

No. 44

The MERRY

MAGAZINE



2nd
Nov.
1935



A. A. Roland
Old Soldier Jim
E. L. Shipman

The March of Events

By The Man On The Move

THE
MERRY
MAGAZINE

Published
from Madras

Every
Saturday

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

The Editor does not always share the views expressed by contributors to this Magazine. Characters depicted herein are all imaginary and no reflection is intended to be cast on any person.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

12 months	Inland Rs. 6	Foreign	Rs. 10
6 months	" 3	"	5
Single copy	" As 2	"	As 4

Subscriptions are payable in advance either by M.O. or B.P.Os. and may commence from any week.

Subscribers are requested to intimate to the Subscription Department any change of address and to quote in all communications the Subscription Number found on the face of the addressed packet.

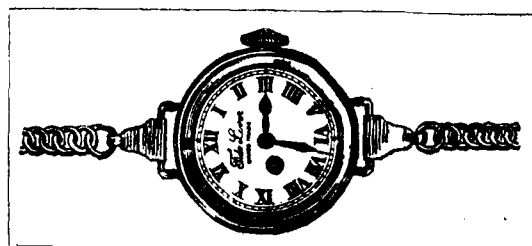


Four—

Reasons why you should choose the

"Fido" Lever Wrist Watch

- It is most durable and lasts longer than any other similar watch.
- It keeps accurate time always and in all climates and is suitable for one and all.
- It is the cheapest for its price of Rs. 5-14-0 only (postage free) with a gold-plated wrist chain free.
- No worry of repairs, as in cylinder watches, when you possess the "Fido" lever.



Buy one to-day.

THE GENUINE WATCH CO.,

P. B. 119

Madras

Special Travel Concessions

FIRST, SECOND & THIRD CLASS

on the

Madras & Southern Mahratta Railway

for the

XMAS & NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS

During the Xmas and New Year Holidays last year, the M. & S. M. Rly. inaugurated a new system of travel by issuing special third class season tickets which permitted a passenger to travel as often as he liked over certain defined zones of the M. & S. M. Railway system. The success of this experiment encouraged the M. & S. M. Railway to go a step further and issue unrestricted 'Travel-as-you-like' season tickets during the Easter Holidays this year. These tickets were issued to First, Second and Third class passengers and were not confined to limited sections but were available throughout the M. & S. M. Railway system of 3230 miles for a period of ten days from the date of issue.

For the approaching Xmas and New Year Holidays, both series of tickets will be available. First, Second and Third Class 'Travel-as-you-like' tickets for unrestricted travel throughout the Railway and Third Class Zone tickets for unlimited travel over certain defined areas. Both kinds of tickets will be on sale from the 13th December, 1935 until the 14th January, 1936. Tickets sold between the 13th and 31st December will be available for 15 days from the date of issue, while those sold on or after 1-1-1936 will expire at midnight on 14-1-36. The 'Travel-as-you-like' tickets will cost:

I Class	II Class	III Class
Rs. 75	Rs. 37-8	Rs. 12-8

The Third class Zone tickets will cost Rs. 10/-. As before there will be three series of Zone tickets each covering an area of over 900 miles in length. Series 'A' will cover the Western area of the Railway from Bangalore to Poona, Hospet to Mormugao Harbour and Gadag to Sholapur and the Kolhapur, Sangli, Miraj branches.

'B' series will cover the central area comprising the Broad Gauge Sections, Madras to Raichur and Bangalore, and the Metre Gauge Sections, Dronachellam to Hospet, Guntakal to Bangalore, Katpadi to Renigunta and branch lines to Royadurg, Marikuppam and Ranipet.

'C' series will cover the Eastern area, Madras to Vizagapatam, Madras to Renigunta, Tirupati to Gudur, Narasaraopet to Bezwada and the Macherla, Repalli, Masulipatam, Gudivada-Bhimavaram, Nidadavolu-Narasapur & Samalkot-Cocanada-Somagundam branch lines. The Eastern area has been specially extended to include the section from Tirupati to Gudur so as to enable purchasers to visit Kalahasti and Tirupati.

These tickets will be available by all M. & S. M. Railway passenger carrying trains and holders can break journey at any station in the area to which the ticket applies for any length of time during the period of availability.

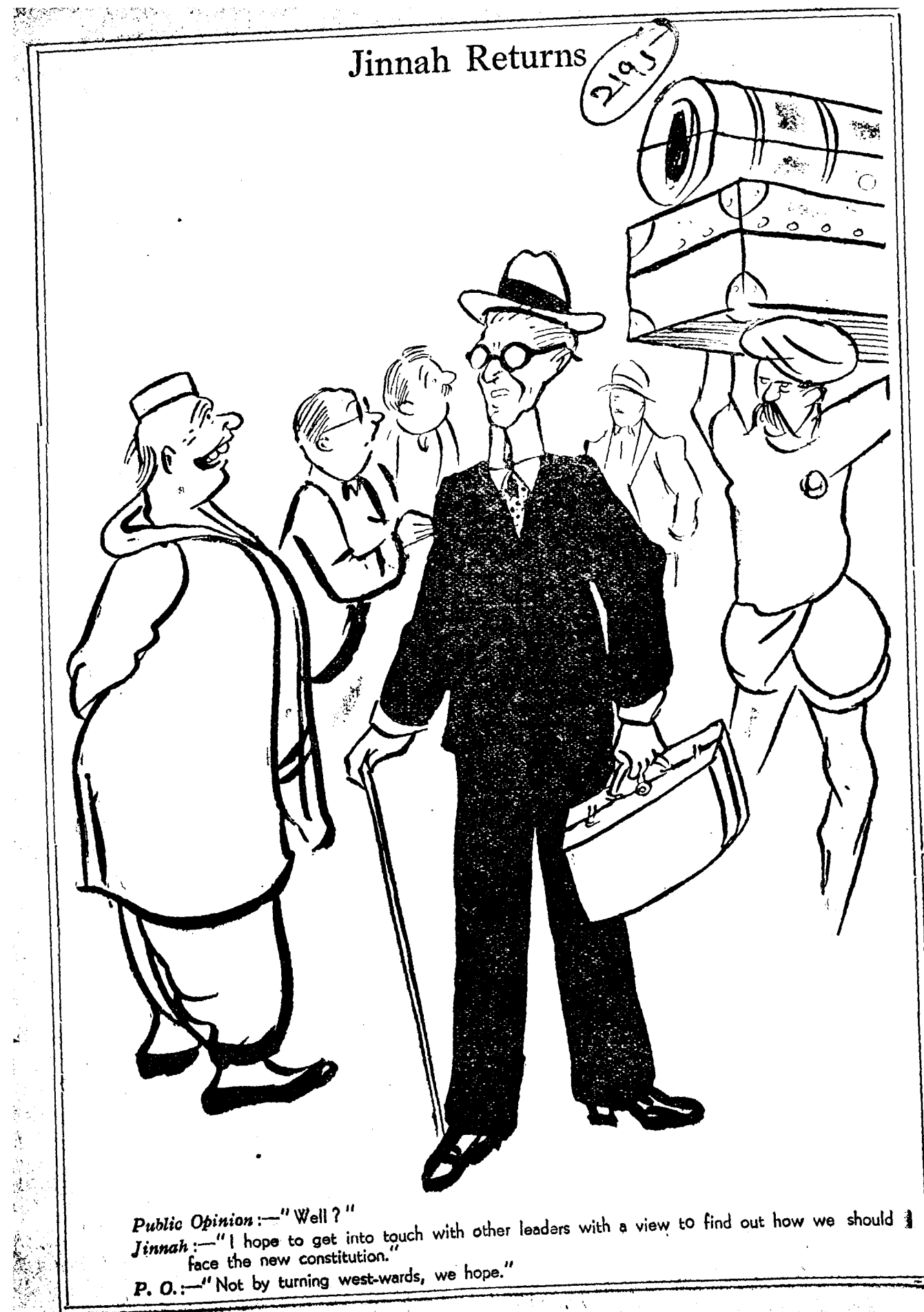
A friend and valued contributor wrote to us the other day asking us a number of very intimate and personal questions. By personal we mean pertaining to the magazine which we have the privilege of conducting for, as we hope, the entertainment of the public. We furnished him with the information he wanted, and he wrote back to say that he was agreeably surprised at the circulation of this weekly. Far from being flattered by the intended compliment, we wrote back to him expressing our disappointment that the figures are still far below our reasonable expectations, and desiring him to let us know what we could do to make the *Merry* an indispensable adjunct to the stock of weekly reading which, we presume, the ordinary man in the street indulges in. He wrote back a letter which was an eye-opener to us in one particular. He charged us with being ungrateful, and said that if we cared only for popularity, we should be more than satisfied, since to get at the real number of people who read any stuff at all in this country, you have got to multiply the normal circulation figures at least by 6, and possibly by 10! We pondered this piece of information, and realised that it is perhaps more true than is pleasant for us.

For what are the implications of this statement? We are afraid it throws a not too favourable light on a trait of national character. It is within the experience of most of us, in trams, trains, and other places of stationary or moving public resort, to find one news-paper ravished by a dozen hands, and the head-lines and news-items devoured by more than two dozen avid eyes. You read one side; and an enterprising neighbour contorts himself into any ugly shape in order to get a glimpse of what is on the other side. All these who have thus illegitimately satiated their diurnal thirst for news are prospective buyers of news-papers and magazines who thrive on the indulgence of their weaker-minded brethren. Our friend wrote to us saying that he knows of a particular case of a very rich man, and fairly well-educated too, going every day

half a mile to the free reading-room and library in his town, and spending about two hours, religiously reading all the news-papers and magazines, much to the disgust of many poorer members who have to give precedence to the influential member. If this is true, and we believe it is, it is a scandal and a disgrace. The excuse that we are poor cannot hold water; for there is none so poor but can afford a daily two-anna piece, at least, for that poisonous concoction called coffee in our hotels. We think it points to a certain lack of pride and self-respect when we find people habitually trading on the weakness of a few. The Englishman for example provides a refreshing contrast to the Indian in this as in many other things. The ordinary workman's interest in his news-paper may not transcend the coupon provided for a foot-ball result or the pool for the next day's races. But he parts with his penny cheerfully to gratify his whim. And this is remarkable. No two Englishmen can be found poring over one news-paper in common between them.

Journalism in this country is still in the infant stage; and it is a pity that to its numerous handicaps, this one should be added by the public itself. If a magazine is good enough to read, it is good enough to be bought at its price. When circulation mounts up, the journal is in a position to expand its sphere of activity and increase its usefulness. It is an investment to the reader also, because he is assured of a permanent and dependable source of amusement or instruction or edification as the case may be.

Let it not be inferred from these remarks that we are languishing for want of public support. Far from it. We are quite comfortably off, thank you. But we assure our readers that we were thinking of less fortunate comrades in the field whose lot is harder. May we therefore appeal to our readers to insist on keeping their copies to themselves, and thus divert a majority to become members of the ever expanding circle of *Merry* fans? The Law prevents illicit practices of various kinds. But the public alone can prevent illicit reading!



The March of Events

By The Man On The Move

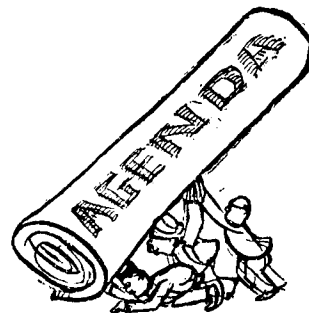
October 21st: Unveiling the portrait of Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya in Bangalore, Chintamani, the Editor of *The Leader*, said that the great Pandit was all heart from head to foot. This utterance created a tremendous flutter in the biological dove-cotes of Europe and America. These birds, I mean the biologists, have all along held that the human heart is a small pear-shaped thingummy, dangling somewhere between the stomach and the clavicle, usually on the left side of the thorax. The more eminent of these biologists believe that this phenomenon of an all-heart man is probably due to a daily immersion in and drinking of the holy waters of the Ganges. Anyway, a powerful contingent of biologists is on its way to Allahabad to investigate this interesting phenomenon at first hand.

★

October 22nd: A United Press message says that great anxiety was manifested in the Calcutta Stock Exchange due to reports coming from Bombay that the Government of India propose to levy an export duty of Rs. 10/- per ounce of gold. Consequently the price of gold dropped from Rs. 35/- per tola to Rs. 24/- per tola. This is particularly unfortunate for me, because I have just resolved to donate my late-lamented grandfather's gold tooth (made in Japan) to the One Crore Fund of the Justice Party. However, the sentiment is there; I am not responsible for the actions (alleged or non-alleged) of the Finance Department of the Government of India.

A heavy agenda is awaiting the ensuing session of the Madras

Legislature. The three Ministers tried to lift the agenda but they only burst their top trouser-buttons



in the effort. So, after all, a fourth Minister may be necessary. I would appeal to the Justice Party to make me the Fourth Minister. I am a bucolic chap, tough as rubber, and am rather great at weight lifting. I can lift the agenda in a jiffy.

A woman near Udipi gave birth to a baby with two eyes on its head. It had a large mouth studded with teeth, each tooth about three-fourths of an inch long. In short, a freak of nature. It died soon after birth. This has not, as was supposed by interested parties, made the fathers of the new India Act green with envy. The fathers maintain that their child has longer and sharper teeth and has got a couple more eyes at the



back of its head. Moreover, their freak is still alive and kicking. Therefore, the record held by

Hoare & Co., is not lowered, say the Conservative Party of England. Any reasonable lover of freaks (like myself) must agree.

★

October 23rd: I thought so. The whole thing was a hoax. The Government of India never said a thing about an export duty on gold. So my late lamented grandfather's gold tooth will sell at par. A great load is off my mind.

★

October 24th: Viscount Castlerosse says that there is one British soldier to every 30 square miles in India, or, in terms of population, one soldier to every 5315 Indians. Therefore, concludes the Viscount, the British are holding India more at the point of a toothpick than at the point of a sword. This was in answer to the outburst of an American who wrote to his lordship saying that the British, holding India as they do at the point of the sword, had no business to mess about with the Italo-Abyssinian business.

Now, a toothpick, after use, is not a dignified-looking thing. It hurts the self-respect of fellows to be told that they are being held down at the point of a toothpick. So I and some self-respecting Indians convened a meeting. Thousands attended, more in anger than in sorrow, as the saying goes. We resolved:

"This mass meeting of respectable Indians emphatically protests against the use of the term 'toothpick' by Viscount Castlerosse in reference to India, if he means by that term a used toothpick."

"Resolved further that the Chairman, Munusamy, be directed to cable the above resolution to the Viceroy, The War Office (London), Viscount Castlerosse and all the toothpick manufacturers of England."

The mass meeting adjourned for lunch.

I made the cables hum with the messages.

Exactly forty minutes after I sent off the cables, Lord Castlerosse cabled back:

"Munusamy Friends Indians, Your Highnesses and Scheduled Classes stop when I said we are holding India more at the point of a tooth-pick etc I meant of course an unused one stop if I have hurt your feelings sorry frightfully stop so long stop"

I read out this cable to the meeting of hurt Indians, and a howl of joy rent the air.

The Chairman (myself) proposed three cheers to old Castlerosse and the meeting terminated in great good humour.

★

October 25th: The Agra Constituency Womens Conference will be held at Allahabad on October 29th and 30th, Lady Maharaj Singh presiding. They will resolve *inter alia* requesting the Government:

1. To apply the Sarada Act rigorously.
2. To give the women a chance on administrative lines.

Pressmen will be allowed but, adds a United Press message, they have to watch the proceedings from behind a *purdha*.

As a pressman myself, I am approaching the ladies with a request to dump us pressmen in a corner of the meeting after putting us in deep-sea diving-dress, helmet and all (at the cost of the ladies) instead of putting us behind a *purdha*. If there is anything

that makes a pressman (or any man) look like a blithering ass and render him perfectly innocuous, it is to put him inside a diving-dress. I hope the Agra ladies see my point.

Parliament is in session and they are discussing the foreign situation. Hoare and Eden brought over from Geneva, Miss Covenante Leaguette, a ravishing beauty of sixteen, and enthroned her beside the Speaker. All the Cabinet Ministers dressed like dashing cavaliers bowed before Covenante and presented her with charming bouquets. The Opposition members—poor chaps!—being mostly grubby labourers in disreputable tweeds, couldn't get a chance with Covenante. She is expected to stay in England as the guest of the National Government till the General Election is over, after which her itinerary is uncertain.

★

October 26th: Ronald de Lauder, a Belgian hot-cha journalist, was sitting in his garden (somewhere in Ethiopia) and cleaning his rifle. An Ethiopian youth came along and watched him fascinated. Presently the Ethiopian said:

"Five mules for your gun."

"I am not ready to sell," said the hot-cha J.

"I will give you ten mules and ten bottles of raki," haggled the Ethiopian.

Ronald took his head.

"I will give you ten mules, ten bottles of raki and my wife for your gun."

What happened after that is not germane to our purpose here. You remember I said something about my being in love on the 19th October? Well, it is growing. I am not in love with any particular girl. I have that sort of mad impulse when one feels one should kiss somebody or bust. There is no sense in marrying an Indian girl or even an English girl, because they expect you to feed

and clothe them. I have decided to book my passage to Ethiopia, and I am taking my grandfather's uncle's gun with me. I will trade the gun for a wife. If I get fed up with her, I can always leave a bottle of oil by her bed-side (which is all you need do to divorce your wife in Ethiopia) and bolt back to India.

★

October 27th: India backs the League. The Government of India have decided to impose financial and economic sanctions on Italy. This great decision has put to shame those craven hearts who are vascillating over this momentous issue. Mussolini was eating a basin of macaroni when he heard this bit of rews and the macaroni went down his trachea instead of his gullet. His heart missed two beats. The question is, what are we patriotic citizens going to do about it? For myself I am starting an orgy of letter-writing to Italy. I will post them without affixing postage, so that the Italians will have to pay double the postage to get them delivered. This may be a flea-bite in contrast to the economic blockade that will be started against Italy a decade hence. But the moral effect of my move on the Italian Treasury will be tremendous. To those unimaginative persons who would dub me an idiot, I need only say, "Look at the squirrel who helped Sri Rama." A hoard of monkeys were throwing an embankment across the neck of water dividing India and Ceylon, so that Rama may cross over to Ceylon and rescue his wife. A squirrel which was a great admirer of Rama carried small bits of mortar on its little tail and helped build the embankment. The monkeys laughed, but Rama didn't. He stood the squirrel on his palm and stroked the little animal's back with a benediction on his divine lips. Now Rama was a colored man—ultra-marine at its shiniest. Some of his colour came off his fingers and stuck to the squirrel's back in two beautiful lines. The moral is obvious, so detractors beware.

The Students' Corner

WORDS' WORTH—III

SOME of the simplest words in English are also the most confusing, not merely to students, but also to more experienced masters. Here is a pair of them, the mysteries of which I shall try to unravel. I do so gingerly, as I am not sure that I shall not be putting my foot into it, or rather them! The truth is that we misuse them with the utmost self-confidence, saying one thing when we mean the other. It is a privilege which is allowed to ladies in the adventurous period of their lives called courtship. Their No generally means Yes! But there are numerous other occasions in life when this simple rule breaks down, exposing us to discomfiture. Let us take Yes first.

