

Vol. III 333

The

No. 41

MERRY

MAGAZINE

12th
Oct.
1935



Old Soldier Jim
Elmer Delville
Rasool

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when the
get needed
at least strain.

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children
perfectly
soluble, it is
prepared, hot or cold; it is
particularly nice when made with
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THE
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MAGAZINE

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Madras Saturday

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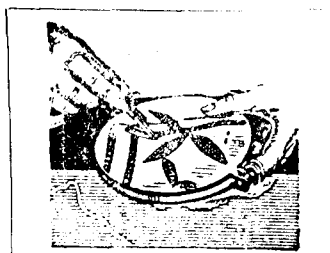
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Madras Oct. 12, '35

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Albert A. Roland
Close Quarters

Against the grand background of the League football matches in Calcutta, a little unofficial love-making is staged. But Nemesis overtakes the poor led in the form of his missus.

Ram

The Bullock Cart

'The Unchanging East,' may be jingo blarney. But wake up a motorist when he is snoring the loudest at dead of night; he will immediately swear an affidavit that the bullock-cart symbolises the 'Un-changing East.'

Elmer Delville
Choosing Books

This machine age is producing books at such an alarming rate and of such diversity that one finds it a tough job choosing books properly. Here are a few helpful tips.

Mannar Kadamby
A Bride's Make-up

The moral of this story is: Don't choose a tennis enthusiast for a son-in-law; and don't let your daughter insert her finger in a coconut-oil bottle whose neck is narrow.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL



And so his war cry is: 'Haile Selassie'!

Sir Stafford Cripps characterises the League members, particularly Britain and France, as an international gang of burglars.

Still, we cannot forget that they long ago retired from business and have become respectable.

Reuter reports that Italy's gold reserves have dwindled from 76 to 74 millions.

Mussolini's brass however seems inexhaustible!

At the Labour Party conference, a speaker declared that Force never did and never would bring peace to the world.

Its aim is much less ambitious; it only brings peace to some!

Another speaker quoted from the Bible, and advised the Abyssinians to refuse to fight the invader, but offer him hospitality.

But we thought that the Christian religion was against the sin of suicide!

On the other hand, Sir Herbert Morrison, the leader of the L.C.C. group of Labour declared: 'It may sound jingo; but I still feel that the British are the most considerate administrators of colonies in the world.'

The complaint of Mussolini is to be that they are the most derable!

He further declares that he is fighting only a defensive war in Abyssinia.

Impossible Stories—1.

'The City Corporation adjourned after passing unanimously a resolution congratulating Mr. Gandhi on his attaining his 67th birthday.'

We doubt however if it would be prepared to vote an address to him!

Acknowledging a farewell tribute, H. E. Sir Philip Chetwode our C-in-C said that during the last five years he had to pretend to being a politician, although the jack-boot came out often.

Does this mean that it is easier to pretend to be a soldier?

It is said that Italian aeroplanes are distributing leaflets among the natives containing the threat: 'Either be friends with Italy or die.'

Unfortunately, it is a choice of evils!

An A. P. I. report says: 'Dewan Bahadur Ramaswamy Mudaliar a member of the Tariff Board has left for Bombay to join the Board.'

This is not the first time that the Dewan Bahadur is put on boards!



This ought to make title-hunting more exciting than now!

As the result of a magisterial order, our ministers were welcomed at Guntur without black-flag demonstrations.

This gives a convincing proof of their popularity!



At Last!

Sgr. Mussolini has unleashed the dogs of war. He has inaugurated the reign of Roman Law in Abyssinia by a rain of bombs over men, women and children. He gave ample notice to all whom it might concern. He kept public opinion well-informed by his consistent and lordly contempt of it. He has shown a uniform indifference to the meaningless formulas of diplomatic usage. And to cap it all, he has now proclaimed with cynical humour that he is fighting in self-defence!

He will no doubt win many victories. But this infamous page in Italian and world-history cannot end there. The process of 'civilising' Abyssinia with a view to make it pay a handsome dividend is going to be a protracted, bloody affair. Living as we do under an admittedly more humane and decent government, we know to our cost the 'horrors' of a 'peace' which is imposed on an unwilling people in the interests of the self-preservation of the conquerors. Mussolini has only sown the wind; others will have to reap the whirlwind.

Of course we sympathise with Abyssinia; but our sympathies are worse than a mockery. We cannot help if we would; and it is a very large question whether we should, if we could! But what about England which is most vitally concerned in this affair? Should Indian national opinion be persuaded to pull British imperial chestnuts out of the Ethiopian conflagration? Britain can act effectively and

alone. At one time it suited her to do so with the admirable slogan of the 'Rights of small nationalities'. But the course of history is generally unpromising to the combination of self-interest and idealism. Self-interest bids Britain teach Italy to behave; but unfortunately the rest of Europe knows it with the clarity of disillusionment. What if other nations stood by? England cannot afford to fight for idealism alone. Hence the painful wobbling of British statesmen and parties over this question. The time for effective action is long past; and Britain hopes more than dreads that Mussolini might soon present her and the world with an accomplished fact by the conquest and occupation of Abyssinia. In any case, she must make peace with Italy either as a victor or as the vanquished. The existence of colonies, dependencies and 'spheres of influence' may well prove to be the vulnerable points of empires. If there should be open rupture between Britain and Italy, and Italy should still emerge victorious, Britain's position will become unenviable. For Germany is sitting on the fence very comfortably for the time being; but she will jump off it at the right moment to her own advantage. States like individuals may have many weaknesses; but an uneasy conscience should not be one of them.

But who knows? Mussolini riding roughshod over the elementary sanctities of civilised, corporate life may still be the turning point of a world determined to be a better place after all!



Pundit Hridayanath Kunzru: I say that Liberals also want to liberate the country, and they are no less patriots than others.

Mr. Merry: But in strict moderation, of course!

The March of Events

by The Man on the Move

September 28th: As an offshoot of the communal trouble at Lahore certain vegetable hawkers, I hear, are selling their merchandise by cries of "Hindu vegetables", "Hindu potatoes", "Hindu brinjals", etc. I ordered a consignment of these vegetables, and ate them, of course after cooking them. I must put on record with disgust that there is not much 'kick' in these neo-vegetables.

The Justice Party has issued a questionnaire to its Andhra adherents. It asks:

(1) Whether there is complete harmony between the Brahmin and non-Brahmin members of the Congress.

(2) Whether there are any other parties in the Andhra districts: if so what inducements would win them over to the Justicite cause.

(3) Whether the real leadership of the Congress is in the hands of Brahmins or non-Brahmins.

As a representative Andhra non-Brahmin, I answered the questionnaire on these lines.

(1) I get on famously with Brahmins. Yesterday I had a difference with a *purohit* over his emolument for officiating at my grandfather's obsequies. But we made it up on the *purohit's* promising to give me a 50% discount on his fee for my aunt's coming obsequies.

On the whole, therefore, there is not much chance of the communal poison corroding society over there.

(2) Re. Parties: The answer is a lemon. I am a party. I want an acting-governorship, or at least a municipal commissionership, before the Justice Party can see my singularly beautiful face in their midst.

(3) There is no leader as such for the Congress movement in Andhra. The blessed memory of leaders departed and alive is the leader there. Anyway the nationalist non-Brahmin big noises in those districts cultivate ferocious whiskers, so I would advise short-whiskered Justicites to mind their step.

Chartered a plane from the Meenambakam aerodrome and flew non-stop to the Council of State. Sir M. Dadabhoy received me on landing and conducted me to the distinguished visitors' gallery. The delightful old boys there passed the Criminal Law Bill in two minutes, amidst laughter and cheers. I was so tickled that I laughed like the very devil. At which Sir Henry Craik glared at me with green eyes. Sheer jealousy. A lamentable weakness in the Home Member.

Soon after, the Council of State bade farewell to Sir Philip Chetwode, the Commander-in-Chief. There was a race in high-flown tributes to the old soldier's many qualities of head and heart. Sir M. Dadabhoy sprinted home by several lengths. Before leaving the house Sir Philip came up to me and shook my hand warmly. I struggled to say something handsome, but all I could say was "gurrh". Emotion choked me that strong. Tears welled up in my eyes. I wanted to keep them back. No use. They descended on either side of my nose, crossed my whiskers and entered my mouth. They were warm, and saltish—the tears, not the whiskers.

September 29th: Rang up Satyamurty on the long distance 'phone and said:

"What, ho!"

"Hullo, Munusamy!" breathed Satyamurty's voice, "how is Ramaswamy?"

"He is alright, thanks: he is looking up last year's proceedings of the Tariff Board. By the way, old man, I hear you are going to sell Khadi for 48 hours."

"Yes, what is wrong with it? I've got to qualify for election to Congressional offices."

I said into the phone. "That idea is not bright enough. Listen, *mon cher*. You stand in front of the Cosmopolitan Club and chuck the members under the chin as they enter and leave the Club, like a coy girl. There is nothing to beat that for manual labour. Also that would be a beautiful gesture. It would mollify the Justicites who are yet sore at the licking you gave them at the last elections."

"That is a good idea, Munusamy, I'll think it over. Cheerio." He rang off.

Yesterday's Viswakarma Conference was a grand success. It established one great fact—the love of the Justice Party for the Viswakarmas. Sir Mohammad Usman, Sir A. P. Patro, Mr. S. Muthia Mada-



liar, Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswamy Mudaliar, Mrs. Alamelu Mangathayammal and others turned up at the Conference. When all these big guns lined up before the camera for a group photo, I sneaked into the front line next to Sir Mohammad Usman. Sorry to say that a stout man shoved me back.

September 30th: Anent the return of H. H. The Maharajah of Alwar to his state, Mr. Ogilvie, Agent to the Governor General, Rajaputana States, says that, "he Government of India can see no prospect of the Maharajah's return to Alwar within the next fifteen years."

This is sad news for me. I applied to Alwar within the last five years for the posts of stenographer, private secretary to the private secretary, gardener, and policeman, each post carrying salaries from Rs. 800 to Rs. 2000. I have sent along with my applications beautiful photographs of myself in various poses. I am convening a conference of my fellow applicants to agitate for these jobs, or at least for the return of those beautiful photographs.

Speaking at the anniversary of the National United Club, Dr. Subbarayan said *inter alia* that:

- (1) Cricket is a great game.
- (2) It teaches us to take our defeats in a spirit of sportsmanship.
- (3) It makes us consider ourselves as members of one family.

Now, I am a cricketer myself. I am afraid I don't agree with the learned Doctor. With due respect to the cricket giants, I say and affirm that:

- (1) Cricket is *not* a great game. I call it a silly game. A fellow throws a ball. Another fellow hits it. In between a lot of lunch is eaten. If this is greatness, I should call ping-pong a stupendous game.

(2) Sportsmanship be blown. M. C. C.'s last tour of Australia and India converted a lot of meek votaries of *ahimsa* into raving hooligans. The South Africans licked England with the rough side of the tongue during the recent rubber fixtures. Did England take it as a sportsman? No, sir. They raved about it and tried to explain away the licking by so many words that they would occupy 80,000,000 pages in print.

(3) Members of one family nothing. Suppose I go to Major C. K. Naidu, the Maharajkumar of Vizianagaram, Pataudi and Nissar. And suppose further I hugged them and kissed them, claiming membership in their families. The Waltair Lunatic Asylum will

have admitted one more crack-headed chap me or I.

October 1st: Went to see the girls in the park and later strolled into the Zoo. The Zoo is much more funny.

October 2nd: Today is Mahatma Gandhi's birthday. What shall I wish him, now? Nothing suitable occurs to me. I wish myself his wife in his next birth, that I may bask in the warmth of his cosmic humanity.

Learnt with regret that Sir R. K. Shanmugam Chetty was involved in a car collision. Almighty be thanked that Sir R. K. escaped unhurt. God always protects good men—also women.

A boundary dispute is on between U. P and Bihar. Two I. C. S. Officers are deputed to settle the boundary. Unfortunately nothing tangible is done, because the Choti Gandak river which more or less divides the two provinces is constantly changing its bed. I think it is cheeky of the Choti Gandak river to annoy two heaven-born men.

Abyssinian Affairs:—Three divisions of the Italian army crossed the Ethiopian border South of Mount Moussaali. The Negus protested to the League at this violation of his frontier. The League filed it in the best indexing method for future reference. I think all these silly things are happening because the League deputed the Committee of Thirteen to do the worrying over Abyssinia. Thirteen is an evil-smelling number, as every idiot knows. So to deroderise the smelliness of the Committee, I offered to become the fourteenth on the Committee. This magnanimous gesture was gratefully accepted, with the proviso that I find my own travelling expenses to and fro Geneva. So I applied for an overdraft in a local bank. The bank asked to have a look into my estate, real or imaginary. To frighten the bank I said that the joint real estate of myself and the Maharajah of Patiala was somewhere about Rs. 50,00,000,00,00.

October 3rd: A tame bear in Orlean (U. S. A.) ate thirteen sticks of dynamite and is roaming at large. The Orleans are on the loot-out for this walking Doomsday, from a safe distance.

The Young Co-operators of Madras City are to meet in conclave presently. The objects of the conference as reported in the press are:

"The promotion and propagation of co-operative ideals and the stimulation of a dynamic re-orientation of Indian co-operative ideology through earnest and intensive endeavours to interpret the vision and the ideal of the co-operative commonwealth in terms of the practical realities and limitations of Indian social and economic life."

Very lucid. Now I know what exactly co-operation stands for. I ate six aspirin tablets.

October 4th:—Abyssinia. General Del Bono, High Commissioner of Italian East Africa has opened hostilities. Adigrat and Adowa are under heavy bombardment. May the spirit of Sheba preserve the integrity of Abyssinia.

I withdrew my offer to join the Committee of Thirteen. Instead I am going to the northern front disguised as a bear with fourteen sticks of dynamite in my tummy, as a last attempt at peace-making. That bear in Orlean did the trick, so why not I?

October 5th: Adigrat has fallen. The Secretary General of the League received another protest from the Negus. With remarkable dispatch, he filed the protest.

A communique from Rome says that as the Italians crossed the frontier, the Ethiopian native population greeted the soldiers with white flags and... (message incomplete).

Munusamy's Beam Service—and the Italians embraced the Ethiopians. They spent the night around camp fires. The Italians told the Ethiopians funny stories about Mussolini; and the Ethiopians told the Italians amorous stories about Sheba.

October 6th:—The fall of Adigrat is denied. However, they are fighting like blazes. Count Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law, while flying over enemy territory was hit by bullets. His plane got a number of nice holes as a result. But thank Almighty, Ciano did not get any nice holes. May Count Ciano produce a number of children for Mussolini to play with in his retirement whenever and wherever that be.

The League has brought out another Committee—this time the Committee of Six. Champion of liberties that she is, the League may be depended on to bring forth any number of Committees. Hearing about the new Committee of Six the Abyssinians were so overjoyed that they organised a grand ball and a dance. The revels continued till dawn.

October 7th: The local bank refused me overdraft accommodation on the plea that the Princes Protection Act is an insuperable obstacle. God bless the princes. I love them.

Adowa and Adigrat have fallen. The cables are red with news of slaughter. Haile Selassie says it is only a flea-bite. Brave little Negus! The League put its finger on Mussolini's nose and called him aggressor. He blew his nose, much to League's discomfort. The report that the British Cabinet is suffering from *laryngitis abyssinicus* is officially denied.

CIRCUS

"Our master loves to work us,"
Said the animals at the circus.
"Our master loves to work us very hard!"
Our master loves to break us
With his cracking whip and make us
Quake at the wand which measures just a yard!

"On costly food he feeds us
Just because our master needs us,
To perform uncanny feats before a crowd:
All meek and uncomplaining
We undergo our training
Under the master who is very proud.

"His wand is like a lightning
Which is both fierce and frightening,
With it he makes us carry out his will.
The lion's mighty power,
Begins to quake and cower.
The tiger's blood, once fire, grows sudden chill!

"For you see our master's main power
Is his never conquered brain-power,
The secret of his strength is in his soul.
He is as strong as God is
And that is why our bodies
Are held like helpless things in his control.

"Though born of different mothers
All circus beasts are brothers,
The tiger and the lion and the goat;
We sit and dine together
In bright or rainy weather,
We do not know to tear each other's throat.

"Affection is the ore key
To the elephant and monkey,
To the heart of horse and tiger, wolf and bear:
All real masters know it
And although they do not show it
We sense it slowly in their sternest stare!

"So, while with whips they mould us
It is with love they hold us,
And everything on earth loves love you know!
So master! you may work us,
For all life is but a circus,
And you and we are all a passing show!"

—Harindranath Chattopadhyaya.

FUN FOR ALL



"Darling, I couldn't afford that antique jewellery for you but I bought you a car."

"That's sweet of you, but it is not the same thing."

"Well, it's old, anyway."

"Tell your fortune, sir?"

"How much?"

"A rupee."

"Quite right."

Mistress: Mary, how could you read a novel while the baby is crying so?

Nurse: It does not disturb me in the least, madam.

Landlady: You will have to pay your bill or leave.

Lodger: Thanks, awfully. My last landlady made me do both!

The telephone rang in the pavilion.

"Is Mr.—there?" inquired a voice.

"Sorry, he's just gone in to bat."

"Right, I'll hold the line."

"Father, give me an anna."

"A big boy like you wants an anna?"

"Then, give me a rupee."

Girl: The hairdresser took an hour to wave my hair this morning.

Absent-minded Professor: Why didn't you go for a walk whilst he did it?

Prison-Supt.: What is your occupation?

Convict: Composing popular songs.

Prison-Supt.: Put him in the copying department.

Maistry (to workman): Now then, Krishna, what about carrying up some more bricks?

Krishna: I am not feeling well, sir. I'm trembling all over.

Maistry: Well, get busy with the sieve.

Manager: You are evidently an honest lad. But the money I lost was a ten-rupee note!

