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A. T. M. Thomas — Ram — A. A. Roland

Satharam” By
V. B. Prasad

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MERRY
MAGAZINE

Published
from Madras

Every
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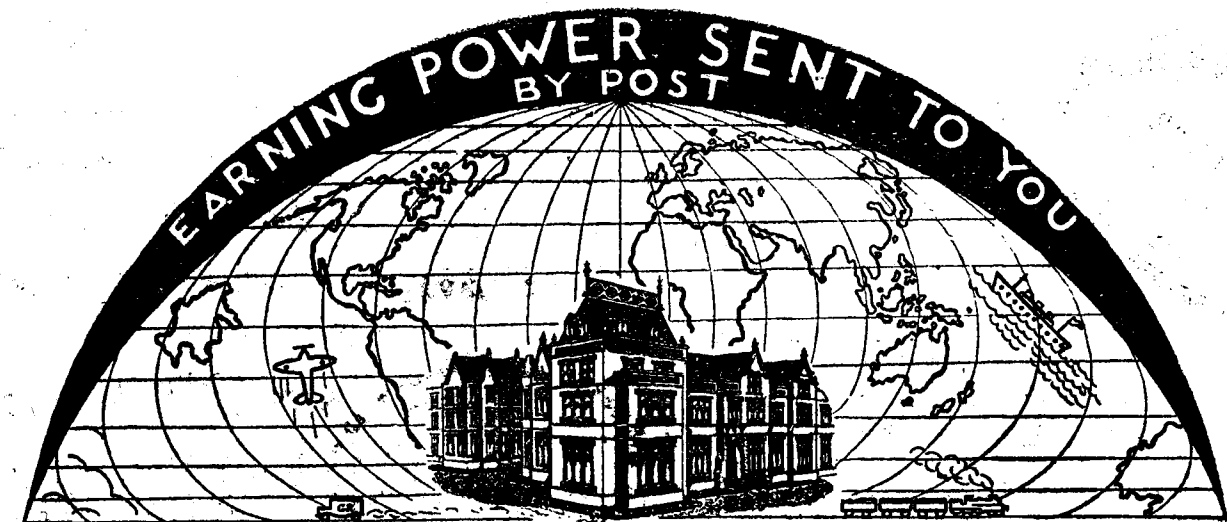
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OPEN LETTER TO PARENTS

Dear Sir or Madam,—When your children first arrived they brought with them a wonderful lot of sunshine. Later, you became proud of the intelligence they displayed, but, still later, you became anxious as to what would become of them in the future. Perhaps you were anxious when you visualised them as grown men and women. Even with plenty of money it is not always easy to select the right career, and a parent is sometimes inclined to ask advice of some relative, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred that relative knows nothing at all about the possibilities of employment.

Why not let me relieve you of some of your anxieties? In fact, why not let me be their Father?

We do not profess to act as an employment agency, but the nature of our business compels us to keep an eye upon the class of men and women that are wanted and who wants them.

There are some people who manufacture an article, and put it on the market to sell. We do not do that, we work in exactly the opposite direction. We find out what employers want and we train our students to fill those jobs. We have to be experts in the matter of employment, progress and prosperity.

If you have any anxieties at all as to what your sons or daughters should be, write to me, or better still, let them write to me personally—Fatherly Advice Department—and tell me their likes and dislikes, and I will give sound practical advice as to the possibilities of a vocation and how to succeed in it.

Yours sincerely,

J. Bennett

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Content

Cover Design by Mali

SPECIAL

The Italians in Abyssinia ... By Conrad ... 10

FEATURES

Sparks from our Anvil ... 3
 Mr. Merry, His Page— ... 4
 The 'Quake-Rider' ... By Mali ... 5
 The March of Events ... By The Man On The Move ... 6
 The Students' Corner—On Words' Worth—II ... 8
 Fun For All ... 9
 N. E. S. W. ... By Vanamail ... 17
 Auntie Awful ... 23
 Observances and Laws—Joyfull ... 30
 Do you Know? ... 34
 Star Snaps ... By Satellite ... 35

SHORT STORIES AND SKITS

The Professor ... By O. Key ... 12
 The Double Event ... By Ram ... 13
 Deepavali Officialised ... By A. T. M. Thomas ... 16
 Gubbi Satharam ... Reviewed by V. B. Prasad ... 18
 The Nudistracted Husband ... By Albert A. Roland ... 20
 A Philosophic Experiment ... By Embusque ... 25
 A Dewali Romance ... By Khory ... 28
 The Rocket ... By M. S. Kalyanasundaram ... 33
 Confidential-Reported ... By Key ... 36
 Anglicising of Fritz ... By Alex. Bruce ... 37
 I Meet The Monster ... By K. A. P. ... 39



Embusque

Mademoiselle George

It is strange, yet true, that little, diminutive men, have a strange fascination for large, magnificent women. Such a woman was Mlle. George. Such a man was Napoleon Bonaparte. From obscure beginnings she shot up like a rocket across Europe, shedding sparks of blinding brilliance in her upward progress, acclaimed the greatest tragic actress in France. A page from history.

A. A. Roland

Aunt Mamie Misunderstands

Misunderstands alright, but comes round handsomely. That is one great thing about aunts, particularly of the Mamie type.

E. L. Shipman

Auntie Unveils

An Auntie-fan interviews Auntie, with an addenda—but read it yourself. It is a revelation.

The March of Events

Appears week by week. Here is the week brightened and gingered up—don't miss it.

SPARKS FROM OUR ANVIL

Discussing India's social problems, Dr. Somervell is reported to have said: 'The real problem in India was not whether there should be an English or native Government, but whether they should be ruled by devils or by God.'

We doubt however if the Government here or in England is prepared to discuss this question, so soon after the passing of the India Act.

Speaking at the Colombo Y. M. C. A., on 'Certain tendencies in modern literature', Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar is reported to have remarked: 'A study of recent literature is one of entrancing interest and absorbing fascination.'

Curiously enough, our own view is that it is of absorbing interest and entrancing fascination!

Head-lines announce: "RAIN AGAIN IN OGADEN: ITALY'S ADVANCE CHECKED: GODSEND TO ETHIOPIA!"

League circles are gratified that divine sanctions are falling into line with theirs!

Speaking against the resolution urging the acceptance of office by Congressmen, Mr. Satyamurti admitted that though his views remained unchanged, he must confess to have been the villain of the piece.

The opposition's complaint is that he is the villain of the peace.

In the course of an address to the East India Association, Sir P. Cadell made the remark that though Federation might be a dark

horse, it was the riding that counted.

This, explains why so many of our princes are now being attracted to the English turf.

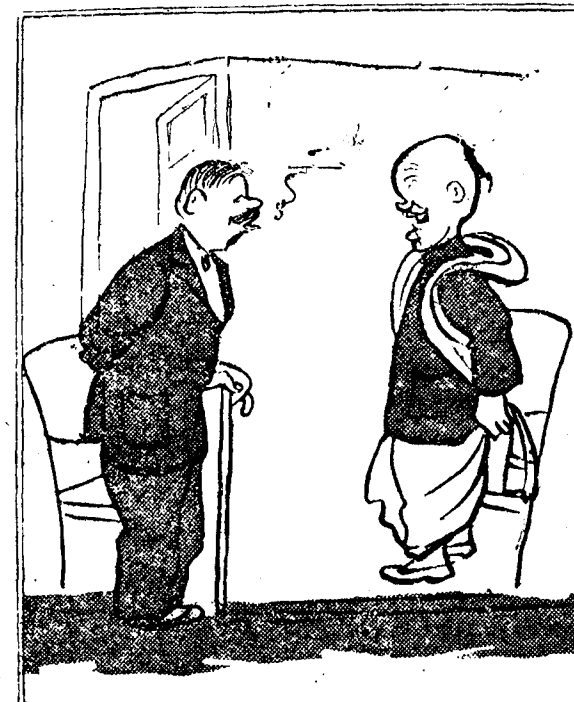
He further added: 'We could not have had a better rider than Lord Willingdon, and may be sure that his distinguished successor

nothing but a Harijan now.'

It is satisfactory to note that the strength of the Harijans is thus left un-impaired.

Another leader of the depressed classes says that change of religion is not a cure!

In the present case, it is only tried for a change!



'My daughter's music lessons are a fortune to me.'
 'How's that?'
 'They enabled me to buy my neighbour's house at half price.'

Mr. Gauba, on the other hand, welcomes him to join Islam where he would be honoured and treated as an equal.

We are sorry to note that the Punjab M. L. A. is apparently not ready to show them now.

Speaking at Mangalore, His Excellency the Governor is reported to have said: 'Government have not got a bottomless purse of their own.'

We are sure the Chief Minister will heartily endorse this statement.

Addressing college students, he is further reported to have said: 'In these days, education

is becoming more and more widespread.'

Still, we must acknowledge that the Ministry is trying its best to prevent its breaking out in an epidemic form.

Sir Godfrey Collins, the Secretary of State for Scotland, says that irregular marriages were often hasty and ill-considered.

Then there is nothing to be said for regular marriages, since the result is often the same!

Next Week: Joyfull Rides a Bus

Congress Week:

THE week just ended gave us too much of a good thing, and too many of them too! The heavens themselves vied with the city in acclaiming the national leaders who came to attend the meeting of the Congress Committee. Torrential rains from the heavens and of oratory from the high-souled tribunes of the people together have left an indelible impression on the public mind. The human side of politics is not as well exploited in this country as it should be, or as it is in the West. We are a philosophical people, and delight in abstractions. Political mass-education is most fruitful when administered in a concrete shape. It was said of a very cultured and benevolent woman that to look at her was in itself a liberal education. We claim as much for leaders like Rajendra and Desai. The national struggle and the national purpose become embodied shapes, and contribute to the 'correlation between intellect and emotion on the one hand and conduct on the other'. More than a thousand students heard the parliamentary leader expound his thesis with clarity, incisiveness and feeling. We are afraid he sometimes spoke over the heads of his audience. But he held their hearts in thrall. The speeches have no doubt been read widely; but those who could not hear them lost all the incommunicable splendour that was inseparable from the spoken word.

Speaking at another place, the Rt. Hon'ble Mr. Sastri paid a well-merited but belated tribute to the memory of one of the giants of a by-gone generation. Mr. P. Ranganatha Mudaliyar was a professor, of English among other things, in the Presidency College in days when such appointments were held as a matter of course by Europeans. Mr. Sastri was in admirable form, as the subject of his eulogy was intellectually and temperamentally akin to himself. And he said in the course of his speech: 'If we could produce in every generation men of the stamp of Mr. Ranga-

natha Mudaliyar, the future of this country is assured.' We purposely bring these two types together in order to point the obvious moral to our readers. It takes all sorts of people to make a world. And so, no single type will suffice for the arduous and many-sided tasks pertaining to nation-building or nation-conserving. We want missionaries of the mind, of the spirit and even of the body.

We may therefore be permitted, once in a way, to indulge in the luxury of self-gratulation. And yet it is not egoistic. We are living in a time which will look far greater and fuller of significance in the retrospect. But thank God that it is given to us to witness one of those upsurgings of the human spirit that occur once in a century.

*'Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive
But to be young was very heaven.'*

Such is our pride in our time. But it is valueless if it does not strengthen the moral and spiritual fibres of our being.

British Election Prospects:

There is talk of a general election in England very soon. If it comes about, the Conservative Party must be banking on a fresh lease of life, since the ostensible issue would be the League covenant and collective security. The Labour Party has apparently cooked its goose, by falling into line with Government on the question of sanctions. Domestic issues will recede into the background, and it might almost be a walk-over for the party in power. This would not be a tragedy to the Labour Party; for another spell of Conservative dominance might be advantageous to its opponents in the long run. Look at what has happened in Canada. The hero of Ottawa, Mr. Bennet the premier, has been washed out with his party in a deluge which has given the Liberals a huge and almost embarrassing majority. There might be something like that in store for our well-beloved English Tories too.

The 'Quake-Rider



Not Stalin but Babu Rajendra Prasad, caricatured by Mali

The March of Events

By The Man On The Move

October 14th: The Delhi railway station. The platform is covered with red carpet. A beautiful white train, polished and spotless, is standing by. Soldiers present arms. There are a dozen spectators. His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief is leaving Delhi.

Switch on to next morning. The same railway station. There is no carpet on the platform. Neither are there soldiers. There is a surging crowd. A hundred volunteers control the crowd. A train arrives (not at all beautiful and white). A cry, at once a salute and an incantation, arises from a million throats. One dark, lean man alights from the train with his hands raised in a prayer-like gesture, acknowledging the love of the multitude. Babu Rajendra Prasad has arrived in Delhi.

So says Pierre Legrade writing in *La Tribune des Nations*. He does not draw any conclusions from these two pictures. But we will.

I asked Sir Philip why the crowds don't follow him about. He laughed as a soldier would laugh. "Somehow, Munusamy," said His Excellency, "Indian crowds give me a feeling rather like the creeps. Moreover, crowds are a bit smelly, don't you think? That's why I avoid the good fellows."

As against this, Rajendra Prasad told me that he revels in crowds. "They ginger me up so much that I feel I am my own grandson. Oh, I love the crowds! They are like earthquakes. You know, I am fond of 'quakes.'"

So, there you are!

The League has caught me napping. I was occupied with the arrival of the Congress leaders. The League sneaked past me and produced the Committee of Eighteen just as you would produce a rabbit from your hat. I wired

to the League Secretary to give me a place on the Committee, to represent the non-Brahmin interests. He wired back, "Go, jump in the Bay of Bengal." I am referring the matter to the Mysore non-Brahmin Party, because the local non-Brahmin party has not made me a Municipal Commissioner.

October 15th: Sir Austen Chamberlain, I am grieved to hear, is suffering from *jittericus mus-soliticus*. He was saying this evening at Glasgow that he had no reason to doubt what Mussolini said—that whatever happened he did not intend to injure the interests of Britain.

Dr. Hoare, the Downing Street specialist, accompanied by Nurse



Baldwin rushed to Glasgow. The peculiarity of this disease is that the patient sees a titanic Mussolini with three legs, one leg in Rome, another in Addis Ababa and the third in Lake Tsana. A new ailment, but amenable to proper medical aid, says Dr. Hoare. The patient is well under control. No further bulletins will be issued.

October 16th: Col. Russell, Public Health Commissioner with the Government of India, commenting on the prolific propagation of the species in India, says that by the next census the population of India will exceed 400,000,000. At this rate, very

soon, we will grow into such a jolly crowd that there won't be any standing room in India—let alone sleeping room.

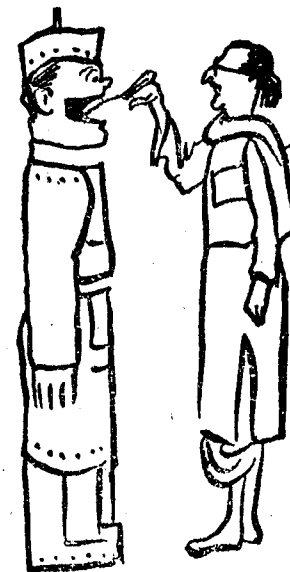
Forewarned we ought to be forearmed. The philosophy of Malthus does not thrive on Indian soil. The only solution is to catch Evolution by the four o'clock and grow wings on our waists. Waistline because, that, I am told by Huxley, is the centre of gravity of the human torso. I have got a dinky pair of wings sent me from the Vatican. I demonstrated to an enthusiastic crowd the art of flying. I clambered to the top of my house and flopped down. The result was not very satisfactory, because I barked my shins on the pavement. But with assiduous practice the community ought to be able to fly and live in trees eating nuts and worms. I will not be surprised at all if they force the Nobel Prize on me for this great solution of the vexed question of over-population.

October 17: The Congress Cabinet deferred the question of acceptance of office under the new dispensation, as premature and impolitic. During the progress of the discussion the Andhra contingent headed by Prakasam radiated such terrific heat that, in addition to the electric fans in the Congress House, improvised punkas—such as hems of dhoties and saris, and yesterday's newspapers—had to be brought into use.

Mr. Satyamurti entered the house cutting beautiful somersaults, his mouth gagged with a fine piece of khaddar. Rising up to answer the various criticisms against him, Satyamurti removed his gag and said, "I am supposed to be the villain of the piece—in this—drama—" The ladies—members and visitors—edged away, quite a charming picture in their fright. He further said, "Let

people say what they like. I shall open my mouth on 1st December." He gagged himself once again amidst thunderous applause.

Earlier in the proceedings Meherally wanted rules to be framed requiring Provincial and District Congress Committees to circulate the resolutions they proposed to move at the next session of the Congress at least six weeks before the session. Kripalani opposing said that the procedure would make them mere post-boxes. Here, a member wanted to know what he meant by a post-box. Another member volunteered to imitate a post-box. He painted himself red, put a crown-like thing on his head, and opened his mouth as wide as it would go. This evoked great admiration.



October 18th: Sorry to say the British Cabinet has had a virulent attack of *doldrums mediterranicus*.

This is a sort of hallucination in which the patient sees Italian war-ships dressed in Black Shirts strutting about in the Mediterranean making horrible faces at the shipping of other nations, particularly British. Dr. Laval, the French specialist, was rushed by plane to the patient's bed-side. The famous doctor secured a pint of bilge from British bottoms and another pint of bilge from French dreadnoughts now riding in the troubled waters of the Mediterranean and shook the two pints vigorously in a cocktail-shaker borrowed from Sir Samuel

Hoare. Having shaken it, he faced that point of the compass on which Italy lay and blew his nose. Then he made the patient inhale strongly this brew of Anglo-Gaelic bilge. The cure was almost instantaneous and is believed to be unique in recent history.

The presence of Bhulabhai Desai in the City was availed of by the local lawyers who invited the former to come up and see



them sometime. So today a jam-boree of lawyers was held in the High Court. Desai said that the lot of the lawyer was the protection of person, property and honour of the body politic. That was why, he said, he never succumbed to the jibe that lawyers were parasites on society. "Parasites, Bah!" said Sir Alladi.