1. Yes is the reply when you affirm a thing. *e. g.* Is the Congress national?

Yes.

2. The same answer is given when a question is put in the negative form. *e. g.* Do you not like to welcome the Congress president?

Yes.

But if you expect Dewan Bahadur Ramaswami Mudaliar to reply, the answer would naturally be No!

3. When you make a negative statement which deserves to be contradicted, the answer is Yes.

e. g.

India cannot be defended except by the British. If you agree with the above view expressed by some of our 'loyalist' compatriots, the answer would of course be No. But if you have been brought up in the school of self-assertive nationalism, your answer would be an emphatic Yes.

Though Yes indicates an answer of affirmation, it is also used to ask a question. The question may indicate curiosity, disbelief or sarcasm.

e. g. Somebody knocks at your door. You cry: YES, meaning thereby that you want to know who it is, what it is about, and so on.

You read in the papers that Major Attlee wants to free Egypt from her enforced treaty obligations to Britain. 'Yes' you exclaim, sceptical but amused: 'What next? Notice would be given to Indians that

they would have to manage their affairs themselves from the 1st January, 1936!'

And when Dr. Ambedkar threatens to give up Hinduism, it is not matter for tragedy, but for the use of caustics. For the trouble is that it is not the problem of Dr. Ambedkar, who has got all the kudos, but of millions on whose patient backs he has soared to prominence. How does it help *them*? Yes, I ask emphatically, how does it relieve their lot?

Now let us take up No.

It is the strongest weapon in the armoury of the Government. Indefatigable members like Mr. Satya-murti string up a series of questions under clauses and subclauses, exhausting all possibilities of official evasion and round off with the triumphant phrase: 'If not, why not?'

The official spokesman makes mincemeat of the whole lot with monosyllabic levity. (Q. 126, A to Z.) The answer is No; Does not arise! As this is a familiar phenomenon of parliamentary democracy, I need not labour the point. Readers may turn to their papers for almost daily exhibitions of this art from municipal council proceedings to those of the Assembly.

Then there is the abuse of the negative in compound sentences. What happens is that either one negative does duty for two clauses, when you mean it for only one, or makes a hash of the sentence as a whole by saying exactly the opposite of what you mean.

Take this example: 'To raise the standard of life of the many it is not sufficient to divide the riches of the few, but also to produce in greater quantities the goods required by all.' If you add not to the second clause, as you must, it makes nonsense of the sentence you have therefore to recast it with an independent subject and predicate.

Sometimes the word Not is allowed to intrude in the wrong place: *e. g.* 'It is not expected that Babu Rajendra Prasad will deal with local politics, but will confine himself to the constructive work of the Congress.' Here Not should modify *deal* and not *expected*!

Fun For All



"Hey feller, what are you running for?"

"To stop two fellows fighting."

"Who is fighting?"

"Me and another!"

"I know a man who has influenza all the time."

"Doesn't he know that whiskey is good for influenza?"

"Yes, that's why he has it all the time."

First Caddie: What's your man like, Joe?

Second Caddie: Left-handed, and keeps his change in his right-hand pocket.

Father: Why are you reading that book on Child Training?

Son: To see if *you* are bringing me up properly.

"Look here," the poet gasped to the Editor, "I wrote a poem to my little boy and began the first verse with these words, 'My son, my pigmy counterpart.'"

"Yes?"

"Read!" he exploded, "see what your compositor has done to it!"

The Editor read: "'My son, my pig, my counterpart.'"

"Here, young man, you shouldn't hit that boy when he's down."

"Go away! What do you think I got him down for?"

The possibility of a landslide so intimidated the inhabitants of a little village that one couple decided

to send their son, aged nine, to an uncle until the danger had passed. Three days later they received a telegram. "Am returning boy. Please send landslide instead."

Teacher: Quote a Scripture verse.

Boy: Judas went out into the garden and hanged himself.

Teacher: That's fine! Quote another.

Boy: Go ye and do likewise!

The teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class. Slapping a half dollar on the desk, she said sharply, "What is that?"

Small voice from the back row, "Tails!"

He: Why do you consider him a deep thinker?

She: Well, his ideas never get to the surface.

Chaplain: And are you comfortable here in prison, my good man?

Convict: It has its drawbacks, of course, but I don't have to get up in the middle of the night to see if the door is locked.

She: You remind me of the ocean.

He: Wild, romantic, restless?

She: No, sickness!

Old fellow: Is there anything worse than being old and bent?

Young fellow: Yes, to be young and broke.

The Letters of

73. A Ride In A Bus

Reading Time • About 10 Minutes

Madras, 2nd November, 1935.

DEAR MOTHER,

I must tell you how Boggins and I spent the Sunday that I was excused church-parade. Boggins thought it would be a good idea to go northwards out of the town, which would be a new direction for us to take; so we set off past the harbour, having one of our usual discussions.

I said, how marvellous were the ways of Providence. It is the custom for Madrassis to wear thin clothes; yet they do not feel any inconvenience through the habit, because Nature has provided a hot sun to meet the situation.

"Suppose there was a change in the climate," said Boggins. "Madras might become an ice-bound district. What would Providence do then?"

"If the climate grew cold," I replied, "and the inhabitants persisted in wearing thin clothes, Nature

"All the bank-cashiers would get themselves a pair of skates," said Boggins.

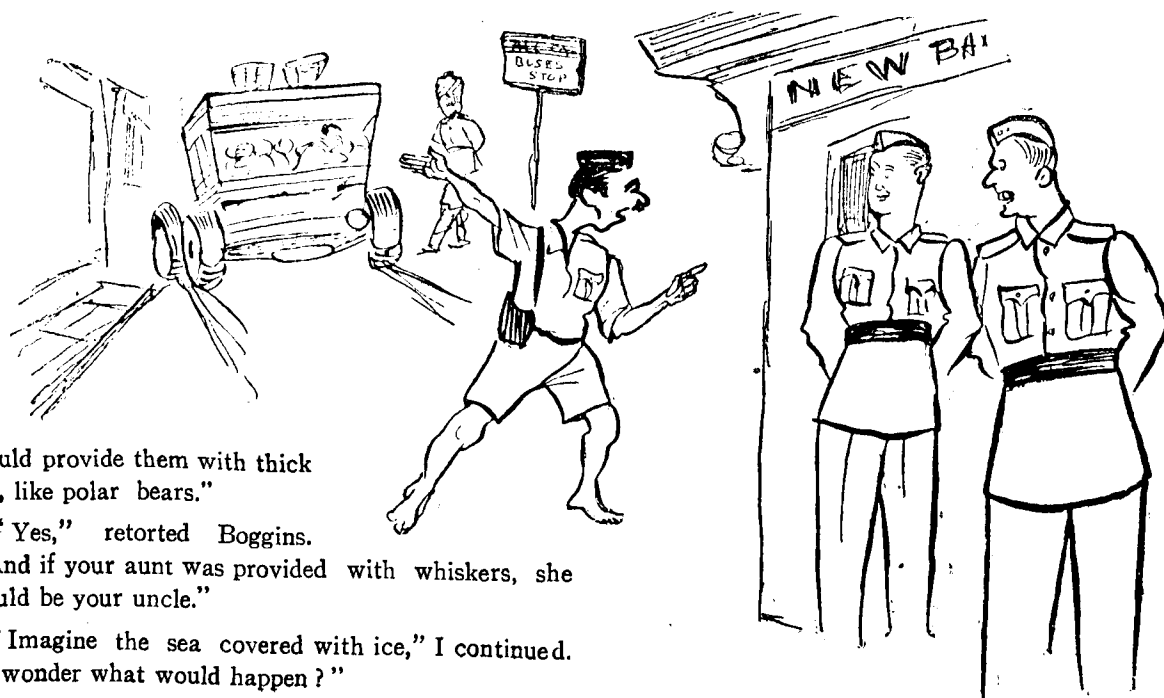
"It might possibly come to pass. For example, the whole of the Himalaya range was once under the sea." And I told Boggins how I had seen sea-shells and fossils at the tops of mountains.

"I've heard of that," said Boggins. "They say that Simla is simply full of barnacles and limpets, each lurking in his shell, and coming forth only after office-hours."

"I've seen fossilised hermit-crabs on Monkey Hill, just outside Simla."

"Yes," agreed Boggins. "I believe they are very common in the neighbourhood. They evict other crustaceans, and make themselves comfortable for life in their borrowed retreat."

To our disappointment, the road soon bent away from the sea-front, and lost itself in a maze of turnings. We stood at the corner, wondering which



One of the motor buses came along

would provide them with thick fur, like polar bears."

"Yes," retorted Boggins.

"And if your aunt was provided with whiskers, she would be your uncle."

"Imagine the sea covered with ice," I continued. "I wonder what would happen?"

Private Joyfull

way to go. At this moment, one of the local motor-buses came along.

These motor-buses are like lemonade-carts, fitted with a canopy. They are quite small, and are supposed to seat fourteen undersized persons, so about twenty people with the dimensions of confectioners are generally found aboard. The remaining passengers perch on any small area left vacant by the hind-quarters, of the confectioners and the 'tiger' hangs on by a mudguard or anything handy.

The 'tiger' is a depressed individual who cleans the bus, fetches the driver's tea, collects the fares, and mends the puncture. The lemonade-carts are always having punctures. I think there must be a special agency that collects worn-out tyres for these vehicles. You never see this sort of bus running on anything but tyres that have been salvaged from a rubbish-heap. When the rubber has gone, the tyre continues in service on the canvas, and when a hole is worn through the canvas, they patch it with a piece of the loin-cloth of the long-suffering 'tiger'. The bus itself goes on three wheels and a wobbler, and in this condition achieves surprising speeds.

Boggins stepped out into the road, and waved his stick for the bus to stop. It drew up, shrieking like a lost soul. The driver seemed frightened, and showed Boggins his licence, while the 'tiger' hastily counted the passengers and threw out five old ladies and three small boys. One of the old ladies began to abuse the 'tiger' bitterly, so he held another count, found he had made a mistake, and pushed the old lady back in again. Meanwhile, the broad-beamed confectioners sat tight in their seats, displaying not the slightest interest in the interruption. Like most Indian travellers, they were content to be on the way. They had no ambition to arrive anywhere.

"I don't want to see your licence," said Boggins to the driver. "Where are you going?"

In reply, the driver got out, and pointed to the number-plate of the vehicle. Boggins shook his head, and pointed to ourselves, and to the bus, to show that we wanted to travel in it. At once the 'tiger' threw two confectioners out of the front seat, and obsequiously invited us to get aboard.

"Here," I said, "it's not fair to turn those chaps out."

"Don't worry," said Boggins. "It is a kind of hospitality shown on buses. Get in."

We got in, and all the evicted passengers got aboard also. You would have thought it impossible to get all those people back into the lemonade-cart, but the 'tiger' did it, pushing the last and largest old lady inside with a mighty heave at the part that was sticking out. At once the bus careered off down the road, firing on three cylinders and squealing in every joint.

After a little while, the 'tiger' came clambering along the running-board like an acrobat, and halted near us. "Dorai!" he said, in a bashful voice, and held out his hand, but prepared to jump backwards in case Boggins aimed a blow at him.

"How far are you going?" asked Boggins, in his best vernacular.

"I am a poor man, and I have to give the money to the owner," whined the 'tiger'.

"I can't find out where the bus is going, and what the fare is," said Boggins to me.

"That's easy," I replied. "Here, Mr. Conductor, we will go as far as this will take us," and I handed him two rupees.

The driver jammed on his brakes with a suddenness that threw all the passengers into a heap. He got out of the bus, and started an argument with the 'tiger'. All the passengers took sides, shouting encouragement to the one, and heaping reproaches on the other.

"Why are they quarrelling?" I asked.

"The driver says you have bought the bus, and he wants to hand it over to you," replied Boggins, "but the 'tiger' insists that you have only hired it for the day."

The argument concluded by the 'tiger' taking four annas out of his pocket, and giving it to the driver.

"Why did he give the driver four annas?" I said to Boggins.

"Hush-money," replied Boggins briefly.

The passengers began to talk about us. "They are rich gentlemen, who are travelling to see the country," said one old lady, at the top of her voice.

"That's right, Ma," said Boggins, winking at her; and the old lady began to have quite a flirtation with him. She was a very cheerful dame with big nostrils, an enormous mouth, and a massive belly. Her huge upper-works were enclosed in a bodice that was tied by a knot in front, and every time she laughed, the bodice almost failed to do its duty. She reminded me of Betsy Summers, the apple-woman at home; and I suspected that, like Betsy, she was partial to her drop of gin, or whatever is the local equivalent. I am very fond of the homely common people of a country; they seem exactly alike all over the world.

The old lady greatly enjoyed her fun with Boggins. She made all sorts of comical remarks to him, and continually nudged her acquaintances for them to share the joke. These acquaintances kept on laughing; and they made horrifying suggestions about her future as the lady-friend of a rich man like Boggins. I don't think they knew that the two rupees I had given the 'tiger' was nearly half my week's pay.

"Go on," said a wizened old grandfather. "Aren't you going to have the gentlemen?"

"Ah!" replied the lady, with a broad wink. "When I was younger—" All the passengers burst out laughing; but I am sure she was really a very honest and straightforward old lady.

Some of the confectioners disapproved of Boggins' flirtation with the old lady, and sat with sullen faces. One of them muttered that we were low rascals who went about debauching the country. Boggins heard him, and offered to punch his nose; but I urged that such a proceeding would only confirm the gentleman in his opinion.

The truth is that we are respectable working-class lads, with the failings of our youth and our class. We generally mean well, and will always respond to friendliness. But we find ourselves in a very strange country, where many things seem unfriendly. We generally bear our troubles patiently, but once in a while we think we are being treated intolerably, and then we show resentment. Sometimes there are tragic misunderstandings; but we always pay dearly for any mistake we make.

I asked Boggins if the gentleman was annoyed at being turned out of the front seat. "After all," I said, "he has paid his fare, the same as we have."

"Ah!" replied Boggins. "But he didn't pay as we did!"

Incredible as it may appear, the bus stopped at intervals to pick up still more passengers. As a rule, the 'tiger' and the driver had an argument with the intending passenger, about the fare to be charged. I noticed that the rates varied greatly. The general principle seemed to be that the 'tiger' was willing to take whatever money the passenger admitted having in his possession.

All these passengers had great bundles of produce, and I came to the conclusion that this was a sort of market-bus, and the travellers were returning home with their purchases. The surmise was apparently correct, because after a few miles the vehicle drew up at a bus-stand in a small town.

"Bus finished," said the driver, in English.

"Yes, I suppose it is," replied Boggins. "Why don't you get a new one?"

The driver was puzzled. "Going to Madras after some time," he replied.

"When do you leave?" enquired Boggins.

"Any time the master orders," said the bus-driver.

We thought this very obliging. It seemed that the driver was prepared to run a special trip in order to obtain his share of our munificent fares. We strolled round the town, which was quite a small place. The bazaar was very uninteresting, and all the people stared at us, and seemed unfriendly. Also, a policeman followed us everywhere. I think that if Boggins had winked at any old lady, there would have been a riot.

We did not stay long. On the return journey, the bus was half empty, and we noticed the difference at once. The bus rattled cruelly on the uneven road, and soon I was aching all over. "Never mind," said Boggins, "it is good for our livers."

It was Boggins' turn to pay, and he gave the 'tiger' only one rupee. The driver and the 'tiger' seemed very disappointed, and had a long discussion about it. They concluded that I was a high-class man, probably an officer, while Boggins was a low fellow, no better than a sergeant. Human worth is assessed in this manner.

The road seemed much longer on the return journey, partly because there was no cheerful company, and partly because we were jolted about like peas on a drum. At last, stiff and sore, we descended at the bus-stand near the Fort, nicely in time for mid-day dinner.

Afterwards, we found that the bus-driver had left us something to remember him by. Our clothes were full of fleas.

Your Loving Son,
OBEAH JOYFULL.

Readers' Forum

Auntie Answers

DEAR MADAM,
I have received a chain-letter from you, and am grateful for the kindly thought that prompted you to send it. I am afraid I have rather 'guyed' the idea in Auntie's Column, pointing out some of the obvious defects of the scheme. I do not doubt that it is possible to establish a limited chain of people who, by conscientiously following the directions, would considerably benefit those fortunate enough to be early on the list. Before the chain proceeded far, however, it would break down by the mere weight of geometrical progression, and the choking up of the entire postal service.

Auntie is sorry that she has broken your chain, and as an act of reparation she ventures to send you a small donation for your hospital.

Yours Penitently,
Auntie Awful.

★

"I sent an essay to a magazine, and they published it. When I asked them for payment, they did not reply to my letters and reminders, though they clearly state in their magazine that they will pay for all the contributions published. It is a mofussil magazine. What can I do?"—
'Needy'.

MY DEAR 'NEEDY',

An average-length essay in a mofussil magazine would bring

you only Rs. 5 or so. At the present time there are a large number of obscure little journals that spring up overnight, and fade away after one or two issues; and not even the printer gets paid. The reason for this is that the first number of a new magazine enjoys a large sale, people buying out of curiosity. The second number, however, does not bring in enough to pay expenses.

Your trouble is not unknown elsewhere, especially in America. Auntie was once bilked for the sum of ten shillings by a little rural periodical. She went and bearded the editor in his den. The editor said he hadn't got ten shillings, but Auntie could have the entire magazine in full settlement, if she liked.

Don't waste stamps trying to get your money. Send your stuff to other magazines, and when you find a concern that pays promptly and fairly, cherish it.

With all Good Wishes,
Auntie.

★

"I am aged 22, and belong to a South Indian Tamil family. I have been educated up to the V form, and am attractive in appearance. My ambition in life is to become a film actor. I can sing well, and I make bold to think I would be a good actor. Please tell me where I can apply for a place in a Tamil or English-talking film-company. I do not want to go to the expense of travelling from Ceylon to Madras until I am

assured of a chance. Please do your best to make your nephew into a film-star."

—'Film-struck'
(Colombo).

DEAR NEPHEW,

What training have you had as an actor or a singer? You can hardly expect a film-studio to take on an untrained young man of 22, and teach him the business. And in no case would a studio give any assurance to a novice in Ceylon, that they would consider him for a part if he came to Madras. If you are really convinced of your gifts, the only thing to do is to come to India, and offer yourself at a studio as an 'extra' and a 'crowd' worker. Such employment is very irregular and poorly paid, even if you are fitted for the work. While working in the 'crowd', you will at least learn something of the technique of the film business. If your talents are really outstanding, the director may notice you, and give you small parts. With consistent ability, you may finally develop as a star.

Have a talk with the manager of your local cinema. He will tell you of the various Indian studios that may suit you. It is no good writing to studios; you must present yourself to the casting-director in person, and take any small role he offers.

Do not come to India unless you have funds enough to support yourself or two years.

Good luck,
Auntie.

