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The MERRY

MAGAZINE



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Scott O'Connor
A. T. M. Thomas
Mrs. Kamala

The Great Lover Speaks

Harindranath Chattopadhyaya

THE
MERRY
MAGAZINE

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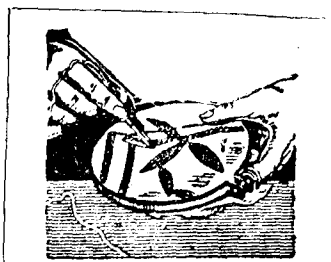
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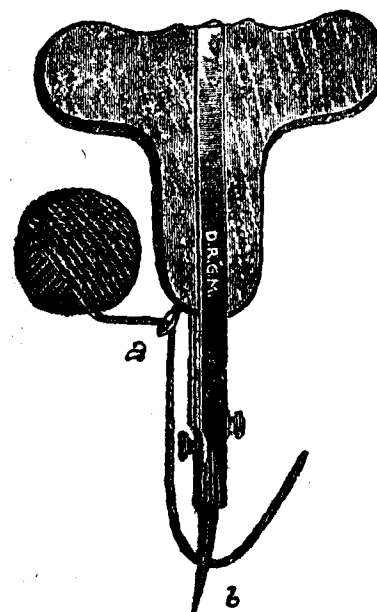
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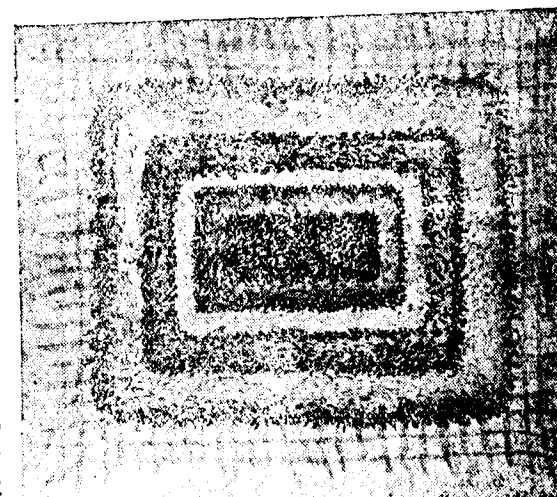
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The
MERRY
MAGAZINE



Madras Oct. 5, '35

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Next Week: Joyfull at the Studios



Teekay

Girls On The Greens

A latter-day knight errant—this Teekay—dons armour in defence of sporting girls and unseats that bad knight, Leonard Williams who wants to shoo the girls off the playing fields.

Rasool

Once Bitten

Poor, old-world Snookam! His chivalry was woefully misplaced. Take a tip, ye travellers by 'bus and tram, and cut out chivalry from the agenda—especially if it is a stout woman.

M. A. S.

Much Ado About Nothing

Great things have small beginnings, they say. This thing had a beginning in *nothing* and ended in the mighty Press Act gobbling up all concerned.]

A. M. Menon

The Letter

Put not your trust in letters (nor in postmasters) for in them lies no salvation.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

The A.P.I. reports that the Council of State has passed the Criminal Law Amendment Bill.

As if it's news!

As a result of researches, a local historian has discovered that Broadway was once a gutter.

The situation remains unchanged!

Speaking of Indianisation of the army, the Commander-in-chief deplored that he was not getting the sons of sirdars and nobles into the Academy.

For our part, we deplore that the sons of ordinary folk are not allowed to get in!

'Italy likely to climb down'—says a head-line, referring to the latest phase of the European situation.

Only Abyssinia seems to stand in the way.

Speaking of modern girls, a churchman says: 'The prevailing fashion of wearing next to no clothes does not commend itself to one.'

We agree: for even nudists wear next to nothing!

After being knocked out by Joe Louis, Max Baer is reported to have said that he had finished with boxing.

Judging from Reuter's account of the fight, it looked as if boxing had nearly finished him.



In the course of the debate, when a member quoted from a speech made by him long ago, the President, Sir M. Dadhaboy remarked that it was in bad taste.

It must have been—to the President!

He however added that he had now grown wiser.

Still we should like to have independent testimony to it!

In the Assembly, Sir Henry Craik referred to Mr. Shyam Lal as an obscure mofussil lawyer who had risen to be a Congress leader.

This is not so surprising as obscure English baronets rising to become Home-members!



Speaking at a meeting of journalists, the Lord Mayor of London confessed how he always wanted to be a reporter, but became a stock-broker.

Broking stocks instead of breaking news!

Speaking at the same meeting, Mr. Ernest Brown advised would-be journalists to avoid abstractions and adjectives.

The modern young man's troubles seem to be how to avoid distractions and conjunctions!

Referring to the chances of Mr. Mallik as captain of the Indian cricket team to England, *Indian Cricket* writes saying that 'though he is forty-one he looks thirty.'

We hope that his cricketing record does not suffer from a similar illusion.

Sjt. Deshpande says that Gandhiji is likely to re-enter politics soon.

We hope that Mr. Srinivasa Aiyangar will not take it for an unfriendly act!

The Finance Secretary informed the Council of State that the export of gold will not be checked by legislation.

It is therefore open to us to check it by exhaustion.

General Knowledge?

THE Madras Services Commission has just concluded one of its periodical examinations for recruiting candidates to the ministerial services. It is to be hoped that those who were declared eligible in such examinations in the past have all been provided for, and that the present one will relieve the misery of a small percentage of the great bulk of our unemployed.

Judging from the questions set in these examinations, they seem likely to provide more amusement to the examiners than to the examinees. For instance, one paper is entitled, 'General Knowledge'; and embraces questions on a variety of topics, from cabbages to kings, or rather from *cauliflowers* to queens. Young fellows who can answer these questions infallibly, deserve a kinder fate than is provided for them in Government. In the present case, the General Knowledge questions are clearly of a tendentious nature, and are capable of being answered in more than one way. Let us give a few illustrations of answers which might be given to the questions asked.

Q. Explain why the following places are important:

(a) *Decca*. A cheeky candidate might answer saying that there is no such *place*, but that it is the name of a popular and cheap kind of portable gramophone.

(b) *Quetta*: Suppose a candidate wrote that it has been responsible for an earth-quake which has destroyed many news-papers in India during the last few months!

Another question asks the uses of the following:

(a) *The Cinema*. According to an M.L.A., it is the place for kissing—both on the screen and behind it!

(b) *The Legislative Council*. The use of the legislative council is not so obvious. The only thing that it has proved capable of is being indefinitely extended.

(c) *A District Board*. A place where no-confidence motions are either passed or not defeated! Latterly no doubt they have come in handy for bifurcation so that they may stabilise the—Ministry!

(d) *A Museum*: A place where freaks of nature or art are stored up: e.g., the Council of State!

Another question asks: 'Name a tree which is grown plentifully along the sea-coast in South India, and give two uses to which it is invariably applied':

Answer: We can only think of the bamboo which is used as much for weddings as for funerals. Others might no doubt be mentioned; but what's wrong with this answer?

Q: What is an echo? State the conditions necessary for it.

Now our Anglo-Indian press gives a complete answer to this question. They transmit their master's voice faithfully, and the only condition of their existence is being 'friendly' to the Government.

Q: 'Even a worm will turn'. Explain this statement.

The answer to this is obvious. Any candidate who has been driven to desperation by chronic unemployment, and challenges the examiner by offering answers in the above strain!

Tut, Tut!



Sgr. Mussolini: "I have reflected well, calculated all and weighed everything....."

Voice from behind: ".....And later on no doubt, you will count the cost!"

The Great Lover Speaks

Love makes the breast uneasy,
Love makes the bosom sore,
And I have loved consistently
For thirty years and more.

It is a curious feeling,
Not easy to describe :
I'm sorry, friend, if you belong
Unto the lovers' tribe.

Love that is unrequited
Makes all the world go wrong,
It makes you weep the livelong day,
Wake up the whole night long !

A lover, when rejected,
Feels miserably small,
But it's better to have loved and lost
Than never loved at all !

It is impossible to know
Quite how a lover feels
Unless like him you too have gone
Entire "head over heels !"

O we are asses all who rave
About poor womankind :
Love wears a pair of spectacles
And thinks the world is blind.

How idiotic men appear
When they go running after
A woman who, behind a tear,
Covers a world of laughter !

And O how comical to me
My bygone self appears
And all the lover's tragedies
I suffered through the years !

Love is a sort of night-mare,
An inky mare of night,
It takes you to a mountain-top
And drops you from the height.

Beware of love, young gentlemen!
Beware of love, and yet !—
How difficult it is to leave
Young girls you meet, unmet !

I know, I know it is absurd
To give you chaps advice,
You've got to fall in love, and you
Have got to pay the price !

You've got to burn all night and day
With terrible desire,
You've got to meet your love and you
Have got to go through fire.

You've got to hold your well-beloved
In the old new caress,
And find that love is after all
Mere rose-red emptiness.

Well, well, I will not interfere,
I, who with love am done,
Will stand unseen behind the scene
And calmly watch the fun.

For it is all a silly game,
Love is a silly jest.
You don't believe it, therefore, you
Must put it to the test.

I have been such a lover
Good reader ! all my days !
And I have lived and dreamed and loved
In twenty hundred ways.

Yes, I have crowded twenty years
Of loving in a week,
And that is why I claim to have
A perfect right to speak.

But then you will not hear me,
So what's the earthly use ?
Remember, when you go to love
You're going to the d—cel !

Love has a hundred pitfalls,
Love has a hundred bogs,
O I have known the powdered cats
Lead young men to the dogs !

Go through it, all the same, my friend,
Heroically go through :
Good-bye, my blessings which are warm
Shall always be with you.

Yes, she is quite bewitching,
She has no human match :
O Love ! you are an itching
In the heart one cannot scratch !

If by some chance she kick you
O sad unhappy soul !
I hope that she will kick you
Directly to the goal.

—Harindranath Chattopadhyaya.

Girls, Give It 'em Hot!

Reading Time
About 5 Minutes

By Teekay

A College team has recently attained distinction by getting a few dates from the Ceylonese Women Hockey players. I believe this is the first time that susceptible College boys are privileged to participate in mixed matches of this type.

Much spleen has been vented in private talks against these 'lucky dogs' comprising the College Team : but there can be no gainsaying the fact that when the matches do come off, a lot of interest is bound to be centered on them.

I give below a few hints to the weaker sex to help them to beat the Collegians—even at the risk of being misunderstood.

One might perhaps be tempted to think that the success or otherwise of the matches for the ladies depends upon the strength of the team that is fielded. This is certainly not so. While regard may be had to the proficiency in play of a member of the team, it should not be made the sole basis of the selection. To beat a team of impressionable schoolboys having their first outing in a venture of this kind, it is not necessary nor even desirable that the best players should figure in the encounter. As a matter of fact, any ordinary player with a figure may (I have almost said must) be preferred, and her good looks can be depended upon to supply what she lacks in the way of skill in games. She can certainly hold in check any dashing boy of the college offence and keep him at bay for hours on end. And the best of your iron-backs will be left gaping at the dazzling work of a forward woman. In fact she can be relied upon to do all that the best woman player can

do—and possibly more. And when it is remembered that the best women players are said to be 'unimpressive hoydens', the innovation will really be a great advantage for the girls.

Next we come to the Umpires. One cannot make up his mind about the usefulness or propriety of this official in games of this sort. In the case of a fierce fight of twenty-two sturdy looking men-athletes, referees are no doubt requisitioned and are necessary to stave off unruly interludes during the progress of a game. But the wisdom of appointing umpires for a Ladies Vs. Gents match may be rightly questioned. Anyway, if umpires were to function during the event, it can easily be claimed that one of them should be, as of right, a woman. As a piece of tactics to distract men players, she should be manoeuvred into taking up her duties on the men's half of the field.

I need not advise the girls about the so called 'court craft' which they should employ to wrest success from the boys' hands. They know more about it than I could ever hope to know.

More important than the above will be the dress of the girl players. In my opinion the success or otherwise of the game hinges on the question whether the lasses intend wearing stockings or whether they intend appearing in bare legs. Granted a judicious selection of players on the principles adumbrated supra, the success of the ladies is assured if they leave off the cumbrous shin-guards and stockings that hockey players (dis) adorn their legs with. I may assure the ladies that there is not the remotest chance of their being hit or struck. Far from it. It

will be the boys that will be struck with these bare legs. I can readily imagine to myself how the boys would react to this state of affairs. The boys can do nothing right. They may not stop the balls dead. There will be far too many glances to leg. They will miss aim constantly and cannot scoop properly. And the best of centre forwards, reputed to move through a forest of legs eluding successfully those hairy masculine legs, will now fail to get a move on, and will act like a gibbering idiot. Even if he were to set his teeth grimly, shake off temptations and near his objective, which unchivalrous brute would take aim at the goal and hit at the post that a smiling, bare-legged woman is covering?

For the sake of clearness, I may perhaps point out the rules under which a Ladies' game is usually played and shall be played. Men's Hockey is a game of 35 minutes each way with an interval of 3 minutes for rest and the teams change sides each half. In a mixed game, these rules have really no application. There can be no resort to change of sides and the game shall be made up of a certain number of rounds as in boxing for instance. An interval of 3 minutes after every round shall, of course, be allowed so that the girl players may powder their noses and attend to such other little acts of makeup that may be necessary after a strenuous round of 2 minutes duration. This is very reasonable.

Again, in mixed matches, in cricket, it is usual to handicap gentlemen players by requiring them to bowl and bat left-handed. Some such thing may be suggested for handicapping the collegians. But then, there is really no need for these safeguards. The success of the girls is almost a foregone conclusion. The other rules that shall govern the game are the usual ones found in the official books which neither the referee nor the players correctly know.

To the college boys this warning has got to be given. Let them note that 'in their strength lies their weakness'.

THE END

Britain's Pleasure Bill

£700,000,000 is what Britons pay in pursuit of 'a good time'—roughly one sixth of their national income.

The pleasure bill listed below is not comprehensive. When the 'audited statement' is available, it would far exceed the figure now assumed.

Drink	£ 250,000,000
Cigarettes	£ 125,000,000
Holidays	£ 100,000,000
Motoring	£ 75,000,000
Cosmetics and Hair-dressing	£ 20,000,000
Wireless	£ 25,000,000
Talkies, Theatres etc.	£ 65,000,000
Camera Fiends	£ 10,000,000
'Small games' and Toys	£ 8,000,000
Push bykes	£ 6,000,000

Oh! Girls

"Twenty girls forward, please."
 "Number for me, girls."
 "Quarter left turn, girls."
 "Look this way, please."
 "Number Four forward. Thank you."
 "Exit Number Ten."
 "Face me, girls, and smile please."
 "Seven and Nine forward, please."
 "Rest dismiss. Thank you girls!"

What is all this about? Can you guess? No? That is Mr. Howard Deighton, the high-pressure American specialist choosing show girls from an army of 2,000 applicants on behalf of Carroll's Vanities. Nothing more. Thank God!

Congrats!

Who is the champion 'jailbird' of Bavaria, and incidentally of the world? The honour goes to Max Gschwendtner (don't try to pronounce it). He has just got his 136th conviction. This is all the more remarkable because he is only thirty-seven years old. His last offence was "begging a piece of clothing which he intended all the time to sell for a glass of beer."

Fun For All



"What are the prices of the seats, mister?"

"Front seats one shilling, back seats six pence and programme a penny."

"I'll sit on a programme, please."

The rich uncle wrote to his nephew: "I am sending you the Rs. 10/-you requested, but must draw your attention to a spelling error in your last letter: '10' is written with one nought, not two."

Voice from the Audience: Don't be too pleased gov'nur. We aren't all dense.

"Any empty soda or ginger-ale bottles to sell, lady?" inquired the man at the door.

"How did you make your neighbour keep his hens in his own yard?"

"Do I look as if I drank that stuff?" asked the housewife.

"One night I hid half a dozen eggs under a bush in my garden and next day I let him see me gather them. That was all."

"Well, then," continued the man, "any vinegar bottles?"

Professor: Didn't I get my last hair-cut in this shop?

Barber: I think not, sir. We've been in business only two years.

Conductor: Can't you see the sign says 'No Smoking'?

Passenger: Sure mate, that's plain enough. But here's another daft sign that says, 'Wear Nemo Corsets,' so I don't pay no attention to any of them.

Political Speaker: I'm pleased to see such a dense crowd here to-night.



She: If I said 'Yes' could you adequately support me?

He: Rather! I'd carry you to the top of a skyscraper if the lift was out of order!

Canvasser: (to small boy standing by house door): Is your mother in?

Boy: Yes.

Canvasser (after knocking about a dozen times): I thought you told me your mother was in.

Boy: So she is; but we don't live here.

New Pupil: Please, teacher, I haven't got no blotting paper.

Teacher: No, no! I have not any blotting paper.

New Pupil: Lumme, then neither of us haven't got none!

Quite Normal!