"May I ask my learned friend what the term parasite connotes?" asked a lean lawyer who looked as if he was always short of lunch.

Sir Alladi heaved: "Instead of launching into an academic discussion on the term 'parasite,' I will demonstrate the habits of a parasite."

Sir Alladi rolled back his coat sleeves, pushed his turban two inches back and produced from his pocket a small dog. Then he pulled out his snuff box and extracted from it what looked like a pinch of snuff. Actually it was a flea. The flea looked so lean and woe-begone, that a fat lawyer all but wept. Sir Alladi placed the flea on the pup's nose. The pup wanted to swipe it. But the flea dodged the pup's paw skilfully and bolted into the dog's left ear. For two minutes the audience held their breath. Exactly after



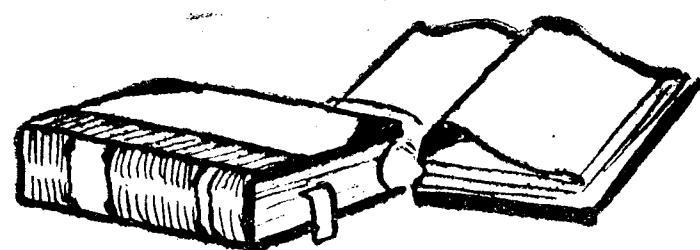
two minutes the flea (hereinafter called the parasite) left sanctuary and popped out, puffed up to thrice its original size, and almost leering. Sir Alladi grabbed the flea and stretching his arms dramatically, said, "Gentlemen of the Bar, there is a parasite for you! Do we look like a parasite?"

The lawyers assembled sized up Sir Alladi's physiology which is woefully lean, and said in one voice "No!" Then they sang, "For he is a jolly good fellow." (Tamil version)

October 19th: I am in love.

October 20th: The Senate of the Madras University resumed its sitting yesterday. (This does not necessarily mean that in the interim between the last sitting and this sitting, the Senate was standing. Oh, no. It was either walking or eating or sleeping or having a lark.) Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswamy Sastri, that friend of the unfortunate with the beautiful nose, moved a resolution: "Resolved that the Academic Council be consulted on the institution of an Employment Bureau."

The resolution had a stormy passage through the House. Eventually, it was passed. The dormant and accumulating stocks in the Unemployed Graduates Market which were treated all these years with scant courtesy by buyers with daughters have registered a lively spurt. Already a lot of forward business was transacted by speculative bulls with marriageable bullies i. e. young female bulls.



The Students' Corner

WORDS' WORTH II

DO you know how much is contained in a BOOK? I do not mean the number of pages, or the nature of the subject or the brilliance of the style in which it is written. I mean the word BOOK itself. It contains the most surprising and incongruous things.

For example:

A book contains reading matter, and the dictionary will tell you that you may learn something from it. If our students followed this advice, there would be no failures among them in the examinations. On the other hand, we find them very often blaming the *Book of Fate* for their own shortcomings. The *Book of Life* is your holy book which you cherish and read with reverence. According to the Christians, there is only one such book—the Bible. In practice, however, the lessons enjoined by our holy books, whether the Bible, or the Bhagavat Gita or the Koran are more honoured in the breach than in the observance. In all such cases, you may say they are *sealed books* to the majority. Sealed books really indicate sealed eyes!

Sometimes a part of a book may be called a book too. The Bible is full of *books* within a book. This is not a satisfactory way of indicating the distinction between a part and the whole; but the English language dodges this particular kind of difficulty by depending on the context, about which I shall write a separate note some other time.

Then there are people who *talk like a book*. I cannot give you a better instance of this than the Rt. Hon'ble Mr. Sastri. You know he speaks with an impeccable accent; his language is measured, deliberate, and his sentiments formal, dignified and absolutely correct. *All that* is talking like a book. The only difference is that you cannot bind him and give him a conspicuous place on your shelf!

Some people *talk by the book*. They give accurate, authoritative information. But when a man 'gases',

and indulges besides in unsupported opinions, he is said to talk *without the book*. For example, the Secretary of State for India recently asserted that he had no doubt that India would collaborate with Britain in the event of a war against Italy. He was clearly talking without the book in saying so.

Then there is what is called *taking a leaf out of another's book*. The motive is generally laudable, as you wish to copy the good example set by another. But that is not the motive of the Justice Party when it recently decided to raise a party fund of one crore. It is trying to pinch a leaf out of the Congress book! But the party is in the *good books* of the Government, although in the *black books* of the country.

The king of sports, and sport of kings owes 90% of its lure for that species of mankind called punters to transactions carried on in certain 'BOOKS'. In these are recorded bets. The man who keeps this book is called a *book-maker*, or *bookie* for short. Students are advised not to read this kind of book, except for relaxation after they have reached the 50,000 mark in regard to their bank-balance!

The police are mainly engaged in the task of *bringing criminals to book*. Self-seeking demagogues are also brought to book by the electorate at election times.

Then there is the *book-plate* which is an aristocratic way of stamping your book-possession with your ownership. It is not going to save your books from being borrowed by friends, and never returned!

Lastly there is the book-worm, a kind of moth which eats its way through the leaves of a book, first puncturing them here and there and ultimately reducing it to amorphous powder. Men who pore over books, or students who mug them up are also entitled to the odious epithet. And if you should think that I am myself a good example of it, I must tell you in all frankness that you would be perfectly right!

Fun For All



"The number of divorces would be reduced by an injection of common sense."

"Yes, and the number of marriages, too."

"Has anyone brought in a bottle of brandy I left on a bus?"

"No, but a constable brought in the man who found it."

"Is your husband a member of any secret society?"

"He thinks so, but he talks in his sleep."

Foreman: You ought to take a pleasure in coming to work.

Workman: Lumme, you will be making me pay amusement tax next!

Customer: I say, waiter, I can't eat this stuff. Call the Manager.

Waiter: It's no use, sir. He won't eat it, either.

Blinks: Yes, I find the same objection to the new 1936 models that I did to last year's cars.

Smith: What is that?

Blinks: I can't afford many of them.

"Lend me five bob, old man. I promise you, on the word of a gentleman, to pay it back to-morrow."

"Bring the gentle-
man round and let me



The Economist: I want a cheap coat-hanger.
Shop Asst.: Three annas, sir.
The Economist: Nothing cheaper?
Shop Asst.: Yes, sir, a nail.

The meeting had dragged on and on. The president was anxious to leave, but there were still a few obstinate members who insisted on continuing the meeting until the matter in question was settled, although it was apparent that no progress was being made. At last he could stand it no longer. He said: "All those in favour of adjournment may signify by getting up and leaving—opposed, the same!" And he walked out.

Smith: (During argument) My dear fellow, a thousand years are absolutely nothing to a geologist.

Robinson: Great Scott! One borrowed a tender of me this morning!

The Italians in Abyssinia

by Conrad

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

THE news from Abyssinia shows that the Italian operations are following the general trend of my forecast of a few weeks ago. General del Bono has chosen the militarily-correct line of advance—that from Adowa southwards, towards the high plateau. Though immensely difficult country, it is healthy for European troops. The Italian commander has not added General Malaria and General Dysentery to his foes—fearful adversaries who have won many campaigns. With his base at Massawa, and his rail-head at Asmara, he is pushing slowly into the highlands of Tigre, consolidating as he goes.

As I pointed out in my last article, this is the soundest plan of campaign, by which the whole of the highlands would eventually fall into Italian hands. In the same article, however, I showed how Italy was limited by the time-factor. The conquest of the central plateau means a four-years' war. Italy can support neither the financial nor the political repercussions of such a war.

Mussolini evidently has the time-factor in mind. He is sedulously leaving open avenues of negotiation, while loudly declaring that no compromise is possible. We have the diverting spectacle of the Italian Minister refusing to leave Addis Ababa, on the ground that the respective countries are not at war! In support of the fiction that the Italian venture is a mere 'civilising' and punitive occupation, no blockade of war has been declared as yet. There are similar incongruities in the whole conduct of Italian diplomacy, all indicating the same secret intention of achieving an early settlement.

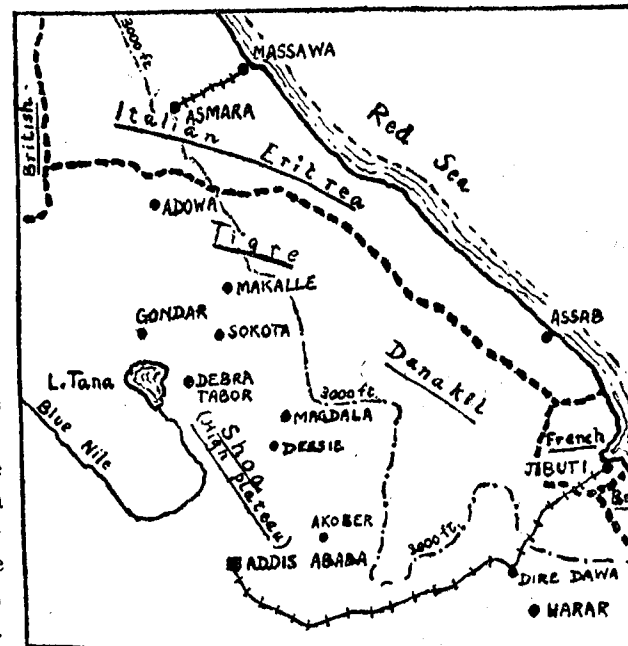
The slowness of the Italian advance is partly due to the fact that the army of the North is a mechanised army. It is one of the paradoxes of modern warfare that an army with fast motorised vehicles is slower than an army on its flat feet.

Heavy military vehicles consume an inordinate quantity of fuel. Suppose you load a disarmed military vehicle with nothing but petrol, and send it forward into hostile country. In a single day it can go two hundred miles or more; but it has consumed all the petrol, and is stranded and helpless. If it carries a crew and armament, it cannot carry so much petrol. No other vehicle can be sent to its rescue, for that would be stranded, too. Hence the practical radius of action of an armed mechanical vehicle is only fifty miles; and when it is fifty miles away, you must have four unarmed vehicles going to and fro all the time, using up petrol on their own account, to keep the one fighting vehicle supplied with fuel.

In effect, a mechanised force can jump fifty, or (taking risks) a hundred miles in a single day; but

then it is immobile for a week. It must stop while the supply-vehicles go to and fro, slowly building up a reserve of fuel for the next dash forward.

In the highlands of Tigre, the process is even slower, for the Italians have to make their roads as they go. Even when a road has been opened, its protection against guerilla attack is a serious problem. The transport for 20,000 fighting-men occupies twenty miles of road. The most ghastly situation in war is when such a convoy of vehicles gets jammed in a road-



THE NORTHERN FRONT.
About 140 miles to 1 inch.

block under ambush. Helpless panic is followed by massacre and utter destruction. The present Italian movement is along the edge of the plateau, from Adowa towards Makalle.

Such a disaster is the more likely to occur, the farther the Italians penetrate towards Shoan country. It is not likely to happen during the present operations in Tigre, where the local Chiefs have little sympathy with the central government. A number of these chiefs have, in fact, gone over to the Italians. Doubtless they consider a mild Italian overlordship preferable to the barbaric uncertainties of weak Ethiopian rule.

The slow Italian occupation of Tigre indicates the probable end of the whole business. The inclusion of Tigre in the Italian colony of Eritrea should satisfy Mussolini's immediate ambition, and throw open a section of fertile highlands to Italian colonists. It should be possible to acquire this territory at the invitation of the inhabitants, and close the whole episode without a formal declaration of war, or the incurring of progressively-severe 'sanctions'.

Anything else seems too difficult of accomplishment. As I have pointed out previously, it is highly unlikely that the Italians will attempt an advance into the high plateau, held by loyal Abyssinian troops and a patriotic

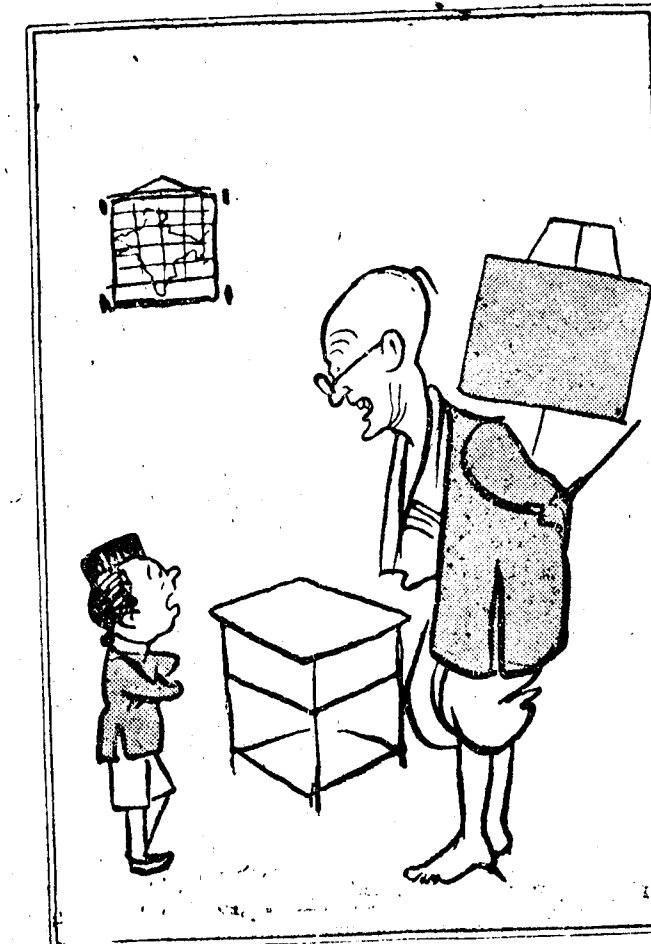
population. The present Italian movement is along the edge of the plateau, from Adowa towards Makalle. Wisely, the Italians are on the defensive in Danakil, the inhospitable waste to the eastward. The lawless Somali tribes in this region are raiding almost to the gates of Assab, but they do not constitute a serious menace.

The Italian commander may consider an offensive towards Harar, a highland stronghold on whose loyalty the Emperor can rely, but the difficulties and objections to this course were discussed in my previous article.

The present article has dealt only with the northern front. Towards the southern frontier, Abyssinia merges into the deserts of Ogaden, where the situation is similar to that in Danakil. Italian advances in this region are possible, at the cost of much wastage from disease, but would have little effect on the general result. Mussolini does not want Danakil or

Ogaden, except perhaps to occupy the wells and similar strategic points as a measure of security. What he wants is highlands. It seems that he can have the Tigre highlands, and if he is wise he will be content with that.

THE END



TEACHER: (to bring out the idea of size) Mention a difference between an elephant and a flea.
Boy: Well, an elephant can have fleas, but a flea can't have elephants.

The Professor

With Apologies to Kay

by O. Kay

Reading Time • About 3 Minutes

THE professor is a person of exaggerated importance. In these days of direct recruitment, he is young in years, and not old in learning. His name, usually, truncated to monosyllabic proportions, is double-entrenched between honorifics before and degrees after. His dress and deportment have a trans-marine distinctiveness which is one of the by-products of an educational Odyssey. For, the professor had ambitions, when he first started, of winning a place in the heaven-born services, and of spending the rest of his existence in exploring the giddy mazes of the official hierarchy, both in the regular and special lines. But Providence or the Civil Service Commissioners disposed of him otherwise, leaving in the recesses of his heart a sense of frustration which it is his aim to forget as a professor.

Wherefore it cometh to pass that the professor walketh and talketh like an Englishman. He manifesteth his superior status by coming into the classroom either late or not at all. Nobody questioneth him, nor does he question anybody. But he is most assiduous in attending all public functions where Governors and Ministers are the centre of interest. He cultivates the arts of social intercourse, and aims at becoming a *persona grata* with those

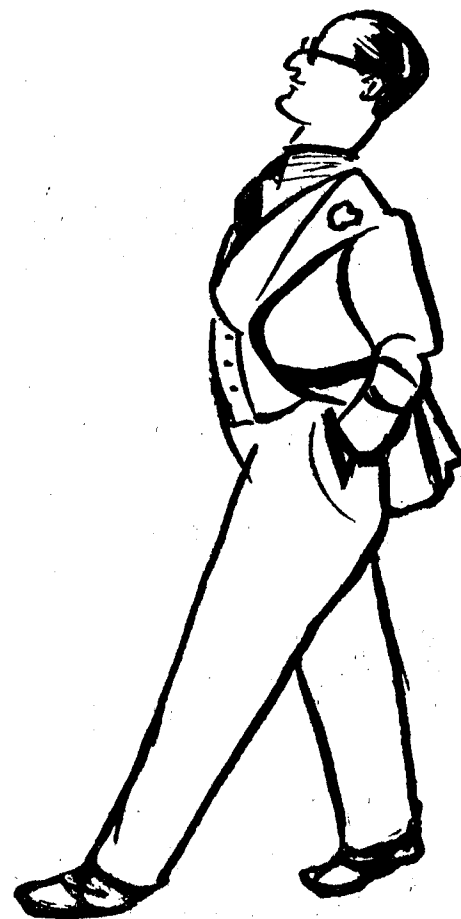
in power as well as with those who *might get into* power.

By virtue of his exalted position, university honours come of their own accord and fall thick on him 'like autumnal leaves in Vallambrossa'.