Devdas (Hindustani Version)

Produced by New Theatres

Reviewed By V. B. Prasad

SIR Malcolm Campbell has broken all his own speed-records on land, eating distance at the rate of over 300 miles an hour! Nearer home, in another walk of life, a no less spectacular record, set up by themselves, was broken by New Theatres.

Last year they released *Chandidas* on astonished India. Today they have left *Chandidas* far behind in the horizon. *Devdas* now holds the field. With this to our credit, any weak-kneed Indian can now blow out his chest and say 'boo' to Hollywood and Elstree.

Devdas (Saigal) a zamindar's son and Parvathi (Jamuna) born of poor parents, love each other. Age-old conventions bar the way to the consummation of their great dream. Devdas's elders bundle him off to Calcutta to college. Thereby they seek to knock out all this romancing out of his head. Parvathi is married to a rich, old zamindar—a widower

with children as old as his wife number two. Parvathi accepts her lot, with what reservations, only the soul of woman must know. But Devdas falls. He takes to drink, sinks lower and lower, makes a feeble attempt to get over the futility of it all, fails, and dies a wreck, much before his time.

Such, in a nutshell, is the common, perennial theme of the tragedy that Sarat Chandra Chatterjee dramatised and won a name for himself. Such, the simple, idiotic flaw in our social economy that Promothesh C. Barua transferred to a strip of celluloid. The

result is one of the greatest pictures that thrilled Indian audiences in recent years.

Saigal raised us to dizzy, emotional heights in *Chandidas*. Here, as Devdas, he excels himself. We might well be proud of such a great character actor.

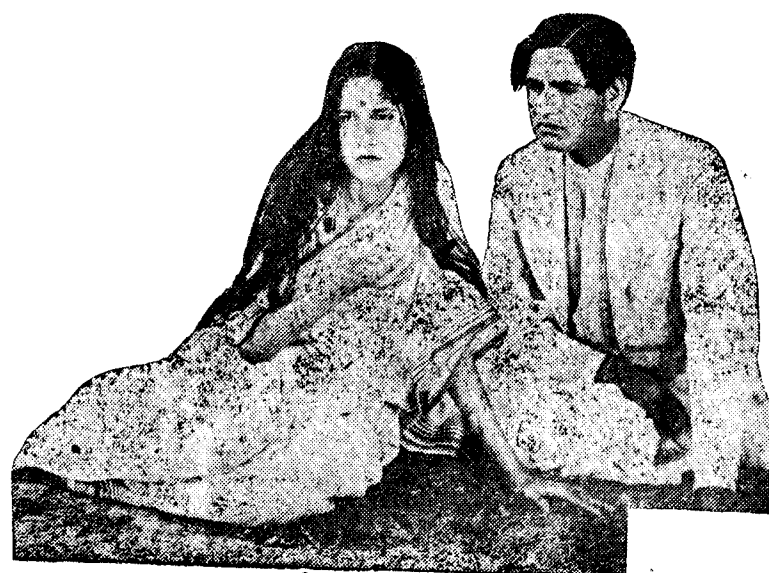
A woman whose duty and *dharma* are here and her heart elsewhere; whose every throbbing fibre revolts at the pollution of a monstrous union, but who disdains to fall into the greater pollution of a lover's arms, is a tough bit of character to portray. Jamuna

does this without a trace of effort, with the minimum of words. Every twitch of her face, every swish of her *sari*, and every movement of her body are cumulatively a saga of tragedy. One could see, she is a walking volcano of seething emotions, but the crater stoppered for all time—a Hindu wife at her sublimest. The end of Devdas, now a consumptive,

in the village street, is not shown in the picture. But no tattered, filthy rags, no shrunken frame, no revolting transformation could have shown Devdas in his last moments, as Jamuna shows him in her reaction to the news of her lover's death. The whole horror of that young man's blasted life comes before our eyes by proxy, as if were. So great was Jamuna's acting before the finale.

Jamuna is not merely a star. She is a planet, outshining the lesser constellations.

(Continued opposite page bottom)



Jamuna

Saigal

An Open Letter

To Dr. Ambedkar, Bombay.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I understand that you are, after your recent historic decision to 'change your religion, inviting applications from all the prominent religious heads with a view to ascertain the merits of their respective religions to enable your good self and your dumb followers to choose such religion as is most convenient to you and as would speedily promote your well-being in this miserable competitive planet of ours. I most respectfully beg to submit, on behalf of the glorious Epitaurism I profess, this application to you and through you to all your practical followers who are willing to follow your great example of changing the religion, as all men of worldly wisdom ought to, when they find that their present religion is incapable of bringing wealth, comfort and power.

It is certainly, as you say, an inexplicable and nasty accident that your forefathers and you slipped into Hinduism, and I should congratulate you on the heroic effort you are making to remedy the accidental blunder your ancestors committed and efface the humiliation brought on you by your religion. I may tell you here, in confidence, dear doctor, that a good many Hindus are said to be speculating on the chances of improving their material conditions by abandoning Hinduism to run into any other religious fold the members of which happen to be the most favoured at the moment. If there is truth in this information, Hinduism will ere long be a forgotten chapter of History. You will agree with me that Hinduism deserves such fate for introducing countless castes and subcastes, superiority and inferiority, touchability and untouchability and many other atrocities.

But alas this Hinduism may not become wholly extinct as its founders and their disciples have made it more or less fool-proof as the saying goes.

What boots it, dear doctor, if the religion one follows does not subserve worldly interests and bless one with power and success. There is always a way out. A man ought to choose a religion that guarantees maximum benefit in this world. And I need hardly say that Epitaurism is unrivalled in the opportunities it offers to secure to its followers the maximum representation on the Councils and Committees and in the Civil, Police and Military Departments of the Government. Epitaurists have secured considerable

number of titles and honours. All Epitaurists live side by side; they have roads in common, wells in common, schools in common, temples and every other thing in common. In its spirit of brotherhood and democracy, there is hardly any other faith to beat Epitaurism.

I would therefore invite you and your followers, however limited they are numerically, to join us and share the blessings of wealth, power and influence that we have. I hope, when you take up all the applications you have received, including those that were published in the *Hindu*, for consideration, you will give this, my application, the deliberation it deserves; and should the Epitaurists be fortunate in claiming your affection, you may rest assured of their unremitting efforts to ameliorate your and your followers' disabilities. And let me add parenthetically that should you feel disappointed in your expectations amidst us, you will be at liberty to seek conversion to a more attractive religion or religions.

An Epitaurist.

THE END

Devdas (Continued from previous page.)

They could have laughed at the world and run away—Devdas and Parvathi. They didn't. They could have stuck to their allotted places in this faulty scheme of things, and yet have carried on in the back-garden. They didn't. The story is not fatalism glorified. It is the triumph of all that is chaste and noble in woman over all that is base and ephemeral. That is the point so ably dramatised by the author. That is the point so superbly brought out by the director.

Speaking of Shaw, Chesterton said that music is beauty in solution. Some such thought would occur to one when one hears K. C. Dey's (the blind singer in the picture) singing. The cadences move one strangely.

In lesser hands than Barua, Devdas would have been a miserable failure, because the story is as old as the hills. All the unities have been admirably preserved: vulgarity, which so many Indian directors persist in calling realism, never dared to raise its ugly head in the presence of Director Barua.

Bimal Ray's photography is not so much a piece of technical excellence achieved as a marvel performed.

To sum up, Devdas is not just a great story, not just a superb bit of direction, not just acting par excellence, not just a marvel of photography. It is a work of Art, shedding credit on every

Devdas is the greatest picture produced. Every man and woman ought to see it.

N. E. W. S.

By Vanamali

THE other day a man entered an umbrella shop in Hongkong and examined critically a number of umbrellas. Eventually, he picked up one and walked out with it coolly. A shop-assistant followed him to the pavement and tapped him on the shoulder. The man returned to the shop, replaced the umbrella in its rack, laughed pleasantly, and went away humming a tune.

There isn't much variety in it, at least so far as shoplifting is concerned. Mr. Albert Gowie, Secretary of the Drapers Chamber of Trade of United Kingdom, says that this shoplifting business has become a national scandal. One firm has had a thousand umbrellas pilfered in one week. He further says that women between the ages of 25 and 30 and 45 and 50 are the worst offenders. A clever shoplifter, Mr. Gowie concludes, sensing that she is followed by a store detective, will return, put back the stolen goods quite openly and laugh in the detective's face. Kipling is after all wrong. The East does meet the West.

The Alimony Laws of England are probably coming in for a bit of spring cleaning. There have been quite a number cases of women living in luxury on the poor ex-hubby, while the latter groaned under the burden. Frequently, too, alimony women remarry and the couples live in comfort on the alimony from former husbands. Judges and legal experts are moving in the matter, and before long remarried alimony women might miss that little periodic cheque.

Here is an enthusiast of Samuel Smiles—self-help stuff. George Pajala of Chicago had a pain in his stomach. He didn't go to a doctor. He just sat down and cut his tummy to see what caused the pain. He was so surprised at what he saw that he swooned away in a pool of blood. Later, in the hospital, the doctors stitched up the self-inflicted incision. Pajala is now alright. And there is no stomachache either.

Twenty years ago Dr. Howard Louraine (now deceased) attended a dance in a charitable institution, of which he was a patron, in the East Side of New

York. A child of elven, Hannah Gouber, danced, and as she danced, she gave Dr. Howard a smile. The memory of that sweet, guileless smile lingered in the doctor's memory. He died the other day, a bachelor, and left Hannah (now Mrs. Medoff) £30,000/-. Some memory! and some luck!

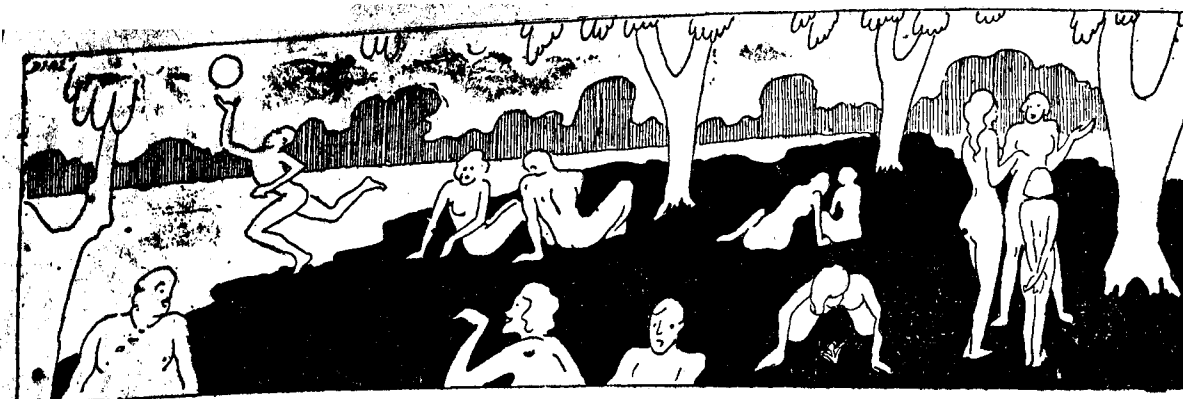
A hubby is for sale. He is in Warrington (England) and the wife who is putting him on the market gives him these specifications.

He has a swelled head, a chest like a four penny rabbit and a face like a cartload of monkeys (not with their tails burnt off, as Dickens has it) and he thinks he is 'it'. His holidays started a decade and a half ago and he is still on them. He loves smoking, reading and the talkies. Is fond of eggs, milk, oranges and chocolates. Has magic hands through which money runs like water.

There you are, girls! See if he comes anywhere near your idea of a sheik.

Bessarabia (a province in Rumania) is in the news. Eighty thousand peasants of that place are mad after a new Rasputin, a young man named Nicholas Climovitch. The trouble arose when, a few weeks ago, the Government of King Carol decreed that Rumania should adopt the Julian Calendar. Climovitch roused the countryside against it. The king has ordered his arrest. A column of the militia is trying to get at him. But they are unsuccessful. It is said he can hold a live coal in his hand, pass through closed doors and see things happening miles away.

Known throughout China as 'Golden Curly', a beautiful blonde of twenty-seven years was awarded life sentence in Kanton. She was for several years the queen of the ruthless Bias Bay bandits who terrorised shipping in Chinese waters. Her beauty drew to her several pirate chiefs and she used to change her husbands frequently. She was at last put in the cooler through the information supplied to the military and naval authorities by one of her former lovers.



The Guilt of Nudism

Illustrated by Dial
Reading Time • About 4 Minutes
By Omega

NEWS comes of a nudist marriage performed in Chicago. The bride, according to a local paper, wore only "a smile, a blush and an engagement ring." The bridesmaids were wearing less than the bride, obviously the engagement ring being absent. The bridegroom was also in his nudist best. The only sign of the old contemptible civilization was to be found in the person of the clergyman, who wore a loin cloth of leopard skin.

So nudism is going strong. You cannot stem the rising tide. The world is getting sick of what may be termed as 'overdressiness'. There is no end to sartorial fashions and fancies. For one thing, it is an expensive pastime and pockets are empty. For another, doctors point out the evil effects of overloading the person with garments to such an extent that it is deprived of the beneficent influence of sun, air and light. A reaction is setting against the modern civilization, and the tendency is to go back to nature.

In England the nudists are making a distinct headway. During twelve months they have invested £ 50,000 in purchasing sun-bathing sites in various parts of the country. Not long ago a Summer

Conference of Sunbathers (an euphemistic name for nudists) was held at Haslemere when something like 250 members signed the attendance roll. The poor nudists have to contend against many difficulties. Then, there is the captious criticism of the 'dressy' people who hold them up to ridicule and impute all sorts of vicious motives to them. Their character is attacked. Many people read pornographic meaning in the nudist movement.

But this is all slander. Though the law is against the nudists, logic is with them. Where is the fault or crime in exposing any part of your body to sun, air or light? It was not intended by God that men and women should go about thickly screened in heavy clothes. Men and women, too, are born naked, and little children move about freely without any clothes on their body. But nobody finds fault with them. That is termed 'innocence'. Years pass, and if young men and women go about naked, both law and society raise their arms in horror. It is vulgar and obscene. How happy were Adam and Eve as long as they went about naked in the Garden of Eden! When they gave up nudism they were thrown headlong in this world and they lost their elysian happiness.

(Continued on page 23)

Aunt Mamie



Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

EVERYONE admits that Aunt Mamie is a dear old soul. Even her worst enemy. Though it wouldn't be inaccurate to say her worst enemy is Aunt Mamie.

In her admirable nature, two blemishes stand out with startling distinctness. Like junks of coal against the driven snow. Like Amos 'n' Andy in a nudist colony.

One: She has an unshakable conviction that human beings in general, and the members of her own family in particular, are essentially unreliable and frail. With one outstanding exception: Aunt Mamie. She concedes, however, that there is always hope of refor-

mation. Provided the task of reforming is in the right hands. Aunt Mamie's.

And two: She loves a spot of Scotch on occasion. Several spots, in fact. And on several occasions.

If her niece's husband (myself) comes home late from office, for instance, Aunt Mamie can always be depended upon to improve the happy occasion by waving aside his excuses of pressure of work with a remark like:

"We all know, dear boy, what that pressure is. Now confess! Did you take that pretty stenographer to the pictures or the Taj this time?"

Misunderstands

By Albert A. Roland

Illustrated by the Author

Or, she will say, "Poor boy! Working so hard!" Then kiss him with sudden warmth, only to draw back with a sniff and the accusation: "There! I knew it.....you've been drinking again!"

In this way, Aunt Mamie makes enemies amongst us sometimes. But the enmity generally doesn't last long. Because, as already mentioned, she's a dear old soul, and possesses many likeable qualities. For instance. She's outrageously wealthy. Though very fond of children, she has none of her own (most probably because she's a spinster). And she's not parsimonious.

The story I'm about to relate concerns an extraordinary misunderstanding which arose at a little holiday we recently enjoyed at Khandalla. There were just the three of us. My wife and I, and Aunt Mamie. My wife was not particularly keen on Auntie accompanying us. But she saw the force of my argument that holidays tend to become expensive affairs, if they include an extra good time, and that, as Aunt Mamie's heiress, it wouldn't be policy to offend her by leaving her out of the excursion.

We stayed at a Private Hotel. ('Boarding House', of course, is a term that applies only to the lodgings where the other people are staying.)

An acquaintance we met the first night in the Hotel asked Aunt Mamie if she had any objection to a whisky-and-soda.

"Never heard of it!" said she, and my heart sank.

"What, never heard of a whisky-and-soda, Miss Jones?"

"No. Of any objection." And she went on to prove that she had no objection at all to even half a dozen.

She ended the evening by loaning the acquaintance a hundred rupees for some poor deserving relative who had been doing nothing for several weeks. (I later heard him 'phoning someone to put fifty each way for him on that Poor Relation.)

Next day, Aunt Mamie further enhanced her popularity and reputation at the Hotel. She happened to fall downstairs after dinner. Though she was a hardy old soul, she was knocked out for a few minutes.

"What happened?" asked Auntie, when consciousness returned.

The man who confessed to that tender interest in his poor relation replied:

"I thought you were never coming round. But I did manage to bring you to."

"I don't remember them at all," she sighed wistfully. "So you'd better bring me two more."

It was a week later, that the great misunderstanding arose between Aunt Mamie and ourselves.

We were out on a cross-country hike. Although the latter included a couple of hills, she had insisted on accompanying us. Whether because of her alcoholic training or an inherited constitution, she was as hardy and agile as ourselves. In fact, I thought she was looking in better condition than Mary that morning.

Suddenly, she stopped in the middle of her stride and shot a question at us:

"How long have you two been married?"

"Nearly three years."

"And no children yet!" she snorted. "Hm! Failed in your duty to the State. We all know how selfish and unnatural young people are these days." She assumed an expression of great ferocity. "Well, don't stand there gaping! What have you to say for yourselves?"

Although the suddenness of the outburst took our breath away, we were not really surprised to hear these words from Aunt Mamie. She had often hinted that children should be crawling over our knees and so forth.

Mary smiled sheepishly.

"Auntie," she said, "I've been expecting this talk for sometime. I'd like to go into the question one day—perhaps you can give me some advice. But not now, here, before George. Men are so dense—"

Before she could say another word, Aunt Mamie's substantial arms were caressing Mary's neck with infinite tenderness.

"My poor darling," she whispered. "You must come back with me *at once* to the Hotel. Fancy risking your precious life walking and hill-climbing! George, I'm shocked and disappointed in you—"

"But Auntie—" said Mary.

"But Aunt—" said I.

"I *won't* listen to you!" she declared, and taking us firmly by the arms, she insisted on turning back there and then and retracing our steps to the Hotel.

"It was seeing all those nanny-goats on the hill with their little kids, born and udborn, that put the idea into my head," she confided to us. "But I do hope you don't think I'm being indelicate?"

"Oh, not at all," returned Mary, with a trace of asperity. "Being compared with a pregnant goat doesn't annoy me in the slightest, Auntie!"

"Forgive me, my lamb!" cried Aunt Mamie. "How thoughtless of me to upset you in your present condition!"