New Office-boy: Yes, sir. I had it changed in case you wanted to give me a reward.

"How long are you in prison, my man?"

"Two months."

"What is the charge?"

"Charge nothing—everything's free."

"Look here, your'e cheating."

"I'm not. I had that ace long before the game began."

"Father," asked Bapu, "what becomes of a football player when his eyesight begins to fail?"

"A referee!" growled the father.

The Letters of

Reading Time
About 10 Minutes

70. At the Cinema-Studio

Illustrated by Meli

Madras, 12th October, 1935.

DEAR MOTHER,

IN my last letter, I told you how Boggins and I took Nellie Dean to the cinema-studio, to make recordings of his imitations of animals. I expect you will remember Mr. Everything Goes, the Bengali-American manager, and Mr. Reddi, the sound-engineer. At first our visit created a lot of misunderstanding, but after a while we made friends with the two gentlemen, and they asked us to stay for lunch.

"I guess you boys would appreciate a few bottles of beer," suggested Mr. Everything Goes, in his startlingly transatlantic accent.

"Boggins will have some beer," I replied, "but Private Dean and myself are partial to lemonade."

"Gee!" exclaimed the manager. "According to that Kipling gink no soldier in India moves anywhere without his personal bottle of beer."

"I don't think so," I replied. "Fellows drink beer sometimes as a sort of tradition, to celebrate something; but as a rule they go in for tea and cakes and bars of chocolate."

"Talking about beer," interrupted Boggins, "may I have a bottle to give to your doorkeeper?"

"Oh, so *that* is how you got in!" laughed the manager. "I thought nobody could get past that murderous little Ghurka."

"It was easy," explained Boggins. "I slapped him on the back, called him 'Johnnie', and promised him some beer."

"And he grinned like a Chinese image, and let you pass? Say, I must note that procedure, for future reference."

The lunch was provided from the studio stores. A servant brought in quite a tasteful snack on a well-arranged tray, and I could see that Mr. Everything Goes was quite used to entertaining all kinds of visitors. He told us many yarns of his experience when he was working in Hollywood. It appears that

in Hollywood an Indian is expected to be a mysterious fellow with a knowledge of astrology and black magic. One film actress kept on begging Mr. Everything Goes to cast a horoscope for her.

"I suppose you want to know all about your future husband?" asked our friend.

"Oh, no," replied the pretty lady. "I want to know all about my present husband's past, for future use."

Another trouble was that whenever Mr. Everything Goes went to a party, the 'extra girls' wanted to become his sweetheart, because they thought he was an Indian prince, who in his own country went about studded with diamonds. They asked him if he had any spare diamonds to give away. On the other hand, there were people who shuddered when they saw him, because they imagined he was a cannibal who



Private Joyfull

indulged in human sacrifice, had eight wives, and lived in a house without any drains.

When the meal was over, the manager conducted us towards a pair of large doors that evidently led to the parlour of the old house. From behind these doors came a continual sound of twittering.

"What is it? An aviary?" whispered Boggins.

The manager ushered us into the room. "This is the ladies' rest-room," he said.

The twittering suddenly ceased, and the ladies drew together in a corner.

Nellie Dean recoiled. "I'm not going in there!" he squeaked, turning tail. Nellie never could face the female sex *en masse*.

Boggins seized him by one ear, and dragged him forward. "Let go!" howled Nellie. "Let go, or I'll flatten you!"

"Not before the ladies!" said Boggins, in tones of shocked disapproval. "Good afternoon, girls! Come on, you heathen, show your manners, and bow to the ladies."

Nellie hastily bobbed his head in the general direction of the bevy of beauty, his face flaming with embarrassment. The girls giggled and twittered. Boggins followed the manager through the opposite door, leading the reluctant Nellie as if he were a performing bear. "Cheerio, girls!" said Boggins, departing with an airy wave of the hand.

The farther room contained a lot of electrical apparatus. In particular there was a standard with a long horizontal arm, at the end of which hung a sort of football made of metal.

"We can have only a try-out at present," said Mr. Reddi. "The mike is wet."

By this mysterious remark, the sound-engineer meant that the microphone (the metal football) had been affected by the dampness of the air, and must be dried in a box containing powdered carbide of calcium. When the diaphragm was damp, the recording became imperfect.

"Stand under here," said Mr. Everything Goes, "there is nothing to worry about. This is only a rehearsal."



"You tank you go hooome, eh.....?"

Nellie stood under the microphone, while Mr. Reddi put on a pair of ear-phones, and twiddled with the knobs on the switchboard. "Can you make a noise like an owl?" asked Mr. Everything Goes.

"Of course he can," interrupted Boggins. "He is the biggest owl in the regiment."

"What sort of owl do you want?" asked Nellie, looking daggers at the irrepressible Boggins.

"I'll give you the idea. The hero and heroine are having a secret meeting in the palace garden, when they are startled by the mournful hooting of an owl in the darkness."

"I know," replied Nellie. "You want something like a warning foghorn at sea."

"Ready?" cried the engineer, turning a switch.

Nellie Dean commenced a mournful hoot that sent shivers down our spines. "Good!" cried Mr. Reddi, making some adjustments. "Repeat!"

Nellie Dean repeated, and the engineer took off the ear-phones. "That's O. K.," he remarked to the manager. "Shall we rush it?"

"Go ahead," replied the manager.

Nellie raised his voice once more; and this time there was a low humming from the machinery. The hooting was being recorded on the sound-track.

"That's all for the present, boys," said Mr. Everything Goes. "If you hang around for awhile, you can hear that projected. In the meantime, would you like to see a rehearsal of the dance-sequence?"

"What, all those girls?" cried Nellie. "Not likely! I think I'll go home!"

"Now then, Greta Garbo!" remonstrated Boggins. He stuck out his lower lip, humped his back, turned down his eyeballs, and languished in the Garbo manner. "You tank you go hooome, eh? You want to be aloone, yes? You big goop!"

We all burst out laughing, and there was no further question of Nellie's going home. The manager led us to the big sort of balloon-shed in the garden; the place with the walls made of plywood and the roof made of sacking.

Inside, it was like the great hall of an Indian palace, but in a strage mixture of styles. The view from one end showed quite a different sort of hall from the view at the other end, while the recesses and corners of the hall were also variously arranged, so that pictures taken in these corners would appear to be in different rooms.

The ladies were grouped ready to start their dance. They were against one side of the hall, which again represented another apartment.

Some musicians began to play on drums and fiddles, producing a rhythm like this:—*boop dum dum, boop dum dum*. The girls began to sway and dance. The steps and evolutions were very simple, but the girls did not seem to take much trouble. They were smirking at each other, and dancing in a perfunctory way. They would have got the sack from any village amateur theatrical society.

"Come on, ladies, snap into it!" cried Mr. Everything Goes; and exhorted them in a language we could not follow. "Now then, one, two!"

"*Boop dum dum!*" went the drums. The manager got in front of the girls, and went through the motions of the dance. It looked like an educated whale leading a troupe of performing seals; but the seals were thinking of the fish they were going to have for dinner, instead of doing their tricks.

The dance was repeated several times, and then Mr. Everything Goes mopped his brow and called a halt. "Cut!" he said, and the girls hurried away, giggling and twittering.

"Now, shot forty-seven!" announced the manager. A lot of studio-hands got the hall ready, directed by a young man with a sheaf of papers, which contained a record of the previous arrangements for shot forty-seven. They erected a wooden dais, and set a wooden throne on the top. They blew up air balloons, and tied them to the tops of huge candle-sticks. They brought a lot of dirty paper flowers, and stuck them in cardboard vases. Mr. Everything Goes looked at the scene through a spy-glass, and declared himself satisfied. He let us look through the spy-glass, explaining that is showed what the scene would look like on the screen.

The spy-glass showed a marvellous transformation. The air-balloons looked like globes of gleaming gold, the wooden steps seemed to be marble, and the throne appeared as a *gadi* of solid silver and precious stones. Now the engineers appeared, with the big camera running on a kind of tall cradle with rubber wheels, and the microphone-tower and other impedimenta. Electric cables snaked all over the floor.

"Call Master Love!" said the manager.

Master Love was dressed as a prince. He was a sullen-looking lad of sixteen, with a pasty face and bloated cheeks. He looked at us stupidly, held out a limp damp hand for us to shake, and then stood

staring at us with cod-like eyes. Suddenly he popped a big lump of candy in his mouth, and gulped it like a sheepish schoolboy.

The scene was a very easy one. Master Love had to sit on a throne, and then a man in rags came and knelt in the centre of the hall. Master Love had to go and stand over the man, look down at him, and say something like "Wah, wah, oowah!"

They rehearsed it several times, but at the critical moment Master Love always made the same mistake. He said, "Wah, wah, aw-ah!"

"This is the Hindi version," Mr. Everything Goes explained to us. "Master Love does not talk Hindi very well. Come on, try again. Wah, wah, oowah!"

"Wah, wah, aw-ah!" mumbled the wretched Master Love.

"Wah, wah, oowah!" cried Nellie Dean.

"Good! Excellent!" shouted the manager. "Go on, teach him to say it."

Nellie Dean and Master Love kept on chanting the wretched sounds till everyone's nerves were on edge. At last, the boy-actor got it right. "That's it!" cried Mr. Everything Goes. "Places! Lights! Sound! Camera!"

The arc-lights blazed, and the machines began to buzz. Suddenly a greasy menial jumped in front of the camera, and held up a slate. On the slate was written, "Prodn LVII. Shot 47. Hindi." The man jumped back out of range, and another chap came forward with two huge wooden clappers. He clapped them in front of the camera. Immediately, the ragged man came in and knelt in the centre of the hall. Master Love rose from his throne, approached the ragged man, and struck a stately attitude. "Wah, wah, aw-ah!" he said.

"Cut!" howled Mr. Everything Goes. "He's got it wrong again!"

The whole process was gone through again, and once more Master Love made the fatal mispronunciation. With intervals for more lessons from Nellie Dean, the scene was taken five times, until at last Master Love said the right words.

"Thank God!" said the manager. "Pack-up!"

"Would you like to see those shots?" he added, to us.

"Yes, please," I said. "But what a long time it all takes."

"Oh, this picture is nearly finished," replied the manager. "We have taken all the shots from 281 to 490. We often start at the end of a film, if it is convenient, and arrange the shots in sequence afterwards, when we cut. Generally, we have to take a hundred thousand feet of film, to get a picture of eight thousand feet. But come on. The film will be nearly dry by now."

He took us through a series of dark rooms, where there were great tanks of chemicals, and big revolving frames on which the negatives and positives were dried. Positives of the day's work were already being wound on to spools.

We entered a little private cinema, and presently the pictures came on the screen. Each piece of film was heralded by the man with the slate, then the man with the clappers. We saw some test-shots of the dancers, then a short silent piece that would have the sound added afterwards, then a picture of a garden in blue-lit darkness, accompanied by Nellie Dean's realistic hooting, and then a flash of the owl that was supposed to be hooting. Each piece lasted only half a minute, and the manager rejected nearly all of them. His orders were noted by a script-clerk. I reckoned that the whole day's work had produced only two minutes of finished film.

Finally came the series of Master Love's wah-wahs. Mr. Everything Goes rejected them impatiently. Last of all came the shot in which Master Love had spoken the correct words. The slate bobbed in front of the camera, the clappers clapped, and the ragged man appeared and knelt in the centre of the hall. Master Love approached him. "Wah, wah, oowah!" he said, triumphantly. "*Boooph*" added the microphone.

"Hell!" howled Mr. Everything Goes. "That mike has got wet again! Retake shot forty-seven tomorrow!"

We rose to bid our host farewell. In reminding us to call again to make further recordings, he asked if he could explain anything we had not understood.

"There is one thing I would like to know," I ventured. "What was the meaning of the words Master Love couldn't pronounce?"

"Wah, wah, oowah?" enquired Mr. Everything Goes. "It means, 'Speak! I understand your language perfectly!'"

Your Loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL.

THE END

METTLESOME

Mothers-in-law

Reading Time
About 6 Minutes

by Elmer Delville
Illustrated by Balajee

THE mother-in-law is often pictured as a malicious, disobliging person. Her butting in where she is not wanted is proverbial and her alleged stranglehold on the innocent heroine—the young wife—is generally accepted. How far all this is exactly true I do not know, for I have yet to be blessed (or cursed) with a mother-in-law. But I like to be fair even to mothers-in-law.

Quite a good deal has been written about mothers-in-law, much to their discomfort. They have been railed at, held up to ridicule, pulled to pieces and licked with the rough side of the tongue. I have often wondered why these much-wronged women do not put their heads together, rise as one body and stamp out once and for all the vile calumnies existing about their supposed atrocities.

Roughly speaking, there are two brands of mothers-in-law. Those who grow on the husbands' side and those who arrive as part of the brides' dowry. It is significant that out in the West it is the wives' mothers that are most dreaded, while in India it is the husbands' mothers, who ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. There must be some sociological or psychological explanation for this. Anyhow, a mother-in-law is a mother-in-law and writers take a special zest in plucking their feathers for them.

They say that the underlying cause, for instance, of a mother bristling up her quills at the

approach of her daughter-in-law is the maternal jealousy for her son. She is supposed to have a constant doubt of the younger woman's competency to look after her son. But if the truth be told, she is really sizing up her own right to ride the high horse.

I know a woman, who had successfully netted a qualified doctor for her daughter. She was so proud of the fact that she behaved in society as if she were the one that was going to marry the young man. At his approach she would blush and giggle and poke the dear old lady by the side in her ribs. The planned marriage came off. One evening within a few months the proud mother-in-law insisted on pinning a rosette she had specially made for his button-hole. As a result of her interference she had a plate cracked over her head by the irate son-in-law, and her ungrateful daughter has not spoken to her since.

There was another mother-in-law, a widow, who permitted a young man to flirt and dangle with her so that eventually he may be hooked for her daughter. Needless to say he was hooked.

In the lamented absence of a mother-in-law, the elderly spinster sister of a husband can fill the role fairly well. As a matter of fact, her own embittered life makes her remarks the more pungent and her actions the more venomous. Like children who pinch each other and are not



satisfied till they have produced tears, so also these viragos will not rest content till they have messed up a family.

A third mother-in-law, I know, acted differently. A young man in an estate in Malaya was corresponding with a marriage-broker in Tinnevely and finally succeeded in establishing contact with a widow who had a daughter to spare. Preliminary arrangements were made, and mother and daughter duly arrived in Malaya. I do not know how she managed it, but the widow married the man herself and the girl was left to hold the baby till she could find favour in the eyes of some other local wife-seeker.

Despite all these, there appears to be a paradise for mothers-in-law on this earth. In Zululand she has many privileges. In Salamo, when the King of all the Zulus takes unto himself a new wife, his mother-in-law is decked up with white smears (making her look like a clown) all over her as a sign of her new social rank. In India we do not go to all that extreme, but to judge from the capers of snobs, who have just crawled into refined society through the good grace of their sons-in-law, it must be admitted that we too have some form of expressing our acquired importance.

In accordance with custom, a Zulu warrior has to walk three times round the kraal of his future mother-in-law, while she crouches on all fours at the entrance to her home. It is not permitted to look upon her face, and so he holds a shield before his eyes until he has passed her. In his right hand he grasps a staff with which to ward off any of her relatives who may try to knock the shield away. Knowing that this is a pre-marriage performance, we are left to guess its objects. Maybe it is a gentle reminder that she whom he sought possibly for her youth and beauty would one day be a miserable hag like herself. The crouching position on all fours is presumably to indicate that she is good enough for a bark any time. Our mothers-in-law, will not consent to do this even if we begged them to.

The Zulu-Kaffirs require a man to stand at a distance when he addresses his mother-in-law. He may not address her by name, for such familiarity might imply an authority over her. I do not see why men have to address their mothers-in-law at all. Keep them at a safe distance, is my motto. They can do tolerably well, outside on the verandah. In Papua things are worse still. When he sees his mother-in-law coming, a Papuan is required by law to hide. She must be as terrible as a stud bull or the plague!

In Timor in Asia and in certain parts of Austria, the son-in-law is dominant. While staying with him, his mother-in-law may only speak to him just four words

for a whole day of her own accord. She may, however, answer questions put to her. I have no doubt many Indian husbands would wish they were just there. By the way, is there a country somewhere that limits the wife to four words? Many would wish there was.

I find I have written rather more against mothers-in-law than in their favour. In life, the ideal mother-in-law who knows her place, helps without interfering,

watches over the younger people in the knowledge that her own days of reign are past—is rather the exception than the rule.

THE END

The Exception.

Hollywood is the Mecca of all American beauty queens. Miss Kathlyn Batson won a beauty contest in Kentucky and, as is customary in such cases, she was offered a trip to Hollywood.

The Hollywood Moghuls are so used to these beauty queens that, nowadays, they don't exactly go mad over them. But Kathlyn is different. She has probably something more in her than mere attractiveness. The studios offered her "screen tests" and the results proved more than satisfactory. They wanted to sign her up on a fat contract. But she didn't. "I am going back home to Kentucky" she said. And she went.

Girls on the Greens

by Teekay

Reading Time • About 4 Minutes

RECENTLY, Dr. Leonard Williams had fired a broadside against the growing number of athletic women in the world. The substance of his complaint would seem to be that an excessive indulgence in games has tended to convert a generation of attractive girls into cold, sexless automatons. Therefore take away women from games altogether.

The cry against women had so often been raised in the past—only to die down so soon after. The Suffragist Movement when started was viewed with suspicion and distrust by certain men, and disaster was what was predicted if the women were to be enfranchised. The same critics, similarly, denied to women the freedom of cutting their locks in their own fashion and having their skirts turned after their own wishes. And not before a strenuous fight had been waged and won did short skirts and bobbed hair see the light of day. Why, even for the pleasure of a 'fag' women had to fight every inch of it. This is unfair. Already they are saddled with a thousand 'Don'ts' and teased any number of ways. Why add another 'Thou shalt not' and provoke them into open hostility?