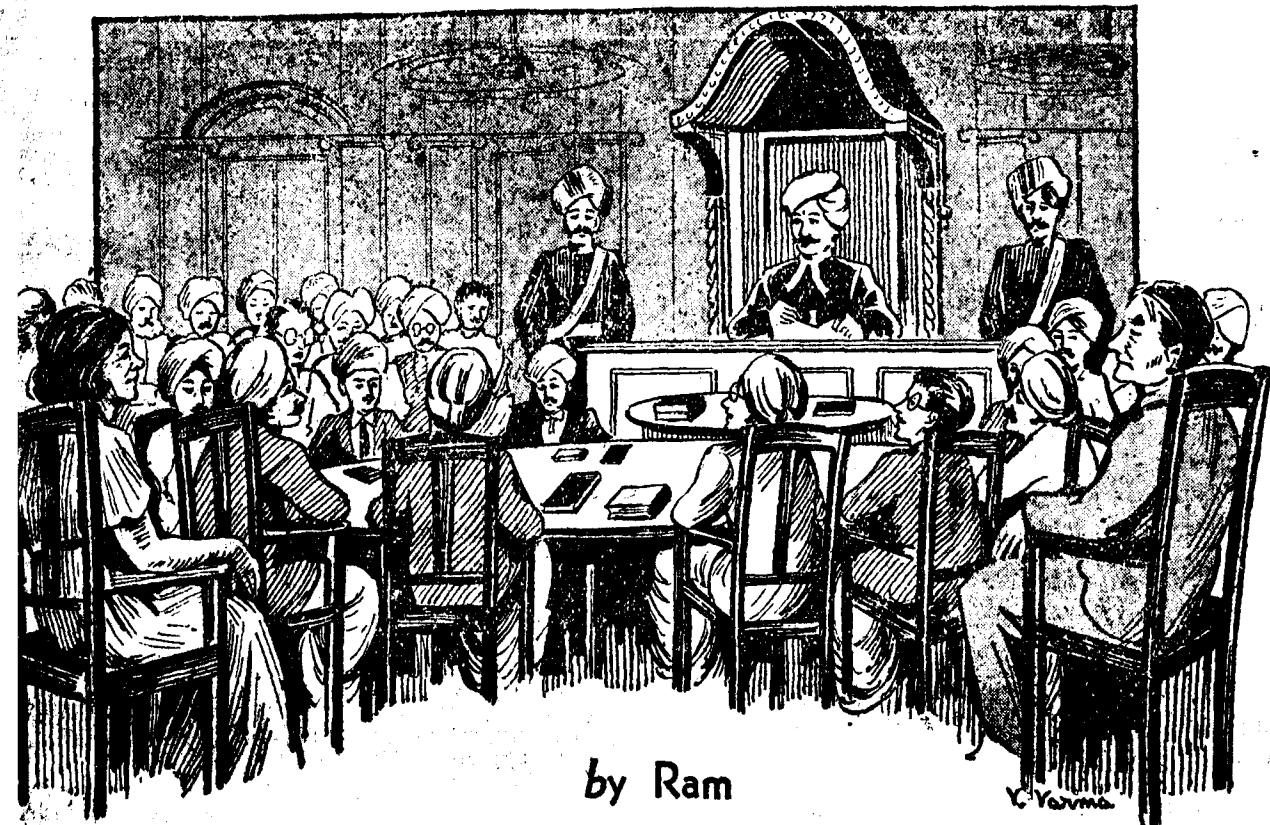
Perchance, he delivereth on some special occasion, an erudite and well-phrased lecture on the aim of education, which lifts him from the sphere of a teacher to that of an educationist. He is forthwith put on committees, is zealous in producing unanimous reports, and is nominated an expert member when the periodical amendment of the Education Act is contemplated.

By this time, he has reached the dreaded limit of his service, and watches the official heavens for a draught of sustenance in the shape of special jobs. He is invited to deliver the convocation address, and if conditions permit, given a chance to flower forth, like the aloe, into an executive demigod, as Education Deputy-Secretary, or Vice-Chancellor or even as a nominated member of the Assemblies, where he

closeth his career in decorous silence. He has numerous friends, and no enemies. When the great reaper comes to garner him, we mourn his loss, but not too long, or too violently. For his breed, we know, to be ever with us.



The Double Event



by Ram

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

IT all started with our winning the double event. Double events that pay seven hundred rupees in the second tote are things deserving of celebration. Both Sam and I agreed on this vital point. I had provided the tip. Two days in succession before the race, I dreamt of kissing my boss's wife (fifty years, three chins, five children and an imperial) which clearly signified Heroism, whence Hero; and as I stepped into my Albin Seven to drive to Guindy I saw a cow without a tail which reminded me of beef, which led to untouchability and then to Harijan. So of course I coupled Hero and Harijan for the double event. Sam brought the tickets and my fancies romped cheerfully ahead of the field in their respective races. More to the point, they were still ahead, unlike the usual run of fancies, when the events ended. We sat at our favourite cafe on Mount Road and drank to the death of prohibition. Sam was under the impression that prohibition still prevailed in America; when I mentioned him, he generously transferred the loca-

tion of his toast to Finland. Well, what with one thing and another we were in an expansive mood by the time we finished. I have a hazy recollection of Sam's dropping a cigarette into the commissionaire's hand and putting a rupee into his own mouth, while he swears he saw me tickling the radiator and pouring water in the carburettor. But all this is very vague and not at all certain.

At last we got under way, and I will deny with my last breath that I stopped to let the Neil statue cross the road in front of me, as Sam avers. It was only the signpost which seemed to sway in a highly intimidating manner; I stopped to make certain it would not fall on the car, and it is just possible I lifted my hat (purely as a sign of respect for departed worth) to old Neil.

After some difficulty due to the eccentricities of the road which seemed most unsteady, and the peculiar conduct of lights that obligingly multiplied themselves,

we arrived at Mugwumbakam. Chiefly because Sam wanted to go home to Bombalam, though, as I truthfully pointed out to him (*in vino veritas*) his wife would not miss his company in his present condition. However he grew tearful as to the fate—and was it paternity?—of his small children (as yet unborn). So at Mugwumbakam we eventually arrived.

It was here that the great catastrophe occurred. A police constable stopped us in a most insulting and officious manner and intimated that we were driving on the wrong side of the road. Sam pointed out that this was purely a private matter, maintainable, controvertible, and debatable only between the aforementioned and here-in-after-to-be-cited road and ourselves. The only thing that detracted from the force of his eloquence was a regrettable tendency to hiccup between words.

If yawns are catching, so are hiccups. I also hiccupped. The constable had been re-inforced by a Sub-Inspector who was unfortunate enough to be in the direct path of the gust. He staggered, grasped P. C. 1732 to recover himself, and eyed me with severity.

"May I see your driving license, please?" he asked. The 'please' sounded like an after-thought.

I produced my driving license—but it was a pocket-book. Apologetically I remedied my error. He made a note of my address.

"You will receive a summons in due course for careless and erratic driving," he said, and handed back the license grimly.

What followed occupied twenty minutes, all my breath and most of Sam's vocabulary.

The exchanges and interchanges *ex parte* cannot be described in printable language.

* * * * *

At the bench court we duly landed one week later, Sam accompanying me by way of moral support.

We took our seats with excessive modesty among the not-so-swish section of the crowd in attendance. In fact my right hand neighbour was a gentleman who had cautiously stopped on the legal side of nudism. Wise of him, because he derived all its advantages, practically.....one need hardly consider the area under cloth, so to speak. He was smelling also of the wide open spaces; chiefly of the cattle manure which abounds in them. Add to this that he had neglected his ablutions for a long, long while, and you have in a nutshell, and on paper, what I had in a loincloth and on my right.

Sam divided his attention equally between the fussy little clerk who was constantly arranging his papers and then rearranging them in precisely the same manner, and an emaciated lady in a duster (or thereabouts).

We waited for ten minutes; nothing happened. We waited for fifteen minutes; still nothing happened.

"Sam," I said, a horrible conviction growing on me, "we must be early."

"The man said seven o'clock," returned Sam; evidently his surroundings had duly affected him, because he spoke in a whisper instead of his usual hearty bellow. I consulted my summons. Seven o'clock it was. The next ten minutes had perhaps best be put in the form of a diary or chart.

2nd Minute: Droning, spitting and coughing without abatement. Sniffing and coughing is allowed in the room, but spitting has to be indulged in just outside the door. However, free egress and ingress is allowed. Neighbour begins to look somnolent.

5th Minute: Sam asleep. Neighbour asleep. Neighbour snoring; Sam not snoring—as yet.

6th Minute: Neighbour smelling stronger in his sleep than when awake, possibly because his mouth is wide open in the former position.

7th Minute: Neighbour attempts to put his head on my shoulder. Attempt frustrated by sharp and successful dig in the ribs. Turns the other side and continues sleep. Clerk evidently getting restive; papers receive very bad treatment—Criminal Procedure Code Vol. 3 flung down with positive violence.

9th Minute: Getting decidedly drowsy. Will take a walk if the Magistrate does not appear in five more minutes. Increase in bustle and movement. Several police officers and constables arrive in open formation.

10th Minute: All, except those who are sleeping, arise. I rise too, to see what the rest are rising for. The Magistrate has entered. *Voilà!*

This gentleman exchanged compliments with the police—which struck me as evidence of partiality and prejudice on his part, since he did not offer to do the same with us. My Sub-Inspector—I was already assuming a proprietorial interest in him—had the odds in his favour it seemed.

Sam awoke and began to take an interest in things. "Who's the ol' bloke?" he asked, more audibly than wisely. The Magistrate said something to the clerk; the clerk called something to the constable; the constable shouted something to another constable, who in his turn bellowed the magic word: "SILENCE!"

From his pronunciation, I did not recognise it to be 'silence'; neither from the effects, since everyone began to hiss, or so it sounded, though I was afterwards informed that they were saying 'Shhh'. Between the constable bellowing 'silence' and the audience 'shh'-ing there was a perfectly deafening noise for nearly a minute, at the end of which it subsided to its pristine drone—a drone that appeared silent by contrast. The performance was repeated at varying intervals during the rest of our stay.

The thing I admired most about this court was the speed with which cases were disposed of. The vast majority of summons were either for what the police, with a refinement one would not have credited them with, called the Nuisance Act, or for sins against the gods of traffic—cyclists without lights, rickshaw-wallahs parking in unauthorised areas, and carts with the drivers too fully 'lit up'.

The procedure was very similar each time. First the charge—then 'guilty or not guilty'? from the Magistrate—then the sentence. Everyone pleaded guilty—it saved both time and money. If you denied

the charge and made a speech, you invariably got a double fine. One individual who was deaf, however, gave so much trouble that he was acquitted.

At last it came to my turn. I had already prepared a short and touching speech.

"R. A. Ram," called the clerk. Sam thrust me forward; the charge was rehearsed by my S. I. "Guilty or not guilty?" asked his Honour. My speech should have begun with a rhetorical question: "Guilty, your Honour? This accusation is the most ridiculous and unfounded etc."

I say should have. Actually I began, "Guilty, your Honour—" when his Honour turned to the clerk, *sotto voce*—"Dismissed with a warning—no endorsement. Next please."

We journalists have always been noted for our presence of mind, since the classic example of the gossip reporter who when kicked down a flight of steps, told his Editor that his Lordship had quite recovered from the gout. I bowed; his Honour impressed by my easy dignity, began to bow, recollected himself, coughed, and asked for silence.

"I thought you were going to plead 'Not Guilty'" said my S. I. without malice outside. "You'd have got Rs. 5/- at least."

"I thought so too," I replied. He is still trying to understand what I really meant.



Customer:—I say, look here, those knives I bought from you yesterday. My wife nearly cut her tongue with one last evening.

Salesman:—Sorry, sir, but we can't change articles that have been used.

Customer:—I don't want you to change them. I want you to sharpen them up a bit more.

Deepavali Officialised

by A. T. M. Thomas

Reading Time • About 4 Minutes

LIVING as we are in an age, when everything is taxed from the oats which we don't grow to the air which we breathe, it would be a wonder if festivals escaped from the clutches of this hydra-headed monster. Again, whenever there is a deficit in the Budget, we can easily suppose that Government will balance it by assessing us for the crime of observing festivals. Enough of these *pensees fugitives*, as they are sometimes called. Let us drop into a visualization of the shape of things to come, when that joyous festival—Deepavali—is officialised.

The police, probably instructed by the Anti-Noise Society, would arrest us, when we are in the full enjoyment of firing crackers, under Section 13 (A) of Goodness-Knows-What-Act. You would naturally flare up and fire off, "Can't you people leave me alone even on this day?" The limbs of the law would respectfully but firmly draw your attention to the afore-mentioned section wherein it would be stated that no one should fire crackers without fixing silencers to them. You wonder whether a cracker is also a revolver and might even point out their mistake, confounding a revolver with a cracker, but the police would argue you into accepting a heavy fine. So, from this Deepavali alone, start firing crackers with silencers attached to them!

The festivities of the occasion demand music. Quite naturally you would have *bhajan*s, gramophone-concerts, instrumental music, *et hoc genus omne*—a kind of Latin music, I ween? Just when the seductive strains of music had locked your senses and consequently, you had felt hugely delighted, a policeman would materialize at the door-step. "What ho!" you would greet him, warranted by the joyousness of the occasion. "Entertainment Tax, ho!" he would enlighten you. Your face would be certainly lightened with the policeman's reply as your purse too would be, of its money. "Dash it, we are not showing any of Greta Garbo's films, but enjoying ourselves with just an ordinary musical-party," you might protest, but all to little purpose. The policeman would be firm. While under Section 17 (C), they

could exempt you from payment of Entertainment Tax for the music of birds, murmuring brooks, soughing winds and creaking chairs, they could, under no circumstances, extend to you that privilege when you have *bhajan*s, gramophone-concerts, etc.

It would be decreed that every person who wished to have an oil-bath on that day should only make use of the regulation quantity of gingili oil that would be apportioned for his or her use by Government.

Every observer of Deepavali would be asked to declare his *baksheesh* on his income-tax return (as per Section 13 of the Deepavali Regulations Act) as that would enable Government to pay off the National Debt. Otherwise, you would be alternatively surtaxed to pay *pro rata* four annas per every rupee of the *baksheesh* you give, should the claims of your servants preponderate over that of your country on your generosity.

Sons-in-law generally take advantage of this occasion to pay their customary visits to their ma-in-law's homes. It would be enacted that as soon as they arrive at destination, a Terminal Tax should be imposed upon them. Imagine a man, who is a son-in-law into the bargain, eagerly arriving at the door-step of his wife's mother's home, all smiles and *khaddar*, to spend the happy occasion with *her* people. Hardly had he crossed the threshold when a guardian of Law and Order would demand of him in dulcet tones, the Terminal Tax. The son-in-law would get so enraged as to go no further in his vocal efforts than to make a sort of gurgling noise like a soda-syphon. When his speech is restored, he would furiously ask, "What in the pink thunder do the police mean by taking upon themselves the duties of a railway company?" No man, even though he may be the son-in-law of the Hon. the Rajah of Dongiri, would stand for hours giving the mutual north-to-south with a police-man on duty on a Deepavali day, and therefore, he would think the better of it and pay up the Terminal Tax like a lamb.

However portentously evil future Deepavalis may appear, allow me to make you forget them for the moment by wishing you a happy and an *unofficialised* Deepavali.

N. E. S. W. by Vanamali

THERE is a pair of legs over which Hollywood raves, because they are acclaimed the most beautiful. The legs belong to June Knight, the celebrated movie star. Such being the case, these legs ought to be treated with love and reverently handled. But there are two brutes in America whose sense of the beautiful is so dead that they did to these legs what they did.

Two well-dressed, suave men called on Miss June Knight, announcing themselves as representatives of Metro-Goldwyn Meyer. Immediately they were let into the presence of June, the brutes seized her, and bound her heavenly legs with the belt of her pyjamas to a chair, stuffed a towel into her mouth, did the same to her maid, and walked away with poor June's jewel-box. The box contained jewels worth over £1000/-.

In signing the Social Security Act, inaugurating Unemployment and Old-age Insurance in America, President Roosevelt used thirty fountain pens to write his signature. These pens were given away as souvenirs to Congressmen who fathered the idea of the Social Security Act.

Cheer up, lads, the depression is getting a move on. Economists and theorists, if they get a chance to explain the depression, treat us to unintelligible gibberish about production and distribution. They say that the depression is slowly lifting; and if you ask them to substantiate that statement by an example, they cover their ignorance behind a barrage of technical rant.

It is given to a humble man to prove that the depression is not so depressing. Leonard Houfis of Iowa lives by picking up discarded cigar and cigarette ends. Of late he finds these discarded stubs much longer than they have been since the depression began. He says the length of a discarded cigar or cigarette is a sure index of the prevailing prosperity of the community. Who dares contest this postulate?

There is no accounting for tastes, whether the party concerned be a man or a dog. There is a funny dog in Yokohama, owned by an old man. One day a rattling, unearthly sound came from the direction of the dog. Its master was enjoying a quiet smoke

nearby. He jumped from his seat and looked around to find out what the sound was and where it came from. There was nothing near him except his dog. So he resumed his smoke. Presently the unearthly sound again struck his ears. He got up and approached his dog. He opened its mouth; there was nothing in it. He wriggled its tail; it was as it should be. Finally he lifted the dog and shook it, as you would a coconut. The sound came from the dog's *inside*. Being a God-fearing man, he dropped the dog hurriedly and ran for a priest. The priest came along and breathed powerful spells over the devil-possessed dog. He pocketed his fee and went his way. All quiet in the dog.

A young doctor, the old man's nephew, happened to be calling on his uncle next day. While they were sipping their tea, the sound came from the dog again. The doctor being a flippant fellow, discounted the devil idea, and in spite of his uncle's protests, carried the dog to his hospital. He ripped the dog open and produced 22 stones from its stomach. He sewed the dog up. The dog is now in the family way, and no sounds are coming out.

In a corner of his field in Ydresocken (Sweeden), a farmer made a heap of small branches and set fire to them. A hedgehog dashed out of the flames and made for the small pool of water in another part of the field. It took a large gulp of water in its mouth, rushed back to the burning pile and squirted the water from its mouth on to the flames. It dashed across to the pool once again and repeated this antic. The farmer lowered his jaw at this extraordinary behaviour of the hedgehog. He had wit enough to kick up the burning branches. In the place where the branches lay, was a hedgehog's hole, and in that hole were five baby hedgehogs, scared stiff. A mother's love is after all the grandest passion in the world.