All the way back to our lodgings, she treated Mary with that tenderness and reverence which is showered on a woman who is on the very threshold of maternity.

Several times we attempted to protest and explain—but on each occasion she refused to listen to a word.

"The trouble with the senseless present-day generation," she averred, "is that it doesn't realise a woman at a time like this is like a flower, delicate and fragile. She needs to be tended with the utmost care. Not dragged across hills and dales like a dray-horse—mare, I should say. Well, I'm going to show you how to look after Mary. I pledge myself to do everything in my power for the poor darling. I'm even going to give up drink."

That night she refused to touch a drink. She even turned up her nose at the tipsy pudding. What more proof could she afford us of her sincerity and enthusiasm?

After dinner, she excused herself for an hour 'to write a few important letters'. And later she emerged from her sanctum with a handful of letters

which she asked me to post for her in the letter-box down the road. She was ordinarily a poor correspondent, and I wondered why on earth she found it suddenly imperative to write to a dozen friends and distant relatives. It was only after I'd actually slipped the letters into the box, that a certain misgiving entered my thick head, and I cursed myself for not having thought of it earlier.

I went back to Aunt Mamie as fast as my legs would carry me and put my fears into words with a direct question.

"Yes, George," she admitted, "I had to let them know the good news about Mary."

"My God!" I groaned. "You've made a ghastly mistake, Auntie—"

"But, George—"

"Now, you listen to *me*, Auntie!" I insisted. "We've been trying to tell you all the evening. It's been a misunderstanding, only you wouldn't let us explain. What Mary said was this: 'I've been expecting *this* talk' and—"

"And I thought she said she had been expecting the stork for sometime!" wailed Auntie. "Oh, George, what are we going to do?"

"Heaven alone knows!" I groaned. "All those letters you've written—"

"We simply *can't* let Mary down, George," she pointed out, "apart from disappointing all those people."

If looks could kill, Mary would have inherited her legacy straightaway. I choked down my wrath, and said:

"You'll have to write to each of them explaining your mistake, Aunt. And that's all there is to it! What Mary was trying to tell you was, that we've decided we cannot afford to have any children as yet, but later when I get the managership of our Bombay office, we would think about the advisability of parenthood, though the increase in pay would only be two hundred rupees. That's what she wanted to know your opinion on."

Aunt Mamie gave vent to a full-blooded snort.

"Then it's too easy for words!" she said. "I'll settle four hundred rupees a month on Mary immediately. That means I won't have to write any explanatory letters. That means no one will be disappointed. Even your old Auntie—"

And curiously enough, no one was.

THE END



Bimbo—

By John A. Henry

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

Illustrated by Dial

BIMBO was worried. He didn't like quarrels at any time, let alone wordy warfare in which his pretty young mistress was engaged. He pricked up his ears, summoned an enquiring gleam to his soft eyes, and looked, in short, just like an intelligent Scotch Terrier who wants to know what it is all about; and who has a real passion for chasing and retrieving sticks and stones and balls that are thrown for him. He was afraid that so few humans understood him for reasons that were absolutely not his fault. Humans were so dense, really. If you tried to stop them from wrangling by barking and leaping about, they usually snapped at you bad-temperedly, telling you to "stop that infernal barking!"

Yes. And this row was the worst Bimbo had encountered ever since he himself had fallen out with the next door neighbour's lady poodle. Bimbo liked John Masters. He liked John's good looks, the usually kindly twinkle in his grey eyes. He liked the whole stalwart, happy-go-lucky atmosphere of his young mistress's sweetheart. But, naturally, he liked his mistress much better.

What Bimbo meant to say was that, after all, young John never fed him at nights with delicately cut bits of meat; he never threw Bimbo bits of candy or chocolate with slim, delicately soft fingers. On the contrary, John's fingers were rather hard and crude. Bimbo couldn't see, sometimes, especially when there was a row going on, what his mistress saw in John's

fingers. And of course, John never ruffled Bimbo's shaggy hair and said, "Bimbo, my little darling!" Oh, no!

And so it was only natural that Bimbo should take Delia's side of this argument. And his contribution to it made the green park ring with noise.

"I'm tired of this eternal giving in," said John irritably, and increased the distance between him and Delia on the park bench. "We arrange to meet here so that the clock strikes seven when we—er—meet, so that we—I can take you to the first show of the pictures, and you toddle along, quite calmly, at eight. I tell you, it's enough to make an angel sick."

A brisk "Wuff! Wuff!" from Bimbo told John that John was speaking out of the back of his neck and that John was no angel anyway and that anyone should be proud to wait on Delia. "Yes," hinted Bimbo, "you fool! You don't know when you're well off! Some people are never satisfied."

Delia was annoyed at John's tone.

"And I've tried to tell you, a hundred times, that I couldn't help it. Do you think I'm going to drag



Star Snaps *By* Satellite

Fields Is Ill

"NO Visitors" on any room is an ominous sign. It saddens hearts. This sign is now on W. E. Fields' room. Fields has seen the very limits of suffering in his life in the midst of a glamour-mad people and, a Micawber in real life, he has faced the ups and downs squarely. Now, after he is past the forties, he has suddenly become aware of his immense popularity in the film land. He is very sick, with a back ailment which prevents his sitting or lying down. Three doctors are in constant attendance and day and night, nurses are attending to his needs. No one can see him to cheer him up or help ease his steadily increasing pain. A barber's chair, which does not press on his back, supports him. He has been on it for some weeks now and friends say that it will be close on a year before he can recover from this, if he does at all. He has had almost as many messages of sympathy from film-celebrities as from his fans—a rare happening in Hollywood.

He-Man Bickford Hurt

The jungle man of Hollywood, Charles Bickford, used to treat such animals as tigers and lions (tamed ones, of course) with his bare hands. But while making a film recently, a lion was to have jumped over his head. Unfortunately, the king of beasts took it into his head to take the jump out of time, a little too soon and landed on Bickford's head who was taken unawares. The trainer rushed, so did those standing around. But before they could intervene, the lion's teeth had sunk into his neck and his claws on his back. Bickford was taken to the hospital for treatment. Which just goes to show that even the stunt kings of Hollywood are not immune from accidents from their pets.

No, Indeed!

You know Sally Eilers recently divorced her husband. She has a boy of one year. She advertised for a governess



for her son, Harry Joe Brown, Jr. Among the numerous applicants was an aristocratic-looking, gray-haired, woman in her late fifties. One of her letters of recommendation was from Eleanor Delano Roosevelt.

"Oh!" exclaimed Sally, "I see you have worked for the Roosevelts?"

"My yes, I took care of Sistie and Buzzie Dahl when the Roosevelts first went into the White House."

"So you are a good Democrat?"

"No, I am a loyal Republican. However, Miss Eilers, you needn't let my Republican leanings interfere with your hiring me for your son (age one year). I never try to influence the political beliefs of children under my care!"

300,000 Dollars For Doing Nothing!

If I wrote that Marlene Dietrich has been paid 300,000 dollars, you would simply shrug your shoulders and shelve the information as of no interest. But, this is for *doing nothing!* Under a contract, Marlene was to do two pictures at 300,000 dollars each. The first picture, however, was to have been finished by a particular date in summer. Marlene had the right of turning down a part in a story which she did not like. Many stories were submitted to her and were as promptly rejected. No suitable story coming up, there was no part for Marlene. The date for finishing the first stipulated picture came and went. But there was no picture. The money, however, was paid to her, as it had to be. However, Marlene will be making the other picture, *The Pearl Necklace* according to the contract. So that she will have received 600,000 dollars for making one picture! Apart from this, Marlene will have to make as well, the other of the two pictures which she has not yet made; only it will mean another 300,000 dollars.



MADemoiselle George

By Embusque

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes



IN the year 1801, the leading lady of the French National Theatre was touring the provinces. This lady was named Sapho Raucourt. She was notorious for her hatred of men, and her passion for beautiful and voluptuous-looking girls. At Amiens she met such a girl, daughter of a musician in the local theatre.

The girl was a Mademoiselle George, a magnificent creature of fifteen, tall, beautiful, and exceedingly massive. One of her bracelets would have made a girdle for a lesser creature; yet she was graceful and perfectly proportioned. Sapho Raucourt was infatuated with the girl. She got the parents' permission to take her to Paris, ostensibly as a paid apprentice of the National Theatre.

Somewhat to the chagrin of her protectress, Mlle. George proved an apt pupil at the theatre, seriously destined for great dramatic parts. The wealthy patrons of the green-room were greatly attracted by the Junoesque young apprentice. This so infuriated Mlle. Sapho Raucourt that she had the girl's head shaved, under pretence of solicitude for her health. Nothing, however, could check the rise of Mlle. George. At the age of fifteen she was selected to play the prodigious role of Clytemnestra, wife and murderess of the Greek hero Agamemnon.

An elderly nobleman, the Marquis de Veuil, was a frequenter of the green-room. This impoverished aristocrat made a living by charging a commission for social services. He introduced wealthy clients to gambling-houses and pleasure-resorts, and drew a percentage. Observing the magnificent charms and extraordinary beauty of the young apprentice, he thought her a suitable capture for Prince Saphieha,

a Polish magnate. A seduction was effected, the noble Marquis collected his fee, and the girl was established in a handsome mansion in the fashionable Rue Saint-Honore.

While under the protection of Prince Saphieha, Mademoiselle George attracted the attention of Lucien Bonaparte, brother of Napoleon. He loaded her with presents in return for a few stolen hours in her company. This affair, however, did not last long. Lucien departed for Italy, where a bride was awaiting him.

The period spent under the roof of Prince Saphieha was crowded with equally casual adventures, some of a most curious nature. One personage of the highest rank made an assignation with her at midnight in the charnel-house of the ancient catacombs of Paris! Another strange lover was a wealthy grocer with a passion for hair-dressing. The only favour he desired was to curl her hair, using banknotes of a high denomination as curling-papers!

On the day of her presentation as an acknowledged actress, Mlle. George played Clytemnestra in the presence of Napoleon and Josephine. Mlle. Sapho Raucourt now hated the pupil who had spurned her, and arranged an organised demonstration against the young actress. However, the hissing and booing were so plainly unjustified that Napoleon and Josephine commenced to counter-applaud, and the performance ended as a great triumph. At the age of sixteen Mlle. George was acknowledged as the greatest tragic actress in France.

Napoleon Bonaparte was First Consul, soon to become Emperor. He was already notorious for his

cold-blooded sensuality. The great number of women who had attracted his momentary caprice, all testified that as a lover he was a monster and a savage. Absorbed by political and military preoccupations, his love-making was that of a hasty brute. There are two noteworthy exceptions to this unenviable record: his wife Josephine, and Mademoiselle George. To these two women he was ever tender, delicate and romantic.

Napoleon had been attracted by the performance of Mlle. George. Roustan, the Emperor's confidential servant, was instructed to bring the young actress to Saint-Cloud. He introduced her to Napoleon's private room. It was blazing with light. Napoleon always received his mistresses in a room glaringly illuminated and dismissed them within an hour.

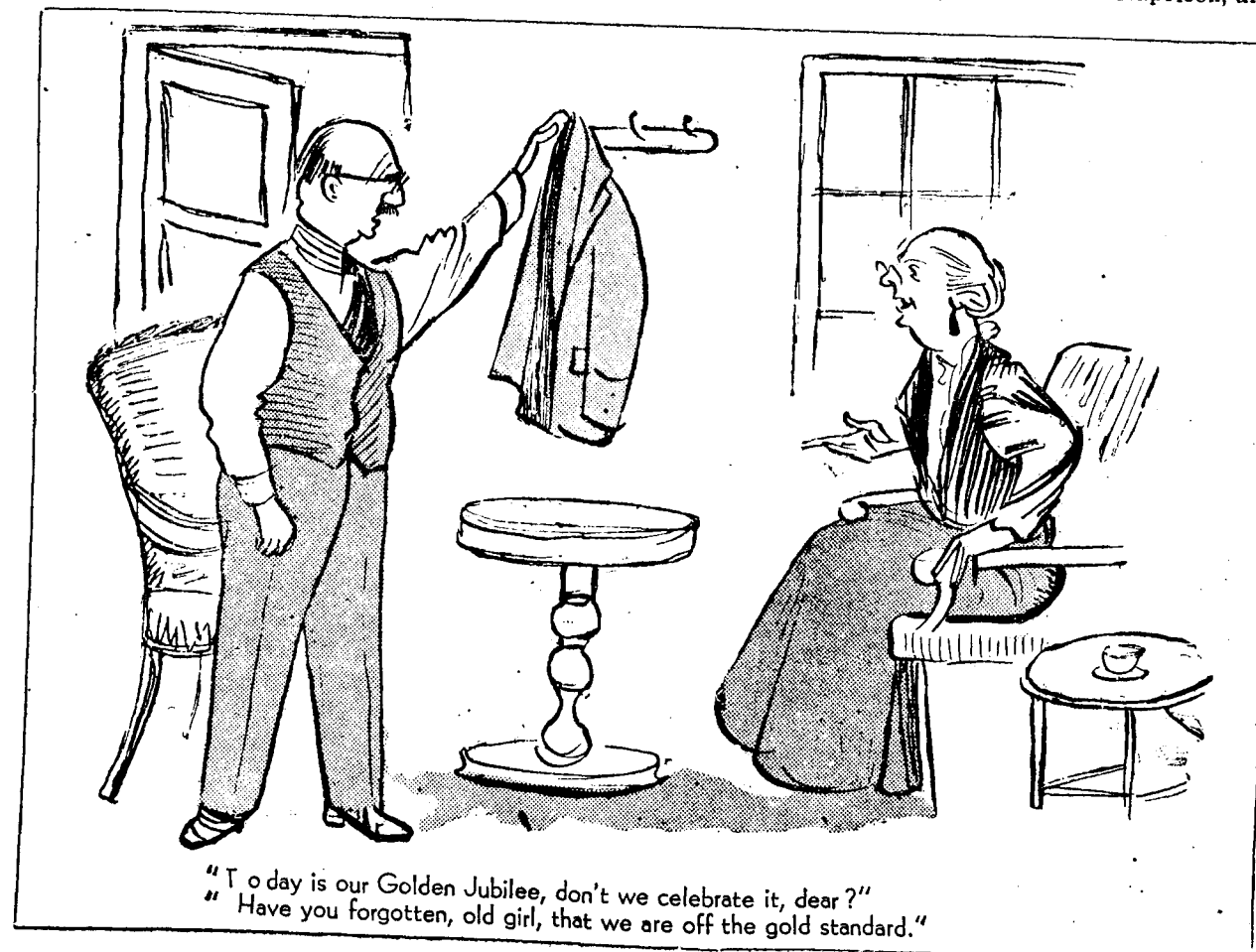
The gigantic young woman, however, seemed to produce a strange emotion in the little Emperor. At her wish, he extinguished the lights, and sat with her by the fire, talking soberly. She told him frankly of her affairs, and agreed to leave Prince Saphieha, and to cease her other liaisons. The Emperor dismissed her kindly, without molestation. Not until the third visit did he demand any greater indulgence,

and then he behaved with the warmest gentleness and tender affection.

The Empress Josephine contemptuously tolerated her husband's normal lusts, but she greatly repented the real affection which he showed for his latest mistress. On one occasion her jealousy was so inflamed that she tried to force her way past the faithful Roustan, in order to surprise and denounce the lovers.

For five years Mlle. George was the devoted friend of her royal master, a valuable confidante and a loyal adviser. She refused to use her position to obtain favours for herself or her friends. The only valuable present she ever took from Napoleon was a pair of diamond ear-rings; these, however, were immensely valuable. She was still devoted to her career as a great actress.

By 1808 Napoleon had changed. He had become something of a megalomaniac, and was surrounded by a swarm of intriguing women. He began to neglect Mlle. George. Count de Beckendorf, the Russian ambassador, was begging her to leave Napoleon, and



become the mistress of the Czar Alexander I. Acting on an impulse which she always regretted Mlle. George suddenly acceded to his pleas, and left Paris at half-an-hour's notice, leaving no one to appear in the theatre in her place. Napoleon's couriers just failed to intercept her at the frontier.

At St. Petersburg her success as an actress was immense, and her prowess as a lover prodigious. She soon tired of the Czar, and became the mistress of Count Tolstoy. Her other conquests were innumerable.

In 1812 came Napoleon's disaster of the retreat from Moscow. Mlle. George hated the Russians' triumph over her old master, and retired to Sweden, where she was befriended by the Prince Royal, Bernadotte.

When Napoleon was exiled to St. Helena, and all his former friends had betrayed and deserted him, and even his wife had disowned him, Mlle. George petitioned to accompany him to his lonely island. But the British Government refused permission, and Napoleon ended his life alone.

Mlle. George was still only twenty-nine years of age, with the greatest triumphs of her career still before her. She was induced to make a tour in England by the following extraordinary circumstance. A mysterious gentleman begged her to come in his carriage to a secluded spot, where he would make a very private communication to her. When they had reached a suitable place, the messenger began to throw down diamonds, golden ornaments, necklaces, bracelets, and jewels, until the floor of the carriage was covered with treasure. These gifts, he said, were from the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. Mlle. George refused the gifts, but went to England.

After this episode, she returned to the French National Theatre, and became the admirable interpreter of the earliest romantic dramas. She portrayed the leading roles of the masterpieces of Dumas, Sonnet, and Fontan.

During 1840-42, she made a great tour of Italy, Austria and Russia, in which countries she repeated her dramatic and amatory triumphs. The time was coming, however, when she would be forced to retire. She had grown stout, not to say enormous. The graceful young giantess had become a middle-aged mastodon. Her last great season at the National Theatre was in 1849, when once again she played Clytemnestra.

The great actress had always been generous, and had never pressed her lovers for gifts. Her possessions dwindled until she had nothing but Napoleon's ear-rings, with which she would not part. She was forced to tour the provinces with a miserable company of barn-stormers. The yokels jeered at her white hair and monstrous figure. Her gait was no longer steady, and her voice was cracking. Yet she still had her moments of greatness. At her very last appearance at the National Theatre in 1857 (the proceeds of which were devoted to her benefit) she almost equalled her former grandeur. She was then seventy-one years old.

During her last years she lived on a small income derived from a government monopoly. This monopoly, granted by the pinchbeck Napoleon III, was the income from the coppers collected in the public conveniences of the Paris Exhibition! She died in 1867, at eighty years of age.

No woman ever had so many world-famous lovers. Among them were Napoleon I, Alexander I, Talleyrand, Murat, the Prince of Wurtemberg, Lucien Bonaparte, King Jerome, the King of Westphalia, Talma, the Duc de Berry, George Prince of Wales, Count Beckendorf, Alexandre Dumas, Victor Hugo, Jules Janin, the Marshall Vandamme, Count Tolstoy, and many others besides.

Yet, had Napoleon Bonaparte been a different kind of man, she would have remained faithful to his love, to his service, and to his memory, all her life.

THE END

The Fence—

By A. M. Menon

Illustrated by Sekar

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

WHEN a fence has got to be built between two grounds, naturally the owners of *both* the grounds are, in fairness bound, to go fifty-fifty in the cost.