Has Dr. Leonard Williams realised what it means if women were to be shooed out of sports? For my part, I refuse to think about it. The idea! I can as well picture to myself the end of the world.

The games can hardly afford to lose the girls just now. Take cricket, tennis, golf—any game,—even wrestling which can hardly be said to be a game. Picture to yourself what it means to be with the girls and what it means to be without them. If we were to be deprived of all the charm that their vivacity and giggling may bestow on us, the games themselves may as well be scrapped.

The average attendance at a mixed game is certainly greater than the average attendance at other matches. Make a statistical record of the number of persons who witness an ordinary game restricted to men and see if the number is not doubled or even trebled if the contestants were to be of both sexes. And more

than that: in the latter case, you could see a marked improvement in the attire of the men generally.

And again, all men's games are, as a rule, monotonous and dull. Sport among men now-a-days has degenerated into a highly technical and mechanised affair. To follow and appreciate all the finer points of a game is almost the exclusive privilege of a few fanatical madcaps. The ordinary man is not able to understand the science of the play.

In a women's game, this can never happen. Here, there is always the human element of fallibility to give life to the game. Miss—makes a wild dig at the ball and sweeps it with a horizontal bat right to the outside. And with what a malicious delight she does that! She plays the game just as it is intended to be played. There is an untold degree of vivacity, charm and fulness of feeling about the players.

Above all, think of what women have contributed to the games in the past. Their participation gave us new and novel rules in Cricket and they gave us our conventions in Tennis and Golf to suit the needs of a mixed game. To the reporters, they have given a lot of things to spice their writing with. Lenglen's Shade, Wills-Moody's Bandeau, Somebody's Shorts, Another's Temperament—have been variously referred to and commented upon, much to our delectation. And then those naughty (not knotty) questions as to whether girls should be allowed to play hockey without stockings and whether shorts are to be allowed to be worn in Tennis—they have given us plenty to think and rage about. It were really ungrateful on our part if in the excitement of the moment we do forget what the girls have done for us and sport.

And what after all have the women done to merit being ousted from the playing fields? No doubt there had been stray cases of men players having gone down before women players. But why not accept defeat in a sporting spirit? Has the standard of men players gone down so low or that of women so high that extraneous influences like legislative taboo should be invoked to keep the girls off the greens?

THE END

Betrayed!

by R. S. V.

Illustrated by Mali

Reading Time • About 3 Minutes

BLESSED be the man who invented shoes! But alas, like many other good things which we enjoy under the sun, they may at times turn out to be a nuisance, especially if they are your sandals with straps.

Do you realize to what extent one may be put out by a sandal that has suddenly broken a strap, while one is walking on the road? It tends to slip off at every step. If it had been any other article, you could carry it in your hands, but your sandals—no. You look furtively at them and then look up at the passers-by; you do not want them to know your predicament. You wish you had left the cursed sandals at home. Lucky, you think, and feel inwardly joyful, if there is a cobbler by the road-side, not many yards off. But whether this feeling of joy will last long, I cannot say.

Before you could look at the cobbler, to seek his help in a half-hearted manner, he has noticed your sandals and a mutual sympathy has sprung up between them (the cobbler and the sandals, I mean). You take the sandals to him. No, the fact is, your injured sandals take you to the man, even as your little boy will drag you to the sweetmeat shop or toy



shop. You ask the cobbler in a surly tone, to do a bit of work for you, and you want to know how much it would cost you. The cobbler says that you may give him what you like. You are firm and want him to talk business. He modestly demands four annas for it. If this same slipper had been at home, and the fellow had offered to mend it, he would have done it for half an anna. He knows your awkward position: a cobbler is nothing if not a diplomat.

You snort contemptuously. "One anna. I am not a mug."

"Oh, Sami, give me two annas. The leather alone will cost two annas."

"Alright, one anna six pies. If you are willing, do it. Otherwise leave it."

"What, Sami! You grudge to pay a poor workman."

He hunts up a bit of rotten leather from a collection of odds and ends and applies it to the broken strap. Then he makes three stitches with the awl and asks you to put it on. You believe that he asks you to try it before finishing: but it is finished. An anna and a half for three stitches! You think it is highway robbery, and say as much. Cursing the slippers for betraying you in this manner, you take a two-anna piece from the purse and ask him to give half an anna.

"What for?" demands the fellow.

"You ask me, what for—I haven't got smaller change, but only a two-anna piece."

"But, you promised to give me two annas," says the fellow.

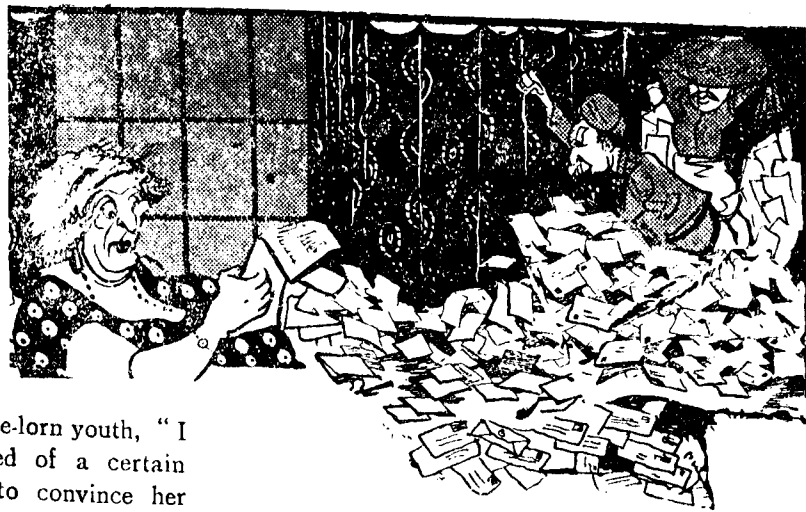
You are furious. You pay two annas, cast a withering look at the man, and walk off, cursing sandals and cobblers.



3-12-10-35

17

Auntie Awful



“DEAR Auntie,” writes a love-lorn youth, “I am hopelessly enamoured of a certain young lady, and I want to convince her of my honesty and sincerity. What is your reply?”

Auntie’s reply, dearies, is a hollow, sepulchral laugh. Countless witches in numberless caverns have listened to similar pathetic requests from bewildered mortals. But instead of boring you all with weighty observations, Auntie will tell you a story.

Once upon a time there was a beautiful Princess named Goldilocks, and no less than six handsome princes were suitors for her hand. This put Goldilocks in a quandary, because she could not tell which of the six she loved the best. As a matter of fact, the only person whom Goldilocks really loved was Goldilocks.

The beautiful Princess took her trouble to a wise old woman who lived in a cave under a newspaper-office. “Well, my dear,” said the wise old woman, taking a pinch of snuff, “why not hold a test to see which of the gentlemen is the most honest and sincere?”

“That is a lovely idea!” cried the Princess. “Tell me, what kind of test I should apply.”

“Well, my dear, if you will cross the wise woman’s palm with silver, perhaps she will be able to think of something.”

Very reluctantly, the Princess crossed the palm of the wise old woman with a two-anna piece; for, being a princess, she knew the value of money.

“Now, my dear,” said the wise old woman, biting the coins to see if they were good ones, “have you any great ambition in life?”

“Yes,” replied the Princess, soulfully, “I want to go on the films.”

“Humph!” said the wise old woman, taking a pinch of snuff. “In that case, you had better write and produce a small film, with yourself in the leading part.”

“And then what?” enquired the Princess, eagerly.

The wise woman silently extended her palm, and the Princess crossed it with some more two-anna pieces.

“Give a private showing of the film in the drawing-room of the palace,” continued the wise woman, “and invite all six of your admirers.”

“Yes?” said the Princess, consumed with impatience.

The wise woman once more extended her palm, but the Princess was not having any. “Pray continue,” she said, coldly, “or shall I command my father’s chief tormentor to pay you a visit?”

“No offence, dearie,” said the wise woman. “After the film has been shown, ask each of your suitors to give their truthful opinion of the performance. Thus you will be able to judge their honesty and sincerity.”

The Princess was delighted, and the next day the King, her father, sent messengers throughout the land, to enquire if there were any wizards and magicians who would make a film of the Princess Goldilocks. But all the wizards and magicians were making films of Miss Europe, Miss Solar System, and Miss Universe, and said they had no time to bother with amateurs. So the King had to hire a wandering American who happened to be in the neighbourhood, taking pictures of the sex-life of tadpoles.

Some time later, the Princess called again on the wise old woman. “Well, my dear,” said the crone, “did you make the test, as I advised?”

“Oh, yes,” cried the Princess, joyfully. “The film was taken by Mr. Gumshoe, and he said I was stupendous. The picture was screened in the palace drawing-room, and all six of my suitors were present. They

said I was divine, superb, glorious, wonderful, and exquisite!”

“What, all of them?” exclaimed the wise woman.

“No; that was only five. The sixth was Prince Charming, and he said he had never seen a more awful exhibition, and I should confine myself to things I could really do, such as scraping dishes and washing napkins.”

“Humph!” muttered the old crone, “so the test was a success, after all!”

“A wonderful success! I can never thank you enough for having suggested it. I always hated that nasty Prince Charming, anyhow.”

“What, my dear, aren’t you going to marry him?”

“Certainly not!”

“Well, then, which one are you going to marry?”

“None of them,” replied Princess Goldilocks, sweetly. “I always knew that as a film-actress I was stupendous, divine, superb, glorious, wonderful, and exquisite; and now I have proved it. I am sailing for Hollywood by the next steamer.”

Industrial Production (Junagadh). “Dear Auntie, as I am collecting statistics on the subject, would you kindly tell me the quantity of steel ingots produced in India in a given year?” With pleasure, dear boy. Here is a sample year’s. 600 B.C.—nil.

Heredity (Udipi). “As a student of Mendel, and from personal experience, I have discovered there is much truth in the common saying that there is a fool in every family.” Indeed, dear boy. Are you an only child?

Litterateur (Choulakhi). “Please tell me the author of the celebrated epitaph, ‘O rare Ben Jonson!’ I believe these are the only words on his grave.” The words have been attributed to Shakespeare, dear boy. He and Ben Jonson spent many convivial hours together at the Mermaid Tavern, and Ben invariably drank himself under the table. However, as long as he retained consciousness, his wit was unrivalled. As originally composed, the epitaph went as follows:

Here lies Ben,

Who died of saying ‘When’

O rare Ben Jonson!

But the Dean and Chapter disallowed the first two lines, and the author refused to substitute anything else.

Uncertain (Robertsonpet). “If I post a letter at mid-day on Wednesday, will it be delivered in Bombay

on Friday?” Yes, dear boy; provided you have not addressed it to Calcutta.

Exchange (Bhagatlao). “Why are some stock-brokers called bulls, and some called bears?” A bull, dear boy, is a broker who is anxious to force up the price of a stock, while a bear is anxious to depress the price. Thus, on the stock-market, the same man will be sometimes a bellowing bull, and sometimes a grunting bear. But whatever he is at business, he turns into a lamb when he goes home to his wife.

Muddy Feet (S. India). “Is there no way of inducing the municipality to attend to the by-ways? This residential street is totally unpaved, and at the present time, to walk along it is like going through Hell.” Worse than going through Hell, dear sir. Even Hell is paved with good intentions.

Tyro (Maharanipt). “I have been given a free pass to a cinema, and printed across it are the words, ‘Not Transferable’. What exactly does this imply?” It implies, dear boy, that if you do not go yourself, they will not let you in.

Observant (Katpadi). “On the whole, I do not think women are such fools as men. A woman will never give money for nothing.” Perhaps not, dear boy; but she will give a lot of money for practically nothing. For example, examine your wife’s latest fashionable dance-frock, and compare its size with the size of the bill.

Rural Economy (Basin). “It is said that under favourable conditions, a pedigree hen will lay two hundred eggs on an average every year. What is an average?” Obviously, dear boy, an average is a place where hens lay eggs.

Author (Lahore). “I am composing a thriller in which the chief character is an atrocious villain and an unmentionable wretch. My difficulty is to get suitable terms of disapprobation with which to describe him. In order to avoid artificiality, I want to observe the remarks which people naturally address to such a character. What do you advise?” When you are in the house, dear sir, always keep a notebook about you. In it you should collect all the statements that your wife makes about you.

Flattered (Royapettah). “I have fallen in love with a young man who says the most delicious things. Last night he told me that I was his Queen Titania.” Indeed, my dear? Auntie wonders if he knows that Titania was a fairy who fell in love with a man who had a donkey’s head.

The Letter

by A. M. Menon

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

THE Branch Postmaster of Pattuppuram received a letter in the 'down' mail-bag. The letter was addressed to

Mr. RAMAN NAIR,
Pattuppuram P. O.,
(Via) Tirur, S. Malabar (India).

Quite a legend, thought the Branch Postmaster. His name, by the way, was T. Velu Nair.

"And why 'India'?" speculated Mr. T. Velu Nair.

He summoned the local runner. The local runner said:

"The letter is definitely addressed to 'Pattuppuram'. So you must ask the local postman."

The Branch Postmaster sent for the local postman.

"Do you happen to know," he asked of the postman, "to whom this letter is addressed?"

The postman held up the letter for a second and studied the superscription with the air of a literate. "Why," he opined, "I should think this letter is for Mr. Raman Nair—"

"That's great!" interrupted the Branch Postmaster. But the sarcasm was lost upon the local postman.

"But," continued the Postmaster, "to which Raman Nair, you idiot!"

The postman put his index finger on his under-lip and wagged his head at the runner, as who should say—"Now—I didn't think of that!"

For indeed, it was rather a hard job finding out which Raman Nair the letter was addressed to. To be precise the village-town of Pattuppuram had exactly 47 Raman Nairs.

"Well, we will think it over," said Mr. T. Velu Nair.

And so the matter rested.

Next morning at about nine-thirty, Mr. Sukhian Veetil Raman Nair called at the Branch Post Office. He had been given to understand that he had a letter. Would he kindly be allowed to have it without delay?



Reply from the Post Office:—No. The letter was not meant for him. It was for another Raman Nair.

Exit Mr. Sukhian Veetil Raman Nair.

On the morning following, the following gentlemen put in an appearance at the Post Office punctually at ten:—

Mr. Cholakkal Raman Nair
Mr. Vazhuthinaugakkal Raman Nair
Mr. Mekkal Raman Nair
Mr. Parapurath Raman Nair
Mr. Kezhakkekasa Raman Nair
Mr. Mattodath Raman Nair.

These Raman Nairs demanded the letter, as did Mr. Sukhian Veetil Raman Nair the previous day.

(Continued on page 24)

by The Shepherd of the Pot

Reading Time • About 4 Minutes

SUPPOSE! What a magic word! Of all the thousands of words that adorn the English vocabulary, there is no word that is more wonderful and I like better than this seven-lettered one. There is a world of mystery and power in that simple word. Suppose! It is the key to all sciences, the cornertone of all mathematical theories, the foundation on which rests the whole idea of Progress. It is the mystic 'Open, Sesame' to the glorious treasures of the human imagination, the magic crystal that shows you the shapes of things unknown, the Aladdin's lamp that raises fairy palaces before your eyes in the twinkling of an eye. It is the solace of the unhappy, the hope of the desperate and the bliss of the sages!

One day my schoolmaster was teaching us a lesson on The Ass—the good, bad and indifferent specimen of it. In the middle of his rather enlightening lecture, he ordered me to stand up and asked, "Suppose you were an ass and I a girl, like you see in the picture. What would you do when I get up on your back?" Did I not suppose! It was a riot supposing my schoolmaster as a young girl. I murmured involuntarily, forgetting myself, "Gee, won't I kick!" Something sharp and biting on my back brought back my senses to where they belonged, and whence they should never have strayed.

My friend R is a very imaginative man and now and then asks me to suppose a lot of things. Once he gave me rather a shock. "Suppose you had been married to Miss So and So!" Why, it was enough to suppose the consequence; I would have ceased to be a happy bachelor. Now, of all things, I never like the idea of contemplating unhappy things even in imagination. God knows, or rather God knows not, there is enough misery and unhappiness in this world in reality without adding to the list from imagination. I let bad things go their way and take repose in the good ones—enough unto the day is the evil thereof. If at all one has to marry some female, I think there is not much choosing between one and another. Now Miss So and So is a very fair and very young girl, and personally I have absolutely nothing against her. But putting myself in the rather inconvenient position of her prospective husband, I am bound to say in justice to myself and others, many

things I would have left unsaid. She has a chubby nose, like a chimpanzee; her hair is copper-coloured, and I do not like copper-coloured hair in an Indian woman. Her teeth are like stone steps at a river ghat. Her voice,—well, that is neither here nor there. I simply do not want to think of her voice. And then the inevitable children? Whom will they take after? After all there was not much difference involved, for I am not a beauty myself. However, there is always the possibility that they might take after her, and then what a brood of young gargoyles would I have around me! And suppose they go about in the street frightening my neighbours' children? There is a law forbidding the public exhibition of the nude body, which is in fact meant as an indirect measure to save people from the ordeal of looking at undisguised, unmitigated ugliness. Very few of us would be tolerable if we go nude in the streets. For instance, I would willingly give this planet of ours and Mars into the bargain if I could see some of our orthodox Dikshitars and music-loving Bhagavatars with their generous bellies and short, fat legs without the kind and humane cloak of a few superfluous lace-bordered clothes! Won't there be a riot!

