

"Train timings," I corrected. "But you were the first to branch off."

"I wasn't."

"You were."

"I *wasn't*. And you know it, in your heart's centre. You were the one to branch off by asking if there was a time-table in the house!"

Well, there you are! If that is justice, then I'm a pale-eyed Pole.

"Anyway, to get back," I went on. "The train leaves at 10.25, so you had better not hang about."

Mary took a mouthful of eggs and bacon that had long ago gone cold. After a few moments' maddening mastication, she said:

"10.30!"

"But it's 10.25! I *know* it! I have too accurate a brain to forget train timings."

"The sooner you acknowledge that you're wrong, the better for you," said Mary calmly.

"But I'm not wrong. You are."

"I'm not! *You* are!"

And so perhaps, we would have gone on till the middle of next year.

But just then the hall clock struck eleven.

And next day, when I bought a time-table and brought it back to Mary, keeping it unopened so that I could make my point more effective, we found that the train left at 10.

THE EXPANDING SCIENCE

Mathematical knowledge has developed so tremendously in the past century that today it would require the lifelong work of twenty gifted men to master it all. Even higher arithmetic alone now is probably beyond the mastery of any two geniuses. In fact this science has become so specialized that at meetings where, for example, 50 different papers are presented, not more than five are wholly intelligible to any one man.

THE END



The A. B. C. of Dog Raising

Reading Time
About 5 Minutes

I HAVE no reward for the man who does not care for dogs. It is my firm (screwed very tightly, indeed) belief that we can make our way out of the present world chaos and arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the problem of the migration of Blue-bottles during St. Martin's Summer, if only we studied the art of dog raising carefully.

For those of my readers who may now feel that it is up to them to acquire a little working knowledge of the ancient art of dog raising, I append a short guide. It is arranged alphabetically of course. Like all self-respecting guides.

Airedale: What is an airedale? It is the name of a particular dog noted for its growth of short, stout hair. The chief use of the creature is to figure in depilatory advertisements.

BowWow: Dog's way of expressing disgust. When made by men, this noise can be relied upon to frighten away travelling salesmen, rent-collectors and other such pests.

Cats: God's gift to violin makers. Great enemies of the dogs, and the two are never to be seen together except when it is raining cats and dogs.

Dogma: The mother of a dog. I don't know what a dog's mother-in-law is called, but I bet it is something unprintable anyway.

Enigma: The mother of an enig, evidently. Oh, don't ask me what an enig can be. As a matter of fact the whole thing is a bit of an enigma to me.

Hydrophobia: The best way to cultivate this is to step upon the nether extremity of a somnolent canine, or in King's English to stand on a dog's tail. Readers are requested to try this experiment and to write and tell all about it to the editor. The competition Manager's decision shall be final and legally binding and no interviews shall be granted to any one not coming with his own bottle and glasses.

Inkpen: Dogs are used by certain authors for the purposes of wiping wet inkpens. That is how the first Dalmatian was thought of.

Jail: Where you will be if you don't get your dog licence renewed immediately.

Kangaroo: A famous Australian animal, its fame being next only to that of its compatriot, Brad.

YES, I KNOW

Answers to questions on page 17

1. By means of pressure of air (due to speed) on an open tube mounted on the wing and connected to an indicator.
2. Race.
3. Broadly speaking, slander is spoken defamation of another's character; libel is written or printed.
4. The art of making characters or designs in, upon or with wax.

man. A distant relative of the dog but very uncivilised. Carries all its possessions in a neat little pocket under its under. And no zip fasteners either.

Lice: Plural of louse.

Mice: Plural of mouse.

Nice: Plural of nouse, maybe. Or maybe plural of—but let me give you an example. "That dog of yours has been barking now for nice and nice and nice. I can't sleep a wink. So what are you going to do about it?"

Ox: They grow out of acorns. They have nothing at all to do with dogs. As a matter of fact they got into this article when I wasn't looking. The sneaks!

Pup: The baby of a dog. Pastime: Chewing slippers. Pet aversion: Women who persist in kissing them on the nose. Greatest grudge: Against birth-control agitators.

Quiet: Everything in the street was, before one of the Pariahs started to bark.

Rain: Go up sometimes and see our May.

S: A term of insult, as the Law is a big S.

Underdog: The tummy of one of the canine species.

Wrought: Expression of disgust. He told his neighbour: "Your dog is a regular nuisance. You must either sell him or shoot him."

His neighbour replied, "Oh, don't talk wrought."

X: Our well beloved Mr. Jogg
Argued once with a dog;
The argument grew hot—
X marks the fatal spot.

Yacht: No dogs are allowed
Upon this yacht;
If you will bring up your's
He shall be shacht!

Zuiderzee: The tailor in the zoo. Why is he there?
Well—er—to sew panties for the chimpanzees of course.

THE END

Sauce for the Goose....

The Sheriff of a county (in U. S. A.) had a jolly old time one night at a party where he participated in the generous flow of reason, wit and something more liquid. He started his old auto home just as Aurora was getting busy in the East. Yes, your guess is correct. He bumped into another auto. He proceeded to his office, took out a summons against himself for driving a car when under the influence of booze and fined himself £20—or if you are particular as to currency, convert it into American dollars, and there you are.

Wilhelmian Apples

The Kaiser ate an apple in 1912 with great relish, and advertised the fact in warm terms to those present around him. Amongst these was Rev. Rosslyn Brace, a clergyman of Sussex. The reverend gentleman begged of the Kaiser for the core of the apple which had the honor of feeling the royal teeth, to keep as a souvenir. Of the six pips which the core contained, five were sold away by the Rev. Rosslyn at a guinea apiece for charity. He planted the sixth pip in his garden. In the fulness of time the reverend gentleman's pip grew into a sturdy tree, and stood six feet high in 1914. So far there is nothing in it. But wait a bit.

The War broke out in 1914. The apple tree stopped growing. It remained stunted throughout the progress of the War. The war came to a close in 1918. The tree started to spread. Now the tree is in bloom and its proud owner hopes to taste his first Wilhelmian apple in a few months.

A FULL WEEK'S TRIAL ON YOUR OWN WRIST
TO ENABLE YOU TO CONFIRM THE QUALITIES CLAIMED!

THE 'DAWSON' LEVER WRIST WATCH AT Amazingly Low Price.
Indeed an Excellent Time keeper which will give years of Trouble-Free Service.
Guaranteed for 5 years.
Order one To-day & Banish your Watch Worries for years. Money Promptly Refunded if found unsatisfactory. High Class STRONG LEVER Movements, pretty small size and lovely shape. Shows correct time to the second and gives long and continuous service. A watch equal in service to many sold to-day at four times the price. Bright Nickel Silver Case—Rs. 7/- Highly Gold Plated Case—Rs. 7/8/-
Above with Radium Dial As. 8/- extra. Postage As. 7/- extra.
THE UNION TRADING Co., 2, Doyehatta St., (A) CALCUTTA.

Locked Out!

Reading Time

About 6 Minutes

by 'Lummie'

Illustrated by Bahadurje

MRS. Letitia Fowler was a literary woman with three children. Her trouble in life was about servant girls. She could never get one to suit her—one that would look after the household work and leave her to her literary activities. She inserted an advertisement for "a tidy girl to do housework in a small family—good wage and a good home." Tidy girls from the age of ten to sixty-five knocked successively at her front door, and when told they

wouldn't suit, they put on such a look of contempt for the door, the door-frame, the front gate and the entire house that the temperature round about it rose three degrees higher. Servant girls anywhere are nothing if not cheeky.

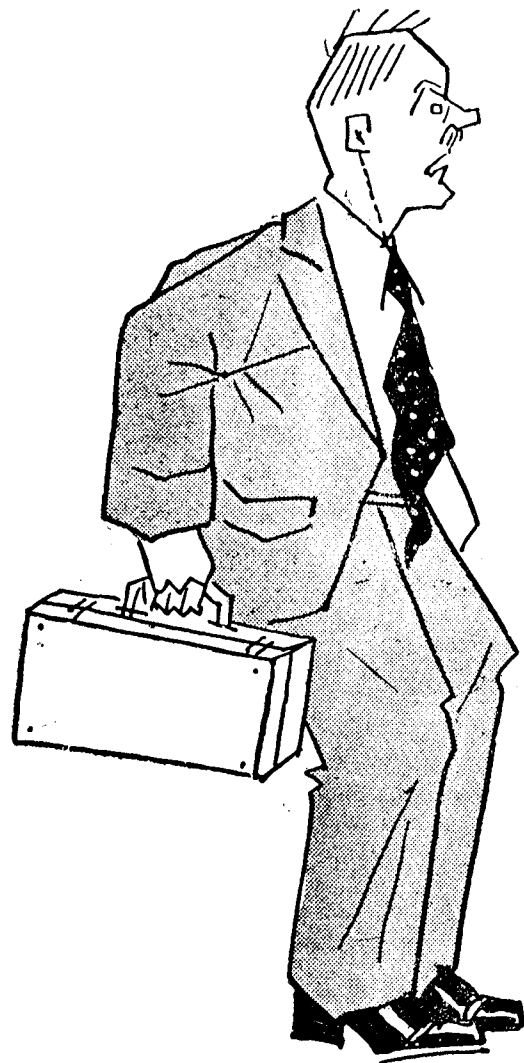
At last she hired one, and told her plainly and without reserve what was expected of her. The hired one said she could do any kind of cooking, she loved to wash, was fond of children, never could be in bed after five o'clock in the morning, and held all young boys in contempt. "I should like to see the boy who could play his tricks to me," she said.