A baby, said to be the largest yet arrived in the world, was born a few weeks ago in a place near Melbourne. On arrival it

Weighted	15 lbs 4 ozs.
Measured toe to top	24½ inches.
Measured round the chest	16½ inches.
" " thigh	9½ inches.
" " neck	9 inches.



Aswathamma* (Satharam)

THIS week the cinemas in the City are providing a rich fare. The name of Aswathamma on the hoardings settled me. I dropped into *The Gaiety* to have a peep at *Satharam*, (Canarese version).

Whatever I was not prepared for in this picture, I was certainly prepared for a spot of kissing. Frankly, I was disappointed. There was a silver lining, however. I made a number of surprising discoveries.

Kings and their underlings in those days spoke like the boom of cannon, to judge by the synchronisation. No wonder they were loved and respected as history and tradition tell us.

Love-making between princesses and princes was a drab, anaemic affair in days past. Prince Raja Marthanda and Satharam breathe love songs into each other's ears immediately after they are married. Considering the supreme sacrifice the Prince makes to win Satharam, his love-making looks much too platonic. He hugs her in such a scared, gingerly fashion that you would think he was afraid of somebody kicking him on his seat if he dared to get fresh with his wife. Either this, or the princes of the

Gubbi Satharam

Reviewed by V. B. Prasad

blood royal of bygone India were afraid of germs on lips. These two lovers behaved as if they couldn't recognise a kiss even if it came to them yelling on the back of an elephant.

After he lost his wife, the Prince wand red disconsolate, presumably, for days and months in the forests. One would expect a little stubble on his chin during his vagabondage. No. He managed to keep his chin remarkably well-shaven. Evidently there were barbers' saloons every few miles in the forests. Towards the close of the show the Prince does develop a stubble, which, repenting of its truancy, came out in full luxuriance overnight. Also, in his wanderings, the Prince preserved his pyjamas and laced shirt scrupulously clean. The explanation appears to be there were also quick-delivery laundries side by side with the aforesaid barbers' shops, for the benefit of love-lorn, itinerant princes.

Short-sleeved and sleeveless blouses are supposed to be an evolution of the post-war period. This is a wrong notion. Satharam and the other girls wore some really ripping blouses. The coiffeures they affected, the *chic* saris they wore, are very much like those one meets with nowadays in public and not so public resorts. Feminine fashions, alas, have not changed since the days of Satharam. Hard luck on the girls.

The 'mike' hasn't done justice to the operatic part of the show, that is, unless the people, most of them, in those days, were suffering from colds in their heads and consequent hoarseness of voice.

This does not apply to Manorama (played by Jayamma). Her singing is fine: so is everything about her. But one lovely thing about these princesses was that they were quite chummy and matey with

goddesses like Saraswathi. The way Jayamma smiled and beamed at the Goddess Saraswathi while praying to her did my heart good to see. It will also do yours good. I wish I could be as cheeky with the gods and goddesses of my Parthenon.

The photography is not as bright as it might be.

The support to Satharam in her husband is poor. True, the Prince looks well-fed and plump. But then, every prince is well-fed and plump. Otherwise Marthanda looks a bit silly in his successive sorrows. That appears to be not so much his fault as that of



Veeranna (Adimurti)

the story. Still the leading lady's man might have been different.

Another pleasant discovery I made is that robbers in the good old days were rather particular in their dress—all gold-lace, picturesque doublets, and shining accoutrements. Their progeny of these days are scarecrows by comparison. Probably this is due to the depression.

In spite of all its defects, technical and histrionic, *Satharam* is an enjoyable picture. Aswathamma and Veeranna dominate the show. Veeranna as the idiot son of the Chetty, and later as the bandit chief, is splendid. However, the second impersonation is not so good as the first. He is today, probably, the prince of comedians on the South Indian screen and stage. He is a scream right through.

Aswathamma, her differences with the microphone notwithstanding, is great. Of the lovelier South Indian stage and screen stars, she is one of the very few with that quality which is called, for want of a better word, 'it'. My only quarrel with her is, she is much too slim. She ought to have a few curves on her.

You ought to see her adorable chin and dimples in action. She is a swell girl.



Jayamma (Manorama)

The Nudistracted Husband

by Albert A. Roland

Illustrated by the Author

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

“WHY, if it isn't Happy!” I hailed the dejected looking figure who was unenthusiastically sipping milk-and-soda in the hotel lounge.

He was a little man of nearly forty, mild-mannered and rather colourless in appearance. His godfathers and his godmothers had bestowed upon him, with criminally mistaken optimism, the names of Hercules and Atlas. A capricious fate had already selected for him the surname of Power. It should have been Henpeck. Thus H. A. P. became ‘Happy’ to his friends, though he was neither Herculean nor happy as a rule.

Of such friends he had many, despite (or perhaps because of) his numerous disabilities in life. His severest handicap was probably Polly. As will be made clear.....

“Well, what's biting you, old man?” I asked, with customary sympathy, as I seated myself in the chair next to his.

He waited until the waiter had taken my order for ‘one Scotch’, his teetotal complex, or rather Polly's, preventing my making it ‘two’. Then he burst out with:

“It's Polly. She's turned nudist.”

“What! Not Polly?”

“Yes, my own wife!”

“But, Happy, she—er—”

“I know. I know exactly what you're thinking—she hasn't quite the figure. And you've probably also remembered that old joke of mine.”

I admitted, apologetically, that I had. “The one about—”

“About it not being possible, if the old girl died, for her ghost to be anything less than an elephantom. But now, Bobbie, she says she isn't conscious she has a body!”

I looked shocked. But this was interesting. Intriguing. Presently, I asked him:

“Where does she do her stuff?”

“Stuff? What d'you mean?”

“I mean, where does she practise her nudism? Not in this hotel, surely?”



The nudistracted husband

“Not yet, Bobbie. That would be the last straw, though the surprise wouldn't kill me. We belong a cult down in the suburbs. Every week-end—”

“You, too, Happy?”

He sighed resignedly.

“Polly insisted,” he explained. “I was a fool not to put my foot down from the beginning. But you know what she is. Nothing less than a sound clubbing would ever deter her, once she's set on a thing. One of these days I'll take to drink. Then that clubbing might materialise.”

I was surprised at this unwonted vehemence.

“So you look unfavourably on nudism?” I enquired. “I should have thought there was much to interest one of your artistic abilities.”

“Mind you, it has its compensations.” He brightened up momentarily. “There are some really beautiful figures. Very pleasing to the eye and the—er—esthetic senses. But on the other hand—” His depression returned. “I never knew there was so much ugliness in this world before. You'd be amazed to learn how different—disappointing—some of our society people look in the nude.”

“I've no doubt,” I gasped. “So, even well-known figures belong to your cult?”

“Very well-known figures—especially since joining up. Mrs. Carruthers-Cholmondeley, for instance, the famous social leader. You simply cannot imagine her in her simple ensemble of lorgnette and nail polish.”

“As it happens, I do know what she looks like.”

“Good heavens, Bobbie! I would never have thought it of you! How did it happen? Have you taken up portraiture or plumbing, or something?”



Polly

"Unkind! Unkind!" I cried. "No, I happened to see Bill Morgan's unique collection of snapshots taken at the very nudist colony you evidently belong to. I remember him pointing out the Carruthers-Cholmondeley woman. Fortunately, there were none of you and Polly amongst them."

"Good lord! How did the photographer get in?"

"Disguised himself as a tortoise."

"Ah, I remember that tortoise. We sat on it once. Well, I know what to do with the next tortoise I see there. I'll turn it over to Polly to deal with."

"Happy," I asked after a while, "however did you get used to appearing before others without clothes?"

"Oh, you know the Museum near our place?"

"Yes?"

"Well, we fraternised with the statues for a spell at nights. Soon got used to it."

"Does anything very exciting ever happen in the colony?" was my next query.

"Oh yes. This and that. There was the incident of Mrs. Browne, for instance, who gave birth to twins in a hollow tree. There was that business of Major Thomas, who broke one of the rules: he went outside *in puris naturalibus*. But he was found out. There were tell-tale marks on his—where he sits down. We have no cane-bottomed chairs in the colony."

I nodded understandingly.

"Then there was quite a lot of excitement at the nudist costume ball. Some ingenious costumes. Mrs. Blassay went as an *Unexpurgated Edition* of Byron. Miss Blythe, with a few raisins in her hair, was a *Cookie*. Llewellyn, the Welshman, went as *The Nude Deal*. Miss Foo Fi, our Chinese member, who carried a basket of oranges, went as *Oranges and Lemons*. There were *Dancing Flames*, *Gold-diggers*, *Neapolitan ices*, *Blanc-manges* and *Earthquakes*. And of course the place was overrun with *Bearskins*.

"What did you go as? And Polly, if I may ask?"

"I was *The Mighty Atom*. Polly danced in backwards and was supposed to represent Abyssinia."

"Abyssinia? I don't get it."

"*Seat of Unrest*. She thought it very subtle."

"Subtle's the word! Even involved! I'd never have seen through it. And now tell me, Happy, it's an accepted principle, isn't it, that nudists are extremely moral?"

"Oh yes, I can say that for them."

"Then jealousy's practically non-existent amongst them?"

"Practically. Though Johnson's wife for instance, wears a waist-band that positively bristles with iron spikes, she says her hubby trusts her fully."

"Oh yes, I remember Johnson. An insurance man. Well, Happy, on the whole, you're not enamoured of nudism?"

"Not so long as Polly's a nudist, too. The trouble with my old girl is, I never know what she's going to do next. I'm on tenterhooks. She might even decide, for example, to revolutionise this hotel, as I hinted before."

He had hardly uttered these words, when there came an uproar from the far end of the lounge. And above it all, a powerful feminine voice was raised in anger.

"I tell you, I *will* see the manager, right here and now! No, I *don't* want your coat!"

It was Polly. Purely Polly. *Nothing* but Polly.

She pushed through the throng which was attempting to impede her entry into the public lounge, and in all her Junoesque majesty strode up to the scandalised manager whose desk was situated not far from where we sat. In her hand she waved a couple of hotel towels. Thrusting these under the official's nose, she cried in a clear voice which penetrated to every corner of the room:

"What kind of a hotel do you imagine this is? Your towels are not clean!"

I glanced uneasily at Happy. So did many others who knew him in the hotel. He was about as pale as a very full-blooded beetroot. He swayed unsteadily to his feet. Then suddenly he emitted a ghastly shriek, and grabbed at the fresh peg of whisky the waiter had just poured me out and which was not yet diluted with soda. He gulped it down neat.

"To hell with teetotalism and nudism and all the other isms!" he raved. "Here, waiter!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Bring me a club!"

"Club, sir?"

"*Dandoo!* *Bamboo!* Anything, so long as it's heavy and strong." He hiccupped. "And long as I must get in the first blow!"

But he didn't.

THE END

Auntie Awful



"DEAR Auntie," writes a dog-loving family of Ranchi, "can you please give us some information about the origin of Dalmatian hounds?"

No doubt some of you boys and girls have heard about Dalmatians. They are called table-dogs, or plum-pudding dogs. Table-dogs because they are big faithful creatures that love to lie quietly under the master's table, and plum-pudding dogs because their white coats are sprinkled all over with black spots.

The usual theory is that the dogs came from Dalmatia; but Auntie has another hypothesis. She believes they are the original dogs that accompanied Father Noah in the Ark.

I expect you know the story of Father Noah. It is said that in times of remote antiquity, the world was overwhelmed by a flood. The only human beings to escape, owed their lives to the foresight of Father Noah. He built an Ark, and when the rain began, he retired into the Ark with his family. A comprehensive menagerie of animals also went on board.

The animals went in two by two:

The polar bear with the kangaroo,

The nanny-goat chasing the bumble-bee,

The elephant on the back of the flea.....

At the tail of the procession came two dogs. They were white all over, because in the days before the flood there were no spotted or coloured dogs. "Here, go away!" said Father Noah, and pointed to a notice at the gangway, "No Dogs Admitted". But the dogs looked at him so pleadingly, and wagged their rudders so ingratiatingly, that the patriarch's heart was softened, and he let them go on board. The dogs were so grateful that they followed him everywhere.

Thus Noah became the first navigator; and he decided he must have a study in the Ark, where he could retire and write his log. He told his son Japheth to make a table and a stool, for his ease when he studied the charts, and kept a record of wind and weather, and plotted the course of the Ark. Mrs. Noah provided the study with a carpet, and admonished the patriarch not to spoil it. Secretly, she was displeased that her husband should shut himself into a private place, and get up to tricks without her knowledge.

Noah made an order that no living thing was to intrude upon his privacy while he was writing the log; and whenever Mrs. Noah lifted up her voice in loud gainsayings, the wise patriarch retired to his study, and pursued the science of navigation. Often he spent whole afternoons in this manner. Mrs. Noah used to listen at the door to discover what her spouse was doing; but all she could hear was a noise as if the old gentleman was sawing wood.

Every morning, Mrs. Noah went into the study and tidied it; and when she had departed, Noah spoke strong words, for he could never find a thing after his wife had tidied the study. Each day, Mrs. Noah examined the carpet with great care, for she did not trust her husband, who was always clumping round the Ark in his big dirty boots.

Noah wrote his log with a fountain-pen he had bought from a man in the bazaar. This man was of shifty countenance, and said he had just found a pen of great value, and Father Noah could have it for the sum of one obolus. Thereupon Father Noah took the pen eagerly, and went on his way rejoicing. But alas! The pen was a Japanese pen worth only half an

obolus. Sometimes it would not write at all, while at other times it delivered the ink in blobs, and spoiled the pages of the log. When this occurred, Noah shook the pen under the table, and cried, "Damnation! Damnation!"

Noah had an undutiful son named Ham. Ham peeped through the keyhole of the study, and laughed at his father crying "Damnation!" and covering the white dogs with black spots. For, unknown to Father Noah, the faithful dogs followed him into the study, and lay under the table, adoring their lord and master.

One day Mrs. Noah caught her son peeping through the key-hole. "You wicked boy!" said the good woman. "You are spying on your father. Stand aside, and let me have a look."

Mrs. Noah looked, and she saw her husband throwing ink all over the place, and calling "Damnation" to his dogs. Thinking of her precious carpet, she broke into the study, screeching. But there was no ink on the carpet. It had all fallen on the faithful hounds, whose white hides were covered with black spots.

Mrs. Noah was thankful that the dogs had saved her carpet, and Father Noah was equally grateful that they had saved him from the wrath of his wife. Therefore these dogs are always allowed in the house. They lie under the table and adore the master, and are known as Damnation hounds.

* * * * *

Worried Theatre Manager (Calcutta). "Would you please advise me about the European custom of ladies wearing hats at the theatre? Some ladies are kind enough to remove their hats, and thus afford a clear view of the stage to those behind them; but I receive many complaints about ladies who come to the theatre in very large hats, and refuse to take them off." It would not be wise to make a direct attack on this old-established custom, dear sir; but guile might be employed. Try the effect of displaying the following notice: 'It is realised that many middle-aged ladies are susceptible to colds in the head. Such ladies are advised to attend the theatre in large hats, and to keep them on throughout the performance; especially as their hair has grown thin, and their features are adversely affected by direct exposure to the lights. Our younger and prettier patrons, however, are asked to assist the general convenience by removing their hats.' This is calculated to make even old ladies of ninety uncover their heads.

Unfortunate (Mulbagal). "I have one true friend in the world. He put his trust in me when the clouds were dark and threatening." It was certainly very

good of the gentleman, dear boy. Not everyone would lend you an umbrella in the circumstance.

Student (Calicut). "Would you please elucidate the meaning of the phrase, 'On pleasure bent'?" Certainly, my dear. It refers to a crowd of cyclists hastening to a wedding.

Weak Chest (Yedatore). "What shall I do? The doctor has ordered me to make a living out of doors." It seems, dear boy, that you will have to become a carpenter.

Cheery (Peddapuram). "Could you help me to find a suitable wife? I want a girl who sings at her work." Apply at the nearest film-studio, dear boy; but don't blame the results on to Auntie.

Imperialist (Nagpur). "Do you agree with me that Winston Churchill is the man who has made the greatest noise in Empire politics?" Yes, dear sir. The noise is made by his theories being exploded.

Old Fashioned (Rameswaram). "A woman can look after herself without a modern education. In a battle of tongues she always holds her own." You mean, dear sir, that she never does.

Fair Play (Lucknow). "Every evening, my wife and I play bridge with two neighbours. If my wife wants to warn me during the course of play, she gives me a kick under the table. Of course, this is against the spirit of the game, and is tantamount to cheating. I have asked my wife to stop the habit, but she takes no notice. Please tell me what to do." Go to a sports outfitter, dear sir, and purchase a pair of shin-guards, such as are used for hockey. Wear these at the bridge-table.

Enquirer (Wool). No, dear boy, a stripling is not necessarily a nudist.

Listener-in (Peshawar). "Have you noticed that when a comedian makes a joke on the wireless, he pauses, and laughs at his own joke. Why is this?" The comedian, dear boy, is tickled to think how funny the joke used to be, when Adam first told it to Methuselah.

Legal Imp (Madras). "Surely, dear Auntie, you will admit that there is such a thing as an honest lawyer?" Yes, dear boy. Auntie once knew an honest lawyer, and he died and went to heaven. But the loneliness was awful.

Definition (Ahmedabad). "Can you please give a good definition of rigid economy?" Yes, dear boy; a dead Scotchman.

Orderly (Madras). "I dislike untidy persons. In this world, there is a place for everything." You may be right, dear boy; but Auntie has never been able to find a place for her knees on the local buses,



A Philosophic Experiment

by Embusque

Illustrated by Mali

Reading Time • About 10 Minutes

"If curiosity can kill a cat," said Charlie Simpson, "my wife is a big-game hunter." Having delivered himself of this oracular remark, he groped for the foot-rail of the bar, and ordered another round of drinks.