Reading Time
About 6 Minutes

EVERYONE who has lately been in a hospital knows, of course, what basal metabolism is, but I was one of the outsiders until last week. I did not know what the doctor or the nurse meant when they announced that I should have to undergo the thing next morning. I made the usual feeble effort to penetrate their veil of kindly reserve—a thicker than ever veil in this case, for half the fun in that scientific practical joke called basal metabolism consists in keeping the patient doubtful and wondering.

"Quite a simple test," the nurse murmured smiling, when the doctor had left the room after explaining that the whole affair was 'merely a register of functional activity'. "Go to bed now," the nurse continued, "and keep as quiet and calm as possible. That means everything."

Of course, men of science know best. Otherwise I might have had my doubts about the calming effect of being roused at 6 a.m. by the tramp of feet, the clatter of a stretcher laid down outside my door, and a confused hum of voices. My door flew open and two nurses and two orderlies, with cheerful faces, advanced to my bedside. I sat up hastily.

"Lie down!" the head nurse commanded. "Calm yourself!" She took my temperature and pulse with a dubious air. The other nurse gave directions to the orderlies, who now picked me up and laid me among some particularly cold blankets upon the stretcher. Basal metabolisms were taken in another building some little distance from the one in which I lay. The stretcher-bearers airily raised and bore me along halls and corridors; outdoors, and into a motor ambulance. The bright blue sky shone overhead. At last I was carried to a bed in a bare, white-furnished room. A new nurse, gravely smiling, bent over me and felt my pulse. Then she remarked reproachfully, "Why, you're shivering. That won't do."

"I c-can't help it,"

By Mrs. Kamala

"We'll wait until you can," she said firmly. "Lie still and keep mentally calm. The test is not really painful—just a little unpleasant."

She withdrew to confer in whispers with a second white-robed figure. I stopped shivering and looked around me. Against the wall hung a long, jointed tube made of something like rubber-cloth. The window beside the bed was pierced by a round hole the size of the tube, and, screwing my head about, I saw a large shiny metal tank standing behind the bed.

The nurse came back, felt my pulse, straightened my knees, took down the tube, and began lowering a sort of hook-and-ladder system within a few inches of my face. Seizing the coils of tubing, she thrust one end out of the window hole, a second one out of sight somewhere near the tank, and a third, furnished with a flat mouth-piece, into my mouth. "Bite hard on it," she advised, summoning a perfunctory smile. "Keep it well between the lips." With a deft gesture which took me completely by surprise she now snapped a heavy clamp over my nose, effectually closing it. Then, hanging the loose festoons of tube over the apparatus above my head, she stood back and smiled at her handiwork.

There was no way to breathe but through the tube, so for the next few minutes I and my lungs were kept busy—I trying anxiously to persuade them to take in enough air from the tube by means of the window-hole, they indignantly puffing remonstrance at the close breathing-quarters, while my throat put in its protest with a gurgling noise. Meanwhile the two nurses stood by the tank behind me, whispering:—

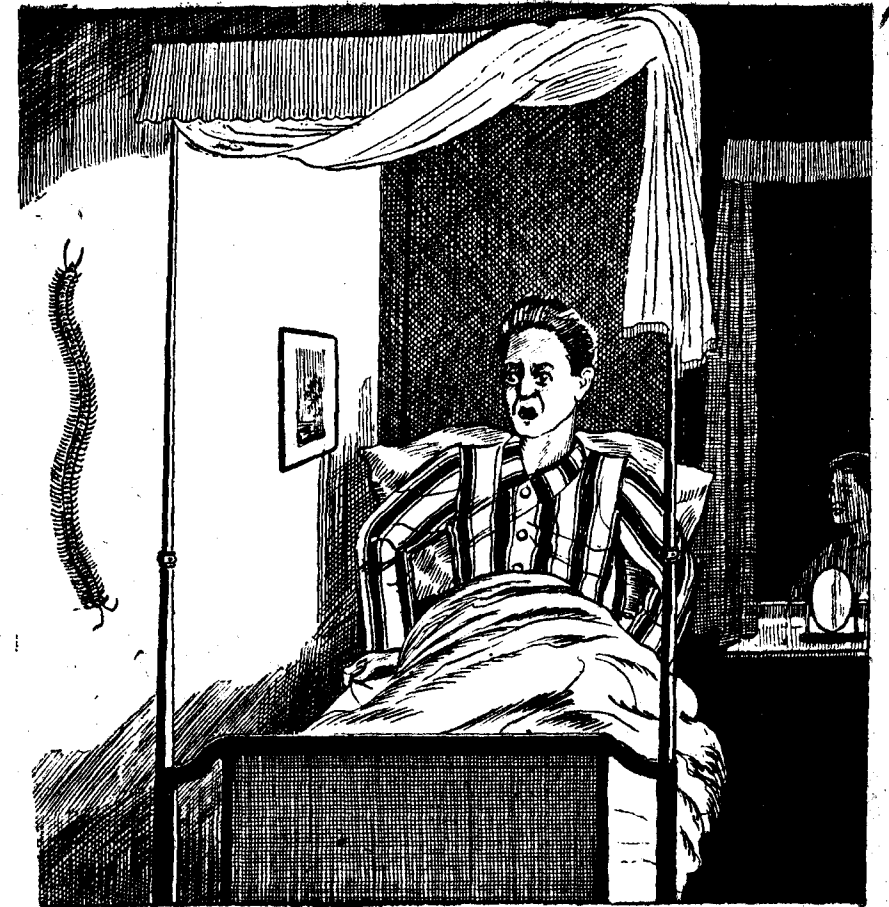
"Patient breathes very slowly."

"Thirty-five—do you make it?"

"One more round."

(Continued on page 13)

Reading Time
About 8 Minutes



Centipede—

By T. P. Scott-O'Connor

Illustrated by Kumar

It was close upon six o'clock of a hot evening in June. In the billiard room of the Gharampore Club three men were seated beneath the electric fan. The latter had been turned full on, the current of warm air playing upon the streaming faces and sprawling figures in basket chairs. Near each of them stood a small, round table; upon each a tall glass of whisky and soda.

There was Dickinson of the Police, a large specimen with a red face and semi-bald head; Merrick, the Medical Officer of the District, small, keen-eyed, alert; and Henderson, lately come out from England, and in the Railway. He was about twenty-two years of age, tall and thin, but possessed of a peculiar

nervousness in his manner. It was he who raised his glass with a hand that trembled slightly and took a long drink of the cold, golden coloured liquid.

"Snakes I don't mind," he said, putting down his glass. "But any of the other variety, especially centipedes. Ugh!" He shuddered and mopped his glistening forehead with a sodden handkerchief.

Dickinson laughed until the chair creaked beneath him.

"What damned rot, Henderson," he cried. "Afraid of centipedes! You'll be telling us next you'd run from a frog."

The doctor glanced with shrewd eyes at the young man. "Well, I've heard that if you get a centipede

on your hand or leg or somewhere, don't touch it unless you're certain of flicking him off first shot, else he'll bury his legs up to his body in your skin. The only thing then is to burn him out; touch his back with a heated skewer or some such thing."

"A lot of fairy tales," scoffed Dickinson. "Why, only the other day I discovered a really fine specimen of a hairy spider in my bath towel; must have been fully five inches from leg to leg with a body the size of a large marble, mottled red and black. Looked poisonous, and probably was."

"What did you do with it?" inquired Henderson, taking another drink from his glass. He beckoned the butler and ordered three more of the same.

"Oh, just shook him off and went on with my tubbing. What's the matter? You're as pale as a ghost. Not feeling well? Heat's like hell, I know. Wish to God the rains would break soon." He finished his drink and turned his glass upside-down, an habitual gesture with him, and one that was never known to fail. The soft-footed servant appeared with the drinks, filled their tumblers anew, and removed himself into the dim regions where servants foregather and destroy their respective masters' characters in the shortest possible time.

The doctor sipped his whiskey and crossed his legs.

"Better go slow with this stuff, Henderson," he remarked. "You're new out here and it's moderation that's needed in everything in this country."

"One man's moderation is another man's excess," remarked the Policeman. "I'd back my moderation to prove that any day."

The others smiled, for Dickinson's moderation consisted of anything from ten to a dozen stiff pegs off an evening, to say nothing of three or four gins and a couple of short ones before lunch. The perpetually flushed face on which a network of purplish-red veins appeared in patches, testified to his capacity for consuming alcohol. And he never got drunk. He was a sink.

"Who's for a game of pills?" asked the doctor man, rising and going towards the door. "Here, marker!" he called, "come and get the table ready. You playing?" he turned to Dickinson, but the latter shook his head.

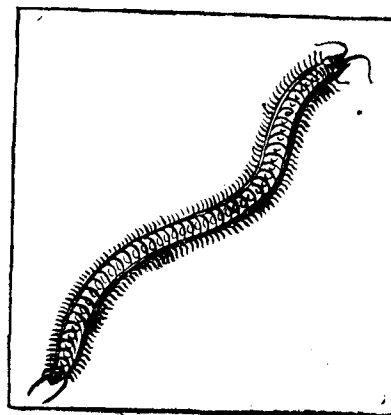
"I'll play with pleasure," Henderson said.

"Good. Billiards or fleece?"

"Billiards, if it's all the same to you," replied Henderson.

"By the way, Dickinson," said the doctor, "how's the new camera going?"

"Fine," he replied, "and I've got a magic lantern now," he added. "Show it to the village folk when I'm on tour, with great effect." He rose, finished his drink, and strolled towards the door. "I'm for some bridge. Hope the Cooper woman's not here tonight. She always wants to partner me and I'm tired of paying her losses. Well, bye-bye, and, Henderson, be careful there are no centipedes on the table. The doc's generally got some up his sleeve which he shakes out on the table to spoil his opponent's shot. It's the only way he can win a game." He chuckled and left the room, and presently the two men could hear his bull's roar from the direction of the verandah.



"Cheerful fellow," commented

Henderson.

The doctor chalked his cue thoughtfully. "Perhaps just a trifle too much so," he said. "Your break."

* * * *

It was near upon twelve of the same night and Henderson lay sleeping upon his bed, the mosquito netting thrown over the top to allow of the passage of any breeze which may enter through the open window at his back.

Suddenly he was wide awake. He lay still, listening; but no sound disturbed the silence of the night. He gazed at the wall in front of him and gripped the edges of the bed with shaking hands. Upon the surface of the wall, which glowed with a singular pink colour, a monstrous centipede was slowly descending from the ceiling to the floor. It was fully three feet from end to end. Its progress was slow, with a jerk every now and then, which brought it six inches lower. And it grew in length. Before the eyes of the terrified man in the bed, it extended until it appeared to cover the whole space from the ceiling down to the flooring. Its head was on a level with the latter now; gradually, with a slowness diabolical in its effect, it was making for the bed. Only half of its body now

remained upon the wall, then a quarter. With a chokingscream Henderson leapt from the bed, trod on something soft and fell half on and half off the cot.

* * * *

Dickinson's car drew up outside the bungalow early the following morning and the owner descended heavily, walked up the few steps to the verandah, into the front room, and almost collided with the doctor, who was coming out from the bedroom.

"Morning, doc," he cried. "Just on my way to parade, and thought I'd look in on young Henderson on my way to ask him if he saw any centipedes last night. Why, what's up?" he enquired as he noticed the grave face before him. "Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"I think you had better come with me," said Merrick, turning and re-entering the bedroom. The policeman followed, his ordinary jovial nature clouded with a nameless dread. The doctor pointed to the sprawling figure and Dickinson's jaw dropped.

"My Christ!" he whispered. "I didn't mean it!" he burst out. "I didn't mean it! How was I to know that he'd be taken in?"

"What happened?" asked the medical man.

"You know that magic lantern thing of mine," explained Dickinson. "Well, after I got home from the club last night I thought I'd play a joke on him," he nodded to the still figure on the bed. "I rigged up a kind of thing which looked like a centipede; came round to that window which was open; woke him up by throwing a pebble and switched on the lantern," he shuddered. "Well, I moved the thing down the glass from behind to give it the effect of coming down the wall, and then Henderson sprang out of bed and I fled. God! and this is the result!"

There was a long silence in the room. Then Dickinson walked to the side of the bed and looked down upon the twisted features of the man lying half on and half off it. Suddenly he bent and raised a cold arm.

"Merrick, come here!" he cried. The latter went over to him.

"Well, what is it?"

Dickinson pushed up the sleeve of the pyjama coat and exposed the forearm. Upon its white surface, near the elbow, was a red birth-mark which exactly resembled a centipede.

THE END

QUITE NORMAL—(Continued from page 10)

Then they left the tank-side and seated themselves—to judge by the scrape of chairs—somewhere near. I pricked my ears in the midst of my struggle for breath to learn what they were saying about me.

"—very difficult," were the words I caught next.

This held no surprise, for I had been previously told—in a veiled fashion—that computing a basal metabolism requires hours of calculation in higher mathematics. The nurses were working out some former patient's test, I decided, for the next words which reached my ears above my laboured breathing could hardly apply to my own case:—

"A city in China."

The patient had been living in China, I deduced. Had been sent from China, in fact, for treatment. The nurses' next remark was commonplace enough.

"Dr. Rao was awfully pleased I'd got so much done."

Obviously he ought to be pleased at the young women's industry. One of them thoughtfully went on:—

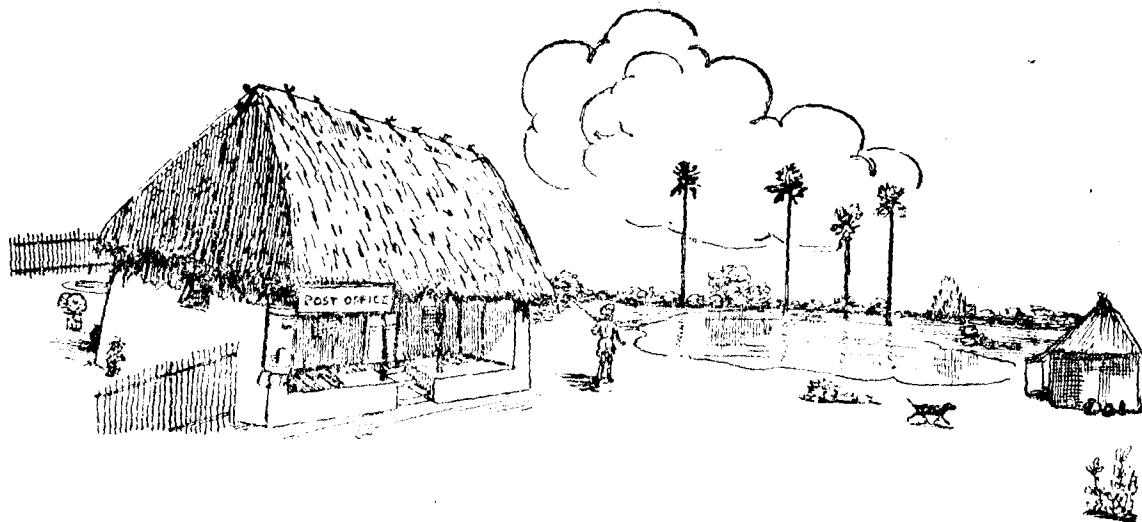
"A kind of fish—"

Fish—I had it! The patient from China had upset his or her metabolism by eating bad fish—such strange mummified sort of food, I fancied, 'as would' be popular in small inland towns of the great old country. However, I began to feel that in these tense calculations the nurses were forgetting me, and, distract my thoughts as I would, I had more than enough of that savage grip on my nose and of the tube-end stuffed into my mouth. My case was of equal importance, I felt, with the one they were engaged upon. Indeed the importance of the whole proceeding, I had often been told, was enormous.

With a courageous effort I screwed my head around to command a partial view of my attendants and recall their attention if possible, from the study of the Chinese patient's metabolism. At last, my eye, strained painfully backward, fell upon the two white-capped heads bent over a small enamelled table, and at the sight, my reverent forbearance changed in an instant to a truculent heat which threatened to choke me then and there inside my tube.

The nurses were doing a cross-word puzzle! So now I am writing this to warn basal metabolism sufferers not to get excited when the talk behind them veers to fish and China.

I, the doctor told me later breezily, was quite normal.



The Post Office

Reading Time
About 6 Minutes

By M. A. S.

Illustrated by Balajee

“MY Aunt!” said somebody at the Post Office the other day, “this is pretty bad.”

“What is?” asked somebody’s friend.

“Everything is. For one thing it is time they did something about this ink. This notorious liquid which I have been vainly persuading for the last half hour to stick to this pen—”

Ah! Do you object to the word ‘pen’ to denote this miserable looking apology?

Dear reader, I can quite understand your feelings, for my views on the subject are almost identical. If you pick up a nib from the gutter and stick it to a fairly stout broomstick, that will indeed beat the Post Office pen by several lengths. To put it mildly, this pen and ink business perpetuated by the Post Office constitutes one of the most *stationery* ills of our times.

Yes, come to think of it, it strikes me that everything concerning the Post Office is about as stationary as a Sub-Magistrate. There is no enterprise, there is no improvement, there is no change. Even if you present a rupee and ask for a post-card, there is, quite often, no change!