Indeed, that was the usage between Mr. Moosa and Mr. Ezhuthachan.

But there had been developments lately. The fifty-fifty business was in the good old days when both of them had some sort of plants to protect from herbivorous quadrupeds. Besides, both of them had owned no cows, or oxen, or goats, or any animal which threatened the law and order of their small community of plantains, cucumbers and other growths which domestic animals fancy.

But now Mr. Moosa had stopped growing vegetables. There was not even a single plantain-tree in his whole compound, and even if a whole regiment of goats, cows and buffaloes was turned loose and given the freedom of Mr. Moosa's compound, they could do nothing very much worse than rub their backs against the coconut trees or the trunks of immense Jack-trees.

Mr. Ezhuthachan, on the contrary, *had* a respectable vegetable garden.

Add to this the fact that Mr. Moosa, hitherto a 'teetotaller' in the matter of cattle, now gave hospitality to three cows, two goats, and a calf. Mr. Moosa had every right to have three cows, two goats, and a calf. But not at the expense of Mr. Ezhuthachan's garden.

Mr. Ezhuthachan approached Mr. Moosa one day.

"You know," he put forward, "we must have some sort of a fence between our compounds."

"Why?" Mr. Moosa was all innocence and surprise. "We never had any sort of fence till now. And anyway, I don't want a fence. If *you* do, why, you are welcome to put up one."

And that was that. Mr. Ezhuthachan would be hanged if he allowed the fellow to get off so cheap as all that. He would see that Mr. Moosa did pay

half the cost of setting up the fence. Where did he—and why—get those wretched animals?

Before long the Village Munsif called on Mr. Moosa. "It is really not sporting, is it, to get round our friend Mr. Ezhuthachan like that—eh?"

Mr. Moosa was not surprised. He had all the time known that his neighbour would go to the Village Munsif.

"Please try to share the cost of the fence between you. It is the right thing to be done, don't you see? Try to be neighbourly, and don't let this dispute come to me again. It is a disgrace!"

The Village Munsif departed.

All right. Mr. Moosa agreed to share the cost of the fence.

He said he would build one half of it completely, and Mr. Ezhuthachan was to build the other half. Mr. Moosa did not want to have a vague half-formed authority over the whole range of the fence. He would see to the maintenance and repairs of his half. As to the other half, his neighbour would see to it.

Mr. Ezhuthachan saw nothing objectionable in the arrangement.

When his part of the fence was completed, Mr. Moosa built into the middle of the structure a gate. This gate was always left open, so that the three cows, the two goats, and the calf found that the fence had really made no difference to them.

Mr. Ezhuthachan was indignant.

"A gate is not allowed," he protested.

"I have every right to have my gate. What! You not only compel me to build a fence which I do *not* want, but must also dictate *how* I build it! I won't have any more of this interference on your part!"

Mr. Moosa was, indeed, go full of righteous indignation, that his neighbour could not muster enough moral courage to remonstrate further.

Mr. Ezhuthachan realised, after some days, that it served no purpose at all making Mr. Moosa bear half the cost of the fence.

The garden was in a bad way. The cows, goats and calf seemed to have an idea that the fence was put up especially for them, and they walked in through that gate like privileged guests.

Mr. Ezhuthachan went again to the Village Munsif.

"I will take over the building of the whole fence, sir," he said. "My neighbour need not have any responsibility in the matter."

"Very good. Then that is final, Mr. Ezhuthachan, is it not? Or would you come to me again with your troublesome dispute?"

The Village Munsif was quite in a temper.

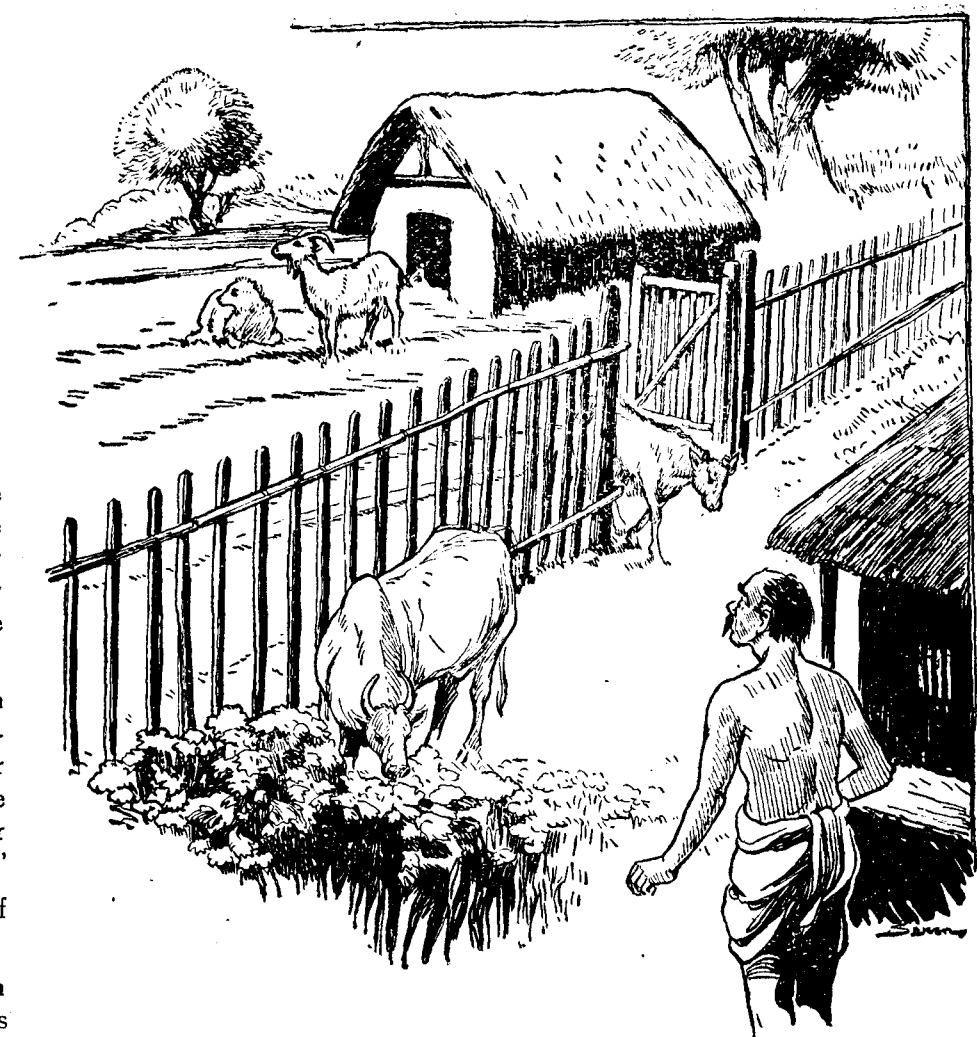
Mr. Ezhuthachan said his decision was final.

His neighbour was very accommodating to the proposal.

"I will be only too glad," Mr. Moosa said, "to let you have sole charge of the fence. I never wanted one, you know! Now you can have a gate or you may not! You are the supreme master of your fence! Ha, ha!"

Mr. Ezhuthachan bought up the 50% of the shares in the fence which Mr. Moosa had, closed up the gate and had the fence strongly secured against further visits from the three cows, the two goats and the calf. The three cows, two goats, and calf can go to blazes now! Mr. Ezhuthachan was a little sore on them, of course. It meant an extra expenditure of at least twelve rupees per annum on the fence—but—oh, well, he *had* to do it!

One week after these events had taken place, Mr. Ezhuthachan felt that there was a strange vacuum somewhere. Yes, it was something wanting in his neighbour's compound, as if the house had been vacated or something.



And then he got it! How could he have failed to see it!

The three cows, calf, and two goats were no longer there!

He called on his neighbour and enquired after them. Mr. Moosa was very explicit.

"Did you really think they were mine? Oh, no! They belong to my friend Ramunni Nair. He and his family had been away to Guruvayur for a ceremony at the temple and asked me if I could kindly put them up—I mean the cows and goats—for a few days till he came back. They returned a few days ago, and the cows, goats and the calf, are gone back."

"I see," said Mr. Ezhuthachan.

"That fence of yours," remarked Mr. Moosa, "is a very good one. Rather useful, eh?"

Quite an unnecessary remark, thought Mr. Ezhuthachan.

THE END

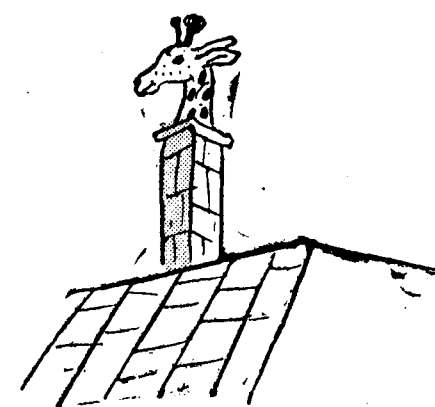
Pets, Limited—

By A. T. M. Thomas

Reading Time • About 7 Minutes

MY sister decided to breed a porcupine, to win the Cup at the local Porcupine Show. This was started as a rival to the local Dog Show, where people of my sister's type were not getting any prize these seven years for exhibiting their dogs. I thought there was a lot to be said for animals which we had never thought of as pets. I am already in the bad books of the police for causing traffic-blocks in front of my house: the passers-by always pause before my door to take a look at my collection of dogs, cats, goldfish, mongoose, poultry, parrots, rabbits, goats, monkeys and white mice, to say nothing of 'small deer' like cockroaches, ants and bugs. It is obvious, therefore, that if I were to add any other creature to my present stock, I must go about my business carefully. Otherwise, sure as surety, Section 783, I. P. C. will be the result..... suspension of traffic; unlawful assembly; breach of peace; incitement to rebellion; expiration of carbon dioxide; kicking-up of dust; unnecessary perspiration; undue pressure on earth's crust, etc.

The trouble with the pets is that they very soon become pesky by turning into pests. For instance, I had trained my grasshoppers to perform certain hopping tricks for the exclusive benefit of my lady-friends who were bad at skipping. They were so over-doing the thing that just at a time when I would be having my steaming cupful of antemeridian coffee, they would hop on to the rim of the cup to



A giraffe is useful.

have a free Turkish bath. They evidently thought they could preserve their youthful streamlines by such steam-baths and it took me a long time to educate them out of that notion.

Then I had crickets too. Just as I had laid the old frame on the bed for a stretch of good sleep, the



A walrus in my bath-room.

blighted crickets would hop on to my nose and chirp a light piece of jazz music. The radio music was enough to jag my nerves. Why should I bring myself to a state of nervous break-down with cricket, pray?

A lion would be a useful pet but you cannot preserve camaraderie with him without providing him with missionaries and explorers as occasional tit-bits. A giraffe is useful in its own way, provided your house has a chimney sufficiently wide and high to allow its cervical appurtenance to grow and move unhampered. Seated astride of it, one can comfortably sweep away cobwebs and other sooty memorials. Vastly useful, no doubt, but the question of chimney pops up.

I could easily install a walrus in my bath-room but knowing that men are too eager to imitate anything, I do not want our Arctic friend to set the fashion, where moustache is concerned. Think, of all things, a walrus as the glass of fashion! Beau Brummell would turn in his grave. Whales can be decent pets, as pets go nowadays. Ladies can coax whalebone out of him whenever they are in need of it. We men can enjoy a delightful shower-bath by sitting on its back, when he is in a mood to spout. The only school that does not break up for holidays is the school of whales.

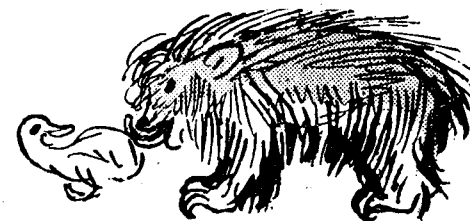
A crocodile has got its own good points. But the prospect of seeing that scaly darling shedding tears, whenever I scold my sisters, rate my cook or fine the

me, I am afraid, would completely unnerve me and make me a chronic neurotic to boot. You see, I am sentimental to a mawkish degree in that way. A kinkajou is heaps better than a crocodile in that it is less lachrymose, but I bet our editor's ramshackle tin Lizzy, the inmates of the house will solidly oppose its entry. What with its nocturnal habits and prehensile tail, it would cling with its caudal appendage to the electric lamps, electric fans, coat-racks etc. To put it in a nut-shell, (not the kinkajou, you muff) it will be a damned nuisance.

Rhinoceros will be O. K. but for its nasty habit of snorting, which, I am afraid, will put out all the stoves and ovens that are burning at that time. Probably, snorting is its medium of expression, and in that case, we have to give the rhino the go-by. Rattlesnake may come in useful if I am married and have children, for its rattle is sure to amuse the kiddies who will simply love to own such a delightful toy. For me, at present, the postman's rattle at the door is quite enough. An ibex is of no earthly use except to remind me, when playing at word-building, to clinch the whole business with an X, when the other letters are I, B and E.

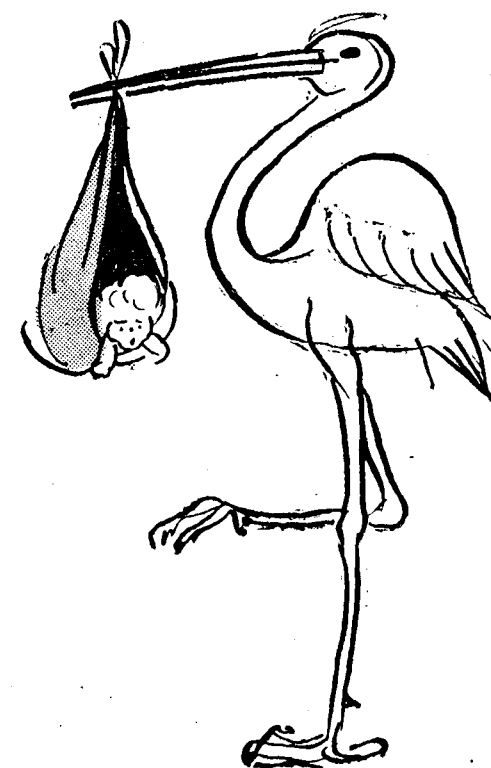
The ornithorhynchus or the duck-billed platypus highly intrigues me. Will my ducks have a peaceful time with this Australian usurper? Can its eggs be placed in an incubator? These questions need answering. This ornitho—thingumajig or whatever it is called, is a rum customer: it twists your tongue.

Bear, great or little, black or brown, polar or non-polar, cannot be thought for a single moment as a member of the household. Its noble but reprehensible habit of licking into shape its cubs would naturally induce it to transfer in due course its altruism to the young ones of the other species, with the result, pups, kittens, chicks, ducklings etc., would be licked up by being licked clean. Further, a bear would insidiously exert its influence on me.



...Bear, licking my duck...

With my interest in Sumatra Duckweed Ordinaries, Ceylon Charcoal Ordinaries, Consolidated Saw-dust Debentures and United Brinjal Preferences, I would become definitely bearish.



Presenting me annually with a baby.

To a bachelor like me, a stork would undoubtedly be a source of embarrassment and scandal. It would insist on presenting me annually with a baby. For a baby or two, I can account its presence by saying that the mite is my aunt's step-sister's third cousin's nephew's orphan but I cannot *ad infinitum* tell the same story, even though I may ring the changes, for years running. Gulls are all right, but will they not, in the long run, gull me? I wonder whether a humming-bird will make things hum in my household. In that case, my sister will feel greatly insulted and is sure to enter a caveat, protesting that it is a woman's duty to make things hum. Our electric fans hum a lot; so also does our cook; a humming-bird, therefore, will be superfluous.

The elderly American ladies now greatly fancy gigolos. These pets are always found in natty dress-suits. They infest clubs, ball-rooms and other social centres. They drink cocktails. They eat out of their patronesses' hands. They dance with them. I, being a man, cannot obviously have a gigolo as my pet.

THE END

Auntie Awful



"I like to dress smartly and do things well," says a modern young woman from Bombay. "My husband has always fallen in with my ideas, but lately he has been irritable with me. During the holidays he said he wanted to go and stay with his parents for a week. One day I felt I must see him, so I suddenly took the car and paid them a visit. I found them all sitting in *banyan* and slippers in an untidy room, looking as happy as anything. Later on my husband said he was ashamed at being found in so untidy a state; but next day his mother told me I was wearing him out by being too formal. Is there anything in what she says?"

Observe, dear boys and girls, how the social tables are being turned. Nowadays it is the husband who goes home to mother. This husband, however, is fortunate in having a sensible wife, who is inclined to consider the advice of her mother-in-law. Mothers generally do understand their sons. It is admirable to have a perfectly-run home; but if the husband has been brought up in comfortable disorder, his wife's tidiness and formality will wear him out. Home is the place where a man should be able to relax, so Auntie has no hesitation in recommending this sensible wife to heed the words of her mother-in-law.

A not dissimilar problem comes from an Anglo-Indian housewife of Jamshedpur. "My husband's hobby is carpentering," she says, "but he insists on doing it in the sitting-room. This makes work and trouble for me, clearing up afterwards; and my sitting-room never looks nice. He could easily set up his workshop on the side verandah, but he says he likes working indoors. Which of us should give in?"

Auntie thinks, my dears, that the husband prefers to work indoors, because he likes to have the companionship of his wife. The wife should be glad that he does not wish to shut himself away with his hobby in the solitude of the side verandah. The

remedy is to make the side verandah into a cosy work-room, neat and cheerful, where the husband can do his woodwork, while the wife sits by in a comfortable chair, doing her embroidery, and giving him the pleasure of her company.

Finally, we have a query from a prospective bride. "I am employed in a government office," she says. "Two years ago, when I was nineteen, I met a boy a couple of years younger than myself, and we fell in love. I was ashamed to admit that I was older than he, so in a foolish moment, I told him my age was seventeen.

"My young man is in a good position, and he says there is no reason why we should wait any longer. He objects to religious ceremonies, and he wants us to have a civil marriage as European British subjects. He thinks I am holding back because I love my independence more than I love him; but the real reason is the deception regarding my age. When we get married, we will have to make a declaration. What shall I do? Please do not tell me to declare my real age, as I will never do it. If I make a false declaration, will the marriage be null and void? Also, is it a fact that a civil marriage is only for seven years?"

My dear, a civil marriage is as lasting as any other. In fact, under English law, a civil marriage is the only marriage. A religious ceremony has no legal effect in itself; it has to be ratified by civil formalities which take place in the vestry after the religious ceremony. A so-called 'civil' marriage consists of the same formalities, unaccompanied by a religious ceremony.

A marriage is not void by reason of misdeclaration of age. No evidence is required to support the particulars made in the declaration; nevertheless, you

should not give deliberately false information. However, the exact age of an adult person is not a very material particular, so you can avoid revealing your deception and yet not perjure yourself. It will be sufficient if you declare yourself to be 'of full age'. Such a declaration will not cause any surprise, as many brides dislike having their exact age entered in official records.

So go ahead, my dear. Auntie wishes you every happiness.