The assembled assortment of much-married men grunted in sympathetic understanding. "We've all experienced it, old boy," said Benny Bones. "A woman just naturally has the inquisitiveness of a preying feline of the jungle."

"Bah!" snorted Tubby Twoshoes, comfortably resting his corporation against the counter. "You fellows are talking a lot of rot. My wife doesn't play any jungle-tricks. Why, the normal woman is just a quiet little home-body, quite content as long as her husband treats her kindly, and provides for the kids."

"Nothing of the sort," retorted Benny Bones. "Man is the domestic animal. A man's idea of heaven is a cosy little home where he can sit in an easy chair and read the newspaper."

"And it is a woman who makes the home cosy," replied Tubby Twoshoes.

"That may be so," said Benny, "but why does she do it? Simply to placate and retain the allegiance of her man, whom she needs for her own deep purposes. She cooks appetising dinners solely to please the lord and master. If she keeps the home neat, it is because he plays hell if the place is untidy. When a woman is free to follow her own instincts, she dines out of boxes of chocolates, lives in a litter of odds-and-ends, and curls up to sleep on any old heap of rags."

"Look here, where do you get these ideas?" demanded Tubby Twoshoes.

"Out of that celebrated vacuum, his head!" interjected Charlie Simpson.

"Not entirely," said Benny Bones, "I also employ a little observation. For example, have you ever visited a bachelor-girl's flat?"

"Well," replied Tubby Twoshoes, looking around cautiously, "as we are all friends here—"

"Quite so," interrupted Benny. "What did you find? Handkerchiefs spread on the mirror to dry. The bed unmade, and dress-patterns strewn all over the floor. The larder full of half-empty tins of biscuits, and the cooking-pan growing fungus from the remains of the fat in which she prepared her last meal, three months ago. What does the average male visitor do when he sees the mess? He playfully proposes to act the housewife, puts on an apron, tidies up the place, sends round to the corner-store for some provisions, and cooks a nice little supper for two. Meanwhile the girl sits on the bed, throws her cigarette-ends on the carpet, and says what a big, wonderful, clever man he is. She only uses the place as a retreat, to which she resorts in the intervals of her feline prowlings in the jungle."

"I don't care what you say," asserted Tubby Twoshoes. "My wife isn't feline. She is just a happy little home-body, without a spark of inquisitiveness."

"If she doesn't appear to be inquisitive," replied Benny Bones, "it is because she feels sure of you. By keeping quiet observation, she has discovered that you are harmless and comparatively well-behaved; so she doesn't have to display any extraordinary watchfulness."

"What do you mean, that I'm harmless?" hooted Tubby Twoshoes. "I reckon I'm just as spry a fellow as the next man."

"That is why wives are watchful. Every husband is inclined to think he would be a regular devil if he had the chance, so his wife takes care to give him no chances. If he starts doing something out of the ordinary, she smells a rat at once, and sets herself to investigate."

"I guarantee that my wife will not display any curiosity about anything I do!" shouted Tubby.

"Are you prepared to test it?"

"Any test you like!"

"Very well. What papers do you take in your house?"

"The *Mail* and the *Times*."

"Waiter, bring the *Mail* and the *Times*."

The servant fetched the two periodicals, and Benny turned over the pages, while the club-members gathered round. "Here we are," said Benny, "this appears every day in both papers." He indicated a small paragraph advertising the Tennyson fountain-pen.

"Well, what is the test?" demanded Tubby Twoshoes.

"I would rather call it a philosophic experiment," replied Benny. "As soon as the papers are delivered at your house tomorrow, you must take them away and cut out those two advertisements."

"What then?"

"I'm prepared to wager that within two hours Mrs. Twoshoes will send to the newsagents for fresh copies of the *Mail* and the *Times*, to see what it was you cut out."

"I'll bet drinks round that she doesn't!"

"Done! Harry Linotype here will be the referee. He has the *Mail* and *Times* agency. It is drinks round that your wife sends for copies of the *Mail* and *Times* before 10 A.M. tomorrow. I'll be here at 7 P.M. tomorrow evening, to collect my drink."

"The drinks will be on you," declared Tubby, confidently.

Tubby Twoshoes came into the bar a good ten minutes before the appointed time next day, panting and mopping his brow. There was a wild look in his eye. "I say, you fellows have got to help me!" he gasped.

"What is wrong, Tubby?" enquired Charlie Simpson.

"I'm in terrible trouble about the advertisements I cut out of the papers."

"Why, what happened?"

"If you'll get today's *Mail* and *Times*, and cut out the bits about the Tennyson fountain-pen, you'll see what I mean."

This was quickly done, and the two advertisements cut out. "What is there unusual about them?" asked Charlie Simpson.

"Turn over," moaned Tubby.

Simpson examined the other side of the cuttings, and whistled. "Abandoned Car in Suburban Road," he read. "A wrecked car was found in the Outer Circular Road in the early hours of Tuesday-morning. A passer-by who saw the vehicle just before the accident, states that it was driven by a stout man who was wearing a panama hat. He was accompanied by an unknown woman. Immediately after the crash, the occupants got out of the car and ran away. The police have ascertained that the car was hired from the Drive Yourself Service by a man and a woman, not yet identified. Enquiries are proceeding."

"Now read the back of the other cutting," groaned Tubby Twoshoes.

"Policeman's Strange Misadventure," intoned Charlie Simpson. "A policeman patrolling the outer suburbs has been the victim of an extraordinary attack. Attracted by the suspicious behaviour of a couple in a field bordering the highway, the constable went to investigate. On the approach of the policeman, the suspected man (who was heavily-built) jumped to his feet, struck the constable with a heavy malacca cane, and tied him to a fence with his uniform belt. The miscreant has not yet been traced, but the police are hoping to make an arrest."

Harry Linotype came bustling into the bar; "Hullo, Tubby," he cried, "you have lost your bet. Your wife sent for the *Mail* and the *Times* at nine o'clock this morning."

"Yes, and I am in terrible trouble about it. My wife read the news-items on the other side of those

advertisements. She is convinced that I went out in a hired car on Monday night with an unknown woman, and was seen behaving suspiciously with her in a field out in the suburbs. After assaulting a policeman, I am supposed to have wrecked the car in the Outer Circular Road, and run away. She says there can be no mistake. The unknown man was a chap with a fine figure." Here Tubby dolefully caressed his ample paunch.

"But there are plenty of men with—er, fine figures," objected Harry.

"This one had a heavy malacca cane, and wore a panama hat. Well, boys, you know I always carry a malacca walking-stick, and I generally wear a panama hat in the evenings. To make it worse, I can't find the hat, and Mrs. Twoshoes says I must have destroyed it."

"You left it here last night. There it is, still hanging on the peg."

"Thank God!" cried Tubby, grabbing the hat.

"Your wife will not believe that you left it in the club," remarked Benny Bones, looking up from the evening paper.

"Nor will she," groaned Tubby, downcast again. "It is all your fault, persuading me into making that bet."

"I didn't persuade you. You insisted on challenging me."

"Come, it is no good quarrelling," said Harry Linotype. "We've got to help old Tubby. Where were you Monday night?"

"At the lodge-meeting," said Tubby, tragically. "I did not get home until very late."

"Why don't you tell your wife that you cut the paper in order to keep the fountain-pen advertisement?"

"I did; but she said that if a man wanted to buy a fountain-pen, he would not cut out two identical advertisements. Besides, I don't want a fountain-pen. I've already got a brand-new Longfellow De Luxe."

"Then make a clean breast of it, and admit you were playing a trick on her."

"She won't believe me. She will only think I am telling another pack of lies. You see, I've tried so many different stories already. Besides, the circumstantial evidence about the stout man with the malacca cane and panama hat is too strong."

(Continued on page 29)

A Dewali Romance

by Khory

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

SASTRI worked at the Income Tax Office, and was desperately in love with Miss Nalini.

Not every man who works at the Income Tax Office and falls desperately in love knows exactly how to set about affairs to achieve quickest results. But Sastri did, or at any rate he thought he did.

He told himself, as he stood before his mirror, his razor poised, one morning, "I am going to pop the jolly old question, this evening, I am." That evening, immaculately dressed in khadi, he sat on one end of a settee and remembered his morning's resolutions. Nalini, of course, sat at the other end.

"You know, Miss Kartik," Sastri began, "I have always—er—sort of—er—believed—"

"Yes?" encouraged Miss Nalini Kartik.

"I was going to say—that is, ask you to—what I mean is, isn't the weather fine?"

Of course, *that* was not the question Sastri had resolved to pop earlier that day. But dash it, how was a fellow to help it if his beastly tongue refused to co-operate as it should? Never mind. He would try the next evening. May be, he would feel a little less queer about the stomach then.

Sastri took his leave. As he emerged from the house he saw Arjun,

"Look here, Arjun," Sastri lowered his voice, "would you care to earn a rupee?"

"Would I? Can a duck swim?"

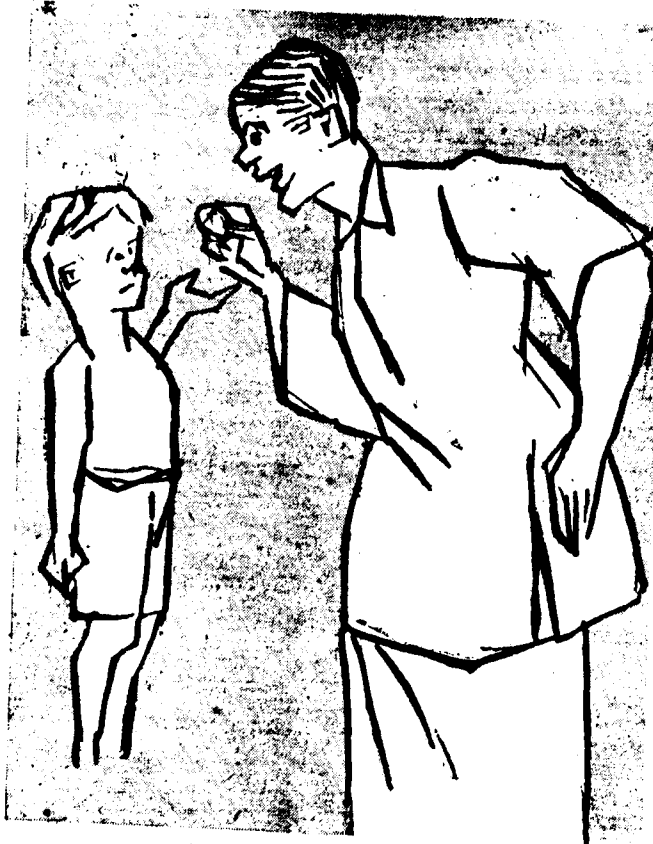
"I'll tell you how to do it. To-morrow evening you shall ignite a biggish cracker right under the settee where we, I and Nalini, shall be sitting. Don't ask any questions now. Here's a rupee and an anna. The small coin's to buy the cracker with. Will you do it?"

"You bet," said Arjun.

Now we had better clear up a point or two, which may perhaps puzzle some of you. Sastri's idea, like

all Sastri's ideas, and if you will permit me a little cynicism, like all young men's in love ideas, was—what is that word?—silly. He calculated: "When Arjun ignites that cracker under the seat, it will explode with a loud bang. That will frighten Nalini, being after all a woman, and she'll bound right into my arms. With commendable promptitude, I shall grasp the opportunity by the fore-lock and put a straight question to the girl. Not a bad idea—at first sight..."

The two young people sat on a settee the next evening, talking about the weather. Sastri was expecting the bang at any moment. It didn't



".....Will you do it?"

come. "Good night, Miss Kartik," said Sastri after a long wait, and then in a whisper to himself, "I'll find out what that young scamp has been doing with my seventeen annas."

Arjun was at the gate. His cheeks were suspiciously swollen.

"You didn't do what you were asked to do," Sastri came to the point at once.

"No," said Arjun, popping another chocolate into his mouth.

"Why?"

"Cos I lost the rupee you gave me." Arjun produced a new packet of confection and with utter nonchalance began to unwrap it. Sastri gulped.

"Well," he growled, "here's another rupee. Make sure you don't lose it again."

"You bet," said Arjun.

"What do you think of Garbo's latest picture, Miss Kartik?" Sastri asked from his corner of the settee the following evening.

"Oh, she's impossible; as usual. I always said—"

BANG!!!

The explosion came from under the settee, and Nalini Kartik gave vent to a full-bodied scream of terror. The next instant she was in Sastri's arms, her eyes wide open, her breath coming in fast gasps. Sastri thanked his stars then, as they had never been thanked before. Of course he put the heaven-sent opportunity to the best possible use. He had, with great optimism, even brought a ring with him, and upon Nalini's consent, brought it into use with commendable dexterity. The last thing that Arjun saw before he left the room, was an intimate little episode, that very ancient yet ever-new spectacle of a man kissing a maid.

The next morning Sastri saw Arjun reclining against the garden gate, as he came in.

"Bless you, boy," said Sastri with earnestness. "I'm glad you didn't lose my second rupee too."

"As a matter of fact," said Arjun removing the foil off a large piece of Nestle's choicest, "I *did* lose your second rupee too."

"You did? Then what on earth did you buy the cracker with?"

"Oh, that 'bomb'? Well, when I lost your second rupee too, I sort of got the wind up and went and told Nalini everything. She said never mind, she'd give me a rupee herself and I was to go immediately and get the biggest cracker I could find. And she said if I lost her rupee too I was going to get clouted as I had never before been. And Mister, Nalini *can* clout when she feels like it."

THE END

A Philosophic Experiment (Continued from page 27)

The cronies in the bar looked at each other in dismay. "Tubby is in a fix, all right," said Harry Linotype. "I can't see any way of getting him out of it. I am sorry now I took any part in that bet."

"My wife is packing up to go home to her mother," wept Tubby Twoshoes, "and she threatens to reveal my identity to the police."

"I don't think she will do either," suddenly remarked Benny Bones.

"Why?"

"Listen to this." He began to read from the evening paper. "Car Wreck on Outer Circular Road. It is now learned that the victims of the accident on Monday night were Mr. and Mrs. Budgerigar, who were on their way to spend a honeymoon at the lakes. Dazed by the impact, the unlucky couple wandered away from the scene of the mishap, and were eventually succoured by a resident. Their injuries are reported as not being serious."

"It is no good," wailed Tubby Twoshoes. "My wife will still think I was the other fellow—the well-built man who assaulted the constable with his malacca cane."

"No, she won't," replied Benny. "Here is a report of his arrest."

"Give me that paper!" howled the fat man. He clutched the news-sheet, and made for the door.

"Hi! Where are you going?" cried Benny Bones.

"Home to my wife!" panted Tubby Twoshoes.

"To that nice little home-body, who is never suspicious or inquisitive?"

"She is the finest little wife in the world," declared Tubby, stoutly. "I have only myself to blame. A fellow shouldn't submit his wife to philosophic experiments."

"Here!" cried Benny Bones, "what about our drinks?"

But the door swung to behind Tubby Twoshoes with an unresponsive bang.

THE END

The Letters of Private Joyfull

72. Observances and Laws

Reading Time • About 9 Minutes

Madras, 26th October, 1935.

DEAR MOTHER,

I was lucky enough to be excused church-parade last Sunday, so Boggins and I were able to spend the whole day out in the country. Boggins never has to go to church, because when he joined the Army he told the recruiting-sergeant that he belonged to the Plymouth Brethren, and insisted on it. As a rule, the recruiting-sergeant takes no notice of fancy religions. If you tell him you are a Four-Square Gopeller or a Latter-Day Saint, he says, "Oh, yes?" and puts down Church of England.

Of course, a fellow could complain about the recruiting-sergeant, and get the record altered; but few of us ever bother to do so. All sorts of queer fish follow the band to the Church of England. After all, the proceedings are not of a nature to perturb the intellect. Most of us are like the Moghul emperor who listened to the priests of all religions, and then did as he liked.

Out here it is taken for granted that all Englishmen are Christians. People are quite surprised when I tell them that the Joyfulls have been Unitarians for generations, and do not agree with Sunday observance, oaths in law-courts, Christmas celebrations, and so forth. Even the sweepers insist on congratulating me on Christmas morning. They hang flowers round my neck, and expect four annas each. It would be a hardship to them if I explained the truth, so I give the money, and throw the flowers into the dust-bin.

Church-parade is like vaccination; it is not absolutely forced on conscientious objectors. However, you know our peculiar way of asserting our beliefs by private growls. We think that public demonstrations are rather ridiculous. I suppose that is why I go to church. I am quite satisfied as long as everyone knows that I do not agree with it.

The fact is, we are very careless about claiming our strict rights. Most of the famous liberties of the English, that you read of in history books, are honoured in the breach rather than in the observance. Nobody bothers until some right is openly denied; then they suddenly become fanatical about it.

I suppose England is the only country in the world where a Jew can buy an old church, and turn it into a dance-hall or a picture-palace. The church-members do not mind, because the transaction does not affect the real position of their religion. Out here, the same sort of people indulge in terrible riots and bloodshed over the mere demolition of a place of worship. In the same way, if the Indian equivalent of a Joyfull was found attending the equivalent of a church-parade I suppose the whole population would go mad and start to massacre each other.

Of course, similar riots take place in Ireland, and in certain circumstances they could take place in England. We are not really more tolerant than other people. The difference is that we are content with an inner feeling of independence, and do not greatly object to other people's ideas, in normal times. Besides, it is the instinct of our minorities to conform outwardly with the majority. We generally do what is expected of us. If we feel we really cannot do the expected thing, we just growl, and the other people leave us alone. The defect in Ireland and such places is that conscientious objectors are not let alone.