There is perhaps no institution which has moved less with the times than the Post Office. Rules and practices which obtained during the time of our grandfathers, are still pursued with the convert’s zeal. If Tennyson had known anything about our Post Offices, I am sure, he would not have written about the philosophy of the old order changing, yielding place to new. For, so far as our postal gods are concerned, they fulfil themselves even in the same old way. I wonder why our law-makers have not included the ‘Post Office’ within the definition of the word ‘immovable property’.

Twenty years ago I had been to a rural village adjoining Madras. The village boasted of a Post Office, and the Post Office of a sign-board. But the sign-board painter, whoever he was, hadn’t much respect for the King’s English: for the sign-board carried the legend in bold letters: POST OFFICE.

Last year I had occasion again to visit the same village. I found the same old board still announcing the same old message to a busy and indifferent world. Only owing to the influence of sun and rain, the words looked like: POSI OFFICE. I am quite certain that for at least a hundred years more the same board

will do duty, unless of course it is stolen, or struck by lightning or destroyed by an earthquake.

What I mean to say is that even though the Post Office is as much a business concern as a draper’s shop or a furniture mart, there is absolutely no effort on the part of the authorities concerned to make the thing brighter and attractive. They do not advertise, they do not invent catchy slogans, they do not have recourse to window dressing. In fact, I doubt if they do even *window-cleaning*.

Take for instance the Postage Stamps. Is there any change in its design, get up or colour from time to time? No. For decades and decades we have to bear with the same King’s head. True, when a Queen ascends the English throne, we are allowed the welcome luxury of a change. But is that enough? Is that sufficient? Can that eventuality possibly happen even once in the course of twenty years? On the other hand, if they would change the colour and design every now and then, they can rest assured of a permanent recurring income from at least the innumerable stamp-collectors all over the world. Moreover, they will, to some extent, relieve the monotony of those poor fellows whose business is licking stamps, and earn their gratitude.

In the matter of advertisement, the Post Office people are ridiculously old-fashioned. Word display is probably not found in their dictionary. The appearance of a Post Office reminds one of a funeral or something equally unpleasant. Colour-washed walls, polished counters, shining brass railings—do you find these things in a sub-urban Post Office? I should think not.

It is, however, my considered opinion that a good lot can be done by inventing a number of snappy slogans extolling the beauties of the Postal system, and continuously working them up in the minds of the long-suffering public.

And with this object, I have thought out a few bright slogans, which I freely pass on for the benefit of the P. M. G.

Telegrams undoubtedly bring a fat revenue to the

Post Office. The Telegraph habit should therefore be encouraged by big posters like this:

Life is uncertain—everyday a bus accident is somewhere happening. By tomorrow the addressee may be dead—therefore send your message by wire.

What do you think of this epigram which aptly describes the advantages of the Money Order?

The best of friends are un-reliable.
Send your money by Postal M. O.
Safest, therefore the cheapest.

And look at this one and tell me if its poetic flavour can possibly fail to touch its readers:

Every merchant some day files the
I. P.
So send your goods always by the
V. P. P.

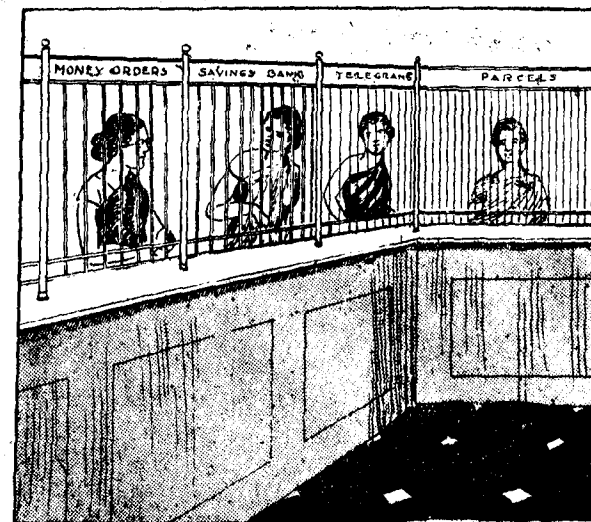
The Post Office also professes to do banking business. If once a deposit is made, even the most profligate spendthrift cannot squander the money in a trice. The innumerable restrictions against withdrawal can be advantageously set forth, thus:

Invest your monies in the P.O.S.B.
Even in your direst need you cannot
withdraw fully.

The most interesting suggestion, however, I have reserved to the last. And it is about the personnel of the department. For efficient discharge of duties and for increasing revenue, the P. M. G. should adopt the

modern system of reserving all counter appointments to pretty young women. That is sure to bring in lots of revenue. Every chivalrous passer-by in the street is sure to drop in. Having dropped in he has surely to buy something or other.

At present, it is impossible not to be bored by our Post Offices. For, even at their best, they look no better than a highly over-worked blotting-paper.



Star Snaps *By Satellite*

Shirley's Selling Value.



HERE is solace to Shirley Temple fans. Shirley's adolescence need not cut short her earning capacity. In commercial fields, her name is magic. What with Shirley dolls, dresses, cut-out books, toys, picture books &c., the royalties paid the child-star are reaching astonishing proportions. She is, so to speak, a major industry. Thousands of people gained employment because of her popularity. Last year her revenues from manufacturers have reached 350,000 dollars and the next year should place her in the millionaire list. A doll book paid her 15,000 dollars the first two weeks it went on sale, making her salary of 1,200 dollars a week look like small potatoes. These tidy sums are judiciously being put away by her father Banker George Temple. Shirley is now on the set of *Curly Top* with John Boles.

Fun For Fay Wray.

Fay Wray was born in Alberta, Canada. When she received her American citizenship papers, one of her friends invited a group in to mark the occasion. A particularly notable feature was an American flag which the hostess had hoisted in front of her home to receive Fay. Glancing down the street, she espied dozens of flags draped in front of other homes as well. Turning to Fay, she remarked: "I didn't know the good news has spread so rapidly!"

Was she pulling her leg?

"It hasn't," replied Fay cheerfully, "maybe you hadn't heard. This is Flag Day all over America!"

Tom Mix in the Making

Jackie Cooper's week-ends are real postman holidays. Taking full advantage of the studio permission to attend movie houses only on Saturday and Sunday, the juvenile-star makes the most of his schedule and sees as many as six pictures in the two days. Jackie's favourite screen fare is Westerns; so he insists that he is going to be another Tom-Mix when he grows up.



Freddie in the Filmland

Master Freddie Bartholomew is a masterpiece in himself. The world-wide search for a David Copperfield brought the ten-year old Freddie and his aunt 'Cissie' to David Selznick's office in Culver City.



Each night during his trans-Atlantic trip, Freddie prayed. He reminded God that he had read David Copperfield six times, loved everything Dickensian, was the right age and prayed that He in His infinite mercy might not let him down now that the time for his good offices had arrived. God did not fail Freddie; neither did his instincts. He won the four-year contract with M. G. M. over ten thousand other boy aspirants.

Brought up from the age of three by his aunt, grandfather and grandmother in a rural section of England, Freddie is little different from the English boy of Dickens' days. In addition, he has lived with classical literature—Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray and others since—he began to talk. First these authors were read to him. Now he reads them himself. So it is completely natural for him to speak and act as he does. Anyway, that is what they say.

He has achieved another distinction. He has worked with Miss Garbo—they are devoted to each other—in *Anna Karenina* as her son Sergei. Freddie's ambition is to conquer two more worlds, slightly lesser perhaps, in their greatness. One is to become a cowboy. This was born of his going to a rodeo with Basil Rathbone. He has a friend 'Les', a real cow-boy, who is teaching him to ride, and has given Freddie a trick-riding whip and a lariat. The other is to become an author. This is in the process of achievement. A journalist boy-friend is helping him. Freddie's father is in England, in the Ministry of Agriculture, as was his father before him. Freddie has two younger sisters,

Auntie Awful



AUNTIE is indebted to a delightful niece from Malaya, who alludes to the traditional story of the *pah boh huah*. As Auntie's readers will readily surmise, these monosyllables are in the Chinese tongue. They mean, 'Beat-Wife Flower'. Yes, my dears, there is a legend that there was once a Malayan husband who actually chastised his wife. The name of the flower perpetuates the melancholy affair.

The husband, who was evidently no student of horticulture, plucked a flower from the bush of the *pah boh huah* one morning, and gave it to his wife to wear in her hair. Like all the other flowers on the bush, the blossom was snow-white.

When the husband returned from the labours of the day, his wife was still wearing a blossom in her hair; but it was a pink blossom. Not unnaturally, the husband concluded she had discarded his floral gift, and replaced it by a bloom presented by some clandestine admirer.

Accused of this guilty association, the wife indignantly denied it. She even persisted that the flower she was wearing was the very one her husband had given her that morning. Enraged by such deceit, the husband lifted his hand against the poor woman, and castigated her severely.

In order that his anger might cool, the indignant spouse sought the peaceful shades of his garden. "The same flower!" he fumed. "Does she think I am a fool? She is wearing a pink flower now, whereas I gave her a white flower this morning. It came off that very bush!"

At this moment, the husband halted in dismay. The flowers on that very bush were pink!

Had he been in the habit of walking oftener in his garden, he would have known that the *pah boh huah* bears a flower that changes colour. In the morning it is pearly-white, but in the evening it is rose-pink.

The legend ends in a very satisfactory way, with the husband begging forgiveness, and promising never to doubt his wife again. Which, if she really happened to be a bad lot, must have given her immense gratification.

Our gracious niece from Malaya concludes by propounding the following witty question: Should husbands beat their wives?

Well, my dears, Auntie thinks that if a husband has sufficient forcefulness to be able to beat his wife, he has no need to beat her; while if he lacks the necessary ability, he had better not try.

When Auntie was a sob-sister on the *London Lyre*, she used to visit the Tower Bridge police-court, where the matrimonial differences of the dockers and stevedores come up before the beak. One morning the charge-sheet included the case of a hulking brute who had passed the previous evening in revelry. His poor little wife, worried by this continual absence, and by the fact that it was pay-day, went in search of the erring one. She met him as he emerged from the convivial gathering, penniless, and announcing in song that he had just been elected Queen of the May.

Justly incensed, the devoted little woman gave him two black eyes and sundry other contusions. Owing to the disturbance created in the process, four policemen took her into custody. Yes, my dears, the police go about in fours in the neighbourhood of the London Docks.

Two of the policemen had their helmets bashed in, another had his uniform torn to shreds, and the nose of the fourth was grievously incarnadined. Her husband, however, went quietly, and entered the dock with a plea of guilty. • Not so his partner. She told the beak that she was only looking after her husband

as a loving wife should, and she resented the interference of a lot of bluebottles. The bluebottles were the policemen, dearies.

The magistrate sternly upbraided the devoted little woman. This aroused the ire of the husband, who declared that his wife was entitled to knock him about if she wanted to, and he would not have a word said against her. He offered to fight the magistrate and the entire police force. In the upshot, the loving couple suffered a sentence of imprisonment, with the stipulation that it was to be served in separate jails.

So Auntie's final pronouncement is addressed to the weaker sex. My dears, a really thoughtful wife should *never* beat her husband.

Second Year (S. India). "It has recently been stated that the university regulations are a bed of Procrustes. Please explain this allusion." Procrustes, dear boy, was one of the petty kings of ancient Greece. He was renowned for his ingenious interpretation of the laws of hospitality. When a wayfarer entered his dominions, the king pressingly invited the stranger to occupy the guest-bed in the palace: nay, he insisted on it. To ensure the perfect comfort of the guest, it was enacted that he must fit the bed exactly. If the visitor was too short, he was put on the rack, and stretched until he was the right size. If the visitor happened to be too long, a comfortable fit was ensured by chopping off his feet. Everyone had to fit the bed of Procrustes, and everyone has to fit the regulations of the university.

Anxious (Thana). "Is it a fact that there is something wrong with the ink being used for the new currency-issue? I have heard that the five-rupee notes are liable to fade." No, dear boy, they do not fade; they vanish entirely.

Conscience (Lahore). "I would like to propose to the lady, but I am troubled by my former life. No woman likes a man to come to her with a past." Do not worry about that, dear sir. A woman does not mind a man coming to her with a past, as long as he brings a present.

Father (Chengalraopet). "I am afraid my son is very unsatisfactory. His school reports say that he has possibilities, but he is lazy, and that makes him dull. Is there anything that will make him smart?" Well, dear sir, corporal punishment has been known to have this effect.

Financially Embarrassed (Bogolay Bazaar). "I wish you would tell me how I can make my ends meet." Auntie gets many enquiries of the same nature, dear boy. Why not consult a contortionist?

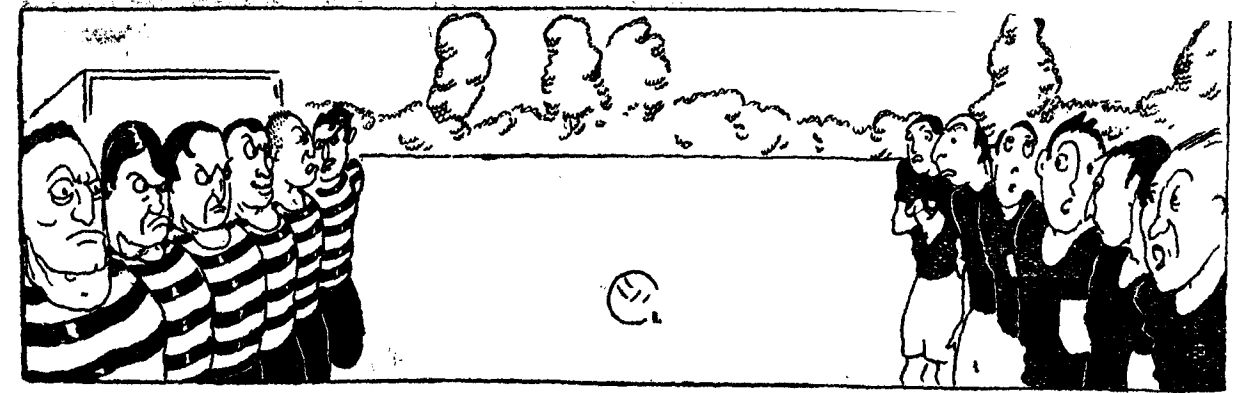
Miss Fairy (Penang). "Why do our sarees come from Japan? Do the British despise making such things?" Far from it, my dear. The British manufacturer knows no barriers of creed or caste: he sees the whole world as a place inhabited by potential customers. No matter who the customer is, the customer is always right. Even if the customer wants pink sarees with green spots, the British manufacturer subdues his artistic instincts, bows to the ground, and produces the required article at a price that is a mere fraction above cost. But alas! the clever Japanese manufacturer has gone one better. He can make an article that looks much the same, and, owing to certain financial conditions, he is anxious to sell that article at any price, even less than cost. Finally, he is ready to oblige the customer to any extent, even to the way the trade-mark is stamped on the material. And therefore your sarees come from Japan.

House-Owner (Mayavaram). "I would like to decorate my house with a cheerful colour-scheme, but of course there is the question of cost. Can you please tell me how I may achieve my object at the least possible expense?" Certainly, dear sir. Go to a house-agent, and tell him you are looking for a customer to buy the place. The agent will then get busy painting your house in glowing colours.

Dorothy (Ranchi). "I am nineteen years old, tall, and a brunette. My friends say I am pretty and have a nice figure. What sort of husband do you advise me to get?" Don't go wasting your time with husbands, my dear. Pursue the single men.

Reader (Tennore). "The advertisements in modern magazines are even more interesting than the letterpress. By following the various suggestions contained in advertisements, a man may get all sorts of ideas." However, a certain amount of discrimination is necessary, dear boy. Auntie knows of a young fellow who saw the following announcement in the press: 'Do you want to add to your income? Are you enterprising? Then make money at home!' The young man adopted the suggestion, and now, poor chap, he is permanently resident in the Andamans.

Scholar (Delhi). "I want you to give a certain beastly fellow a showing-up in your magazine. His initials are B. T., and he spends his time bullying boys smaller than himself. Now then, Auntie, give it him hot and strong." Auntie regrets that she cannot accede to your cunningly-worded request, my dear; chiefly because of an unworthy suspicion that B. T. is none other than the headmaster.



Earthquake Relief Match

Reading Time
About 12 Minutes

By A. T. MacNaughton Thomas

Illustrated by 'Dial'

It was a natty blazer. Absolutely yum-yum, take my word. Blue in the general colour-scheme, with red and yellow stripes thrown in for good measure. Edged with piping, stuck with flashy brass buttons and a flaunty crest to top off the whole thing. Any chap, if asked for his opinion would pronounce that it would beat Joseph's coat to a frazzle. No wonder, I had cast envious eyes on the thing all these days. When a chance occurred to me to sneak the coat from the ward-robe of my friend Doss, I went about the place sporting the dashed blazer, doing my best to increase my stock in the eyes of the country bumpkins, who gazed pop-eyed at me in an awed sort of way, as if a Bengal tiger was let loose. Stalking about the countryside like a Bengal tiger has its own merits, I admit. But when it comes to losing three girls—anyway, one of the set—you feel down and out.