The girl went to work downstairs, and Mrs. Fowler went to work upstairs with an easy mind, typing her novel. The girl was all right upto about seven in the evening, when she was suddenly missed. She returned about ten and said that she had 'just dropped out' to purchase a hair-wash. Mr. Fowler came home at eight and fretted and fumed because his supper was not laid, and Mrs. Fowler's inspiration for the novel was also utterly ruined. Next morning at seven the girl was found snoring on a kitchen slab, and all the spoons, forks, and dishes lay unwashed and scattered all round the kitchen. She was sent away.

Mrs. Fowler secured another girl. She was all right for a couple of days, except that she often showed a tendency to look over the garden-wall into the neighbouring compound. After two days a young fellow of twenty-eight came into the house and requested he would like to see Mary just for a couple of minutes. After seeing him Mary came to the conclusion that she could not stay.

"I am getting married ma'am to the next house gardener, and if you won't mind the inconvenience, I am going away presently," she said and left before Mrs. Fowler could remonstrate.

The next one came recommending herself as 'just like their own mother' to the children, and before she was three hours in the house, took Dorothy on the knee and gave her such a wallop that Dorothy was disabled from walking for the next three days.



She dropped hairpins into the soup, boiled shoe-laces with the meat, and broke crockery until there was not one left at home. She was dismissed forthwith; but she flew into a temper, said that she worked in this great lady's house and that great lady's, and nobody until then had a word to say against her, said that she had not come across such mean, ill-tempered and fault-finding people as Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, nor devils of children as theirs, cried why God had kept her alive so long—was it to submit her to the indignity of working in a hell of a house like that, and left the house wishing Mr. and Mrs. Fowler good luck in their next girl. "Some people will never know when they have a good, honest and hard-working servant nor what is good for them," she added, with a parting sneer.

Mrs. Fowler had next engaged Sara when Mr. Fowler had been away at Darjeeling on two months' business. Mrs. Fowler thought that during the absence of her husband she could finish up her novel. She wanted to avoid distraction and had told Sara that agents, pedlars, charity seekers and such class of men should be met by Sara at the front gate and coldly repulsed.

"Trust Sara to that, ma'am. I will repulse them if I have to break every broomstick in the city. Visitors are a nuisance to your work, ma'am. I know that and I will take care of them, ma'am," she said.

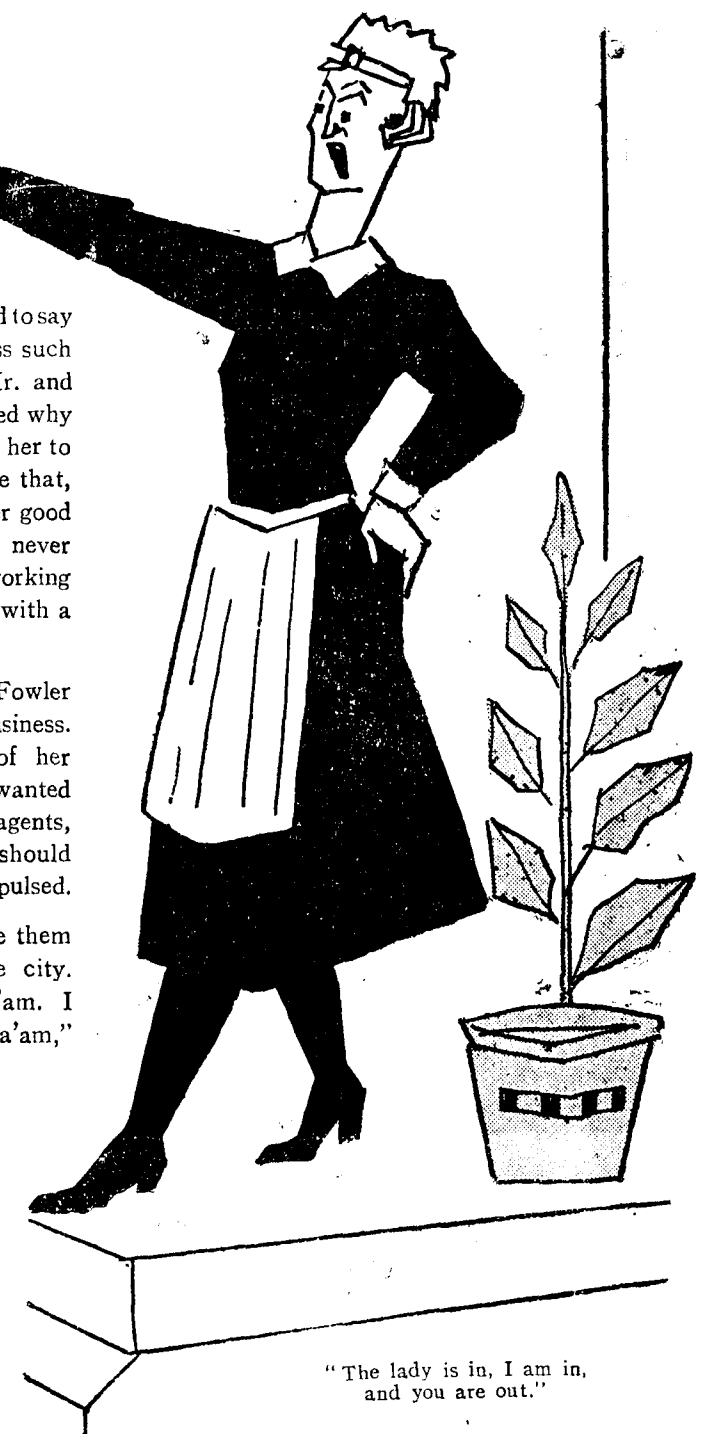
And she did.

Mr. Fowler had wired that he was coming back and was arriving on Wednesday. But he actually arrived on Tuesday after sustaining a severe damage in a railway accident. He was coming along the garden-walk, with a leather bag in his hand. Mrs. Fowler was enjoying a nap upstairs, and Sara espied the man coming along. She immediately rushed forward.

"Get out of this compound now, will you? We don't want the like of you here," she cried.

"Stand aside, you impudent thing," he said haughtily in the cocksureness of his right to enter, and was about to proceed, when the girl blocked the way.

"Impudent thing, eh? Who calls me impudent? Now I tell you, my beauty, get off like a respectable



"The lady is in, I am in, and you are out."

man if you don't want to have a pain in the back. Impudent indeed! I have no time to be wasting with every jackass that wants to insult a respectable girl," she said with contempt in her countenance. "Get off now, I say, or you will see what you will see," she roared.

"Do you know who I am?" asked Mr. Fowler.

(Continued on page 29)



Man in 1990!

Reading Time
About 5 Minutes

by V. S. Krishnaswami

Illustrated by Mali

WE are reading, hearing and seeing that woman who was thought to be inferior to man is beating the so called 'stronger sex' hollow in everything in which he had distinguished himself. Once upon a time it was commonly thought that the home was the real place for woman and she was the ornament of the home. But now that is no longer the truth. Woman has distinguished herself in all the

walks of life and in all the sports the world has known. We have now woman scientists, woman motorists, woman aviators, woman soldiers, woman swimmers, woman cricketers, and woman actors. The talk of emancipation of woman has gone and the time has come when woman will rule the world and man will subordinate himself to the fair sex. The progress with which the fair sex is advancing in combating the problems which man in his short-sighted vision and arrogance thought that he alone could tackle, is so rapid and in fact so astounding that I think that the position of man in 1990 A.D. will be quite a picture. You may agree or disagree. If you agree with me, you are taking a sane view of things. Whatever the shape of things to come, there is no use scaring ourselves into melancholia. For aught we know this may be karma.

The woman of 1990 will be the breadwinner of the family. If you have any doubts as to this conclusion, count the number of unemployed men in each house. Naturally man's place will be the home and man will be the ornament of the house. I can't specify his duties exactly. They will be, roughly speaking,

sweeping the house, cooking the meals, looking after the children, washing the linen of the household, with certain other extra items,—for instance, cleaning the house with water twice in the week.