Our illogical ways make us appear treacherous to foreigners. We seem to permit any kind of advantage to be taken with our principles, practically inviting people to twist the lion's tail. Then all of a sudden the tail-twisting gets the lion in one of his unexpected tender spots, and our pig-headed obstinacy is aroused. No wonder they call us 'Perfidious Albion'.

Our laws and legal habits are just as deceptive. There are thousands of laws on the statute-book that are never invoked, though anyone is free to do so. For example, it is illegal to give any kind of performance or public entertainment on a Sunday, and any common informer can claim a huge reward for reporting such entertainments. Yet such performances take place by the thousand every Sunday, and even the Government breaks the law by giving wireless entertainments. No one wants this law to be repealed, and no one wants it to be enforced. We just like to keep it in reserve, to be used in case someone started performances that offended the sense of decency of the entire nation.

Some years ago, a common informer reported the London County Council for holding cinema-shows on a Sunday, and claimed thousands of pounds as reward. I do not know how the courts dealt with him, but apparently he got involved in such terrible difficulties and expense that he was glad to compromise the case and renounce the reward. We believe in having strict safeguards in all our affairs, but the safeguards are never enforced on well-behaved people.

The way we make laws, and expect people not to take advantage of them, is demonstrated in English literature. The great villains in our classical plays are simply men who demand their strict legal rights. The great heroes are men who do not insist on the letter of the law. In fiction, the most admired English gentleman is Thackeray's Colonel Esmond, who endured the stigma of illegitimacy, and forebore to claim his rightful position as a nobleman, out of a sense of decency and delicacy. The most-execrated of Shakespeare's characters is Shylock, the business-man who considered that commercial bonds should be enforced to the last degree.

Of course, the principles of Shylock are the logical principles of any man of business; yet when I first went abroad I was rather shocked to find firms and individuals acting up to them. In India, it is quite usual to employ the technicalities of the law to ruin your neighbours. Anyone who failed to take the uttermost advantage of a legal subtlety would be considered soft.

Indians are not afraid of the civil law, like we are. They study it, and use it as a weapon. Yet they fear the criminal law, which does not frighten us at all.

Almost every Indian you meet has been a party to dozens of law-suits, and thinks nothing of it. Such chaps have more courage than we have. We almost go into convulsions if we receive a summons; visualising a dreadful and ruinous dispute, so insoluble as to invoke the terrors of the law. An Indian merely regards a summons as the opening move in a long and interesting war of attrition.

If a chap in England contemplates a law-suit, the first thing he has to do is to feel in his pockets, to see if he has enough hard cash to pay the initial expenses. Usually he has not, so he goes and makes concessions

to his enemy, and gains a little peace. The financial obstacle, however, does not exist in India. Anybody can go and borrow money at a price, and the average litigant is quite prepared to ruin himself and his dependants, in order to have the satisfaction of ruining his neighbour. Perhaps this cannot be avoided, because the neighbour would simply regard concessions as an admission of weakness. Anyhow, the result is that the civil law in India wreaks havoc unheard-of in a country where personal transactions are on a cash basis, and where it is impossible to borrow money except for very sound reasons.

Perhaps you will remember the firm that tried to introduce the terrors of the civil law into England. This firm employed canvassers to persuade poor housewives to buy grand-looking articles, such as gold clocks, highly-varnished wireless-sets, and small gramophones in large ornamental cabinets. The canvasser called while the husband was away at work, and persuaded the wife to take the goods and sign a paper. The wife was given to understand (in words not amounting to fraud) that the goods were being practically given away as an advertisement, and the husband would have to make only a few nominal payments. "Of course, madam, our scheme is intended only to benefit respectable people like yourself; we



have to make these terms in order to discourage dishonest folk."

Actually, the paper was the strictest kind of hire-purchase agreement. It was couched in legal terms beyond common understanding, and was carefully read over to the wife, "Just as a matter of form, dear madam." If the purchaser lived in London, the agreement stated that small instalments, totalling an extortionate amount, were payable to the firm's office in Inverness, four hundred miles away. But in Inverness, a purchaser had to send the instalments to the London office. If a single instalment was even a day late, all previous payments became mere rent, and the entire price of the goods was due immediately in default, plus legal charges and compound interest.

Of course, nearly all the poor people were soon late with an instalment. Immediately, the defaulter received a terrifying summons for a staggering amount of money. Most people sold part of their home at once, in order to satisfy the firm and get the summons withdrawn. Others (such is the innocence of civil law displayed by the ordinary British workman) sold their property in order to raise the fare for a long railway-journey, and answered the summons in person.

But magistrates all over the country soon got wise to the methods of this firm. Our magistrates dislike the letter of the law as much as we do; so when the firm started demanding its strict legal rights, it got them. In case after case, the magistrates decided that a sum of £10 was legally due in payment for an article worth £2. They further decided that the husband was liable for the full amount and costs. They therefore gave judgement for the plaintiff firm. The husband was ordered to pay up—at the rate of one penny per month!

Thus it turned out that the magistrates were the guardians of common sense, and a bulwark against the letter of the law. Of course, our magistrates are imperfect, like all human beings. Sometimes they are landowners who are severe against poachers and vagrants. Sometimes they are fussy old gentlemen with bees in their bonnets. But they seldom do anything quite contrary to general sentiments; and if they do, there is a terrible fuss.

In India, I do not think the magistrates are in so happy a position. From what I have seen out here,

they are slaves to the letter of the law, and have to write down their judgement by strict legal reasoning. This is partly because their decisions are liable to communal criticism, and partly because the suitors are sure to appeal.

As a rule, the only people in England who go in for the luxury of an appeal are murderers, and eminent gentlemen accused of immoral conduct in Hyde Park. These appeals do not often succeed, because the magistrates are generally right in the first instance, and their sentences quite lenient. This is all the more remarkable, because it is our absurd custom to have magistrates who know nothing about the law. They decide the cases by commonsense, being advised regarding technicalities by their clerk, who is a lawyer.

Out here, nobody seems to worry about a magistrate's sentence, which is often quite severe. Appeal is made to court after court, and generally a bit is knocked off the sentence in each court, until the appellant emerges from the Privy Council a free man, but hopelessly ruined. On the whole, I think our system of a mild and final initial sentence is better. Generally, one of our chaps has purged his offence, and returned to normal life, before an Indian defendant has commenced his first appeal.

Of course, some of us are as litigious as any Indian, and the cases appear in the papers. The difference is that a litigious Englishman can afford only one lawsuit in his life, and the thrilling reports in the papers are concerned with such exceptional cases. Often, too, when a chap goes to extremes in appealing, it is because some grave injustice has been done. In such a case, the appellant gets a lot of subscriptions and public support, and frequently wins his case. But the vast majority of ordinary cases go unreported in the press.

Some of the things I have explained, show how difficult it is to adapt our peculiar English system of law to a country with quite different traditions. However, I think that the Indian code of law will gradually evolve into something more closely adapted to Indian life. Perhaps they could make a start by having a big overhaul and recodifying of law and procedure, such as occurs in England at lengthy intervals.

Your Loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL.



The Rocket—

by M. S. Kalyanasundaram

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

BHARATMATA the famous monthly, once thought of producing a Deepavali special number. Many famous writers sent in their contributions. The editor was frowning over them. Just then, he heard a feeble 'Sir', by his side. He turned round. Kesavan, the nine-year old sub-assistant attender in the press downstairs, was standing near, with a suppliant face and a double bend of humility and diffidence. He had a piece of manuscript in his hand. It was difficult to say whether he was putting it forward or taking it back.

"Yes, boy? Er—what's your name?" smiled the great editor.

"Kesavan, sir!"

"Oh! You are Kesavan! What is the happy news?"

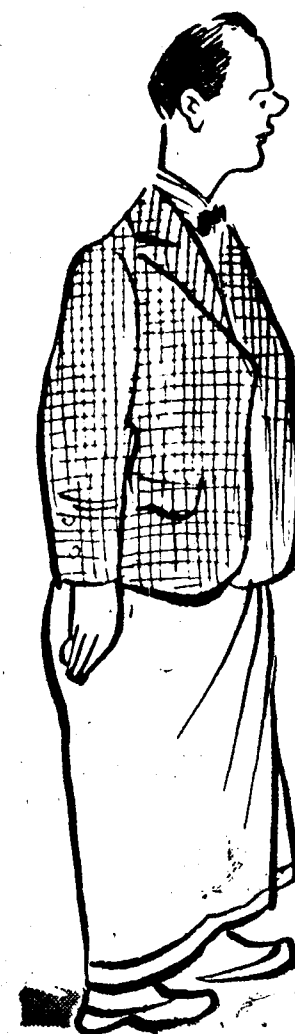
"Have written—a story—"

"Oh! You have written a story! That is very good. Come along. Let me see."

Kesavan gave him a scrap of paper, both sides of which were

crammed with pencil script. [It was a story of a poor boy. Time: Two days before Deepavali. He is watching the neighbours' children enjoying crackers and is feeling dejected that he has none. Just then he sees a child crawling along the road, and a boy from an upper story, right above, dropping a bunch of lighted crackers. He dashes forward and saves the

child. By that time, the child's father comes out, hears all that has happened, overflows with gratitude, and presents the poor boy with packets of crackers, a pair of the finest khaddar dhoties and sweets to his heart's content.] The editor nibbled at the story here and there, and said, encouragingly, as it were: "The story is very fine, but I have now got with me more stories than I want. Keep this safe. I will ask for it whenever I want it," and sent him away. The telephone-bell rang just then. The editor answered. As the boy was going down the stairs, he heard a few words—"Oh, is it Kuppaswamy



Iyer?—yes—I have received your article. I think I will keep it for an ordinary number. But, for this Deepavali number, please send me something with plenty of action and without much description—you know what I mean, something snappy—something hissing and cracking. I have not yet received enough of strong and spicy articles—”

The boy resolved to benefit by this conversation. He wrote another story the same night and served it to the chief the next morning. [After a series of Deepavali incidents, the father warns his sons: “Look here fellows! You should not go near that basket of crackers till I tell you,” and absent-mindedly puts a cracker into his mouth, thinking it to be a cigarette, and lights it. When the sparks rain forth, he gets panicky and throws it on the basket of crackers. The boys stand aside and watch the concentrated hisses and sparks, and bursts and glows. Fortunately the scene is laid on the open terrace of the house. After the brief, but exciting, show is over, Narayanan, the youngest, asks, innocently, “May we go near that basket now, Appa?”]

“This is very good. Leave it here,” said the editor, patting the boy, and put it in a pigeon hole. There was, however, the ominous legend ‘Return’ over that pigeon hole. The boy noticed it.

Kesavan wondered why the editor acted so. He might have thought that if he pronounced it unfit, the boy would feel hurt. But why should it be considered unfit? It didn’t strike the boy that it might be a stock story, or that this cheap buffoonery did not suit the dignity of *Bharatmata*. He could only decide that the hissing and cracking element was not sufficient. As he was straining every nerve to find out how he could introduce more kick into the story, a rocket shot through the window from a neighbouring lane and fell on the lightly heaped up paper shavings under the binder’s guillotine. Instantly, there was a blaze. It

spread in all directions. Kesavan, panic-stricken and actionless, looked on. In a few minutes all the types flowed as glistening streamlets, glistening like wicked snakes. The water tap too burst with the heat and a jet of water attacked the liquid fire. You know what happens when water and molten lead come together?

If you do not know, pour a cup of molten lead into a bucket of water. But before doing so: 1. Pay up your insurance premium. 2. Make out your will. 3. Warn everybody to stand well back.

With a thunderous burst, bits of the building shot through the air. The workmen were shot up along with the building. Kesavan looked up. The pale and shivering editor was moaning, crumpled in his chair. Kesavan did some quick thinking, ran up the flying staircase to the chief, and asked him, “Is there sufficient kick in this story or is this also too tame for you?”

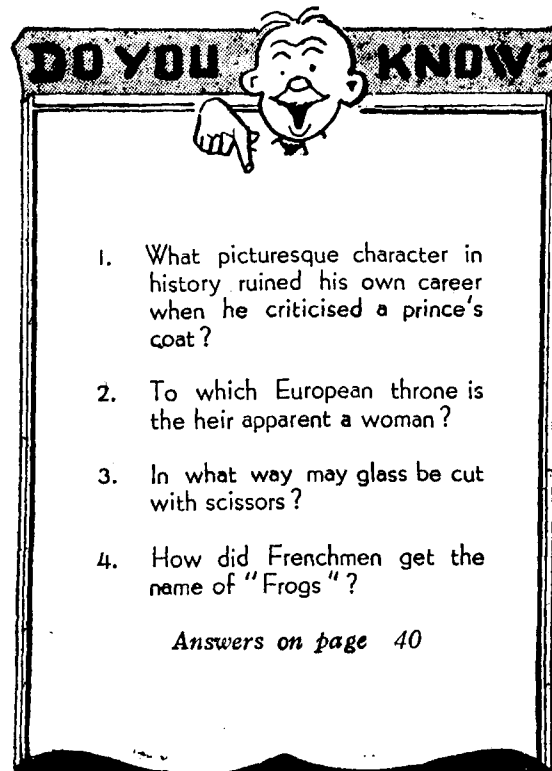
“There is enough kick to last a lifetime,” came the feeble and shaky voice. As he uttered this, it struck the editor, that ‘enough kick to curtail a lifetime’

would be better. With that thought, he smiled. With the smile came strength. Seeing him smile, Kesavan got bold and asked, “Then, shall I write out the story, sir?”

“Story?—oh!—Well, write it up. But leave me out. I am a family man,” begged the great man with a smile.

The building began to come down. As the downward speed increased, the workmen became more nervous than during the upward flight. But the editor had recovered by that time. He remembered his note on ‘Parachutes’ in the Children’s Corner. By his timely advice, all the members of the staff opened their umbrellas and came down safe.

The story was published. All the people praised it. Kesavan got Rs. 15 as honorarium. He bought khaddar clothes for about ten rupees and sweets and crackers for the balance. The clothes are very fine, so were the sweets and crackers,



1. What picturesque character in history ruined his own career when he criticised a prince's coat?
2. To which European throne is the heir apparent a woman?
3. In what way may glass be cut with scissors?
4. How did Frenchmen get the name of "Frogs"?

Answers on page 40

Star Snaps— by Satellite

What About us, Garbo?



It was the last day of the *Anna Karenina* set. All on a sudden Greta Garbo grabbed Freddie Bartholomew and implanted a nice, big, resounding kiss on his cheek. The lucky devil! Just like Garbo. Those on the set gasped. Freddie, on receipt of such a mark of affection, sped home and wrote a little chapter about this kiss in his diary, brought it back and kept it throughout the picture.

“I hope,” is the concluding sentence of Freddie’s note, “that people don’t write any more bad notices or think anything bad about her (Greta Garbo) or do anything else because she is *that* sweet.” *

In a Hollywood party, the usual bore—the one who calls everyone by christian name after two minutes—fastened himself on Ethel Barrymore. He kept ‘Ethel’ing her to temporary insanity. Knowing her explosive temper, the other folks just sat back and waited. Finally Ethel reached the boiling point. Giving the heel a thump on the back, she cried: “Ethel Hell! Don’t be so formal. Call me Cuddles!”

Salvos

The most popular party game in Hollywood is War—don’t gasp—on paper. In other words, paper warfare. Jimmy (sock-on-the-jaw) Cagney and Pat O’Brien became so wild about it that they didn’t mind the breaking of a valuable vase during one such game. It is *Salvos*. You draw horizontal and vertical lines on a sheet of paper so that there are hundred squares, ten each way. Divide four squares for battle-ships, three to cruisers and two to destroyers. Arrange the secret strategic positions of your boats in the squares; then your opponent starts off the game by calling any number from one to a hundred. It’s a ‘direct hit’ if he calls the number which one of your boats is occupying. Numbers are called alternately and each player may move his ships around during the ‘battle’, one square at a time, to fool his opponent—putting them in squares already called and so on. But they must not move while the number is being called. The one whose ‘fleet’ stands up the longest, wins.

Fredric March’s Gift For The Blind



Seventy-six men sat in the bright glare of a Hollywood set. Seventy-five were blind. One could see—Fredric March, starring in the *The Dark Angel*. The rest were extras from the Braille Institute. Sitting in a room chockful of blind men does something to one, doesn’t it?

It sort of makes you realise how lucky you are to be able to see and chant the lines of ‘The Blind Boy’. It happened to Fredric March. By the time the picture was finished, he had written out a big cheque payable to the Braille Institute. He told nobody, but the acknowledgement from the Institute broadcast the tale.

Gaynor is a Goner!

Cupid knocked at the Janet Gaynor citadel often in vain. At last, he almost landed Henry Fonda but there were the newspaper columnists. Immediately they found Janet and Fonda together, they flashed a love story on the front pages. Down went the Janet Gaynor reserve curtain and the two became very formal, nice people. But on the completion of the picture, *Farmer Takes A Wife*, Janet took Fonda away to an unknown place, unobserved!

That’s Another Story

A gushy type of sob-sister writer approached Margaret Sullavan on the set of *So Red The Rose* at Paramount Studios. It was the time when the air was thick with the rumours of her separation from her husband, William Wyler. “Now, Miss Sullavan,” oozed the reporter, “just tell me all about this trouble of yours.”

“What about yours, why don’t you tell me them?” flashed back Margaret. The writer was non-plussed. “But,” she stammered, “don’t you love your husband?”

“Don’t you love yours?” asked Margaret.

“Would you rather live alone?” the writer ventured again.

“Would you?” countered Margaret.

The writer left, with a story, rather an unexpected one.



Confidential—Reported

by Kay

Reading Time • About 5 Minutes

“THIS is the most rotten college I have ever known, and the chief lecturers are arrant asses—” asserted Parthasarathi, the assistant lecturer in History.

“Sssss...don’t explode like that, conduct yourself better. You don’t seem to know that this is the time when we are confidential-reported. You may be damned by a bad word,” explained Srinivasan, the assistant lecturer keeping company with Parthasarathi.