And thinking of Mars, some one put it to me some time back 'Suppose the planet Mars were found inhabitable!' What a grab would there be on Mars as there was sometime back on Africa! White men and yellow men, black men and red men, tall men and short men, Aryans and non-Aryans would rush and crush each other in a mad stampede to get first to the new colony. Or, then, suppose these Martians take it into their heads to invade this earth. This is exactly one of the many shoals and pitfalls of suppositions I have to avoid. Far, from this I would be quite naturally led to suppose that I am the leader of the defence expedition against these Martian invaders, that I have successfully routed them—I could not do anything less in imagination—that I returned home with joy and pride under triumphal arches, in a gilded chariot drawn by the captive Martians. And then, at the end of it all, suppose when I return home laden with military honours, my silent private secretary respectfully hands me an envelope containing this Ms. rejected by the editor with his thanks and regrets! What a lark!

THE END



Job-Hunting Tips

by Chari

Illustrated by Mali

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

My first encounter was with a strong Justicite. I indulged in slight abuse of the Brahmin community. (Between ourselves, I am myself a Brahmin.) He promised to remember me whenever vacancies arose. Perhaps, he kept his word by remembering me every time a vacancy crept up and rejecting me on communal basis.

Next I had the opportunity of meeting a member of the opposite school of thought. Well, in this case, I found that flattery was not very effective. But I tried other ways. I praised the great leaders of the party, and I registered my deep sympathy for the movement. I also ably recounted to him a fictitious story wherein I took active part in some of the activities of the party. Of course, I knew that this is a hard type of people and so cannot be easily pleased. But I was constantly worrying them, always dinning into their ears the immense value of their words and how the people were impressed with them. At last I was successful.

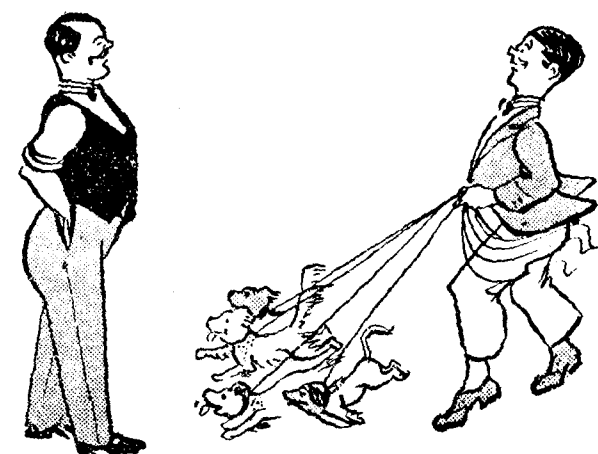
Another time I had to meet a gentleman of a different type, which is almost extinct now. I knew that a word of recommendation from him to a particular firm would immediately solve my unemployment problem. But as he happened to be a very orthodox Brahmin, I cursed my lot and I was very cautious. These people are always very kind but at the same time very shrewd. My cropped head was definitely against me but I convinced him by saying that I was dead against a crop even from my mother's womb, but necessity by way of appealing for a competitive examination at Delhi made me overlook my conviction. I further promised him that I shall be growing a tuft very soon. He asked me the result of the said examination, and I unhesitatingly replied, "I lost my hair, sir." This answer put him in good

humour. He asked me to stay with him for a week. While with him, I tried to pour some water through my hands three times a day by way of performing my *sandhya*. Also I never put on a shirt, but I was always wearing an *angavastram* over my body.

One day it happened that one of his grandsons, who had had his *Brammopadesa* recently, did not recite his *manthras* well, and my patron asked me to teach him. I honestly attempted, but failed. He did not say anything then, but I knew that he had put me down as a hypocrite. I left his house the same day on the pretext of having received a telegram from my parents.

So, if any of you happen to go to a gentleman of the above type for some favour, get by heart your *Sandhya*.

On another occasion, I had to meet an Indian gentleman (mark the word 'gentleman') living in the so called English style. I went there in my *dhoti* and cap and the peon gave me an interview. He said that his master was very busy and so would not see me. But a four-anna piece pressed in his hand extracted the tip from him that his master would not see any living thing in a *dhoti*; but the servant promised to push me into his presence if I go over there the next day in hat, suit and boots. I rushed to a saloon and had my hair cut. I put on a beautiful suit—a silk one, as it was summer—and got my feet inside a pair of socks and boots. My England-returned cousin who was by my side, told me that the problem of a hat is a difficult one and that it has not been solved for ages. He told me when to keep it on and when not. So I put on a topi and proceeded to the gent's house. I was particularly careful to see that the crease of my suit did not get spoiled by rough walking. My wife suggest-

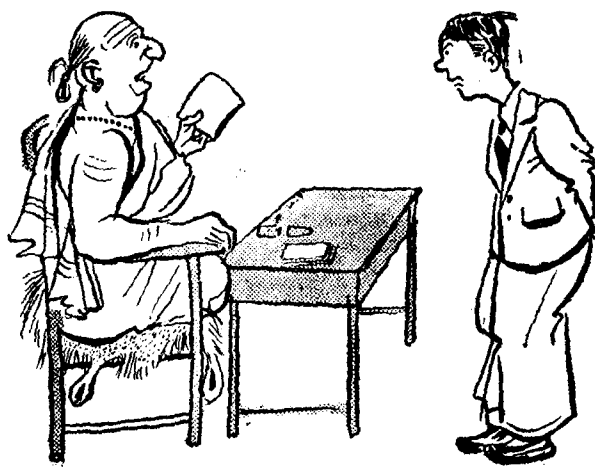


ed that it was customary to take some fruits on the occasion of the first meeting with one's superior. So I purchased some lime fruits on my way as they were the cheapest and most common. I hung my hat on the stand kept outside and sent in my visiting card. My heart was beating very fast as I entered with a mild bow and a "Good morning, Sir." He was seated in a cushioned chair.

He offered me a seat and I thanked him. He asked me to state my case briefly as he was having numerous engagements, and I did so. I told him the names of my cosmopolitan relatives who were in good positions (never of my orthodox ones) and convinced him that I was entirely looking forward to him for my bread. He said that he could not do anything just then, but asked me to see him whenever any vacancy in his department was advertised. I thanked him for his kindness, but unto this day I find that his department has not asserted its existence through the papers by advertising one vacancy.

Once I had the privilege of meeting an Englishman in connection with a certain appointment. My cousin coached me as usual. He asked me to be ultra-scrupulous in my dress. It seems I could be more free with him in my talk, that an occasional humorous remark would push any one into an Englishman's favour with a force. I know that an Englishman appreciates intelligence in his subordinates, and so one should not look like a fool in his presence. As they have no definite prejudice against any community, I did not worry myself on that score.

I went to him one fine morning, and without much trouble I got to his presence. He was quite genial and discussed with me topics of general interest. In



ALMOST all of us would be interested, either directly or indirectly, to know how one can shoot into the favour of his prospective employers. In these days of staggering unemployment it is almost impossible for any educated young man to be sure of his being selected for a job, merely on the basis of his qualifications. I had bitter experiences in this line of seeing bigwigs for various favours. Herein I have ventured to portray my experiences so that it may serve as a lesson to novices in the art of 'crowcatching'.

The question of how to conduct oneself before one's boss to his entire satisfaction is a ticklish one, and, I believe, no one has ever attempted to schedule the answers and patent the methods so far. The reason is not far to seek. The kaleidoscopic types of people that one comes across on his way to get a job and their varied temperaments, unnerves the young fellow. I shall outline the method of attack in certain types of cases of common occurrence which has been responsible for my success with them, so that you may benefit by my experience.

the course of the conversation I took care not to mention anything against the British people. In fact I eulogised the various (apparent) benefits from the benign benevolence of British Raj in India. He was much pleased and enquired whether I had any particular hobby. I told him that my best hobby was breeding nice puppies. He was really amused and said that he would very much like to see them. I said that I would be only too glad to get them in the evening, and thus I bade him 'good-morning'.

In the evening, I changed my dress, put on a felt hat, and was leading my half a dozen puppies, all in leads. He was delighted to see them. He took them one by one and caressed them.

He asked me whether I would play tennis, and I said that I knew a little in that way. He fetched me a racquet, and we played. He was so very overjoyed with my play that he invited me for dinner and when it was finished, he gave me an order appointing me as his assistant on a salary of Rs. 150 a month with free quarters and T. A.

Answering Voice

"Injure None—nor man nor beast!"
Proclaims a voice from hoary East—
(A little man in loin-cloth,
Whose smiles avert the blade of wrath.)
"Wealth will shift from man to man,
None knows the underlying plan.
And men who thirst for fame and power—
Who has told them their final hour?
Riches come from God as trust;
Depart they will and when they must,
As kings and men prove day by day.
Therefore heed me when I say
That those who work have a right to live
As much as those who 'have' to give.
Lust, anger, greed, covetousness,
Envy, sloth—these cloud the sense.
Here are deadly foes to fight,
If fight you must. Yes, fight for light;
Fight for justice, make war on wrong—
Muse, here is theme for song!"

Mars Moloch glare at him,
But "Bravo!" hail the Cherubim!

G. K. Pillai

THE LETTER—(Continued from page 20)

Answer from the Post Office:—

The letter was not intended for any of them.

On the following day a monster meeting was held in the local market-place. The local Raman Nairs were present in their full strength. The meeting, speeches, votes and resolutions, all bristled with the Raman Nair motif. Unanimous resolve was taken to go to the Postmaster and demand the delivery of the letter, if not individually, at least collectively to them. So the next day this army of Raman Nairs marched to the Post Office.

The Postmaster required the Delegation of Raman Nairs to send in a list of their names with full addresses.

They had already got it ready all affixed to a petition, demanding the letter.

The Postmaster scanned the names carefully, and found that the initials of the applicants covered the whole gamut of the alphabet, except the single letter X. The Postmaster returned this reply to the concourse waiting outside.

"The letter is addressed to Mr. X. Raman Nair—"

This was too much. Even the most obtuse among them knew that there could be no 'X' Raman Nair.

The Postmaster was having a practical joke.

Within three days the house of Mr. T. Velu Nair witnessed the arrival of various consignments. In every case the presents came from some one of the fortyseven Raman Nairs. Of snake-gourds there was a sack, pumpkins a score or so, bananas there were nearly a hundred, and as for chillies, onions 'lady's-fingers', brinjals, etc., there were cart-loads. Mr. T. Velu Nair's wife bulged one inch all round at the sight of so many vegetables.

The Branch Postmaster took pity on the men and forthwith called a general body meeting of the Raman Nairs in the locality. The shareholders attended in full. The letter was opened and read from the verandah of the Branch Post Office.

And this was the letter:—

Society for the Propagation of

Hygiene

Leaflet 87

CHOLERA

How to Fight It

A general raid into the postmaster's house was postponed owing to rain which came down in torrents at this moment.

The Sub-Assistant Surgeon

Reading Time
About 14 Minutes

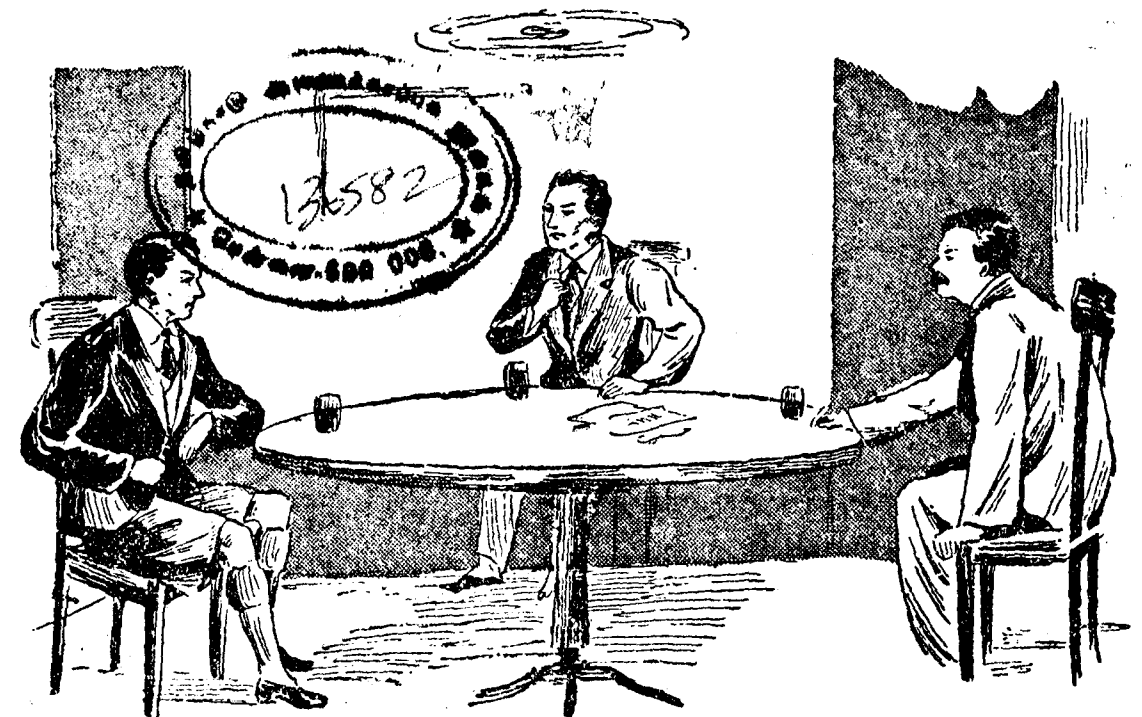
by T. P. Scott-O'Connor
Illustrated by Varma

The District Medical Officer was speaking:

"YES," he remarked, helping himself to a drink from the tray which was held before him by the Club servant, "it's a pretty dull life sometimes."

"Still, you must find some of your operations interesting enough I should imagine," said his neighbour, the District Forest Officer. "Take my Department, for instance. Shut away in the middle of the jungle more often than not; unhealthy; no one to

The Club was deserted, for it was nearing a quarter past 9 P.M. The last bridge four had broken up. The billiard room was in darkness, the table a dull patch of white under its covering shroud. The D.M.O. and the Forest Officer were bachelors; the Collector's wife was in the hills as it was the month of May; hence their presence long after the others had left. A faint breeze stirred the leaves of the tall trees in front of the Club and rustled the potted plants upon either side of the steps leading up to the broad, generous verandah where the official trinity sat con-



talk to; deadly dull. The only change we get is a visit to headquarters (it's really a visit and nothing else), or when we fall sick, due to the bad water or malaria-infested forests, or both."

suming iced pegs. A sleepy and morose butler waited upon the frequent calls of 'boy' from three parched throats.

"And then comes I and behold! You are well again." The D.M.O. smiled and slowly sipped his drink. The third man who had remained silent up till now, stretched his long legs in front of him and lay back in the comfortable rattan chair. This was the Collector.

"Talking about dullness and no change," the Collector put in, "I don't know if you fellows have ever been to Nelladakurichi?" Then, as the other two shook their heads: "Well, it would take some beating I should say. I have been there once and never again. I forget what made me visit the place—oh,

yes, it had to do with the really ghastly water supply there, which comes from a solitary tank just outside the village and into which the inhabitants, every single one of them, together with their livestock—at any rate, you know what I mean. And then they drank. And then, of course, they died—some of them. Others developed filthy diseases and horrible sores. The thing was revolting. There was

a Sub-Assistant Surgeon there who was trying his best to get them to desist from drinking the tank water. But, as the people pointed out, there was no other water within four miles distance, the only well in the village having dried up. Reminds me—boy!” he shouted. The servant came slowly, arranging his lopsided turban.

“Three of the same, and hurry up. Heavens, I’m feeling dry! Well, I camped there for a night and a day.” He turned to the D.M.O. “I suppose you know that Sub-Assistant Surgeon fellow?” he asked.

The other shook his head. “No, I’ve not been that way,” he replied. “In fact, I don’t even know where it is, and after your charming description of the place I’m certainly not going anywhere near it. Sub-Assistant Surgeons are good for that kind of show.”

“It’s about that fellow I want to speak to you,” continued the Collector. “I arrived about five in the evening. The tents had been pitched in an open space amongst some trees a furlong or so from the village. The Munsiff and sundry other gentry were awaiting my arrival. After a bath and a change of clothes I went outside and accompanied by the entire population, including pi-dogs and a buffalo or two, visited the scene of all the trouble. My God! You’ve no idea of the condition of that water. It stank. Its surface was all green and crinkley; it appeared solid, not liquid. I threw a stone, and it sank with what

seemed an effort. Not a ripple disturbed the water. Apparently my stone was the signal for a perfect volley of others from those who stood around. I’ve heard of people being stoned to death in the old, enlightened days. That tank was literally riddled with them. The people were laughing as if at some wonderful joke, and I noticed a boy of eight or nine,

his face a mass of bleeding sores caused by drinking the same water, laughing and throwing stones like an English boy at the sea-side. Strange people, forsooth!

“I’d taken the precaution to bring three large barrels full of water with me, and had ordered them to send another half a dozen the following day. It

wouldn’t go very far amongst that crowd, but it was better than the slime they’d been used to. And the extraordinary thing was that they looked with deep suspicion upon the water I’d brought with me. To them, water which was not green was something to be minutely tested. Poor devils, they’d forgotten what pure water looked like.

“It was after dinner and I was sitting in a camp chair in front of my tent, smoking the pipe of peace and feeling washed out with the heat. Earlier in the evening heavy clouds had gathered in the South-West and I prayed that some of their rain might fall upon this barren land. A pale flash of lightning now and then seemed to answer the prayer, but I heard no thunder. The storm was many miles away and may never come that way at all. Still, one could only hope for the best. Nothing less than a whole night downpour would have been of any use. The ground was baked and as hard as steel.

“I was knocking out the ashes from my pipe and was about to turn in when I observed a figure approaching in the gloom. It was the Sub-Assistant

Surgeon. It appeared he’d been attending a more than usually repulsive case of disease and had not been able to come before. I called the peon, and told him to fetch a light and another chair.

“He was a small man, thin, and looked far from being well. A straggling moustache drooped over a looking mouth. The hair was scanty, the chin receding. I must say I didn’t at all think he was the sort of person to have there at that time. But the eyes were the best thing about the face. They were large, intelligent in a way, and yet gave one the impression of some great sorrow. I can’t quite explain it. All I know is that they impressed me favourably and yet mournfully.