There is one other serious problem about which I may warn my brothers at this juncture. It is suggested to me by some members of the other sex that purdah

may be introduced for man in 1990 if not earlier. That will mean, of course, that man will have to go covered with complete boorkha with two holes for peeping. Man will have to remain in the house and cannot stir out and cannot be seen by other females. The purdah, in my opinion, will be the stage when man loses his freedom in the fullest sense of the term. I hear that in some families with advanced views purdah for man has been tentatively introduced.

Of course all social and domestic obligations will devolve upon woman in 1990. For instance the marriage of a boy will be arranged by the lady of the house and all the functions incidental to the marriage will be undertaken by woman, and man can only witness the function from a closed room through the chinks of the doors. The only duty that may devolve upon man will be the dance. The marriage invitation card will be like this: "Mrs. Ranganayaki requests the pleasure of the company of Mrs. Krishna Bai with husband, family and friends on the occasion of the marriage of her son Raman with Miss Lakshmi, daughter of Mrs. Kumuda. With the best compliments, Mrs. Jayam, Asst Supt. of Police, Mrs. Thangam, Customs Dept." The programme column will be: "Muhurtham between 10 and 11 A. M. Evening, Dance by Natarajan."

Man's place being fixed in the house, it will be a travesty of modesty on his part if he mixes with other ladies and if he is seen frequently in the shops, or in the parks or elsewhere. The sin of immorality will attach only to man. Woman will be entitled to marry more than one husband. In a house with two husbands, there will be jealousy and rivalry between the husbands and the wife will have a difficult time to settle differences between the husbands. The only virtues for which credit will be given to man will be modesty, a good knowledge of domestic economy and cookery.

At this stage I expect my brother readers of this article to be nervous of the future. After all God is great and there is always a silver-lining in every cloud. Man for instance will be in demand and will lead the fashions of the day. All the films will have man as the hero and woman's part will only be secondary. The ordinary man will have a lot of ornaments and in the case of a marriage the question will be "what are the jewels the bridegroom is wearing?" If man is good and affectionate, he will be petted by the wife and will be taken for walks and sometimes to the pictures. Of course the time will come again when the talk of emancipation of man will arise among woman and

gradually he will come up. The purdah will be criticised and man will get into legislatures and boy marriage will be penalised by legislation. By slow degrees man may again come into the fore-front of the arena of the world and by 2050 A.D. man will be what he is today.

"Wake up, coffee is getting cold."

At this command, I said feebly, "Man will come into his own again."

"Don't be silly, wake up."

Slowly I rubbed my eyes and woke up and found my wife standing by me. I realised that I was dreaming all the while. "Thank God, I am still in 1935. I shall come for coffee, my dear, in a minute," I said.

LOCKED OUT!—(Continued from page 27)

"I don't know, and I don't want to know. Do you think I am going to be sleepless thinking of your precious face?" said Sara.

Mr. Fowler felt the ridiculousness of his revealing his identity to his own servant girl.

"Is the lady in?" he asked choking with indignation.

"The lady is in, I am in, and you are out. Look here, I am not going to be standing here all the day talking to a man as has no manners and doesn't know how to behave to a lady. Come now, lift your boots. Close the gate as you pass out or you will have a flower pot flying after you that should knock out all your impudence," she said.

Mr. Fowler retired in disorder. An hour later Mrs. Fowler received a message, addressed from a hotel. It ran:

Tish Darling,

A nice servant girl you have engaged that wouldn't let me into my own house. Where have you picked up that precious darling?

In the name of heavens above, do come and take me home or I despair of setting foot in my own house.

Yours, My darling,

H. F.

THE END

Auntie Awful



A YOUNG lady with a masculine handwriting addresses Auntie from the town of Boredom. "I don't love the man who loves me," she mourns. "But the man whom I love hates me. What am I to do? Waiting for your answer."

Chickabiddies, our poor niece will have to wait several weeks for the answer, because she did not enclose her address. The *Merry Magazine*, while not going to the lengths of those periodicals that bring out their Christmas Number at Midsummer, simply must be put to bed well in advance of publication.

You didn't know that magazines and newspapers had to be put to bed? Oh, yes, indeed. They undergo quite a toilet beforehand, too. To change the simile, putting a newspaper to bed is like building and furnishing a house. First the sub-editors, with the biggest pairs of scissors you ever saw, come along and erect the scaffolding, taking care to leave plenty of expansion-joints for the big man's features and bright afterthoughts. Then the business manager puts in his oar. (The weather has affected Auntie's metaphors, my dears, and the good ship *Merry* is now on the stocks and getting ready for launching.) Next come the artists and decorators, the Aunties and the feature-writers, and the valued contributor who *will* keep everybody waiting while he has a last quick one round the corner.

By this time, the sub-editors' building-site is strewn with a terrible confusion of material, and the assistant-editor pulls his hair out in handfuls, and swears that the paper will *never* be put to bed in time. The master printer comes in, covered with ink and confusion. He bears parts of the magazine already set up in long strips, and demands to know how they expect him to put the blasted rag to bed, when the stuff is always coming in late. He throws another mass of building-material on the table, and departs in dudgeon.

The assistant-editor is an expert in jig-saw puzzles, and he soon has all the materials fitted into the scaffolding, and sends the result to the editor-in-chief. The editor looks at the effort sideways, and knocks out a partition here and there, and demands an illustration for a bare corner, and scribbles the word "Must!" across a few extra bits of stuff. The pieces thus honoured have to be built into the house somewhere. The advertisement manager points out that a certain contracted-for item has been omitted, and the valued contributor complains that his best paragraph has been cut out. The editor legislates on these appeals, and the half-wrecked house goes back to the assistant-editor, who curses fluently, and makes a new house out of the pieces, and sends it in for the final scrutiny.

Meanwhile the master printer has been constructing the house, through all its vicissitudes, in cold type and *cliche*. The editor takes a last look, glances hurriedly at the clock, scribbles 'O. K.' on the galley-proofs, and hands them to the waiting 'devil'. Down in the printing-room the machines begin to turn, and everybody sits back and heaves a sigh of relief. The paper has been put to bed.

Of course, with a daily newspaper, this hectic process is compressed into an hour or two. You remember the *London Lyre*, of which Auntie was telling you last week? The *London Lyre* had to be put to bed at three a. m. every morning, to the very second. One of the greatest griefs of the proprietor of the *London Lyre* was that, if a King were assassinated, or a terrible earthquake occurred, it always happened at five minutes past three, and could not go into the paper.

But what about our niece with the masculine handwriting? Auntie must get on with the answers.

Miss R. M. (Boredom). Introduce the man who loves you to the man who hates you. As they both have a grievance against the female sex, they will become bosom friends, and founder-members of a Society of Confirmed Bachelors. In this capacity they will live to a happy and honoured old age, and will ever remember you with gratitude. Thus you will have fulfilled a noble work. If the solution leaves a gap in your own life, you can become a female explorer and go to Africa and shoot lions. This cure for a broken heart is highly recommended by all romantic novelists.

Curiosity (Penang). What, are you still worrying about what a Scotchman wears under his kilt? The bare truth is that he wears an epidermis.

Educationalist (Malda). Yes, dear sir, it is a fact that the University of Chicago has just granted one of its members the degree of Ph.D. (Golf). Auntie considers the award a well-merited one. Of all sportsmen, golfers stand most in need of a superabundance of philosophy.

Jail Visitor (Madras). "You will be glad to hear that as a result of representations made to the Law Member, prisoners who have been condemned to death will be allowed to smoke before their execution, if they so desire. Some months ago, a condemned prisoner's request for a *beedi* before going to the scaffold was refused by the jail authorities, on the ground that the rules did not permit it. The rules are now being amended so that condemned prisoners will be allowed a smoke, subject, of course, to medical sanction." Auntie is glad to learn of this small measure of humanitarianism, dear sir. Readers of the *Merry Magazine* will observe that 'Embusque's fiction is no stranger than current truth. Of course, the proviso regarding medical sanction is very necessary. There must be no danger of the prisoner jeopardising his health by reckless smoking.

Concert-goer (Robertsonpet). "The selection of music was interestingly rendered, but the musicians' execution could have been improved." Yes, dear boy; or even hastened.

Disillusioned (Uttamapalayam). "I cannot find anywhere the mate whom I desire. There is always some hitch or defect. What is the matter with the average girl of to-day?" The matter with the average girl of to-day, dear boy, is that her parents do not realise that she is an average girl.