Suburbanite (S. India). "The new houses have a good appearance, but they are so crazily built as to afford no real privacy. We can hear everything that the next-door people are doing." A very prevalent state of affairs, dear sir. Auntie was recently invited to inspect a modern flat, and the walls were so thin that you could hear the lady next door changing her mind.

Chivalrus (Madras). "A tram-conductor told me the other day that quite a number of lady passengers evade payment of fare, especially when the vehicle is overcrowded. If this is true, I shall not feel inclined to give up my place in future." Auntie sympathises with your attitude, dear sir. It is certainly galling to give a seat to a lady who has not even paid for standing-room.

Purer Milk (Delhi). "You may have read in the papers about the shocking state of the milk-supply here, and the proposal to place a prohibitive tax on milch-cattle kept within city limits. I am not taking sides in the squabbles of the city fathers, but I do want purer milk." In that case, dear sir, you should take the bull by the horns, and demand it.

Tender Guy (Poona). "I despise the he-man of literature. No sensible man or woman wants a tough guy. It is the tender guy who is appreciated." Quite so, dear boy. There were once a tough guy and a tender guy wrecked on a desert island. There was nothing to eat, so they turned cannibals. The tough guy greatly appreciated the tender guy.

Railway Rules (Arkonam). Will you please say if a lady with a tin chest can travel in an inter-class compartment without being charged for excess luggage? A lady with a tin chest has no need to travel in an inter-class compartment, dear boy. She can earn the first-class fare by loaning herself to any medical school as a surgical curiosity.

Holiday Returned (Choolai). "I visited a cinema in Calcutta that is the last word in modern construction and safety. The whole place can be completely emptied in five minutes." Yes, dear sir, and Auntie has seen the film that can do it.

Dental Student (Lucknow). "I am very fond of a girl who is studying for the same career as myself. What I am considering is, should two persons of the same profession get married to each other? Are they not liable to become rivals?" Not at all, dear. In your particular profession there is every likelihood that you will pull together.

Business Man (Lahore). "Do you know of any large vacant premises in Simla that is not devoted to any useful purpose?" Yes, dear sir; the Legislative building.

Master of the House (Vizagapatam). "How can I stop my wife from referring to everything as 'ours'? She talks about 'our' business and 'our' office and 'our' clerks." You must proceed by means of a gentle hint, dear sir. The next time you sally forth in office garb, mention casually to your wife that you have lost a button off 'our' trousers.

Enquirer (Wallajah Road). "Is it possible to get a truthful and unbiassed account of local, national, and world events, from day to day?" No, dear sir. You can take in a newspaper, but the newspaper will take you in.

Timid (Nasik). "Should I go for walks with this gentleman? He is a bit funny sometimes, and thinks he is Napoleon." Well, my dear, I suppose it is all right, as long as he does not think you are Josephine.

Chiropody (Segaripuram). "Is it true that tennis shoes are unhealthy?" On giving the matter some consideration, Auntie suspects that they are. At least, their tongues are always white.

Extra Girl (c/o Film Production). "If Indian companies were more enterprising, I am sure I could become as well-known as Greta Garbo. She isn't beautiful, and is not a real actress. It is only her directors who make her famous." I think, my dear, that you overlook the Garbo's genius for newspaper publicity. For instance, no one has ever been able to equal her skill in taking her departure from Hollywood in a blaze of secrecy.

Cynic (Devangere). "Half a glass of whiskey never did anyone any harm." Well, dear sir, it depends on the size of the glass.

Banker (Park Town). "You must have great fun. I would be delighted to sit in your office, playing havoc with all the letters from your nephews and nieces." Auntie shares your envy, dear sir. She would be even more delighted to sit in your office, and play havoc with the accounts of your clients and associates.

The Writers—

Reading Time • About 8 Minutes

By William

“TOM” Smithers, the Sergeant-Major of the 1st Leamshire Regiment, was, contrary to the usual run of Sergeant-Majors, popular in his regiment; and particularly in the Sergeants’ Mess. In spite of being a married man with a large family he was always able to stand drinks to all and sundry. Even a Sergeant-Major’s pay has a limited purchasing power; and Tom’s family did not suffer on account of their father’s contributions to the bar profits of the Mess.

There were all sorts of nasty rumours about the Canteen Contractor being in league with the Sergeant-Major; but Tom was strictly honest and could laugh at such trash.

His secret was, he derived extra income from articles he wrote for a certain magazine. The particular magazine was called the *Mother’s Magazine* and the gallant warrant officer wrote under the name of Auntie Nell. Hence the necessity for secrecy. The Commanding Officer would certainly not have recommended him for a Jubilee Medal had he known of his (Sergeant-Major’s) alias; but the whole regiment would have been delighted with the knowledge that it was Auntie Nell smartening the battalion up on parade.

One day, on his way home to dinner, Tom was joined by Jim Herbertson the schoolmaster. This he thought unusual, for Jim’s house lay in the opposite direction. When they were out of hearing of any other member of the regiment, Jim said, Auntie Nell will be indisposed and Maggie Montague will write for the *Mother’s Magazine* at least once a month in future.

Tom was too old a soldier to be caught so easily. “Herbertson, you’re drunk. Go home to bed at once,” he ordered.

“Oh, no, you don’t!” replied the School-master. “Read this,” and produced a letter from the Editor saying that “unless J. Herbertson could come to some agreement with T. Smithers, articles by Maggie Montague, i. e., yourself, could no longer be accepted for the magazine.”

“Well! What do you propose to do about it?” said the Sergeant-Major. “The army will not be over pleased with the knowledge of the identity of Auntie Nell any more than it will be with that of Maggie Montague. The Commanding Officer has a sense of humour but I don’t think he could stand such a shock.”

“The idea is this,” was the Schoolmaster’s response. “We share the profits and double the output. I send in a six-page article this week and you do the same next week instead of us both sending in the usual couple of pages, with only a hope of acceptance. Between us we are the backbone of the the magazine and the Editor must agree. We both get more out of it and can demand a higher price for our work.”

“O K. I’m agreeable,” said Tom. “You start next week.”

The six-page article by Maggie Montague appeared the following week; but Jim had poached. The end of the article concluded with the words:

“Send your troubles to Maggie Montague c/o The Editor. She will solve your difficulties. Her answers to correspondents will be published once a fortnight.”

Tom was annoyed. When he next saw Jim alone he asked him if he had to get ideas from his readers instead of using his own brains. Yet the idea worried Auntie Nell and her next contribution finished with:

“Auntie Nell knows all about the most delicate matters. She is older and far more experienced than Maggie Montague. She will help you in all your troubles. Send to her c/o the Editor.”

The Editor had an eye to business as well as a sense of humour.

For a month or two things went on smoothly. Both the writers answered some very awkward questions. Then among the other queries received from the Editor, Jim received one:

Dear Maggie,

My husband has recently taken to spend more time in the home and asks questions on personal matters in which, until recently, he had shown not the slightest interest. I admit that he is getting quite useful in the house but I have a feeling that he is neglecting his duties otherwise. Shall I stop it or encourage him?

Jane (Smithers)

Jim could not miss such an opportunity. Among Maggie’s replies to her readers was:

Jane (S)—A husband’s and a father’s job is to provide for his wife and family. A wife’s and mother’s job is to look after the home. Interference in each other’s sphere only leads to discontent. Do not encourage him.

Tom read this but did not realise that “Jane (S)” was his wife.

Both Mrs. Herbertson and Mrs. Smithers were, by this time, becoming suspicious of their husbands.

Auntie Nell received a letter and answered it.

The answers were:

Alice H—(1) Your husband should read my article. He evidently has a lot to learn. (2) Enquire where he gets his money from. He may be committing a crime which might lead to his downfall. (3) Encourage him to spend his money. In his position popularity is necessary.

Tom really enjoyed sending in this answer.

Meanwhile the two wives had conferred. Mrs. Herbertson had read the reply to “Jane” and remembered her own husband asking unusual questions; and she had heard a heated argument when the Sergeant-Major’s wife was coaxing her husband to go to the Mess. Mrs. Smithers had been an anti-drink advocate for many years.

Then came the great awakening. The Corporal who collected the mail from the Post Office and delivered it in the regiment (and was in the pay of the Sergeant-Major and the Schoolmaster), was suddenly taken ill. His successor was not aware of the financial arrangements connected with the job, but was a promising lad and endeavoured to do his best to please everyone. A Money Order from the Editor of the *Mother’s Magazine*, he delivered to Mrs. Sergeant-Major, who took it and then read on the bottom of the form, “For Auntie Nell’s contribution of the 15th.” Then committed his second crime by delivering a money order, addressed to the Schoolmaster, to the Sergeants’ Mess Caterer. This M. O. form had on the bottom, “For Maggie Montague’s contribution—Should husbands and wives sleep in separate beds?”

Then things began to move. The Sergeant-Major went into the Mess for this midday ‘liver’ and the Caterer, with a grin like a Cheshire cat, said, “Good Morning, Sir, have you seen Maggie?” and produced the offending money order slip. Tom stared at it; but his presence of mind saved him. “I suppose this is the first you have received of these darn silly things,” he asked, and was relieved when he was assured that it was the first of its kind.

He went home to tiffin with a relieved feeling but determined to make arrangements with the new Post Corporal as soon as possible.

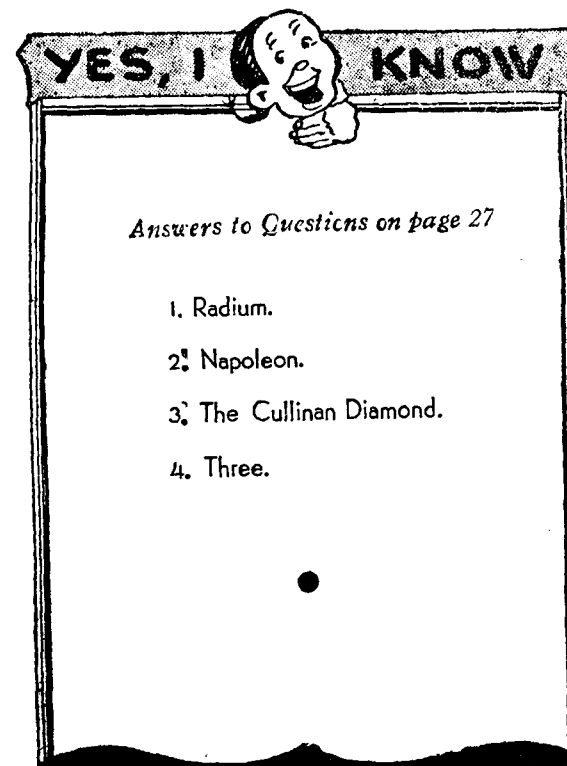
His dutiful wife had sent the children away so that father could have his tiffin in peace. He finished his meal with a sigh of satisfaction and said, “Just got a few office jobs to finish up and then I’ll be home early, dear.” He then prepared to leave. As he opened the door his wife looked up and said, “Is Auntie Nell preparing her article on: *The After Effects of Wearing Corsets?*” Sergeant-Majors do not faint, but Tom had a very near go. “It’s quite all right, dear,” said his faithful Missus, “I won’t give you away. Go and

A thoughtful but relieved Sergeant-Major wended his way to his office. On the road he met the Schoolmaster. They compared notes. A Mess meeting was arranged and the Sergeant-Major spoke on “Respect for senior ranks irrespective of affairs outside the regiment”. As the meeting dispersed some one muttered, “Thank you, Auntie Nell.” Tom heard it, but again his presence of mind stood him in good stead. He ignored those muttered words. On the Mess Notice Board were two new unofficial notices:

Dear Maggie—I’m going to have a baby. What shall I do about it?—Bring your troubles to Naggie—she’ll tell you how to keep slim.

(Jim was as wide as a beer barrel and slightly taller.)

(Continued on page 40)



Answers to Questions on page 27

1. Radium.
2. Napoleon.
3. The Cullinan Diamond.
4. Three.

Auntie Unveils

By E. L. Shipman

Illustrated by Mali

Reading Time • About 6 Minutes

I was just on the point of concluding my stroll along the sea front and of wending my way homewards, when that which met my eyes brought me suddenly to a halt. There, on a bench but a few yards distant from me, sat the maiden of my dreams. In age she would be about twenty-two, although the bleak tragedy looking out of her eyes and the slightly haggard appearance of her face, together with her attitude of dejection, might have forced one to raise this estimate to twenty-five. Despite her sorrow, however, or even perhaps because of it, she was all that a sweet young thing should be.

Her complexion was but slightly olive-tinted, the result, one could imagine, of a slight brush of the lips

of his Majesty the Sun as he passed swiftly by. Her slim figure was full of a divine allure. She wore a skin-tight *ravikai* in dove grey with wide transverse cerise stripes, and, over this, a ravishing saree in purple embroidered with sky blue flowers and bordered by a broad yellow band from which depended innumerable strings of green beads. Her ears, nose, hair and eyes—the three former through the goldsmith's art, the last by the grace of God alone—were plentifully bejewelled. Her nationality and her job in life were by no means apparent. At first glance I had taken her for a Salvation Army lassie, but her general air of prosperity, not to say wealth, ruled this out entirely.

Gingerly, but hopefully, I seated myself on the far end of the bench. For a space I listened, in mute sympathy and adoration, to her repeated sighs. At last, just by way of chorus, I, too, began to sigh. On this, she raised her head and regarded me for a moment or two with some amaze and a pair of dewy, tear-brimmed eyes. Then a bright thought must have struck her, for:

"Are you," she enquired in dulcet, though melancholy tones, "one of those unfortunates who, having no homes of their own, are compelled to spend their nights on the public benches? And is it already your bed time? You poor, poor man, I'm so sorry for you. Never mind, I'll go and leave you your bench."

And, so saying, she rose from the bench and hitched herself together in readiness to depart.

"Sweet Lotus of Madras," I hastened to address her, "notwithstanding my possibly disreputable appearance, I am not, as you appear to think, one of the 'down-and-outs,' so do, please, resume your seat."

She consented by a slight nod and the appropriate action, and then:

"If you are not one of the 'down-and-outs,'" she asked, "what are you?"

"An author, whenever I can manage to auth."

"A famous one?"

"Well, no, not quite yet. You see, an obtuse public still refuses to recognise my genius."

"I wonder," she mused, "whether I have ever read any of your stuff."

"I expect you have," I replied, "that is, if you read the *Merry Magazine*. I occasionally manage to break into its pages."

"Oh!" and her exclamation was almost a delighted shriek, "do you write for the *Merry*? Fancy that! So do I."

"Hooray!" I enthused, "but, let me see—you can't be Ram or Nijinski or Chappie or Embusque. You don't in the least look like the sort of person who would masquerade under any such frivolous pseudonym. I wonder under what domino you lurk in the pages of the *Merry*?"

"Before you came along," her tears had long since vanished, and her face was now wreathed in smiles, "I felt like crying, I was so frightfully lonely. Now I'll let you into a secret. I'm Auntie Awful."

"Not really?"

"Yes, really and truly."

"Finger wet, finger dry, strike me dead if I tell a lie?"

She promptly raised a beautifully tapered finger and licked it with an equally beautifully tapered tongue, though rather, I must admit, in the manner of one who, her plate having been but sparsely plenished at lunch time, now strives to make up for the deficiency of nutriment by chasing around for any perchance surviving morsels of the feast.

"Well, well, well!" said I, "if you are really Auntie Awful, you must be as clever as you are beautiful."

"Of course I am."

"In that case," I proceeded, "you may possibly be able to give me some advice. Do you mind if I ask you a question or two?"

"My business hours," she retorted, "are my hours of concentrated thought. Still, always providing you don't make your questions much too difficult for anyone to answer, you can go ahead."

"Very well, then," I asked, "can you please tell me the best way to cure a pimple on the end of the big toe, a bald patch on the back of the head and a much too prominent nose?"

"Why, yes," she replied, "for the pimple on the toe, you should employ an ex-murderer as your servant and administer suitable and forcible connection to his rear twice daily; for the bald patch on the head, shave the rest of the head, when the difference will not be so noticeable; and for the too prominent nose, you should persistently and assiduously poke it into the strictly private affairs of a champion heavy weight boxer."

"And," I resumed, "can you also tell me the way to remove ticks from dogs, to abolish plague fleas on rats and to get rid of ultra persistent creditors?"

"Ticks," she said, "are those little pencil marks that the dog counters make in their note-books when a census of the dogs in the city is being taken. They must on no account be removed, erased, or otherwise interfered with. Plague fleas on rats can be abolished by dipping each rat, together with its attendant fleas, into a 95 per cent solution of aitch, too, essoh four which may be obtained at any chemist's (always providing that the chemist thinks you look sufficiently honest and that your signature is more or less legible). For the getting rid of ultra persistent creditors, I must refer you to the Editor of this Magazine."

"One last question," said I, "and then I shall be satisfied. I should like your advice in the following matter: A girl I know is so extravagantly addicted to tea drinking that it has now become a vice. What am I to do for her?"

"Apart from the last three words of your question," she replied, "there are two methods of cure: (1). Corner the market in tea and cork it up; (2). Corner the girl and cork her up."

"Thanks so much," I remarked, "you've taken quite a load off my mind, or will have done by the time I get the hirsute covering off it."

"And," she went on, in a slightly heedless manner, "if you have any children with adenoids, avoid them."

"The children?"

"No, the adenoids. Children can seldom be avoided. They can only, as a rule, be side-slipped, and only that occasionally and with the greatest difficulty."

"By-the-way," I turned the conversation to more general subjects, "I hate to seem intrusive, but who, really, is this Uncle Ghastly about whose preposterous adventures you sometimes write?"



"That," she explained, showing a charming dimple, "is merely the Editor of the *Merry*. He's quite a dear, really, only I sometimes get exasperated with him when he gets too busy with his blue pencil on some of my best efforts."

"I see," said I, "now I shall know what to call him when I, also, get annoyed."

"Oh!" she wailed, "I wish I hadn't told you now. Don't for goodness' sake, do anything so rash, or you will have us both going round with a beggar's bowl."

"So long," I chanted, "as we share the bowl between us, I care not though we do."

"And what about me?" she enquired.

"For you!" I exclaimed, "I would filch filberts from a fruiterer, steal sweetbreads from a slaughter-house, or even undergo the monkey gland treatment, if you but expressed the opinion that my *anno domini* could do with a little reduction."

"You darling!" she cried.

With which we, by mutual consent, arose. I busied her heartily on both cheeks and on all the area between: upper, middle, lower and penultimate, and, with a mutually fervent promise to meet again, we each proceeded on our separate way.

E. L. SHIPMAN UNVEILS.

By Auntie Awful.

The sun was sinking in the west as I surmounted the final peak. I had discarded my skin-tight *ravikkai*, and was wearing an Arab *bourous* and a Scotchman's kilt. Over my arm was flung a ravishing raincoat tastefully striped with green bands of mildew. My nose-ring and ear-jewels alas! had been sold to defray the expenses of my pilgrimage. But at last I had arrived.

Gingerly I approached the entrance to the cave, breathless with adoration. From within came a grunt and the noise of someone clearing his throat. Oh joy! My weary travels had not been in vain; E. L. Shipman was at home!