“‘I’m sorry, sir, I wasn’t here to meet you when you arrived,’ he said. The voice, to my surprise, was extremely cultured. ‘I was attending a patient,’ he went on to explain.

“‘That’s quite all right,’ I hastened to assure him. ‘It’s a pretty bad state of affairs. I brought some water with me, and more is coming tomorrow, but what we want is rain. And it’s far too early for that. The only hope is an unexpected cloud-burst.’

“He shrugged his shoulders. ‘I’m afraid there’s little chance of that,’ he said. ‘I’ve done my best, but what with the limited stock of medicines at my disposal,’ (here the D.M.O. snorted and moaned uncomfortably), ‘and the stupidity of the people, I’m about all in. I’ll get along now, sir,’ he rose as he spoke, but I motioned him back into his chair. There was something about him that intrigued me. It was his accent and the brooding look in those eyes of his. I offered him a cigarette, and, after a little hesitation, he accepted one and lit it. He inhaled the smoke in great breaths.

“‘How long have you been here?’ I asked.

“‘Seven years.’

“‘Seven years!’ I cried. ‘How the devil can you stick it here for so long?’

“‘Some people have to,’ he said, and closed his eyes. When he opened them their expression had changed. They seemed to glow with a smouldering, hidden fire. The silence became awkward and yet I felt afraid to break it. It seemed indecent. The man was obviously referring in a guarded way to something into which I hadn’t a right to inquire. It was he himself, who relieved the tension.

“‘Have you got everything you want, sir?’ he asked. I assured him I had, at the same time feeling that he hadn’t got a lot of things he was in need of.

Nourishing food, for one; cheerful company, for another. Rice and a few mouldy vegetables were hardly nourishing, and to be continually in the company of disease, and rotten, filthy disease at that, was certainly not cheerful. Very much the contrary. I couldn’t help pointing it out to him. Again he shrugged his shoulders.

“‘I’ve as much as I’ll ever need,’ he said.

“The man was queer. He gave one the feeling of being sorry for ever having asked him a question. It was as if he was sheltering behind a wall of reserve which it was unmannerly to attempt to penetrate. Then I thought I’d do what I could for him and try and get him a shift from that god-forsaken place. I hinted as much and he suddenly went clean off the deep end.

“‘For god’s sake, no, sir!’ he cried. ‘I’m perfectly happy here. I really am. I—’

“‘That’s a lie,’ I said quietly, ‘and you know it’s a lie.’

“‘Well, suffering it is,’ he said. ‘It’s my own business, isn’t it?’ The last sentence was snarled out at me. The lean face was thrust forward and I noticed a muscle near the temple was twitching.”

“Damned impertinence, talking to you like that!” muttered the D.M.O.

The Collector smiled.

“Do you know, I somehow couldn’t look at it that way? He was so obviously upset at the mere thought of a move from that disease-infested place, he was saying things which he did not in the least mean as impertinent. His next words proved it. ‘I’m very sorry, sir,’ he went on. ‘I shouldn’t have spoken as I did.’

“‘Don’t think about it,’ I assured him. ‘Of course, if you don’t want to leave the place—though it passes my comprehension why not—well—that’s your business.’

“I refilled my pipe and watched him shifting uncomfortably in his chair. Then he leaned forward, his nervous hands clasped together.

“‘It’s good of you, sir,’ he said. ‘Don’t think I don’t appreciate it. But I couldn’t leave it now. It’s become a part me, as it were. Besides—’

“I waited, but he was in a brown study. ‘Besides?’ I ventured.

“‘It wouldn’t interest you, sir,’ he said.

“‘Perhaps it might,’ I suggested. ‘At any rate, nothing like trying. The night’s young yet. Have



another smoke?' I pushed the case towards him and he lit the second cigarette from the glowing end of the first. After a few puffs he began. This is what he told me."

The Collector drained the contents of his glass and, turning in his chair, spoke directly to the D. M. O.

"He told me that he had been stationed in an excellent place prior to his transfer to Nelladakurichi. The climate was good; not much sickness among the people; and, strangest of all, the sanitary conditions of the place fairly clean. He'd recently joined and took a keen interest in his work. The dispensary was well run, and the people had a good opinion of his abilities. There was a small Club, an occasional game of tennis, and the papers to read of an evening afterwards. On the whole he'd liked it well enough to get married.

"One day his boss came along on inspection duty and put up in the local Traveller's Bungalow. For some reason or other, he took an immediate dislike to his subordinate and showed it at every available opportunity. The dispensary was not as clear as it should be; some of the patients had complained; and, to cut a long story short, he, the Sub-Assistant Surgeon, had better show considerable improvement in the near future, or else etc. He'd respectfully asked what exactly was the matter? In what way could the dispensary be bettered? If, as alleged, some patients had complained, it was the first he'd heard of to which his boss assured him that it would certainly not be the last he'd hear about it. He wanted to see a very great improvement. Also, and this appeared to be the crux of the matter, he didn't approve of his subordinate's somewhat superior behaviour towards him. Exactly how he was superior in his manner he did not condescend to elucidate. But there it was, and he had better take himself down a peg or two. He must realise the vast gulf which lay between their respective positions. He was really showing a great deal of clemency towards him—the Sub-Assistant Surgeon—by discussing the matter with him at all. Of course, what he should do, what, officially, he ought to do, was to suspend him on the spot and call for his explanation afterwards. But he was graciously making an exception. He hoped that he—the Sub-Assistant Surgeon—realised this, and in his heart thanked him—his boss—for his wonderful kindness. In his heart, the Sub-Assistant Surgeon did nothing of the kind. He spoke soft words, but, in this case, they failed to turn away wrath. The more the subordinate pleaded, the more the boss bullied. Some men are like that.

"The following morning the D. M. O.—(did I mention the boss was the D. M. O.?)—was due to depart upon his majestic way. Unfortunately, the Sub-Assistant Surgeon had mistaken the time of departure. He turned up at the bungalow at ten o'clock and found a fuming man striding up and down the verandah, a car filled with luggage in front of the steps, and a shivering peon. The D. M. O. opened with a broadside. What was the meaning of this? It was in keeping with his general behaviour. Scandalous! Outrageous! He'd show the other how he'd deal with him. To all the half-uttered expostulation, of his subordinate, he turned a completely deaf ear and then to complete the other's utter discomfiture, a woman just then turned up and raised up her voice in a howl. The D. M. O. shook both his clenched fists in her face. She howled the louder. The peon tried to push her away and was roundly abused by his master for his officious interference. He retired behind the car and muttered in his beard. It turned out that the night previous the Sub-Assistant Surgeon had prescribed some medicine for the woman's three-year old son. The mixture had been duly administered and the child had promptly died.

"The D. M. O.'s face beamed with an unholy joy. He ordered the peon to unload his things from the car. He proposed to hold an inquiry.

"The result had been the summary dismissal of the wretched subordinate. It appeared that, due to his mind being greatly upset owing to his boss's persecution he had, by an absolutely *bonafide* mistake, given the wrong mixture—a mixture containing powdered arsenic. In vain he pleaded a pure mistake. No. The D. M. O. had got him nicely within his grasp, and he was determined not to let go. An inquest was held on the body, of course, and a verdict of death due to administration of poison by mistake, returned. And the Sub-Assistant Surgeon got the sack.

"He went personally and laid the matters before the Inspector-General of Hospitals. He was re-instated, but the black mark would always be against him. He was transferred to Nelladakurichi, a place which was guaranteed to kill the healthiest man in the shortest possible time. It had already disposed of five Sub-Assistant Surgeons. There was no reason why it should not proceed to carry out its intentions towards him.

"As it happened, that night I was taken very ill, and sent my peon for the doctor. He turned up and was with me, day and night, for the next six days. I'd got an extremely sharp go of fever, and it was touch

(Continued on page 30 bottom)

I AM NOT

Going to England

by Old Soldier Jim

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

VARIOUS Dictators, Foreign Ministers, Emperors, Prime Ministers and other cross-word solvers seem to have decided to go their own sweet way about this African stunt; so I suppose I can go elsewhere.

I am not going to England. I was lucky to get away from that country full of kind-hearted people. Last time I was there everyone seemed anxious to give me free board and lodging; with police aid.

If I do go back they'll only have another of those Jew-Billy celebration stunts, and I'm rather fed up with riding round in tongas and smiling and bowing to people. Anyway why should I bow to anyone? I'm not an Emperor or a Dictator. I never did like work, so why should I make work for others? My going Home would only cause a lot of hard work—for the police, magistrates and other poor people.

The London policemen are not properly trained. One can't commit murder safely in London now-a-days, and there's quite a lot of unnecessary bother if a bloke borrows something without asking the owner first. Uneducated people do not perhaps realise that England is really London with a lot of small places wrapped round it.

After all the years I've been dodging mosquitoes, and work, it's really too much for me to anticipate dodging taxes, taxis and motor buses.

I know London has a one-way traffic system; but the one-way would have to be my way and not too fast. A lot of pretty coloured lights are placed at the street corners of the Metropolis and people seem to think they have something to do with the traffic-control. Nothing of the sort. These lights are for the benefit of the policeman on duty. A red light means 'look out your Missus is coming!', a yellow one 'leave that girl alone she's married!' and a green one means 'all clear on the western front but keep your whistle out of your mouth.'

Escalators, moving stairways and lifts are just an example of British swank. I shall not need an escalator when I go below; there's a bloke down there waiting for me; he's got a tail and a tale to tell; but I won't go just yet as I know it's only one of those smutty tales.

Another of these swanky ideas is to take a bloke up in an aeroplane to show him how far he can fall. They don't catch old soldiers falling out though. I've been up a straight and narrow path much higher than ordinary aviators go. The bloke at the gate told me they'd run out of beer, so I came back.

Places of amusement, such as Theatres, Cinemas and Nudist Colonies have been established to attract old soldiers like me, back to the country where everybody gives nothing for something sometimes, and something for nothing on Saturdays, Sundays and semi-religious half holidays.

I must admit that Cinemas in India are somewhat different from those in England. Lights are kept out longer in Blighty and audiences are sprayed with flit. Our Indian shows are not quite so fussy. Lights and flit make no difference to the pictures or the congregations.

Theatres are another example of English waste. Out here we can have our Pictures and Theatricals in the same Hall. It's far more convenient and economical. If an actress, in a play, or a picture, at a show in India, gets playful, or shows too much bare leg, the lights go out, the fans stop and everybody puts his watch to nine o'clock.

At a similar occurrence in England the audience are turned out and made to pay before they see any more.

Nudist Colonies do not attract old soldiers from India. Queen Victoria called it a Crown Colony to mislead the young soldiers of her Army.

Nudists are really Economists, who are trying to prove the naked truth, save money, time and trouble. Even their babies are born without clothes.

Sun-bathing in a Nudist Colony is merely a delightful method of committing suicide, or shaming the sun. It also does a certain amount of good to opticians.

It is not the English woman herself that is attractive, it's her clothes. Provided her wearing apparel is light, semi-transparent and has the appearance of falling off, any English female can catch an old soldier. This is the only point in favour of my going to the country inhabited by them. Feminine figures in shorts remind me too much of my days as a recruit and spoil any effect of clothing and female attraction.

Quite a lot of English people are mean. They go to the seaside in the hot weather to bathe without using soap, and sunbathe without the expenses of a Nudist Colony.

Trade is not conducted fairly in English Cities. Every big London Store employs men and women who are adepts in persuading visitors that certain articles are absolutely necessary for them. For example, if I went into the Ladies' Underwear Department of any big shop I would come out laden with corsets, brassieres, knickerbockers and other delicacies, quite under the impression that I needed them, until I met the Missus, who'd want to know where I'd got them, why, and how much money I had left. Similarly if I went into a big Drug Stores I would be compelled to buy Beecham's Pills, Kruschen Salts, New Veet, Baby Powder, Body Building Foods, Slimming Tonics, and arsenic in some form or other.

As soon as I got off the boat I would be expected to lend a guiding hand to the politicians. That wouldn't worry me much though. The Houses of Parliament are fairly comfortable, and there's also a bar. I've been a sitting member in many far more interesting Houses.

I am not exaggerating when I say I have had many a drink in the 'Prince of Wales' Arms' and have been a pillar of support to the 'Duke of York's Head.'



Fast bowler pasting them down on a sticky wicket

The mere thought of having to withstand a heat-wave in Leicester Square makes my blood run cold; and the idea of parading at a Labour Exchange to get money would remind me too much of Army life.

No! I'm afraid I cannot go to England.

THE END

The Sub-Assistant Surgeon (Continued from page 28)

and go whether I'd get over it. I wouldn't have but for the way that man nursed me. He was everything that could be desired; patient, gentle, soothing, cheering."

There was a long pause. The D. M. O. rose to his feet. His face was ash-coloured in the light from the hanging lamp. The Collector beckoned the servant, but the others shook their heads in denial. The servant went away and began shutting the doors.

"I forgot to tell you his name was Pereira," said the Collector, and looked steadily at the D. M. O. Then: "I should take it as a personal favour if you transferred him," he added. "Forget what's past. It always pays. After all you're a doctor. Why allow wounds to remain unhealed? Good-night, you fellows."

Once Bitten

by S. I. Rasool

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

Illustrated by Verma

SNOOKAM was what is called 'a member of the old school'. That is to say, Snookam lived resentfully in a world which he believed to be going to dogs, and in a generation of whose manners, morals, and mentality he disapproved.

Snookam was not old if you measure age by years, but he had the slight pomposity of manner peculiar to those who cling to the Golden Age of yesterday, and view the present with distaste, and it gave him a false seniority. It was difficult to imagine him as a youth—it seemed more possible, indeed, that he should have sprung, middle-aged, into the wrong century.

"It's not only the young," he would say. "That wouldn't be so bad. Presumably the young can learn, but it's every one; too slack to bother about manners, or morals for that matter. That kind of thing grows—it spreads. Women have to stand in

tubes and omnibuses while able-bodied men, young men, keep their seats. I've seen a woman, a pretty woman, open the door for herself, and think no worse of the man who let her do it."

I believe it honestly worried him; he saw himself, a knight in a world of knaves, and he derived no satisfaction from it. Everyone laughed at him, because, intentionally or not, he had constituted himself a censor, and it made of him an uncomfortable companion.

I had lunched with Snookam, at the club, one drizzling day in November, and we waited miserably under our umbrellas for the same omnibus to take us back to our homes. Snookam disapproved of the taxi-car habit as a self-indulgence characteristic of the age, and I had not sufficient energy to incur his displeasure by taking one myself. Three omnibuses



passed us full to over-flowing, and were besieged by would-be passengers, so that people wishing to get out had to fight their way through a surging mass of arms and legs and umbrellas.

"Look at that," said Snookam disgustedly. "Every one for himself—no consideration for any one else. They would think nothing of trampling you under-foot if they could get your place on the omnibus."

Our turn came after ten minutes' dreary waiting, with the rain driving round our ankles and creeping up through the soles of our shoes. It was a full omnibus, but obviously there were a good many people to alight. We stood patiently at the back of the scrambling mob, our umbrellas furled and our hats collecting rivulets of water.

Gradually as people struggled off, the crowd in front of us thinned, and we could see, through the windows the friendly fight for seats. At last there was only one person before us; she was a large—a vast woman, of that comfortable and particular size and shape that seems peculiar to the market. Sure enough she had put her great basket on the platform, obviously it was difficult enough to manage the step without encumbrances. The conductor was busy upstairs, and there was no one to help her. Snookam's eye kindled.

He sprang to her assistance. Placing a kind hand firmly on her ample back, he gave a push. I could see his face flush with the exertion. Like a whale heaving from the water, she rose to the step, and arrived safely on the platform; immediately she was separated from us by a rush of late-comers, who took full advantage of their good fortune. As the bus started they lurched one against the other, and I could just see the old woman carried bodily down towards the front of the bus by the struggling crowd. I thought from her expression that she would have liked to speak to us, but she was too far away. We from our position by the door, caught the full impact of the conductor's wrath when he appeared.

"There's too many on," he grumbled, moving the basket savagely to a safe place under the stairs, "and it's me what'll catch it. If some don't get off next stop, I'm afraid you'll be unlucky."

"Certainly," said Snookam, politely, "I should not dream of infringing the law."

At the next stop, therefore, we again submitted ourselves to the rain; as a matter of fact our action was prompted as much by necessity as good citizenship. The surge of passengers who wished to alight, and to do so, apparently, in a desperate hurry, drove us to the pavement whether we would or not. My practised

eye ran over the group already waiting to get in. "There'll be room," I said.

Snookam gripped my arm. "Just look," he said, "the poor old thing's been pushed out, as we were—"

I looked. There she was, the object of Snookam's former chivalry, one hand grasping the brass rail, struggling with the step as before. Snookam, in unconscious contradiction of his creed, pushed aside two men who were impatiently jostling for first place. Again his hand on her broad back gave the necessary impetus, and she gained the platform. He leaned towards me, beaming warmly with satisfaction.

"—coming to thank me," he said. Gratitude was a rare quality which he prized dearly. "I don't suppose she gets many helping hands."

Her struggles in that narrow space were fantastic, but she emerged at last, and began to make heavy way towards us.

"She really shouldn't bother," said Snookam, as he rose. I can see him still, swaying to the uncertain movement, hat in hand, a pleased smile on his lips.

"Don't mention it, madam," he said, "it was a pleasure to—"

"Pleasure!" The word came at us like a bullet. I saw Snookam wince. She was level with us now, and against the red fury of her face, Snookam looked ridiculously pale.

"Pleasure, is it? I'll thank you to keep your pleasures to yourself then; practical jokes—at your age!"

"My good woman!" Snookam's voice was lowered, but it was of no avail. Every passenger in the bus was holding his breath to listen.