Turned Down (Kodaikanal). "Another of my manuscripts has just come back, accompanied by

the sickening cant, 'The Editor Regrets'. What is the origin of this ghastly phrase?" It is believed to have originated in China, dear boy, the home of the earliest periodicals. For example, the *Pekin Gazette* has appeared with unbroken regularity for the last 1,000 years. During that time, 1,500 editors have been executed for publishing articles displeasing to the Government. Hence the pathos and sincerity of the traditional phrase, 'The Editor Regrets'.

Admirer (Komal). "I do not think there is anything wrong with your appearance. Your face is like a poem." What is the idea, dear boy? Do you want to borrow money from Auntie, or are you suggesting that her face is a succession of lines?

Eldest Son (Lalapet). "Is it right for my father to take another wife into the house, to be supported by the family?" The question is not quite clear, dear boy. Are you the one who is thinking of getting married?

Communique (Aduturai). "The message says that extraordinary precautions are being taken. Is not this tautology? What is the difference between ordinary precautions and extraordinary precautions?" Well, dear boy, if you employed a deaf-and-dumb man to keep your secrets, that would be an ordinary precaution. But if you made him wear boxing-gloves at night, in case he talked in his sleep, that would be an extraordinary precaution.

Pro-Aryan (Somalapuram). "These tales of a censorship by the Nazis are all nonsense. The German press is perfectly free." Auntie has noticed it, dear boy. The German papers can print weather reports, rissole recipes, and crossword puzzles, with the greatest impunity.

Anatomy (Rayapuram). "Is it a fact that bow-legs in a woman is a sign of undaunted courage?" Yes, dear boy, especially when she persists in appearing on the beach in a bathing-costume.

Riddle (Rajahmundry). "Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I go home. What am I?" A very careless postman, dear boy.

Observant (Kalladaikurichi). "What you said in a recent article was quite correct. The most gloomy person in any gay gathering is a humorous writer." And so would you be gloomy, dear boy, if you had to live on a humorous writer's earnings.

Fun For All

A physician attended an old lady who had caught a severe cold. "Did your teeth chatter when you felt the chill coming on you?" asked the doctor.

"I don't know, doctor; they were lying on the table!" was the reply.

* * * * *

"You and your wife patched up your quarrels yet?"
"We don't patch them up. We get new ones."

* * * * *

Visitor (angrily to bearer): Look here, man, you've spilt the coffee all over my coat!

Bearer: It's all right, sir. You don't know the coffee here, sir; it won't stain after seven o'clock.

* * * * *

The Railway Supervisor received the following note from one of his foremen:

"I am sending in the accident report of Krishnan's foot when he struck it with the spike maul. Now,



under 'Remarks' do you want mine or do you want Krishnan's?"

* * * * *

Jewels stolen from a Maharajah hundreds of years ago, are said to be lying at the bottom of a disused well. Don't you think this should be looked into!

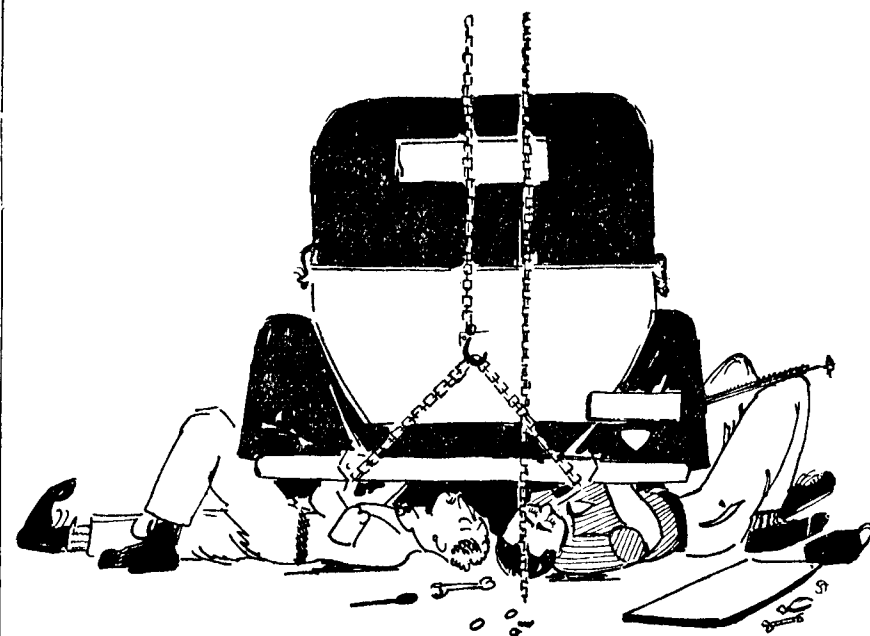
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Maths. Master: Now, if I subtract 5678 from 6789, what's the difference?

* * * * *

Little Kittu: That's what I say. Who cares?

MECHANICALLY-SPEAKING



"My wife is very irritable, a little thing sets her off!"
"You're lucky! Mine's a self-starter!"

A bald-headed man who has heard that the hairs of our heads are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can get the back numbers.

* * * * *

Jones: Have you heard the tale of the absent-minded professor who stepped into car and fell over because it wasn't there?

Robinson: No; but did you hear of the man who struck a match to see if he had switched off the electric light?

* * * * *

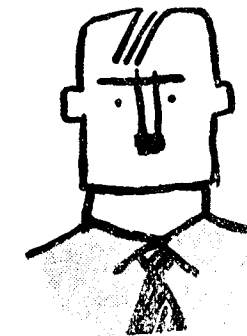
Simile: As slow as a news-boy giving change through a tram-car window.

Whiskers

Reading Time
About 3 Minutes

by 'Seven Stars'

Sketches by Schusnig

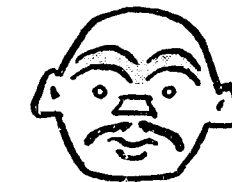


TO my thinking, Man is the Lord Supreme—only in one way. He can assume, and often exercises, complete control of his whiskers. Armed with the razor, he can juggle with them any way he likes.

The classification of this facial appendage forms the nucleus of a very wide subject.

Let us ponder for a moment over the various varieties that we come across in our every-day lives and try to correlate them with the nature of their owners.

The first variety is the common 'normal' type, for which the rule has been formulated, that the over-all length of the whiskers should not exceed that of an eye-brow; in fact, it is enunciated as the 'third eye-brow rule'.



The second common one met with is the short 'Hitler' type; this was known a few years ago as the 'Charlie' type, after the famous comedian, and has a fancied resemblance to the modern 'short-head' tooth-brush. They say in Nazi Germany that the lips adorned with this type of growth are the most kissable. But, as I have said, it is purely a Nazi view.



The third one, the bushy 'Hindenberg' type, suggests manliness and grit. Straightness and fighting spirit ooze from a face possessing this type, as it did in the personality of the late soldier-statesman, in whose name it is perpetuated.



Then we come to the stabbing 'Kaiser' type, where the ends are tilted upwards, ending in pointed tips. This is reminiscent of the war-time monarch of Germany. It lends a military appearance to the owner, who, in nine cases out of ten, has a highly militant soul.

The last variety in this broad classification is the innocuous 'Maharatta' type, where the ends droop and hang down in pendulous fashion, like a beaten puppy's tail. This indicates a gullible and malleable nature.

Even whiskers seem to have their own uses. The quaintest use of the same is made by a friend of mine,

whose type has been listed last. The thing droops its full length from the upper lip, forming an effective screen over his mouth. This friend, who is a bachelor, when in need of tea, just mixes up some tea-leaves with

hot water and compounds it with milk and sugar. Without straining off the leaves in the infusion, he sips the beverage straightaway. The whiskers act as a barrage and stop the leaves from getting into the mouth. After the cup is drained, he puffs out in exhalation through the mouth. This effectively dislodges the 'netted' tea-leaves. What a fine labour-saving device!

Which reminds me of a curious incident in my college days. A fixture was made up for a sides-game in cricket; the sides were divided into two elevens—'The Moustaches' opposing 'The Cleans'. All went on O. K. till the last minute, when the two captains 'took the stance' in the pavilion, for the 'toss-up' of the coin. Their consternation may just

(Continued on page 40)

The Monsoon

Reading Time
About 16 Minutes

Preface

WHO killed Brutus Bigg-Buttuqs?—And why? What was the sinister fate menacing the Bigg-Buttuqs family?—And why? How came Inspector Soaker, a married man, to befriend the lovely maiden in the moonlight?—And why? Did the Inspector's wife finally stumble on the real solution to the mystery?—And how! (But not in the way you think.)

Author's Notes

As the intelligent reader will have panged from the cunningly worded preface, this is no ordinary mystery story. A murder such as the one reported here has never, so far as the chronicler knows, been duplicated before. Perpetrators of the most baffling crime stories would never wot of a theme like this: nor could they possibly ween, ken or trow of it.