Let us get to the scenario.

I came to Sirangapudi, a village lying in the outermost confines of Tinnevely District and consisting mostly of Christians, for a breather. The doctor

chappie told me that the good old lungs had lodged a formal protest and therefore, it was advisable for me to do a spot of ozone-sniffing. So I slipped across to S'pudi and was mighty glad when my friend Doss fixed me up. The first thing that struck me as odd was that the place seemed to be over-run with girls—village lassies and college belles. What I mean is, you can't go a yard in any direction of the compass without stubbing your toes against a younger specimen of the she-S'pudians.

The third day after my arrival, I chanced to clap my eyes on the three daughters of the local pastor at the Sunday service, who, believe me, were the sort of beauties whom you see only on magazine covers. Their names, as I subsequently learnt, were Manickam, Ratnam and Maragatham. They were really gems as their names suggested. Well, that decided me. Come what might, I thought, I shouldn't leave S'pudi without bagging one of the three lovelies. I did not particularly mind which, as I understood that their dowries were to be exactly equal. I decided that I must haunt the local parsonage like a resident ghost. Then there was the Cerberus of a father to reckon

with. When I learnt that stamp-collecting was his favourite hobby, I decided to work my way to the affections of his daughters by slipping on the pater a well-chosen talk on Russian stamps. Don't you know carmine, 5 kopeks; sage green, 10ks; deep blue, 15ks; orange, 20ks; deep myrtle, 1 rouble; mauve, 2rs; and similar rubbish.

While that was one of the many irons in the fire, I thought I shouldn't allow time to slip by without making some sort of impression on the girls. Dress'd up to the nines in your toggery, twirling an imaginary moustache on your clean-shaven face and all that sort of thing.

As I told you before, I managed to sneak the blazer. Rigged out in it, I went on a stroll, strutting like a Malvolia, with my feet in the air, my head in the clouds and my walking-stick on the passers-by solar plexus. Somebody suddenly buttonholed me and I hastily withdrew my head from the clouds to see what was the matter. The chappie, whoever he was, stuck to me like a billy-o.

"What ho!" I said, trying to be chatty.

"About the match," he crisply remarked.

"Match? Which match? What match?"



"The Quetta Earthquake Relief Match," he explained, beginning on my second button.

"Well?"

"I'm beating up recruits. You'll have to take a hand in it."

"Righto. Come along, let us collect recruits."

"I mean, you'll have to play in the match."

"Oh, ah! You see, it's dashed long time since I had a go at cricket."

"It isn't cricket. It is—"

"Hockey is out of the Q."

"It's footer," he beamed, working on to the third button.

I was thinking of a means to edge out of the whole bilge, but the bloke wouldn't hear. He made me understand that I had nothing to fear from the pack of yokels that would be drawn up against us, as they knew next to nothing *re*: the finer points of the game. All we had to do was to dribble the ball a bit and there we were, before one could count ten, leading by ten goals to nil. Further, it seemed, the pastor was organizing the show for two reasons. His only son and heir for the seventeenth time had recently got a place in the College Eleven and the match was being arranged to please the Young Hopeful. Secondly, as a counter-irritant to the Munsiff, who, a week ago, ran a badminton tournament and whose wife, subsequent to it, at the village Baby-show, cut the pastor's wife dead. I was assured that the whole census of population would turn up to watch the match between the Natives *vs.* the Outsiders—that is to say, friends and relatives of the S'pudians who come there for the holidays. What put the lid on, as it where, was that the spectators, instead of doing the gate-crashing, were to be privileged to witness free of charge an exhibition match and then, we players, for our troubles, had to chip in a few coins towards the Q. E. R. Fund. Did you ever hear of players forking out cash? I had half a mind to dot the pastor on the head for this fool scheme of his but when I casually learnt that his zenana would be there, I jumped for joy and straightaway registered myself as the right half-back.

The eventful day dawned and brought in its wake, a heavy rain, which left the ground muddy and slushy. At 5 P.M. the spectators poured in. A barbers' band was in attendance and the music sounded more like the Graf Zeppelin tuning up. Though the Natives—our opponents—had developed their technique on

worn-out tennis balls cast away eighth-hand from a fourth-rate club, and though they had latterly graduated on footballs stuffed with straw, they looked tough customers to deal with, when they lined up on the field. They almost demoralized our team (which principally consisted of anaemic youths) by their muscularity, which asserted itself aggressively through their gauzy shirts. Their captain shot a fierce glance at our captain—the pastor's son—who wilted under it. Though we were superior to them in technique and finesse and skill, we had not the slightest doubt that the Natives could pound us in no time if they only had a mind to. Five of our team were drawn from the available repatriates; three were imported from Palamcottah to give quality, and the other three—I was one of them—picked from here and there, were imported to give quantity.

When I took up my position on the field, I was shocked to find my opposite to be the village carpenter—a big, beefy bird, with a fearsome aspect. I thought the wisest course was to play for safety whenever there was the prospect of this juggernaut lumbering into me.

The game began. For a while, everything proceeded smoothly. The villagers' eagerness was kept under control by our concerted attack. My formidable *vis-a-vis* so repeatedly charged at me that I was found to have deserted my place and was pulled up by our captain for having been found on the other side of the field, where I was doing my best to win the admiring glances of the Three Gems. The referee, who was the local sexton, conceived a violent prejudice against us and determined to penalize us for nothing. This naturally warmed us up and we played keener than ever. Once the ball came in my direction; I connected it and was dribbling it grandly along the line when I saw the juggernaut rushing towards me with the plainest intention of blotting me out. Inside of a half-a-jiffy, I sent the ball on a low pass to my partner and side-stepped. I had the satisfaction to see my fierce opponent crashing into the crowd and trading on a child's toe, whereupon the indignant mother promptly jabbed him in the equatorial regions with her umbrella. He hopped on the field as if he had an acute attack of colic. But my joy was short-lived. When I was dribbling the ball up the field, this blighter came from nowhere and loosened a tremendous kick at my left shin, which performance was wildly cheered by the spectators. I doubled up with pain. In my agony, I executed a complicated version of tango and one-step. Stood balancing for a space



of 15 minutes on my right leg like a meditative stork—the only difference was I wasn't as meditative as all that. When I saw him next, the human bullet was rushing towards me with the unmistakable intention of crippling me for life but I had the good sense to jump aside. The beefy bird collided with our right full-back and the next moment they were biting the dust. Then for a while, there ensued a spell of murderous foot-ball, in which, one of our imported Quality players shot like greased lightning and netted the first goal.

From now on, the game became fast and furious. The Natives were bent upon wiping us out wholesale. The referee became more prejudiced. He awarded against us eight penalty kicks in three minutes, but the Natives were not able to convert them. By this time, our opposite captain had come to accept the parson's son as an inevitable nuisance, whom God for some mysterious reason had sent in the shape of our captain to try his spirit. Accordingly, whenever he saw our captain with the ball or without it, he hared off straight to make short work of him. On one occasion, our captain kicked the ball to a prodigious height and was about to do something spectacular, when the rival captain swooped upon him and made him an integral part of the playground. With great difficulty our captain extricated himself from the affectionate clutches of Mother Earth and his vision was not restored until he had wiped off a fair

The Body Beautiful

By John A. Henry

Sketches by Mali

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

AMONGST other widely advertised Courses of Instruction, we have that of Building the Body Beautiful or Be a Man and not a WORM. And, as is the case with all the other types of Instructional Course—I say all and I mean all—we pay through the nose, and sometimes the ears, for something, which, when we've got it, we know very well we could have done on our own—entirely—if only we had sat down and thought of it. We find that it just slipped our memory—that's all.

And so, once more with the charitable idea of saving my readers some little amount of money—and solely for that purpose—I set out below a systematic, simple little chart forming a group of exercises that will either give you a physique like that of an elephant or like that of a gnat—it all depends on how you carry out my instructions. You have to work hard. I'll give you the work to do.

Starting from the top of the head, we have the scalp. A wart on top of the cranium is not counted as a part of the body, and, anyway, we couldn't very well exercise a wart, no matter where it was.

Exercise 1. For developing the Scalp. Stand in front of a mirror, unless you're afraid to face it, and bring the eyebrows down in a sweeping motion towards the eyes. Hold this position for three seconds and then let the eyebrows leap back into position—their normal position I mean. This is also an excellent exercise for the *medulla oblongata*. In common, everyday language it is known as the Frowning Exercise. Virtuous hypocrites practise it quite a lot when they have their ears to keyholes or stuck in the air trying to listen to someone's snappy story about the padre's wife.

Exercise 2. For strengthening the Ears. Tie a 2 lb. weight to each ear by strings one yard long and not more than one sixteenth of an inch in diameter.



Stand in front of the looking-glass for two hours with the weights dangling. This is known as the Ear-ring Exercise and it is practised much in public by many New Rich women. **Alternative Exercise:** Look at yourself in the mirror and

wag your ears at yourself thirty-six times, one after the other. Then grasp each ear firmly with a hand and pull outwards from the head. If your ears come off, I will refund the cost of this course to you. This is known as the Ear Wagging or Ear Stretching Exercise and it is popular amongst maids, little boys with old minds, and the saintly person who *never* likes to hear anything to anybody else's detriment.

Exercise 3. For developing the Nasal Appendage. Procure a fruity egg or any other bad smell and sniff rapidly at it for not less than three hundred minutes, distending the nostrils on inhalation and letting them fall flat on exhalation, keeping your eyes fixed keenly on your expression in the mirror. Scandal-mongers and vindictive women are very fond of this movement.

Exercise 4. For strengthening the Eyes. As an alternative to looking through keyholes and at the wife's red flannel underwear, stare fixedly either at all the pretty girls you can come across, or feast your retinas on a basket of serpents.

Exercise 5. For developing the Mouth and Tongue. Put on a bold front and ask the wife to show you how she does it.

Exercise 6. For developing the Adam's Apple. Grasp the Adam's Apple firmly between the forefinger and thumb of the right hand and push rapidly up and down thirty times, taking care that no injury is sustained by your Uvula. **Alternative Exercise:** Get your wife to stand at a distance of two yards and



portion of Tinnevely District from his eyes. This occasion was exploited by one of the Native forwards, who had rooted himself in the off-side, to send a slow kick into our untenanted net. It was found that our goalie, in the confidence engendered by our side leading by one-to-nil, had gone to an adjoining table, where refreshments were kept and had siphoned away the whole lot of lime-juice meant for all the players. "We wouldn't have got the goal if we had planted a scarecrow," commented our enraged captain.

After half-time, we changed ends and when I took my position, I found myself close to the lovelies. Here was a chance, I thought, to show and impress the Three Gems.

Three minutes after the game was resumed, our captain and the Quality players manoeuvred the ball towards the referee and staged a *melee*, in which the referee found himself surprisingly embedded in the slushy mud—a mass of bruises. The excitement that resulted from this was so great, and further, as the referee couldn't blow the whistle to bring the game under control—it was hopelessly choked with mud—that the game distinctly became rugger for a while and gave indications of developing into volley-ball a few minutes later.

When one of the Natives sent the ball with his fist over an imaginary net, it came whizzing along in my direction. I snapped the ball and was slipping along to the goal-post with it when I heard a savage whoop of joy close behind me. I knew the timbre of it too well not to know it. I ran goal-wards for all I was worth and believe me, only a hare, after an intensive spell of training, could have beaten me in speed. I angled the ball so correctly that it dropped dead into the net. The applause went to my head like freshly-drawn toddy. From now onwards I began to do strange things with the ball.

The referee had now begun to think that blowing the whistle and shouting were to be cynically avoided as waste of breath. All he did now was to behave semaphorically. He waved his handkerchief in all directions, indicating by this method, I believe, that it was time for the game to be brought to a close. The Natives were so bent upon seeing us in 'one red burial blent' with the soil of S'pudi that they absolutely paid no heed to the referee. Would to heaven the game had stopped then!

Once again the ball came slithering past me. I rushed forward and loosened a terrific kick at it. Instead of travelling the way in which it was intended, the ball, an object of showery mud, shot up

at an erratic angle, grazed the noses of the Three Gems as they were seated side by side and incidentally, contributing its share to the make-up of their faces, clashed against the dome of our venerable pastor and sent his silken turban flying, re-bounded on to Maragatham's head, cannoned on to Ratnam's shoulders, tumbled into the lap of Manickam and bounced off on its career of mud-splashing on some other spectators. For a moment, I thought that Bihar and Quetta Earthquakes had joined forces, for, I felt the world reeling about me. I rushed up to apologise. But they looked such an armoury of daggers at me that I ran straight from the field to piece myself up. All hopes of leading one of the Gems to the altar and the congregation singing, 'The voice that breathed o'er Eden' were now definitely blue round the edge.

The same evening as I was waiting for the train at the local station, who should come in but the blighter who pitchforked me into the match.

"Hullo! You here. The last piece of your work was devilish fine. Accept my congrats."

"Why the blazes did you drag me into this beastly match? My shins are cracked and so also is my heart."

"When I hooked you, I never thought you were as clever as all that. Our side is hugely pleased with your wizardry, but somehow our captain—well, be on your guard. I saw him just now examining a horsewhip. Anyway, you've brought credit to our team and to the Booz-Fooz College."

"Booz-Fooz College?"

"Why, the good old Alma Mater."

"I mean, why the Booz-Fooz College?"

"The College where we studied."

"I wasn't at the Booz-Fooz."

"Not at the Booz-Fooz?"

"No."

"Really?"

"Yes. You are barking up the wrong tree."

"Then how the chickmajigree were you wearing our college blazer the other day?"

"What! Was that beastly thing which I sneaked from my friend's wardrobe your Booz-Fooz blazer?"

"You've said it."

I clutched my brow—I mean, my mental brow.

THE END

throw pea-nuts into your open mouth. Keep your eyes fixed on the movement of the Adam's Apple in the mirror as you swallow the pea-nuts. When, in your opinion, your eyes have been fixed to the mirror for a sufficient length of time, scrape them off and wash them in a solution of Potassium Permanganate.

Exercise 7. For developing the Neck. Go to the cinema and sit behind a tall man or a tall, stout woman with large head and ears. Follow this person's bird-like movements from side to side and try and look at the picture on the screen.

Exercise 8. For developing the Chest (Men). As an alternative to eating a large quantity of your wife's pastry every day, you must practise deep breathing. Fresh air is a good element to breathe in, but if you are an adept, soup or whisky forms an excellent substitute. (Women). I beg your pardon. My wife will conduct that part of the course later.

Exercise 9. For improving the Latissimus Dorsii. Deceive yourself that you are in love with your wife once more and take her in your arms twenty times a day, concentrating on the Latissimus Dorsii.

Exercise 10. For strengthening the Abdominal Muscles. Apart from swallowing what the wife cooks for you, there is another and a better exercise for the abdomen, or, more politely, the stomach. Stand erect, whole body braced, and let a camel kick you in the midriff forty times or more.



Exercise 11. For strengthening the Wrists. If you are not one already, become an amateur author. While opening envelopes containing rejected Mss, concentrate on the wrist muscles.

Exercise 12. For strengthening the Biceps. Imitate the worm that turned and show your wife who's who in the house. I take no responsibility at all if your nose or your cranium happens to come off worst in this exercise.

Exercise 13. For enlarging the Femoral Muscles. Lie flat on your back, tie your legs to the tail of an elephant, and say, "Gee up!" While being thus assisted by the elephant, draw your knees up to your chin fifty or sixty times or until you are just tired.

Exercise 14. For developing the Calf Muscles. Abscond with the largest sum of money you can get hold of, or with your neighbour's wife. *1st Alternative Exercise:* Chase your wife to Timbuctoo on

foot. *2nd Alternative Exercise:* Get your wife to chase you to the North Pole on foot.

Exercise 15. For strengthening the Knee Caps. Pick an argument with your wife, or with somebody else's wife if your own doesn't happen to be ferocious enough. After your knees have banged against each other for three hundred times through fright--run.

Exercise 16. For hardening the Toes and the Soles of the Feet. Stand on the back of your neck and scrape the whitewash from the wall with the soles and toes of your feet.

Well, Physical Culturists, there you are. A simple little course for you that cannot fail.

Endurance De Luxe

In 1928 the Rockefeller Foundation and Mayo Institute of New York organised a competition to find out the person who best survives one of several endurance tests over a period of twelve years. A prize of £14,000 was offered to the winner.

632 persons competed. Today, after seven years, only three of them are still at it, and they have to get moving for five more years. These three are Morris Walton of Liverpool, Jack Richards of Winnipeg (Canada) and Frank Fielding of Minnesota (U. S. A.).

Walton eats a specially concentrated food. Richard sleeps upright each night, 80 miles from the place where he wakes up that morning, and Fielding rushes about 80 miles a day, by skating, cycling, etc.

These three have agreed to share the price. Let us hope they do. The Foundation say this is not a crazy experiment. Let us see.