"Don't good woman me. It's a shame, that's what it is." Conscious of her audience she indicated Snookam with a huge forefinger! "Twice he's pushed me on this blinkin' bus. Now I'll have to walk back, with a basket which weighs 'arf a ton. You keep your antics for them what's got the time for them." She pushed the bell savagely, and the bus lurched to a standstill.

As she got down, she gave him one last withering look, and I really do not think he heard the roar of laughter from our delighted fellow passengers.

I simply could not look at Snookam. To save myself that embarrassment I gazed out of the window. I was in time to see the woman lowering herself with difficulty to the ground. The heavy basket lay before her on the platform. I saw Snookam glance at it. The conductor was on top, and there was no one to hand it to her. His eyes rested on it for a moment—and then he looked the other way.

THE END

Wanted—An S. P. C. E.

by Jayalakshmi Varadachar

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

It is time an S. P. C. E. was started—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Examinees.

Why should only the dumb creatures get all the sympathy in this world?

Legend tells us that when Nero was censured for fiddling away when Rome was burning, his retort was quick and to the point: "It is better than harping on one's troubles anyway." This proves beyond doubt that the notorious Roman tyrant was an optimist—and a good punster! It is a good example to follow—the optimism, not the punning.

This explains why on the date following the announcement of the results of our examination—to be exact, May 27—the barrier between the journalist and me was broken.

It was a red-letter day indeed—red, like the proverbial red rag to the bull. It is all very well to say: "Who would not be happy in the month of May?" But could one venture the saying after our results were announced? One thing was evident—there was no use sitting and crying over spilt milk. So the next best thing was to sit and write about it; and spilt milk has its own uses. There are always hungry cats to lick it up with great relish.

Before one speaks of the results, something must be said of what led up to it; for, logicians will tell you that the cause always precedes the effect. I felt very much like a Spartan when I marched into the examination hall, equipped, as the Greek soldier must have been, with powder—only of a different sort. It was charcoal dust over which spells had been breathed. Smeared over the four corners of the answer paper, it was bound to make the examiner think kindly of me! That done, I shut my eyes and dedicated my work to God—the Omniscient. "Mysterious are Thy ways!" I murmured. Do you blame the examiner, then, if he found mystery shrouding all my answers? When I opened my eyes, the questions seemed ever so

much easier and I thought to myself that my task was well done.

Then the anxiety about the results started. I was all atremor and nervous, because I had heard that in the heat of summer, on sultry afternoons, the examiner, with a pipe, probably, in his mouth, and invariably possessed by what is known as 'midsummer madness', sat down to correct the answer papers. How could one expect any good to come out of such circumstances?

Thanks to a counter story, I regained hope, reviving like a watered flower. It was believed by some that if the examiner's wife was genial and good-looking, and handed over a cup of coffee lovingly

to him while he was correcting the papers, all would be well. Was there any good seeing the Mrs. about it, then, and requesting her to add a little extra milk and sugar to the coffee? I wondered. But how if the examiner was one of those who favoured 'strong coffee with sugar just to taste'? And again, how could one always be sure of the lady's good looks? The ground is slippery here, the ice is thin, and the metaphor very mixed.

Not infrequently, I am told, do clever children and bright nieces and nephews assist the examiner in valuing the answer papers, and if you happen to be their friend, well, so much the better for you!

Added to the jumpiness that always precedes the announcement of the results, is the terrible uncertainty of the whole thing. And on top of it are futile consolations like: "Don't you worry; it is going to be just a pass—or fail, and according to it, you go back to college, for better or for worse." It reminded me of the fond mother's prophecy: "It is going to be just a little boy—or a girl!"

It was not long that I was kept waiting, for May came soon enough, and with it the results, followed



THE AUTHORESS

by an ardent desire on my part that my mother had died barren! It might not have been so hard but for the sympathetic outbursts of friends intent upon cheering me up. One friend would say: "Don't worry. Examinations, after all, are not the sole index of one's worth. No great man ever passed any examination." (Here, great men who have not passed any examination, like the Poet Tagore, are referred to.) But 'No great man ever passed any examination', like 'No great man ever wrote well', is good as a logical proposition, both sharing the Fallacy of two negative premises, as J. S. Mill and Bosanquet will tell you.

It did my heart good to say to myself:

"No great man ever passed any examination:
I did not pass my examination:
Therefore I am great."

The result of such logical propositions, as of examinations in general, is a fallacy; beyond that there is nothing else in it. One particularly vicious person, full two days after the results were published, and after hearing all that the newspapers had to say about them, wrote to me: "Let me congratulate you on securing a First Class!" My reply was prompt and not lacking in warmth either. "Thanks, dear one. I would wish you to come back to college next year and take a First Class likewise!" That must have proved an effective silencer. Then there were friends who, determined to console me, kept on saying: "If I were you, I shouldn't worry. Failures are but stepping-stones to success, and every cloud has a silver lining, and there are no roses without thorns, and you have got a future before you. Probably two!" I have, as somebody said, "examined the darned cloud with a microscope, and if it has got a silver lining, it is some little dissembler!" It is not consolation that one needs. It is suicide.

You will find it hard to beat this bit of ambiguity: "It is a pity you failed to pass. One can never tell what a pass will lead to! As things are, your chances in life are poor. Next time, try to catch opportunity by the four-o'clock. Any other time would be too late!"

It was no good. Apart from the fact that these consolations were well meant, they had no spiritual significance—they did no good to my soul. So I determined to see the Registrar—that being, who is almost as omnipotent as God. My first feeling on seeing him was like that of an explorer who had suddenly walked into a cannibal kraal. I met him, in his home, although that did not take away from him his official bearing. He still looked like a Registrar, but like a Registrar on his afternoon off. I went to him for

consolation, for what is known as human sympathy, and when I left him, I only knew that Registrars are marvellously accurate in telling you exactly by how many marks you have failed. So I left, feeling much like a waste product, muttering to myself an impromptu which I made up, all by myself, for the occasion. Here it is:

"For want of three marks, a pass was lost.

For want of a pass, a year was lost.

For want of a year, twelve months were lost.

For want of twelve months—"and so on *ad lib*.

I wish to retain my copyright in these lines, so plagiarists beware!

It would have been impossible even for Napoleon to continue in this strain! But if you are inclined that way, and are particularly good at vulgar fractions and if you have nothing better to do, you may work it into so many minutes and seconds.

It is all because of the uncertainty of the examiner's mind. Here is a typical question, and what according to him is a typical answer. Suppose he were to ask you what would happen a hundred years hence, and you imagined yourself brighter than him, and as a proof of your higher intellect blurted out: "All those living now will be dead then!", the examiner will prove just a trifle brighter and pick out all the centenarians, and ask you with a piercing look: "What about these?" So, if you are careful, your answer will read: "A hundred years hence, all those living now will be either dead or dying." If you fail to put it that way—well, you fail. But more often than not, a pass is given, not got. Why, I have known lesser people, with just one shirt to their back, getting through their exams effortlessly, and yet, with a fairly well equipped wardrobe, here I was, required to prove to the world the falsity of the aphorism, "Nothing succeeds like success!"

But I am not blaming anybody. It is the way our calendars are constituted, I think. Why should February, the month that always precedes examinations, have just 28 days, unless God intended that we should be short of two days' preparation for a pass?

On the whole, I think, it is more advantageous to take a fainting fit than an examination. For one thing, you can be sure of falling back on a comfortable bed if you take the former. But if you decide in favour of the examination, all that you can fall back upon, perhaps, is the hateful notice board

(Continued on page 36)

Much Ado About Nothing

by M. A. S.

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

Extract from the speech delivered by Mr. K. P. R. Nathan, the newly transferred Executive Engineer, at the tea-party held in his honour:

".....Gentlemen, one word more and I have done. I may assure you one and all here and elsewhere, that in the discharge of my official duties, I shall be always faithful, honest and scrupulous. In short, whatever anyone may offer to me, whether it be in the form of a present, or by way of consideration, or in the nature of a bribe, I shall accept nothing."

How the overworked reporter transcribed the speech and the underpaid Editor allowed it to go to press. Extract from the 'Weekly Wireless' dated 14-8-35:

.....Concluding Mr. Nathan said: "Gentlemen, one word more and I am done. I may assure you one and all here and elsewhere, that in the discharge of my official duties, I shall be always faithful, honest and scrupulous. In short, whatever anyone may offer to me, whether it be in the form of a present, or by way of consideration, or in the nature of a bribe, I shall accept."

From Mr. K. P. R. Nathan to the Editor of the 'Weekly Wireless':

Dear Sir,

My attention has been drawn to a most slanderous libel published about me in your paper this morning. You have attributed to me a statement, which on account of certain omissions, undoubtedly casts a slur on my reputation. I trust you will have the decency to publish a correction and profusely apologise for your action.

Yours faithfully,

K. P. R. Nathan.

From the Editor of the 'Weekly Wireless' to Mr. K. P. R. Nathan:

Dear Sir,

We are in receipt of your letter of the 14th inst. and we regret very much the alleged libel published in our paper. We agree that the report as it appeared

is quite likely to cast a slur on your reputation, but of course, we had omitted nothing from the speech.

Yours faithfully,

S. Sukumaran,

(Editor.)

From Mr. K. P. R. Nathan to the Editor of the 'Weekly Wireless':

Dear Sir,

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 16th inst. which, I am constrained to state, only adds insult to the injury already caused. Not content with defaming me, you now suggest that the report of my speech as published by you is correct. This is to inform you that you will soon hear from my solicitors.

Yours faithfully,

K. P. R. Nathan.

Extract from the Editorial in the 'Daily Despatch' dated 17-8-35:

.....Time and again we have had occasion to come across glaring instances of corruption among Government servants, both in the superior and the subordinate services. And on every such occasion, we had taken the opportunity to impress on the Government the need for strict supervision and disciplinary action on their part. Now comes the amazing news from Krishnapur that a responsible Officer in the Engineering Department openly suggested on a public occasion that he is prepared to accept 'considerations' for services rendered. If the news reported be true, we trust the authorities concerned will take serious notice of the incident and deal with the matter in the proper manner.....

Extract from the 'Daily Despatch' dated 19-8-35:

QUESTION TIME IN THE COUNCIL: In the Legislative Council today the following short notice questions were put and answered:

Mr. L. T. Govindan asked the Hon'ble Member for Local Self-Government to state: (a) Whether the attention of the Government has been drawn to a

report in the *Weekly Wireless* dated 14-8-35, wherein a responsible Government Officer is said to have openly invited payments of bribes to him; (b) What action the Government propose to take in the matter.

ANSWER: (a) No. (b) Does not arise.

Mr. Govindan: Will the Government now at least institute an enquiry regarding the alleged incident?

The Hon'ble Member for Local Self-Government: Notice.

Mr. Ram Prasad: Will the Government take disciplinary action against officers against whom corruption is proved?

The Hon'ble Member for Local Self-Government muttered something that was inaudible. Mr. Ram Prasad repeated his question.

The President: The Hon'ble Member cannot insist for an answer to his question.

From the Editor of the 'Weekly Wireless' to the only reporter of the 'Weekly Wireless':

Dear Sir,

We regret to note that your work of late is far from satisfactory. Please therefore take a month's notice from today.

Yours faithfully,
S. Sukumaran,
(Editor.)

From the Proprietor of the 'Weekly Wireless' to the Editor of the 'Weekly Wireless':

Dear sir,

I hope you are aware that by your repeated blunders you have landed us into endless troubles. I may inform you that Mr. K. P. R. Nathan has already filed a suit against us, claiming damages to the extent of Rs. 10,000. Kindly note that you are on a month's notice from this day.

Yours faithfully,
S. K. Swami,
(Proprietor.)

From the Secretary to the Government to the Printer and Publisher of the 'Weekly Wireless':

Dear Sir,

I am directed to inform you that under Section—(a) of the Extra Emergency Press Ordinance, you are hereby called upon to furnish to the Government within 24 hours from the receipt hereof, cash security of Rs. 10,000, inasmuch as the matter published by you under the caption 'Party to New Executive

Engineer' in your issue dated 14-8-35 comes within the purview of Section 4 (b) of the said Ordinance.

Yours faithfully,
K. K. Dey,
Secretary to Govt

THE END

Wanted—An S. P. C. E.—(Continued from page 34) that has on it your name scored in red ink! And when you ask why, all that you get by way of an answer is the rather dubious, but by no means lukewarm praise: "For your wonderful command of the language. You have not said a word in your answer papers!"

Further inquiry only furnishes you with cryptic explanations like:

Maximum: 100 Minimum: 35.
Marks obtained: 30+5 (grace)
—5 (for untidiness and suspicion.)

Evidently the examiners had mistaken the four corners of my answer paper smeared with the charcoal dust for the handiwork of an untidy person.

History repeats itself, and so do examinations, and although *encores* in examinations are not necessarily the sole index of one's worth, as in theatres and music-halls, they serve one purpose—they illustrate the triumph of hope over experience.

I have one general warning for all those who are interested in commenting upon my failure. Apart from the fact that I appreciate the sentiment behind it, soothing messages like: "Better luck next time!" do not help to heal my wounds. You might as well try and convince a mouse that a black cat means luck! And the next time anybody tries to tell me that I was conspicuous by my absence at the Convocation of 1935, I wish to inform the general public that there is bound to be some excitement over a post-mortem followed by an inquest, and newspapermen may get busy with their cameras 'snapping' me as often as they like, for I shall figure rather prominently, not in the post-mortem, but at the inquest. And when it comes to my choosing the celebrated last wish, captions in the daily papers will read: "The 'deceased' expressed an ardent desire that she might not stumble across further stepping-stones to success!"

If, however, by some divine intervention, I should be acquitted, ten to one, a friendly hand is sure to grasp mine and say: "Cheer up, comrade, for failing to pass!" It is a baffling earth on which we live, conveying little else to us besides the fact that it is round and revolves on its own axis!

THE END

The Poor Fly

by John A. Henry

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

Illustrated by Varma

ARE any of my readers troubled with flies? But, of course, that's a foolish question. Statistics have it that one female fly lays—well, I don't know how many billions of eggs in its lifetime. Now that Victorian days are gone and dead and past, some one should put forward a Birth Control Movement amongst the Fly Community of India. With pains and more than a little care, I'm sure it would be a great success. And Mrs. Fly, who has, I believe, a very obliging nature, could be persuaded to lay not more than a few million eggs in place of the billions she laid before. This would be a great help—to the flies, I mean—not to us.

The common, garden, or nose fly is an interesting little thing. I feel that I must describe it because you may not know what it is like. Most of you have probably got a mistaken idea that flies are a darned nuisance and that all they are good for is swatting.

On the contrary. The fly, which belongs to that ancient and honourable family—the *Dipteras*, is a harmless little insect with a very affectionate nature. I bravely state this in spite of the various cruel people who tell you, "Flies mean disease! Destroy them with so-and-so! The only safe insecticide!" These words of destruction, in my opinion, are mere commercial advertisements for stuff that can be likened to the Liquid Fire of the Great War.

Talking about the fly's good nature, imagine its hurt and chagrin when you viciously swipe at it when

it is settled on your nose or your ear or on your eyeball! And all the time it is merely trying to tell you that it likes you and has formed a grand opinion of the aerodrome-like qualities of the various portions of your anatomy. So next time—well, give the poor thing a chance and a little consideration. It will appreciate it, I know, and will do you the honour of inviting its cousins and its aunts and its brothers and its sisters to visit you and pay you their compliments.

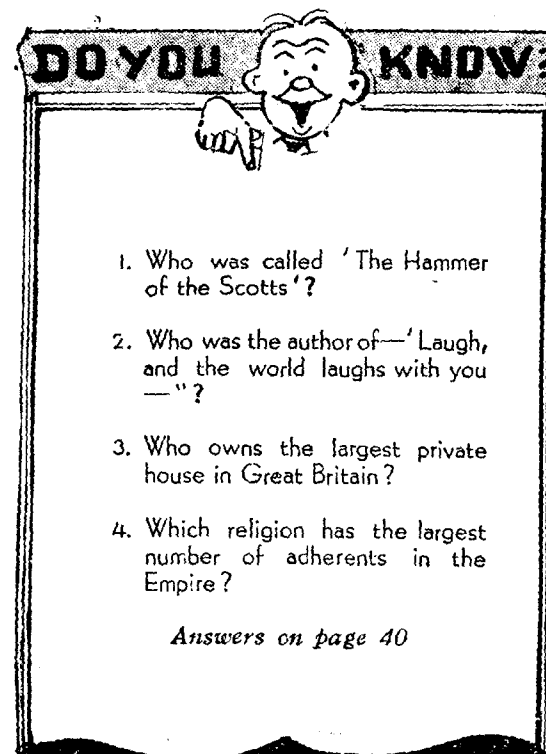
In appearance the fly bears a marked resemblance to Smith, the fellow who did you, very cunningly, out of that five-rupee note you lent him a few years ago. So now you won't be mistaking beetles and things for flies.

Its family escutcheon is a Bald Head *rampant* on a Field of Noses, picked out with the Bar Sinister. After all, marriage is but a man-made institution.

The fly cannot understand the widespread antipathy that exists towards it, and there are more cases of suicides amongst flies on account of this and hurt feelings and blighted affections, than we dream of.

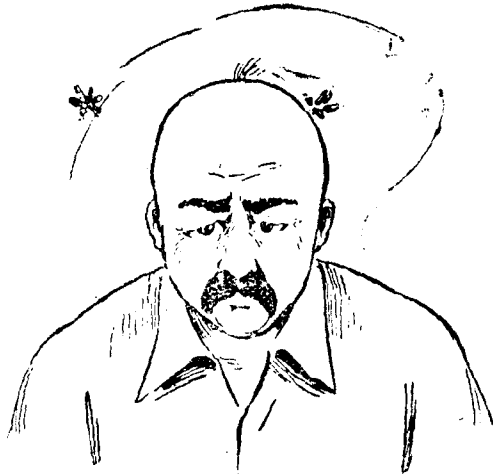
One usually finds a great number of flies disporting themselves on rubbish heaps, for which they have a great affinity. They also like buzzing round a lot of human beings.