Murder Mystery

by Albert A. Roland

Illustrated by the Author

The reader might assume from these claims that the story is a pure fabrication. As a matter of fact, the incidents described actually occurred. When and where, the chronicler will disclose in proper season.

Before actually beginning the story, the writer thinks he should put in a word of warning. No one who is not possessed of iron nerves and a great stout heart should read this story. And by great stout heart is not meant a fatty heart. No one who is subject to the shudders or nightmares, or who fears a dark room, or is at all squeamish about bloody horrors, should read these pages. The kind of person who would hesitate to make faces at his mother-in-law, the type of man who would entertain consideration for a tax-collector, is earnestly beseeched to turn away from it, as from the plague. See?

The Story

An eerie silence brooded over the Bombay-Poon road.

Not necessarily the whole road. But certainly over that portion of it which was being traversed, as the story opens, by Josephine Jellymoons.

The silence was noticeably pregnant: pregnant with a sense of impending tragedy. Nothing disturbed it. Nothing save the soft moaning of breeze in the cactus-tops.

The moon was as yet unborn. But a glow in the sky was heralding her approach. The sky was spangled with stars. But it was still too dark for Josephine, who was usually very sure-footed, to see her way in comfort.

Yet she kept bravely on, facing the sinister semi-darkness, enduring the deathly, eerie silence, with the courage born of despair. As she stumbled on, barking her fair shins on the furlong stones, and sprawling now and then over the heaps of road ballast, one thought, and one only, possessed her.

She must find Brutus Bigg-Buttuqs.

Where, by all that was mysterious, had that big bum got to?—or rather, big stiff, she corrected herself hastily: it sounded so much more ladylike. And it could not be mistaken for a caddish, if subtle, dig at Brutus' surname.

Well, anyway, the man had disappeared, and in the most baffling circumstances. And find him she must. Or else walk back miles to the nearest railway station. Or wait on the off chance of a lift from a passing motorist—with always the possibility of his not turning out to be a nice man.

It was the monsoon season. Hence the title of this story. Hence the paucity of cars on the road. Hence, too, her fears. The weather seemed bright enough now, but at any moment clouds might rush up and obscure the face of the newly-born moon. And then—torrential rain. With probably a thunderstorm thrown in. How Josephine Jellymoons hated thunder and lightning! They made her quake. They made her grab whoever was nearest and hug him to her quaking form. Brutus, on the other hand, was very fond of thunderstorms. But you can't blame him.

And now it should be told how Josephine came to be wandering on a deserted road at night. Searching for the man for whom, the reader will have guessed, she entertained if not a deep and abiding love at least a beautiful friendship.



They had quarrelled, alas! Brutus had invited her out for an evening drive into the country. She was his secretary and stenographer, and in such capacity she had *always* found him a perfect gent and a pucca sahib. Why, then, should she have any qualms about going out with him for an *evening* drive into the country? Why, indeed, when she had such utter trust in his gentlemanly qualities? So that evening saw them gliding along the beautiful Bombay-Poona Road, so interesting, dotted with pot-holes and intricately patterned with 12-inch cart-ruts. She loved his car. It was a 1920-model Ford. A trifle old-fashioned, perhaps. But then, so was Josephine. Which was really what caused all the trouble.

As it grew late, and Brutus went on and on and on, without any sign of turning back, the first little doubt entered her pure heart. At first she thrust it from her, as quite unworthy. But still Brutus went on and on and on. So she mentioned the matter to him, casual-like.

And what do you think he did? He laughed. Imagine it, he only laughed!

Now the writer hates to speak disparagingly of Brutus. It seems a low-down thing to do, especially as the writer also has a secretary, though not so old-fashioned a one as Brutus'. But after all, the age of chivalry is not dead. And dash it all, when an innocent girl like Josephine—. So it definitely becomes the writer's duty to refer to Brutus as a cad. He acted like a cad, and he was a cad. Not only did he laugh. He even suggested going on and on and on to Khandalla and staying a whole week-end there—with Josephine!

The chronicler hastens to say that this was more than she could stand. She up and slapped him across the face. Slapped him roundly and soundly. And ended with a kidney punch. She was definitely athletic, was Josephine.

Well, the upshot of it was that she left the car and decided to walk back alone, a distance of some 35 miles: until she remembered a railway station they'd passed about 10 miles back.

But there was gold in the heart of Brutus, after all. For he was penitent. He begged and pleaded to be forgiven. But no! She wouldn't Contaminate Herself by Being in his Company after That! He pleaded idiocy, nitwitiness, unfamiliarity with wonderful women of her type. But no! He had been Familiar Enough! She'd Teach the Brute a Lesson!

Observing she was obdurate (a rather observant chap was Brutus), and that she repulsed his every suggestion—even the thoughtful suggestion to take her back on the dicky seat—he bade her good-bye and drove on towards Khandalla.

But there was gold in his heart. For after fifteen minutes he returned to renew his pleadings. But no!—even though he now considerably offered to take her back on the luggage rack.

Crestfallen, he drove on homeward—alone.

"I shall wait for you at every milestone," he whispered brokenly. "If and when you forgive me, I'll take you back safely. And we'll forget this ever happened!" Which was sporting of him, wasn't it? It was now, really.

She tossed her head and stamped on without a word to cheer him. He drove on and disappeared round a bend in the road. She little dreamed that this was the last she would see of him.

For it was almost immediately after this that the tragedy occurred.

Brutus Bigg-Buttuqs had barely disappeared from sight, when there came to her ears the sound of an ominous crash! No it wasn't thunder. It was the nerve-shattering sound of a car collision.

Brutus' car! Pantingly, she ran. And as she ran, pantingly, her heart kept telling her something. "You love him," it said, over and over again. "Brutus Bigg-Buttuqs!" The name she had hated a moment before! And now she found it unutterably sweet. Was its owner injured, killed? She longed to know. So she cantered round the bend. She galloped up the straight. The sight that met her eyes froze her into comparative inaction. She was only able to trot up to all that was left of the lovely Ford.....

And Brutus? Brutus! Brutus! Good God, *where* was Brutus? Not a sign of him anywhere! His Ford was smashed to smithereens against a banyan tree. But there wasn't a particle of Brutus for yards around.....She called to him, as a dove cooing to its mate, again and again.....

It was getting dark. She must find him before nightfall. He wasn't under the debris. Hadn't been thrown out on the road, or off the road. Wasn't suspended from the banyan tree. Then *where* could he have disappeared to? She longed to know.

After a long and fruitless search, Josephine decided to walk back. She had a theory. Perhaps Brutus

had injured his head and lost his memory. Perhaps he had climbed out of the smashed car and gone on down the road towards Bombay. Perhaps he was just ahead of her now.....

So that is how we find her struggling on in the eerie silence, pregnant with a sense of impending tragedy.

Inspector Soaker was chug-chug-chugging along in his elderly Morris. His thoughts dwelt pleasantly on the short holiday before him at Khandalla. He knew of a bar up there which was very respectable and a girl-friend who was very beautiful. His wife and family were due out from England in a month. And this was his last chance of a little relaxation.

Suddenly his head-lights picked out a white figure on the roadside. The figure of a girl stumbling along towards him.

At this hour of the night! At first he thought it was Gladys coming to meet him. Then he realised that Khandalla was 40 miles away. She couldn't care for him that much, surely! No, this was a blonde. A beautifully moulded figure, and, as he drew up alongside her, he noted the beauty of her fair face. Lovely, despite its pallor and frightened, anxious expression.

They met. She told him her story. (Omitting, of course, any disparaging references to Brutus. She sportingly said he'd turned back to gather some flowers for her, whilst she had remained to gather some flowers for him.) She got in. Together, they chug-chug-chugged on into the night. She was taking him to the very spot.

The moon had now risen. The night was perfect. Perfect, but for the fear that was gnawing at her heart. Would they ever find Brutus? She was crazy to know.

But though they searched the vicinity of the accident high and low—climbing to the topmost branches of the banyan, and exploring every nearby culvert—not one trace of Brutus was found.

True, Soaker discovered one clue. But it wasn't anything much, and would probably lead to nothing. On a fragment of the shattered windscreen he found three very distinct and rather gory finger-prints. The Inspector carefully retained these in an inner pocket for future investigation.

And then a thunderstorm suddenly came up, and washed away any possible footprints or tyre marks that might have been present. The lightning and

thunder were appalling. Josephine was so terrified that she nearly strangled the Inspector. He was so astounded that he completely forgot all about the beautiful girl in Khandalla. As he drove back to Bombay with the half-demented Josephine Jellymoons, he did think of Gladys once, but without a pang of regret at keeping her waiting.....

A month had passed.

Brutus had not been found. He had vanished *completely*. Where? She longed to know.

The finger-prints had not been identified. But one thing was proven. *They did not belong to Brutus*. They did not tally with the prints found on his golf-clubs, whisky-bottle, pipe, etc., etc.