Fan And The Pudding

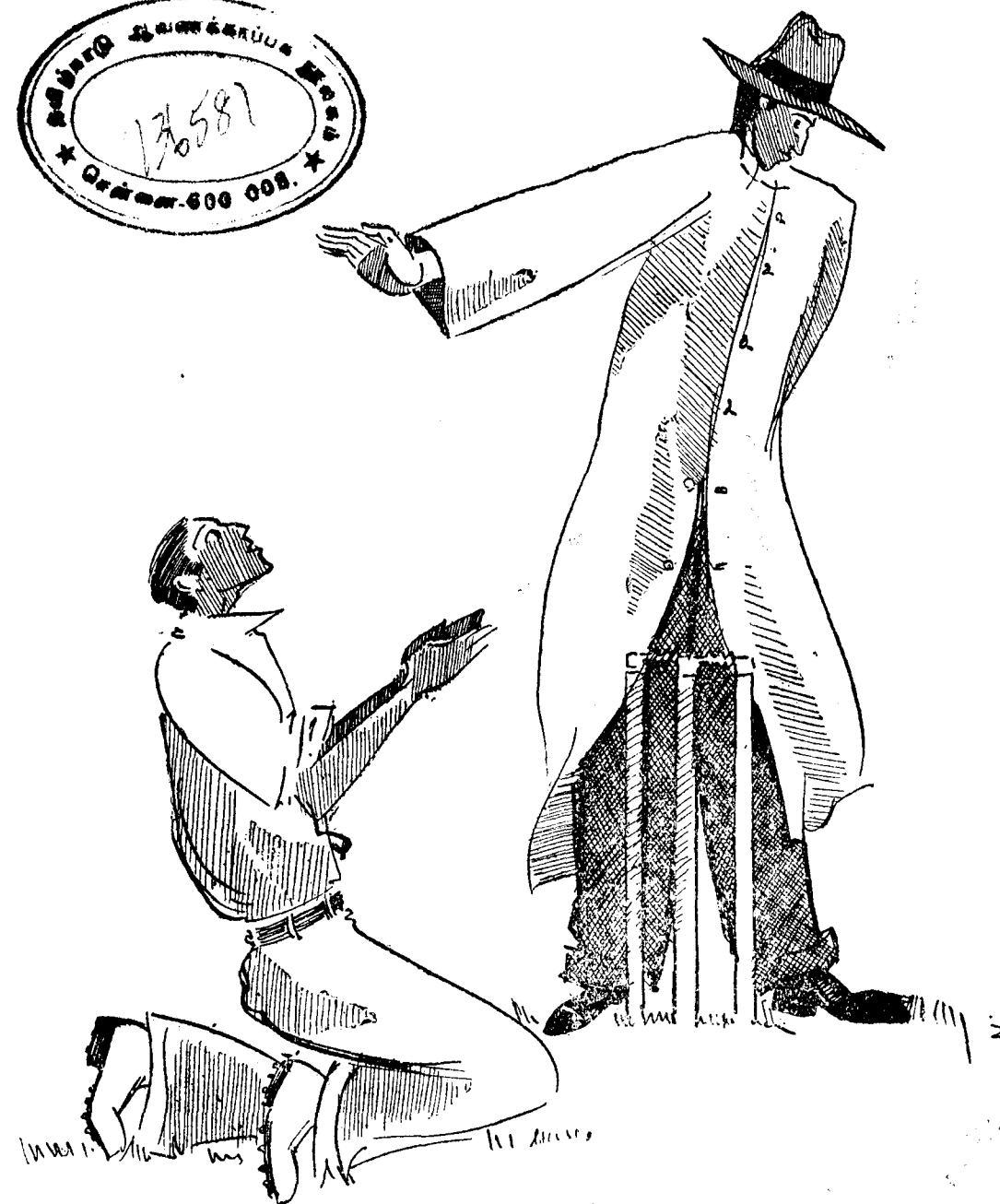
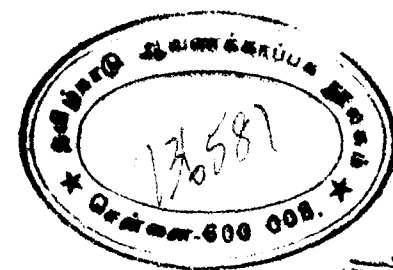
Jaromir Lokvenc, a waiter in a restaurant in Prague, is a football fan. He wanted to see the Slavia Football Club play the First Vienna. His customers also wanted to see the match, so on the match-day, they hurried through their 'eats'.

One customer studied the menu-card carefully, ordered his lunch, and began eating it leisurely. Jaromir, good waiter that he is, politely hinted he would like to secure a vantage point at the match.

"What match?" said the slow luncher.

This hurt Jaromir's sporting soul so much, that he threw a rice-pudding on the brute's face and marched out. Or, rather, he was marched out by the police.

Misleading Cricket-No. 4



Appealed in vain to the Umpire.

The Letters of

69. Animal Noises Wanted

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

Illustrated by Mali

Madras, 5th October, 1935.

DEAR MOTHER,

A FEW evenings ago, I was sitting in the Institute, glancing through the day's news, when my eye lit upon the following extraordinary advertisement:

Wanted at once: anyone who can give perfect imitations of animal noises in his spare time.

"Here, Boggins," I cried, "look at this!"

Boggins read the advertisement. "It doesn't say anything about a security deposit," he remarked, cautiously.

This was a notable omission. As a rule, advertisements in Indian papers require a candidate for employment to deposit several thousand rupees, as a guarantee of good behaviour. The only exception seems to be when the advertiser wants some pretty girls who are willing to travel.

"Anyhow, let's show it to Nellie Dean," I suggested.

We found Nellie Dean in the supper-room, busy encircling an enormous plate of steak-and-onions. Private Dean has a distinctly unladylike appearance. He is a short, thick-set chap, with the battered countenance of a pugilist, and a crop of hair that stands straight up from his forehead. We call him 'Nellie' with reference to his appearance, and also on account of his bashful nature.

Nellie is a terribly shy chap; but he has one unusual gift. He can give the most wonderful imitations of birds and beasts. His representation of a fight between two cats is so realistic that it will bring showers of boots on to the verandah, heaved by indignant individuals who have been disturbed in their slumbers.

"Come on, Nellie," said Boggins, "this is an opportunity to display your talents."

Nellie read the advertisement, and began to wriggle in acute embarrassment. "Oh, really, Boggins," he said, "I couldn't!"

"Why, you ugly-faced sissy!" replied Boggins. "Do you want me to knock your silly head off? Here we are, taking the trouble to make you famous, and you start simpering like a girl who has never been kissed! Very likely, this notice was put in by the Director of Broadcasting, or somebody."

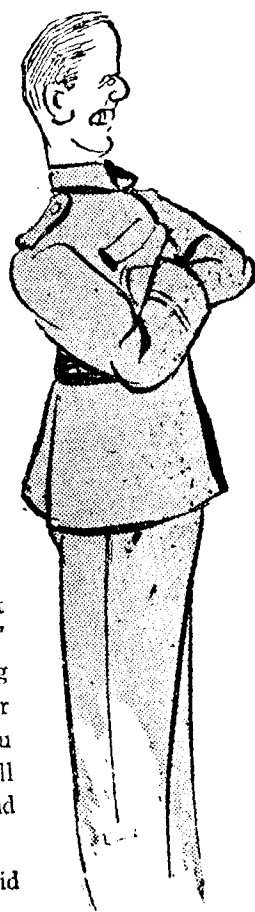
"But I don't want to broadcast!" said Nellie, in a panic.

Boggins assumed an attitude as if he were going to decapitate his comrade with one terrible blow. Actually, he intended to try nothing of the sort, because the shy and retiring Nellie is a desperate man in a fight. "Shall I have to knock sense into you?" demanded Boggins menacingly, "or will you come quietly?"

Nellie put out a single gnarled hand, and pushed Boggins to the ground. "I'm not going to broadcast," he said, in tones of mild displeasure, and resumed his attentions to the steak-and-onions.

"All right, then; don't knock your pals about," grumbled Boggins, picking himself up. "As a matter of fact, I don't suppose you will have to broadcast. All you have to do is to go and interview the advertiser."

"Oh, I couldn't!" said Nellie Dean.



Private Joyfull

"Don't be frightened," urged Boggins. "We'll come with you, and hold your hand." Eventually, Nellie reluctantly consented to accompany us.

As the following day was a Thursday, we were able to set off the next morning to discover the address mentioned in the advertisement. It proved to be a large but dilapidated house some way out of the town, standing at a distance from the road.

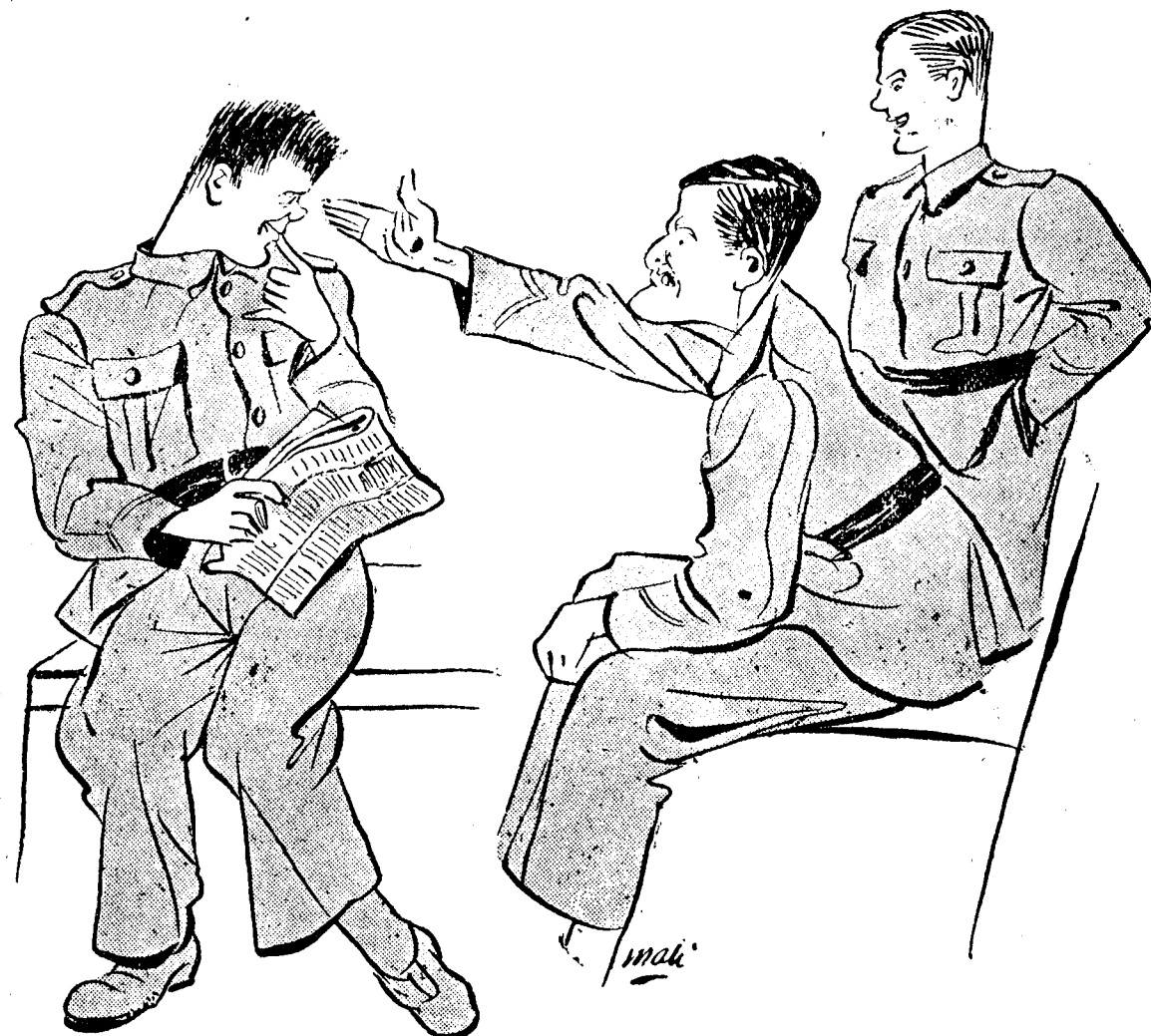
A kind of terrace overlooked the entrance, and on this terrace were a number of Indian ladies in rich draperies. As we approached, there was an excited flurry among the ladies, and they disappeared. The place was suddenly deserted.

Nellie Dean hung back. "I can't go in there among those women," he said, looking down and shuffling his feet.

Boggins pushed him forward, and pretended to kick him in the pants. "Go on!" he cried. "The women are more frightened of the sight of you, than you are of them. See, they have all gone. I suppose it is your face."

"What is the matter with my face?" demanded Nellie.

"Well, it is all right, as a face," said Boggins pacifically. "It has the correct number of features,



"Why you ugly-faced sissy!"

and all that. But I expect your mother dropped you when you were young."

At this moment, a little brown man came forward, and barred our way. He wore a khaki uniform, a slouch hat, and a heavy knife. He did not say anything. He just looked at us, like an ogre inspecting tomorrow's dinner.

Boggins seized the hand of the little ogre, and pumped it heartily. "Hullo, Johnnie!" he cried, "Shahbash! Ticketty voo! How's your father? Have a bottle of beer!"

The ogre's little eyes twinkled, and his creased countenance broke into a grin, showing a shocking collection of broken teeth. "Beer?" he said.

"Yes, presently," replied Boggins. "Introduce us to the ancestral mansion."

The little ogre grunted encouragingly, and led us up the steps. He indicated a garden seat where we might wait, and went into the house, chuckling and grunting.

It was a peculiar place. To the left was the old house. It was one of the big elaborate garden-bungalows built by the rich merchants in the days of the East India Company; but now the different apartments seemed to be offices and workshops. To the right was a large cottage that had been the *bibi-khana*, and this appeared to contain machinery, process rooms, and stores. A straggling collection of outhouses stood in the background. In the middle of the large garden was an extraordinary structure. It was like a tall airship shed, and the roof was composed of strips of sacking!

The little ogre came out and led us to the door of one of the offices. People were peeping at us from all the other doors. As I turned my head, the peeping faces disappeared like Jacks-in-the-box. I felt like a character out of 'Alice in Wonderland'.

Inside the office was a chap sitting at a large desk. He wore a European coat and waistcoat, a *dhoti*, and wooden sandals. I guessed that he came from Bengal. "Well, gentlemen," he said, "what can I do for you?"

To my surprise, he spoke with a strong American intonation. He was smoking a cigar, and he expertly shifted it from one corner of his mouth to the other, in the true transatlantic manner. Add a pair of enormous horn-rimmed goggles, and you have a complete picture of a go-getting American executive,

modified for India. His name, it appeared, was approximately Mr. Everything Goes.

Boggins acted as spokesman. "My name is Boggins," he said. "This is Joyfull; and this article (giving Nellie a dig in the ribs, and thrusting him forward) is known to the police as Private Dean."

"Pleased to see you, boys," said Mr. Everything Goes, shaking hands. "What are you—a circus act?"

"Circus act!" cried Boggins. "Do we look like a circus act?"

"No offence, boys. Say, are you real soldiers?"

"Of course we are. Do you think we belong to the Horse Marines?"

"Sorry," said Mr. Everything Goes, decidedly, "I've got no use for you."

"Come to that, we haven't any use for you," retorted the doughty Boggins. "We just thought we would investigate this advertisement." And he produced the previous day's paper.

"Oh, that," said the gentleman, looking puzzled.

"Well," continued Boggins, a bit disconcerted, "suppose you tell us the idea."

Mr. Everything Goes champed furiously at his cigar, rolling it swiftly from left to right and back again. "Say," he remarked, with a gleam in his eye, "I don't get this. Have you been sent out to investigate me—military police, or something?"

"Hold me back, you chaps," said Boggins, "or I shall hit him. He's one of those cheeky blighters who has been to America and reckons he doesn't have to be polite to anybody any more. First he asks if we are circus clowns, then he remarks he has no use for us, and finally he hints we are blooming policemen! Shall we crown him, or shall we walk out?" Evidently, Boggins had inwardly decided on the latter course, for he began to lead us in one of those indignant strategic withdrawals which are such a noteworthy feature of most discussions in India.

"Steady, boys," cried Mr. Everything Goes, in quite a different tone. "Say, you've got me guessing. Maybe I'm not up-to-date with the institutions in this part of the country. No offence, boys. Just sit down and spill the dope. Gee, this is a new one on me."

"Oh, well, if it is only your ignorance—" said Boggins, in what he supposed to be a pacific manner. "Look here; do you really want someone who can imitate animals?"

"I certainly do."

"For what purpose, may I ask?"

"Say, don't you guys know this is a cinema studio?"

"Is it?" said Boggins, looking around.

It was now the turn of Mr. Everything Goes to be offended. "I'll tell the world this is a cinema studio!" he said. "Say, you goofs, it is the best equipped studio south of the Himalayas!"