There is no community that has such a great atmosphere of camaraderie and *esprit-de-corps* than the Fly Community. If you are busy writing a complicated short story or an article of fiction or a letter



1. Who was called 'The Hammer of the Scotts'?
2. Who was the author of—'Laugh, and the world laughs with you —'?
3. Who owns the largest private house in Great Britain?
4. Which religion has the largest number of adherents in the Empire?

Answers on page 40



to your wife explaining why you couldn't go up and see her sometime in the hills, the fly will help you take your mind off its worry and concentration by inviting you to a game of tag with it. When you are tired of chasing it you will go back to your work with a lot of new ideas and the fly will leave you alone—or it will start chasing you—one or the other.

As examples of its sheer friendliness and absolute lack of social superiority, take the facts that your food is its food; your face is its playground; your enemies are its enemies—*apropos* of which there is an old saying to the effect that "every man is his own enemy."

As an example of its good nature, just think how kind it is when it buzzes around you on a hot and sultry summer's day, doing its best, with the inadequate apparatus at its disposal, to fan you and keep you cool with its beautifully diaphanous and wonderful wings. Its perseverance to do good in the face of many repulsions and heartless attacks is displayed by its repeated returns to its fanning operations while you are thoughtlessly and inaccurately swatting at it in all directions.

Its subtlety in seeking out its friend—man—is shown when, furious and drowsy—you cover your entire body with a sheet that has only one hole in it. In less time than it takes you to blink, you, with your eyes fixed in expectant horror on the hole, see the cheery face of your ill-treated well-wisher peering affectionately and playfully through the aperture.

"Flies carry germs!" is a well known battle cry. Also: "Where there are flies, there are germs!" Well, I ask you to be fair. What about you and I? And especially you? Wouldn't it be equally unfair

for Insect Murderers to yell, "Human Beings carry germs! Where there are human beings there are germs! Destroy them with Kill-Pest!"—eh, wouldn't it?

Or take this:—"While stealing your food, Flies steal your life! Annihilate them and save yourself!" That's against the fly. The following is for the fly:—"While borrowing your money, Smith or Brown or Jones is stealing your life-blood! While smiling at you, he is stealing your wife! Blot him out!" (Or perhaps, give him a medal for the latter act of falsity!)

Well, there you are, ladies and gentlemen of the jury. What about that?

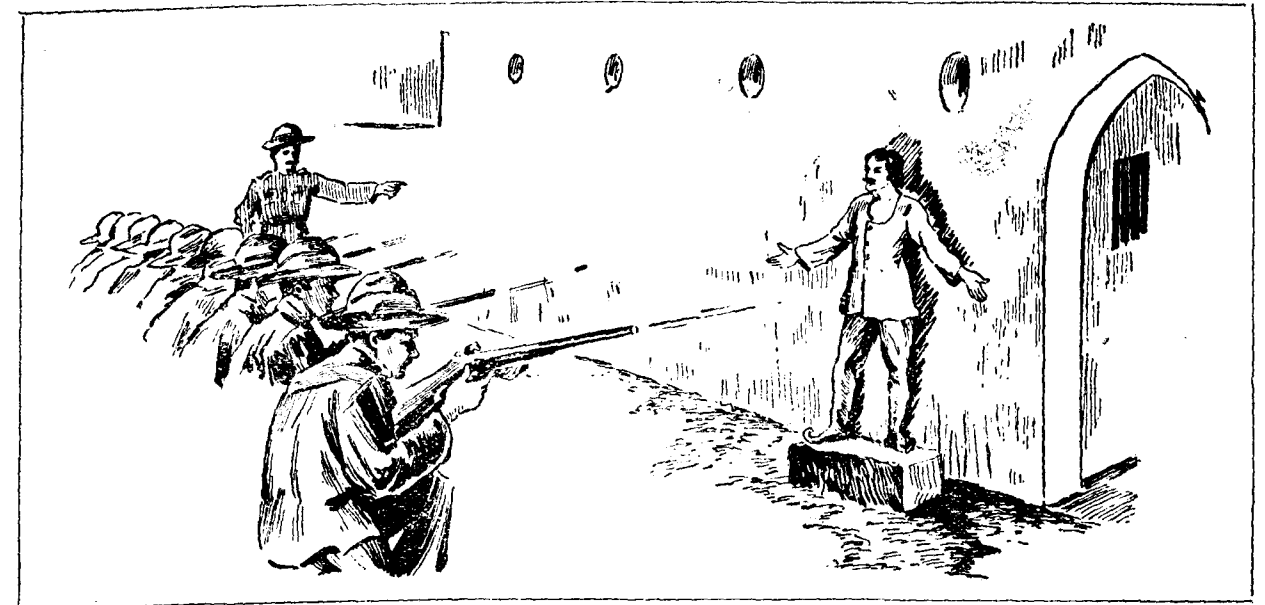
The Great War gave rise to the erection of many tablets and memorials to the numberless heroes who gave their lives for their King and Country and Loved Ones. But do we, heartless brutes that we are, ever think of erecting memorials and things to the poor, good-natured myriads of flies against which we have waged continuous war with insecticide pump, fly-swat, and fly-paper? No! We don't. Do we think for a moment, of their families, their sweethearts, and their friends? No! We don't.

And do they think of *our* families and sweethearts and friends?



Well, in face of all the foregoing evidence and valuable information, I leave the answer of that last question to you.

THE END



The End of Murat

Reading Time
About 6 Minutes

by Thea

Illustrated by Alikhan

MURAT'S bold attempt to regain the throne of the Sicilies had failed, and he was now a prisoner in the hands of Ferdinand, the present ruler.

According to all known laws of civilisation, he should have been treated like a King who had tried to regain his kingdom and failed. But he was in the hands of a vile, unscrupulous man as events were soon to prove.

But Murat had no suspicion of the fate that was hanging over his head. He had sent for tailors from Morte Leone, for none was available in Calabria and was discussing with them what he wanted, down to the most capricious and trivial detail.

It was at this moment that General Nunziante, the officer who had been placed in charge of the whole situation, came in. The old warrior saw the King in such tranquil and confident state of mind, and so light-hearted, that he hesitated long before he broke the news that the court-martial was to meet the next day, and try Murat as a public enemy.

Murat refused to defend himself. Many pages of history, he said, would have to be destroyed—before

he could recognise as judges the men who had been appointed to sit in judgment upon him. "I know," he concluded, "that I cannot save my life, so let me at least save the dignity of the Crown."

The sitting of the court was brief, the sentence quick. As ordered by Ferdinand, the execution was to take place within an hour of the pronouncement of the sentence.

Joachim Napoleon, King of the two Sicilies, was to die. The hero of Aboukir, and Eylau and Moscow was to end his life of glory and fame facing a firing-squad.

General Nunziante, the instrument of Ferdinand presented himself even as the King had just finished writing his last letter to the Queen.

Murat cut a lock of his hair, wrapped it in the letter, sealed it and handing it over to the General, said:—

"General, you are a husband and a father. Swear to me that this letter shall be forwarded."

"By my epaulettes," said the general, and his eyes were full of tears.

"Now, General," said Murat in a cheerful voice, "let us hear the sentence of the court-martial."

In a voice, broken with emotion, the General read the sentence. None but Ferdinand would have been capable of so atrocious a deed, which was nothing short of murder.

The execution was fixed at 4 P. M., within an hour of the sentence being pronounced. It was already half-past three by the time he was left alone by the priests. But thirty minutes of mortal life more for this man. What thoughts must have passed through his mind as he paced up and down uneasily, and then sat down on his bed, and buried his head in his hands.

What a life his had been! Born in a poor inn, transported to the magnificent palace which he occupied as a King, his great adventures, brilliant for all time, his no-less-infamous treacheries, black and hideous, passed through his mind like the vision of a tale told in the land of dreams. He had passed over the world like a comet—burning everything in its way, and ending in nothing.

With sudden resolution he dismissed his thoughts, and advanced to the mirror.

He was betrothed to Death, and he was going to meet Death, joyously, like a bridegroom.

Four o'clock. Murat went to open the door himself. General Nunzianté was waiting.

In the courtyard were drawn up, against a wall twelve feet high, a corporal and nine soldiers. Murat stepped on a raised platform, which had been specially placed for him, and like an officer putting his men through the manual of drill addressed the soldiers and, finally, gave the word to fire.

At the word of command, five of the nine fired. Yet Murat was erect. They had aimed wide. The soldiers had not the heart to fire at their King.

Murat smiled. His great courage shone out at this moment with a magnificence never equalled in all his bold and adventurous life.

"Many thanks, my friends," he said quietly as if they were just on parade, "you have shown your love for me. But don't prolong my suspense. Aim at my heart and spare my face. Now, to it."

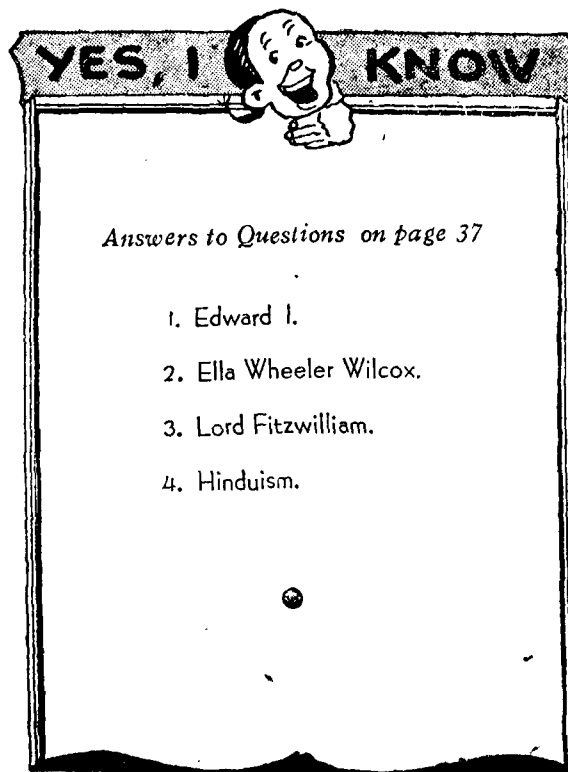
With the same calm, cool, collected courage, he repeated the fatal words. The men fired their aim surer this time. Without a sigh, with eight bullets in his heart, Murat fell.

In the evening a cabinet-maker brought the coffin which was to contain the King's body. He went into the room, where the body lay, but he was scarcely in before he rushed out in terror, as if all the devils were behind him, and cried out like one demented.

The sentry rushed in. On the bed lay the body of the King, a headless corpse.

Years afterwards when Ferdinand, King of Naples was dead, and workmen were repairing the bed-room of the King, some one accidentally touched a secret spring. A panel flew open.

Peering into the dark interior, they saw a large jar full of spirits of wine, and in the jar was the head of Murat.



Answers to Questions on page 37

1. Edward I.
2. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
3. Lord Fitzwilliam.
4. Hinduism.

Star Snaps— by Satellite

Dressler's Successor.



HERE is a shock. The late Marie Dressler, the most sympathetic woman and actress of the screen, has a grand successor in—Mae West. If you remember Min and Tugboat Annie you will see what I mean. Mae and Marie have the very same kind of personality: straight-forward, wise-cracking and hard-boiled. Mae West will stand by a pal, see him through and rag him unmercifully afterwards. Apparently, she thinks like a man, with decision and energy and is able every bit to 'take it'.

Of late Mae West is not what we call alluring. Nor is her appeal so very sexy. In my opinion, she has plenty of audience-appeal. Every time Mae appears on the screen, the audience expects a laugh, followed by an inward glow of sympathy. This is the essence of Marie Dressler. Will Hollywood try her for a Marie Dressler part?

Who Killed Cock Robin?

Walt Disney has been at work for over a year and a half on a full-length feature, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. This will take another year to complete. And the cost of this animated cartoon will approximate 400,000 dollars. The five hundred artists, musicians, technicians and gag-men working in the Disney studio have brought out *Who Killed Cock Robin?* a Silly Symphony murder mystery. This is a romance of the whistling cavalier, Cock Robin and his feathered love Jenny Wren. The wooer is shot through by an arrow. Judge and jury put their heads together, with Jenny (Mae West?) Wren in between their eyes and try to solve the mystery. 'Who Killed Cock Robin? Who shot the arrow?' they sing in chorus. Disney is nothing if not a comedian. The mystery is solved by Dan Cupid who admits he shot the arrow and at Jenny Wren's touch the love-stricken Cock Robin comes back to life! This is entertainment *par excellence*, lasting 8 minutes. Over 200 colours have been used to give it a natural effect and, in recording, forty voices have been used, apart from the main characters, for snorts, quacks and other bird noises. Another brand new idea is born

6-12-10-35

at the studio: Elmer Elephant, just like Oswald the Rabbit and Mickey Mouse. Mickey Mouse celebrated his 7th birth day last week and has been the recipient of felicitations from his 15,000 fans.

Versatility of Fredric March

Hollywood saw Fredric March in 1929 and ever since, it has realised he is the one handsome hero who is unique—not only different from every other handsome hero, but from himself. Then their pulses started racing and they would have all gone for him and spoiled him—but he had other ideas. He kept changing his roles, his personality and his appearance.

He could be the handsome Dr. Jekyll, as he could be the hideous Mr. Hyde. Now he is Hollywood Hero No. 1. Greta Garbo wanted Fredric March and no one but March for the masculine role opposite her in *Anna Karenina*. And now we have him in *Les Misérables*, Victor Hugo's master creation. The beauty is that he can't be 'typed'. His versatility is unique. Unlike Arliss, Laughton and Karloff who are just themselves in any part, March is entirely the part. He is a highly cultured actor, respected even among the actors' circle,—he is President of an Actors' Club. He was born in 1898 in Racine, Wisconsin, the original name being Frederick McIntyre Bickel. He was married in 1927 to Florence Eldridge, an actress, now just a happy wife. He and Florence have adopted an eighteen-months-old Anthony. They have already a foster-daughter Penelope, three years old now. *Death Takes A Holiday* has created a sensation in the minds of the Indian film-going public and he is perhaps the most respected Hollywood star in India. This picture looks just like a chapter from our scriptures and his appeal is wide and lasting. Serious on the screen, he is famed in his circle of friends as their most amusing story-teller. He is a brilliant journalist and short story writer and news-bits collecting is his hobby. He is a first-rate tennis player. He makes it a point to bring a smile or at least a grin to his wife's face every morning, the first thing.

An omnivorous reader, he lives the books he reads. He has made thirty-two pictures and not one bad picture in them all!



Amrutanjan

FOR ALL ACHES & PAINS



Merry-Magus

Astrology (Rangoon). Don't be so suspicious of others. There are many to lend you a helping hand but you doubt their sincerity. It is bad. Don't shut yourself up hating mankind. You want proof of everything; you don't believe in anything. You hate to be restrained by others; and these things make you discouraged. Give respect and take respect. Even if you are inclined to be religious, don't go to extremes. Beware of of rheumatism and gout.

★

D. Balakrishna Mehta. Truth and honesty you like in others but you do not always follow them. This tendency will keep you at the mercy of others. Before marrying, my dear friend, please see if it will suit your changing life. Don't just depend on luck. You are young and have strength. Hard work will certainly reward you. Follow your imagination if you feel you have got the capacity to carry it through. Restlessness prevents you from putting anything into action; eschew that. Beware of diarrhoea and tumours.

★

Bob S. D. (Mylapore). Why do you try to solve all problems through argument? Don't you know that certain things are beyond the pale of argument and you will have to accept them? It is not strange you are restless; You have no fixed ideas. You change your work and opinion too often. Don't depend on luck; it does not pay; work hard if you would become prosperous. Are you not tired of everything too soon? You will be worried by nervous diseases.

S. Baskaran (Periyakulam). If you are going to be so acutely affected and lack will-power how are you going to get on in this world of contrarious moods? Why do you require any backing from others? Can't you stand on your own legs? Have an open mind. It is no virtue to be beyond conviction. Develop social instincts. Don't wait to be awakened. Get at the first opportunity. Take care of your eyes.

★

M. Sathiyaji Row (Coimbatore). You talk of religion all right; but you don't respect it. Why do you suspect others' sincerity? Mingle with society; don't shun it. You are plodding, untiring. Don't carry your spirit of independence too far, my dear sir; it is not fair to yourself and to others. You will worry yourself into bad health. Of course, you talk plainly. Well, it doesn't matter much. I am afraid if you are not careful when walking, you will be subjecting your feet to injuries due to accidents.

★

N. Ramamurthy Rao. Don't you know ambition and the realisation of it are worth more than transient pleasures? Therefore be ambitious. You lack physical courage and so you will turn to be a treacherous enemy. You are inclined to be ever-changing. Don't be overbearing in family matters; create mutual understanding. Don't postpone things; do it and do it now. You are inclined to be selfish. Do what you think is right; don't care much for the opinion of the world. Overstraining is bad to your health.

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THE PARAMOUNT PUZZLES, MADRAS

Missing Letters No. 169:—

1. RASH 2. RUD 3. RYFE
4. RIVE 5. REW 6. RIND
7. RICK (See Supplement Section).

The Prize of Rs. 450 has been equally shared by the following all-correct competitors each share getting Rs. 17: Messrs. 1. K. P. Sundaravaradan, Madras; 2. V. Balamukund, Mylapore; 3 to 4. S. V. Somayya, Bangalore; 5 to 6. P. V. S. Ramulu, Vizagapatam; 7 to 12. K. R. Jagannath, Trichinopoly; 13 to 15. V. K. Deshpande, Poona; 16. R. Venkata Doss, Madras; 17. R. R. Iyer, Tiruvadamardur; 18. H. Seshagiri Rao, Hindupur; 19. B. J. Patel, Kavi; 20 to 25. K. Nagarathnam, Alapakam; 26. Mrs. P. Savitri Bai, Anantapur.