Which meant that *someone else* had been with Brutus at the time of, or immediately after, the crash. And that *both* had disappeared together! Thus did the mystery deepen further.

And then, unexpectedly and incredibly, came light in the darkness.

Mrs. Soaker arrived in India. And, ingenious woman, worthy mate of a C. I. D. sleuth, it was *she* who solved the mystery! It happened in this way...

At the breakfast table one morning, about forty days after the disappearance of Brutus Bigg-Buttuqs, Mrs. Soaker, whilst reading her morning newspaper, suddenly had a brilliant flash of inspiration. The idea which she put into words on that occasion was destined to lead her husband directly to the solution of the Monsoon Murder Mystery—for murder it proved to be, and not just an ordinary disappearance.

She happened to be scrutinizing a cooking oil advertisement. In that advertisement a replica was shewn of a testimonial letter purporting to be indited by one Anthon Souza, cook, of Bombay, to one John Lopez, also cook, also of Bombay, calling attention to the extraordinary merits of that particular cooking oil, and the great benefits which had accrued to him, Anthon, and to Anthon's employers, since adopting its use in their household.

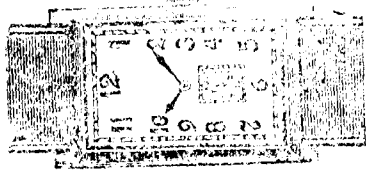
Because he evidently knew his Bombay cooks, and for realistic effect, the artist who drew the illustration for the advertisement had shewn three or four finger-prints on the letter. It was while Mrs. Soaker's eyes rested on these reproductions of actual fingerprints that the great idea entered her mind.

Turning to her husband, she said brightly:

"'Arold, 'ere's somethin' what might 'elp you to track down the murderer of poor Mr. Bigg-Buttuqs."

LEVER WATCH

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Absolutely correct timekeeper with unparalleled mechanism of high standard. Shape, Design and Durability are its speciality. Wrist Watch Price Rs. 2-15. Best quality Rs. 4-4. Radium dial Rs. 5. Roll-d Gold Rs. 4-8. Best quality Rs. 5-8. Rectangular Rs. 7-8. Pocket Watch Rs. 1-15. Time Piece Rs. 1-11. Postage and Packing As. 7 extra. Free postage and packing to the purchaser of 3 watches at a time. Solid Guarantee for 5 years. Attractive Wrist Strap sent with each wrist watch. Every watch thoroughly tested before despatch.

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Rs. 9/-

a dozen.

Annas 13 each

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Coronation Typewriter Ribbon Co.

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A Natural Black Hair-dye. Quick, permanent, unaffected by friction, light, air or water.

Price per bottle Rs. 1/4.

Postage extra.

Sri Dhanam & Co., P. B. 119, Madras.

And placing the advertisement before Mr. Soaker's sceptical eyes, she pointed a somewhat fleshy and totally unmanicured forefinger at the finger-prints.

The Inspector, more for fun than anything else, had them compared with the prints on the fragment of windshield glass.

They tallied exactly!

The reader will not be interested in the methods by which the Inspector finally got in touch with the artist responsible for the finger-print reproductions. But he will demand to know how an artist in a Bombay advertising agency came to murder a man with whom he was only slightly acquainted, and that too on the Bombay-Poona Road several miles away. He will also want to know the motive underlying the crime, and the means by which murderer and victim alike disappeared after the foul deed was committed.

The writer suggests that he cannot do better than repeat in the murderer's own words the confession which he made when confronted with the proofs of his guilt—to wit, the finger-prints.

"One of the cleverest murders it was ever my pleasure to devise and carry out," declared the artist modestly, "was the doing in of Brutus Bigg-Buttuqs.

"Oh hateful, loathsome name! It was principally because of that name that I polished him off. Or rather because he intended to blight poor Josephine Jellymoons' future with it.

"What do I mean by that remark? I mean that when I learnt that he meant to marry her—and so bestow that hideous, detestable appellation upon her—I decided that he shouldn't be allowed to carry out his fell design.

"Oh yes, I know Josephine—Miss Jellymoons—fairly well. Oh no, I am not in love with her. But we are friends, and I esteem her very highly. She has posed for me once or twice. She was the inspiration, for instance, for my well-known Bijou Garters poster. But she refused (and quite rightly: I admired her intensely for it) to sit for me for my famous Busto-Marvo poster.

"Well, when I heard that this pure, sweet girl was going about a lot with B. B. B., (I'll call him that for short, and because I hate using his name—God rest his evil soul!) I was naturally distracted. Especially when I recalled the fate which had overtaken two other girls who had married his brothers some years previously.

"They had both committed suicide, poor kids. They chose death rather than endure the ribald jokes of their relatives, friends and acquaintances. Poor, foolish girls—if only they'd looked ahead, and either remained single or married someone else, or persuaded their husbands to change their names! Too late they realised the dreadful position they had placed themselves in.

"I swore an oath, therefore, to save Josephine—Miss Jellymoons from a similar fate. I felt an overwhelming admiration for her since the incident of the Busto-Marvo poster. And I was determined to do what I could for her to show my regard.

"On the evening of the murder, I heard that she was motoring out into the country with B.B.B. I smelt a proposal of marriage here. I decided to make, unknown to them, a third on the trip. Awaiting my opportunity, I stowed myself away in the dickey seat. The car was a

rather dilapidated one, and I got lots of air through the crevices, and was enabled, too, to overhear quite a bit of their conversation.

"They quarrelled, and she got out to walk home. My admiration for her went up by leaps and bounds, and I thought regretfully that there was going to be no occasion, after all, to do him in. He drove off, but later returned and begged for her forgiveness. She was still angry, however, and again he drove off saying he'd wait for her at every milestone, and hope for her forgiveness. Even then, I wasn't convinced I'd have to kill him. But as we turned a bend in the road, he said something which sealed his fate.

"Brutus, my boy, *that's* the girl for you—your life partner. I'll propose to her at the next milestone. She cares for me, I know. And this will put everything straight again."

"I made up my mind without delay. Lifting the lid of the dickey seat, and selecting a nice, heavy spanner, I struck him scientifically on the cerebellum. We crashed into a banyan tree immediately. The force of the impact flung me forward on to the wind-shield, where I must have left my finger-prints. But for that unfortunate happening, I should never have been apprehended.

"Now comes the ingenious part of my plan. Simple like all great ideas and inventions. But devilishly effective....

"As soon as I could regain my feet, I lifted B. B. B's body out of the wrecked car and made off with it into a nearby field. There were plenty of trees about—there's always a great deal of foliage in that district—and I soon found a suitable hiding-place. From my vantage point, I was able to keep an eye on the car wreckage on the road. I saw Miss Jellymoons arrive at a run and search the vicinity for B.B.B. I saw her give up the search after a while and walk on down the road towards Bombay. I longed to comfort her, and tell her everything was all right, and that her future was safe, and so on. But I had important work to do.....

"I must dispose of the body.

"You must really give me credit, Inspector, for the ingenuity I displayed in this little matter. I had already provided myself with a few old clothes—rags would be a more appropriate description. Also a length of rope, the bloodstained spanner from the car and a penknife. With the latter, I cut down a stout straight branch from a tree. I then dressed the body in the rags and tied it securely to the branch of the tree, which I had fixed upright in the ground. I buried the clothes under a bush. Also the spanner. A few deft artistic touches here and there, and my work was complete.

"No one would think B.B.B. was *anything else but a scarecrow* on the edge of a field, even if they should spot him at all!

"I then made my way to the nearest railway station by a wide detour. And that was that. It was unfortunate for me that you police didn't publish anything in the papers about those finger-prints you found. Else I'd never have been such a fool as to use my own finger-prints in that cooking-oil ad."

"One thing strikes me, sir," said Inspector Soaker respectfully, "as not being very clever of you. How could you be sure that the owner of that field would not discover a strange scarecrow in it?"

DIABETES?

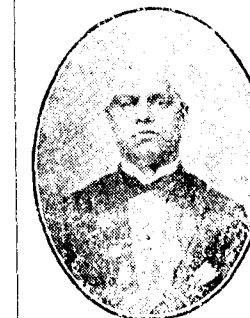
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THE MERRY MAGAZINE,

Broadway,

Madras.

"It wasn't actually a field that I chose," explained the artist, "though it looked like one from the road. Actually, it was a plot of ground adjoining a deserted toll-collector's shanty. I figured that no one would want to go anywhere near *that*."

The Inspector raised his helmet.

"You think of everything, sir," he said admiringly. "Now if you'd kindly come along o'me....."

* * * * *

True to the writer's promise, contained in his Note (vide page 34), he now discloses the time and place of the murder herein reported. And as an extra tit-bit, throws in the name of the murderer.