“I don’t care if I am confidential-reported, but look at this fellow Gangadharan paying a secret visit to the Chief and managing to get the time-table altered to suit his pleasure. The dirtier work all comes to my share,” complained Parthasarathi.

“Of course everybody knows that Gangadharan is up to all kinds of tricks, but when once the chief decides on a thing, you have only to obey,” replied Srinivasan.

“But why not this fellow Gangadharan be confidential-reported?” asked Parthasarathi.

“The Chief won’t do it,” said Srinivasan. “You know how Gangadharan behaves before the chief. With his wide-eyed look of utter obedience, he speaks with bated breath and whispering humbleness.”

“That is why we, who know Gangadharan through and through should confidential-report him at once,” said Parthasarathi in calm seriousness.

“We to report,—How absurd an idea! What are you thinking of?” remarked Srinivasan, bursting into laughter.

“My dear fellow, I am very serious about it. I shall write a note that Gangadharan should quit the college at once. Item one, he is offensive physically—his nose is red. Item two, he coughs so often—it is asthma, tuberculosis, or heart-trouble. Item three, he has no sociability—he attends no college parties. Item four, he kills our joy in this room—”

“But what is all this? You are not Gangadharan’s superior. It must look the height of presumption for you to draw up charges against him,” replied Srinivasan.

“But it is the most reasonable thing for me to do, who knows about Gangadharan so well. We are most competent to confidential-report on him,” said Parthasarathi.

Venkata Rao came along and looked at Parthasarathi.

“I say, Parthasarathi, this morning, when I was having my bath, an idea has struck me; we must get rid of Gangadharan. His presence kills our joy. Shall we go up in deputation to the Principal?”

“Are you all mad! What is this talk about confidential-reporting and going up in deputation? You seem to have no fear of authority; confidential-reports are much too serious to be trifled with,” harangued Srinivasan.

“You are talking a superstition; we want to make confidential-reporting human. As colleagues we are more competent to confidential-report on Gangadharan than the Chief who meets us once in a blue moon on a formal occasion,” averred Parthasarathi.

Venkata Rao now urged his idea of the deputation. Mr. Bentinck, the Principal, was a graduate of Oxford. He was young and pleasant and as yet unaffected by official traditions. His appreciation of men was not affected by the difference in their official status or in their salaries. He was prepared to give a hearing even to the junior-most member of the staff.

“Good morning, Mr. Venkata Rao, good morning, Mr. Parthasarathi. Oh, you have also come, good morning, Mr. Srinivasan. What is the matter? The entire history staff has come up—” remarked the Principal.

“No, sir, there is just one more of us, Gangadharan—”

“Ah, yes, but I always see only you three together.”

“That’s just it. We have come to speak about him who keeps away from us,” explained Venkata Rao.

“Is it to complain that he does not fill the fourth chair at your restaurant table—?”

“No, no, you don’t think us so unreasonable. But he is a perpetual evil to us. He is physically and morally obnoxious to us—”

(Continued on page 38)

Anglicising of Fritz

by Alex. Bruce

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

“I haf no frient here—you help me, hein?”

Friedrich Von Gurtmann blinked at Sandy anxiously through his spectacles, which were perched on his fat little nose. He had just come to the hostel—very young, very earnest, and very German—and he had taken a liking to our old friend Sandy.

“Sure,” Sandy laughed. “What can I do for you, Fritz?”

“I vont to learn the English—I know it goot now, but I vont—vot you say—more vocabulaire. You teach me, hein?”

“But—” Sandy hesitated—“but how in the world does one begin to teach English?”

“Elementary, my dear Watson,” interposed Sandy’s brother, Jock, coming on the scene just in time to hear his last speech. “This blighter wanting to learn English? Well, just gas away to him, and he’ll pick up from your conversation.”

“Yes, yes—conversation—tha’s vot I vont,” Fritz murmured excitedly, with a grateful look at Jock.

“Of course he wants that,” said Jock, in a superior way. “Make him talk—for instance, borrow ten chips from him, and say he won’t get it back till he asks for it in ‘pucca’ English. He’ll jolly soon learn then.”

Sandy grinned, and Jock faded away after imparting this useful tip. Fritz had not caught on to the last bit of advice, and was still anxiously blinking at Sandy, who promised to do his best.

The very next day, Fritz demonstrated his need to learn ‘the English’. He came into the Common-Room, looking very mournful.

“I haf a cow, and it is a bad von,” he announced to the chaps assembled there.

“What! Whyever have you got a cow?”

“Vot for should I get a cow?” inquired Fritz indignantly. “It came.”

The hostel boys said something polite about ‘potty foreigners’, but Sandy, who talked more to Fritz than

they, and understood him better, asked where the cow was.

“Vy, surely, in mein troat and nose.”

“Ha—ha—ha!” yelled the boys, “he means ‘cough’, of course.”

Poor Fritz! He did not like being made fun of, and gave Sandy a reproachful look.

“You told me b-o-u-g-h vas ‘bow’ and so, c-o-u-g-h is ‘cow’, hein?”

“Ha, ha, English is not so simple, Fritz,” said Harry. “You’ll end up in despair, like the foreigner in the joke, who saw a cinema placard, announcing: *Cavalcade—pronounced success*, and thought it referred to the way the word was pronounced!”

“Come on, it’s a holiday, and we’ll have a lesson, shall we?” asked Sandy, taking the young German’s arm.

“That vill be goot. Then I know about the cow, hein?”

But his cheerful mood rapidly evaporated, and the lesson ended in his nearly tearing his hair in disgust.

“Vot is this? Everything is different—there are houses but not mouses, and you say mice, then, vy not hicc?” Fritz was perplexed. “And,—oh, mein Gott—bough, and cough, and rough! I cannot do it, and my uncle, he vill be—vot you say—disappointed.”

Friedrich’s uncle was on his way to Bombay to open a new Watch Company, and wanted his nephew, to break up the ground for him, as it were. So, in spite of his pessimism, Fritz did progress a little in penetrating the mysteries of our language. A few days later, he was asking Sandy to help him in business correspondence.

“Righto!” said Sandy, ever obliging. “Suppose you are sending a watch on approval to a prospective customer, who wants one for his son, and you are explaining its good points. Now, go ahead, let’s see what you can do.”

“Ach! Gif me the pencil. Vot vos that you say—Prospectif—it is goot—vot does it mean?”

Fritz, like most foreigners, was all for using the longest words possible.

"Well, a prospective customer is a person who'll probably be a customer in the future. Why?"

"I vont more vords to use. That is vere you help me."

A little later he ceased his laborious writing, and triumphantly handed over his masterpiece, and Sandy gasped. Fritz had used his dictionary to some purpose.

It ran:
Dear Sir,

We are sending to you one of the best of our chronometers on your approbation. It is a good one for a prospective father, for it tells the time with great accurateness. There is none other like it in our Fatherland. It is one lever watch, you understand, with a third hand, which is the second hand, and it is fitted with radio, to see at night.

We would give you many thanks for a mandate!

Always at your disposition,

F. V. GURTMANN.

"My giddy aunt!" Sandy felt in need of air. He wondered what the 'prospective father' would do on receipt of this missive.

"It is goot, hein? Vot? Not use big vords? But he must see I have vocabulaire, or he think me not learned."

Sandy nearly gave up hope of teaching his friend English. Instead of increasing Fritz's vocabulary, he thought he'd have to decrease it. But he was saved future lessons by the early arrival of the uncle. When the latter, who had not seen Fritz for some time, realised how backward his nephew was, he appointed Sandy instead, in his new Watch Company, which meant a welcome rise in pay for that young man, and packed Fritz off to an English tutorial college to improve his language.

So, as Sandy thought, 'All's well that ends well', and he parted with Fritz at the station, the best of friends.

"Good-bye, laddie—don't get any more 'cows'!"

"Goot-bye, mein frient—auf wiedersehen."

THE END

Confidential-Reported—(Continued from page 36)

"Yes, yes, he is certainly objectionable for his very clumsy clothes. Why doesn't he wear trousers like you all, and cover his awful legs?" remarked the Principal.

"We are thinking of something more serious. He is suffering from a vile disease. His coughing is terrible and we live in fear of inhaling disease germs in our room," said Parthasarathi.

"I am glad you have a keen hygienic sense. Personally I live in fear of infection. When the examination papers come, I don't touch them without fuming them first. I am sure they will give me the influenza otherwise," remarked the Principal.

"He is the kill-joy in our room. May we suggest that you may get him transferred away from this college—" said Venkata Rao.

"Oh, well, that's not a bad idea. I shall be glad to have that smart fellow Ramesh come to this college." (The bell rings.) "I hear the bell, I must go, gentlemen. Wish you good luck," said the Principal.

"Thank you," said the three in chorus.

The transfers were made in May, and sure enough, Ramesh substituted Gangadharan. Can it be that the august official confidential-reporting is sometimes the product of a plebiscite?

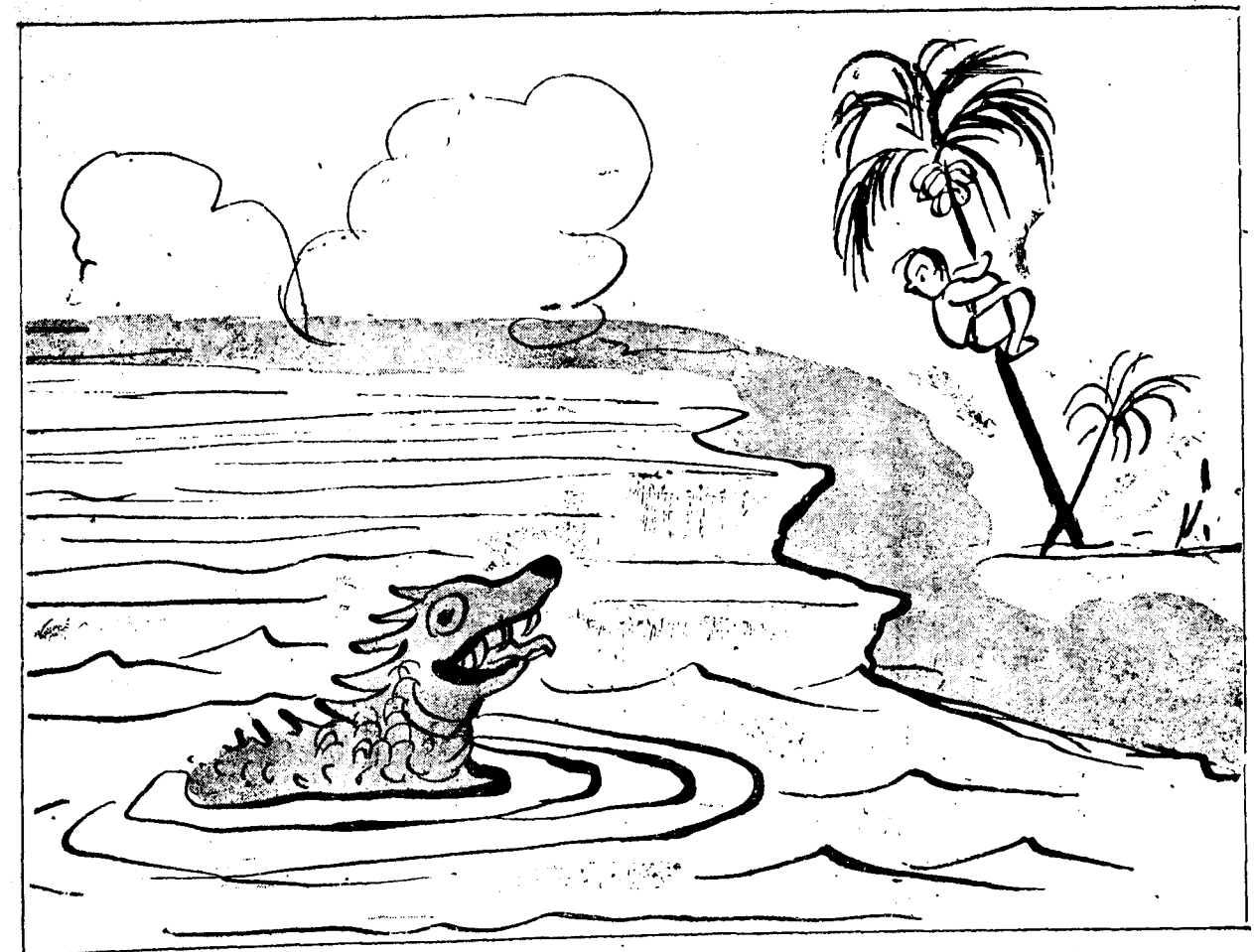
THE END

Operating By Magnet

One of the most wonderful operations on record was carried out recently at the Nottingham General Hospital. The patient was a boy who had managed to get a steel bearing ball into one of his lungs. The ball had become lodged there, setting up inflammation which led to pneumonia. It was necessary to remove it, but the boy was so weak that the operation could not be carried out in the usual way.

A huge electric-magnet was borrowed from another department, and the boy was placed in the field of this. The steel ball thus became strongly magnetized. Now came the most interesting and difficult part of the business.

A specially shaped iron rod had been made for the operation. This was inserted through the boy's throat into his lung, and gently brought nearer and nearer to the magnetized ball. With a sudden click the ball leapt to the end of the rod and was withdrawn.



I Meet the Monster

By K. A. P.

Reading Time
About 5 Minutes

I met the monster, the Loch-Ness Monster that is, by sheer accident. Where, when and how we met must remain a secret between me and the monster.

"After all, you do believe in me, do you?" asked the monster, all dips and curves, with a sigh, and a tear from its middle eye trickled down its foreleg which a fin brushed away gently. Meanwhile I found myself being swept off my feet by the gust of wind that followed the water-giant's sigh. However, being used to such thrills, I dried my wet dhoti in the steaming hot air.

"Of course I do," said I, standing firmly, "why shouldn't I?"

The monster nodded understanding. He was visibly moved.

"The pity of it all is," he began disconsolately, "that the world is full of incurable sceptics. It is the habit of this incorrigible human race to suspect all great beings until they are led by the nose to admit them. When I first showed up in the Scottish lake, the unbelieving scientists drew long faces and wrinkled their noses. The highbrow press in London characterised me editorially as extravagant nonsense! What an idea! Imagine anything, even nonsense, being extravagant in the land of the Scots! Yellow journalism didn't think it worth

while to give me any thought. Really, do you, honestly, believe in me?"

I was touched. I ran to a near-by coconut tree and perched myself on it.

"My dear Dinosaur," said I, hugging the tree tightly, "now-a-days one can believe in monsters of any kind. I meet many monsters daily. In fact it is my lot as a journalist to make the monsters first and then face them when they appear before me exactly as I made them. So, I do believe in you. After Professor Eddington and Shapley, do you think it puzzles me to have you show up at once in Scotland, Yucatan, the Shannon river and Bering Strait? Almost any day I can expect you to show up in the Ganges and frighten Malaviyaji out of his Sandhya and then break the bridge on the Cauvery and Coleroon and give the Rajah Bahadur a jolly good time thinking over his omission of Sandhya and Madhya before he became Sanatanist. But, to what do we owe your latest re-appearance on so many fronts simultaneously?"

The fire of faith burned in the monster's eye which stared straight ahead of me.

"Do you know," sobbed the loafer of Loch-Ness, "I almost did not show up at all? People were fast ceasing to believe in me and I was beginning to lose credence in myself. I thought perhaps I was a misfit in this 20th century civilisation. But no! I found in one of my sojourns near Italy that the world is getting nearer to the brute day by day. I saw even children being drilled in gas-masks, poison gas bombs and hand grenades. With monsters in so many forms, then, I realised I was not a misfit. Why not a sea-monster?"

"How about your trips this winter?" I ventured, devoutly hoping that our Cooum River was not on his itinerary.

"Of course," said he meditatively, "the usual thing. Possibly a few dips in the Amazon and the Mississippi for a change. I ought not to stay in this hemisphere for long, you know, nor try the Tiber."

"Anyway, what is your real shape?" I asked.
"My shape, yes, but what do your scientists say?"

"Well, from a flying whale and a magnified shark to the feathered python with mane and fins, their reports are varying. But they are all agreed that your head is like that of a horse. I know I have a working idea of your shape in my mind but where is the use! If I affirm that I saw you, I must share the fate of the others who had previously done so. Nothing less than the installation of your living self in the Madras Zoo will carry conviction as proof of your existence. This is obviously impossible. So I shall do the next best thing and take a snap. Will you oblige me by just lifting your tail-end and slightly turning to

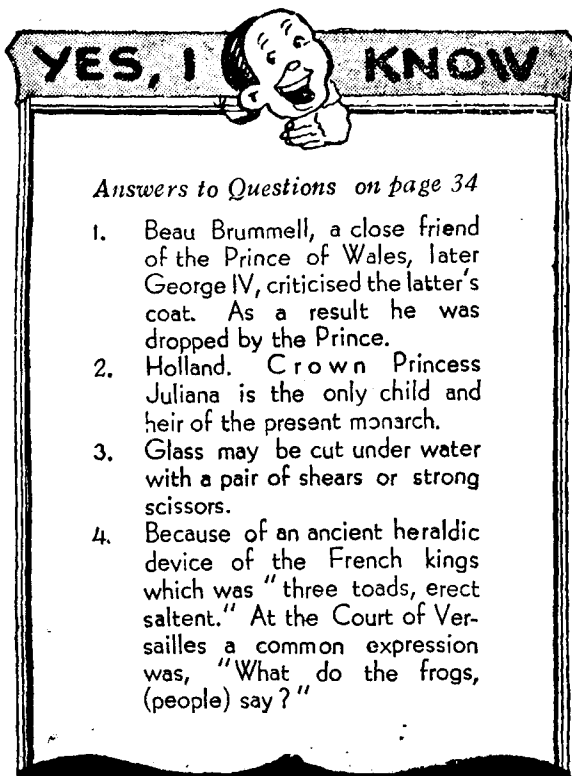
me while I adjust my Kodak?"