"Yes?" said Boggins. "I suppose you want someone to broadcast animal noises as an advertisement?"

"Broadcast nothing," said Mr. Everything Goes, with a grin. "I want the noises for my library."

"Excuse me," said Boggins, pronouncing each syllable carefully, as if talking to an imbecile. "Do I understand that you want someone to be on duty in your library, to make noises like lions and tigers, while you sit around and peruse a little light literature?"

"Say, you've got it all wrong—" commenced Mr. Everything Goes.

"I'm glad to hear it," interrupted Boggins. "You can put it down to my ignorance; and that leaves us quits."

The studio-manager laughed. He seemed to be quite enjoying the interview. "Let me explain," he said. "We often take pictures of animals while filming a story; but of course the animals cannot be made to produce the appropriate noises at the right moment. So we take a silent film of the animal, and add the sound afterwards."

"How?"

"We get the sound from some other source, and preserve it in our library of gramophone-records. We try to get a specimen of every known kind of noise. Then, when making up a film, we splice in the required sound from our library."

"Well, then," said Boggins, "Private Dean here will be able to supply you with all the animal-noises you require."

"Will he?" said the manager, raising his eyebrow.

"Go on!" muttered Boggins, kicking Nellie Dean in the shins. "Cats!"

"No, no!" cried Nellie, trying to make an exit through the door of a cupboard.

But we brought Nellie back, and made him commence his repertoire. Mr. Everything Goes started to listen with amused tolerance, but after hearing a few caterwauls, he sat up and began to roll his cigar feverishly between his lips.

"Reddi!" he shouted, through the open door; and then he asked Nellie: "Can you imitate any other animals?"

"Any kind," replied our comrade, "making any kind of noise. What do you want?"

The manager and Mr. Reddi (who was the sound-engineer) listened while Nellie gave an exhibition of astonishing versatility.

"Say, Mr. Dean," said the manager, at length, "what is your fee for a full repertoire of these noises?" I could hear how he was trying to keep the eagerness out of his voice.

"Fee?" cried Nellie, "I don't take fees for such a thing. Can't you see I'm a soldier? I get paid by the King."

The manager made a hopeless gesture to Mr. Reddi, and then bent his gaze on us, completely at a loss.

"It is like this," I explained. "It isn't the custom for soldiers to work at any trade or business. We do take an honorarium for certain things; but only for private pursuits of a learned or respectable sort. We don't mix up with shopkeeping, or hire ourselves for casual wages. It is like having an amateur status in sport."

"Gee!" said Mr. Everything Goes. "Do you mean you have come all the way out here, to make me a present of these valuable animal-noises?"

"I suppose so. We didn't really think about it."

"Golly!" said the manager. He leaned back in his chair, and beamed at us. "Say, I'm tickled to death. This is real quaint. Look here, will you gentlemen honour me by staying for lunch, and we'll talk over this little business?"

So we stayed for lunch.

Your Loving Son,

OBEAH JOYFULL.



The Three Wishes

By 'Embusque'

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

Illustrated by R. Bahadurje

YOUNG Robert Stair sat on a packing-case in a portable hut at the edge of the Libyan desert. In one hand he held a small antique finger-ring of solid gold; and as he conversed he threw the ring into the air, catching it with the same hand at each descent. He wore a flying-suit.

There were two more persons in the hut. One was his father, Sir William Stair, the Egyptologist. The

other was his mother, a gentle, grey-haired woman. It was with Sir William that the young man now talked, and the conversation concerned the gold ring.

"You say it was on the hand of old Pharaoh himself?"

"Yes, my boy. It was the first thing we came to, when we unwrapped the mummy this morning. In a way, it was one of our most interesting discoveries, because this very ring is a matter of historical record."

"Historical record, eh?" The young man examined the ring with renewed interest.

"It is mentioned in the papyrus of the priest Nerti-Ra. It is called the ring of the three wishes. It is a funerary ring—intended to be placed on the hand the dead. The legend is that, at intervals throughout the ages, the ring is fated to come to light again."

"And here it is, sure enough."

"Yes; but the most interesting thing is that, each time the ring comes to light, it carries three wishes. Whoever holds the ring in his right hand, and wishes aloud, may have one of the wishes. The papyrus ends with the usual curses."

"The usual curses?"

"Yes, my boy. The ancient Egyptians believed in the resurrection of the body. Hence the extreme care they observed in embalming the dead, and burying the body in a place of security. Should any mishap occur to the embalmed corpse, the soul of the

deceased would wander for ever in eternal torment, lacking the human form in which to re-enter life. Extraordinary precautions were taken to ensure the inviolability of the grave. The great pyramids are simply enormous masses of stone piled about a king's grave, to render it impossible for tomb-robbers to make away with the mummy."

"Yet all these precautions were of no avail?"

"Of no avail. Every tomb we have ever excavated was robbed within fifty years of the original burial. Tomb-robbing is the most ancient of Egyptian professions. Even the pyramids are empty. The robbers tunnelled to the very heart of them, though it took two hundred years."

"I can understand the thieves making away with the treasures buried with the kings, but why take the corpse?"

"Because pounded mummy makes a most valuable brown pigment, unobtainable from any other source. All the great masters of ancient art used Egyptian umber—meaning the dust of kings."

"And now you are following the ancient profession of tomb-robbing."

"A purely altruistic robbery, dear boy. You know the stipend of an Egyptologist. I am perhaps the world's greatest authority, yet we are as poor as church mice. The treasures, affording invaluable information about the ancient world, go to the Cairo Museum. The mummies are preserved with every respect for the beliefs of the ancient Egyptians. Both the treasures and the mummies are safer in Cairo, than left for modern tomb-robbers to find."

"All the same, you desecrate the tombs. Are you not afraid of the curse of the priest Nerti-Ra?"

"In this case, the curse is only on the ring. Since to secure the ring, the mummy must be disturbed, he who avails himself of the wish-granting properties of the ring is accursed. The wish will be granted, but in such a manner that the beneficiary will pray that it had never been granted."

Young Robert, unheeding this last speech, was gazing at the ring. "It cannot do any harm," he said. Holding the trinket in his right hand, he said, "I wish—"

"Stop!" cried his father. "With the experience of a lifetime, I have never dared to brave an ancient curse. Don't wish, or you may regret it."

"What were you going to wish, my dear?" asked the boy's mother, curiously.

"I was going to wish for a thousand pounds. With a thousand pounds, I could leave the aviation-company, and marry Kitty. A thousand pounds couldn't do anyone any harm."

"A thousand pounds would make a nice little nest-egg, my dear," agreed his mother.

"Mary! Don't encourage the boy!" cried Sir William.

"Nonsense, dad," replied the youth. "What harm can it do? Well, here goes. I wish—"



"No!" shouted his father. "Give me the ring!"
"Be a sport, dad."

"No! No! Don't do it!" Sir William rose, and attempted to take the ring from his son. The young aviator dodged, and placed himself behind a barrier of packing-cases, where his father could not reach him.

"Now then!" he cried gaily. Holding the ring aloft, he said, "I wish for a thousand pounds!"

There was dead silence in the hut. The three people gazed at each other. There was an eerie feeling upon them all. A minute ticked away. But nothing happened.

Sir William broke the silence. "Give me the ring," he said soberly. "I will pack it with the other trinkets where it will do no harm. I hope it has not done harm already."

"Pooh, don't worry, dad," said the young man. "Here is your old ring. Now I must get back to Helipolis. I'm due to take out the night 'plane."

Donning his flying-helmet, the young man went to the door of the hut, and pushed. The door remained fast. "Your rotten old portable huts, dad," he commented. "These doors always stick." He put his shoulder to the door, and it flew open.

"Well, goodbye, dad. Goodbye, mums."

"Goodbye."

The two old people watched their son drive off in his rattletrap car, down the sandy track leading away from the excavations.

"Young puppy!" said Sir William, with a note of pride in his voice.

"Wouldn't it be lovely if he *did* get a thousand pounds," said the old lady, softly.

* * * *

It was noon of the following day. Sir William Stair and his wife sat at lunch in the hut. The morning's digging was over. There came the sound of a car along the sandy track. It halted outside the hut.

"Who on earth can it be, at this time of the day?" wondered Sir William.

"It is the thousand pounds! I am sure of it!" cried his wife, joyfully running to the door, and trying to open it. As usual, it stuck.

Sir William forced the door open. "Why! George Whitehead!" he cried. "Come in! Is everything all right at the aerodrome?"

"I am afraid I bring bad news," said George Whitehead, heavily.

"My son!" cried the woman. "Has anything happened to my son?"

George cast his eyes downward, and nodded.

"Tell me! Is he badly hurt?"

"There has been an accident," said George, unwillingly.

"An accident! I must go to him!"

The messenger gulped. "I am afraid you cannot go to him," he muttered.

"Dead! Dead! My son is dead!" wailed the mother.

George Whitehead looked piteously at Sir William. Sir William led the sobbing woman to a chair, and sat beside her, his arms round her shoulder. "Courage, my dear," he whispered brokenly. "Come George; tell us everything. Do not spare us."

"We got news this morning that the night 'plane was down at El Faneh, in the desert. We—went there. Robert was dead."

"My son! My only son!" wept the mother.

Her husband patted her shoulder. "Go on, George. How—how did he die?"

"The 'plane crashed, and—caught alight."

"Burned to death!" cried the father in anguish.

"No, sir. He must have died instantly, when the 'plane crashed. All his bones were broken."

"And the body?"

"Forgive us, sir. We had to bury him at once. It was too dreadful. His arms—his face—burnt, you know, sir."

"I shall never see my dear son again!" sobbed the mother.

Meanwhile George Whitehead was looking everywhere but at the bereaved pair. "I'm sorry," he muttered. "I have one more duty to discharge. Pardon me for mentioning it, but—well, the chaps at the aerodrome know your circumstances. We cannot give back your son to you, but—well," he added desperately, "the chaps asked me to give you this." He lay an envelope on the table, and retreated to the door.

"What is it?" asked Sir William, uncomprehendingly.

"We hope you won't mind, sir. It is a thousand pounds."

* * * *

It was night, and the parents were alone with their grief. "Oh, daddy," moaned the woman, "will you ever forgive me? It was I who encouraged him to make that dreadful wish."

"Don't grieve, my dear," said the old man, brokenly. "Oh, my boy! My boy!"

"If only the wish could be unsaid! If only we could have our son back again!"

"You cannot, my dear. Be brave!"

The old lady suddenly sat upright. "We can have him back!" she cried hysterically. "There are two wishes left!"

"No, no!"

"I will wish him back!" she screamed. "The ring! Where is the ring?" Feverishly she began to tear at the packing-case in which it had been placed, while her husband, sobbing, implored her not to touch the accursed thing.

"Here it is!" she cried. "I will wish!"

"Think well before you wish!" begged Sir William. "Remember the way the wishes are fulfilled!"

His wife was suddenly calm. "There can be no mistake this time," she said. "This is a mother's wish—a wish that cannot go wrong." Holding the ring in her right hand, she cried, loudly and firmly, "I wish my son alive again!"

* * * *

The parents stood in utter silence, gazing at each other. "Listen!" whispered the old lady.

"There is nothing," said Sir William, sadly.

"My son will come back!" chanted the woman, her face transfigured with faith.

Sir William's blood froze. There was a sound outside the door. It was a slithering, scrabbling sound, a sound of broken panting, and an inarticulate gobbling.

"There is something there!" cried the old lady, rushing to the door. "It is my son!"

Sir William stood rooted to the floor, listening to the faint, horrible sounds outside. "Don't open the door!" he shouted. "Oh, my God, don't open the door! I know what it is!"

"The door is stuck," cried his wife. "It is my son outside! Open the door!"

"Mary! Mary!" cried the man. "Do you remember your wish? Oh God, you wished the boy alive again. He is alive—don't you understand? He is alive, in that poor, shattered body! Dragging his broken bones across the sand with the stumps of his poor burned arms! Trying to call us, with his poor mutilated tongue! Looking for us, with sightless eyes set in a face that is a horrible mask! Oh God, don't open the door!"

"It is my son! I will go to my son!" The woman's fingers were tearing at the panels of the door, battering at it in the intensity of her desire.

The old man moaned in helpless horror. Then, desperately, he began to search. He searched the open packing-case, the table, the floor. With a sob of relief, his fingers closed on the object of his search. It was the ring, thrown down by his wife in her excitement. The door was trembling under her frantic onslaught. The horrible noises outside were closer. Sir William raised the ring in his right hand.

"God forgive me!" he cried, "I wish my son back in his grave!"

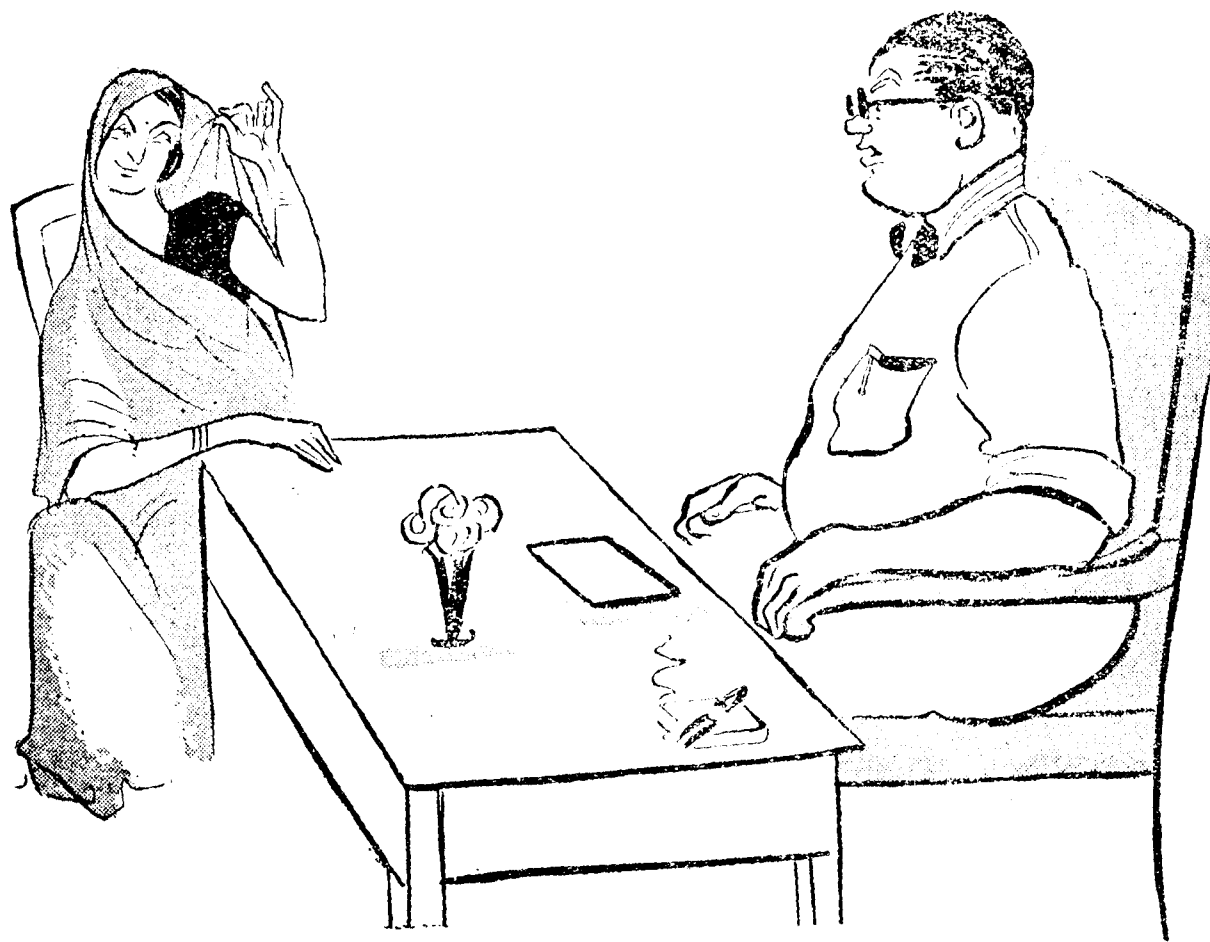
Complete silence descended upon the hut. The noises outside suddenly ceased. With wavering steps, Sir William went to the door, and threw it open. Taking his wife's hand, he stood on the threshold, looking out.

The desert stretched before their eyes, silent and empty.

Taken for a Ride

Thomas A. Edison, in his wanderings about the grounds adjacent to his Menlo Park laboratories one late autumn day, found a little bird that had become crippled, and was unable to join the autumnal exodus to the southlands. The inventor captured the bird, which after some time showed a decided improvement and an apparent readiness for flight. But the kind saviour was doubtful about the bird's ability to meet the demands of a long air journey. So he made a comfortable little box replete with such facilities as the frail passenger would require. Mr. Edison then placed his little friend in the box, labelled it for a destination in South America, and delivered it to the express company with instructions to release the bird at the end of the journey.