Time: Somewhere between 6 and 8 o'clock of a July evening of this year.

Place: Somewhere between the 35th and 39th milestone on the Bombay-Poona Road.

Murderer: Well, the reader will probably have guessed who the murderer is. He is writing this on the eve of taking an interesting, if poignantly final, walk at 8 o'clock in the morning.

WHISKERS—(Continued from page 33)

be imagined, when some members of the 'Moustaches' Eleven presented themselves with clean-shaven



lips, while, some players on the 'Cleans' side turned up with rudimentary and sprouting outgrowths, cultivated over-night. It resulted in a row between the two skippers—whether to stand by the old teams, or, to re-classify them. It is unnecessary for

me to add that the match was cancelled.

And now for a bit of news, red-hot from the press! I am puffed up with pride to announce that the world's record length for moustache belongs to India. The proud possessor is a native of Central India, the length of his whiskers being thirty-six inches *either way*. Thus, he cannot walk in a steet without his whiskers brushing the people coming opposite. Ripley has glorified him in his 'Believe it or not' series, and he was recently 'on view' in one of the stalls of the 'World's Fair' at Chicago, the promoters undertaking to pay for his passage to and fro, besides meeting the heavy allowances which he rightly demanded. It seems this lucky chap refuses to disclose the secret of his cultivation of such abnormal 'feelers'.

'VARSITY REFORM—(Continued from page 8)

I dare say that by the above we have provided for the right kind of candidates coming up for elections. Men not too senile nor too hot-blooded but cool, determined nuts. Now for the *right type of constituency*.

It is a melancholy fact that during the last Senate elections one of the candidates was good enough to enfranchise me on the promise of my first vote to him. Steps must be taken to see that the graduate himself pays up the Registration fee. And in all cases, an affidavit to that effect may be demanded of the voter.

The electorate should not be made up of men who have not failed once at least in an examination during their academic career. It is almost proverbial—the inconsiderate and almost cruel way in which the 'regular' looks upon the generation of students that comes next to him. To ensure mercy being tempered with justice, it is necessary therefore that the voters should have tasted the bitter fruits of failure once at least.

As regards the election, I leave it to you to decide whether it shall be by votes tendered or by examination of the candidates on text books prescribed by them for use in schools and colleges. In the latter case, however, the successful candidate may be put down as the man who knows the least thing about the books. Thus, he who has not read the book shall be deemed better than he who has; he who has not seen the book shall be deemed superior to him who has seen but not read the book; and he who has not even heard of the book shall be preferred to the man who has not seen the book. In some such way.

The Syndicate and the Senate may cease to have separate existence. They can be merged into one. It is easier to groan under the mistakes of one than of two.

Another line of reform will be in respect of that huge fiasco, the convocation. If convocations could not be altogether abolished, at least let not permanently employed high officials address the graduates on 'How to Solve Unemployment'. I would certainly prefer and expect the next convocation address to be delivered by a permanently unemployed man like me.

THE END



Do you know yourself

?

WE know you will say you do. But ten to one you do not. It is a hard job, to weigh yourself, to be aware of your weakness and strength in their true proportions. We generally over-estimate our abilities or sadly disparage them to ourselves. Have you seen yourself as others see you?

If Not—

We will help you strong and weak do it. We have points. He will secured the services advise you to avoid of a noted chiro-pitfalls. He will mant who will tell hold up the mirror y o u impartially and show you your what you are, your inner man.

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Name (or Non-de-plume).....(Mr. or Mrs.)

Correct date of birth }
(with time of birth }
if possible) }

Address.....

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IN

Town Competition

First Prize Rs. 200.

Second Prize Rs. 100.

Rs. 25 for the first correct solution received. Rs. 25 for the sender of largest number of Entries.

Last Posting date 30-9-1935.

Results within a week.

Substitute one letter for each dash to get the names of Indian Towns.

1. — — — — G — L O R E
2. P — — — — A
3. M A D — — — —
4. — — — — — P U R
5. A — — — — A
6. — — — — — A B A D

Rules.—An entrance fee of As. 8 is payable for each entry by M. O.

Any number of entries on plain paper with proper fees may be sent. M. O. receipts must accompany the Solution. Entries without proper fees or M. O. receipts will not be considered.

Results will be intimated to those who enclose one anna stamp with the entries.

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Merry-Magus

The free offer of character-reading which I made on 6-7-1935, and am continuing, proved very popular with readers. Merry-Magus free readings will be published in these pages every week. Announcement and free character-reading coupon elsewhere—Ed.

Madhukar (Bombay). You are endowed richly both physically and mentally. Instinct helps you much to learn without any deep study. Your weak point is your criminal frankness. You are good in that you don't bear any malice. Don't be so overbearing; you are hurt in your feelings thereby. Tenacity of purpose and will power cause you to attempt difficult things. Your vehemence and hot temper create many foes. Are you not suffering from pains in the head and ears at times?

★

C. H. Krishna Rao (Mysore). You have contradictory complexes. It will take no time for you to stray from the path of virtue to that of a Bohemian. Self-confidence helps you much in crises. Are you not a conservative in your views? Don't enter into politics. Choose your own career. Your fault is you are liable to exhaust all your efforts by going headlong to extremes and then run off in another direction. You do not hesitate to book any deceit even if it is to your disadvantage. Be careful of rheumatism and acid complaints.

★

Jasmine (Rangoon). Though not quick and brilliant, your plodding course helps you very much in life. You are quite mundane in your views and you size up matters too much. Don't be

immoderate. It is good your temperament is adaptable to any circumstances. Your good judgement of others stands you in good stead against deceit. Aren't you dressy? How do you like your latest dress. Is it not elegant? You are more emulative than original. You are liable to suffer from intestinal troubles and consequent constipation.

★

S. Venkatachalam (Nellore). Please don't assert; seek for the advice of others before it is too late to mend. Of course you should do everything in your own way but you should appreciate constructive criticism. To appreciate it you must not be so hasty in temper. Even though you are good-natured and generous, you are spasmodic and lack certainty. Push yourself forward. Melancholia will be your ruin. Anaemia and intestinal troubles will worry you.

★

Rao K. S. Don't you feel always sad? You are carrying prudence too far. You dislike to obey; but why do you incite others into riot? It is prudent to save; but don't become a churl. Don't you feel that you are a victim of fate and circumstances. It is good to be religious, but don't turn out a fanatic. Don't worry yourself into bad health. Beware of indigestion; take care of your teeth.

S. L. Naidu. You have good ideas of what to do; but what is the use? You are so restless, you cannot put anything into action. Gambling and speculation are not in your line. Don't depend on luck. You are young, therefore be industrious and hard-working. Follow your imagination. Meet opposition squarely, don't become cynical when opposed in your views. As you are not demonstrative, everybody mistakes you to be a most unemotional man, whereas in reality you are not. Beware of gastric troubles and diarrhoea.

★

Sudian (Bombay). It is good to overflow with sympathy but do you consider beforehand whether the sorrows of others are real or affected. Your extreme honesty is only paid back by deceit. Yes, you are fair and sincere, but it is no reason that you should not be self-conceited on this account. Your will-power and extreme independence will help you to make much out of your life. Don't be lazy. Be always actively employed. Have your temper under control. Are you not suffering from pains in the head and ears?

★

Naunit Ram Hullah (Dera Ismail Khan). Don't be so cold and lazy. Superstition has a greater hold over you than religion. Why do you feel so

Replies—

weary of everything? Virtue and love are quite different in your code. If you are able to keep your word, then promise. If you feel you can't, don't promise. Generosity in action is better than in talk. Have a definite plan and follow it. Don't turn back at the critical moment. What is the use of your big dreams if you have no power to do it. Beware of rheumatism and internal tumours.

★

H. S. Segue (Rangoon). You understand everything by emotion and sentiment than by logic. The fault in you is, you fit in with every temperament and so you should not move with perverts. Are you not leading a double life, responsible and conventional outwards and a Bohemian within you. You showed control your sex-nature. Don't postpone things. Is it not strange that the versatility in you is not a blessing after all? It makes you difficult to choose a career. Beware of trouble with digestive organs.

★

N. V. R. You can be a good leader, but the pity is you make a mess of everything by lack of self control. Consider well before you take up arms against anybody. Create harmony in domestic life if you want happiness. Don't fall for adulation. Greater men have regretted it in later life. You are ambitious, but you should have more caution to be successful. To maintain discipline one need not be tyrannical. Have you not an inclination to peer into the future? Don't overwork your brains.

R. Mani (Bangalore). What is the use of your intelligence if you lack concentration. Fix your purpose in life. Don't change your views every moment, this tendency will spoil your life. You are a gifted diplomat and possessed with tact. You are generous, but that generosity is only impulsive. Are you not always feeling restless? Do you know why? You want to obtain impossible things. Don't worry yourself and strain your brains. Your nervous system will be afflicted.