Rs. 25 has been equally shared by the first 5 winners while the prize of Rs. 25 for the senders of largest number of entries has been equally shared by Messrs. K. R. Jagannath of Trichy and K. Nagarathnam of Alapakam, each sending 384 entries. All prizes remitted. Rescrutiny fee Re. 1.

Replies—

Shyam (Avenue Road). Mr. Stiff-neck! Your obstinacy and unyielding determination are not going to help you at all. This tendency mars your fondness for social intercourse. Be careful, you are liable to be easily influenced and misled by emotions; therefore don't live in uncongenial atmosphere. Be tactful; don't make a muddle of your plans even if others interfere. You can be bought over by flattery. Headache and insomnia will worry you.

★

A. P. Varadan (Madras). Are you not an autocrat at home? Don't be vengeful; it is bad and wouldn't help you. Keep your temper and jealousy under control; else it will lead you into difficulties. It is unfair to jump to conclusions and act upon them. Be careful; selfishness is trying to gain an upper hand over you. You fear public censure, and not without reason. That is why you are so secretive. Don't turn to be licentious. Take care of your heart.

★

T. R. Srinivasan (Madras). Mr. Conservative, don't enter into politics; choose your own career. Your weak point is you exhaust your energy too soon by rushing headlong to extremes. Of course, self-confidence helps you in crises. It is good you do not hesitate to bring to book deceit and treachery even to your disadvantage. Are you not suffering from contrast-complex? In no time you will turn from the path of virtue to be a Bohemian. Be warned against acid complaints.

Tulasi (Madras). Yes, you are very proud. You have a liking for gaudy clothes and jewels; and you are also gaudy in mind. Don't speak out too quickly and freely. Many envy you for your versatility. Test your friends; if you do not know how to do it I will give you a clue. Touch their purse (not literally, however). You want your name to be famous and esteemed by all, don't you? If so, don't give room for idleness; work hard to attain your ambition. Take care of your eyes.

★

Raghavan (Madras). I cannot credit you with quickness and brilliancy, but your solid and plodding course of action stand you in good stead. Are you not extremely materialistic in your views? Dear friend, superstition is not religion. Are you not selfish? It is bad. You have instincts of self-possession and self-reliance; develop them. Don't live under annoying conditions. Your health will be spoiled. Do not imagine any illness; you have got a good constitution.

★

Black-Cat (Nellore). Yes, black-cats are always considered to be odd by others. You are also considered so on account of your peculiar ideas of love and duty. Do you know why you feel lonely? You hate society, and it is no wonder it hates you in turn. You are independent; you dislike to obey. Your inborn prudence will not allow you to run personal risks. Have you not an inclination for occult sciences and psychics? Boils and other skin troubles will bother you.



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COMPETITION (WORLD TOWNS) No. 14
Sealed Key Solution deposited with the
Imperial Bank of India, NANDED
Entrance Fee: Rs. 1 per entry or Rs. 2 per 3 Entries
Last Posting Dates:—1—11—1935. No Extension
Results on 16—11—1935 in the "My Magazine of India"
Here are Eight Towns of the World.
Put one Letter for each dash to get them

1. A ———— D	5. M — LT — N
2. PA — NA	6. A — RA
3. MADR —	7. L — N — ON
4. — A ——— ORE	8. C ——— Y

RULES:—Entrance fee must be sent by M.O. only.
P.O. Receipts must be attached to entries. Entries on
plain paper will be accepted. Write your name and
address in **Block Letters on the Entries.** The correct
solution is that which agrees in all respects with the
sealed key solution deposited with the Imperial Bank of
India, Nanded. Prizes Rs. 3,500/- for all correct.
Rs. 1,250/- for one error and Rs. 150 and 100 for the senders
of the largest number of entries containing a correct
solution. In case of ties prizes will be equally divided.
But **Minimum Guarantee Rs. 100 for each all correct**
entry, and Rs. 25 for each one error irrespective of our
collections. No responsibility accepted as to the entries
misfolded, lost and delayed. Proprietor's decision is final
and legally binding. Address all entries and fees to:—

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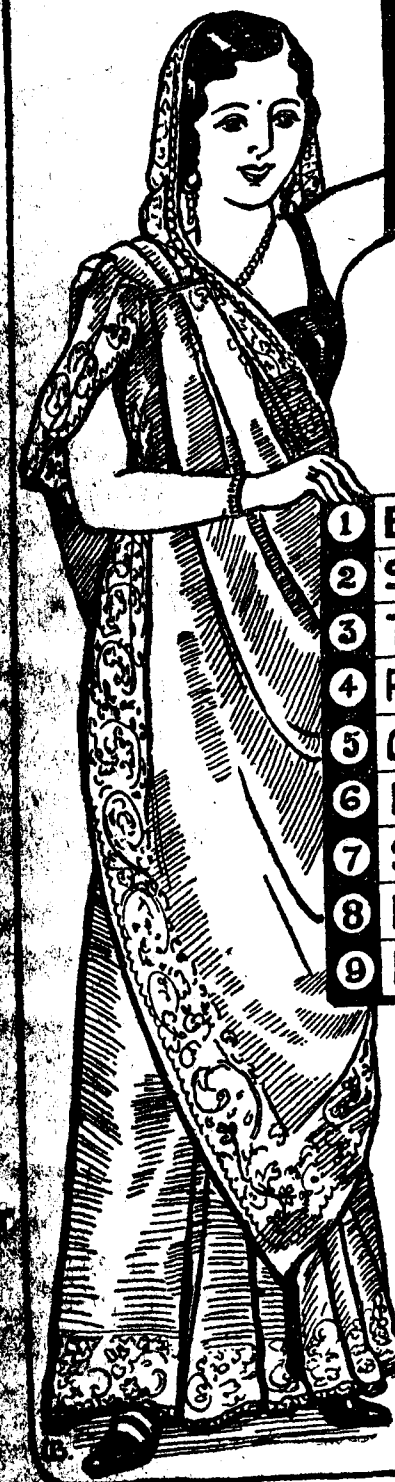
First Prize Rs. 10,000.

Second Prize Rs. 4,000.

Rs. 300 and 200 for the senders of largest number of entries.
Rs. 300 for correct solutions posted on or before 24th October 1935.

Rs. 200 for the first TEN correct solutions posted.

Rs. 15000 MUST BE WON



A cheque for Rs. 10,000, with a minimum guarantee of Rs. 500 for EVERY sender
of correct solution, together with a Table Grand Model Gramophone costing Rs. 160 to
EVERY sender of correct solution—mark the First Prize in honour of our entering the third
year after successfully and incessantly conducting the largest number of competitions, thus
year after year! The Premier Paramount further offers a colossal sum of Rs. 4,000 for
beating all records! The Premier Paramount further offers a colossal sum of Rs. 4,000 for
one error entrants together with a Rs. 75 Gold West-End Wrist Watch for EVERY such
winner, besides other Special Prizes! Hold your sleeves up, and see that your entries are
sent in time. There is no reason why your name should not appear in the list of four-figured
winners. Do it NOW!

Last Date for Posting Entries:—31st October, 1935.

1	B		G	I	N
2	S		O	O	P
3	T	R	A		
4	R	A			
5	G	A			
6	R	I			
7	S		A	T	
8	R	E		E	L
9	F		N	I	S

To Commence

Vessel.

A Vehicle.

An Animal.

The Mouth.

A Ridge.

A Tax.

Some people do this in war times.

The End

How to Win?

Aside in the lady's hand
you will find 9 incomplete
words with one blank space
in each of them. Against
each word, there is a clue.
What you have to do is to
fill in the blank space so as
to satisfy the corresponding
clues. For example No. 1
is BEGIN.

The Prize amounts will
not be reduced under any
circumstances.

Rules:—An entrance fee of Rupee ONE per entry or Rs. 2 for every three entries
must accompany, either by M. O. or Crossed Indian or British Postal Orders. In the former
case, P. O. Receipts for M. O's must be attached. Entries may be sent on plain paper and
those sending large number of entries may simply note down the alternatives on a single sheet
of paper. A correct solution is that which agrees literatim with the sealed Key solution
deposited with My Magazine of India. Results will be announced in the Rainbow of the
12th November, which will be sent only to those sending 2 annas extra with the M. O. or
Postal Orders. Manager's decision is final and legally binding and is an express condition
of entry.

Address all your entries and fees to:—

THE MANAGER,
THE PARAMOUNT PUZZLES,
P.O., ROYAPURAM, MADRAS.

Remember that your entries must be Posted on or before 18th. October 1935.

Do not let go the opportunity of winning a Prize in this simple Puzzle !!
Make hay while the sun shines !!

FIRST PRIZE
Rs. 3,500
(for all-correct entry)

WIN RS. 5,000
IN

SECOND PRIZE
Rs. 1,000
(for one-errored entry)

'SPOT THE WORDS' COMPETITION.

Rs. 250/- EXTRA FOR THE FIRST ALL-CORRECT ENTRY POSTED

Rs. 150 and Rs. 100 for the senders of the largest and the next largest number of entries.

A MINIMUM PRIZE of Rs. 250/- is GUARANTEED for EACH ALL-CORRECT ENTRY.

Last Date for Posting Entries: 18th Oct. '35. Results on: 28th Oct. '35.

1. The colour of the sky... BLUE
2. A Coin ...
3. An animal ...
4. A Game ...
5. Genuine ...
6. Cry of a common animal ...
7. To support ...
8. A bird ...
9. A kind of boat ...
10. A part of the body ...

HOW TO SOLVE ?

Given a list of Clues and a list of Words from which the key-solution is formed, you are required to 'Spot the Word' which satisfies the given clues. For example, the answer to No. 1 is 'BLUE', which is 'The colour of the sky'. Similarly find the others.

CHOOSE YOUR ANSWERS FROM THE FOLLOWING

(The same word is not repeated in the key-solution.)

- | | | | | |
|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|
| 1. BACK | 2. BARB | 3. BARK | 4. BEAR | 5. BLUE |
| 6. COCK | 7. HEAD | 8. HOWL | 9. LARK | 10. PICE |
| 11. POLO | 12. REAL | 13. STAY | 14. TRUE | 15. YAWL |

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF ENTRANCE.

1. An Entrance Fee of Rupee ONE per entry or Rs. TWO for every THREE entries is payable by M. O. or postal orders. M. O. receipts or postal orders must accompany the entries. Any No. of entries may be submitted with the requisite fee. 2. The first prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in an all-correct solution and which agrees with the Competition manager's sealed key-solution kept in safe custody with the 'QUILON BANK LTD,' Bangalore City, and the second prize to solution with one mistake. In case of ties prizes will be divided. 3. ENTRIES TO BE SENT ON PLAIN PAPER along with one anna by stamps or extra with the entry fee for the results. 4. The decision of the manager in all matters relating to this competition is absolutely final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry. No correspondence can be entered into or interviews granted.

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Second Prize Rs. 3,000

::

Third Prize Rs. 1,500

Special Prizes

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(For the first all-correct entrant)

(For the first competitor who submits the maximum number of entries.)

Rs. 300 in Cash (Guaranteed.)

TWO ENTRIES FOR A RUPEE.

(Minimum number of entries to be submitted is two.)

1	S			The Heavens	(55)
2			P	Cut	(43)
3	P			Sudden fit	(41)
4			E	Woman	(32)
5			P	Absorb	(44)
6	F	A		Beautiful	(34)
7		O	E	Narrow Excavation	(40)
8	H	E		Cure	(26)
9	G	A		Passage into an enclosure	(33)
10	B	R		Noisy quarrel	(56)
11	L		E	Big vessel	(58)
12	M	E	T	Measurement	(61)

Any number of plain paper entries accepted.

SOLVE THUS.

Place a letter in each blank square, so as to make a word which will agree with the clue given And you can test your solution.

The following numerical values have been assigned to the letters of the alphabet.

The sum of the numerical values of the letters of each of the twelve words is given within brackets against the word.

Eg. Take No. 1. S. *:: Heaven (55). The only logical answer is "Sky".

The correctness of the answer is tested by adding the numerical values of the letters.

S: 19 K: 11 Y: 25 and the total is 55.

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

Rules:- (1) The Entry Fee in this competition is One Rupee for each Two entries. The minimum number of entries allowed to each individual entrant is two. For each additional single entry the entry fee is only Eight annas. (2) Competitors must write their name and initials in block capitals on the back of the envelope containing their entries, stating the number of entries enclosed. (3) All entries must be in ink (in block letters) or typewriter. (4) All entries must be received by last post on October 21st 1935. Local entries with entrance fee in cash only may be handed over the counter up to 5 p. m. on that date. (5) The first prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in a solution which corresponds exactly with the Secretary's sealed solution. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the nearest correct entry. In the case of tie or ties the prize money will be equally divided at the discretion of the Secretary. Prizes are liable to reduction or increase at the discretion of the Secretary. A winning competitor can receive only one prize. (6) Keep an exact copy, so that you can compare it with the correct solution, which will be published in The "Hindu" on October 30th 1935. (7) Entrance fee must be sent by Money Order or Postal Order and must be addressed to "Competition No. 4, The Indo-European Club, Club Hill, Kottayam, S. India." M. O. Coupon space must not be filled in. Entry Fees in respect of all entries submitted by an individual entrant may be sent by a single M. O. or Postal Order. Postal Orders (Indian or British) must be made payable to "Competition No. 4, The Indo-European Club, Club Hill, Kottayam," and crossed. (8) All entries submitted by a single entrant may be sent in the same envelope but the entries must be serially numbered at the foot of the entry thus:- Entry No. 1, 2, ..., 6, etc. (9) M. O. Receipts issued from the Post Office of issue or postal orders must accompany the solution. Counterfoils of the Postal Orders should be retained by the sender. (10) Entries may be made on plain paper. Every competitor must send an addressed oblong envelope with a nine pie stamp affixed to it. (11) No claims are required. A printed list of the names and addresses of the winning competitors will be despatched by post to all competitors on November 4th 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner consider that he entered an entry eligible for a prize, he should submit a Scrutiny Claim under the rule below. (12) **Scrutiny Claim.** No form is prescribed. A Scrutiny Claim may be made by letter enclosing an M. O. receipt or crossed postal order for a scrutiny fee of Rs. 3 payable to The Indo-European Club and also an exact copy of the solution on which the claim is based. The envelope in which a scrutiny claim is sent must be superscribed "Scrutiny Claim Competition No. 4," and addressed to the Secretary. All scrutiny claims must be received by last post on Nov. 18th 1935. Scrutiny Claims from local entrants accompanied by the fee of Rs. 3 in cash only will be received over the counter up to 5 p. m. on that date. Claims not confirming exactly with the above provisions will not be considered. (13) Cheques on Imperial Bank of India at Cochin will be despatched to the winning competitors on Nov. 23rd 1935. (14) In no case can any entry fees or scrutiny fees be refunded or credited to another competition or account. (15) No responsibility can be accepted for any entry or scrutiny claim being lost, mislaid or delayed. No correspondence can be entered into or interviews granted. (16) No alterations or corrections whatever will be allowed. Mutilated answers will be disqualified. (17) Any entry which does not comply exactly with these rules will be disqualified. (18) The Secretary of The Indo-European Club, is the sole judge and interpreter of these rules and his decision on all matters relating to this competition is absolutely final and legally binding on all competitors. This is an express condition of entry.

The INDO-EUROPEAN CLUB, Club Hill, KOTTAYAM, S. India.

THE COMMERCIAL TIT-BITS OF INDIA

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Below you will find the names of 9 DOGS, but in each of them, there is in only one misprinted letter. What you have to do is to correct the misprinted letter. For example in No. 1, you have BULTDOG. Obviously the letter 'T' is a misprint for 'L' and by substituting the correct letter in place of the wrong one, we have the correct answer BULLDOG. The letters are there in their proper order and no shuffling is necessary.

1. BULTDOG	4. BAPDOG	7. PUM
2. BATCH	5. TAKE	8. SATTER
3. PUR	6. BIACH	9. TIRRIER

Rules and Conditions:—Sole Reference, Chambers XXth Century Dictionary. Pages 1 to 1150. Bracketted words are not used. An entrance fee of Rupee ONE per entry or Rupees TWO for every Three entries is payable by M. O. or by Indian Postal Orders, crossed. M. O. Receipts must be enclosed along with the entries. Entries on plain paper with your name and address in Block Letters. Write your name and address and also the number of entries submitted, on the M. O. coupon and also on the reverse of the envelope containing the entries. Any number of entries may be sent at the requisite fee. The first prize will be awarded to the all correct solution agreeing with the sealed key solution in the possession of the Editor, and the second prize to the solution with one-error. A winner in the first prize will also get shares in the second prize. In case of ties the prizes will be divided, but every correct solution will receive Rs. 300 whatever may be the number of correct solutions received by us. The results will be published in "THE COMMERCIAL TIT-BITS OF INDIA" on the 10th of November 1935, and copies of the same will be posted only to those enclosing 4 quarter anna stamps along with the entries. The decision of the Puzzle Manager is final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry. Address all entries and fees to:

The Contest Editor,

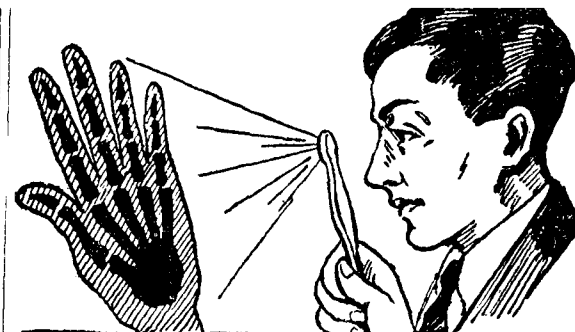
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