"Who comes to disturb the peace of my Himalayan fastness?" spake a hoarse voice from the inner depths of the cave.

"A humble adorer, O master; one who has long admired the honey

culled from the garden of your intellect, and spread before a grateful world in the pages of the *Merry Magazine*."

"You aren't Auntie Awful, are you?" said the voice, suspiciously.

"O master, why do you ask?"

"I meet that damned female everywhere," grumbled the voice. "Only last week I met a Zulu gentleman from the Zambesi, and he claimed that he was Auntie Awful."

"She is said to have been a newspaper sob-sister, O master," I replied, "and therefore she travels the world in many strange disguises."

"Anyhow, she was the cause of my coming here," said the voice. "When my wife began to tell the neighbours that she was Auntie Awful, I thought it was time to seek seclusion." The voice grew louder as the speech proceeded, and with the last word my eyes were dazzled with a sight of the master himself. He was a little man, wearing pince nez and a bearskin. In his right hand he bore a mutton-bone, which he nonchalantly gnawed as the interview proceeded.

"Well, what do you want?" enquired the handsome, middle-aged sage.

"I want you to tell me about your Art," I enthused.

"Oh, my Art? Well, in my opinion, the art of the short story—"

"Please, master," I said, after a little while. "It will soon be dawn, and I am hungry. Would you mind postponing the rest of your discussion of your Art until another time? What I really want to know is—"

"Yes?" said the sage, rather huffily.

"Are you really E. L. Shipman?"

"Certainly," replied the master, scratching for a flea that had somehow got into his bearskin.

"No you are not!" I cried, whipping off my disguise.

"Then who am I?" asked the sage, in bewilderment.

"You are the Old Man of the Mountains," I replied, unfolding my parachute and taking off in the direction of Mount Everest.

THE END



The Kismatwalla

By Krishnalal

Illustrated by Sekar

Reading Time • About 4 Minutes

INDIA is a strange land, a land of happy contrasts and not so happy contradictions; a land where the fast moving West rubs shoulders with the slow moving East. There are white *sahibs* and *Kala Sahibs*, in abundance; to balance them, we have cartfuls of *wallas*. The Khanchewalla, the Swetswalla, the Golwalla, the Bottlewalla, the



Bombaywalla are household words. But the walla who attracts you all with his sweet tongue, though there be often bitter reactions soon after, who tops the rest of the wallas, is the *Kismatwalla*.

The Quetta tragedy has given birth to so many mythical Kismatwallas that the rest of India feels that the boot is on the other leg. It is not nature or God to blame but the dead ones themselves. Why? They did not hearken to the prophecies, so say some of the papers. How tragic? *Kismatwallas* are always in the right.

*If you go to England, sahib,
You will get a wife.
If you are but late, sahib,
She will lose her life.*

The big 'If' is pregnant. 'If' is the mainstay of his livelihood. His prophecies are oracular. Just before the recent upheaval, the Quetta Fruit Market boundary walls provided a safe hunting-ground for him.

"I see a bright future in store for you, young man!" spoken seriously with the shake of the head, to an unwary passer-by.

"At 30, if nothing goes wrong, you will win in Derby."

"A millionaire, only if you give lots in charity. Now out with four annas and more from me." Like the famous Sanjaya of the *Bhagwat Gita*, he professes to have a prophetic vision.

Honey-tongued he is. He is master of bright phrases and sentences. He feeds you on visions glorious and spectral. He raises you to the skies. In your calmer moments you feel that all the Gods created by him have feet of clay.

Sitting in a cool tent, with the fast approaching snowy winter dancing around in all its destruction, when the already quake shrivelled brain is under the constant shadow of an impending disaster and is recording imaginary shocks more sensitively than seismographs, I have but one hackneyed saying to hand. Those who beat their own drums get the most. Wait and watch and lose whatever there is for you.

I recount here an episode from the life of a revered friend, an L. L. D. We were both class-fellows in our B. A. I crossed the bar but he—now Doctor Sahib—got into the habit of looking down—down to the ground beneath his feet to the secrets that live below. The University got tired of him or rather he of it. He went to U.S.A. and returned a full-fledged L. L. D.

I held him in great esteem, but now I honour him for his worldly wit.

I was one day in his visitor's room, where he had provided *hukkas* for his clientele.

"Munshi Sahib, I cannot take this brief. The case is flimsy. It can hold no water. The man thought I could purchase his liberty for Rs. 500." And there was a bang.

"Oh yes, sir." Feeble voice, probably of the Munshi.

"Take the money off. Send it on today to Ali Mohammad at Hazro per M. O. Tell him he has no chance and hence I do not wish to see his Rs. 500 wasted."

The door closed. The Munshi was gone.

"Munshi Sahib, look here."

"Yes, sir."

"I forgot to add M. O. Commission should not be deducted from the sum. Let my pocket stand the charge. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

And his fame spread like wild fire. The plot hatched by the Doctor and the Munshi had succeeded. Those who had come to scoff stood to pray.

"An honest lawyer (liar)," say the reports.

I see, dear readers, you are shaking your heads. Well, you must be indulgent to a 'quake-stricken unfortunate who can no longer bear the strain. His back would have been broken by now, but for the sustaining *Merry*.

THE END

The Writers (Continued from page 35)

The Schoolmaster and his wife dined with the Sergeant-Major and his wife. At this conference the only possible solution was arrived at. Photographs of Mrs. Smithers and Mrs. Herbertson were autographed 'Auntie Nell' and 'Maggie Montague' and sent to the Editor of the *Mother's Magazine* with a request that they be published as soon as possible. These photographs, it was suggested, would enhance the popularity of the writers.

Copies of the *Mother's Magazine* were now to be found in all barrack rooms, the Regimental Library, the Orderly Room and even in the Officers' Mess. Rude remarks were scribbled on most of them. The Commanding Officer heard rumours.

Tom and Jim were interviewed. They protested that the writing of their wives was not the concern of the men of the Regiment and their C.O. agreed and considered that when the photographs were published the matter would be settled.

Thus was a catastrophe averted. The Editor of the Magazine was never able to account for a sudden increase in sales by 500 copies in one week and a corresponding decrease shortly after. Had he been able to do so he would not have reproduced two certain photographs.

THE END



Amaran (*Madura*). Do things according to the dictates of your conscience. You will then be doing things better than acting under the instructions of others. Why do you jump to extremes and get yourself exhausted? You are courageous and determined, but your impulsiveness spoils these qualities. Can't you realise that impulsive actions show your intentions rather too plainly and create much antagonism? Don't become a snob. You are liable to suffer from skin diseases.

Meg. Though you lack originality, industry and steadiness make up for it. You are dual in temperament. You can be honest and dishonest and can love and hate at the same time. Infuse harmony in the family. Don't be dictatorial. Don't wrap yourself up with your own ideas; you will develop selfishness thereby. Are you not over-nice about your appearance? Are you a lawyer? If so, you have a bright future. Constipation and neuritis will worry you.

Rama Sarma. Be steady in your work and a little brisk in your activities. Have some definite ideas for your work and I am quite sure you will be successful, luck or no luck. Concentrate on one thing at a time and don't let your thoughts travel too much in the Utopian realms. After all, there is no limit to one's imagination and contentment is a state of the mind. If you were not so cold, many people will proffer their friendship to you. Watery ailments

Merry-Magus Replies

and nervous debility are likely to worry you.

T. R. S. Iyengar. Merry-Magus feels sorry that he has no time to cross-refer dates from various calendars. Give him your correct date of birth.

K. Raghunathan (*Erode*). Do you know why you do the wrong thing at the right moment? It is due to your assertive nature. Don't isolate yourself; let others help you in your difficulties. You are a puzzle always. One cannot say when you will take to the other extreme. You can make a good literary critic. Don't worry yourself thinking that you are afflicted with some illness or other.

Sceptic. Overcome your oversensitiveness and develop will-power. Control your tendency for arguments. It is bad to wait for an opportunity and worse still to lose one when it presents. One should be judicious, not niggardly. You are liable to be at the extremes of 'like' and 'hate'. Don't always think of vengeance. It is rather inhuman. Jaundice and kidney troubles are likely to affect you.

S. P. Sarma (*Manchala*). Don't depend on others. Don't enter into any binding contract. Fix your object and work hard, till you reach the goal. Speculation won't help you. It does not help

many. It is a pity that your home life is not to be happy. Inflammatory diseases may affect you.

P. Shankar. You are so materialistic, you consider it a waste of time to discuss matters which don't immediately produce wealth. With such a tendency, I shall not be surprised to learn that you are worried in your family life. You can be a successful speculator. You are prone to nervous depression and severe headaches.

Pagus (*Tennur*). Obey the dictates of your conscience. It is wrong to jump to conclusions. You have excellent power of concentration and are highly principled. But, this is spiced with a lot of dogmatism. Don't be over-critical about others. You will be making bitter enemies by being so. You are endowed with great power of endurance. You are a music lover. Rheumatism will give you endless troubles.

Interested No. 1 (*Tennur*). Do you know the Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin, was born on a 30th May? Your subtle and brilliant brain is being eclipsed by lack of purpose. The other day you argued with your friends at the best of your wit and brilliancy, but I wonder if you left them wiser than at the start. You are socially ambitious but you soon get tired of everything. You will have troubles from the digestive organs, and bronchial fevers.

Patience (Tennur). Don't allow yourself to be carried away by fanciful ideas. Frugality is all right but one should not carry it to extremes. Surely, you are fond of self-praise. Don't be so whimsical. If others are not able to understand you, don't bother about it. You are generous, but your spirit is extremely independent. Tenacity of purpose is your asset. You are prone to pains in the head and ears.

★

Watching Eye. God has endowed you with good gifts, but you don't use them properly. You are a good business man. Your kindness is mistaken for weakness. Please don't develop the tendency to be jealous; it will lead you into acts of violence. You like to fight in the open and you hate deceit. Inflammation of the throat and nose-troubles will worry you.

★

Monoxide No. 1. You crave for affection and sympathy, but you don't get it. Life is like that. Don't fall for praise and flattery; that will make you arrogant and obstinate and finally wreck you. You are highly ambitious, but to achieve it you should have some tact. You must be careful in your movements with the opposite sex. Headaches and eye-troubles will worry you.

★

Number Four. Are you the fourth child of your father? Your over-reasoning faculties spoil all your intuition and presentiments. You will be successful in speculation. Are you studying for law? As you weigh the objects of your

affection too much, you can seldom be happy in marriage. If you are going to be so exacting, certainly your craving for peace and happiness will bear no fruit. Are you not having many friends around you? Pains in the back and kidneys may worry you.

★

A. M. Ahmed (Madras). It is good you are plain in everything. Failures, you must remember, are stepping stones to success and you must not let them discourage you. Cultivate self-confidence. Are you not sacrificing yourself to the interests of home? Don't allow the responsibility of life to weigh you down and don't worry yourself into bad health. You lose interest in things in which you are taking a leading part. Troubles of the spleen and liver and skin diseases may affect you.

★

M. T. Dullah. You will be changing often in your life; therefore it would be better if you don't marry young. You must always try to reach the goal without flinching. You have a good dependable memory. You are a conventional being. Though you won't stand other people's dictating to you, you are a devoted and faithful friend. Shake off that melancholia. Diarrhoea and rheumatism are likely to worry you often.

★

P. K. Menoky (Calicut). Do you know Sgr. Mussolini was born on a 29th July? You are a dreamer and your plans are big. Don't become a cynic if you don't agree with others. Face and

convince them of your fairness. Certainly you are affectionate by temperament, but as you are not demonstrative, you are considered to be unemotional. Are you not over-anxious in your monetary affairs? Don't depend on luck. Be always actively employed; don't give room for morbidness. Why should you attempt the most daring and difficult things? You must check that impetuosity. Pains in the head and ears will worry you.

★

M. R. Ry. (Calicut). Isn't it a paradox that you love and hate one and the same person at the same time? You can be a delightful companion, but I don't expect you to be consistent. You are truthful, constant, faithful and so on all right; but let others say that. You have got the bad knack of finding out the weakness of others and taking advantage of it. Stick to one thing and you will be successful. Your nervous system will be weak.

★

K. Rama Durai (Pallavarim). Train yourself for some business, or study for law. You have got a sense of humour; cultivate it. This, coupled with self-possession, will help you much in life. I would advise you to keep strict moderation in all things in your life. Don't drug your system by imagining ill-health.

★

V. Kumar (Madura). Can't you give me your date of birth? Never mind about time of birth. Failing this, let me have at least the date of writing.

Baldev Kishan Puri (Patiala). It is good you don't shirk work. Why don't you proceed on a definite plan? You must carry on without turning back at the critical moment? You are of an independent spirit. You scheme big things, but make sure of your capacity to carry them out. Early marriage may not be a help in your case. So consider well before launching up on marriage. You are prone to rheumatism and dropsy.

★

M. A. Nair (Kirkkee). Your ideas are good but let them be augmented by those of others too. This will make up amply for your lack of originality. Don't be cunning and crafty. You are a conservative at heart. It will be very difficult to understand your sentiments. You are absolutely materialistic in your views. Live in open air as much as possible.

★

Kantanath Kapoor (Barua). Be a sport in family affairs; don't always expect to rule. Be ambitious. Don't place too much value on the opinion of others. Else you will fall a victim to blackmailing. Your arguments are subtle. You will make a reputation as a peace-maker. Control your sex-impulse. Your heart is your weakest organ.

★

Jane. Probably, having been too much with Tarzan, you have developed a love for speed and rapid movement. Don't be so restless. You can do only one thing well at a time. Your generosity is governed by impulsiveness. It is strange you love passionately but are not constant. Probably, you don't admit this. Sarcasm and mimicry are gifts in you. Be careful about your nervous system.

★

V. H. Ambi (Tinnevely). Are you not tickled by others to attempt to do things beyond your capa-

city? You are a humanitarian at heart. Why can't you study for surgery? Your coolness in times of danger and crisis is very astonishing. Procrastination is your enemy. Emotion is the only guiding factor in your life. Avoid any contact with evil-minded people. Don't overstrain your body. Take particular care of your heart.

★

G. A. Williams. You can be successful in regular business and not in speculation. So, do not depend upon either luck or gambling. Early marriage is not advisable in your case. Certainly you cannot avoid publicity. What is your latest dream in the Utopian land? Big ideals may be good to one but how to carry them out is the question. Gastric troubles and diarrhoea are your enemies.

★

V. S. V. Iyengar (Poona). Think well before you promise. Push yourself forward. You are extremely conventional. Why do you imagine that the entire universe is against you? Shake off that brooding tendency and you will be all right. Be careful; you are liable to be under the influence of false friends. Keep far away from intoxicants and drugs. They are not good for you. Intestinal troubles and pains in the head may worry you.

★

Victory 'M'. Really you can be victorious if you work hard and fight a successful battle against luck's pranks instead of depending on it. Your over-sensitiveness makes you depressed when others do not fall in with your plans. Overcome that sensitiveness and have courage. Care not a pie if others appreciate your doings or not. See whether you have the backing of your conscience. Don't leave things half done. Finish them at all cost. Your subdued love and affection are always mistaken as cold and unemotional. Be guarded against rheumatism and dropsy.



MILNER

- SPECIAL -

ALL BRIGHT PARTS HEAVILY

CHROMIUM PLATED

The Premier Cycle in the trade infinitely superior to any other cycle at the same price or even higher. A unique combination of HIGH VALUE & LOW PRICE

SPECIAL FEATURE

The enamelling is done under special BONDERITE process which gives enamel, a FLASHING beauty. The enamel will never peel off and will retain its glossy mirror-like surface. These cycles are backed by efficient SERVICE (free) and GUARANTEE



Sole Agents:

ROYAL CYCLE & MOTOR Co.
13, Broadway, Madras
Phone: 2030



Amrutanjay

FOR ALL ACHES & PAINS

Sagittarius. With a good memory, your brain is a veritable store-house of knowledge. Are you not deeply interested in occult studies? If you make an advance, make for the goal and don't stop till it is reached. It is a pity your home life is not happy though you will be passing off as a man with complete bliss in home. It is good you are faithful when confided in. Beware of ptomaine poisoning.



Head Office:—

43, Byragimatam Street,

Post Box No. 203, Madras.

THE ROYAL ASTROLOGER 1000000



& more clients have had our remarkable foretelling. Family fame of 25 generations in Astrology. Medals and Certificates from Maha Rajahs and Zamindars. Annual life reading weekly details Rs. 2. Answers for 5 questions about futurity Re. 1. State birth details or writing time. V. P. extra.

Pandit N. AMIRTANANDA
M. 2.29, North Mada St.,
Mylapore, MADRAS

Ravan (Oorgaum). Your own ideas, embellished by the advice of others, will do you immense good. Hence it is rather bad to shut yourself up with your own views. Your clean judgement and calm consideration make you proof against deceit and treachery. You are a good literary critic. You are able to adapt yourself to any walk of life? Don't carry your love for money too far. You are very fastidious in your personal appearance. You need fresh air and sun light.

G. V. Narayanaswamy (Mambalam). Are you studying for law or medicine? In both you will be successful. You just waste time in brooding over matters and spoiling all good chances. You will be successful in speculation. For peace in the family be of a good temperament. You will have kidney troubles.

Curious (Cottonpet). Why so, my friend? To get at the weak points in others? Your inner self is an enigma to others. You are a conservative at heart. This helps you to show off. Again there is your genial temperament. Apart from all these, you are a good thinker.

Dayal T. Dudani. You want to be a great humanitarian in the world. Whatever you do to that end should be spontaneous and not inspired. While you are conventional on the one hand you are a Bohemian too. Be careful about the wiles of self-seeking people. Your adaptability of temperament makes you their easy prey. Sentiment and emotion, not logic, are your guiding factors. You have a weak heart.

Emkay (Pudukotah). If you would make money, work hard first. All people cannot be successful in speculation. Be

industrious and work hard if you want to win over bad-luck. You hate to be dictated to but you respond well to confidence. Again, constancy is required in you. Are you not leaving things half-finished and fly off to do some other thing? Be courageous; don't get depressed if others oppose you. You may be right and they may be wrong. Inflammatory diseases may worry you.

R. Ramamoorthy (Narasingampet). My young friend, acknowledge your error. There is nothing demeaning in it. Don't do things on the impulse and bear the fruits of your error in judgement philosophising. You can as well root out the cause. Don't be idling your time; this tendency will lead you to be despondent. Of course I will allow you to choose your own career. You can be successful in anything you attempt. How do you like music? You should not be so dogmatic in your views. Guard yourself against skin troubles.

S. S. Rayanam (Tummapudi). Your principles of life are humanitarian. You are full of contradictory feelings. Keep at a distance all free looters; your susceptibility of temperament is a curse in your case. Your only asset is you are extremely calm and collected even at the greatest danger. I know for certain that you are not the same man in your inner heart as you pass before the eyes of the world. Again, procrastination is a sin in you. Be ambitious and work hard to achieve your ambitions. Don't overstrain your heart.