The Umwar Necklace



Reading Time
About 11 Minutes

By 'Ram'

Illustrated by Mali

CHANDRA Sekhar De (B.A Oxon., but mention of this made him acutely unhappy) was at a loose end.

A recent deal had brought him over a lakh so that money was plentiful. Also Calcutta was remarkably

quiet. Mr. De, therefore, was not unreasonably bored. He lit a fragrant Virginia, and watched the smoke curling ceilingwards, with lazy, speculative eyes. A shooting trip to the Sunderbans, he thought, was indicated.

"Chatterjee!" he called, neglecting the bell at his elbow. Chatterjee entered.

"Any pressing business that needs my help?"

"No, sir. Only cheques. I can pay those in without your counter-signature."

"Thanks. That'll do."

"Oh, well, it would have to be the Sunderbans," he soliloquised. And at that moment the centre rose of a bouquet on his table glowed.

He patted the slim knife strapped inside his sleeve and said, "Come in."

The door opened and a woman entered. She was dressed in a *saree*, the top fold pulled low over her eyes, Gujarati fashion, making recognition difficult. In response to his courteous 'please sit down' she relapsed into a chair across the desk and swept her *saree* from her face. Mr. De jerked in his seat with surprise.

"Nalini Ghose!" His ejaculation was very nearly a stammer. Nalini Ghose had come into his life once before—his head ached reminiscently at the thought of the sandbagging that had been a result. She was a dancer, more charming than beautiful and more beautiful than moral, which makes her very charming indeed. A rich dancer, a famous dancer.

Also an exponent of India's classical art, which involves the separation of a fool and his money in the shortest possible time.

"The last time we met, Mr. De, our meeting was attended by some unpleasantness, I recollect."

"Unpleasantness is correct," said Mr. De sardonically.

"This time I am here as a client. If you have ten minutes to spare, I'll tell you the whole story."

"Take twenty," offered Mr. De, with generosity. He used to say that other people's time cost as much as his did, and if they chose to waste it, there was almost certainly a profit somewhere for him.

"I'll put it very briefly," she promised. "The paramount Chief of Umwar was kind enough to admire me and my dancing—to such an extent that I was his guest for a year. That was just before you met Ezra French, Mr. De."

"Amazing how hospitable these Chiefs are," said Mr. De, who hated Federation from the sole of his shoes upwards.

"Well, the only tangible result of our—friendship, was the Umwar Necklace which he gave me."

This seemed to astonish even the phlegmatic Bengali.

"The Umwar Necklace? The diamond thing Satish Benoy valued at fifteen lakhs?"

"Precisely. The same Umwar Necklace."

"And you said it was the *only* tangible result," murmured Mr. De reproachfully.

"Well—the trouble now is simple and frightfully obvious. Mohan Kumar, the brother, wants this necklace back—it's the only valuable thing in Umwar, because the State itself is inextricably in debt. They'll have to put the place in the Court of Wards when the present Chief dies." She hesitated for a moment.

"And you don't want to give it back," interrupted De, understandingly. "People seldom return 15 lakh diamonds with alacrity."

"That's it," she agreed. "So, of course, Mohan Kumar will take it without my consent. What I want you to do is this, Mr. De. In a fortnight I'll be leaving for Vienna again, and once off Indian shores, I'm not afraid of this gentleman. I know his type." There was a wealth of scorn in her voice.

"But these 15 days are a different matter. He's made two rather clumsy attempts already—they failed by sheer luck, though—and I don't want to lose that necklace. Will you undertake to guard it till I leave? Please—for 25,000/-."

There was a short silence. If Chandra Sekhar De had been given to melodramatics, it would have been a tense silence. Since he was not, it remained merely a commonplace, uncomfortable silence.

He turned the matter over in his mind. Why not? There was sure to be a spot of excitement and 25,000/- coming at the end of it, with, of course, a dash of favourable kismet.

"But why don't you put it in a safe-deposit, Miss Ghose?" he asked.

"Because, you see I want to wear it for three or four particular occasions and if Mohan Kumar's really after the diamonds, those are exactly the times he'd choose to lift them. A safe-deposit would be practically useless."

Again he ruminated for a minute. "Consider me engaged, Miss Ghose."

And that was that.

He shifted his residence to Nalini's bungalow in the suburbs of Calcutta. No one remarked the change for the simple reason that her guests were many and

various—some innocent, some not so innocent, and all sorry to leave, when the time came for their departure. Their sorrow might possibly have had some connection with expensive presents and handsome cheques which they left as souvenirs of their visits. Nalini was remarkably fond of souvenirs, but this the majority did not realise until the time came to cough up.

Every time she wore the pearls, he was re-assuringly near her. When not in use, the necklace reposed in a safe, and the safe was reasonably secure in De's room at night.

On Wednesday evening Nalini wore the diamonds for a stage performance and returned them to De at about 11 o'clock. He put them in the safe and dropped off to sleep.

For a couple of hours he slept dreamlessly; then the hideous clangour of a telephone bell dragged him from oblivion. There was a small telephone connecting his room with Miss Ghose's in the other wing of the house.

"Yes?" he said.

"Come quickly—oh, quick! They're strangling—" and there was a very realistic gurgle at the other end of the line.

A chivalrous Englishman would have charged out valiantly at that; but Chandra Sekhar De was neither English, chivalrous, nor particularly valiant. In fact he was quite sane. So he picked up his gun, twirled the cylinder to make sure it was fully loaded, and slid softly out of bed, out of the door, and around the corner of the corridor. Then he waited for what might betide, with faith in Providence, (for his mother, estimable lady, had been a Scotch Non-Conformist) and one hand on his torch. He had not long to wait. A bare-footed figure padded past him and into his room without exercising the caution one would expect such an intruder to exercise. Mr. De followed, after making sure of the absence of any one behind him: he particularly desired to avoid being the meat in a sandwich.

The burglar switched on the light and walked safely. At this precise moment Mr. De sauntered leisurely in and spoke, loftily but with insistence.

"Put up your hands, Mr. Homo-alleged-sapiens, which is Latin for 'low thief'."

The gentleman at the safe turned suddenly and beheld a business-like Smith and Wesson in a capable

hand, menacing his middle. He seemed to be doubtful about obeying the order.

"If you don't, I shall shoot you through your stomach. Authorities on the subject affirm that men take four days to die when so shot—also they die in lamentable agony," said Mr. De persuasively.

The stranger did as he was commanded.

"Now turn your back towards me and stand like that till I search you," continued Mr. De.

He advanced, gripped his revolver by the barrel and smote the 'Homo-sapiens' grievously on the head; whereat that unfortunate gentleman collapsed without so much as a grunt.

Then he made his way silently to Nalini Ghose's bedroom. There were three men inside and the light was switched on. Apparently they had, or thought they had, nothing to fear.

"Is that you, Satish?" asked someone.

"It's me," corrected Mr. De, pleasantly; he was standing in the doorway and the revolver in his right hand was prominent.

There was a silence. The man who had spoken flung himself sideways and dragged at a heavy throwing knife. De, still smiling genially, fired and the active gentleman was no longer active.

"I am sure you will be reasonable," he said. They were.

Nalini was seated safe, but frightened, on the bed; they had not harmed her, in the least.

"The idea was to lure you here, and blow the safe in your room. How did you guess?" she asked.

"I have a crooked mind," he explained gravely.

Mr. De told his guests that they were at liberty to depart; he did not require their further presence. The police, when they came in response to Nalini's summons, were told the sad story of a solitary intruder who had been shot in self-defence.

On Thursday evening Mr. De called on Mohan Kumar.

"I take it you are very anxious to secure the necklace, Kumar Sahib?" asked the Bengali.

"I am," replied the Kumar Sahib.

"Well—I can get it for you. How much?" There was some little haggling; eventually they agreed at

20,000/-. It says much for Chandra Sekhar De's plausibility that Mohan Kumar never for a second doubted his ability to obtain possession of the diamonds.

"It is worth 20,000/- to you to get the stuff, and 25,000/- to Nalini Ghose to keep it. I intend to collect both amounts."

"Do you?" said Mohan Kumar unpleasantly.

"I do. Thus. I have to guard the jewels till the 23rd when she sails. On board ship I get my cheque. A fake will go into the purser's charge—not the Umwar Necklace. I'll have to switch the two somewhere on board. Then I hand the real one to you and collect my 20,000/- in notes. It'll look funny if I cash a cheque from you—she might try to implicate me in the theft later on. Is that all right?"

Apparently it was not.

"Supposing you give me the fake?"

"My dear Kumar Sahib!" protested De. "But of course you'll have a jeweller ready to identify the stuff before you pay me."

The bargain was sealed.

"And now no more attempts to steal them, please," said Mr. De. "I don't want to forfeit that 25,000/-."

He departed in a haze of mystery, which, had the fat man only known it, was contrary to all his principles.

The remaining week passed quietly enough. The Raja's brother had realised both the futility and danger of making another attempt on the diamonds.

On the 23rd, S. S. *Liedenfels* was sailing; also S. S. *Osaka Maru*, on the 24th; but this Mohan Kumar did not notice.

On the 22nd a lot of Nalini's heavy luggage was sent to the dock, a proceeding which was noted by certain parties with satisfaction. On the 23rd Nalini drove up with Chandra Sekhar De by her side and went aboard the *Liedenfels*. Mr. De returned alone and met the Kumar Sahib half an hour later at the place pre-arranged—a small and dirty restaurant round Kailas Road—entirely, or so it seemed, by accident.

"Here's the necklace. Take it quickly to your man and have it identified. I'll be following you, so for your own sake don't try any funny tricks. If he's satisfied, return here and hand over the money."

They separated and the necklace was carried to the car with Mr. De strolling unobtrusively behind. A brief colloquy—a rapid examination—then: "Yes, huzoor, it's the Umwar Necklace."

Mohan Kumar was pleased and jubilant. So he had outwitted that shameless courtesan, that—several-mentionable-adjectival-she-devil after all! His fingers reluctantly drew out a thick wad of notes as he brushed past De.

"Here you are—15,000/-"

"20,000/-" corrected Mr. De firmly. A smaller wad was still more reluctantly added to the first.

They parted.

Mohan Kumar drove slowly down Chowringhee to his house and there the first big surprise of the day met him. To be exact, three quarters of an hour after his arrival—in the form of a young and efficient Inspector of Police.

"I arrest you on a charge of theft and warn you," etc. The theft being the theft of the Umwar Necklace, which was discovered in his inner coat pocket.

"I tell you what I'll do, Kumar Sahib. It's extremely irregular, but being what you are, I can't help doing it." The flattery implied in his tone was enormous.

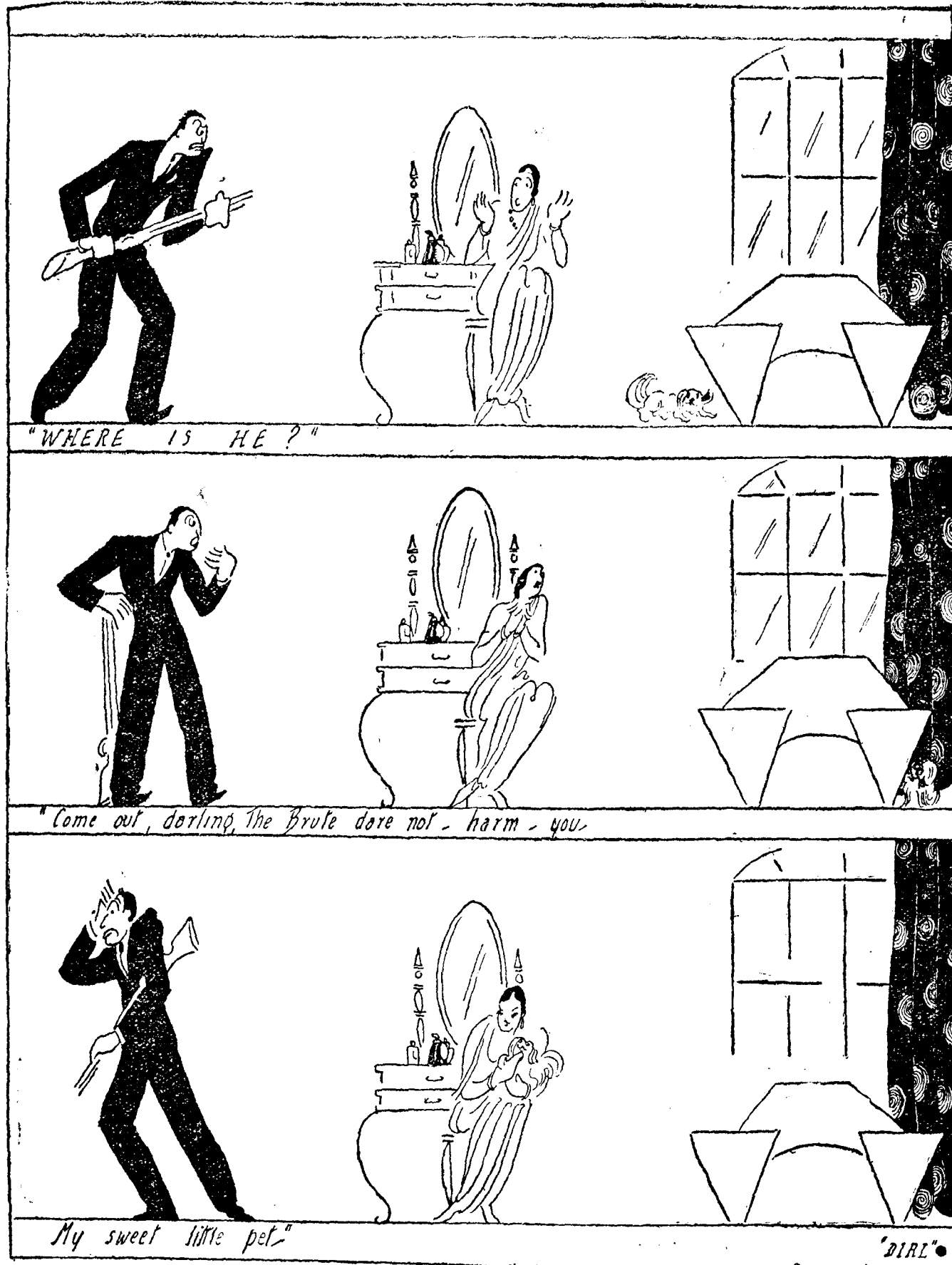
"Your accomplice Chandra Sekhar De, is already under lock and key. But I'll do something for you. You needn't come to the station and go through the formality of a bail application plus the inconvenience and mortification of a night in the cells. I'll just take the necklace to the Commissioner's office—here's a receipt—and rely on your honour to appear when summoned at the station. Probably on the 24th, because at present the Commissioner's out."

Mohan Kumar thanked the Inspector and handed over the diamonds.

The Inspector returned, leaving him to his thoughts.

On the 24th, Miss Nalini Ghose, the talented dancer sailed by the S. S. *Osaka Maru*; so she could not have gone on the S. S. *Liedenfels*, could she? Curiously enough it appeared that she had seen some friends of hers off on it—or perhaps only the Captain.

It was not until the 25th morning, after making tentative enquiries, that Mohan Kumar realised the complete falsity of his 'Inspector'. And the true nature of Chandra Sekhar De.



Readers' Forum

Auntie Replies

MY DEAR PARVATHI,

Young ladies are often romantically-minded, even when they have not attended a co-educational school! So you love Parameswaram, and you have the romantic notion that a couple bearing such names would be happily mated.

Evidently you do not get many opportunities of seeing the young man. In that case, the traditional ways are the best. Why not confide in your parents? You can still manage the affair in romantic fashion; but the romance will run much more smoothly if you have the sanction of your parents. Your parents' approval would also make it easier for you to see something of the young man.

I think the real motive of your letter is that you want to win the young man's love by your own efforts. You may be able to do it, as Parameswaram is a modern young chap. There are ways in which you may attract his attention without loss of self-respect. Perhaps there will arise an occasion when you can send him a book, with a friendly chit, as one student to another. That is your best opportunity—an occasion for friendly but non-committal communication.

If Parameswaram shows an equal interest in reply, it should not be difficult to continue the acquaintanceship. Do not, however, descend to clandestine love-letters, the employment of mercenary go-betweens, and such-like devices. It would all be much easier if your parents have knowledge of your desire. Parameswaram will have to go to your father in the end, so it would be

just as well if your parents knew all about it from the beginning.

Should Parameswaram show no great pleasure in response to your original expression of interest, you must of course give up all notion of pursuing him.

The reply to your less serious questions will appear in Auntie's column within a few weeks.

With all good wishes,

AUNTIE

'Widower' Mysore.

DEAR 'WIDOWER',

You have recently lost your second wife, and are left with six children, ranging from one to fifteen years of age. You are 48, and have no desire to take a young girl as your third wife; nor would you contemplate marriage to a widow.

At present your home is being kept by your eldest daughter. You do not like leaving her alone in the house all day, and in addition it is high time to think of her marriage, though there is no bridegroom in prospect at the moment. There are no relations to whom you can turn. You have tried servants, but they proved unsuitable and dishonest.