★

Lachariah (Mangalore). Your courage is more mental than physical. You can only be the brain behind the army; you hate to come to the front lines. Are you not able to fit in quickly with the temperament of others? If so avoid all evil companions and evil surroundings. Your coolness in the face of danger and crisis makes you suitable to be a surgeon. Are you one? If so, my compliments. I would like to have you as my adviser as your advice will always be sound. Don't be dilatory. Be ambitious. Keep your sex-nature under control if you want perfect health.

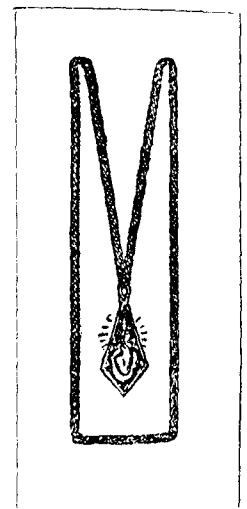
★

Ananda (Berhampore). Love of luxury dominates you, is it not? Your brutal frankness is not helping you much. Don't you know truth and honesty do not belong to this age? They are paid back only by deceit and treachery. I am not asking you to cultivate lying. Cultivate a

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little tact. Be careful not to become a victim of the 'boot-leggers'. Don't be lazy, keep yourself engaged always or else you will develop melancholia. Your instincts are not social; you always want to maintain your individuality. Your extreme independence makes you hate dependency. Again I would say, be tactful. You are liable to suffer from swoons, and palpitation of the heart.

★

Mr. 'Oar'. Where to are you going to row me with you 'Oar'. You are earthly and I am sure you cannot row me with your 'Oar' from this world to the regions ethereal. No use of the 'Oar' except to feather it. Don't be dictatorial. Dogged assertion will lead you to do the wrong thing at the right moment. Are you not over-nice in your personal appearance. You cannot originate as you require a precedent for everything. Don't isolate yourself; allow others to help you if you are in difficulties. You are a puzzle, and I will not wonder if you suddenly change to the reverse with a vengeance half way through life. Don't imagine ill health, and don't worry yourself.

★

Semaj. Are you not inclined to be a dictator in your family-life. The strange fact is your influence over the opposite sex is so much, that they readily give in to your views. Have ambition even at the cost of denying transient pleasures. Don't procrastinate. You can turn out to be a treacherous enemy through you lack physical courage. Have you ever noticed that you possess some magnetic influence over others. Are you on the same profession for which you qualified yourself. I don't think; you will change it too often. Beware of kidney and bladder troubles.

★

Meenash (Bombay). Do you not feel uneasy when some

responsibility is thrown on you? You have got sufficient strength to do it and with a little perseverance you can finish it successfully. Don't under-rate your capabilities. You are a mask, you do not show your feelings and you are therefore misunderstood to be hard-hearted and unsympathetic. Don't be pugnacious. Have confidence in yourself. Your devotion is not born of religion but it is born of innate desire to do good to others. Be warned against indigestion and spleen and liver complaints.

★

M. C. Natarajan. Your business is simply to put forth new ideas and schemes and not to attempt to work them yourself. Don't attempt to do so. Let others work under your lead. Don't exaggerate things and make a mountain of a mole-hill. It is bad. You love the delights of society too much to make use of your talents. Don't decide important questions while with others. You will get yourself confused with the others' ideas. Forgiveness is one of your best qualities; but you carry your likes and dislikes too far. Don't give room for jealousy. Be careful of your nose and throat.

★

S. Ignatius (Colombo). Do you know Lord Asquith was born on a 12th September? You belong to the class who are called the 'heart force' of humanity. Don't be too analytical. Are you not a bit reserved and selfish? The great thing in you is, you can suit yourself to any walk in life. Don't live under annoying and discordant conditions. Your nervous system will be affected. Be warned against constipation and dysentery.

★

M. R. Lingam (Madras). Don't expect to do two things at the same time. Finish the one on hand before you take up another, or else you will make a muddle of things. Are you not tired of everything too



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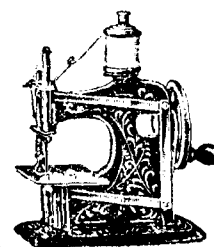
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soon. You want to understand anything and everything by argument. Don't you know there are things imperceptible beyond the purview of arguments and senses? If you are in business, congratulations! But enter not into too much of speculation. Do honest business. You are romantic, but are not demonstrative. Push yourself forward and don't turn back. Be warned against diarrhoea and ailments in legs and feet.

★

S. R. N. (Poona). Are you not easily wounded in your feelings even by slight causes. This is due to high-strung nerves. You love society, but you do not want to be in intimate terms with anybody. Then it is no wonder you feel lonely. You have a good vision and imagination; follow them up and work. Why don't you create opportunities instead of waiting for them to cross your way of their own accord. If you are not able to overcome that sensitiveness and develop your will-power, I cannot help you to be a success. Guard yourself against jaundice.

★

S. D. D. M. (Colombo). Don't you fear that you will be impoverished in later years if you are asked to keep your promise of a donation made on the impulse of the moment? Then, don't promise without consideration. You are highly ambitious, but you under-rate your capabilities. Have an eye on your companions. Don't think that you are a shield against their pickings. They will land you in a big scandal. You

are much after comfort and procrastination with the result that all your plans are only castles in the air. Eschew that tendency. Disorders of stomach and complaints of liver will worry you.

★

Ram Nath Vaish (Delhi). Are you not a clever businessman. Your plans are full of tactics and strategy, but you can fight only mentally. You hate physical fights. Move with good influences, bad company will ruin you, as you are always likely 'to go one better' of the companion with whom you associate. The main fault is you put off everything for tomorrow. Don't do it. Are not your inclinations contradictory—conventional on one side and Bohemian on the other? Be careful of kidney and bladder trouble. I suppose you are not afraid of corpulency in later years.

★

Lala (Sakkur). You are possessed with intelligence, you are eloquent with facts, and you have good business intuition. But what is the use of all these gifts if you lack fixity of purpose? Stick to one thing at a time and do it correctly. You have a bad knack of criticising others' faults and mannerisms. Do everything with interest. Your idea is there is no relation between morality and love. Is not your mind always oscillating between belief and doubt? You are a successful speculator. Don't worry and annoy yourself as you are liable to suffer from nervous prostration.

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Competition No. 10 (Foods)	Competition No. 11 (World Towns)
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2. SAL — —	2. MADR — —
3. PIL — —	3. B — — — — Y

Rules. Entrance fee must be sent by M. O. only and M. O. receipt must be attached to entries. Entries on plain paper will be accepted. No responsibility accepted as to the entries mislaid, lost or delayed. Any number of entries may be sent with the requisite fees. Enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope with the entries. The PRIZES WILL BE INCREASED OR DECREASED IN the proportion to the entries received. In case of ties, prizes will be divided equally. Proprietor's decision is final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry. Any competitor not complying with any of the above rules will be disqualified. Other rules as usual.

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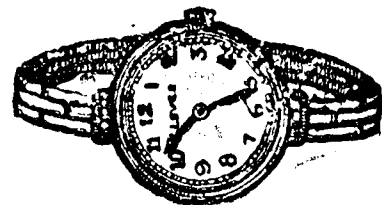
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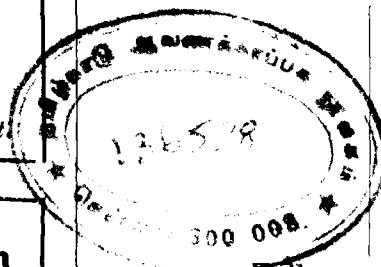
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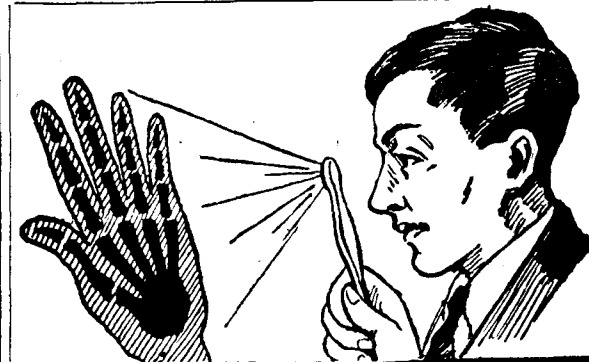
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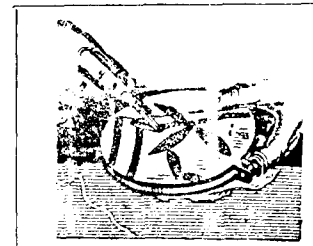
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