Mohan (Coimbatore). Each star is likely to come 13 to 14 times a year, my friend. Hence your data with year and star alone does not help Merry Magus. At least give the month also; Merry Magus will be able to find out the date.

Musleh Uddin Ahmad, Asir. (Hyderabad—Deccan). Conquer that speculative tendency or else you will have great ups and downs. Are you able to avoid publicity in some connection or other? Don't be so sensitive and draw back when you feel the slightest opposition. This tendency is a thorn in the path of your life. Pluck that out. Have courage and do things to your own dictates whether there is appreciation or not. Are you quite sure that you can successfully carry out your plans cast in the dreamland? If so, my compliments. If not, don't become a cynic but simply forget them. Internal tumours and dropsy will worry you.

Komalam. You are a 'no changer'. You respect conventions. Don't brood over things. Your weakest point is self-indulgence. How do you like the idea of a sea voyage? Emotion is the guiding factor throughout your life. Though you are generous by nature you don't have the resources to translate it into deeds. Really, do you know the value of money? It is not good to undervalue your abilities. Live in bright and dry climates and take a good amount of exercise.

Vathsal. Your criticisms are not always taken in good part and make many your enemies. Don't imagine that you are the only one in the right. Give due credit to other people's intelligence. Why not exercise a certain amount of reserve? You are decided about your career and youth is the only period one can make good. You can make good in business. Don't change your mind too quickly, and whenever you know you are at fault, admit it. You have delicate throat and lungs.

Ram (Triplicane). Be a sport; don't always expect to rule in the home however much your partner may be pliable to your commands.

The ultimate result will only be disaster. You are not very dependable. Your inner-self is not the same as your exterior. Keep your impulses under control. Be ambitious, but not necessarily selfish. Take care of your heart.

Sentari. It is very bad to wait to be awakened by others. It is good to argue everything, but it is not politic not to be convinced. If you want to be successful in life you should overcome that oversensitiveness. Develop your will-power and you can attain to any position. The spirit of retaliation is very strong in you and remember that vengeance does beget vengeance. The best thing is not to get excited. You love to work for public good. Jaundice and bad circulation of blood will affect you.

Ramachandran S. K. (Madras). Your presence of mind and self-reliance coupled with wit, stand you in good stead. Have you not got a taste for elegance in everything? Though you cannot originate, you can successfully work the plans others have chalked out or left unfinished. Don't go to extremes either in good or bad. Don't be such a stickler in money matters. Of course one should be prudent but not niggardly. It is very difficult to understand your nature. Both sides of life can be seen in you. Derangement of the intestines and constipation may worry you.

Emden (Madras). Life is not what happens, but just how you take it. You need not let the responsibilities obsess you. You can be less peculiar in your ways, for you are really straight but a little unduly stiff whenever you do a thing don't funk to come up and own your due credit. The power of intention, in your case, is defeated by the lack of presence of mind: You are sacrificing yourself too much to your family interests. Skin diseases and nausea may worry you.

R. K. Mari. Don't depend on get-rich quick-schemes chance and luck are not your line. Though you hate to be dictated to, you are devoted and faithful where you are treated with confidence. I don't think you are blessed with family happiness. What is the use of your dreams of big plans if you have not got the capacity to work them out? The result will only turn you cynical. Gastric troubles may affect you.

INTERESTING BOOKS.



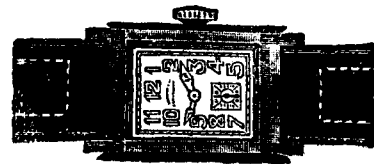
HUNDRED WAYS OF KISSING GIRLS
Illustrated with handsome half-tone photos taken from real life. Re. 1.
MYSTERIES OF MAKING LOVE. Interesting books for bachelors about love, courtship & marriage; also contains information how to judge character of maidens from faces, features and forms. As. 12.
Private words for married couple. Contains private instructions of married life. As. 12.
How to write love letters. Numerous samples of love letters As. 12.
French Novels in English. Love confession of J. J. Casanova. Re. 1-8.
Love Confession of J. J. Ronsean. Re. 1-8.
Love Confession of 20 Beautiful Women. Re. 1-8.
Priest, Woman and Confessional. True stories, recorded at the confessional Box. Re. 1-8.
Confession of Maria Monk. The hidden secrets of Nun's life in a convent exposed. Re. 1.
The Action of Souls. The story of Aurora Margandian, the Christian girl who survived the great massacres. Rs. 2-8.
White Slaves of London. Revealing the truth of women traffic in London. Re. 1.
The Bohemian Life in Paris Re. 1-8.
Life's Sweetest Sin. Re. 1.
Cards, Woman & Wine. Re. 1.
Wife, Husband & Lover. Re. 1.
The Street of Shame. Re. 1.
A Bride from the Street. Re. 1.
DeCameron Tales of Boccaccio. Rs. 2-12.
Heptameron Tales. By Margaret, Queen of Navarre. Rs. 2-12.
Droll Stories. By Balzac (Illustrated Edition). Rs. 2-12.
FREE. Purchaser of Books worth Rs. 20. at a time will get one "B" Table Time keeper Free.

UNITED TRADING CO., Book-Sellers,
Post Box No. 434, CALCUTTA.

Hamlet (Bangalore City). My child-friend! It is fine you want to know your character so early and develop it accordingly. For one so young you are very intelligent. You will be determined in anything you undertake in your life. But it is very bad to have your own way. It is better your father checks the growth of this tendency from now. Don't blabber while others are conversing. You will be mistaken for a naughty child. This is due to your over-quickness. Are you not fond of praise? Do you know where this tendency will lead you later? You will be a toady to titles and will become a snob. Cultivate active habits. Boils and other skin troubles will worry you.

T. R. Sarangapani (Nungambakam). Are you not sacrificing your personal interest to that of the family and home? Of course one should be religious, but one need not be a fanatic. If any responsibility is thrown on you, rise up to the occasion and do your mite. You should not feel it too keenly and worry yourself into bad health. Have courage and develop your gift of intuition. Your good quality is you do not interfere in others' affairs and don't want to be interfered with by

AN OPPORTUNITY WHICH MUST NOT BE MISSED!



Wonderful design and pretty small size, strong construction and elegant appearance make it equal to many Watches sold elsewhere at four times the price.
Bright nickel Silver Case Rs. 6-4. Highly Gold plated case Rs. 6-12. Above with Radium dial As. 8. extra. Rectangular Chromium Rs. 8-8. Rect. Gold plated case Rs. 10-8. Solid guarantee for 5 years. Postage FREE for order of THREE together.

INTERNATIONAL TRADING CO.,
Post Box 6714, S. K. CALCUTTA

others. It is a pity you are misunderstood by others. Be careful about your teeth and ears.

A. V. S. R. Krishna (Bombay). Buck up! Don't go back on your work. Carry on till you reach the goal. No use turning back half way and melancholy. Don't depend upon others' encouragement and appreciation. Don't avoid opposition, meet the criticisms squarely, and try to convince others instead of turning to be captious. Are not home instincts strong in you? You are gifted with good memory. Take care of the pie and the rupees will take care of themselves. You are prone to troubles with legs and feet.

Miss K. Menon. Are you not loved and adored by those around you? But beware of mixing in

bad company. Why do you place too much value on the opinions of others? This can never help you. Don't be a tyrant in your home. May be your partner is of a forgiving nature, but anyhow this tendency will not be conducive to family happiness. Don't procrastinate. You can be stinging in your words; however, you are the soul of kindness. Sex will play an enormous factor in your life.

P. G. Menon. Don't be assertive in your speech. You will be misjudged. Either your ideals in life are extremely high or you are the incarnation of selfishness. You are suspicious of everybody and believe that everyone is trying to take you in by some plausible story? Acknowledge your error, don't think it is a fault. You are liable to suffer from rheumatism.

IT WILL
KEEP
YOU
WELL

CASTOPHENE
SWEET
CHOCOLATE
LAXATIVE

THE
REAL
SECRET
OF
GOOD
HEALTH

Agents: Shivaram & Sawmy, Broadway, Madras.

Absolute Honesty, Uprightness and straightforward dealings—these are some of the factors which made me possible, to successfully conduct 62 competitions during the very first year, thus standing only second to The All-India Record! I send herewith my heartfelt thanks to one and all of our esteemed competitors for making our competitions a unique success. Now come forward and win a fortune in the following fascinating contest—MANAGERESS

OUR GRAND ANNUAL COMPETITION

Rs. 10,000

MUST BE WON

FIRST PRIZE Rs. 6,000

SECOND PRIZE Rs. 3,000

EXTRA PRIZES: { Rs. 400 for correct solutions posted on or before 15th November, 1935,
Rs. 300 & Rs. 200 for the senders of largest number of entries.
Rs. 100 for the first Five correct solutions posted.

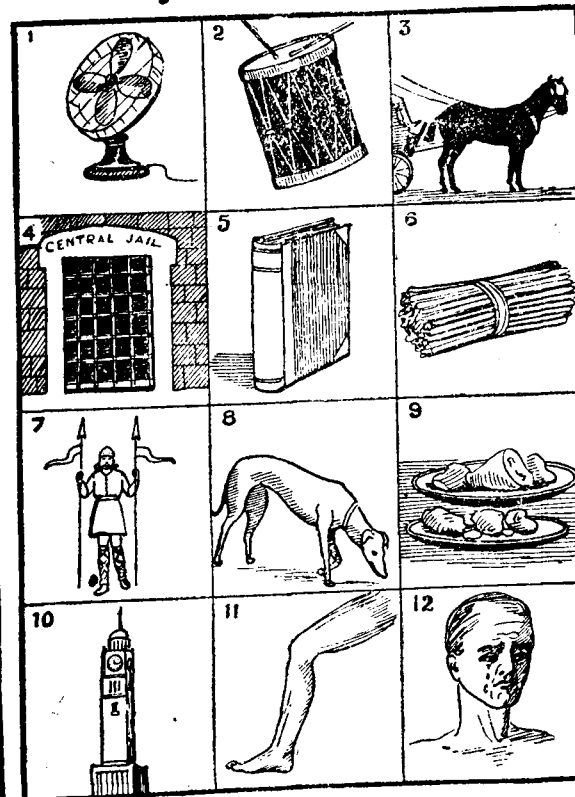
Minimum Award of Rs. 400 Guaranteed to every sender of correct solution

[LAST DATE FOR POSTING ENTRIES: 22nd NOV. '35] [Sealed Key Solution with 'My Magazine of India']

HOW TO WIN?

On this page are 12 pictures and a List of Words. All you have to do is to study each picture and decide which in the list of words suits for that picture. For example No. 1 is ELECTRIC FAN. Similarly solve the others. Chambers XX Century Dictionary (Pages 1 to 1150) is the sole reference to this puzzle. Bracketted words are not used. No word in the list of words has been used more than once in the Key Solution. Some have no alternatives at all.

The Entrance Fee in this competition is ONE RUPEE for every TWO ENTRIES. But less than 2 entries will not be accepted. Entrance Fee must be sent by M. O. or Crossed Indian or British Postal Orders or Insured Post. P. O. Receipts for M. O.'s must be attached to entries. Entries may be sent on plain paper and competitors sending large number of entries may simply note down the respective alternatives for each picture on a single sheet of paper. Results will be announced in "The Rainbow" of the 29th November, '35 which will be sent only to those sending 2 annas extra with the Entrance Fee. The Prize amounts are all guaranteed and will not be reduced under any circumstances. The Manageress' decision will be final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry. Any competitor not complying with the above rules will be disqualified. All reasonable correspondence will be answered on receipt of sufficient postage.



CHOOSE YOUR SOLUTIONS FROM THIS LIST

BLACK HORSE
BOOK
CELL
CLOCK TOWER
DISHES

DRUM
ELECTRIC FAN
FAGGOT
HUNTING DOG
IN FULL CRY

LANCES
LEG
LIMB
MEAT
NORMAN

PRISON
RATCH
TABOUR
UNION IS STRENGTH
WEEPER

Address all your entries and fees to:—THE MANAGERESS,

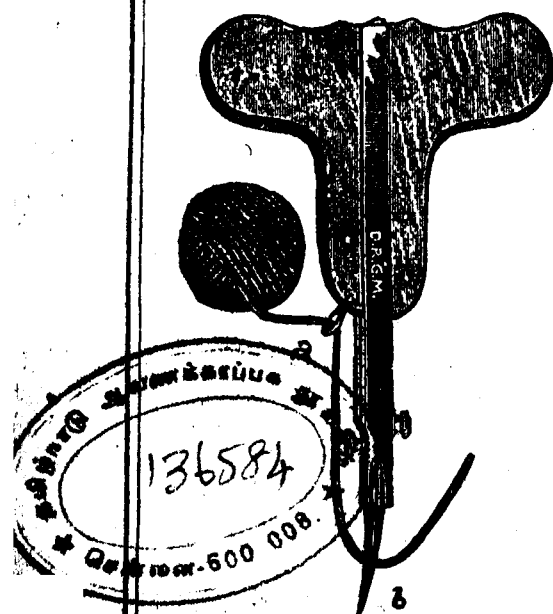
The Egeria (Pictures) Competitions, P.O., Rayapuram, Madras

MARCH FORWARD—
—with the latest Invention!
The Novelty of 1935
The “Carpet Fairy”

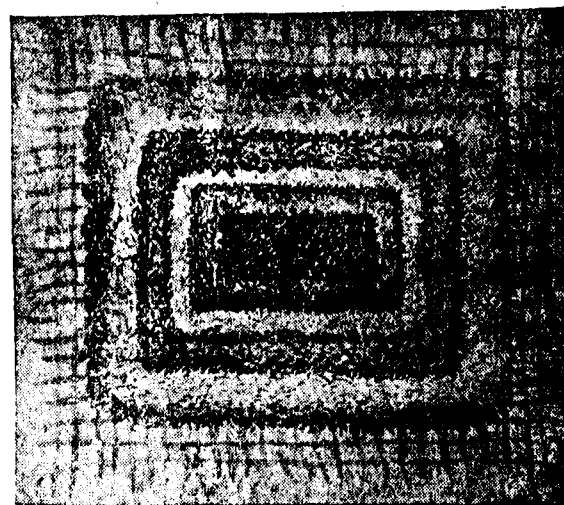
(The Efficient Rug-Work Apparatus)
Get full Value for your Money!

This New Rug Work Apparatus enables every boy or girl to make Smyrna-like Carpets, Rugs etc., very easily. The handling of this apparatus is astonishingly simple, so that beautiful work can be produced without long practice:

There is no simpler machine than the ‘Carpet Fairy’!



Ladies and Children can work with this apparatus easily, and in a short time. All kinds of carpets and embroidered curtains used on all important occasions, such as marriages, festivals, meetings, public functions etc., can be made without difficulty with this apparatus.



Illustrated above, you see the shape of the “Carpet Fairy” and a piece of carpet worked out in different colours with this apparatus. Instructions in English, together with a sample piece embroidered with this apparatus, will be supplied with each machine.

This machine must be possessed by every family. Ladies and Children will be greatly interested in their spare hours.

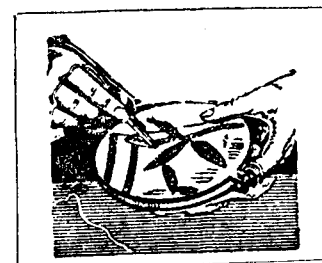
Order to-day and be satisfied:—

Cost of a machine Rs. 4—12—0. Postage extra.

For other particulars, please apply to:—

THE “ZIP” STORES, P.B. 1358, Madras.

Everybody wishes for the
Home Beautiful



THE
HANSA-RECORD

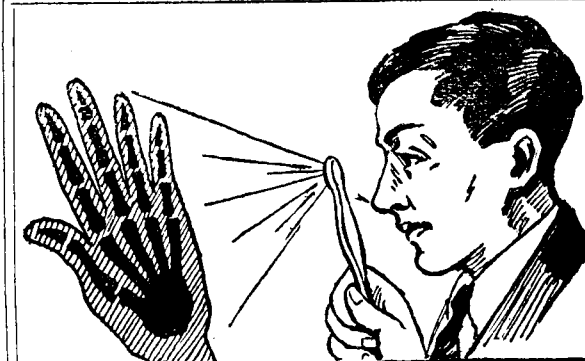
Embroidery Machine
is indispensable for every family

Machine, round frame, woollen thread in different colours, designs, half-drawn cloth, scissors and other accessories with full instructions, all in a strong combination box, Rs. 6/- only. Postage extra. Machine alone Rs. 2/8.



- “Hansa Record” has more advantages than any other similar machine now being sold.
- Threading of the wool and embroidering over designs is surprisingly easy.
- You can work beautiful pictures in different colours both for decoration in your Home and for sale. The machine contains the needle within itself.
- This is the machine that provides you the “Joy of Home”.

THE KRISHNA AGENCY,
P. B. 119, Broadway, Madras.



X-RAY

The Marvel of the Age

A mysterious scientific illusion
—A Six-in-one X-ray which makes you see

The lead running through a pencil.

The Rubber Tube in a Fountain Pen.

The Bones, joints etc. in your hands and fingers and the interior of a pipe stem, etc.

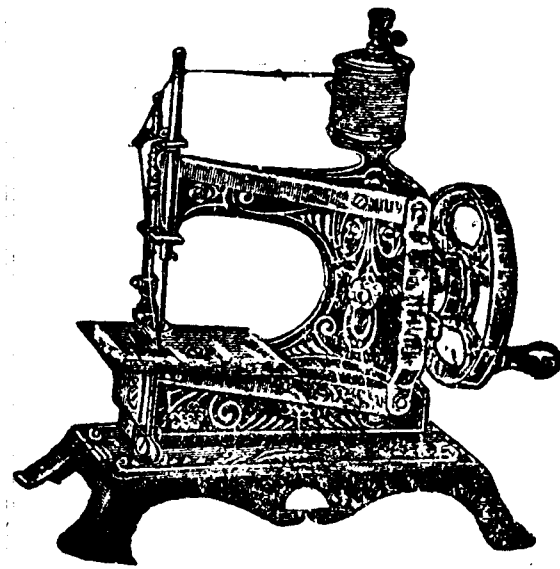
Includes—

Reading glass,
Ophthalmoscope,
Stencil cutter,
Mirror, Paper
pattern cutter,
Coin tester,
Excellent glass
cutter, etc.

Rs. 2/-
Per piece
Postage extra

THE ZIP STORES & AGENCY,
Post Box No. 1358, G. T. Madras.

Cut Your Tailoring Bills



THIS little wizard brings amazing results in your home economy. Working on the same principles as the big tailoring machine, it stitches jackets and gowns for your children, kerchiefs and shirts for yourself and comes in handy for a hundred and one uses in your home tailoring.

There is no need to send for your tailor or to wait for his return. You do your own work, in your own home without expense or worry—

Children love to use it and enjoy it as an interesting and profitable pastime.

You can fit it to any furniture around—Chair, Table, shelf or stand.

*Full instructions
regarding the
working of this
little machine
follows each
machine.*

Rs. 2/14
E a c h
Postage extra

**The Krishna Agency,
P. B. 119, Madras.**