You suggest that the only solution is to obtain the services of a lady who would be glad to undertake the management of your home. You emphasise that the employment would be honourable and not ill-rewarded.

I think your conclusion is sound, but the matter requires the exercise of great care and good judgement. You must first clarify your own ideas. What you want is a *servant*. She will be a trustworthy lady, but an employee. Do not try and make her an inmate of your household. She should have her own private quarters, and lead her own life when not attending to her duties. As you live in a large town, this is quite feasible.

The circumstances require a lady of good sense and some education, without prejudices and encumbrances. I am afraid you will have difficulty in getting a suitable person of your own community; but among Anglo-Indians there are many respectable women in straitened circumstances, owing to widowhood or other misfortune, who are seeking a reputable livelihood. If you think out the arrangements carefully, there is no insuperable orthodox objection. An advertisement in the Madras, Bombay and Calcutta papers will bring many applications. In dealing with applicants, you must lay all your cards on the table, and in return obtain indubitable testimony regarding character and antecedents. In short, you should give and require full references. It is useful to employ a reliable intermediary, for example a minister of religion, especially in such matters as forwarding railway-fare for the successful applicant.

Housekeepers are good and bad, helpful and troublesome, of the highest repute and otherwise. It depends on the character of the employer. You should think out your position beforehand, resolve

on the attitude you will adopt, and hold steadily to it.

I regret you have not sent your address, as it will be some weeks before you see this reply. If you will write again and give your address, I will be glad to advise you further; for example, in the wording of a suitable advertisement.

With all good wishes,
AUNTIE

'Lover' Worli.

DEAR 'LOVER',

Should you marry a girl who is a year older than yourself? You do not state your own age, which might have some bearing on the reply. However, you say that until recently you loved the girl. You are now hesitating because her parents are pressing for a marriage.

What is this? Are you suffering from bachelor's cold feet?

With kind regards,
AUNTIE

'Worried' Worli.

DEAR 'WORRIED',

In order to avoid correspondence from friends and relatives, you sent them a circular saying you had gone to Assam. Now you want to get into touch with them again, and do not know how to conceal your previous deceit. This is easy, dear boy. Send them another circular announcing your safe return from Assam.

With kind regards,
AUNTIE

'Gaveniu', Mambalam.

DEAR 'GAVENIU',

You can hardly write to Auntie on 17th August, and expect to see a reply in the issue dated 24th August! However, you enclosed

your address, so this answer will reach you long before it appears in the magazine.

You are in love with a sweet young lady, and are anxious to know whether she loves you or not. Nobody knows, dear boy. She probably doesn't know herself.

In all such cases, Auntie advises her readers to employ the 'usual channels' of enquiry and proposal, which differ in each community. There is seldom anything to be gained by going behind the customs sanctioned by public opinion. Of course, if you belong to a community that permits direct approach between the sexes, the simplest thing to do is to go and ask the young lady yourself.

Perhaps you hoped that Auntie could discover the facts by spells and incantations? Alas, no. But perhaps some member of the young lady's family could give you a hint how the land lies.

With all good wishes,
AUNTIE

'Fizz' Benares.

DEAR 'FIZZ',

You propound the following:

'A Madrassé brahmin was married, at 22 years of age, to a girl chosen by his parents. He protested strongly, but went through the ceremony for fear of his parents. After the marriage he went abroad for a number of years. While there, he fell in love with a girl, and went about with her, but could not marry her.

'Now after ten years he has come back. He hates the girl he married, and is always thinking of the girl he left behind. His parents coax him to take his wife, beget children, and live peacefully, but so far he has evaded a decision.

'If he settles down, he is sure his life will be an unending misery. If he does not, his parents' life will be miserable. He is the only son. His parents are well-off. He

has employment, but it is insecure. What is he to do?'

About the only thing he can do, my dear 'Fizz', is to beg the forgiveness of his long-suffering parents and his ill-treated wife, and commence an arduous course of penances for his many sins. He can make no reparation to the girl he left behind; but girls who get 'left behind'; are extraordinarily generous in their prayers, so perhaps your friend will suffer nothing worse than a few reincarnations as an earthworm.

It is never right to flout the elementary decencies of one's own people, and your friend has certainly done himself no good by adding European vices to his many shortcomings. Let him set himself right in the eyes of his own people; then perhaps he will be able to atone for his past misdeeds, and find it in his heart to become a decent husband.

Yours sincerely,
AUNTIE

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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?

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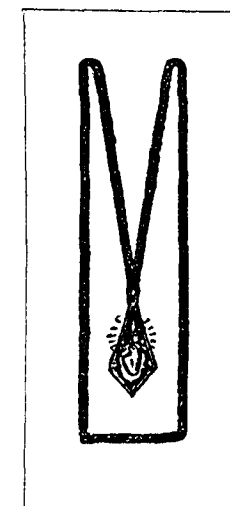
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Merry-Magus

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.

L. Seetharaman (P a l n i). Emotion and not logic helps you to understand things. Avoid all pervers, as you are pliable to every temperament. Don't procrastinate; it is indeed apparent in you. You are versatile but it is no blessing in you. It puts you under a dilemma as to what career to choose. Control your sex impulses. You look conventional to the world, but I know you are out and out a Bohemian. Indigestion is likely to worry you.

Aiyaswamy (Calcutta). You are of the sophisticated type. Your genial temperament helps you much. You respect law and order. Is not your motto 'self first'? I cannot call you original but you succeed where others have failed on account of your perseverance and industry. Your fault is you don't strike the middle course in anything. Guard yourself against constipation.

Cyrus (James Bazaar). It is not possible to satisfy everybody. Therefore don't place too much value on the opinions of the world. Do what you think is right. Curb that desire for pleasure. It will make you easy-going and spoil your life. The good point in you is you do not arrive at conclusions on the impulse; you deliberate and analyse each point. Be careful,

you are an easy prey for cajolery. Emotion and sentiments govern you more than logic. Troubles of the bladder will worry you.

J. T. Lawrence (Colombo). Being independent does not mean that you should shun society and often dislike others. You are patient and tireless but you are extremely slow. Put on some briskness. It is very bad to suspect the sincerity of others. Don't carry your prudence too far. You are easily discouraged. Do you not feel a bit lonely? Troubles of the ear and teeth will worry you.

Bharadwaja (Tanjore). Don't be a tyrant in domestic affairs. May be you are forgiven on account of your influence over the opposite sex; but don't you consider, accommodation will help to peacefulness? Don't think that vengeance is the only way of retaliation. Be pacific. Control your temper and do not allow selfishness to predominate over you. Take care that you are not carried away by false praises. If you want your health to be perfect, avoid being free.

Milk (Lawley Road). Mere arguments will not solve a problem. You should be prepared to be

convinced. Certain things are beyond the ken of the senses and you will have to accept them as things imperceptible. You should not deny their existence. Are you not restless? Why? There is fixity of idea or opinions in you. Don't depend on luck. You will have to work hard to get the milk. Take care of your nerves.

Sellam (Madura). Can't you control your impetuosity and hot temper? However generous and sympathetic you are, it is a pity you will be repaid with deceit and treachery. Are you able to study hard? No. Intuition alone helps you to understand things. The fault in you is you are artless and too plain. Your good humour makes you wanting in strictness. Take care of your eyes.

S. V. Kumar (Sattur). Hullo! Mr. 'Stiffneck'! How do you fare in your obstinacy and unyielding determination? Is this tendency of any avail while you stand before the person who claims your adoration? Being full of social instincts you hate strife. Are you not fond of entertaining your 'friends'? But be careful in selecting them. There are many among them to mislead you by tickling your emotions. Do live properly if you will have perfect health.

Replies—

Future (Rajahmundry). Mr. Peacemaker! You are having as many enemies as you have friends. Probably it is the lot of all 'peacemakers'. You are highly impressionable and you will always have the tendency to go one better if you are in bad company. Are you not showy and proud? You should take good care of your stomach and digestive organs.

impudence is no virtue. I will be the last man to coerce you into any action, you will be up in arms against me in no time. But I am sure I can manage you with tact and kindness. Curb your impulsiveness, it shows up your weakness of lacking in self-control. Don't addict yourself to any stimulants. Take good rest and sleep and you will have good health.

Narasimhan. You have sufficient strength and with perseverance, you can accomplish any task imposed on you. Then why do you feel the responsibility too much? Don't be uneasy; you do your mite and the thing will be finished in its own course. Do you know why you are like this? You under-rate your capabilities and suffer from inferiority complex. Don't be pugnacious. Are you not putting on a mask over your feelings? It is not a virtue always; you are liable to be misunderstood as unsympathetic. Be careful of your spleen and liver.

Zia-D-Ahmad (Peshawar). You are fond of entertainment and merriment. Have consideration for others' feelings. You may succeed by provocative ways but

Babu (Rameswaram). Yes, you are warm-hearted but I can't say you are constant. Your weakness is your outspokenness. It is good you are not malicious. You can better imitate than invent. Discriminate in your association with others. There are treacherous and false friends around you. Is not advantage taken of your want of strictness? You should take care of your eyes.

Pandit. You are a Theosophist at heart. It is very bad to spy on the weaknesses of others; please don't do it. Perseverance and hard work will reward you more than luck. You are intuitive; therefore your first impressions will be the best basis to work on. It is bad to be selfish. You are liable to suffer from nervous disorders.

Samuel (Kallai, Malabar). Tell me honestly if you are able to keep your promise. Do you not hesitate when called upon to do so? So it is better you don't promise on the spur of the moment. Don't gamble, my dear sir, we are not born lucky enough to make easy money. It is just a myth to you and me. Every word and action of yours is flavoured with romance. Don't be capricious and avoid selfishness. Gastric troubles are likely to worry you.

Narayandas, Udma. Are you not public-minded? But you are extremely sensitive. Overcome that tendency. It spoils your chances in life. Are you not losing many good opportunities? Do you know why you lose them? It is that over-sensitiveness my

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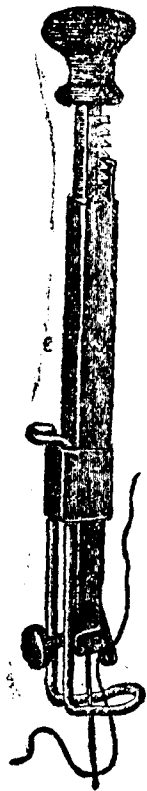


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Friend; kill it and develop your will-power. Eschew that over-reasoning faculty. Be frugal but don't carry it to extremes.

★

Gundopunt (Hatkanagale). Tell me honestly, are you able to study deep? Endowed with highclass intelligence, you understand the principles of a thing without effort. Extreme frankness is no virtue at all. I am glad anger with you is only a thing of the moment. You hate subterfuge. You are liable to have eye and heart troubles.

★

Gadadhar Prasad Doobay (Chapra). Dear sir, create opportunities, don't wait for them. You are public-spirited, but what is the use if you are to be so sensitive? Overcome that. There are many friends around you and yet you feel lonely. The trouble is you don't trust others. You are liable to be worried by jaundice.

★

Flower Tuty. Merry Magus is too busy to cross-refer dates. Please state the correct date of birth according to the English Calendar.

★

C. L. Chhibbar. (Peshawar). Dear friend, push yourself forward, stand before the public and claim your due. Don't you realise that over-sensitiveness and lack of self-confidence are the obstacles in achieving your aims. Don't fall for flattery from your false friends; you will be led into fraudulent schemes. Be alert and decided. You have more appreciation for brain work and brain development: but it is no reason why you should not care for your physique. You will suffer from anaemia.

★

M. Natarajan (Bombay). You are yet to be born. 17th December 1936 is far far away.

Architey (Jaipur). Don't be so unreasonable; the thing which is right to you may not be right to others. You are not the only one in the world. Originality and extreme materialism cannot go together. Your plodding course of action suggests want of quickness and brilliancy, but yet the fixity of purpose and the will-power make your life a success. Are you not a conservative? "Self first" is your motto. Why do you spoil your excellent system by drugging?

★

L. Lahoti (Jaipur). Don't be so overbearing. Superstition is no religion. You are self-possessed and self-reliant, but your action is solid and plodding. Don't live in disharmonious and annoying conditions, it will spoil your health. Don't imagine any illness.

★

Surabhi. You are successful on account of your daring ways; but be prudent. Have consideration for the feelings of others. Nobody can coerce you into action: if one does so, the result will only be the explosion of your dormant temper. Don't you see your impulsiveness shows out your lack of self-control? My dear friend, avoid all stimulants. Sleep well.

★

Truth (Matunga). Don't think it is beneath one's dignity to acknowledge an error. Yes, you are truth incarnate, extremely resenting the slightest deviation from it. Don't criticise others. Can you confidently say you are not allowing selfish ambition to predominate over you? You have the bad knack of breaking into others' conversations and assert your views. Be careful; this tendency will lead you into difficulties. You crave for title and honour. Be always actively employed.

★

Valon. Don't be so rash and self-conceited. You create opposition thereby. Your independent

spirit makes you hate to live under the restraint of others. Don't be idle; be always actively employed or else you will become depressed. Your ambitious and cheerful nature rouses the envy of others. You are liable to be worried by pains in head and ears.

★

Sandow. Extreme frankness is at times a failing. It shows want of tact. You have no faith in anything; you want to reason out everything. Why do you lose interest because others do not allow you a free hand? Can't you realise that others may help you in time where you may fail on account of your over-confidence. It is to your good. Rheumatism will worry you.

★

Ranga (Shiyali). I would allow you to have your own way. It is better you act for yourself than under the direction of others. Your courage and determination are weakened by your impulsiveness. Don't waste your efforts and energy by jumping to extremes. Woe unto the man who deceives you! Be careful, you are liable to become selfish and snobbish. Take care of your skin. Boils and carbuncles are likely to worry you.

★

Dejected (Trivandrum). Why so, my dear friend? Is it because others misjudge you on account of your frankness? Or is it because you have been spending money rather freely and there is no everlasting source for the supply of money? Probably you have entered politics! Don't do that; you would be a success in any line except in politics. There is no cause for dejection as you have confidence in yourself. Don't for goodness sake break in while others are conversing. For one thing it's bad manners. For another you will make enemies. You suffer from inflammation of the tongue.

Arjunsingh. M. Solanki (Punchmahals). Your intelligence and quick grasping power are being eclipsed by your impulsiveness. Can't you check that tendency? You are ambitious. But you do underestimate your capabilities? Be social, don't shut yourself up with your own thoughts. You will become sullen. Don't for god's sake be idle. Engage yourself with something or other; else you will lose good opportunities. Try to lead an open-air life, for health.

★

Narayana (Hudugur). Have an eye on your companions. There are many among them to 'Pick' you at the opportune moment. They know how to do it and you are not a proof against their cunning. Don't procrastinate.

★

This will spoil many good chances. Consider well before you promise. Don't promise on the impulse and then become the laughing-stock of others. You are liable to be misunderstood in your intentions. Take good care of your stomach.

S. P. Rangappa (Seringapatam) Dearsir, let your motto be "Think twice before you leap." You are liable to be misled by your feelings or sensations. You can stand any amount of strain provided you have an interest in the thing. Don't be so zealous for nothing at all. Does it not lead you into difficulties? What is the use of your hospitality and generous nature if you are going to be so tyrannical and obstinate? Don't live in damp places. Boils will worry you.

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3	P	A		Part of our body	(42)
4	A	E		Allowance	(44)
5	S	H		Exhibit	(65)
6	O	E		Stupid fellow	(44)
7	H	O		Yell of derision	(58)
8	O	E		Sound	(54)
9	P	O		A Game	(58)
10	K	I		Ruler	(41)
11	I	E		Passage of water	(46)
12	I	G	T	Any of the nine numbers	(49)

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A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
N	O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z
14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26

For the example No. 1. It is "Post" and it conveys the idea of "Established System of conveying letters." The accuracy is checked further as P=16, O=15, S=19, T=20 and the total is 70. Now solve the other eleven words.

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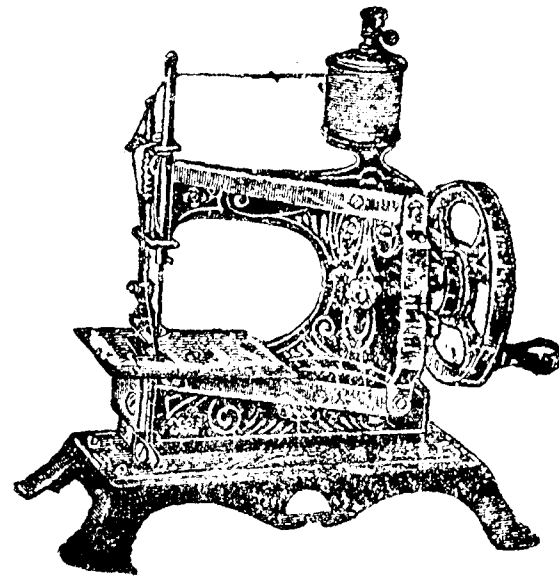
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