"Certainly, but why don't you come a little nearer?" asked the monster, moving towards me.

So that was the game! I saw in a flash why no one had been able to get any 'stills' of the Dinosaur, and beat it hurriedly.

I felt my wife's hands shaking me to quietness.

"I told you not to touch that book on *Lusina Naturae*."



Answers to Questions on page 34

1. Beau Brummell, a close friend of the Prince of Wales, later George IV, criticised the latter's coat. As a result he was dropped by the Prince.
2. Holland. Crown Princess Juliana is the only child and heir of the present monarch.
3. Glass may be cut under water with a pair of shears or strong scissors.
4. Because of an ancient heraldic device of the French kings which was "three toads, erect saltent." At the Court of Versailles a common expression was, "What do the frogs, (people) say?"



G. E. Joe. Curb that desire for pleasure; it will mar your otherwise happy life. Though you deliberate and analyse, you are always open to conviction. Don't become an easy prey to cajolery. Don't you know one cannot satisfy everybody? Therefore do what your conscience dictates. Company has great influence over you. Postponement is a besetting sin in you. Even deny any pleasures of life to have your ambitions fulfilled. You are liable to have troubles with the kidneys.

Pity. It is a pity you are so restless and you cannot put into action any of your good ideas. Work hard. Don't just depend on luck. All can't be successful in gambling or speculation. Don't be a cynic when you are down; meet the opposition squarely. People call you an unemotional man, because you are not demonstrative in your affections. You have a good memory. Let life's ups and downs give you courage, not fear. It is a pity your home-life is not happy. You will fall a victim to diarrhoea and gastric troubles.

Shanta. Dear Babe! It is not four months since you are born and you want to know your character! Your nature will be two-sided. Love and hatred will be seen in you at the same time. You will be quick and keen, and you will have a subtle brain. You are a delightful child, but you will be changing in your moods always. You will turn out a good mimic. Have you a long face and sharp

Merry-Magus Replies

big eyes? There will always be a sense of humour in you. Tell your mother that if you are not well, the trouble will be in the digestive organs.

Kashavlal Chokshi. You want to be social, but not intimate. No wonder, others do not proffer their real friendship. That is why you feel lonely. Overcome that sensitivity and develop will-power; then only can you get on in life. Don't be so unscrupulous in money matters. Why are you craving for things unattainable? The peculiar troubles of the stomach are likely to worry you.

N. S. A. Narayanan (Triplicane). You are certainly not the favourite of Dame Luck; hard work and steadiness alone can help you in life. Don't over-argue things. You are selfish and change your views as you grow in life. Don't jump to extremes. It is bad to pry into the weaknesses of others. Guard yourself against skin and nerve troubles.

Lakshmi Das. J. Ved. You must realise that your impulsive and cruel nature stands between you and success in life. You are liable to be misled by your emotional and sensitive nature. Create opportunities; they don't present themselves before you of their own accord. You have great arguing power and can become a successful man but for that over-sensitivity. You feel lonely in spite of so many friends around you. Be

a little warm-hearted. Avoid damp places.

S. Radha (Mylapore). You conclude everything after great deliberation and analysis; that is a great asset. Control that desire for pleasure; it is a source of trouble in your life. Be careful as you are liable to become an easy prey to cajolery. Your speech and actions are emotional and sentimental, not logical. Diseases of the bladder will worry you.

Devan (Kilachevalpatti). You feel weary of everything. It is just laziness. Virtue and love are quite different in your code. Don't promise on the impulse and then regret it. Always an ounce of generosity in action is better than tons of it in talk. It is very bad to show the white feather at a critical juncture. You have no will-power at all and your big schemes will remain dreams. Tumours and rheumatism will worry you.

T. P. Dorai (Madras). Love is not a chemical and so cannot stand the test of analysis. If you want peace and happiness in your family you should be less exacting. Pleasures of life have a great attraction for you; you should have a check on that weakness. Your conceit makes you do things against your conscience. Haven't you felt that good opportunities are spoiled by hesitation? You are liable to suffer from nervous debility.

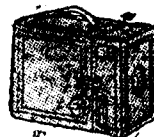


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Jorat. You are correct in your first impressions; it is intuition. So act upon it. It is really bad to take advantage of the shortcomings of others. You would do better to work hard and persevere than to depend on luck. Sizing up matters too much is rather bad. Headache and pains in the back will trouble you.

★

S. Sathyavathi (Manchala). Youth is rash; daring ways may stand you in goodstead but impudence, never. Consider the feelings of your elders. Coercion will not be of any avail with you. Kindness and tact are the only weapons with which you can be controlled. Are you not fond of boisterous merriment? Don't be so impulsive; it clearly shows your lack of self-control. Avoid stimulants and overwork.

★

Vaid (Mylapore). Have always good associations and surroundings. Cut off that tendency to put off things. Be ambitious and don't overvalue the opinions of others. Think of the future, not only of the moment, when doing things. Too much dictating spoils domestic bliss; therefore be a sport. You can give battle in words and win, but not with swords. Don't be sexy. Take care of your digestive organs.

★

Gandharva (Madras). Being a 'Gandharva' it is no wonder you are always a victim to whims and fancies. If you are going to be so fond of praise, certainly you will be a target for the unscrupulous. It is better for you, therefore, to be discriminating in selecting your friends. What if others do not understand you. You need not become so dejected. It may be they have not sufficient intelligence to understand you. This tendency reflects your sensitiveness. Are you not fond of travel and change? Indigestion and the consequences thereof are likely to worry you.

Appusami, R. (Madras). Rashness will never help you in life, my dear young friend! You should realise that others too have got feelings and are sensitive. You don't take anybody into confidence and you cannot expect others to take an interest in your affairs. Your will-power and steadiness of purpose stand you in goodstead. To be a disciplinarian you need not be so over-bearing. Give your brain as much rest as possible. However, give good exercise to your body.

★

S. V. Aiyer (Madras). One may dream of big things; there is no tax on thinking. But have you got the will-power and the capacity to carry them out? Feeble-minded people can only imagine but never act. You can only succeed if you develop tenacity of purpose. Extreme honesty is not a token of virtue. It has its own drawbacks; for instance, it will lead one to be easily deceived. And extreme frankness will always create opposition. Your nature is likely to change half-way through life. Internal tumours and diarrhoea are likely to worry you.

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L. E. S. (Colombo). Mr. Independent, don't be so unreasonable. You don't want to understand others. Discipline does not mean tyranny. Certainly, with this tendency in you, you cannot be a success in your dealings with the opposite sex. You are generous and magnanimous. Yet at times you don't care for the feelings of others. You are too daring in love matters. Lead a pure life and don't overwork yourself, especially your brain.

★

Vishnu. Your appropriate nom-de-plume should be 'Stiff neck'. You are very fond of social intercourse but to be successful in that direction, you should not be so unyielding. You are also fond of entertaining your friends. In fact, I hope to receive an invitation for the next party! Be warned; you err in your judgement when under the influence of your emotions and sentiments. Conditions unconditional are not suitable to your health.

★

H. M. Md. Omer (Madras). What is the use of jumping to extremes and then breaking off half-way, being exhausted? You have good power of concentration. Use it fully. One should have self-interest, but a line must be drawn somewhere. Don't you realise that your impulsiveness shows up your intentions and so you get yourself defeated at the start itself. It is better you are allowed to do things in your own way. Others' guidance will make you confused. Guard yourself against skin troubles.

Sultan. You are courting disillusion and disappointment by sizing up things too much. You belong to the material order. Discussion of matters is no waste of time. It adds to one's knowledge. You always think the material utility as the ultimate. Be a little less tyrannical in family matters. Taking advantage of a man's weakness after spying them is very bad in life. You can be a successful speculator. Troubles with kidneys will worry you.

★

Joe, 4 (Malay). You have not given the year of your birth without which poor Merry Magus can do nothing.

★

A. A. Khader. Are you not showy? Is not your dress always elegant? You succeed not by intelligence and wit but by a plodding course of action. You are able to judge others' character well. That helps you much. Emulation is more seen in you than originality. Don't be immoderate. Are not your views absolutely mundane? Create harmony wherever you be. Annoyance will upset you. Intestinal troubles and constipation may worry you.

★

Visa. Don't hate society. That is why you are left alone. Mix with it and it will shape you well in life. Don't suspect others' sincerity. Talk plainly. Talking in riddles will only lead you into a mess. Though slow, you are endowed with patience and tirelessness. Don't champion the unpopular causes. Thereby you gain

nothing but create lot of enemies. Mental work appeals to you more than physical work. Take good care of your teeth.

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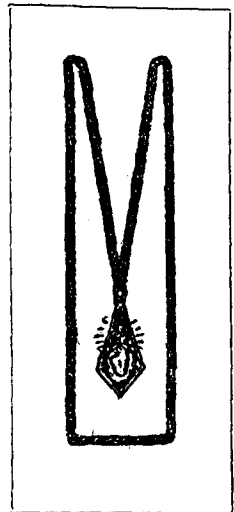
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Sambandhamoorthy, K. E. S. Don't give up a task because others do not follow your idea. Make them understand and work it. Bad luck may try to make you a failure but work hard and outwit the bad luck. Don't shirk; push yourself forward always. Even your honesty and truth are against you; they bear fruit only in teachery and deceit. Pains in the ears are likely to worry you.

R. Chari (Kunavaram). Do you now where you are at fault? You pardon very easily and without any consideration whatsoever. Do you know how you get over your troubles? It is by your extremely cheerful disposition. Do you know that your enemies are prewarned by your extreme frankness? Avoid all perverts and decide everything for yourself.

Rangammal (Bezawada). You undervalue your capacity. Don't brood over matters; be brisk. Don't imagine that you are martyred. Fidelity and loyalty can be seen in you only when you are trusted. You must try to conform to the rules of society. Don't allow your desire for luxury to grow, as you are likely to become easygoing. Is it not a fact that you like to have your home on a riverbed? You are always undecided about things. You will be anaemic.

Ramjanaki (Kunavaram). Though you are versatile it is not altogether a blessing for you; You are always placed in a dilemma as to what to do. You are extremely unconventional though you pass off for a conventional being. Don't try to put off things. Procrastination is a real handicap in your case. You can be a successful speculator, but your valuation of money is very funny. Kidney troubles and severe head-aches will worry you.

Ambuja (Kunavaram). You are still a child and yet you want

to be independent and don't want to be restrained by others. your idea of love and duty is very strange. Fit in with others; don't isolate yourself. Though you seem to be distant and cold you are warm-hearted. You will be religious, but you should not be a fanatic. Self-sacrifice will be seen in you. Pain in the teeth and ears will worry you.

S. Krishnamachary. Don't be dilatory. This will cost you much. Don't believe every word of every one. There are interested persons to pull you down. It is better you consider well before you act. Be careful with whom you associate. You are liable to be easily led into a scandal. Don't put off things. Do what you think is right; you may not go wrong then. Your heart is weak.

Vee Kay Yem (Vizagapatam). Keep control of your words and deeds. Haste will make you bitterly regret afterwards for what you have done. Like others, they will like you. You will not then feel so lonely. Don't wait for the call to come to you. Don't be unscrupulous in order to make gains. Jaundice and troubles of the bladder will worry you.

V. Natarajan (Trichinopoly). You want to show off your religious feelings. Don't be too sure of yourself; there are pitfalls even for the surest. It is better to act according to the dictates of your conscience. Don't be a snob. Beware of skin-troubles.

Ragini (Puthur). Are you not over-nice about your personal appearance? Others cannot impose upon you, as you see through them well. Don't be so selfish. Though not quick and brilliant, your actions are standing and solid. Don't be over-assertive. Are you not superstitious? You are a

conservative respecting law and order. As you are liable to be at extremes of either good or bad, it is difficult to understand you. Illness is only in your imagination.

Nihchaldas s/o Pohusing (Larkana-Sind). You are of delightful temperament, but I cannot expect you to be so always. Your inconstancy in ideas and plans is very apparent. How is it you are hot and cold at the same moment! You love, and at the same time hate a person. Stick to one thing; then only can you be successful. Are you not always acting on impulses? Disorder of the digestive organs will worry you.

Thankamani (Thiruvambadi, Trichur). Have you not a liking to entertain your friends? You have got a good taste for dainty dishes. You have got a good power of endurance. Senation governs you and affection predominates passion. Your emotion misleads you often and you are confused by others' ideas. Therefore, it is better that you act on your own initiative. Jealousy will always lead you to difficulties. Affections of the throat and nasal catarrh will worry you.

Diana. Follow my advice; act on your first impressions and lose not opportunities. An opportunity once lost will never recur. If you are going to be so dogmatic and overbearing, certainly you cannot have peace in family. Be a sport. Your over-analytical tendency spoils all gifts of intuition and presentiment. Don't become a corrupt. You are likely to have pains in the back and kidney troubles.

Swathi (Rameswaram). You are lacking in money-sense; you want to please and be pleased. Your

extreme kindness makes you doting. You simply chalk out schemes and leave others to work them out. It is bad to exaggerate things. Don't fall in for the pleasures of society. Forgiveness is your saving grace, but avoid being jealous. Be careful of your nose and throat.

Tattler. (Rajkot). I suppose you want to be an Addison. You want to imitate, but you will only be a poor imitator. Others should certify whether you are truthful or faithful; you cannot always blow your own trumpet. You are over-ambitious for social position, but you are tired of everything too soon. You are a good diplomat. You are having too many irons in the fire. Pneumonia and pleurisy may attack you.

A. S. Khan (Cutch). Don't be so dilatory; be ambitious. Consider well your actions as well as your associates, because you are liable to be led into some scandal. You have good power of concentration, but the pity is you see only your own way and that is only an untrodden path. Care not for the opinion of others; do what you think is right; then only you will not be misled. Don't overstrain your body and especially your heart.

Jolly Boy. Do you know the ex-Kaiser of Germany was born on the 27th January. Was he, too, a jolly boy? Don't excite opposition and then philosophise that you should but bear the consequences. You want to be a leader in every undertaking; or else, you are inclined to lose interest. Are you not considered odd by your neighbours? You like to help others; don't support unpopular causes. Skin diseases and nausea may worry you.

Sabita (Puthur). You are dreaming of an Utopian home, but I am afraid you will not be satisfied even with this. You are so cold. Develop your will-power and don't be so over-sensitive. Though you are not idle, are you not feeling restless? Don't depend on luck. Diarrhoea and rheumatism are likely to worry you.

K. G. Narasimhan (Madras). Don't weigh matters too much, especially in your home; it will make you unhappy. Love cannot stand an examination under the microscope. There are certain imperceptible things which cannot be proved; they are only gifts of God and you have to accept them. You have good intuition and you will be at your best if you act on your finest impressions. Peculiar melodies of the skin will worry you.

'Still He' (Coimbatore). What is your year of birth, my friend?

Pisharoti. Why do you underestimate your capacity? You have strength enough to carry out your plans, but a little perseverance is required to carry them out successfully. You are a mask and that is why others misunderstand you. You are pious not due to any religious inclination, but due to the inborn desire to do good to others. Don't argue a hated cause. Your zeal in things is likely to be fanatical. Indigestion and rheumatism are likely to worry you.

Ayengar—I. Do you know Shakespeare was born on the 23rd of April? Like him, you will have a disturbed family life. You resent all criticism. But you can be won over by reasonings and clear proof. Don't fall for flattery; it will make you lose your head. You are much too frank and that is why you are creating opposition in life. Headache and trouble of the eyes may afflict you.

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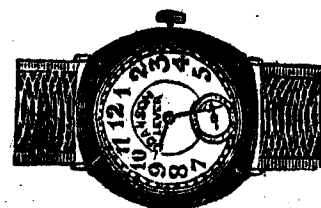
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4	M	O	E	ASSEMBLY.
5	T	I	T	ATTACK.
6	L	A	I	EMBANKMENT.
7	F	I	B	BONE.
8	-	A	D	BOY.
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Reference:—Chambers' Twentieth Century Dictionary.
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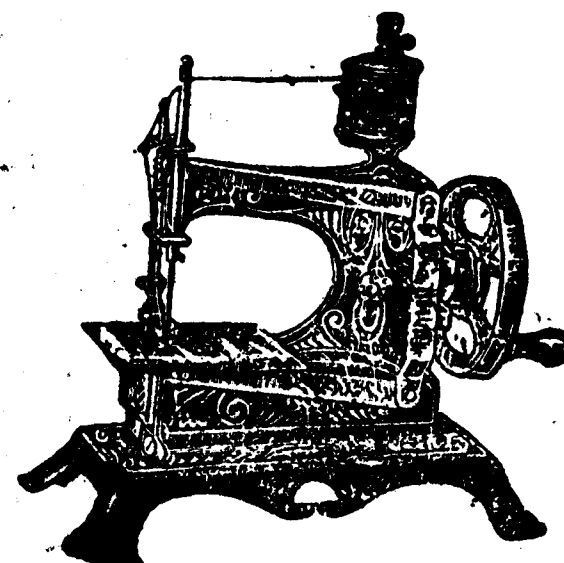
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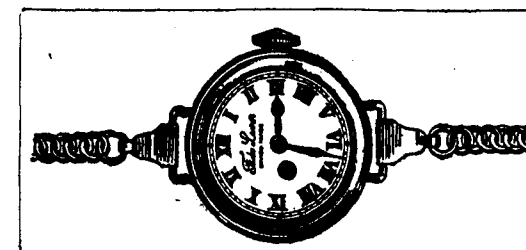


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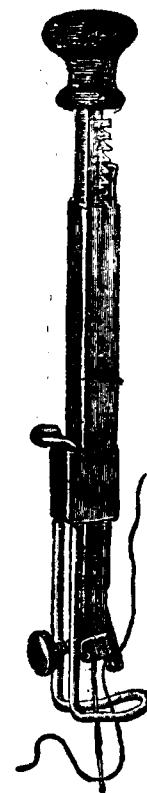
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